

Circulation Exceeds 50,000 Copies

# CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXIII. No. 25

TEN CENTS

SEPTE

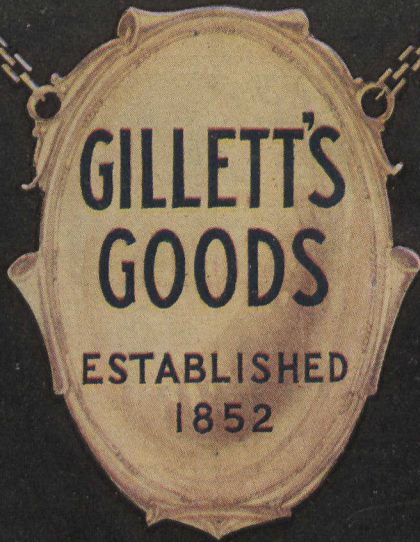
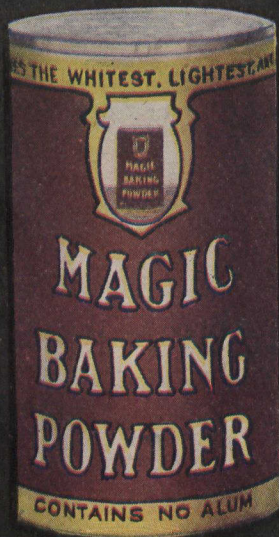
8  
Alex. Fraser  
67 Woodlawn Ave  
Toronto  
'5207 June 18



