# CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 22 FIVE CENTS October 27, 1917



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## CONCERNING MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CANADA'S QUEEN OF THE FILMS, MARY PICKFORD

# THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

## REPORTS AND BALANCE SHEET

**For Year Ended August 31st, 1917, presented to the Shareholders at the Sixteenth Annual Meeting, held at Montreal, Que., October 11, 1917**

### DIRECTORS' REPORT.

A Balance Sheet showing the Assets and Liabilities of the Company, also Profits for the year is submitted.

The Company's accounts have been audited by Messrs. Creak, Cushing and Hodgson, Chartered Accountants, whose report is presented herewith.

The Company's Pension Fund now amounts to $143,976.74.

The surplus profits for the year with a sum taken from the Profit and Loss Account has been transferred to the Contingent Account, which now stands at $2,500,000.

The Company's properties have been in continuous operation at maximum capacity during the year, which has deferred the usual overhauling; provision has, however, been made for this purpose.

The usual quarterly dividends were paid during the year on the Preferred shares, and four quarterly dividends of 2½% were paid on the Common shares, together with a bonus of 15%, which was paid on the 1st October, 1917.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed) CHAS. R. HOSMER,
President.

### VICE-PRESIDENT AND MANAGING DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS.

Addressing the Shareholders present, Mr. W. A. Black, Vice-President and Managing Director, said:

I am sure the statement presented to you to-day will be considered most satisfactory.

We have passed through a very trying year. The Wheat market was most erratic, and reached a level that had never been previously touched. The quality of the wheat was very irregular, and, to get a satisfactory quality of flour, required more than usual care and consideration, but notwithstanding this, we were able to turn out the largest amount of flour in any year in the history of the business. Our Cereal mills have also been kept running steadily up to capacity, and the grain handled outside of wheat for milling was unusually large and very profitable owing to the steadily advancing markets.

This year we have shown the earnings other than those from flour milling separately, as the profits have been unusually large, and the impression prevails with some that an unduly large profit has been made on flour, which is not the case. It will be noted that nearly half the profits come from sources other than flour.

It may interest some to know that our contribution to the Business Tax this year will exceed the dividends paid to the holders of the Common Stock of the Company, so that while we have done well for our shareholders, we have also contributed very largely from our success towards the necessities of the Government I would also like to state that we have a very large number of shareholders, and that the average individual holding is thirty-five shares.

The demand for flour has been so urgent this year that we have not been able to give our mills the general overhauling that they should receive, but proper depreciation has been made, and the work will be done as soon as business permits.

While our wheat crop this year will not yield as much as we had hoped for at one time, it will be very near the average, and of most superior quality. It will go farther than the wheat of last year, yielding a greater amount of excellent flour.

Our mills are all running full time, and we have sufficient business on our books to keep them going for some time to come.

### DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors of the Company for the ensuing year:

Sir Montagu Allan, C.V.O., Mr. W. A Black, Mr. Charles Chaput, Mr. George E. Drummond, Sir Charles Gordon, K.C.B.E., Sir Herbert Holt, K B., Mr. C. R. Hosmer, Sir Augustus Nanton, K.B., Mr. Shirley Ogilvie.

And Messrs. Creak, Cushing and Hodgson were appointed Auditors.

At a subsequent meeting of Directors, the following officers were appointed:

Mr. C R. Hosmer, President; Mr. W. A. Black, Vice-President and Managing Director; Mr. S. A. McMurtry, Treasurer; Mr. G. A. Morris, Secretary; Mr. W. R. Dean, Assistant Secretary.

### BALANCE STATEMENT, 31st AUGUST, 1917

#### ASSETS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Cash on hand and at Bank | $259,071.81 |
| Bills Receivable | 617,277.89 |
| Accounts Receivable after making Provision for all Contingencies | 1,667,867.53 |
| Stocks on hand of Wheat, Flour, Oatmeal, Coarse Grains, Bags and Barrels | 2,637,009.96 |
| Stable Plant and Office Equipment | 35,200.00 |
| Investments | 1,148,083.92 |
| Active Assets | 6,364,511.11 |
| Investments for Pension Fund | 111,064.20 |
| Real Estate, Water Powers and Mill Plants in Montreal, Winnipeg, Fort William and Medicine Hat; Elevators in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan; Property in St. John, N.B, and Ottawa—Less Depreciation | 5,888,289.58 |
| Goodwill, Trade Marks, Patent Rights, &c. | 1.00 |
| | $12,363,865.89 |

#### LIABILITIES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Accounts Payable, including Provision for War Tax | | | $2,171,961.38 |
| Provision for Bond Interest and Dividends to date | | | 507,750.00 |
| Current Liabilities | | | 2,679,711.38 |
| Officers' Pension Fund | | | 143,976.74 |
| First Mortgage Bonds | | | 2,350,000 00 |
| Capital Stock—Preferred | | | 2,000,000.00 |
| Common | | | 2,500,000.00 |
| Contingent Account | | | 2,500,000.00 |
| Profit and Loss Account: | | | |
| Amount at Credit 31st August, 1916 | | $846,330.62 | |
| Trading Profits for the year after Payment of Bond Interest and making provision for War Tax: | | | |
| Milling Profits | $721,038.03 | | |
| Profits from Other Sources | 637,809.12 | | |
| | | 1,358,847.15 | |
| | | $2,205,177.77 | |
| Less—Dividends on Preferred and Common Stocks | 765,000.00 | | |
| Less — Amount transferred to Contingent Account | 1,250,000.00 | | |
| | | 2,015,000.00 | |
| | | | 190,177.77 |
| | | | $12,363,865.89 |

We nave audited the Books of the Company for the year ending 31st August, 1917, and certify the above to be a correct statement of the affairs of the Company at that date as shown by the Books.

CREAK, CUSHING & HODGSON, C.A .
Auditors.

### AUDITORS' REPORT.

Montreal, October 2nd, 1917.

To the Shareholders of
The Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited,
Montreal.

Gentlemen:

We beg to report that we have audited the Books of the Company in Montreal, Winnipeg, Fort William and Medicine Hat for the year ending 31st August, 1917, verifying the Cash and Bills Receivable on hand, the Bank Accounts, the Investments, and the Accounts Receivable, in respect of which ample provision has been made for all Contingencies.

The Stocks on hand of Wheat, Flour and Supplies are certified as to quantities by the Superintendents of the various Mills, confirmed by the Mill Reports, and are valued on a safe and conservative basis, taking into consideration the abnormally high prices of Wheat and all Grains, and the contingencies of the markets.

Satisfactory provision has been very properly made for depreciation of the Mill Properties and Plants.

(Signed) CREAK, CUSHING & HODGSON, C.A ,
Auditors.

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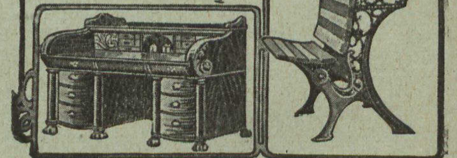

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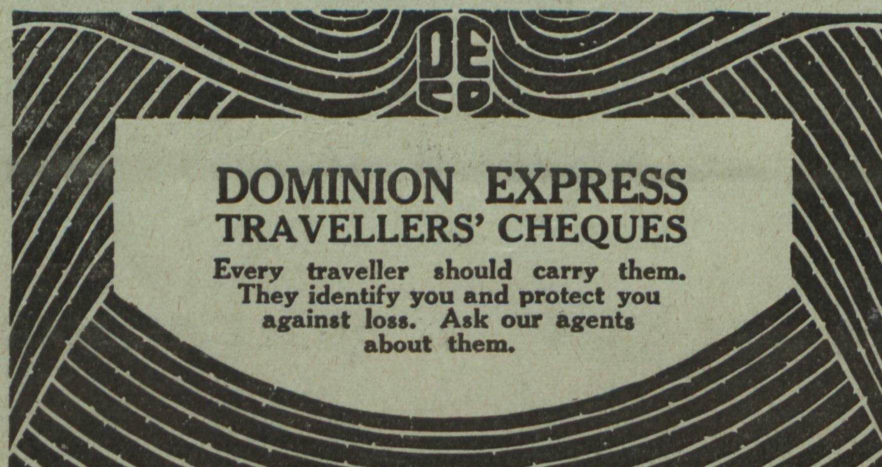

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# CANADIAN COURIER

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A FEW days ago a letter came to the editor from Montreal saying: "I don't get hold of your paper as regularly as I want to. The moment the copy gets into our department it's grabbed by somebody, and the first thing I know it's gone. Please put me down as a subscriber. I want my own copy."

He was writing from a very important department of one of the biggest corporations in Canada. We deduce from what he says that none of these people grabbed the Canadian Courier and made away with it because they wanted to stop our correspondent from reading it. We don't imagine they did it from any spite against the editor. And we don't suppose it was chucked out to the waste paper man.

In fact we have a suspicion that the reason the paper was grabbed when it came in was because it was expected to be interesting. That expectation was based upon experience. The paper has been interesting to somebody round that particular office, and to more than one.

Experience, however, is not in this case the only teacher. We have only one use for what we have done in this paper. And we are prepared to scrap most of it for the sake of what we expect to do in the very near future just down the line from the present. Our Courier anniversary will be along in about four weeks. On that date we intend to make one of the most interesting features in the issue,

### OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1918.

This announcement will occupy two pages, attractively illustrated. It will be as readable as two pages of a good story. We know it will be read, because among the many subjects with which we have tried to interest Canadians, the subject of What We Are Going to Do About General Interest, is one of the most important.


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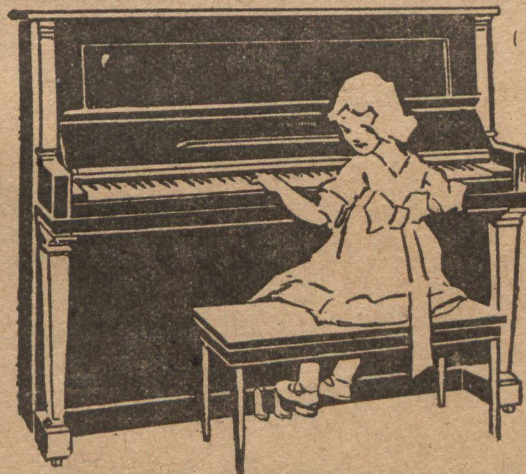


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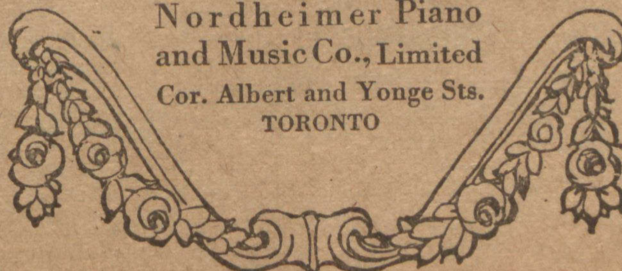


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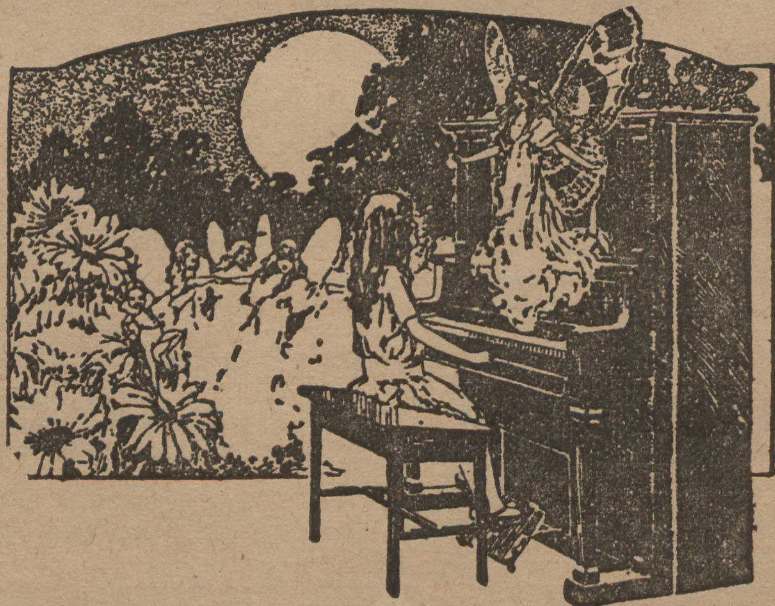

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CANADIAN COURIER

VOL. XXII. No. 22
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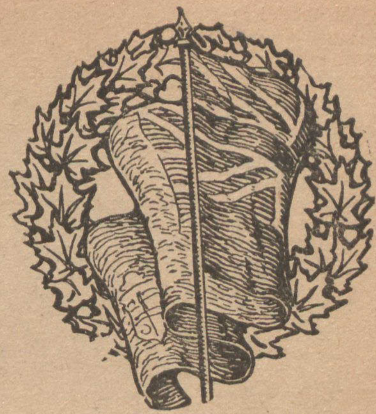


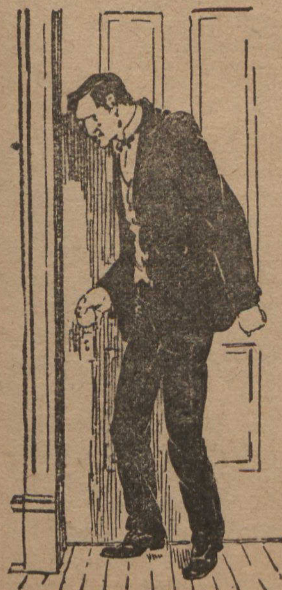
# The Amateur Music Master

*MR. BARDO, Non Mus. Doc. backed by B. D. Skritch, selfmade merchant, and Claude Carroll, Editor, undertakes to give Morekirk, Ont., the Musical Uplift. First of a serial of Amateur-Musico Sketches, based upon the experiences of one who had them, but not always playing the piece according to the exact score. Containing appreciations of character and musical satires which may excite a Mus. Doc. to ridicule*

By MAJOR B. FLAT

MR. ANTONY BARDO made himself obnoxious to his landlady two weeks after he arrived in Morekirk, Ont., to teach 57 boys how to get into High School. He leased a cabinet organ which had to be derricked up through the window and for two hours every evening he performed horrifying improvisations, using the full-organ swell most of the time, so that people naturally walked round a block rather than pass the house and the neighbours sighed for the police; and the organist of the Methodist church, just home from Leipsic, said that Bardo's modulations were diabolical and his attempts at "close" harmony unspeakable.

Probably if this young man, age 20, with a First Class A certificate, had not been steered by fate against the deadly system of the Morekirk Central, if he had not come under the paralyzing hand of Principal Pontifex, who listened at class-room keyholes, he might never have played that horrible organ. But with 57 young blades each trained for seven years to get even with Pontifex by torturing emotional substitutes like Bardo, he had to have that organ or blow up with the unexpressed. So he played orgies of hatred against Pontifex, the tyrant who could poke his nose inside a class-room door and hypnotize 50 seething lads into the cataleptic stage. Bardo never could boss those boys. The more he worked on them the magic of living, as he felt it in the babbling aerialities of nature and what little art he had ever noticed, the more they abused him. He blamed Pontifex. He found out too late that the blunder was in two such different people working on the same thing at the same time. Pontifex had a system. Bardo had nothing but a musical instinct working on the business of education, with religion a close second to music.



Morekirk was a delightful old town among Scotch-Canadian hills, threaded by a trickling rivulet that was dammed up here and there for mills. He had never been a citizen of any such place and naturally felt himself in a new world. Being at the poet's age, he felt magic in all things; the same old folly that acts on some natures like alcohol and horses and stocks do on some others. Every morning until snow-time he was up at daybreak and out over the hills to meet the sun, sometimes with a book of Ruskin or Wordsworth or Carlyle; and from some suburban peak of those picturesque hills he felt it a great joy to stand and watch the sunrise, till it blazed on the windows of the Morekirk Central, when he broke into blank verse and damned the Morekirk Central up hill and down dale.

A young man with such a mental equipment never could have stayed out of the choir. Bardo sang a smug little bass part in the dingy loft that hung over the preacher's head in front of an asthmatic old organ. The first Sunday he creaked up the back stairs round the organ he got a sensation.

And of course it was a lady. Her name was Naida Dolsen, as Bardo well knew, because he had once written a letter telling her how divinely she had sung at a church service in the small city of Linden, up the line, but had afterwards torn it up. One of the reasons why he had put his best foot forward to get the Morekirk Central was that Morekirk was Naida's home town. She lived on the skirts of it, over the hills. Here she was bright and early, her good old father having driven her in the layback buggy to attend class-meeting before service, so that Naida had an hour on her hands of which Mr. Bardo became at least ten seconds as he went thumping-heartedly past the lady, knowing that she was looking at him. And from that until the collection plate period, Bardo endured a good sermon, etc., even though he expected to become a pillar of the Sunday School in the basement, because he waited for Naida to get up in the front row and sing, "He wipes the tear from every eye."

Satan himself could not have contrived a more effective contrast than Princ. Pontifex and Naida C. Dolsen. And Bardo was the poor devil through whom both sets of vibrations worked. He was born to become a sort of melting pot for the passions of a small community. Those who blamed him for being a fool about Naida didn't understand that the Morekirk Central, with Pontifex at the keyholes, was what drove him to it. The stage was all set. Mr. Bardo naively took the spotlight.

THE old Cardigan St. Methodist Church, with its bulwarks of stone and its busy basement, was another torture, because he liked it; the choir, the Sunday School, the prayer-meetings, the Epworth Leagues and the extra specials. It was there he met some of the characters that helped him to buck against Pontifex.

The S. S. Superintendent was one of these. B. D. Skritch was a self-made man who had come up out of great tribulation to be the chief merchant of Morekirk. He had butted up through bailiffs and bad debts, through prayer-meetings and sleepless nights to once-a-year booking passage to Europe, and transacting his settlements in marks and francs and roubles and £. s. d. He had stores in other towns and a temple not made with hands eternal in the heavens. His knowledge of the world was extensive and his interest in Morekirk rather contemptuous, judging from the things he said about aldermen and City Hall in the newspapers. Skritch, like many other self-made men, lacked culture, and knew it. But he had a close intimacy with professors at the college on one of the Morekirk outskirts, and when Bardo hove into the Sunday School pining for an assignment, Skritch put him in charge of a class just ready for the girls' Bible Class, made him choragus of the School with power to wield a baton after the lesson, and before long made him welcome at his kindly and comfortable home—he was building a new one, however, to cost $20,000.

SKRITCH had a friend in the editor of the Morekirk Call, a man who believed in something between single-tax and theosophy, with a little of both. Claude Carroll was a child-soul with a man's mind. He wore out several yards of carpet trying to show Skritch the new heaven upon earth. And at 11 p.m. he would take Bardo for a three-mile saunter over all the bridges in town, usually by moonlight. Among the three of them they agreed that Morekirk needed some sort of regeneration; of ideas or art or civic betterment—anything to stir the place up. The other two listened to Bardo anathematizing Pontifex.

"Well, I wish I had you, Mr. Skritch, for a chief, and you, Mr. Carroll, for an associate and—we could make that school a salvation for the community," he blurted.

"Why don't you start something in your paper?" asked Skritch.

Carroll shook his head.

"Too much politics, my friend. "Why don't you start an ethics department in your store?"

"I can't sell ethics," admitted Skritch. "I'm a business man."

"Then our friend Bardo must do something."

Carroll looked benign over his beard.

Talks like these stimulated Bardo. He wanted to show these men a way out. Maybe they were right. He was young; no business office limitations; a perfectly transparent soul seething with desire for the unexpressed and the beautiful, something to make Morekirk an uplift.

And when he came to himself after a seance with Carroll, at 1.30 a.m., each of them drunk with meta-

physical vapourings, he looked up at the school hill and saw the Morekirk Central.

Oh, that jail! the seven hours' torture for Bardo; boys busy with never-ending devilments and idle at lessons: his the worst room in the school among 17 lady teachers and Pontifex knew it long ago. By winter Bardo's room was a power-house of disorder. Pontifex never lectured him. Seldom the two ever talked. When they did, Bardo marvelled at the paucity of language.

THUS winter slid past in a trail of mingled misery and ecstasy, with Naida Dolson in the choir every other Sunday and Bardo now and then visiting Sunny Acres, the old homestead over the hills. Naida sang to him; he talked to her. They engineered duets; sang one of them at church when Bardo blushed like a red-hot stove and she thought it was very funny. Naida recklessly agreed with Carroll and Skritch that Bardo should uplift Morekirk. So also did Timmie Taunton, a tall young baritone, platonic chum of Naida's, the stationer from Butterfly, down the Grand Trunk, who came to Sunny Acres week-ends.

Springtime, at Sunny Acres, and in the town park opposite the new house-building of Mr. Skritch. Also in the soul of tortured Bardo, who was now commissioned by his friends to get up a huge popular concert in any building big enough to hold it.

Naida, however, unkindly went away on a tour, and could not be on the programme. That cut Bardo, who had already planned a school chorus of hundreds on a raised gallery—somewhere.

"Oh, get Timmie to sing," she said. "He will. I'll make him. He's a stunning baritone."

That was some compensation. Timmie promised. Naida went.

It was now up to Mr. Bardo, in the month of April of the year when After the Ball was being driven out by Sweet Marie, and both surviving against The Holy City, to organize his musical thrill for Morekirk. He was now a dynamo of musical energy, minus intelligence. Had he been sane he never would have attempted this Festival. He dreamed dreams and heard the birds and vowed to have Morekirk uplifted by the time Naida came back in the summer. After which his stock would be so high in the columns of the Morekirk Call, edited by Claude Carroll, that he would exercise a mighty influence over his next class of Hilltop boys who would be very meek in the room of so powerful a reformer.

Music evidently had power. But of course it really wasn't music.