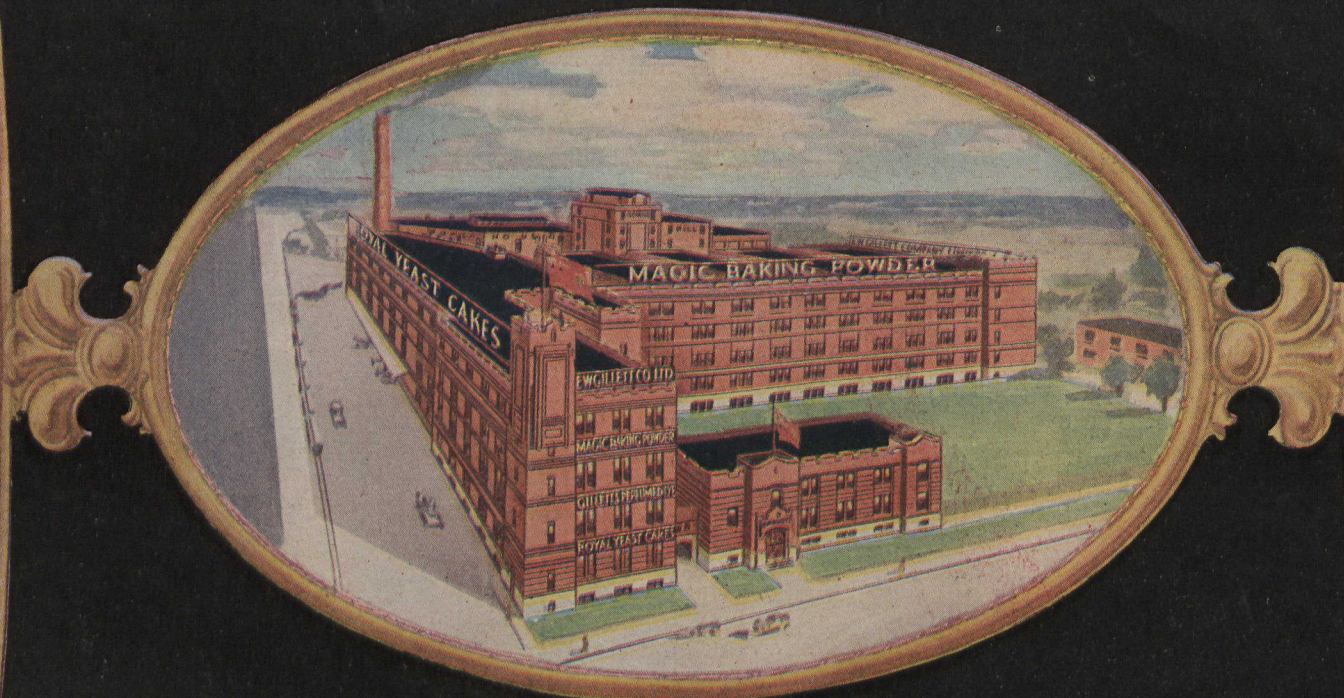
THE LAST LOAD FOR 1918

*What's the Matter with Farming? By Augustus Bridle*  
*The Lost Naval Papers - - By Bennet Copplestone*





"Best by Every Test"

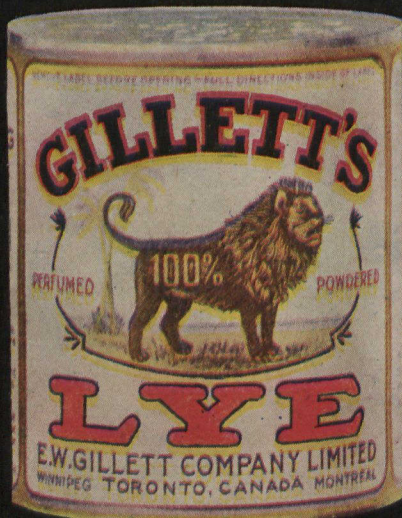


THE constant effort of manufacturers to improve their products and reach the highest point of perfection entitles them to your consideration, and while, for selfish motives there may be forces working to belittle such commendable efforts, the ultimate results are sooner or later bound to be recognized and appreciated by the thoughtful and intelligent individual. The success of

any of the well-known articles that have come to be looked upon as the standard articles of their kind, is invariably followed by the attempt of envious imitators to benefit by another's success, basing their claims for recognition on the unsubstantial statement of "just as good." Such claim is of itself a recognition of superiority of the article imitated.

Gillett's Goods have reached the point of perfection that places them in a class by themselves, and while often imitated, are never equalled.

All dealers are authorized to guarantee Gillett's Goods as being the best and purest that it is possible to produce, and to be just as represented.



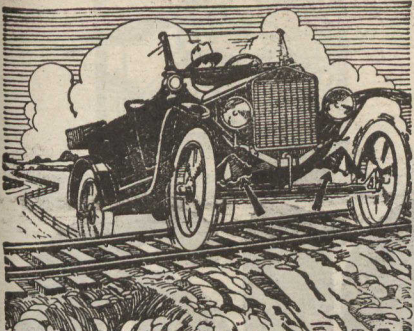
E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA

MONTREAL

WINNIPEG





**Tires \$500 Apiece!**

**T**IRES are selling at fabulous figures in Europe. War conditions may make them go almost as high here. You owe it to the country and to yourself to make your present set give the greatest possible mileage.



**Shock Absorber**  
For Ford Cars

Hassler Shock Absorbers save tires because they support the weight of the car. When the car strikes a rut, they gently compress and absorb the jolt instead of forcing the tires to lift the car. The increased mileage from one set of casings pays for them. Hassler Shock Absorbers make your Ford ride as easily as a \$2,000 limousine. They save gasoline, reduce up-keep cost one-third, and increase the resale value of your car. 300,000 Ford Owners recognize their economic necessity.

**10-Day Free Trial Offer**

Phone, write or call for FREE TRIAL BLANK and we will have a set of Hasslers put on your Ford without a cent of expense to you. Try them 10 days. Then, if you are willing to do without them, they will be taken off without charge. Don't ride without Hasslers simply because someone discourages you from trying them. Accept this offer and see for yourself. Over 300,000 sets in use. Do it now.



**ROBERT H. HASSLER, Limited**  
Lock Drawer D.C. HAMILTON, ONT., CAN.

# CANADIAN COURIER

Published fortnightly at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited.  
**Subscription Price**—Canada and Great Britain \$1.00 per year, United States \$1.50 per year, other countries \$2.00 per year, payable in advance. **IMPORTANT:** Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. **CANCELLATIONS:** We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.



**Published Every Other Week**

## The Human Touch in the Mail

**I**T is a mistake to believe that this commercialized civilization of ours has killed Romance, which is but another name for the delightful surprises human nature exhibits. It really did not need a postman's strike to convince many a business man that his morning's mail nurtured an appetite partially, at least, for sensations other than those associated with profits. I said Romance, thinking not only of pleasing ideals as of the tragic stuff that has shot through the warp of business as usual in Canada during four years.

It has become a truism that is untrue to say that the art of letter writing is dead. Far from it, yet letters are shorter. The War has called out the soul of the youthful even in matters relating to business. I am giving an instance in part herewith, only withholding the names:

"Living near the border I very often have occasion to cross the line, and one thing that always strikes me is this: you don't have to read it on a sign board to know you are in the U. S. A. The people are reading, talking and singing their country with an earnestness that gives a foreigner to understand that their country, and everything in it, is first with them.

"I used to wonder why we Canadians did not get the same spirit about our beautiful Canada. After reading one or two copies of the Courier I found the secret, the something that created in these friends of ours across the line that mighty national spirit.

"I am a young man, and I know what I am speaking about when I say, if we had more Couriers we would have fewer Dominion and military police employed in —. But this is no fault of the young men. They would fight if they only knew what a great and beautiful Canada this is."

That's rather worth while thinking about. A national journal which in its first reading convinces a young man that here is a force operating for patriotism and life. How we like to have our opinions confirmed! An observing and impressionable young man, I should say.

### THE BOYS MISS THEIR HOME PAPERS

Speaking of a war note, here is one in both senses. How many tradesmen over Canada have written over diminished business in their sales books these words, invisible to all but themselves: "Owing to the war." It is done uncomplainingly, for—we are at war. What thousands of young fellows are missing the influence of their home papers and magazines. The only thing we can do is to send to them occasionally. Recently some kind-hearted friends of the Courier, unknown to its management, have been subscribing numerous for copies directed to soldiers in hospitals.

Grand Mere, Que., July 6, 1918.

"Dear Sir:—

"It is too bad that I cannot receive any more your Courier. I go in the navy next week and can't tell if I will be back or not.

"Let me tell you as a French-Canadian that I was very satisfied with your paper and regret that I will not be able to read it for awhile.

"Yours truly,

"MATTY TROTTIER."

There is real regret for both of us in this note. And the "if" in it—how that expresses the war and its tragic uncertainty. In the spirit of the writer of the old song, some of our boys go to the war with a gentle sentiment,

"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more."

**THE BUSINESS EDITOR.**

## What is News?

News can only be that which is true—confirmed fact, evil exposed, and constructive good made known. Not rumors of the worst. Nor accidents, scandals and crimes of the day, with gresome details.

The gossip of a community does not constitute news, but a statement of the substantial progress of a world does.

**The Christian Science Monitor**  
An International Daily Newspaper looks first for fact.

Constructive fact it enlarges upon.

And it is entertaining as well as true, thorough and fearless.

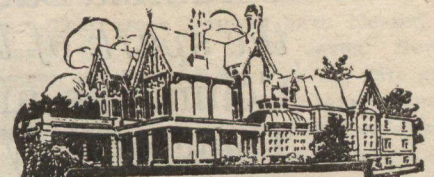
This motive and method has given it a universal news service, a world-wide circulation, an international advertising patronage.

The Christian Science Monitor is \$9.00 a year by mail, or may be obtained at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c; a single copy for 3c stamp.

**THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY**

BOSTON U. S. A.

Sole publishers of all authorized Christian Science literature



## Branksome Hall

10 Elm Ave. Rosedale, Toronto  
A Residential & Day School for Girls

Hon. Principal, Miss M. T. Scott.  
Principal, Miss Edith M. Read, M.A.