How Bardo gradually organized the idea of a festival in the huge skating rink is no concern of this narrative. He had every day after four and every Saturday all day to weave his net for the young. He began with small crowds in the church basement, rehearsing; himself at the baton, some young lady at the piano; words written on large sheets hung up in front until money could be got to buy copies from the Call press. In May the rehearsals shifted to the "gym" of the Collegiate and drew some of the larger girls. It was, as yet, all girls. They were easier; more musical, perhaps. Bardo wondered why. Mornings on the hills at sunrise he wove in his brain the webs of this musical dream, a great amphitheatre of white children singing patriotic and religious choruses, with Timmie Taunton, baritone, doing three numbers, a squad of gymnastic girls doing fancy drills and club-swinging and whatever else he could create betwixt now and the middle of June.

News of this everywhere; hints of it in the Call; thanks to Carroll, who favoured the movement.

But Pontifex was mum. Bardo hoped he would be. He would show this tyrant a few tricks in swinging a democracy.

BY the time leaves were full out on the hills of Morekirk, Bardo was emotionally master of the mob. He had rehearsals so crowded that he had to take one section a.m. and the other p.m. on Saturdays; both in the City Hall, the place where all the plays and concerts were held; thanks also to Skritch's influence with the aldermen.

"But I'm sorry to say, gentlemen," said the merchant, asking for this concession, "that Mr. Bardo will not be able to give the festival in the City Hall. The crowds will be far too big."

Already Bardo had 500 young folk at his rehearsals, and he yearned for Saturdays. Skritch was behind him in uplifting Morekirk. Money was being spent before it was had; sundries cheerfully paid from Bardo's pocket.

"Don't worry about the expense," comforted Skritch. "Go ahead. Whatever it needs in reason to put that festival on in the rink, count me as your backer."

"Thanks, Mr. Skritch."

"You're welcome, Mr. Bardo. I've always had faith in you."

And there would be a few hundred dollars expense; easily. The rink was a huge barn. It must be built up and decorated for the occasion. A monster stage and choir gallery at the far end; chairs by the thousand from city hall and lodges and schools; one big streamer across the main street; posters and dodgers and newspaper ads; flags and bunting and forest leaves; tickets and programmes. And midst of it all came a note from Naida somewhere in the Rockies:

"Well, I've written Timmie. He will sing for you. I hope you wake up the old town in my absence. Send me a copy of the paper with your picture in it."

NO chance to back up now. Bardo had the children. Loads of lumber went into the rink. Hammers and haulings. Rehearsals galore. He went further; must have all the choirs. Friday evenings and Sundays after service found him peering into the choir lofts, talking earnestly to the choirs—all denominations. He got a hundred of these singers.

None could stop him. He was filled with missionary zeal. And his friends, Carroll and Skritch, gave him a new idea.

"Must have an object," said Skritch. "Show the people what you intend to do with the money."

They put their heads together.

"Fine," said Skritch, when Carroll proposed something. "The very thing. Improve the park. People's playground. Everybody interested. Help the boys and girls. I'll back that."

Carroll promised the support of his paper. The opposition paper—Grit—promtly knocked the idea.

"What do the citizens across the river think of the people's money spent to improve a park the other end of town?" asked the editor.

Bardo referred the question to Skritch, who intimated that Pontifex——

"Just what I was thinking," said Bardo.

"Stick to your guns, my boy."

"I certainly will."

"We can't retreat. The public expects you to be the man of the hour," said the self-made. "Persecution will advertise you. Remember—I believe in you; and I know what it is to need the faith of other men."

"Success," whispered Bardo. "That's it. Skritch never fears. He's a moral dynamo."

That smile haunted him. Pontifex said never a word, but poked his face in at Bardo's door more often; delighted to find that as Bardo's steam gauge went up with the public the disorder in his room got worse. The youth was losing what little grip he ever had of the boys. He was teaching girls and choirs to sing.

Now for the orchestra. Morekirk had twelve musicians on string and wind. Bardo ferreted them all out. Some demanded pay.

"State your terms," he said, stoutly.

"You going to swing the stick?" asked a foundryman horn-blower.

"Y—yes, I suppose somebody will have to," he

(Continued on page 19.)

# JOHN BULL & Co.

NEVER having read "John Bull"—if so—anybody would delight to see the original of John in person. Here he is, Horatio Bottomley, by Jove! Editor of the most outspoken little Journal in England, sticking a hot potato in his mouth as he goes through the trenches, seeing things at first hand to tell John Bull. But when H. B. speaks in J. B., he has no hot potatoes in his mouth. Never!

ONCE there was a lad in Cornwall who had never seen the Lord Mayor of London. His name was Charlie Hanson. He grew up and came to Canada to succeed in life, still never having seen the Lord Mayor. In Montreal he became financial and founded the firm of Hanson Brothers, stockbrokers. Doing so well he went back to England, to London, seeing Lord Mayors whenever he wanted to, afterwards becoming President of a Life Insurance Company, M.P. for Bodmin, and Sheriff of London. Now he's Lord Mayor himself. That's Imperialism for you!

A FEW weeks ago a bulky, broadfaced Armenian, rather intense, with a grim mouth and upcast eyebrows, came across Congressman Church of California, friend of his. A few days ago Rep. Church got up in Congress and announced that his friend Garabad Giragossian had invented a machine capable of taking energy from the air and converting it into mechanical energy. Called the Garabad. All other scientific machines have more energy put into them than the energy that comes out of them. Not so Garabad which can operate an engine; run steamers and airships. Congress appointed a committee and voted a large sum of money to exploit Garabad.

MARQUIS and Marchioness of Hartington sitting down to luncheon. Opening a bazaar at Chesterfield in aid of War Hospitals; same thing has been done thousands of times before. They're always having bazaars in England. But—this is different. The young Marquis behind the soda siphon is the son and heir of the Duke of Devonshire, who is the Governor-General of Canada, and when he came to Ottawa left his son behind—in khaki, you observe.

OBSERVE in this statuesque and splendid decorationist the portrait of a man who was too much under the thumb of his young wife. The man is Soukhomlinoff—accent on the "lin"—who at the time of the war's outbreak was Minister of War in Russia. In 1914 he was called the Russian Kitchener—oh, heavens! just the way we've talked about a lot of discards. And yet S——off was a big man; a good citizen; even Hamilton Fyfe of the London Daily Mail and of Lord Northcliffe liked him, although just now he is execrated by revolutionary Russia. And if he had not married a young wife this old warrior of 70 might have been still popular in Russia. But Madame S. was a young Jewess, second wife of the Minister, and a pro-German; moreover a spy, just as clever as the conjuress who was shot in France the other day. She set up a salon in Petrograd and she had a flock of admirers among the court crowd at Berlin. But for what she told Berlin, Belgium might never have been invaded. She wanted money, S. had to get it. When his money ran cut she got more from—Berlin; giving in exchange the secrets of the Russian War Office. In fact, thanks to the sociability of Madame S. in Berlin, the war lords there knew more about the War Minister's affairs than he knew himself. Thanks to an old man, who might otherwise have been a patriot, married to a young and alluring wife, Russia was betrayed to the enemy. Of course there was also the affair of Rasputin and the Czar and Czarina, which was bigger. But very likely the nefarious work of Madame S. had really more to do with the actual treason to the army of Russia.

ABOUT 50 years ago an eloquent Englishman, Rev. Morley Punshon, LL.D., stumped Canada in a series of uplifting lectures and so inspired a group of Toronto Methodists that they created the Metropolitan Church inside of a huge square with a high iron fence and a big tower. That cathedral of Canadian Methodism, for a long while the biggest Methodist church in the world, has had a long line of eminent preachers, including Dr. John Potts, Dr. Briggs, Hugh Johnston, Dr. Stafford, E. P. Bowles—please let none of the rest be envious at being left out. Some of these eminent divines were Irish or English; one of the most interesting of all was a Canadian—Ezra Stafford; and for many years the big church had a wealthy congregation, and they always had a great love for the big British preacher. So after a number of Canadians in the pulpit, and when the big church has been left far down town, the Rev. Trevor Davies a Welshman, comes to the Metropolitan in 1917. He expects to like it. His first sermon was on the church, saying that God places every church just where it belongs—so, of course, the Metropolitan trustees can't possibly sell the site to a real estate company, even if they feel like doing it. The Welsh preacher and the new English organist make the Metropolitan Church—well, rather English, at least.

# EDITORIAL

## A Business Executive

ONE thing must be clearly remembered about the new National Cabinet. It is not a political organization. It is a business executive. The Premier, we understand, made no inquiries as to what political views the nine Liberals would expect to carry with them into the Cuncil, nor what they expected to carry back to the country with them after they left it. He invited Liberals to join it because the Liberals were doing less for the country than they were capable of doing and less than they wanted to do. That he did not wait for a general election before forming his Council is another matter. Had he done so the election might have been a simpler issue. As it is now, we shall all need instruction. But when we get it we shall not vote Grit and Tory. The Government as it now stands is a War Government. The business of the country is war. The resources and the strength of the country must be co-ordinated for war. If these eleven Conservatives and nine Liberals can't do it, other men must be got. The war business must be done.

## Spots and Skins

"BUT," says a political critic—pessimist variety—"we shall have no Liberals left. These new men, co-Liberals outside of the Cabinet will become Tories."

Ethiopians and leopards! Imagine it! J. A. Calder a Tory; N. W. Rowell a Tory; F. B. Carvell a TORY? Not unless we resurrect the miracle age. The Premier may have guile—undiscovered as yet; but surely no such conspiracy against independents as making Tories out of these Liberals. That trick has been done, but not in times like the present. Men turn their political coats for political reasons. But we have dropped party politics. Have we not? This is war. And war needs the men. Their politics for the present may be ignored. They have as good as said so by accepting office. We might as well say that these Liberals are the wooden horse full of Greeks that took Troy. Troy being just Greek for Tory, these nine men conspired after the Winnipeg Conventions to get inside the Tory Cabinet and turn it into a Liberal machine.

No, we shall, we trust, regard all these men and all supporters of them and their Conservative colleagues as War Unionists. For political purposes they may revert to whatever they like when the war is over. Just now they are war men. Their opponents will be non-Unionists.

Along comes another critic to say that inasmuch as it is the Liberal draft that is regenerating the Cabinet, the Liberal party will get the credit; the country will return a majority of Liberals, and by a count of noses the Liberal leader will become Premier when he may if he chooses form his own War Cabinet by inviting in a few Conservatives.

We don't follow the trail here. No doubt the Liberal party as enlisted under the banners of Sir Wilfrid Laurier will be also a win-the-war party. There is no room for difference on that score. What difference will there be? What platform will the party adopt? Will the Opposition wait till the Government has formulated its policy and then strike out from that? We shall see.

## Not Mere Politics

THERE are reasons to suppose that a line-up of Liberals on the right ticket might carry some parts of Canada against the War Unionist campaign. We do not undertake to state just what these Liberal strongholds are, because we are not political experts. And in so far as the general sentiment of the country can be represented by a victory of win-the-war, straight-line Liberals, a victory of that kind should not injure the prestige of this country.

As yet, however, we are in the dark as to what the platform of the Opposition party is to be. Until it is drafted and amended it will be unwise to forecast. What is possible to forecast is that no movement having for its object merely the defeat of the War Unionist programme should expect to succeed. This is not a case of the ins and the outs; of wrong one side and right the other. It is not a case of conscription vs. no-conscription. Conscription is law and it is backed up for enforcement by the War Unionist Government. To overturn that means to p[illegible]thing better in its place. Not something th[illegible] merely elect the Opposition, but something that no true citizen of Canada can doubt is better policy for the country than the War Unionist programme. What is it? We are not told as yet. But we assume that it is not mere politics.

## Spinsterhood and Lonely Soul

LONDON DAILY MAIL wants to marry English girls to Canadian soldiers. Supply of girls is practically unlimited. Demand is high, says the Mail, so many lonesome Canadian bachelors in the camps who are just pining for wives. A Dorset maid signing herself Twenty-Five tells the L. D. M. that she sees nothing ahead of her but a dreary spinsterhood, because she has no chance of meeting men of her own sort. Poor girl! L. D. M. must see what can be done; gets in touch right away with Canadian camps. From Sussex a soldier says: "Hundreds of men in this camp would be glad to marry a good girl and take her back to Canada. Many of them are rich and most are in comfortable circumstances. All are more or less incapacitated—but I am not hurt badly." A-ha! There you are. Many Fearing-Spinsterhood to Not-Badly-Hurt. Next? Lance-Corporal in a training battalion says: "I am stationed in a lonely place where you never meet a nice young woman. If this young lady would like to write to me, she might not have spinsterhood after all." So he wants Spinsterhood. She doesn't. How can L. D. M. get Lonely Soul and Spinsterhood together? Easy. Writes an article saying:

"The nation is at the moment exactly like a short-sighted mother. It has the opportunity for match-making and it is not using it. It has crowds of attractive young girls and an army of fine, healthy over-seas men, and it does not bring them together. It leaves the men to get bored and lonely; it leaves the girls with the chances of marriage receding day by day."

Here's the way out. Let the State quit talking about Public Ownership and go into National Match-Making. How? By getting up Comrades' Clubs all over the country where Canadian soldiers can meet all the Fearing-Spinsterhoods.

Oh, Canadian girls, be up and doing! L. D. M. is after your nice young man. Don't let her do it. Write to him right away. Tell him if he doesn't look out you'll go and be a nurse and never see him again. But don't let on you know anything about Fearing-Spinsterhood, or he may marry her just to show that he can if he wants to.

## Reforming Humanity—That's All

FROM the talk of many people—some of them wise ones—we should expect the millennial dawn to appear shortly after the war is over. Men whose particular business it is to estimate the past and prognosticate the future assure us impressively that after the war the old order of things will have passed away and all things will become new. We must be ready for the great change, for in the twinkling of an eye the trump shall sound. Etcetera.

Now, we have always believed that the human race is entitled to the discovery of a new world every time it takes up the morning paper at breakfast if necessary. Unless we are ready for new things we might as well decide that the old world is a failure. But we also reckon that what has been in the world so many centuries will survive the shock of even a long world war. Human nature is not a revolution. We shall be pretty much the same people then as we are now; and we shall have most of the institutions that now make the world as good or as bad as it is. What we shall probably get down to a minimum is, Incompetency, Waste, Blind Faith, Foolish Hero-Worship, Social Fads, and the Sanctity of the State—just because it is the powers that be. What we shall get will be whatever can take the place of these things.

But not even Edward Bellamy would expect a regenerated world merely as a result of the war. In fact, we shall always have to work, as though to-morrow we die, to keep the forces of what's-best-for-the-world uppermost.

## An Over-Worked Team

ONE sure thing—two ideas have been cruelly over-worked of late.

Democracy and Efficiency. These are great principles of government and action. But from some of the phases of democracy rampant in the world we pray to be delivered. And from the worship of efficiency, if it means taking freedom out of the individual life, we should hope to be excused.

Efficiency—as such—in one dehumanized country, has put sensible democracy off the programme. Democracy—as such—merely as a protest against such state-organized efficiency, may be a case of the frying-pan and the fire

## Who, What and Why

THE Premier has picked good men. Beginning in the east where could he have got a stronger man than Carvell, who, if the sentiments of some Liberals had been respected, might have been the Liberal leader against the Premier. The greatest fighter in Parliament, he will be a big man in the Cabinet and in the War Council. N. W. Rowell is one of the men whom the war has made bigger. He has outgrow his party for war purposes. What the Ontario Liberals may have said to him after this goes to press will make no difference to his clear-headed course as a public citizen and a win-the-war Minister. Of Ballantyne we have already spoken. The Cabinet has no brainier business man with a higher brand of integrity. Of Guthrie we have spoken. He sacrificed a great deal in cutting away from his leader, Sir Wilfrid, who bade him cordially respect his own conscience in the case. J. A. Crerar goes in as an organizer of Western business and sentiment. As Minister of Agriculture he has already taken off his coat. He proposes to co-ordinate the United Farmers' organizations in various parts of the country. Head of the Grain Growers' democracy as he has been, he is going at the nation-wide business of increasing production just as he did at the big job of developing the Grain Growers' Grain Company. J. A. Calder has no superior in the Cabinet as a shrewd organizer of public sentiment and a knowledge of both men and issues. No doubt he had proved his sagacity to the Premier before ever he was invited to take office. Premier Sifton, of Alberta, is not so obvious a power; but he represents a great Province, which has had a deal to do with shaking up political sentiment in the West. Col. Mewburn has proved himself an efficient soldier and administrator in the most important military district we have. He will carry on the work of Sir Sam Hughes without the Hughes handicap. In the work of making soldiers to fill up Canada's army he has a big and important task for which he is eminently fitted. The Labour Minister is yet to be chosen. If he is to represent labour the choice of that man may not be easy. Here, perhaps, labour might take a leaf from the politician's notebook, and for the time being forget its politics.

## A Church Drama

A CHURCH is sometimes dramatic. By way of startling contrast we note that last week the T. Eaton Memorial Church in Toronto was the scene of two events which lift the imagination of Canadians to a high level. One day it was the scene of the funeral of Rev. Dr. Griffin, aged 91, whose career as a minister goes back to the circuit preacher's saddle-bag days when, with a trusty horse, he picked his way through the bush over the corduroy roads and through the clearings to reach his straggled little congregations of stump farmers. Dr. Griffin was a master at calling up those old days over his pipe; an artist at telling stories in the pulpit; an inspiration to many a young man who can never have his experience any more than he can imitate so stalwart and humorous a character.

The next day or two, in the same church, Major Bishop, the world's present greatest airman, was married. The boyhood of Billy Bishop began about the time the work of Dr. Griffin was ended. In two years of his life he has done things that to the old preacher with his saddle-bag reminiscences must have seemed like glimpses of a new world. Billy Bishop popping over an enemy plane from a height of 20,000 feet and nose-diving down upon the enemy with open engine at 300 miles an hour, was a figure which no preacher even with apocalyptic vision could ever have hoped to realize in his own life. From saddle-bags to four miles up in the air is some contrast to be put on the stage in one Methodist Church in the same week of 1917.

# A SEARCH-LIGHT ON GERMANY

By SIDNEY CORYN

**IN his Argonaut survey, not included in this article, Mr. Coryn has an observation which is too good to be excluded. We deplore trench warfare, because it is so slow and because it now gives a certain tenacity to the weaker side, but it was the Germans digging themselves in after the panic of the Marne, he says, that actually defeated Germany, because it gave the Allies time to develop themselves to the present point of crushing offensives. One of the many in the long series of blunders that have marked German generalship even more than our own.**

EVENTS are moving significantly fast on the western front, so fast as to persuade us that Sir Douglas Haig has the largest aims in view and that he intends to attain them before winter shall put an end to the fighting. Indeed, it would be hard to exaggerate the possibilities of the present situation or the results that seem now to be so well within reach. Much depends upon the weather. Still more depends upon the unfolding of the political situation in Germany. If both should prove favourable to the Allied cause, we may expect to see the dealing of a death blow to the German armies within a month. If they should be forced from their holdings on the North Sea, from Ostend and from Zeebrugge, their prestige would be gone forever. Not even the wiles of German statecraft could persuade the people that victory was still attainable.

The fighting of the past week is an integral part of the great battle that began when the Canadians stormed Vimy Ridge. Vimy is a part of the long straggling hogback that runs north to Poelcapelle, that was valued by the Germans because it gave command of the Flanders plains to the east, and that was believed by them to be impregnable. The position may be said to constitute the great curve or salient that has been driven by the British to the east of Ypres. So long as the ridge remained in German hands it served to protect the submarine bases at Ostend, Zeebrugge and Bruges. It protected also the railroad from Ostend to Lille, of almost vital importance to the German communications. We have now seen that ridge snatched piecemeal from German possession. It is nearly entirely in the hands of the British, and already they are descending its eastern slope, and advancing across the plains. That the advance is no more than a few miles has nothing to do with the case. The Germans have not only been driven from a stronghold, but they have been compelled to uncover positions of extraordinary value. The main line of their communications is practically cut. Bruges must be within range of the heavy artillery. And the Ypres salient has been so far deepened to the eastward as to make certain a general German retreat from their northern lines, and probably also from their fortifications to the south. The gains are not only important. They are critical.

At the beginning of the battle, several weeks ago, we were surprised to find that a French army had taken up its position to the north of the British forces and between Dixmude and Bixshoote. After the first few days' fighting, when this French army registered a considerable gain, we heard no more of it, and we are still in doubt as to the cause that led to the transfer of this force to a section of the line that had been hitherto entirely British. But this French force has now struck another blow. While the British were fighting their way northeast to Poelcapelle, the French on their left also advanced, and gained about a mile and a half, and this move was evidently undertaken in order to bring the two armies into alignment. This has not quite been accomplished, since the French are still to the westward of the British, but the advance serves none the less to intensify the pressure upon the German lines to the north, and to increase the danger of envelopment that is rapidly becoming acute. This last battle was fought under the most disadvantageous weather conditions, and that it was fought at all is evidence that the Allied commanders do not intend to allow anything short of the impossible to stand between them and the goal that they now see to be so close. They have certainly resolved that there shall be no pause in the battle until the German lines have been forced into a general retreat, and it now seems improbable that they can be balked.