Pass and Honor Matriculation, French House, Art, Music, Domestic Science, Special Course in Dietetics, Large Playgrounds, Outdoor Games, PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR DAY UPILS.

Autumn Term will begin September 17th.

For Prospectus apply to the Principal.

## Glen Mawr

651 SPADINA AVENUE TORONTO

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Principal - MISS J. J. STUART (Successor to Miss Veale)

Classical Trips, Cambridge University, England.

Large, well-ventilated house, pleasantly situated. Highly qualified staff of Canadian and European teachers. The curriculum shows close touch with modern thought and education. Preparation for matriculation examinations. Special attention given to individual needs.

Outdoor Games

School Re-Opens September 12 New Prospectus from MISS STUART.

## S. Winifred Parker

Contralto.

Vocal Teacher, Hambourg Conservatory.

(North 2341), Toronto, Ont.



15 cents

**VOLPEEK**

MENDS POTS & PANS

Mends Graniteware, Tin, Iron, Aluminum, etc. in two minutes. Without tools. 80 mends for 15c. From your dealer or us, postpaid Vol-Peek Co., P.O. Box 2024, Montreal

**WHEN YOU GO WEST**

**WE HAVE**

**THE LOWEST FARE**

**THE MODERN TRAIN,**

**THE SCENIC ROUTE**

**AND THE SERVICE, TOO**

For information, literature, tickets and reservations, apply to nearest C.N.R. Ticket Agent, or write General Passenger Department, 68 King Street East, Toronto.

**CANADIAN NORTHERN**

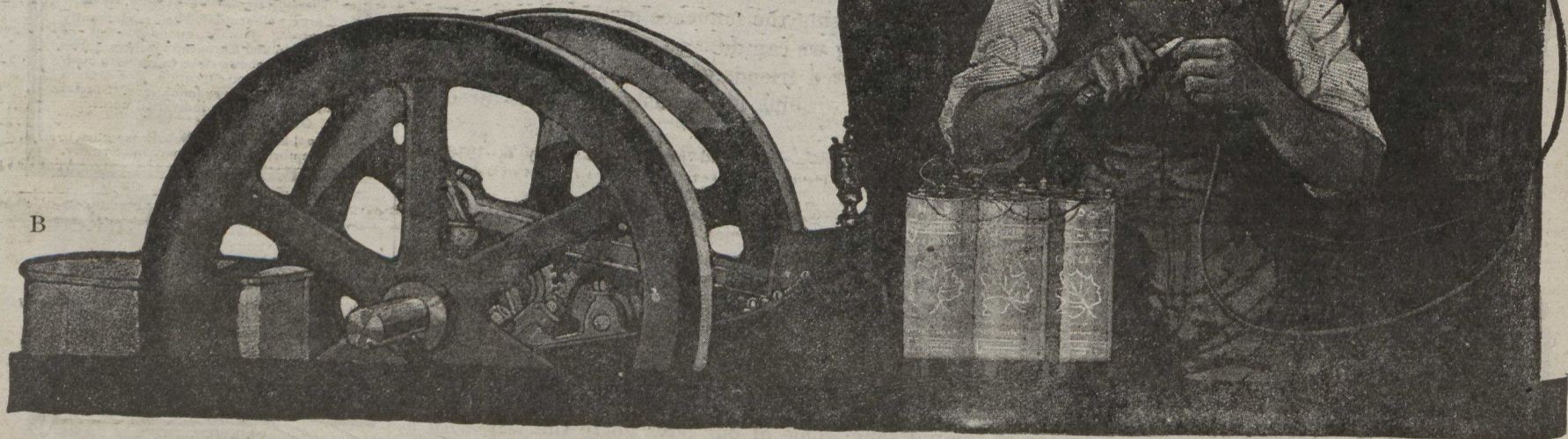
**WHY DON'T YOU REMEMBER?** We can train your memory, build self-confidence, concentration—a quarter of a million students prove it. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Pelman, Dept. O. Toronto, Canada.



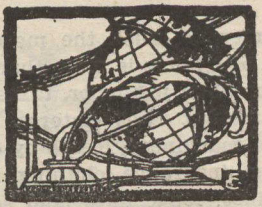
# Columbia Dry Batteries

IF the engine won't start, or the bell won't ring--if you need quick power for a truck or a tractor --if autos won't go, or lanterns won't light, or telephones are dead on your hands--wire in a set of Columbia Batteries. *They'll renew the spark of life like a flash.* For Columbias are eager with power. Their energy flows hot--*they make things GO.* They're the little red bundles of might! Columbias are the simplest form of power-source. You can buy them anywhere and they are easily and quickly wired up. Though they cost no more, they last longer. Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts, no extra charge.

Canadian National Carbon Company, Limited  
TORONTO, ONTARIO







# CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 25

SEPTEMBER 14, 1918

## WHAT'S *the* MATTER *with* FARMING?

*Brief story based on recent experience of work that no labor union controls and meals that no Food Board regulates.*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



The morning he went to the farm he not necessarily the writer—took his breakfast in the usual bored fashion, dividing his attention with the newspaper.

**M**OST of what's the matter with farming is that not enough people work at it, and that a great many of those who do are trying to run a modern-machinery plant by mediaeval methods. The first statement is truth; the second sounds like impertinence. But farming is a plain business and needs plain words.

If farmers and townfolk are ever to get rid of their No-Man's Land there will have to be a deal of plain speaking on both sides. When I worked on a farm as a lad I used to think that the fine person who drove along in his fancy rig had a sort of contempt for the clodhopper with the cowbite hat. I used to straighten up behind the harrows or take a tuck in the mowing of fence corners whenever one of those town nabobs in a phaeton with tassels all round the top drove along the town line. But the boot is on the other foot now. I know this because I have observed it. Two weeks ago I had just finished pitching on a load and was going up for a drink to the creek while the next wagon was coming from the barn when a neighbor, who was loading up barrels of water, looked up at the boss on the load and said:

"Say, Hiram, how do you git so many bookkeepers and dudes on this place?"

He grinned as he said it. One of those caustic grins of absolute and quite friendly contempt. That man I am sure had tried to hire a couple of city-men by offering them boy wages. He must have got one and found out what an abyss of agricultural ignorance he was. I met one of these tenderfoots on that same farm; a lean, dried-up little shaver too rickety for the draft, who had been hugging barley and oat sheaves for five days, one of which when he shocked barley was a 103 in the shade—and he was never in the shade.

"How do you like farming?" I asked him as he came mooching into an oat-field to shock up.

"Me? Oh, farmin's all right, I guess. But say—barley on a hot day is certainly a son of a gun."

That youth never will be a farmer except by the draft.

Extremes, however, do meet on the farm nowadays. No doubt I was one of them. But I had the nerve to ask a farmer top wages over the telephone, and he had called my bluff. I went. Fifty miles north of Toronto, not far from Lake Simcoe, I was faced up with the old, old job I had learned when a youth; one of the jobs that never can change no matter what machinery is invented.

At seven a.m., with two sheaves of wet oats at arm's length for shocking, I looked over the farm

and calculated that I was within sight of two million Scotch breakfasts. The farmer with whom I had engaged for as long as he could endure me at the price had 54 acres of oats, which would probably average 45 bushels to the acre. The price that morning was a dollar a bushel. Oats had never been so dear in the memory of man. Oats had climbed to the pinnacle which some farmers years ago said wheat never would regain—the dollar mark. Oats at three cents a pound in the raw. If a horse gets four quarts three times a day he gets away with 38 cents worth of oats. Do you wonder that your cartage man charges you more for moving? Or that your rolled oats carton is bulged in the price and shrunken in the contents?

And here were millions of Scotch breakfasts.

Down yonder in the city were half a million people.