WE look for more than one cause of the determination with which this extraordinary battle is being fought. That a successful issue would exclude the submarines from Ostend and Zeebrugge is true enough, and this alone would justify the exertions that are being displayed. But the battle is certainly related to the internal conditions of Germany. We know now that there is a constantly growing opposition to the violent and reckless projects of the Pan-Germans, who are far more concerned for their own caste dominance than for the well-being of the nation. The liberal elements of the Reichstag are in an ugly mood, and even the rather abject socialists are beginning once more to make themselves heard. We know, too, that there has been grave disaffection in the navy, and that there have been many mutinous outbreaks in the army. There is good reason to believe that popular discontent is perilously near the explosion point, and that the scarcity of food is having its inevitable effect in arousing the spirit of suspicion. Now the only hope of the Pan-Germans is in preserving the pretence of victory, or at least of a military deadlock that can afford to wait for the mythical triumph of the submarine. A military reverse that could be neither hidden nor explained would enormously stimulate the peace party, and it would correspondingly weaken the pleas for patience and the promises of ultimate triumph. It would hasten the lethargic movement of the German mind that is already turning itself in bewilderment toward a recognition of actual facts on the battle lines. The military effects of this long succession of victories are startling enough in their tremendous possibilities, but their effects upon the mind of the German public may be even more startling, and it is hardly likely that this consideration has been without weight in the decisions of the Allied commanders. When we couple the events in Flanders with the almost unconcealed dread reflected in the daily speeches of German statesmen, with the obvious disintegration of the German social fabric, we may well believe that we are on the eve of happenings that may be the presage of a speedy peace. And it will not be a Hindenburg peace.

One of the great French 75's, the gun which no German gun-maker can duplicate, at an American training camp.

For these reasons it is interesting to note a bulletin dated from Washington on October 4th, and purporting to be a summary of the opinions of American army officers on the battle that has just been fought. No names are given, since army officers do not usually talk for publication, but there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the bulletin. Army experts, we are told, have become convinced that the Germans are covering a great withdrawal of their line, while others are of the opinion that the German resistance is animated by the hope that they may possibly be saved from this necessity by the coming of winter. The two opinions are practically the same, so far as the extremity of the German army is concerned. Still other military observers in Washington, we are told, believe that the German army spirit generally is badly shattered. They cite the continual peace cries from Germany, the remarks of prisoners captured by the Allies, the youth of some of these prisoners, and the repeated failures to make any impression upon the British and French lines. This marks a considerable departure from the opinions that were so current a few months ago, and that were so industriously circulated by pro-Germans, to the effect that a deadlock had been established, and that the statesman had better be summoned to do the work that the soldier was evidently unable to do. Of course, there has not been a deadlock at any time, nor anything that even remotely resembled a deadlock. On the contrary, we have seen an uninterrupted waning of the German strength, and an increase in the Allied strength, and for the past year it has been quite certain that the Allies would presently do the very thing that is now transpiring before our eyes.

WHAT may we expect by way of an immediate result from the battle that has just been fought? The answer seems to depend somewhat upon the weather, and also upon those internal conditions in Germany, that may cause an extreme, even a dangerous, reluctance to do the things that ought to be done from the purely military point of view. If bad weather should begin at once it will greatly inconvenience the British in following up the advantage that they have gained. The water is never far below the surface of these Flanders plains, and much rain may make them impassable. But continuously bad weather is not due for another month, and Sir Douglas Haig has been reducing the intervals between his battles to a minimum. If he can strike again before the weather interferes, and before the Germans begin their backward movement, he will have them in a very tight place. If they were actuated solely by military considerations, they would already have begun their withdrawal, and it is quite likely that they have actually done so. But we know that they are not actuated solely by military considerations. They are in the midst of a political crisis, and they may think it of supreme importance to hide their military predicament from their own people. The Reichstag is in session, and that the Reichstag is suspected of harbouring a rebellious temper is shown by the chancellor's unwillingness to make a public statement as to Belgium and other things. It is quite evident, too, that there are disturbances among the people, whose scanty rations will be much more scanty when the American embargo on neutral countries begins to make itself felt. But on the whole it seems most probable that the Germans will not be able to postpone a withdrawal until wet weather shall come partially to their relief. We may expect to see that withdrawal begin almost at once, if indeed it has not already begun. Every day's delay is an added threat of disaster.

The extent of such a withdrawal is a matter of interesting conjecture, and here again we must face the complication furnished by the German political situation. Some German officers recently taken prisoner say that new defensive works have been prepared that connect Arras in a straight line with Verdun. That is probably true, since it confirms the responsible belief that this was the true Hindenburg line, and that it would have been occupied in the spring but for the rapidity of the pursuit after the withdrawal from the Noyon angle. Verdun lies exactly on the path of a German invasion of France, and of a French invasion of Germany, and it is this fact that gives such critical importance to its position. The German siege of Verdun was an

(Concluded on page 21.)

# Why do Women

ART has turned the table on nature; mainly in respect to the female of the species. In nature the females are set aside for very useful family matters, and most of the pageantry of life is reserved to the gentlemen. No female bird or animal has the glory of the male of its species in plumage and fur. And to make matters all the worse for the poor bird lady the cock birds are credited with most of the great songs. It is the business of the male bird, says the naturalist, to woo the female; and the lady bird's business is to perpetuate the species. Consequently the lady bird has no need of stage fineries and a beautiful voice.

Not so very long ago the male stars in the music and drama firmament out-numbered, and in most cases out-shone the female. Alas! no longer! Go through any musical, theatrical or motional paper you pick up, and the poor men seem to be getting just about as extinct as the feminine Dodo. The portraits in these two pages were selected from a number of papers and magazines more or less devoted to music and plays and movies. The result is—what you see. The woman absolutely has the stage. She is putting on the fineries, singing the songs, doing the dances, and projecting herself over the screen.

In musical compositions and writing of plays men are still in the lead. We have never had any lady Beethoven, or Shakespeare. Shall we ever? Women cheerfully advise us to "wait and see." "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny," and the ladies will rediscover for us new motifs for operas and symphonies—What?

Men still hold the lead in piano playing, in fiddling, in horn-blowing, in organ music, etc.—will they hold it? We are pointed to the late Teresa Carreno for a partial answer. But we seem to have no lady Paderewski or Ysaye. Shall we ever? Doubtful. There must be reasons why women don't play pianos and violins so well as men. Not merely of brains, or we should soon, perhaps, find the answer. Nor merely of muscle.

In conducting also, men seem to have a hopeless lead on women. Any woman conductor that ever came around these parts has been a pathetic failure. Not merely because men don't wear corsets either. There must be a temperamental reason. And we hope women never take to conducting or music will lose as much charm as women will; and which could be worse?

Serious acting, again, seems to have some heights that women fail to reach. Now whoever hears of an emotional actor? No, it's always the emotional actress. So that great acting is not necessarily great emotional acting. There is some quality about the greatest acting that defies womanhood to reach it. Is it intellect? Voice? We give it up.

Coming to humorous

LAURETTE TAYLOR has kept her docile hubby, Hartley Manners, busy writing plays for her; she opens at the Liberty in N. Y. with "Out There."

WAS there ever a woman who didn't just "love" Billie Burke? One of those who can be both lovely and funny, back in a play by Klare Cummer.

RUTH ST. DENIS as an Indian Princess of Akbar, so vain that she was condemned to life sentence in the role of a peacock. And, of course, nothing will do but Ruth must make a peacock dance. Gaby Deslys, so fluffy-ruffled and snow-white that a high wind might land her for a new snow-flake. And Alice Brady comes along as Mlle. Fifi in the movies.

MARIE DORO'S first hit was in Morals of Marcus Ordeyne; most famous as Oliver Twist.

NOW if there is anything in the art of tearing a passion to tatters while you sing, perhaps these two little girls don't need to be told what it is. Geraldine Farrar was one of the first opera singers in the world to appear in person at the Metropolitan while her screen-play "Joan" was going on up street.

Mary Garden, in the Minneapolis Bellman, tells how she came to sing such great parts as Melisande, Louise and Thais. Born in Scotland, raised in America and brought out in Paris, she made her debut in Act III. of Louise in the Opera Comique.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, October, 1917, has five pages all about "Law of the Land," featuring Petrova, already celebrated as the Vampire. The Theatre critic says:—"An excellent picture—minus Petrova," and "she must get over the habit of hogging scenes."

# Out-star the Men?

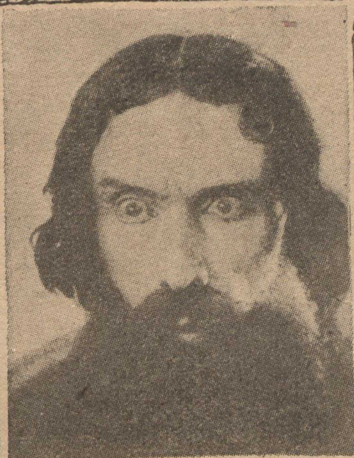
acting, again men have the advantage. Funny-stage women are peculiarly rare—thank the stars! Because in private life very few women are given to comedy. Women laugh more easily than men; too easily to be often funny.

In singing, we have never decided whether men or women excel. At present the star system favours the women, though there is no feminine Caruso. Opera makes use of more sopranos successfully than any other sort of voice. Tenors are always precarious; and half the time uncomfortable. We shall need a vocal Burbank yet to keep up the supply, unless opera decides to quit making a handsome Apollo-like baritone into a heavy villain, and a prodigious fat tenor into a lyric hero, just because it's always been done that way.

The star system favours the women as singers, because the brilliance of a star often depends upon the gown she wears, and the moment poor unadorned man gets out of his opera togs into a swallow-tail he has about as much chance of being a star on the concert stage as a bulldog has of being considered a beauty.

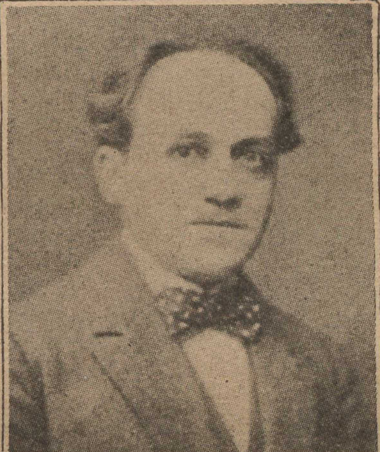
Dancing invariably gives women the pre-eminence. Why? Don't men dance as well? Quite. In some respects better. But here again, it's the lingerie and the skirt that does a lot of the dancing. Our friend Gaby Deslys over yonder would have a hard time keeping an audience of men interested if she were to wear short hair and pantalettes. Why are ballets and operas so largely feminine? Because men must be attracted to the theatre; and you can't entice a crowd of men out to see a crowd of men act or dance. They demand skirts; and the more things a woman has on the better the average respectable man likes it, on the same principle that anybody wants a beautiful rose to have a lot of petals, so long as the rose isn't always a bud.

Women are just as fond of seeing women on the stage; first because they like to see women more beautiful and graceful than themselves, like to see what a gown or a gesture or a colour does to a woman to make her so this, that or the other, and like to know that the dear good men in the audience are interested as much as they are. And if there ever could be an opera or a ballet by men only, it would soon have to be advertised for men only—because women wouldn't care to see it. Whereas—an opera or ballet by women alone—might interest an audience of men. Might. We'll leave it to the psychoanalysts to figure out why and how. At present we only know that on stage and screen women have it.

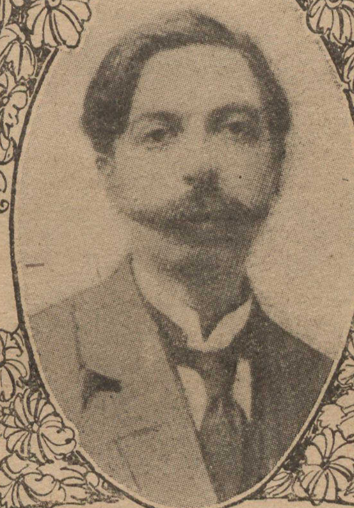


EDWARD CONNOLLY may thank his stars that he has a role as Rasputin in the "Fall of the Romanoffs" film that out-Svengalis Svengalo.

GEORGE ARLISS, who never played anything without a stage in his life did last season play a violin. Not actually. No it was an astral violin, and what Arliss really played was Paganini. Did he take a leaf from Elman's note-book? Elman, before playing Paganini stuff used to—so some say—got a seance with the soul of Paganini. But of course Arliss never needed that.



DAVID BISPHAM (the gentleman in the frock coat, looking off the page) again crossed the lines of art when he took the part of Beethoven in a series of performances last year. David never played the piano and never composed a symphony. But he undertook to make a lot of people think he was Beethoven.



SAYS Ernest Newman, about the piano score of The Goyescas:—"One has the voluptuous sense of passing the fingers through masses of richly coloured jewels." Granodis, Spanish, composed it —both piano, score and opera.

HERE now—the French have Debussy, the Germans' Wagner the Russians' Moussorgsky, the Italians' Verdi, and so on—What of the Jews? Don't they deserve a national music? Ernest Bloch, composer, living in New York for a year now, says, Yes; and: "It is not my purpose, not my desire to attempt a reconstitution of Jewish music, or to base my work on melodies more or less authentic. I am not an archaeologist. I hold it of first importance to write good genuine music, MY music. It is the Jewish soul that interests me, the complex glowing agitated soul, that I feel vibrating throughout the Bible; the freshness and naivete of the Patriarchs; the violence that is evident in the prophetic books; the Jew's savage love of justice; the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem; the sorrow and immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs."

He has begun to "deliver the goods." Last May the Jewish Cycle was given in Carnegie Hall with Arthur Bodansky (Metropolitan Opera) and himself conducting. Bodansky says Bloch is immense; after the war he'll take it all over Europe. Bloch came out to America first of all to conduct a Canadian danseuse's orchestra —Maude Allan. The Flonzaley Quartette played one of his works. Of course you surmise that he is a Jew? Oh, no, Block is a Swiss.

THIS lucky man as you may guess is a manager; and he has managed very well to just about hold hands with, say, Elsie Ferguson—charming thing!—while one studies her script of "Barbary Sheep" from the novel by Robert Hitchens. Of course it is only a screen play when the audience get it. But Mr. Manager isn't just on a film. He is next to a reality.

APROPOS of Peggy Wood an admiring inscriptionist says, of her: "Heroine, star, child prodigy, mother, grandmother, and very palpable hit, in 'Maytime,' the standing-room-only success at the Shubert Theater. Oh, and we forgot to say that in the last act Miss Wood is a vendeuse.

# A Box of Bengal Lancers

## By N. de Bertrand Lugrin

*Scientists may differ about the Mystery that inspires this Canadian Story*

PHILIP FERRIS was tired. Second in command, he had lived and suffered through as severe a campaign as falls to the lot of most soldiers. And he wanted to forget. In his own country he could not forget; there was a vivid reminder to him there in every hour of his waking day. But here it was different. No one knew him. No one cared anything about him beyond a casually expressed curiosity which he would never dream of gratifying. And the change was benefiting him. Already he was sleeping better, really resting when he went to bed. For months he had not been able to relax. His nerves, like taut strings on a musical instrument, responded to the slightest vibration, and over and over again in the night, he would spring up at some fancied bugle call, word of command or buzz of a trench telephone. He was putting on a little flesh, too, his leg was less stiff, and his insulted and demoralized stomach which had been obliged to give forced reception to an uncommonly impolite piece of shrapnel did not trouble him at all now. Only one thing bothered him occasionally. He was lonely. English-born and Canadian-bred, he was reticent to a fault, and he longed for a friend. There were plenty of people "at home" who cared, but they all belonged to "it," and it was "it" that he was trying to get away from just now, "it" that he must get away from if he expected to be fit to go back again to "it." Sometimes he did not mind being a stranger in a strange land, and then again he would be seized with a spasm of loneliness that hurt worse than physical suffering; and more than anything else in God's earth, he would long to meet someone who would understand his needs without telling; his necessity for quiet, almost silent communing, and who would not preliminize friendly overtures by a furtive glance at his game leg and ask what he thought of the war situation.

Finally Ferris made up his mind that he must go back. He was as well as he ever expected to be. He had had the "two weeks complete rest and change" which the doctor had prescribed, and he felt quite sure that he could persuade the medical board to pass him if he was able to disguise his limp. He had a commission to perform first, however, a commission which was one of his reasons for coming to this special western American city. He had promised a dying German officer to deliver a letter, or to try and deliver a letter. Not knowing the exact address, and not liking the job in the least, he had put it off from day to day, until now, his time up, he felt he must get it to its destination if possible. He decided to give himself one more day, take a long drive in the country in the afternoon, and in the evening attend to the letter. Then he would return to British Columbia. It was in the afternoon that he met Peter.

FERRIS had stopped his car at the top of a hill to see the view, which comprised a deep valley in the foreground filled with cherry trees, lovely as brides, a wide stretch of turquoise blue water, and then the mountains rising in dazzling splendour from out the purple mists of their foot-hills. As he was about to drive on he chanced to see a small boy sitting on the tall gate-post of a fence on his right, his fat legs forming a frame for the name "Hillside Place." The fence surrounded more orchard land and a white house trimmed with green that merged delightfully into the natural landscape.

Straightway, after one glance at the boy, Ferris forgot the view. It was not that the small chap was so uncommonly wistful-eyed, though that would have caught his attention at once, it was the remarkable resemblance of the childish face to some other face he knew. And yet, when he tried to place the resemblance it was quite impossible. Ferris looked at the boy and the boy looked at him, and presently, in response to Ferris' invitation, he got down from the tall post, not without difficulty.

Thence ensued a conversation in which Ferris learned that the gate-post was an "aeroplane," that the boy's name was Peter, that he was "going on six," and that his seeds had come up in the garden that morning. But when Ferris asked him if he would have a drive with him he said "no" very gravely and pressed for a reason suggested quite frankly, "you might be a kidnapper."

Ferris had the first hearty laugh that he had had in months, and it was the laugh, doubtless, that attracted the attention of a Chinese gardener who was diligently at work spading up around the cherry trees, for he came at once and called to Peter,

"Mama want you now quick."

Peter, however, took not the slightest notice. He was stroking softly the polished mudguard nearest him, and he wanted to know if it was Ferris' own car. Ferris said it was his for the day, and that, as it seemed selfish for him to enjoy it all alone, he would go in with Peter and ask his mother if he might come with him for a drive into the city.

So Ferris walked behind Peter along a wide, bricked path, and between rows of lilac bushes just showing their first tinges of purple, to the verandah of the farm house. And then as though the lilac were not colour and perfume enough, the verandah had a mantle of honeysuckle, which, all gold and white and sweet-smelling, was irresistably intoxicating to a million bees which buzzed around it, and two or three little humming birds that spun away on imperceptible wings as Ferris and Peter approached, but immediately returned again. The verandah was a place of pure delight. It was entirely encased in fine mesh netting and had wide screen doors, so that no bees or other mirauding insects might intrude upon its strictest privacy. There was matting on the floor, chaises longues with piles of bright cushions, a bowl of lily-of-the-valley on a low table, books and papers on another table, a guitar lying across a sea-grass chair, in fact it was such a warm, sweet, shady, lazy place that Peter's information—

"Mother is in the dairy making butter" seemed entirely inconsistent.

Ferris looked hard at Peter. Perhaps he was not the son of the house. Perhaps his mother was a servant. It seemed impossible, but the west holds the most irreconcilable incongruities. Peter did not enlighten him. He bade him with charming dignity to be seated, and, excusing himself, went into the house.

He was gone twenty minutes, but Ferris, at ease in a deep chair with green cushions, feasted his eyes on the attractions around him, and the erstwhile neglected view of sea and mountain, feasted his nostrils with the score of perfumes, his ears with the drowsy hum of the bees and the buzzing of the humming birds and felt himself lulled into the most delightful inertia. When Peter at last came back, running out and landing with a little jump in front of Ferris, the latter started and realized he had been half asleep. Peter was dressed in an entirely fresh little outfit of crisp, white clothes, and his curly head shone from recent grooming. Unable to speak for happy excitement, he thrust his little hand into Ferris' hand, and nodded a smiling "yes."

Peter and Ferris drove away, to the intense disapproval of the Chinaman, who watched them from the gate, muttering indignantly in abominable gutturals.

"I have not been riding a motor car since my faver went away," explained Peter, when he was sufficiently composed to talk. "And I am not allowed to go wif de Wiggins or any of my muvver's friends, 'case I get a' accident."

"It was good of mother to let you come with me," said Ferris, with a faint misgiving. "You are quite sure, Peter, that she did say 'yes'?"

"Y—y—yes," stammered Peter, eagerly, "she saw you froo de curtains, and she said 'yes, yes, yes, you may go,' like dat, and she put me on all dese clean fings. An' my muvver says she is so glad dat we picked de lillies dis morning, cos' you could smell dem while you waited for me. Every day my muvver and me fix all de verandah pretty, 'case anybody come, but most always not anybody come." Peter shook his head with brief mournfulness, and Ferris hastened to change the subject, though with some unwillingness.

England had declared war, the soldiers were stamped on and broken.

THEY had a beautiful ride and chatted like old friends, always on more or less impersonal topics. Peter had an odd little way of stammering when he was excited and a most confidential manner without telling anything about himself, and Ferris, who did not want to presume on such a chance acquaintance, did not even ask him his father's name. He learned of how Peter's cat had killed a pigeon, and when Ferris had offered sympathy he was told that the pigeon was "happier wif God." His opinion was asked as to the relative value of "dogs that made faces, and des plain dogs." He said he had "six chickens and a cock-a-doodle, but he didn't like the cock-a-doodle because it always pretended that it laid the eggs just

as soon as the hen came off the nest, and the hens couldn't crow, and call it a story." He volunteered a great deal of original information in regard to "angery worms and caterpillows," and he recited some little verses about the brown seeds that were put into the ground and their ultimate attainments. In fact, he chatted about a hundred things, but to Ferris' pleased amazement, never introduced the subject of the war. It was all the more surprising, therefore, when they stopped at a toyshop to get a memento of their trip, that the little chap walked straight away from everything else to a display of soldiers and stood before them, blind to all else. There were a dozen different varieties, French soldiers, Italian cavalrymen, Cossacks, Scotch Highlanders, American rough riders, and many more. Ferris, who had thought of a drum or a bugle, watched him. He saw his small face very intent, his eyes moving rapidly from one regiment to another. Presently he whispered to Ferris:

"Have dey got any more British sojers?"