At least half of these half million must regard porridge and cream and bacon as a luxurious breakfast. Yonder in the lane were twenty cattle. Rum-maging through a nearby oat field were thirty hogs. The farmer was too busy to spend time finding the holes in the fence through which they had wriggled. Twenty-cents-a-pound-on-the-hoof hogs were breakfasting on dollar-a-bushel oats. And the old dog never even noticed them. The hogs on that farm when matured at eight months would be worth \$1,500. The oats would round up \$2,500. Twelve acres of good wheat—salvaged from winter-kill—about a thousand more. Sheep at \$6 a fleece—almost found money. Eggs from a hundred hens—I bought all I could carry home at 40 cents a dozen. The cellar had small stacks of butter at between 40 and 45 cents a pound. Harvest and fall apple trees were loaded to the brim; barrels of apples windfalling, calves and hogs gobbling them up. Turnips, mangolds, and potatoes by the acre were bulging up near the barn. Buckwheat was in full bloom. The garden was ripe with squash, tomatoes, carrots and beets.

And a few days ago somebody downtown wailed about the possibility of a world famine. Where was it? Not here.

**S**HOCKING oats at a dollar a bushel is a privilege. Making the acquaintance of 1918 porkers is another. And the hogs know it. These adventurous pirates wriggle in everywhere except the kitchen and the spare bedroom. I caught three of them drinking leisurely at a pail of milk. The old-time hog always upset the bucket first and tried to drink the swill afterwards. These experts knew better than to waste food. The place for all available food was inside the hog. I heaved a brick at the trio. They turned to smell the brick and finding it not good to eat turned to the milk again. I kicked one of them in the shoulder. Kick an old-time hog and he squealed for a mile. This one did not even grunt. He turned to look at me severely—

"You do that again, Mr. Cityman, and I'll have you reported to the Food Board. I am a modern hog."

However, with all the astounding transformations in farm technic, the art of shocking is just what it was forty years ago, except that the binder has a sheaf carrier that dumps the sheaves in a sort of

sprawled-out windrow. If you are not too slow, seven acres of good oats is all you will shock in a day. That cool damp morning, with the boss and his gang pulling up big stones by a windlass on a huge truck, and the Government tractor snorting its way across a long field plowing for fall wheat, it seemed to me I could have shocked that whole 16-acre field by sundown.

But in half an hour I was soaked to the last stitch, all but the shoulders. I rolled my overalls above my knees and went at it Highlander style. My socks were soaked. I pulled them off. By noon, going barefoot in a pair of new boots, I had a battery of blisters on my feet. In the afternoon the binder went again, the stubble crackled and the field was hot. Miles to walk. Thousands of sheaves to lug. But down yonder at the far end of the field and half along one side was the twist of a glorious creek born in the spring of a hill, haunted by a pair of cranes and trailing away somewhere to the Nottawasaga. That creek I would have blessed in seven languages, yes, seventy times seven. Seven times a forenoon it found me down on my flats guzzling up the running water. In the shade of a clump maple, down in the gorge among the water-cress and the wild raspberries, out yonder by the jog where the creek scooted under a pole into a cow pasture, again in some other field just beyond the bridge where the water raced over a patch of stones, still again back by the wagon ford, or out in the lane where it became a mere thread in a baby canyon, best of all, as I found out back by the main-lane bridge at the foot of a clump of cedars, where the cool rivulet raced along the edge of the hill forty rods from the spring that started it from nowhere—at all times and places I made it the second joy in life to guzzle that creek. And whenever I got to a field where the creek was absent and the water pail was the only way, I felt lonesome.

I shocked three days on end. Then I was glad to go hauling—wheat, barley and oats. Three teams; one for hauling up the sling-loads in the barn, the others on two wagons keeping one man in the field by choice pitching on—which was the writer.

Hauling in if you earn your good wages plus board is no exercise for a college graduate. When you contract at top wages and the farmer calls your bluff, you go up at once against an organized scheme operated by experts who are as hard as nails, while you are at first as soft as butter. But that's all a matter



Evening of the same day he faced a farm supper with the feeling that a square meal is the biggest thing in life.



of adjustment, enough drinks and enough apples crammed into all your four pants' pockets. There is no time to smoke. You just sling sheaves, scrunch apples and count the loads. By schedule you should fork on three loads an hour; which is rather more than you accomplish, though with good luck and not too much hustling after unshocked sheaves you get well over the twenty-load mark for the day; after which with blistered hands—in spite of leather gloves—and tired sore feet, you rouse enough energy not to be missing at supper.