YES, the clerk said, they had all sorts of varieties of British soldiers, and he brought them out for inspection. Box after box was opened and the contents displayed, Peter standing on tiptoe in his excitement, and his hot little hand holding tightly to Ferris', asked rapid questions about the names of the regiments. At last the largest box of all was taken down from the shelf. "This," said the clerk, with pride, "is the finest thing we've got. They're Indian troops, cavalry, the box is worth five dollars."

"Bengal Lancers," read Ferris, aloud.

Peter, his small face flushing from chin to curly head, held out his hands for the box, his sensitive little mouth and shining eyes expressing a delighted recognition. He looked at the tiny toys within for a long time, counting them, and holding his face close to them.

"Do you like these?" asked Ferris, amused and interested.

The child nodded. "May I see them standing up?" he asked. They were taken from the box by the obliging salesman and shown off to full advantage. Peter was fairly quivering with excitement. With reverent touch he moved them softly about, forming them in single file, in fours, in double fours, brought them to attention with the commander at their head, and otherwise arranged them. Finally, with reluctant fingers, he picked them all up and put them back carefully in the box, holding the gallant commander on his prancing horse in his small, moist hand, for a few seconds and gazing at him earnestly, then laying him with the others.

"Thank you very much," he said to the salesman.

"You are to have those, Peter," said Ferris.

The child looked at him and his chin quivered. "No, thank you," he said.

"But you like them, don't you?" Ferris asked, amazed.

Peter nodded, pressing his lips tight together to control his emotion.

"Then you shall have them." Ferris spoke with finality.

"N—n—no, th—th—thank you," again the small man with greater finality, but with a still more trembling lip.

"Doesn't mother want you to take presents, dear little chap?" asked Ferris, stooping to whisper the question.

The child whispered back, "Not sojer presents. I mustn't ever have sojer presents."

"I see," said Ferris, gravely, though for the life of him he did not, and taking the small man away from the "sojers," they chose a small engine and a train of cars "to give my angery worms and caterpillows a ride."

GOING home, Ferris, with uncontrollable curiosity, wanted to know if Peter's mother did not like "sojers," to which Peter replied soberly that she "des loved dem." But that was all the information that was vouchsafed him.

When at last they reached home, Ferris was told by Peter that he was expected to remain to tea, and Ferris, after a moment's hesitation, accepted the invitation. The gates being opened by the surly Chinaman, the car was left in safety, and Ferris, with pleasant complacency, sat himself down again in one of the comfortable chairs on the verandah, and waited the advent of Peter's mother, whom Peter had gone to fetch. Ferris had formed an opinion of the mother, he pictured her as a buxom, apple-cheeked young woman with capable butter-making hands, and whether she was the proprietress of the farm or one of those vague persons known as "lady helps" mattered not a whit to Ferris. He was quite sure of having home-made butter on his bread and cream in his tea.

It's not Peter at all, Philip, it's you.

Presently she arrived. She came through the glass doors toward Ferris, quickly and softly, and Ferris stumbled to his feet and started toward her, then he dropped his stick and in reaching for it jerked his eye-glasses from his eyes; so he came to a halt and stood staring, muttering with the utmost banality.

"By—b—b—Jove," and then again, "b—b—b—Jove," Ferris always stammered when he was excited.

For the woman coming toward him was not the buxom, rotund person he had expected; she was a slender little slip of a woman, with a pile of gold brown hair, and wonderful dark eyes, and moreover, she was the woman, or the exact counterpart of the woman, whom Ferris had mourned as dead ten years before. So, when he had recovered his stick and his eye-glasses he stood still and simply and unequivocally stared. The woman smiled. That settled it. Either Ferris' nerves were getting the better of him again or a miracle had happened.

"Is—is—is it you, Mirry?" he faltered.

"Yes, Philip," she replied, quickly, and she smiled again. "I am Mirry, and I am Peter's mother, and I thank you very much for being kind to Peter."

What was there for Ferris to say? You cannot tell a perfectly healthy young woman that according to the best of your belief she should be ten years dead. It seemed to Ferris that that would be the ghastliest kind of impertinence, almost a sacrilege. Neither can you ask a settled, complacent, butter-making mother of a family what she means by getting married to another man, when the last time you saw her, she had promised, under the most solemn conditions, never to marry any one but you. So Ferris kept silence until the woman had come near enough to him to offer her hand, when he took it in his and, holding it fast, looked at it.

"It's—it's real, isn't it?" he said, with a little forced laugh. "Somehow I can't quite believe my senses."

"Oh, it's real," she laughed. "I need to be real, with one thousand things to do from morning to night." There was no mistaking her. Poor Ferris tried to accept a completely revolutionized world in a moment and found it very difficult.

"You—you make butter, don't you?" he hazarded, brilliantly. "Peter says you make butter. I can't imagine you making butter, you know. You—you used to be such a little delicate—er—dreamy—er impractical sort of person, eh?"

"Not in fact," she said, "only theoretically. I had not been put to the test, you see. At heart I was always very capable and industrious. I not only make butter, but I make bread and wonderful cakes, and I raise chickens and vegetables. I can milk, too, if necessary, and drive a plough. Oh, you did not know me, Philip," she laughed, "not the real, sensible me," she talked rapidly, and watched him with veiled anxiety. When she saw the colour coming back into his cheeks she laughed gaily. She made him sit down in his comfortable chair again, and then the Chinaman, still surly, came in, dressed in immaculate white and carrying the tea. Peter came also. They had the most delicious meal Ferris had ever tasted if he had only known it, but he didn't know it, because he kept his eyes on Peter's mother and took and ate what was handed to him without noticing whether it was cake or scone or toast. Peter's mother had the most infectiously merry manner in the world and chatted away in apparent unconcern and unconsciousness of the unfathomable mystery that was baffling Ferris, and little Peter was her able second, saying a great many droll things at which his mother laughed with irresistible gaiety. At last this evidence of good spirits began to jar upon Ferris. He could know nothing of the herculean effort behind it. He resented this apparent frank happiness; rather inconsistently he resented the fact that she did not speak of the war, or his wound, did not mention personal things at all. They were not very long over their tea, and then they made a tour of the farm, little Peter trotting along at Ferris's side and explaining everything in an ingenious way all his own.

IT was seven o'clock when they came back to the verandah, and Ferris, unaccountably irritated, realized that for all that Peter's mother seemed to care they might have been merely chance acquaintances who saw one another every week or so. She had talked and laughed about the most trivial things, and in spite of the vaunting of her domesticity seemed as inconsequential and care-free as Peter himself. She had not once spoken of old times or even of her husband. If Peter had not made that casual mention of him he would not have known that such a man existed. So Ferris was about to say "good-bye" in a very impatient and unsatisfactory frame of mind, though with great outward civility, when Peter's mother said,

"Please wait, Philip, until I have put Peter to bed. I have something to say to you." It was then that the first note of what seemed to Ferris real feeling had come into her voice, so, a little less disgruntled, he shook hands with Peter and promised to see him the next day to say a final "good-bye." Then he walked up and down the lilac walk and smoked while he waited. His subconscious self was looking at one of the most glorious sunsets in the world, but his conscious thoughts were all with Peter and Peter's mother.

At last she called him from the verandah.

When they sat down again he looked at her gravely, appraisingly. Under his scrutiny her cheeks flushed faintly pink, and she turned her eyes away For a little while neither of them spoke. Ferris saw with a sudden rush of emotion that in repose her face was sad, her lips drooped slightly, and there were faint lines about her eyes. There was a pathetic droop to her shoulders, too, now that she sat relaxed, and her eyes themselves were full of patient wistfulness. Ferris almost picked up the small hand that lay on the chair arm nearest him—it seemed quite the most natural thing to do. But he checked himself. He wanted to ask her questions, but he was afraid to begin. They would precipitate, maybe, unimagined results, and besides, he did not know if he had a right to ask them. One thing he was quite sure of, the conviction came to him with a suddenness that startled him, he loved her now quite as much as he had loved her in those old days. Feeling certain of this, he supposed that the best thing for him to do would be to get up and go away as soon as he decently could. After all there was nothing for them to say to one another that need be said, that should be said. After a moment's hesitation and stammering very much Ferris told her that he had, at first, wanted to ask her a great many questions, but on second thought he had realized the uselessness of it. Two facts were so very obvious that she was alive and well, and that she was happily married, that to ask how the thing came about would do no manner of good. He said this, leaning forward and looking into her grave eyes, and she nodded slowly in acquiescence.

"BUT still," she said, after a pause, "I do want to tell you something, because I feel that you ought to know it. It's about Peter."

"Yes," said Ferris, interrogatively, and trying to turn the current of his thoughts Peterward, which was difficult for the moment.

"Your meeting with Peter to-day," went on his mother, "was one of the wonderful things that happen to us for which we can find no accounting, unless it is that God plans them." Ferris nodded slowly. "When I saw you through the curtains," she went on, "and realized it was you, I knew it was just a continuation of the miracle that had already begun"—Ferris looked a bit puzzled. "Of course you won't understand until I tell you," she smiled, and leaned forward toward him across her chair arm. "Does Peter remind you of any one?" she asked, in a whisper fraught with earnest excitement.

"Indeed yes," Ferris replied, quickly. "But I don't know who it is. It was the extraordinary and inexplicable resemblance that arrested my attention in the first place. But he doesn't look like you, Miriel."

"Not a bit," she said, she had a small packet in her lap and this she opened now, handing to Ferris one of two pictures it contained. The picture was Peter to the life, the same broad brow and sunny curls, the same deep-set, wistful eyes, and sensitive baby mouth. "Do you recognize this?" she asked.

"Of course," he replied, promptly. "It's an excellent photograph of Peter. It has his happiest expression."

"He wanted to write."

She laughed, her voice a little tremulous. "It's not Peter at all," she said, "it's not Peter at all, Philip. It's you."

"Me," echoed Ferris, holding the picture off and gazing at it, at arm's-length, and then bringing it close to his eyes. "Me, Miriel, why what do you mean?"

"Just that, Philip. It's you. It's a copy of this little one you gave me long ago of you and your mother." She showed him the other photograph of a lovely young woman with the counterpart of the little boy in the smaller picture leaning against her shoulder. "See, I had your picture taken separately from this old one, and everyone, everyone, even mother and Peter's father, think it is he."

FERRIS gazed at the two pictures in stupefied astonishment, then he laid them down on the chair arm, and looked at Peter's mother. "What does it mean, Miriel?" he stammered in almost pitiful bewilderment.

"It means something very beautiful," she said, quietly, "but it needs a bit of explaining to make it quite clear. I shall have to be very frank, but you will understand that I could not tell you anything without telling you all. You must know," she went on after a short pause, and her voice was low and a little reluctant, "I did not care for my husband at all. I never have cared for him. He has always known that, and has never expected very much, and we have lived along together after a fashion. But when I first knew my baby was coming I was bitterly unhappy about it. I did not think I could love a baby if it was like my husband. And so," her voice was very low now, he had to lean nearer to hear her, "I prayed to God to send me the sort of baby I wanted, a baby like the finest, the sweetest, the—the bravest man I ever knew."

"Miriel," Ferris interrupted, as she paused again. "Miriel," his voice choked. Whatever he meant to say he did not say it. He took off his glasses and covered his eyes with his hand.

She nodded. "And having the little picture of you, I used to look at it every night and every morning, and trace the tiny features—so," she illustrated her words with the small picture, which she took from his chair arm. "I wanted it to be like you in every way. I wanted it so much, so much—that I knew it would be as I wanted. And so it was. He has been like you from the first, he has the same little way of pronouncing his words even, and your funny trick of stammering when he is excited. He is a real little English boy," she lifted her head, and she

(Continued on page 22.)

# Louis Parker Remembers

ANY one who is not moved by music as he used to be might find comfort in reading what Louis Parker has to say in his Royal Academy Recollections, as published in a recent issue of The Musical Times. For instance, in his reminiscences over August Manns, conductor, he says:

"And those Saturday concerts with the fiery and lion-maned Manns conducting! Where will you equal their charm nowadays; or what has taken their place as an educational factor in a music-student's life? We sneer at the Victorian era: I don't know why; for it was the era of discovery. Remember that Schubert was disclosed at the Palace. Think of hearing the first performance of the 'Rosamunde Overture' or of the 'Unfinished Symphony': or of the long-drawn splendour of the C major. We were the first who ever burst into that unknown C major.

"It was a great and glorious time! It was—alas! it was the time of youth, when all my geese were swans; whereas nowadays, to my be-spectacled eyes, most of the swans seem to be moulting.

"At these and other concerts we came into personal contact with very great people indeed. Thus, in the artists' room at the Palace, I heard Gounod himself sing the Mephistopheles Serenade to his own accompaniment, without any voice, but with such astonishing expressiveness as no great singer has ever equalled. There and elsewhere one had the opportunity of talking with Rubinstein, Von Bulow, Titiens, Joachim, Santley, Sims Reeves, Foli, Madame Patey, Ferdinand Hiller, Madame Schumann, and I know not how many more. Hiller was peculiarly accessible. A genial old gentleman."

Another pioneer, also, Parker celebrates in his references to Hullah—is this the Tonic Sol-faist? "The perfect type of the Pall Mall clubman," he says; "always neat as a new pin; always bland; always smiling, especially when he was conducting the Schumann Concerto and came to the syncopated bit—the rag-time bit: though his smile then grew a little wan and anxious. He was also very much more come-at-able than the other professors: more in sympathy with young people. Full of old saws and modern instances, he was the first who drew our attention to the fact that music had a history.

# Warfield Recollects

READ this and see how earnestly David Warfield once believed there was a real gentle type of German in the world whom he wanted to put on stage. Of course you have seen The Music Master—it's one of the theatrical chestnuts now—but here's the story of how it went on stage years ago, as told by Warfield himself, writing My Own Story, now running in McClure's:

One night in 1904, while Belasco and I were having supper at Burns', I told him that I thought the time was right to give the public a new type of German, quite different from the absurd stage type to which they were accustomed. My own conception of the character was the growth of the idea I had got, back in my Casino days.

"What I have in mind is a gentle sort of man, who speaks correct English, but still with a trace of German accent. I think a German artist in America, in distressed circumstances, is the character I want," and I outlined my idea more fully.

Belasco listened very attentively, but said nothing. Two weeks later he announced to me that he had decided on my next part—it was to be the German I wanted to play so much. He engaged Charles Klein to write the play, and laid out the plan for him to work on. The result was "The Music Master."

The success of "The Music Master" was due to its sincerity more than to anything else. It tells an appealing story—full of incident from life—of a father's love for his child, of sorrow—self-sacrifice—poverty—human sympathy—forgiveness and friendship.

# Henry Finck Criticizes

HOW to spell Tchaikowsky is as bad a puzzle now as how to spell Shakespeare used to be. At least five spellings have been used on Canadian programmes. Henry T. Finck, critic of the N. Y. Post, takes a shot at what he calls the German spelling—in his review of The Art of Music, in 14 volumes. Writing in The Nation, Mr. Finck says that the Teutonic prejudice still lingers in some of the opinions expressed; and it is surely foolish to countenance the spelling of Tchaikovsky's in the German way (Tschaikowsky) because, as the editor explains, it was by way of Germany that this Russian was made known to the rest of the world—which is not even correct, for, as a matter of fact, the Germans were much slower than, for instance, the English and the Americans, in appreciating the genius of Tchaikovsky.

In the chapter on Chopin, says Finck, there is the usual twaddle about his "morbid" nocturnes, and the usual nonsense about his "rubato" as affecting "only the right hand," which would transform the most poetic of all composers into a mere machine. The "leading motive" is not an invention of Berlioz, but of Weber, who made almost Wagnerian use of it in his "Freischutz" and "Euryanthe" before Berlioz took it up. John Field was not a Scotchman, but an Irishman; and W. J. Henderson did not write the present reviewer's book on "Songs and Song Writers," a misdemeanor of which he is repeatedly accused in two of the volumes. The genius of Arthur Sullivan is under-rated; and so is that of Puccini, in an otherwise excellent chapter on modern Italian opera by Walter Kramer; "La Boheme" is not his best opera. In "Madame Butterfly," and particularly in the last act of "Tosca," there are pages that even Verdi never surpassed. The chapter on Spanish music will be welcome because, apart from Van Vechten's "Music and Bad Manners," there seem to be no books in which detailed information on that subject can be found. Ernest Newman, Edward Burlinghame Hill, and Ivan Narodny contribute fascinating and well-informed articles respectively on the latest musical developments in Germany, France and Russia. In the chapter on Chopin there is the usual twaddle about the "morbid" nocturnes and the usual nonsense about his "rubato" as affecting "only the right hand" which would make Chopin a machine.

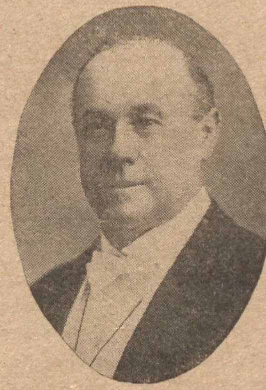
# DO MUSICIANS NEED IDEAS?

PAUL WELLS doesn't mind being original in his discussion of this problem. His piano-playing is a complete illustration of the fact that a man must do some thinking nowadays if he is to keep out of the rush of the conventional. And his piano compositions are musical arguments without words.

VIGGO KIHL, pianist pedagogue, is not indignant over the allegation that musicians do not need to incorporate ideas into their music. In fact he clearly shows by the inductive method that nothing but ideas can save music from becoming obsolete.

STUDENT of several languages, versed in philosophy and law, himself a composer, teacher of violin and conductor, Luigi Von Kunits answers the question in a purely unimpassioned way. His regular articles in the Musical Journal, of which he is editor, have already stamped him as a musician who thinks.

SIGNOR CARBONI teaches opera and singing, but he thinks independently. He has not yet mastered the English language—French is his idiom—but his ideas have been transcribed into fair English by somebody else. Music is an universal language. Signor Carboni talks it.



RUTHVEN McDONALD, born a basso-cantante, in Ruthven, Ont., one of the most popular artists in the Chataugua circuit and just as popular in his home country as abroad, makes the subject personal to himself. If ever you hear "Mac" talk, you recognize the fact that he gets much joy out of other things than music.

PETER C. KENNEDY, musical director of the Canadian Academy, has had experience enough from several angles of music to mean what he says when he claims that musicians really need ideas—and have them—. Besides teaching piano, he plays an organ in a kirk, conducts a choir, and sometimes a woman's choral society.

NO such question would be asked if a large number of people were not in the habit of assuming that the stock-in-trade of musicians is Emotion, a Sensation that has nothing to do with Intellect or Ideas. The question was put to a number of competent Canadian musicians by the Music Editor of this paper. Some of the answers are given below. That there is considerable variety in the results must be taken as a proof that musicians do really think. The form of the query was not exactly obvious to all of them. One critical artist wanted to know—"Do you mean that in my work I must give expression to concrete ideas? If so, I unhesitatingly answer, 'No,' I do no such thing. My business is to interpret ideas which are not concrete.'" And he is right. What we mean is, Does a musician, whether he is a composer, a singer, a player or a pedagogue, need to do anything more than produce sounds of a more or less agreeable character to please other people, involving, of course, enough intellectual effort to master notation, theory, harmony, counterpoint, etc.? If so, the musician has no need to study literature, painting or philosophy. All he needs is to put a nice label on the emotion intended to be conveyed by a piece of instrumental music and see that the listener gets it. In the case of songs it's only a word now and again that counts anyway; and in opera it really doesn't matter about the words at all. So far as teaching goes, all the intellect necessary is to convince a pupil that no other teacher can do so well for her particular case, and to get the money.

All this and much more is the baneful result, once we assent to the axiom that Musical Art is a Matter of Feeling which has nothing to do with Ideas. How sadly the common notion about musicians is in error may be judged by the articles below, all differing in point of attack, but all agreeing in the general principle, that when music divorces itself from brains it's—Good-Bye to Real Art.

## Ideas? Most Decidedly

THE great mistake made by many people, including, perhaps, the critic who has said that artists do not need brains nor need to express ideas, is in believing that anyone who has acquired a technical skill is therefore an artist. It is true, I believe, that almost anyone, without much brains, can, if he keeps at it long enough, acquire sufficient technical ability to enable him to go before the critics; but the creation of an art expression springs from things much beyond all that.

Art is the symbol of the workings of the conscious and sub-conscious mind of the artist, and every work of art is an autobiography, or a page therefrom, of the artist. It therefore follows without a doubt that the wider afield his mental excursions have been and the more individually he expresses his ideas of what has come to pass to him, the more interesting and illumined his work becomes.

Art is not the senseless emotional outpouring of some unfortunate heaven-sent individual, as some other of our friends may think. Rather it is the glorification of all those yearnings for beautiful things which lie hidden within all of us, by some fortunate individual whose finely wrought mind is receptive to all those nebulous impressions, thereafter transfusing and transforming them into a conscious expression.

Music being the most elusive, the most fleeting, the most abstract thing in all the world, must surely be best imagined by a mind with many delicate wings.

Emotion is indivisible from art, in fact is the kernel of expression; but emotion in itself alone is too crude and embryo a thing, and unnurtured by taste and mental balance is apt to offend our sensibilities; and culture and wide interests breed good taste and mental balance.

PAUL WELLS.

## Intellect Out-Lives Emotion

VIGGO KIHL comes at the question from the historical angle. His answer to the problem demands the use of constant intellectual effort on the part of the interpreting musician, if he is to convey the message of music, which has taken big, constructive intellects to produce.

Just as the finest types of human beings, he says, seem to be those in which culture of mind and culture of heart equal each other, so in music and in other arts those works rank highest and survive the longest, in which great emotional inspiration has been ennobled, by an equally great intellectual conception of how best to express it.

Beethoven's sketch books show how he filed and altered apparently in the first instance beautiful things to fit into the general scheme he had in mind; and how greatly it was improved when he had brought his searching intellect to bear on it. If one examines the finest works of those composers universally acknowledged as the greatest, like Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, and even Chopin, one will find that the reason for their survival rests as much on the beautiful, highly-logical and yet original way of stating their musical thoughts, as on the emotional appeal of the themes themselves.

Many of what for want of a better term I will call the second greatest, had wonderful musical feeling and beauty of melody (Schubert, Schumann, Tchaikovsky, Rubinstein, and the best of Italian and French operatic composers), and still in the general estimation they do not wear as well, owing, in my mind, to the fact that their intellectual power was not quite on a par with their musical inspiration. That is, their works do not show the same beauty, finality and logic of design, all of which is an outcome of intellect.

Great men in practical life, often owing to their superior intellect, see possibilities which are not apparent to the ordinary observer; just as Mozart, in the overture to the Magic Flute, and the finale of the Jupiter symphony, was able to build immortal edifices, with the very same themes used by Clementi and Hummel, in pianoforte sonatas now long forgotten.

The first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Mendelssohn's Hebrides Overture, the one stirring, the other highly poetic in its appeal, are also, to a great extent, the outcome of the intellect inasmuch as both of them are built on a short motif, in the one instance four, and the other seven notes.

What applies to composition applies equally to interpretation, as an artist unable himself fully to appreciate the intellectual workmanship of a great composition could not reasonably be expected to recreate it in its full meaning and significance.

VIGGO KIHL.

## Had Great Masters No Brains?

Editor, Canadian Courier:

IN response to your letter query of October 10th, relative to the capacity of musicians to formulate and give expression to ideas through the medium of their work, what follows may serve to indicate my views, while at the same time helping, I trust, to correct any erroneous impression on the subject that may meantime appear to exist.

It is a self-evident fact that there is a vast difference between the brain of an artist and that of a man of business. The brain cells of the artist have been formed for art conceptions, and have been further developed along the same lines. De l'idee nait la sensation. Ideas beget sensations (emotions) and it is the overwhelming flood of ideas with which the composer and the interpreter deluge the public that the latter finally absorb and reproduce.

In contradistinction to the brain of the business man who is the happy possessor of one only idea, viz., "the Almighty Dollar"—the brain of the artist constitutes a veritable avalanche of ideas; but let it be understood that it is not given to everyone to be an artist, therefore very few brains are organized to grasp and appreciate the artistic idea.

Can it be said with truth that Beethoven, Mozart, Lulli, Gluck and the more modern Wagner, Franck, and a host of other musicians were devoid of ideas? Is it not true that the composer of a symphonic poem has ideas bordering at times on the sublime? According to my comprehension, the ideas contained in the brain of the artist entitle him to be numbered among the company of the elect.

If the multitude do not comprehend them, the cause lies in their inability to grasp and appreciate the ultra-refinement of the artist's ideas. Moreover, it has been physiologically proved that the vibration caused by sound develops in the musician qualities of expression and qualities of sentiment that are not given to all to express. Music is not caused by extreme sensibility, but is the result of strong, vigorous ideas normally matured or undeveloped according to the organization of the brain from which they emanate.

It is another self-evident fact that those who do not understand the artist or musician invariably attempt to deny the evidence, yet no one can deny the emotion experienced at the exposition of the mass of ideas portrayed on the canvas of the artist painter, and if the dead canvas can portray ideas which induce sensations and emotions, how much more easily may vibration be made to react on the listener.

C. J. CARBONI.

## Surely Interpretation Involves Ideas

YOU ask my opinion as to whether "musicians are entitled to the expression of ideas." This is rather a peculiar question, because, why should not musicians be entitled, or allowed to express any ideas they may have as well as other people? And, furthermore, who is to prevent them? As to whether their ideas are worth expressing, of course, is quite another matter. But assuming they have ideas, I can see no earthly reason why the laws of Canada are to act against their (the musicians) freedom of speech, any more than to other classes of individuals, provided their expressed opinions do not conflict with duty and responsibility, and are sincere.

There may be some people who imagine that the musician lives in a world of his own, or rather in a world of tone and fancy, and that his professional duties require him to deal almost entirely with sentiment, so-called feeling, or unrestrained emotion and abandon. But this is not so, because much music demands the highest quality of the mind, and is lofty in effect, and noble in sentiment and intellectuality.

For instance, take the music of but two masters, Bach and Beethoven. Will any one say that the ideas presented in their imperishable creations, can be thoroughly understood and interpreted by a musician unless he be mentally equipped with intellectual insight and appreciation, and can unfold the hidden meanings and complexities concealed therein?

The training of a really first-class musician requires to be most thorough and broad in its scope, and his intellectual vision should be, and in most cases is, just as brilliant and illuminated as that of his brothers in any other art or profession. In addition, the properly qualified musician not only has to possess a high order of cultivated intelligence gathered from study, wide reading, observation and experience, but he requires to be sensitive, sympathetic, courageous, and keenly alive to the necessity of getting into the heart of things.

In doing so, he must have ideas, and these "ideas" enable him to interpret what he sees and feels, for "the art of interpretation" is but another name for "the art of thinking."

W. O. FORSYTH.

## Not Merely a Matter of Soul

TO the intelligent man or woman living in this age of advanced thought, it seems unnecessary to even suggest that musicians are not entitled to give expression to their ideas on anything but those connected closely with emotion and feeling. The usual saying that "music is the language of the soul" does not necessarily mean that intelligence is left out and only emotion remains.

The composer or creative musician through the power of thought gives to the world his or her ideas in the form of compositions; such works could never be created unless emotion was controlled by thought and worked out with the theoretical knowledge gained through years of study in many branches of art and literature as well as music.

At present I have before me a copy of Macdowell's piano sonata, the "Eroica"—sometimes entitled "From the Realm of King Arthur," the work being a musical setting of King Arthur's story, proving a trip into the realm of literature by the composer. Space will not permit mention of the multitude of compositions written under the inspiration received in the world of art and literature.

The demands upon the musicians of the present day for a broad culture and knowledge of a many-sided character, can be readily understood by the non-musician, when it is taken into consideration that the interpretation of the works, not only of the great masters, but of compositions of modern composers, requires a knowledge of literature, painting, sculpture, sciences, etc. Each day, as it passes, brings to the musician, whether composer, performer or teacher, questions regarding his own works or those of others, which necessitate a thorough knowledge of many things outside of music.

To the music-loving people, a closer relationship with musicians, who could help them to appreciate more fully the beauties of the music to which they listen by the understanding of the principles of musical composition, would add the pleasure of intellect to that of emotion; and at the same time a better knowledge of the broad range of ideas necessary to the equipment of a successful musician.

PETER C. KENNEDY.

## Brain Not Merely a Music Box

YOUR letter of the 10th inst. is before me. Replying to your query regarding the mental calibre of members of the musical profession (of which I have the honour of being a member) I will say, that I do not agree with the assertion of the art critic whom you mentioned, that "Artists do not need brains, especially musicians."

Application, concentration, dramatic power and expression, courage and perseverance are just as necessary qualifications for a musician and singer as are feeling or emotion; and surely none of these qualities are very much in evidence in a brainless devotee of art. Because a man or woman devotes most of his time to any particular form of art, it does not necessarily follow that he have no other talent. A lady once said to my good wife (and I trust you will pardon this personal reference): "What would Mr. McDonald do if he lost his voice?" to which my wife replied: "Well, he wouldn't lose his brains, and he would probably be just as successful in some other line of business as he has been in his present vocation."

Ideas are simply thoughts expressed in concrete form; and the musicians who give to the world such masterpieces as are found in the musical literature of the ages are monuments to the fact, that all great minds are not found altogether on the prosaic and practical side of life.

I have to catch a train now, so will have to stop with this brief answer to your question.

H. RUTHVEN McDONALD.

## Brevity the Soul of Wit

Toronto, October 13, 1917.

OF course artists need brains (some more than others!), just as "an ambitious art critic" and Sir William Van Horne also need brains, and apparently need them pretty badly or they would not have made such a singularly foolish statement.

Yours sincerely,

HEALEY WILLAN.

Editor's Note: One of Van Horne's favourite sayings was that no artist needs to think.

## A Good Song is a Thought Product

MANY people—in my estimation—make a misleading and sweeping assertion, when they state, that musicians and painters do not need brains and "are not entitled to the expression of ideas." This is a fallacy! Take any of our eminent composers, the genius Beethoven, for instance. He was imbued with the divine spark; he wrote with inspiration, expression and soul, yet, he was a plodder, as is manifested in the marvellous development of a wealth of ideas, all of which was the result of the work of a stupendous brain filled with the ideal, and a soul that carried him to majestic, musical heights. In Landon Ronald's, "Four songs of innocence," a copy of which, through the kindness of the composer, I have recently received, I was moved to laughter on playing the second number of the group, entitled, "Infant Joy," where the accompaniment is truly descriptive of the prattling of a very young, wee tot, trying to give expression to something in its baby fashion. Evidently, the composer had some such idea when he gave this simple and effective musical setting to the sweet child verses of William Blake. Surely the great masters of the ancient and modern schools have been endowed with brain power far surpassing that of the ordinary individual and from which thoughts and ideas—often divinely inspired—flow in golden streams of musical promptings. It is a common illusion among people who claim to be intellectual, that musicians are extremely limited in their ideas, and exist in some sort of dreamland. On the contrary, music is a broad, beautiful, spiritual, and idealistic world, and is more uplifting and far-reaching than that of any other art. The thousands of men and women therein, by the exercise of their musical intellect, bring sunshine, joy, hope and gladness to the suffering hearts of humanity.

MARIE C. STRONG.

## A Philosophic View

IF it is meant that imagination and emotion constitute the principal appeal of art, and play a greater part in it than calculating reasoning, an old truism has been re-stated. If, however, the implication is that the acquirement of the basic knowledge underlying every branch of art, and its ready and judicious application (be it in creative or interpretative work), as well as the critical apprehension and presentation of aesthetic products in their different styles, may be accomplished without considerable intelligence—a similar statement could scarcely be regarded otherwise than as an alarming symptom of some mentality sadly unhinged. Or, if it is conceded that Art is a mirror of life, and if modern Art is supposed to reflect the fullness of modern life in all its complexity (inclusive of the purely intellectual realm and its various aspects and currents), a wide range of information, broadminded views and keen, individual judgment seem to be indispensable assets of an artist even if he (from want of special cultivation) should lack the ability or routine to express his ideas in literary form.

LUIGI VON KUNITS.

[An able contribution by Dr. Albert Ham to this symposium has been crowded out of this issue and will appear in our next.—The Editor.]

# PASSPORTS and PATRIOTS

By ESTELLE M. KERR

FIFTY thousand Canadian women in England are trying to come home. Five thousand endeavoured to get transportation on one ocean liner. How many are trying to cross in the other direction only the Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs at Ottawa can say, for no one can set foot on an ocean liner without a passport and only through his office can these precious documents be obtained.

Since all able-bodied men are going overseas it is but natural that the women should want to go, too. They want to join their husbands, marry their fiances, they want to care for their wounded sons or brothers, be as near as possible to their loved ones who are fighting, and, more than all, they want to do their share in this war—to nurse, drive ambulances, make munitions—to do one of the many things for which women are now being used to replace men.

England and France are very far away. We are safe here, warm, well-fed, but in spite of the danger of submarines, and air-raids; in spite of the shortage of coal and food, the passport office at Ottawa is deluged with applications from women who wish to leave comfort and ease behind them and face danger, discomfort, adventure.

But it would never do to permit all these women to cross the ocean when transportation is so difficult, and so the government has, within the last few months, imposed strict limitations to safeguard reckless women and see that none are allowed to go and become a burden on the motherland, to permit only the most essential war-workers to proceed to posts of duty. That is the underlying idea of the Order-in-Council, but it is so worded that in its literal interpretation the only women allowed to cross are, Nursing Sisters, members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force or of Queen Alexandra's Military Nursing Service, proceeding upon duty with certificates from the Department of Militia and Defence; and V. A. D. nurses, on presenting a certificate signed by the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Canadian Red Cross Society, or by the Assistant Commissioner of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade and approved by the Department of Militia and Defence.

OF course exceptions are made, and the chief amongst these is in favour of women who want to marry soldiers. Nearly every day we hear of some girl who has obtained a passport without the slightest trouble on presentation of the necessary credentials to show that she is going to marry a soldier on her arrival in England, yet qualified war workers who have been engaged for service by officially recognized societies overseas are refused transportation!

Even the girls who got married just before their husbands went to the war, two years ago, don't think it is fair, but surely a girl can be a bride or wife and still be a qualified war-worker! England needs workers, and only women who are able to bear their share of the burden should cross the ocean just now. A passport has just been issued for the bride of the air-hero, Major Bishop, D.S.O., V.C., M.C., but usually it is only London weddings that are encouraged.

We know of one Canadian woman who has lived in France and, hearing of the great need for chauffeurs in connection with the French Military hospitals, has spent six months in qualifying herself to do this work, but even with a requisition from Paris for her services, stamped by the French War Office, and the best credentials, she has been trying for two months to obtain a passport without success, yet two of her acquaintances, delicate young girls, who suddenly decided to go overseas and marry young lieutenants in England, obtained passports without the slightest difficulty. The first woman planned to take for her outfit, a substantial suit of khaki, a warm overcoat of the same material, and heavy boots; the others laid in a large supply of elaborate hand-embroidered lingerie, the clothes they bought were all Paris models which the French call "fashions for neutrals," they are in no way equipped to do war-work of any kind, nor have they the slightest intention of doing it. When their young husbands have gone to France they will probably be quite ready to come home again and will find that transportation this way is very difficult to obtain.

We know of an English woman who bought a through ticket from China to London. She has travelled from China and all through Canada and now is not allowed to sail and is in great distress. It is hard for the authorities to discriminate amongst so many, but letters from England make us feel that no one, man or woman, should be allowed to cross without being well equipped to help win the war. Surely the prospective brides would not object to qualifying themselves to act as V. A. D. nurses or in some other useful capacity!

AN English lady writes:

"We used to have our tea in the garden, but now we cannot bear to sit comfortably and drink tea while we hear the big guns booming away across the Channel, and know that our brave boys are being killed; we have to carry the table indoors and shut out the sound. By night it is still worse, for the air-raids are far more frequent and more disastrous than the papers say. Many city people leave town each evening and sleep in the country away from the noise and terror. You can only be happy in London if you are doing useful war work that is sufficiently strenuous to tire you out completely, so that you sleep like the just and don't care whether the Zeppelin drops a bomb through your roof or not."

Not only in Canada are passports hard to obtain, the difficulty of leaving England is tremendous, and when we hear the tales of those who have crossed we do not wonder. After they have embarked there are long delays, and from the time they start to the time they reach Halifax Harbour there is always danger from submarines. People wear their life-belts all the time, the passengers as well as the crew must go through life-boat drill, and many women of wealth find it so hard to obtain a passport that they are content to travel steerage. Sometimes the liners are accompanied by a "mystery boat," painted in all sorts of futurist colours, so composed that it is hardly visible from a distance, and bristling with most effectively concealed guns. Their smoke-stacks can be lowered and it is impossible to tell in which direction the ship is heading. We hear, too, that the passengers are more than ordinarily interesting. Most of the men are returning from the front, many are badly wounded, but all have been through greater experiences during the past year or two than were contained in all their previous lives. The women, too, have lived and suffered deeply. There is one lovely young girl who has nursed in a convalescent home in England for the past two years and is now coming home for a short leave. Her sweetheart died in France in the early days of the war, and she feels that she must return to "carry on."

ANOTHER passenger is a young woman who has crossed the ocean several times since war broke out. She is starting on her second lecture tour in the United States and tells graphic tales of the war work women are doing in England and France. Before the war she was an ardent suffragist and went to prison for "the cause." Now she is serving another cause with equal fervour and has filled the position of chauffeur and nurse in France and also worked on the land army in England. There is nothing concerning women's war work she can't tell us.

Another girl has been nursing in the American Ambulance in Paris. That lovely city is quite gay, she says, much brighter than London. The air defence is excellent. Paris is divided into districts, and all night long the air-ship in charge of your district hovers overhead like a guardian angel; its tiny blue light tells you that all is well, but should it sight an enemy plane it shows a red light, which tells you to take refuge in your cellars. Yes, she had enough to eat, she tells us, the war bread is very good and they had one hot meal a day. Of course they suffered from the cold in winter time, but with coal at $90 a ton what could you expect? Most of the nurses wore heavy stockings over their boots.

Still another nurse is returning from Saloniki, where she was attached to the "Toronto University" base hospital, and her health and nerves have quite given away in that trying climate. She has had a long and perilous voyage dodging submarines in the Mediterranean, travelling by night and taking refuge in some port in the day-time. Nearly all the nurses have impaired health, she tells us, so it is doubly sad that 30 nurses who were going to relieve them went down in the "Transylvania" off the coast of Tunis. But whatever hardships they may have suffered, they all seem glad to have served and quite willing to return to duty as soon as their health permits.

ONLY one of the passengers—an Anglo-Canadian woman who has been in London for a year without doing any war work worth mentioning—says she hates England in war-time, loathes the war bread, is so happy to get back to Canada! She longed for it during the dreadful year in England; she thought she would never get her passport! Her married sister is still in England waiting for hers, though her soldier-husband has been wounded, discharged and sent back to Canada, she cannot return to join him. She was quite willing to travel steerage, if necessary—anything, anything to get to Canada and as far away from the horrors of war as possible!

"Life on the ocean wave" is not like that of which the poets sang in peaceful days. It is beset with the gravest perils, but who's afraid? If our country needs us we are willing—eager to go. It is difficult to enlist in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps in England from this side of the water, but we hear that six expert women chauffeurs from Winnipeg and a professional cook from Toronto have been accepted, and it is gratifying to know that Canadian women will not lack representation in the recent call that has been issued for ten thousand recruits.

# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

CONSIDERING what makes music national, Leo Smith, Canadian musician, has an extremely illuminating article in the Canadian Journal of Music.

The Germans, he says, have excelled in the past above all others in the development of the instrumental sense; the Italians have been pre-eminent in what I may call the "tone" sense; and the English, as Sir Hubert Parry has remarked, have been distinguished by the "foreign"—sense—i.e., the cult of liking anything that came from abroad, not excepting even the German street-bands that used to howl dismally at the street corners. Then again such differences are to be noted as the cleavage between opera and oratorio, the French being the exponents of the first; the English of the other: but enough of these.

All this naturally suggests a very interesting study; but, like other studies, it is one which becomes the more complex when examined with prolonged attention. To begin with, the question arises as to how much of this national force is to be explained in the a priori sense—the sense more allied to heredity, and how much to something more external: something less definable, akin in a very general sense to the atmosphere of the country—to the characteristics which come from physical features or from historical conditions. Both would seem to have their mark, although it would be an error to suppose that both—and perhaps, I should say particularly the first—are not at times influences which can be eradicated by other conditions.

***What Makes Music National? By Leo Smith***

We exclaim that none but a German could have written Hansel and Gretel; none but a German could have written Till Eulenspiegel. (Carlyle spoke of the story as a true German work); while perhaps it is not an exaggeration to say that none but a Frenchman could have penned such a delicate morsel as Berlioz's Dance of the Sylphs. Yet, on the other hand, comes the contrary evidence of Handel, a German by birth, first of all living in Italy and writing opera in the Italian style; then coming to England and writing oratorio in our English vein (it has been suggested that had he gone to China he would have been equally successful in writing in the Chinese idiom); then we have the Italian-born Cherubini writing, in his last period, music which has more affinity to Germany than to the land of his birth or the land of his adoption—France; and many more examples could be cited. So the hereditary equation while of considerable importance is not by any means sufficient to explain such national characteristics which we generally concede to be apparent.

Speaking of how audiences determine what form of music is most popular in any given country, the writer says that audiences become arbiters on the forms and styles, nay, only too frequently of the kind and quality of music which is submitted to them And while there is a great variety of audiences in every land, there is yet a broader distinction—a line of demarcation roughly marking the fundamentals of likes and dislikes concomitant with the different countries. We know, for example, how the English audience loves its oratorio (I have known singers and orchestras book upwards of twenty "Messiah" engagements in a season) and how, hitherto at least, it has looked askance at opera. On the other hand we know how French audiences have loved their opera and shown lukewarm interest in oratorio. Then we have Italian audiences that demand beautiful tone from their singers (and sometimes hiss when they don't get it); and German audiences, who will sit patiently through the longest and weariest of works; and to-day in Canada we have the vaudeville and picture-show audiences which (apparently) insist on its music being tuneful but caring not if the tunes are of the same genius let them only be strung together without interlude and development, and then there is the audience which goes to church concerts— But here perhaps I had better stop.


WHAT MAKES MUSIC NATIONAL?
By Leo Smith.

WHETHER THE CHORUS GIRL?
From The Theatre.

THE OPTO-PESSIMIST IN MUSIC.
By W. L. Phelps.

OH, THE BALLET CUBISTS!
From Vanity Fair.


A LITTLE while ago one of Llewellyn Bronson's lady friends felt a hankering for some inside information about chorus girls, and so Bronson was started out on a search for the ultimate end of the first, second and third row ladies. Bronson's search for a satisfactory solution in his quest led him to the highest of high authorities on the subject. He interviewed "Cap" Wilgus, who was a door tender at Tony Pastor's back when little Helen Leonard was getting "fifty per" and before she changed her name to "Lillian Russell." "Cap," says Mr. Bronson, at the beginning of his record of the interview, as it is published in the Theatre Magazine, "has been a stage door man ever since, and now holds such a position at a just-off Broadway theatre where music and limbs predominate and plot is not."

"What becomes of all the chorus girls?" asked Mr. Bronson.

"A man of your age should worry," retorted the veteran keeper of the door.

"A man of your experience should know," countered the critic.

Then follows enlightenment as given by one who knows. Says Wilgus: "Why some of 'em grow old and some don't; some stay single and some get married; some marry once and some get the habit; they are just like other wimmin folks, only a durned sight more human. Why look-a-here, Mr. Bronson, if you was to dissect 'em and other wimmin the only diffrunce would be that the chorus girls would have bigger hearts and a entire absence of selfishness, that's about the only diffrunce.