Did I speak of the second joy in life at the creek? Then I will mention the first joy of living—at the farmer's table. You are no angel. You are conscious of a craving within that passes all the foolish craving for liquor, gambling or baseball. The table is heaped with food, which if bought a la carte down town would make a mining magnate blink at the bill. You imagine it will not be enough. Sometimes you are right. Everybody from field way eats as though if he did not he would be hanged. And the joy of such eating is not contained in the English language, except it be in the fat follies of Rabelais. You do not even talk at the table. You simply and solely eat until you can eat no more, knowing that you will never have indigestion, and that four pocketfuls of apples an afternoon make no difference to the total.

**W**HEN you have raised nine blisters under one pair of leather gloves and eaten as much at one meal as you did at three in town you are either broken in or a fit candidate for the hospital. I heard of one callow youth up in that country who did all the loading from a hay-loader and all the mowing away in the barn—and is not over it yet. But such enthusiasm is a rarity. Good farming will make a man of a derelict from the desk as quick as soldiering. It takes the kinks from his nerves, sluices the poison from his system, stretches all his muscles and limbers up all his joints. When a man's sweat blacks his shirt in a fair wind he is in no need of a masseur. His aches and ailments pack up and sneak back to town to wait till he gets back. As long as he does the bear dance with the pitchfork or keeps after the three-horse binder shocking he needs no more medicine than a little salve for his sore spots which soon leave him for good. After a week he is limbered up. Age that used to creep on him by stiffening his joints discovers that he has something of the urge of youth again. And he wonders at the fool he was ever to stay at a sit-down job till he became such a poor soft lump.

Books could be written about this. And the farm folk would never read them. The men I met on that farm—three or four of them—had all been

cradled in the kind of work that makes a man hard and supple, and as a rule incapable of fatigue.

The boss has no grown sons. He depends upon hired help. As a rule he tries to keep one man the year round, preferably a married man in the second house on the place, allowing him a garden, a cow. use of a horse, etc., besides wages. In practice he keeps a man about two-thirds of the year with special help in harvest, and while I was there use of one of the 140 Government tractors for plowing. By nipping in at every turn, getting ahead of every possible occasion, keeping his machines running as late and early as possible, he is able to keep that 200-acre farm operating normally at a profit. How much profit he does not know—and he has a capable head for management. He keeps no books in the ordinary way. He is not able to turn up a ledger and tell you just what he made last year, and on what he lost and where one part of the place had to carry some other. He believes first of all in hard work, reasonably long hours, extra spurts whenever possible, plenty of help at good wages, and never quarrelling with his men. In this way he keeps his place pretty well manned and does not have to depend mainly on the "book-keepers and dudes."

What he will make this year he is not able to estimate. I am not sure that he has any sure method of finding out what he makes in any year. Very few farmers have. The recent questionnaire of the Finance Minister on the income tax assumes that the average farmer can be a double-entry bookkeeper. Which he emphatically cannot. The average best-regulated farm in Ontario is a financial mystery. The O. A. C. has never made it anything else. The Ontario Department of Agriculture seems to have made some attempts at getting at the profit and loss aspect of farming; of which more in our next article. But, generally speaking, the farm is a gamble. Weather and prices and wheat-pits and all the other accidents of nature combine to make it a gamble. The farmer has never learned to consider himself a normal individual. He gets the main part of his living direct from the land. He is surrounded by plenty. He produces for export and what he does not produce he imports. In order to find out what my summer boss amounts to as a going concern I should have to go into a lot of matters that are very difficult. The only sure way is for the farmer to sell to himself every bushel and pound he produces at current market rates. Thus he gets the cash value of the raw material. Then he must buy back enough grain and roots and hay to feed and fit his stock. His stock consists of hogs, cattle, sheep, horses and hens. The hogs, sheep, cattle and hens are revenue producers by sale. The horses are laborers. If he

sells some of his horses so much the more to his revenue. But the life of a horse is more than a year.