"Sometimes one of th' gals falls off'n th' stage into a limousine and a Central Park West apartment, but mighty few fall for them things without that little thirty-second formality 'I will,' which is all there is of interest to a weddin' ceremony."

"I suppose so——"

"Don't I know it? Ain't I been acquainted with chorus girls since th' time Lillian Russell was singin' 'Over Th' Garding Wall?'"

"I've heard that the strenuous life and the—er—gay after-theatre parties cause them to die young——"

"They say th' whole durn moon is made of green cheese," snorted Cap.

"Cap Wilgus was right," goes on Mr. Bronson. "The average chorus girl does not die young. She is generally a very healthy person. Her dancing and singing keeps her exercised, muscles hard, and lungs strong. Her span of years is much higher than the average society woman who lolls in a box to watch and who doesn't get enough exercise to keep a Polar bear warm in Panama.

"A very few chorus girls seem born to success, still another 'few' have success thrust upon them, but most of the successful ones achieve it through hard work. Many a star of to-day was a chorus girl of yesterday. Most of the musical comedy stars were chorus girls.

"Many become theatre matrons, wardrobe mistresses and secure similar places when too old for the:

We are the merry maids (kick-kick-kick)

We come from sylvan glades. (kick-kick-kick)

work. Many marry into titles and society and money.

"Lillian Russell, Fritzi Scheff, Julia Sanderson and a great many others were once in the chorus, working hard and aspiring to stardom.

"As Cap Wilgus says, 'Th' chorus girl is jest like all other wimmin, only a durn sight more human.'"

COMIC RELIEF.

The new German Chancellor amuses the Entente.
—From The Passing Show, London.

NO one can express either in spoken or written words the effect produced upon him by the greatest music, says William Lyon Phelps, in the North American Review, because pure music is a language of its own, the only approach to a universal language through sound that humanity has ever known, and quite untranslatable by pencil or by pen. It is perhaps the greatest of all the arts, because it speaks to us with a direct force and with a hint of infinite meaning entirely beyond the range of painting, poetry, sculpture, and architecture. The fact that when we try to explain even in our own thoughts how "music makes us feel" we are immediately baffled, is perhaps in itself an indication that music penetrates deeper than the foundations of speech. Many philosophers and poets have nevertheless attempted the task, but the only representative of each class that has even shadowed the truth is, among the philosophers, Schopenhauer; and among the poets, Robert Browning. Each of these twain had studied the theory of music, and each was fond of playing an instrument, Schopenhauer the flute, and Browning the piano.

***Hitching Music up to a Poet and a Pessimist***

Browning's poetry makes no explicit reference to the teachings of Arthur Schopenhauer, says Mr. Phelps. "Yet Browning's philosophy of music, as expressed particularly in Abt Vogler and in Charles Avison, is surprisingly similar to that stated definitely by Schopenhauer in his master work, The World as Will and Idea (Die Welt als Wille and Vorstellung). Schopenhauer was the greatest pessimist, and Browning the greatest optimist, of the nineteenth century; yet they both believed that behind all the phenomena of existence—originating, controlling, supporting, and driving all things that appear to the senses—was the supreme force, the ultimate reality, which both called Will. To Schopenhauer this

Immanent Will (as in Thomas Hardy's Dynasts) was unconscious, totally unlike anything commonly called Providence. To Robert Browning (as to Lotze) the Immanent Will was not only intelligent, but it was Conscious Love. Schopenhauer attempted to account for the superiority of music over all the other arts, and for its profounder significance to humanity, by insisting that poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture belonged to the world of "idea" (Vorstellung), but that music was the direct expression of the Will. Browning, so far as his dramatic poetry may be taken as a revelation of his own meaning,—and we may without doubt be justified in taking Abt Vogler and Charles Avison in that fashion,—believed that painting, poetry, sculpture and architecture were the results of human effort; but that music came straight from the divine source. Thus when we see the Sistine Madonna, or read Hamlet, we admire the extraordinary power of Rafael, of Shakespeare. But when we hear the Ninth Symphony, we are truly listening to the voice of God. Beethoven was more passive than active, the channel through which flowed the Divine Will.

Observe Schopenhauer's remarks about dance-music; the digression and deviation from the key-note, "not only to the harmonious intervals of the third and dominant, but to every tone, to the dissonant sevenths and to the superfluous degrees; yet there always follows a constant return to the key-note. . . . Dance-music in the minor seems to indicate the failure of that trifling happiness which we ought rather to despise"—all this seems to be echoed by Browning in A Toccata of Galuppi's:

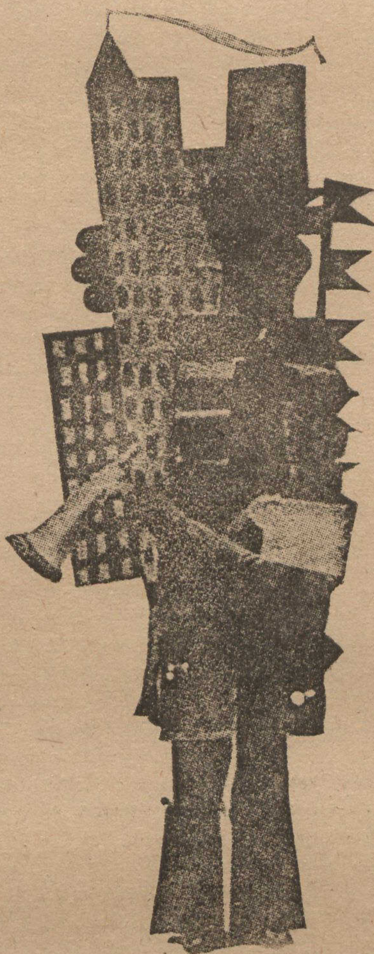
What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive,
sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—"Must we die?"
Those commiserating sevenths—"Life
might last! we can but try!"

"Were you happy?"—"Yes."—"And are
you still as happy?"—"Yes. And
you?"
—"Then, more kisses!"—"Did I stop them,
when a million seemed too few?"
Hark, the dominant's persistence till it
must be answered to!
So, an octave struck the answer.

AS long as the cubist chappies contented themselves with smearing polygons on canvas and squeezing pollywogs out of perfectly good modelling clay we ordinary fellows and females managed to swallow the laugh and leave the poor little creatures to play with their blocks and plasticine. It was a mistake. Spared the rod, the villains have grown in daring and now they have actually pre-empted the Russian ballet and perpetrated an atrocity which, labelled "Parade," provoked a riot when it was put on by M. Diaghilev's troops at the Chatelet in Paris a week or so ago.

The whole thing was fixed up by Pablo Picasso, ringleader of the cubist crowd in Europe, Erik Satie, the incarnation of mischief in music; Jean Cocteau, the most daring of modern rhymsters; and Leonard Miassin, the Russian dancer, who devised the choreography. The sub-title "ballet realiste" was stuck on the piece for some purpose or other—Jean Cocteau, who put it there, declares it "is no impertinent fantasy." Here are a few other things which Jean wrote about it and had printed in "Vanity Fair":

"The plot of Parade is supposed to take place on a street in Paris, on a Sunday. Certain music-hall artists show themselves in the street, outside of a music-hall, in order to draw a crowd. This is always called a parade, among the travelling circuses in France. The headliners are a Chinese magician, a little American girl, and two acrobats. The managers, in their atrocious language, try awkwardly to attract the crowd, but are unable to convince the people sufficiently to draw them into the theatre. The Chinaman, the American girl, and the two acrobats come out onto the street from the empty theatre, and seeing the failure of the managers, they try the



—Vanity Fair.

**Picasso's conception of a theatre manager; the idea no doubt being to suggest a tier of boxes stacked so as to tilt the receipts sky-wards.**

power of their charms; but all their efforts are to no avail. In short, the story of Parade is the tragedy of an unsuccessful theatrical venture. Simple—innocent enough."

Picasso's daring curtain aroused no protest, nor did his two gigantic "managers," who were depicted somewhat in the fashion of miniature skyscrapers. But the horse he designed, says M. Cocteau, created a tumult. "I feared that the hall would collapse. I have heard the cries of a bayonet charge in Flanders, but it was nothing compared to what happened that night in the Chatelet." The Finale, he continues, in which the whole company breaks loose and collapses, brought about another tumult of conflicting opinion.

"We expected the unusual hilarity, but not the bad humour, which Abel Hermant has so cleverly explained is the result of the habitual seriousness peculiar to adults who dislike being entertained by a 'Punch and Judy' show, for 'Parade' is really a Punch and Judy show, with all its traditions and perspectives. No symbolism is hidden in it."

M. Cocteau declares that it was not the intention of the collaborators to shock the public, but to follow in the path of the masters. But there is something almost ingenuous in his surprise. What could be expected of a Pablo Picasso and an Erik Satie working together? He interprets the music of M. Satie:

"Picasso and Satie opened the spectacle with a curtain and a fugue of a classic nature, from which all the scenery and all the music that followed seemed to flow as a natural development. Satie's orchestration was wholly free. The utter absence, in his music, of slurring of pedals, of all evidences of the melted and the hazy, resulted in the unfettering of the purest rhythms and frankest melodies. Certain motifs of a serious character in Satie's music give to 'Parade' its ambiguous charm. In it two melodic planes are superimposed. Without causing the slightest dissonances, his music seems to marry the racket of a cheap music-hall with the dreams of children, and the poetry and murmur of the ocean."

# The Amateur Music Master

(Continued from page 6.)

stuttered. Heavens! Cold prickles chased all over him. He had never thought of this; not in that way; not as a burlesque. These players would expect him to be a real conductor. He had got along very well with the children and even with the choirs—just beating time 3-4 and 4-4 and 6-8, diminuendos and crescendos and the fortissimos. Expression. Colour. Glorious. Thrills of excitement. The voices of the children lifted him like a sea and soothed him like a low wind in the leaves. But the idea of getting up before thousands of people to conduct that chorus and orchestra with Timmie Taunton baritone doing the solo to The Holy City and the chorus joining in, the choirs singing the harmony from MSS copied out by Mr. Bardo——it made him have insomnia.

But who else would do it? Not Skritch.

No, it was Bardo's day of doom; or his apocalypse. He moved now like one in a dream. The Park Festival would usher in the millennium. The whole town was talking. Tickets were on sale at the stores, and all the children had them. Teachers' convention time came round just two days before the concert. Bardo did not go. He gave Pontifex the slip and stayed in Morekirk; lived at the rink; everything under his control, carpenters and haulers and decorators and children lugging in boughs. Now and then Skritch dropped over. He said it was marvellous.

"People will nudge one another and say: 'There he goes, the man that gave Morekirk a thrill,'" he said to the music master.

Bardo believed him. Final rehearsals in the rink; orchestra, chorus, piano, soloist and all. Bardo suddenly remembered that he had no dress suit. He had never worn one. None in town to rent. He borrowed one from a hardware-man about his build.

And for a whole week he had not touched his organ. He feared to make a sound in that room, because the whole town knew him and he hated notoriety. Bardo was a strange mixture of audacity and fear. He could have quit that festival a hundred times. He was afraid of it. But the very day was at hand; the sun shone between rains; the rink became a paradise of colour and enthusiasm; the rehearsal and the march-ups and the calisthenics were perfect; and by all appearances the place would be packed.

Which, indeed, it was. Never had been such a crowd under one roof in Morekirk. Bardo went on the stage carrying his stick amid a storm of applause, feeling like a man beloved of God, as the poet said. The faces were a sea of expectation He had done it. There they were! Morekirk had believed in him. Music had spread her wings and he had gone up to the clouds. He had half the children of Morekirk in that chorus; most of the choirs and all the instrumentalists. It was a co-ordination. He could scarcely believe his eyes and his ears. His face was as red as a poppy. His borrowed dress suit felt like a robe of glory. He cared nothing for the sarcastic smiles of the orchestra. None of them would dare play a wrong note. Mistakes were impossible. The choruses one after another were——

But why dilate? The full story came out in the Call next day. Carroll himself wrote it, giving credit to all, and especially to Bardo, and pointing out that the Park Improvement Fund would be the richer by a good sum of money.

Supper at Skritch's.

"My boy—congratulations," said Skritch. "It was magnificent. I knew you could do it."

Bardo could not have been more uplifted if he had taken seven cocktails. He was tired to death, but hated to go home.

"Young man," said his host at the door, "what shall we pay you?"

"Anything but money or what money will buy," said Bardo.

"But you had expenses."

"Oh, a few dollars. Ten perhaps. Please don't mention that."

"When you leave us," said Skritch, "you will be going to college?"

"I hope so—yes."

"You will perhaps—need money?"

"I don't know. I have never——"

"Well, when you do, come to me. Treat me as you would your own brother. Be frank with me. I'll see you through."

They shook hands. Bardo went home feeling as though he had wings and the very clouds were drawing him. At his door, fumbling for his key in the borrowed dress suit, he glanced up at a star. It twinkled fair above the tower of the Morekirk Central. He started and almost wept. To-morrow——Pontifex again and the factory.

One week later when the fogs had cleared out of Bardo's brain he got a letter. No, it was not from Naida Dolsen. It was typewritten.

"Dear Sir:

"I regret to inform you that at the expiration of your school year your services as teacher of the Entrance Class in the Morekirk Central will no longer be required..

"..................

"Chairman."

With the mute on his E string, Bardo showed the letter to the editor. Carroll shook hands with him.

"I knew it was coming."

"And didn't tell me?"

"I'm not so unkind. Look. Shall I print a news item—say you've resigned to go to college? Skritch I understand is——"

Bardo clutched his arm.

(Continued on page 20.)

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# Don't Overwork That Dollar

By INVESTICUS

MONEY never was so important as it is now. It never was so popular. Never before did the world so thoroughly understand the power of the almighty dollar. And the average man never was so particular about what he does with his almighty dollar as he is now. But dollar—first or last or one of many—is his friend. He can do so much with it—no more. It does so much for him —no less. To work that dollar is as important as it is to work a machine or a horse.

Why this universal obsession over the dollar? Is it a bad sign? Is this what is meant by the worship of the almighty dollar? Well, if so, let us go on. When men quit abusing their dollars and get down to the proper use of them, the world will be a heap better off. In fact, it is better off already, because a lot of people have been compelled to treat their dollars better. There are two ways in which a dollar—or any number of these you like, taken as a unit—can be abused.

One way to abuse the dollar is to over-work it.

There used to be an economic idea that money must be in constant circulation; that unless the dollars of mankind were running about like ants in a hill, they were not doing their business, and the world was all the poorer.

A lot of wisdom in that, too. But you'll notice this about it. The dollar that travels furthest in a day is often the dollar that had the easiest road to travel. Easy money has proved many a man's besetting sin. Easy come, easy go, has been said of many a man whose financial affairs, no matter how much money he got by way of income, were always in rotten shape. The dollar that burns a hole in a man's pocket till it gets out is a dangerous dollar. The reason it burns the hole and wants to be on the move is that the inclined plane is all greased for the descent of that dollar. The woman in a fancy-goods store has sent many a dollar rampaging that should have been kept idle a while longer. The man in a bar-room tried to over-work his dollar two to her one.

The dollar that travels furthest in a day is often the dollar that does the greatest amount of harm to a lot of people. What each person in turn got for that dollar may not have been what each person most needed. In boom times property changes hands sometimes a number of times in a day. Dollars do the same. Somebody makes; somebody else thinks he does. The swifter the dollar and the further it goes in a day, the more some people make, and the more somebody at the end of the run thinks he makes when he doesn't. Somebody at the end of the run of that busy dollar—or number of dollars—stands to lose. The easy dollar is the symbol of quick profits and equally quick losses. The easy dollar is the over-worked dollar that gets itself on the trail for all kinds of extravagances and luxuries. Put a crimp in that dollar. Give it a rest. Lock it up. Think it over. Multiply it by 50 or 100 and think again—what you can best do with that 1×50 or 1×100. You want value for your dollar. You want sure value —which is security. Your investment must have good returns and sure returns. The get-rich-quick dollar often got the first without being sure of the second.

At the present time, there is one great nation-wide investment that guarantees good returns and sure returns. The Canadian Victory Bond issue is waiting for all the dollars of Canada that can be mobilized for the purpose. The loan is not yet on the market. It soon will be. Now is the time for the people who have dollars or can get them over and above the payment of bills, to consider how they can corral enough of them to invest in this sure good thing backed by the whole national resources and credit of Canada.

And it's the over-worked, easy-travelling dollar that as a rule misses landing in the right place. It will be a wise thing for anybody to slow up as many of his dollars as possible to get a place for them in this bond issue. At this time of the year money usually travels fast. Slow up that dollar and the next and as many more as possible, so that when the chance comes to make them travel, they go the right road—INTO CANADIAN VICTORY BONDS.

## Ogilvie's Report

THE annual report and financial statement of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, submitted to the shareholders at the annual meeting at Montreal, Oct. 11th, was the best in the history of the company.

The statement was for the year ending Aug. 31st, 1917, and shows the net profits as $1,358,847, divided into $721,038 from "milling," and $637,809 from "other sources." That was after payment of bond interest and making provision for the business profits tax.

While the company declared dividends and bonus to the common shareholders, aggregating $625,000 through the year, the war tax provided for before bringing forward net profits amounted to a sum in excess of that. Referring to that, Mr. W. A. Black, the vice-president, says:

"It may interest some to know that our contribution to the business tax this year will exceed the dividends paid to the holders of the common stock of the company, so that while we have done very well for our shareholders, we have also contributed very largely from our success towards the necessities of the Government. Further, there was no concentration of the profits distributed in the hands of a few persons.

"I would also like to state," adds Mr. Black, "that we have a very large number of shareholders, and that the average individual holding is 35 shares."

Net profits, as reported, after making provision for the dividend on the preferred stock, left $1,218,847 available for distribution on the common, equal to 48.7 per cent. on the outstanding $2,500,000 stock. The regular 10 per cent. and the extra 15 per cent. dividend took $625,000 in all, leaving $593,847 as a net surplus for the year. That, with the previous balance of $846,330 carried forward, would have left a total of $1,440,177 in profit and loss. The directors, however, set aside from that amount $1,250,000 to be transferred to "contingent account." As a similar amount was taken to start contingent account in the big earning year of 1914-15, there is now in contingent account $2,500,000, or an amount equal to the common stock capital.

## The Amateur Music Master

(Concluded from page 19.)

"He—told you so?"

"He tells me everything."

Bardo gazed over the buzzing, stone-built town in the lap of the green hills.

"Carroll, please say that I was discharged because I was more interested in the welfare of the community than in my own business."

The editor whacked him.

"You idealistic greenhorn! I'm bad enough. See Skritch."

Bardo located the self-made man supervising the inner details of his $20,000 mansion overlooking the Park.

"Yes, I knew it was coming, Bardo. That's why I egged you on to play up to your level."

"Oh, yes, I see."

Skritch reiterated his sentiments about college money and elder brother. He seemed to think it was all right for Bardo to leave town.

"Look here," said the youth. "You're a successful man. I'm a failure."

"As a school-teacher you are an undoubted failure," said Skritch.

"As a public worker you are immense. But, you'll never make your living at getting up concerts. It's a poor business. You've given Morekirk a thrill. Now go and forget it. Stick to business——"

Bardo backed away.

"But don't forget that when you want money for college I'm here."

As Bardo let his organ swing down through the window—much to the regret of his landlady, who had really begun to like it since the Festival—he pondered on this elder-brother idea:

Of which he was yet to hear.

(To be continued.)

Gwendolyn—"I hear that Fanny Forty-odd is to be married. Who is the happy man?"

Grace—"Why, her father."—Puck.

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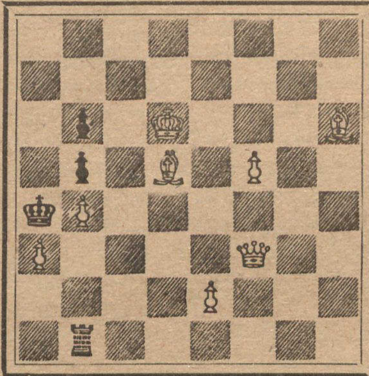
All correspondence relative to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 159, by C. A. L. BULL.

(By courtesy of E. B. Freeland.)

Black.—Four Pieces.



White.—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

SOLUTIONS.

**Problem No. 157, by J. Paul Taylor.**

1. Kt(B3)—R2, P—Q8(Q); 2. QxP mate.
1. ............., P—Q8(Kt); 2. BxKBP mate.
1. ............., QPxKt(Q); 2. BxKBP mate.
1. ............., QPxKt(Kt); 2. QxP mate.
1. ............., KtPxKt(Q); 2. Q—Kt3 mate.
1. ............., KtPxKt(Kt); 2. RxP mate.
1. ............., P—Kt8(Q); 2. RxP mate

This closely rivals the following by Dr. E. Palkoska—White: K at KB5; Q at KR4; Rs at QR2 and QB8; Bs at QBsq and Q3; Kts at QKt5 and KKt3; P at KR2. Black: K at Q8; Ps at QR4, QR5, QR6, QKt7 and K7. Mate in two. (1. Kt—Rsq.)

**To Correspondents.**

(J. M. C.) Tamworth.—The after-play to your three-mover is very satisfactory. Could you not arrange a better key?

(J. M.) Ridgetown.—In Janowski game-ending, if 1...., RxR, then 2. RxR, K—Bsq; 3 P—B6, PxP; 4. R—Ksq, and White, having recovered his piece, has both a material and positional advantage.

CHESS IN THE STATES

A correspondent, in His Majesty's 8th Canadian Infantry Battalion, now at Quebec, sends the following game, awarded the brilliancy prize in the 1916 Western Chess Association Tournament at Chicago, with an enquiry as to the winning combination after White's 21st move. The game appeared in the Illustrated London News, and we have pleasure in repeating their comments, together with an answer to our gallant correspondent's communication.

**Queen's Pawn Game.**

| White. G. Gestner. | Black. N. T. Whitaker. |
|---|---|
| 1. P—Q4 | 1. P—Q4 |
| 2. Kt—KB3 | 2. P—QB4 |
| 3. PxP | 3. P—K3 |
| 4. P—K4 | 4. BxP |
| 5. PxP | 5. PxP |
| 6. B—Kt5ch | 6. Kt—B3 |
| 7. Castles. | 7. Kt—K2 |
| 8. Kt—B3 | 8. Castles |
| 9. B—Kt5 (a) | 9. P—B3 |
| 10. B—KB4 | 10. Kt—Kt3 |
| 11. B—Kt3 | 11. P—B4 (b) |
| 12. B—B7 | 12. BxPch (c) |
| 13. RxB | 13. QxB |
| 14. QxPch | 14. K—Rsq |
| 15. R—Ksq | 15. QKt—K2 |
| 16. Q—Kt3 | 16. P—B5 |
| 17. Kt—Kt5 | 17. P—KR3 |
| 18. Kt—B7ch | 18. K—R2 |
| 19. Kt—K4 | 19. Kt—B4 |
| 20. B—B4 | 20. Kt—K6 |
| 21. RxKt (d) | |

(a) The opening is, so far, identical with a game won by Blackburne against Tarrasch at Leipsic in 1894. He here played B—KB4 at once. The text-move, however, by tempting P—B3, opens the way for some pretty tactics by White.

(b) Probably under the expectation of shutting up the adverse Queen's Bishop. White's clever reply does not readily reveal itself.

(c) There does not seem anything better to be done, and the material loss is at least equalized.

(d) Introducing an unexpectedly quick and charming conclusion. The winning combination is a really fine one.

(The play would be 21......, PxR; 22. QxKP, threatening mate in three by 23. Kt—B6ch, etc. If, to meet this, 22......, RxKt, then 23. RxR, Q—Kt3 (if 23......, Q else, then 24. Kt—B6ch, K—Rsq; 25. QxPch! and R mates); 24. QxQ, PxQ; 25. Kt—Q6, wins easily. If 22......, Kt—R5, then 23. Kt—B6ch, K—Kt3 (if 23......, PxKt, White mates in two); 24. Kt—K5ch, QxKt; 25. QxQ, RxKt; 26. RxR, PxR; 27. Q—Kt3ch and wins.—Ed. C.)

**END-GAME NO. 27.**

**By H. Rinck.**

(From the British Chess Magazine.)

White: K at QR5; Kt at K3; P at Q7.—Black: K at QKt6; B at QR7, Ps at QKt7, K4 and K5. White to play and win.

**Solution.**

1. P—Q8 (Q)! P—Kt8(Q); 2. Q—Q2, K—R6! 3. Kt—Qsq, B—Q4(a); 4. Q—K3ch, Q—Q6; 5. Q—Bsqch, K—Kt6; 6. Q—Kt2ch, K—B5; 7. Q—Kt4 mate.

(a) If 3.., B—B5 (or K3, etc.), then 4. Q—Q6ch, K—Kt6; 5. Q—Kt4ch, K—B7! 6. Kt—K3ch, K—B8; 7. Q—B3ch, Q—B7; 8 QxQ mate.

An accurate mating combination. The obvious move is the key; but as the two following quiet moves are difficult, it is probable that a solver would try 1. Kt—Bsq, K—B6; 2. Kt—Q2, P—K6; 3. Kt—Ktsqch, BxKt; 4. P—Q8(Q), B—Q6 and draws.

TORONTO CHESS CLUB ANNUAL.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Chess Club took place Tuesday evening, October 9th, in the clubrooms, 65 Church Street, with the president, Dr. A. C. Crews in the chair.

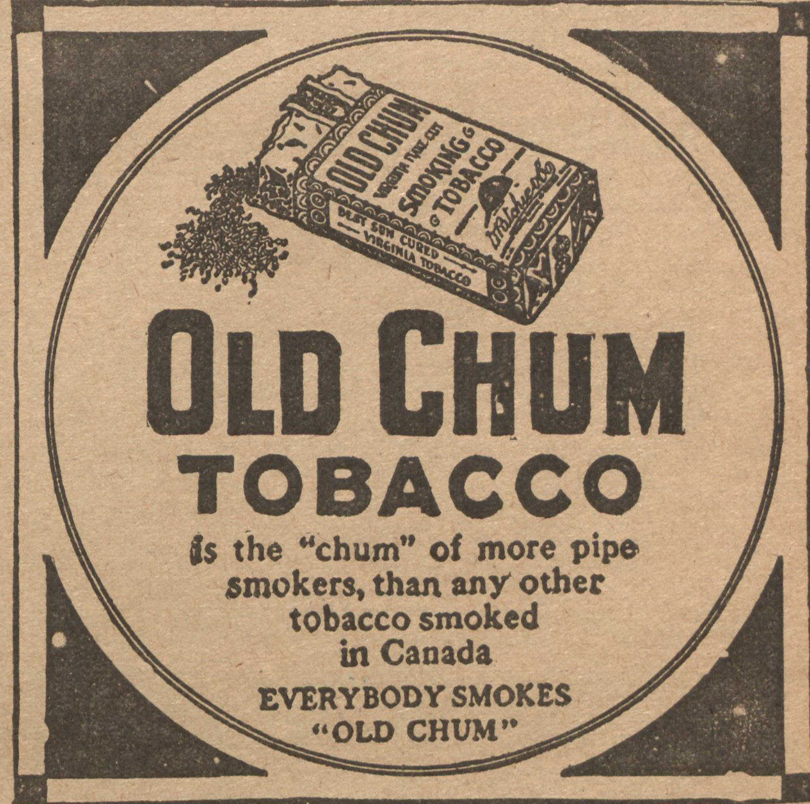
The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Honorary Presidents, Rt Rev. Bishop W. D. Reeve, Dr. A. C. Crews, R. G. Hunter; President, Malcolm Sim; Secretary, W. J. Faulkner, 143 Spadina Avenue; Treasurer, W. H. Perry; Directors, Mrs. E. Spragge, K. B. O'Brian, J. L. Clarke and A. E. Foord.

Prizes were presented to Messrs. J. Boas and A. E. Foord.

## Searchlight on Germany

(Concluded from page 9.)

attempt to do at a late hour what they should have done at the beginning of the war and what they were too stupid to do. But the shoe is now on the other foot, and the invasion of Germany, with Verdun as the point de depart, has become a part of practical politics. For these reasons we may regard the position of the German armies in France and Belgium as one that is full of almost insoluble perplexities. There may be some dubious solace in the rapid approach of winter, but it is very much like the solace of the straw to the drowning man.

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# MAKES GOOD MUSIC SIMPLE

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

BY a simple device of making a programme obvious to an audience Miss Isolde Menges, English violinist, contributed something quite new to the art of giving a recital in Massey Hall, Toronto, a few days ago. Miss Menges prefaced every number by a brief reference to the composer and the piece; in most cases telling the audience how the piece affected her own imagination or fancy. It was a case of taking the congregation into the confidence of the artist, and it was appreciated.

Miss Menges' programme was an exposition of great skill in the handling of picturesque small pieces, more than a demonstration of virtuosity in big things. She revels in the finished miniature, which she does with a wealth of subtle colouring not always expected from a "cold" English artist. Most of her smaller pieces were familiar; some of them new. They included such composers as Schubert, Schumann, Pugnani, Chopin, Wienawski and herself. In every case she demonstrated that there's a big lot of interest in a small piece if one only goes after it.

Just what were the pieces she played makes very little difference to the characters of her work. Pieces come and compositions go, but an artist's style and personality go on forever. Miss Menges has an unmistakable personality at the violin—and almost another one in it—because it is a rare and beautiful Strad, capable almost of tears; and the artist loves that fiddle, caresses it as one might a child without any of the hysterical abandon with which some otherwise great artists entreat their fiddles. Whenever she gave a piece requiring big virtuosity she did it without the painfully strenuous effort that mars the work of so many big players. In fact, she played as though she thought much more of the compositions she was doing than of either herself or her fiddle. There was no glamour about her appearance on the stage, except the delightful illusion of good things delectably done. The audience got much more than they expected. They got the sense of a programme that wearied no one and delighted everybody. It was a very simple recital, yet it was of very complex calibre and agreeably chosen to give as much variety as possible without wearying the audience.

Miss Menges is a pupil of Leopold Auer. She has most of the brilliant characteristics of Auer pupils, and a very charming though exceptionally sedate, style of her own. One of her besettting "sins" is her belief that good music should be made as simple and plain as possible to as many people as possible. In her off moments she does a good deal of work among children. And it is because much of the time she is a good deal of a child herself that she is able to make an important programme so delightful a matter.

## A Box of Bengal Lancers

(Continued from page 14.)

spoke the last words with passionate vehemence.

"So he is," whispered Ferris, as though almost afraid to recognize the truth of what she had said. "So he is, Miriel," but he did not uncover his eyes.

"And that is why," she continued, "I say your meeting him to-day was part of the miracle. I have looked for you for two or three years now, feeling sure that if you were alive you would come. It was right that you should see him," she said, with the utmost conviction, "for he is really your little boy, too."

Ferris took his hand from his eyes, and looked at her. His face was pale, the muscles in his cheeks contracted, showed that he held himself under a difficult control. She summoned a little smile to meet the trouble of his eyes.

"You must not feel sorry about it, Philip," she said, "or worried. It's really something to be glad about, and to thank God for."

HE smiled a bit wanly. "I'm not sorry," he said, "I only feel very humble, dear. But you—you—M—M—Miriel. This about you being unhappy, and that sort of thing. I—I—I—don't suppose I've got a right to know anything about that."

She flushed hot. "There is nothing much to tell," she said. "It's the sort of story that one hears often. When you did not come back—"

He interrupted her. "Miriel," he said, "Do you know why I did not come back? It was because I thought you were dead."

She nodded slowly. "I used to think that was the reason. You would have come back otherwise, wouldn't you, Philip?"

"Yes," he said, earnestly, "I would have come back. Of course, I meant to wait. You had sent me away, but I knew it was only because you were a dutiful little thing and could not disobey. I was sure that, caring for one another as we did, time would come to our aid. But when I heard that the boat you had been travelling on had been sunk and all the passengers lost, when your name was there and that bit about you helping with the children—it all seemed so ghastly true that it never occurred to me to doubt it, and I went away quickly as far as I could get. I left Vancouver for Japan, and then railroad building in China. After a bit I went home to my people. When the war broke out I was in British Columbia again, and left at once."

"The man who rescued me," she said, "I afterwards ma 'ed. He saved my life at the risk of his own. It was several days before they picked us up." Her voice was dull now, all the animation had gone from it. She looked unseeingly at the fast purpling hills. "That was why you never saw the later report of the accident," she paused a moment.

"Go on, Miriel," he whispered.

"You remember Ellen, my sister?" she said "How ill she was? Mother and I were both very anxious. The man who wanted to marry me had plenty of money It meant such a lot to mother and Ellen. They were able to go South and Ellen got well." It was evidently difficult for her to tell this part of her story, and she stopped abruptly. Then she asked him if he had married He shook his head.

"I have never thought about it," he said, then, "Mirry, why didn't you try to get word to me?" he asked, his voice unsteady.

"I did," she said, "but you had gone away and left no trace at all. Even Melton Brown did not know where you were, and after a while I gave up But , told my husband everything—that I knew I never could care for anyone else. He was quite willing to take the chance and, of course, if it had not been for Ellen—" her voice broke, she waited a moment, and then went on quickly and trying to speak cheerfully. "She got well very soon, and she is married now, and has two little girls.' They were both quiet for a while, and then she

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went on to speak again, and now her voice was quite steady and sweet and patient. "It's been a great day, Philip," she said, "a day worth living for. I feel like a child who, having done something wrong, has confessed to its mother, and is all shrived and forgiven. You do forgive me, I know," she was talking more to herself than to him. "It is very beautiful to feel entirely sure that God has been with one and understood one through it all. There were many days and nights when I couldn't be sure, but I can never doubt again." Then, very softly, and looking at him earnestly, "Philip, I have not asked you about yourself. I can't quite bear to—if you understand. As soon as I saw you and knew that you had been wounded—that you had suffered—I wanted to run out to you as I run to Peter when he hurts himself. Even now, Philip, I can't look at you for more than a minute, and I don't dare to think about you at all."

Ferris started to speak, then checked himself. Instead he got up, and, leaning heavily on his stick, walked the length of the verandah and back, when he stopped behind her chair. "Miriel," he said, "I'm going. I c-c-can't stay. But there's something in the motor I would like to get for you." His voice was husky, he did not look at her, but turned and hobbled off the verandah quickly. In a few minutes he came back with a square box in his hand.

"It's a little thing I bought for Peter," he said, clearing his throat, and trying to speak lightly. "He doesn't know I have it. He refused to let me buy it, but I ventured. I remember you telling me your father was an officer in this regiment, and I thought that perhaps," here he began to stammer in spite of his efforts, "even if you don't care for soldier toys, that for his sake, for my sake—" He could not go on. He untied the string of the box, and taking the cover off displayed the Bengal Lancers.

MIRIEL, who had risen, glanced at the toys, and then with a little cry sank down in her chair. Ferris astonished, placed the box on the table, and leaned over her. She was trying very hard not to cry, but she had held herself in check too long, and her slender figure shook with sobs she endeavoured to suppress. Ferris waited, puzzled, surprised and moved, and when he spoke to her his voice showed that his own self-control was being pushed too far.

"I can't leave you like this," he said; "I can't, Miriel. It's—it's more than I can bear."

Whatever he may have meant to say or do was checked by the woman. She dried her eyes, stood up and faced him bravely. She even laughed, though it was a very poor, shaky sort of laugh. "I thought I could let you go without telling you everything," she said, "but I see I can't. . You must know all there is to know. It was the sight of the soldiers that made me cry, Philip; I love them just like Peter loves them." She was holding her whole small body very rigid, and her hands were clinched tightly at her sides, but she kept her chin up and went on as though what she were saying was a task that she must see through even if she died in saying it. "Peter and I used to play with them—the soldiers, I mean. We used to play with soldiers just like these—every day. I had told him over and


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It will be greatly to the advantage of Canada if the entire quota of 100,000 men to be raised under the Military Service Act can be secured from the first class; that is, from the men between the ages of 20 and 34 who were unmarried or widowers without children on July 6th, 1917.

This is almost self-evident for the following reasons:

it is admitted that, between the ages of 20 and 34, the average man is at the height of his physical strength and is most adaptable to the change of conditions from civilian life;

the military service of unmarried men and widowers without children would occasion less distress than that of most others, since they are largely without dependents. Also, it would entail less financial burden for Canada, through separation allowances, etc.

Authorities estimate that, after all proper exemptions have been allowed, Canada should be able to produce from the first class 100,000 men fit for service, so the drain upon the man power of the country will not be severe.

Members of Class One will be well advised to present themselves for examination immediately to the Medical Board in their district. Upon examination as to their physical fitness, they will be placed in one of the following categories:

Category A—if fit for service in overseas fighting units.
Category B—if fit for service overseas in Army Medical Corps, Forestry Battalion, etc.
Category C—if fit for service in Canada only.
Category E—if unfit for military service of any nature.

If not placed in Category A, the applicant will know that he is not liable for immediate service, but will go to the Post Office and send in a claim for exemption with his Medical Certificate attached, when he will receive in due course a certificate of exemption until those in his medical category are summoned for service.

Where a man, who is placed in category A, feels that exemption should be allowed, an application form can be secured from the postmaster. This form, when filled in, will be forwarded by the postmaster to the registrar of the district, and the applicant will be informed by mail as to the time and place for the consideration of his application by the Exemption Board.

*Issued by The Military Service Council.*

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over about dad, my dad, you know, and all the brave stories he used to tell me when he was alive. And Peter was to be a soldier, too, when he grew up, a British soldier. I used to put him through his drill. He had a little rifle and a sword. I taught him the 'British Grenadiers,' he could sing it all through without a mistake, and he would put his soldiers on the floor in the nursery in marchnig order, and then he would walk up and down before them and sing it at the top of his little lungs. Then one day—" she paused a moment and shut her eyes tightly before she went on, "one day word came that England had declared war. A dreadful thing happened, dreadful to Peter and me. All of the soldiers, the forts, the guns were stamped upon and broken, and—and the Union Jack that hung over Peter's crib was taken down and burnt, and—and—" her voice rose a little. "Peter and I were forbidden ever to speak of British soldiers again. I was forbidden to mention my father's name. I was told I must make Peter forget he had any British blood in his veins, and Peter was whipped for singing the 'British Grenadiers.' And he was to know nothing of the war, nothing. That is why he always plays alone—that is why we never speak of what, next to Peter, is nearest my heart, I was forced to promise—to promise—until—I should be released from my promise."

"It—it—it was your husband, I suppose?" Philip asked.

"It was my husband," her voice dropped, and she hung her head.

"B-B-B Jove!" stammered Philip, "I didn't know there were any Americans—"

SHE interrupted him. "My husband is not an American," she said, not looking at him. "He belonged to the reserve, and when the war broke out he went almost immediately to join his regiment. His name is Hofman. He is a Prussian officer."

Philip never knew quite how he said good-bye, and got away. Their parting was very brief. He could not see her face distinctly in the waning light, and her hand was cold in his. He tried to give her some message for Peter, that he would not see him again, but that he would write him a letter, that was all he dared to say. When the last throb of his motor had been hushed by the distance, the woman sat down in the chair where he had sat, and taking the box of Lancers in her lap she kissed the little soldier men, one by one, before she wrapped them up carefully and laid them away.

Of course, Ferris could not sleep when he reached his hotel. He did not ever try. Over and over he lived through the amazing events of the day. Over and over Peter's little face and Peter's mother's face came before his eyes. Over and over he heard her voice, laughing, in abandon at some sally of Peter's, or whispering pitifully her sad confidences. At first Philip thought he must see her again. He made up his mind that he would go out the next day. Their parting had been unspeakably cruel. He asked himself savagely why he had not taken the poor little broken thing in his arms and comforted her? He had been a silly conventional fool. Very well, to-morrow he would go back. He would be different. He would be as he wanted to be. He imagined it. He trembled to imagine it. Then he thought of Peter, dear, odd, lovable little Peter. He wanted passionately to see Peter again—to hold him on his knee, to put his cheek on Peter's curly head. Just once he would like to hold them both, Peter and Peter's mother in his arms together. They were his. She had said so. They were his. He wanted them, he needed them. He closed his eyes, he smelled the lilac, and heard the hum of the bees. Hot tears trickled down his cheeks.

NO, he couldn't go. He knew he could not go. He knew he must do the hard square thing and never see either of them again. It was as well he had made up his mind to leave the next day. Perhaps, when he had got a safe distance away, in France somewhere, on the eve of his next engagement, he would write to her, and let her know that he loved her, that he hoped to God——

Towards morning Ferris remembered the letter that he had promised to deliver. He must try and deliver it or see that it was delivered. He pulled his bag from under the bed and opened his dispatch box. He had not had the letter out since he left France, now he drew it from among some others and took it over to the light. The writing was irregular and faintly traced.

Philip held it close to his eyes. Then—!

He gave a start, an exclamation. The name! What was it?

"Mrs. Alvo Hofman, Hillside Place."

He took off his glasses, rubbed them and put them on again, and read the address a second time.

"No," said Ferris aloud. "It isn't true. I need sleep." He put the letter down. He was afraid his nerves were giving away and he was beginning to suffer from a recurrence of the hallucinations which had bothered him the first few weeks after he had been wounded.

He undressed and put on his pyjamas, then, impelled irresistibly, he went to the dressing table and looked once more at the superscription on the envelope. Unless his overwrought nerves were deceiving him the name was that which he had first read. "I will try and sleep," said Ferris. He tucked the letter under his pillow. To his own amazement four hours later he found he had been asleep. He drew the letter out and read the address again. This time he knew it could not be a mistake. It was a working of that same wonderful Fate that Mirry had such faith in. It was too amazing to be true, but it was true, nevertheless. The letter was from Miriel's husband and Miriel's husband had died in his arms five months before.

Ferris spent all the morning in writing a letter to Miriel in which he enclosed that of her husband.

"I am writing to you," he said, "because I want to give you time to adjust yourself to the new order of things before I see you, and because I am such a duffer at explaining. It happened in an advance. We had taken a German trench, and my men had gone on. I could not, because I had been hit. I was waiting for the stretcher bearers, along with some other chaps when I heard a man calling out from around a turn in the trench. I could walk a bit and presently I found him. He had been wounded badly. I did what I could

## National Directory of Standard Products

IMMERSION HEATERS.

This Water Heater Boils a Pint of Water in Two Minutes, $4.50 Each
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IRONS (Electric).

Make Ironing Easy
With Our "Kitchener" or "Colonial" Electric Iron - - - $6.00
Write for Our Illustrated Booklet
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POLSON IRON WORKS
LIMITED
STEEL SHIPBUILDERS
ENGINEERS AND BOILERMAKERS
TORONTO

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Send for any Size or Style of Electric Lamp. We keep a full stock
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MAZDA LAMPS.

The "Mazda" is the most Economical and the most Brilliant Electric Lamp "Made in Canada"
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"PEERLESS" GASOLINE
The British American Oil Company, Limited
Toronto . . Ontario

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Powerful and Economical Nitrogen gas-filled high efficiency lamps—all sizes in stock.
Toronto Electric Light Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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This Convenient and Inexpensive Electrical Cooking Outfit for Small Apartments, costs only $11.75
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PAINTS.

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"ENGLISH" PAINT

PERCOLATORS (Electric).

PERCOLATE YOUR COFFEE
WITH OUR "UNIVERSAL" ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR
PRICES $9, $11 and $15
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THE DOMINION PRINTING INK & COLOR CO.
TORONTO Limited CANADA

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THIS HANDY LITTLE ELECTRIC RADIATOR SELLS AT $7.00
"Why Should You Shiver?"
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ONTARIO MILL STOCK & METAL CO.
Graders and Exporters of Woolen and Cotton Rags
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# National Directory of Standard Products

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The Cleanest and the Cheapest for Cooking in the Home.
Electric Ranges, $60 and up.
Toronto Electric Light Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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Save your eyes and reduce your light bill. A Reading Lamp puts the light where you need it. Price $4.50.
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Everything for the Garden and Farm
Write for Our Illustrated Seed Catalogue
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SEW-E-Z Electric Sewing Motor
Eliminates all sewing drudgery. Price complete $18
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Turn the Button and heat your shaving water. Always Ready—Electric Shaving Mugs.
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Anything you need in Business Stationery and Office Appliances. Canadian agents for the famous "Kardex."
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Saves Your Money by Saving Your Time and the Time You Pay For . . . Send for Our Descriptive Book
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Toronto - - Ontario

TEA KETTLES (Electric).
Five o'Clock Tea is no trouble at all when you have this Electric Kettle
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SOREN BROS.,
Tinware Manufacturers,
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Electric Toasters
Have One on Your Breakfast Table - $4.50 up
Send for Illustrated List of "Universal" Toasters
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This Electric Vibrator is Best
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ADEL 760 WASTE PAPER
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DIAMONDS-WATCHES-JEWELRY
SCHEUER'S
131 YONGE STREET.
THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED WHOLESALE DIAMOND IMPORTERS IN CANADA

for him, there was none of his fellows alive near him. After a bit I asked him in German if there was any message or that sort of thing. I didn't suppose for a minute I could help him in any way, but it's the kind of thing one says. He wanted to write and I took some leaves out of my notebook for him to use. He spoke to me in English, and thanked me, and he died quite easily. I held him on my arm and he just went to sleep like that. The address was a bit vague, no town, or county, but I remembered when he told me who he was he had mentioned coming from the State of Washington, and I had that to go by. The letter was one of my reasons for coming here. But I had forgotten his name absolutely, and when you told me who you were last night I did not connect you with him at all. . . ."

FERRIS waited two days, days of the most feverish impatience, and then he went out to Hillside Place.

On the gatepost, just over the name, in precisely the same attitude as when Ferris had first seen him, sat Peter. He told Ferris he had been watching for him for two days, except when he had been asleep, and Ferris, feeling very shy and choked, kissed Peter who returned the caress frankly and with interest. When they had reached the verandah, Philip asked unsteadily for Peter's mother, and was told that perhaps she might be asleep, but that Peter would find out.

Ferris went through the glass doors this time and into a cool, fragrant room, where the blinds were drawn down to keep out the too bright sunshine. He had not long to wait.

She came alone, and hesitated a little after she had crossed the threshold, her face paling and then flushing. There was a conflict of emotion there and in her eyes which she raised to Ferris. They met each other and shook hands with odd ceremony.

"Thank you for everything," she said tremulously. "He spoke of you in the letter, and said you had been kind, that he did not think you would live to deliver it you were so badly wounded yourself. He sent his love to Peter, and said I was to bring him up as I thought best." Unable to meet his eyes, she made a little gesture toward a chair. "Won't you sit down?" she said with an attempt at conventionality.

Ferris had not meant to be impulsive. It was not his way. But when he saw her—small, troubled, afraid to accept what the gods had been so long in offering, he threw all preliminaries to the winds, and without a word took her with most unFerris-like precipitation into his arms.

Afterwards—it might have been minutes or years, Ferris did not know or care which—she bade him come and have a look at Peter.

Tiptoeing cautiously and using Miriel's arm instead of Ferris' stick, they went upstairs. At the end of the hall a door stood ajar. Here they paused and peeped in.

Flat on his tummy on the rug lay Peter, while on the polished boards of the floor before him in magnificent if most unmilitary display were the gay little Bengal Lancers, their proud commander on his prancing horse at their head; and as Peter's baby hands marched them along he hummed in a small, contented voice, the erstwhile forbidden strains of the "British Grenadiers."

## The NATIONAL DIRECTORY of STANDARD PRODUCTS

THIS directory includes the names of the leading Canadian firms making and handling the various classes of goods indicated. The Courier recommends these concerns as leaders in their classes and every prospective purchaser can rely upon getting honest wares from them. Most of them have years of reputation behind them. Moreover, they are "National" and a constant reminder of the steady growth in Canadian Industries. The Directory will appear in the last issue in each month. Watch it grow.

Buyers unable to find the desired information in this directory are invited to write to this office for information, which will be furnished free of charge.

ADDING MACHINES.
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

APPLES, (Evaporated):
Graham Co. Limited, Belleville, Ont.

ASPHALT.
Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Imperial" Asphalt, Toronto.

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES.
Cutten & Foster, Toronto.
Deer Park Garage & Livery, Toronto.
Hyslop Bros., Toronto.

AUTOMOBILE LUBRICANTS.
Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Polarine," Toronto.

AUTOMOBILE RADIATORS.
White & Thomas, Toronto.

AUTOMOBILE TIRES.
Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited, Toronto.
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., "K. & S." Auto Tire, Toronto.
The B. F. Goodrich Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

AUTO TOPS AND EQUIPMENT.
Cain, Fussell & McLean, Toronto.

BABBITT AND SOLDER.
Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.

BAND INSTRUMENT MANUFACTURERS.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.

"BETHLEHEM AMMUNITION BOX," CHAINS AND RINGS.
Tarbox Bros., Toronto.

BICYCLES AND SUPPLIES.
R. G. McLeod, Toronto.

BISCUITS AND CAKES.
Christie-Brown Co., Limited, Toronto.

BOATS, (Pleasure, Commercial, Lifeboats).
The Disappearing Propeller Boat Co., Limited, Toronto.
The Gidley Boat Co., Ltd., Penetang, Ont.

BONDED WAREHOUSE
Standard Warehouse & Mercantile Co., Toronto.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
W. B. Hamilton Shoe Co., Limited, "Model" Shoes, Toronto.

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS
McLaren & Dallas, "Imperial Shoes," "Independent" Rubbers, Toronto.

BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.
Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.
Britnell & Co., Limited, Toronto.

CANNED GOODS.
Balfour Smye Co., Tartan Brand, Hamilton.

CARBORUNDUM GRINDING WHEELS.
Norman Macdonald, Toronto.

CARPETS AND RUGS.
Toronto Carpet Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.

CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.
Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.

CEREALS.
White Swan Spices & Cereals, Ltd., "White Swan," Toronto.

CHARCOAL.
Ely Bros., Toronto.

CIGARS.
Andrew Wilson & Co., "Bachelor" Cigars, Toronto.

COAL AND COKE.
The Standard Fuel Co. of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.

COAL AND WOOD.
P. Burns & Co., Toronto.
The Elias Rogers Co., Ltd., Toronto.

COATS AND PANTS.
A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto.

CORDAGE AND TWINES.
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

COTTON AND WOOL WASTE.
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

COTTON DUCK.
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto

CREAM SEPARATORS.
The Sharples Separator Co., Toronto.

DUPLICATORS.
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

ELEVATORS.
Otis-Fenson Elevator Co., Toronto.

FENCING (Ornamental, Farm, Railway).
The Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Limited, Hamilton.

FIRE EXTINGUISHERS.
Ontario May-Oatway Fire Alarms, Limited, "Pyrene Fire Extinguishers," Toronto.

FURNACES.
The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

FURNITURE POLISH.
Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Ioco Liquid Gloss," Toronto.

GELATINE.
Charles B. Knox Co., "Knox Sparkling," "Knox Acidulated," Montreal.

GLOVES (Men's and Women's).
Dent, Allcroft & Co., "Dent's Gloves," Montreal.

GLOVES AND MITTS.
A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto.
The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.

HARDWARE.
Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.
Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, Toronto.

HOT WATER BOILERS, RADIATORS
Cluff Bros., "Regent" Hot Water Boilers and Radiators, Toronto.

# The NATIONAL DIRECTORY of STANDARD PRODUCTS

*(CONTINUED)*

**IRON AND STEEL.**
Baines & Peckover, Toronto.

**LEATHER (Sole-Hemlock & Union Oak).**
The Breithaupt Leather Co., Ltd. Kitchener, Penetang, Hastings and Woodstock, Ont.

**LIGHTING, WELDING & CUTTING PLANTS**
The Siche Gas Co., Ltd., Toronto.

**LUMBER AND TIMBER.**
R. Laidlaw Lumber Co., Ltd., Toronto.
The Boake Mfg. Co., Limited. Toronto.

**MILK.**
City Dairy Co., Limited, Toronto.
S. Price & Sons Limited, Toronto.

**MOPS (Scrubbing and Dry Dusting).**
Tarbox Bros., Toronto.

**MULTIGRAPH LETTERS & MAIL LISTS.**
Harry Edwards, Toronto.

**MUSIC PUBLISHERS.**
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.

**OFFICE FURNITURE.**
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

**OILS AND GREASES.**
Canadian Oil Companies, Ltd., Toronto.
The Imperial Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.
Ontario Soap & Oil Co., Toronto.

**OIL SOAP.**
Ontario Soap & Oil Co., Toronto.

**OVERALLS.**
Hamilton Carhartt Cotton Mills, Limited, Toronto.

**PAINTS AND VARNISHES.**
Benjamin Moore & Co., Limited, Toronto.
International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.
Lowe Brothers, Limited, Toronto.
Martin-Senour Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.
The E. Harris Co., of Toronto, Ltd.

**PAPER (Bonds and Writings).**
Howard Smith Paper Mills, Limited, Montreal.

**PIANOS.**
Heintzman & Co., "Ye Olde Firm," Toronto.

**PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS**
The Newcombe Piano Co., Ltd., Toronto.

**PLUMBING SUPPLIES.**
Cluff Brothers, Toronto.
Fiddes & Hogarth, Limited, Toronto.

**PORTLAND CEMENT.**
Alfred Rogers, Limited, Toronto.

**PRINTING INKS.**
Sinclair Valentine Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

**PUBLICATION PRINTERS.**
The Ontario Press, Limited, Toronto.

**REFRIGERATORS:**
Eureka Refrigerator Co., Limited, Toronto.

**RIBBONS (Typewriter, Adding Machines).**
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

**RUBBER FOOTWEAR.**
Gutta Percha & Rubber Co., Limited, Toronto.

**SALT.**
Canadian Salt Co., Limited, "Windsor" and "Regal" Salts, Windsor, Ont.

**SCALES, (Computing).**
Brantford Computing Scale Co., Ltd., "Brantford" Scales, Brantford, Ont.

**SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.**
Frankel Bros., Toronto.

**SEEDS (Garden—of every Description).**
Carter's Tested Seeds, Inc., Toronto.

**SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKS.**
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.

**SHIRTS.**
A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto.

**SPORTING GOODS.**
The Harold A. Wilson Co., Limited, Toronto.
John B. Brotherton, Toronto.

**STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.**
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

**STEEL (Tool).**
Wm. Jessop & Sons, Limited, Toronto.

**STORAGE**
Standard Warehouse & Mercantile Co., Toronto.

**STOVES, COOKING, Coal, Wood, Electric and Gas.**
The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.
Wrought Iron Range Co. of Can., Ltd., Toronto.

**TENTS AND TARPAULINS.**
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

**TOYS.**
The Harold A. Wilson Co., Limited, Toronto.

**TRANSFORMERS.**
Maloney Electric Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

**TYPEWRITERS.**
United Typewriter Co., Limited, "Underwood" Typewriters, Toronto.

**UNDERWEAR.**
The C. Turnbull Co., of Galt, Limited, "Ceetee" Pure Wool Underclothing, Galt, Ont.

**UNIFORMS.**
Beauchamp & How, Limited, Toronto.

**VARNISHES AND JAPANS.**
The Ault & Wiborg Varnish Works, Toronto.
Scarfe & Co., Brantford, Ont.

**VEGETABLES, (Desiccated):**
Graham Co., Limited, Belleville, Ont.

**WASHBOARDS AND CLOTH PINS.**
The Wm. Cane & Sons Co., Limited, Newmarket, Ont.

**WASHING MACHINES.**
Hurley Machine Co., "Thor Electric Washing Machines," Toronto.
"1900" Washer Company, Toronto.

**WATCH CASES.**
American Watch Case Co., Limited, Toronto.

**WINDOW LETTERS AND SIGNS.**
J. E. Richardson & Co., Toronto, Ont.

**WROUGHT IRON PIPE.**
Canada Pipe and Steel Co., Limited, Toronto.

## NEW BOOKS

**THE WHISTLING MOTHER.** Grace S. Richmond. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, 50c. net.

MRS. RICHMOND has sketched a delightful little vignette of an episode which is being multiplied a thousand times to-day in homes where the man-child has been called for the great service. It is a story for mothers and sons who may have to meet just such a situation as Mrs. Richmond has idealized in a way well calculated to inspire courage and a triumphant patriotism. It tells of a mother whose boy came home from college to say good-bye before he went to war and of how she blessed her young knight with a kiss and a smile at the parting.

**NORTHERN DIAMONDS.** Frank Lillie Pollock. Thomas Allen, $1.25 net.

MR. POLLOCK has caught the trick of spinning yarns for boys and in "Northern Diamonds" he has compounded all the elements that appeal to a wholesome minded lad ambitious for adventure. The tale tells of three Toronto boys who make a winter trip to the north woods in search for a prospector's cache and a missing geologist. They pile into adventures way up to their necks, and have a strenuous time wriggling out of difficulties and "thrilling" situations. The element of suspense is well sustained, and the spirit of adventure is supreme throughout the narrative. At times the plot strains a little on the probabilities, but it is all done to good purpose and the total result is a book which any lively youngster will read with a stirring zest, and which, incidentally, will teach him much about the ways of the woodsmen and trappers of the north country.

**THE MANNEQUIN.** By Julie M. Lippmann. Wm. Briggs, $1.25.

BORED pallid by her daily round of unalloyed pleasure, Elizabeth Tierman happens into an adventure that promises decided relief from the usual. Her days on the mysterious yacht which has kidnapped her make a lively little story, which is told in a very readable way. Although the misunderstandings which occur are quite obviously exaggerated, one's interest is kept up until all are explained in the conventional happy ending.

**LONG LIVE THE KING.** By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Thos. Allen, $1.50.

MRS. RINEHART'S latest story is only a further proof of that author's versatility, and will not in any degree disappoint her host of admirers. The topic shows a new departure for her, being an account of intrigue in a European court. Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto is a very human and lovable small boy, who is in danger of losing his throne through the power of the Socialists. How it is saved to him, and how he comes to love Abraham Lincoln and his ideas of government, is shown in an absorbing story.

**MY UNKNOWN CHUM.** By "Aguecheek," with a Foreword by Henry Garrity. S. B. Gundy, $1.50.

This book, which consists of a number of sketches on foreign travel and of miscellaneous essays is instructive as well as delightfully entertaining.

The unknown author was both a scholar and a traveller and writes in a delightful style of his wanderings. His outlook on life is exceptionally cheerful and wholesome, as we discover during our perusal of all his articles, but especially in his "Philosophy of Life."

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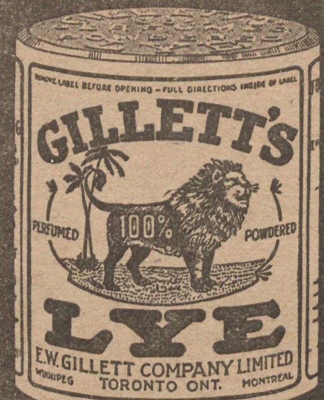


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**Why We Can Sell at Such Low Prices** Because, in the first place, we buy our skins direct from the Trapper, and sell direct to you for cash, saving you a great share of the middlemen's profits—high store rent—bad accounts—salesman's salaries. Then you are sure of satisfaction when you buy by mail from Hallam. You see the articles in your own home and can examine them without interference—if the goods do not please YOU in any way—you can simply send them back AT OUR EXPENSE, and we will cheerfully return your money—you are not out one cent—we are thus compelled to give extra good value, as we cannot afford to have goods returned.

**The articles illustrated in this advertisement are fair samples** of Hallam's great values and will be sent promptly on receipt of price.

**1506—Driving Coat of Fine Muskrat.** 45 inch length, beautifully designed. Skins are of fine quality; even, dark colors, carefully matched, and workmanship is faultless. Lined with heavy guaranteed brown satin—new style collar, which can be worn as a high Chin-chin or flat as in small illustration. Finished at waist line with half belt. In sizes 32 to 42 bust. **$75.00,** delivered to you.

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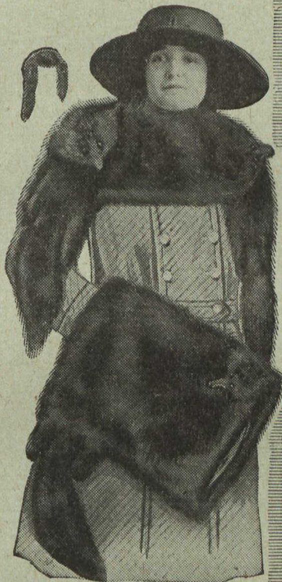
**1508—Muff** to match in new melon shape (as illustrated), or in pillow style, **$11.50,** delivered to you.

**1507—Hat** to match, silk lined. **$7.50,** delivered to you.



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Don't fail to send for this book TO-DAY—it is now ready for mailing and will be sent as requests are received.

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**BEATS ELECTRIC or GASOLINE**

Here's your opportunity to get the wonderful new **Aladdin** Coal Oil Mantle light **FREE.** Write quick for particulars. This great free offer will be withdrawn as soon as some distributor starts work in your neighborhood. You only need show the Aladdin to a few friends and neighbors; they will want one. We give you **yours free** for this help. Takes very little time, no investment. Costs nothing to try the **Aladdin** 10 nights.

## Burns 70 Hours on One Gallon

common coal oil, no odor, smoke or noise, simple, no pumping up, no pressure, won't explode. Tests by Government and thirty-five leading universities show the Aladdin gives **three times as much light** as best round wick flame lamps. **Won Gold Medal** at Panama Exposition. Over three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Guaranteed. And think of it—you can get it **without paying out a cent.** All charges prepaid. Ask for our 10-day Free Trial Offer and learn how to get **one Free.**

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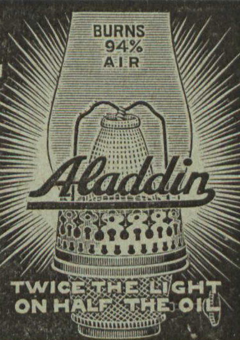




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ADVERTISING MANAGER, CANADIAN COURIER


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| Rooms | | Single | Double |
|---|---|---|---|
| 200 Rooms, | Private Bath, | $1.50 Single, | $3.00 Up Double |
| 200 | " " | 2.00 " | 4.00 " " |
| 100 | " " | 2.50 " | 4.50 " " |
| 100 | " " | 3.50 to 5.00 " | 5.00 " " |

*Total 600 Outside Rooms* - *All Absolutely Quiet*

Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms

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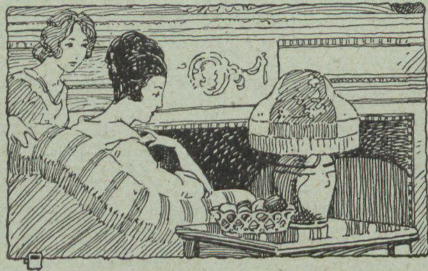
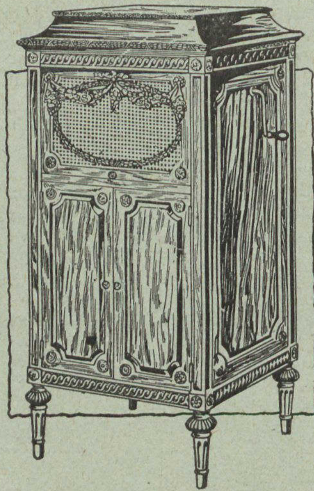


The Style here illustrated is Louis XVI—a veritable "object d'art"



The new Pathe' catalogue illustrating these Period Styles, is now ready. Write to us for free copy.

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*Wonderful Music housed in Beautiful Furniture.*

THE new Pathe' Cabinets are art-objects of beauty,—worthy temples of the music that pours from them. The very loveliness of their artistic appearance is a delight to one's aesthetic sense and enhances the pleasure of their possession.

In the development of sound-producing instruments, nothing has been more "out-of-tune"—more discordant—more jarring than the plain—often ugly—boxes in which many makers housed their instruments.

It is therefore fitting that the Pathephone, which has attained such signal superiority in musical and mechanical directions, should also lead the way in the beauty of its appearance.

Their creation is the result of that same thoroughness which, during twenty-five years of restless striving after improvement upon improvement, has characterized Pathe' methods.

Men who have made the art of decoration a life-long study were commissioned to design a series of Pathephone Cabinets that would be worthy of the great name of Pathe'.

Exquisite examples of furniture periods most famous in history were selected as the models for the Pathe' Period Cabinets. The result is a collection of instruments unique and beautiful.

*The following designs are now ready. See and hear them at your local Pathe' Agent.*
*"QUEEN ANNE," "LOUIS XVI," "SHERATON," "ADAMS," "WILLIAM & MARY."*

# Pathephone

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**The Pathe' Sapphire Ball, instead of sharp needles that wear and rip the record. No needles to change.**

**The loud and half-tone Sapphire.**

**The Pathe' All-Wood Sound Chamber built on the Violin principle.**

**The Tone Control Device to regulate volume of sound.**

The Pathephone not only plays the wonderful Pathe' discs, numbering the greatest quantity of musical selections recorded in the world, but is also equipped to play all makes of Records.

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**THE PATHÉ FRERES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO**

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