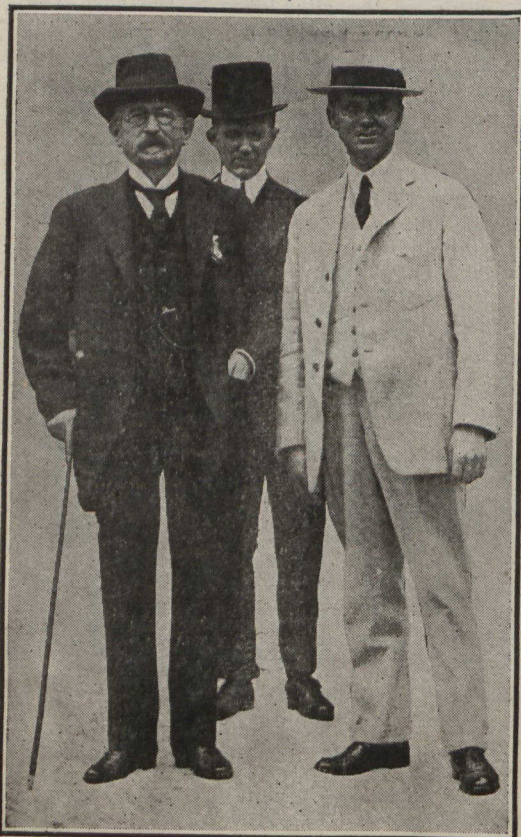
On the credit side he must put labor, taxes, food—estimated at current market rates—interest or rent, average annual cost of machinery, losses by death of animals or of breakage, insurance, clothing, harness, doctor bills, church dues, lodge dues, and so on.

You think this is simple. My town friend, it is not so. Sir Thomas White would have the time of his life if he tried to debit and credit and income-tax an average farmer on the premises.

But we must admit that the good average farmer is within reach of more tangible wealth than the average townsman. My boss this summer is within sight of an aggregate of perhaps \$4,500 worth of saleable produce, outside of what he requires to help him live. How much of that is properly called income as a salary is called income is for the expert to determine. All I know is that while I was on the farm I was handling wealth and within sight of plenty; that if you should put a Chinese wall about that farmer and keep him from getting out for a year he could manage to live—without tea and sugar and any new clothes and furniture—and still have something left. He would still have a lot of his wheat and oats and hogs and cattle. I know that he is paying off a mortgage and that he has some balance at the bank. I also know that in normal times this farmer, who is considerably above the average, makes some profit on his farm; how much I don't know, but not a great deal. Therefore, the average farmer who is less capable than he is cannot in normal times be more than breaking even, and will do well not to operate at a loss.

This suggests still further for a second article—what is the matter with farming? If the study of this problem had nothing more in it than how a city man spent a few days of vacation shocking and pitching, there would be assuredly not much the matter. I got a better living than I had in town, more health at my work and some entertainment. I had the joy of day after day without telephones or tag-sellers, or somebody with something to sell; of night after night of harvest moons when the only sound to remind me how intent it all was, in a sea of starry light was the bleat of a far-off sheep, the clank of a cow-bell, the dropping of apples from the trees and some back-scratching \$40 hog playing mandolin on ten rods of woven-wire fence. But if somebody wanted to lend me \$10,000 to-morrow to buy and stock a hundred-acre farm and expect me to pay him back out of profits before either of us was dead I should invite him to apply for lodgings at a place where the inmates think all the rest of the world is crazy.

**B**ARON SHAUGHNESSY, at his left, T. A. Russell, President C. N. E., behind him Mayor Church of Toronto, opened the Canadian National Exhibition with a message of common-sense concerning labor and capital.



## Facing the Camera

A variety of people without regard to stage values

**A**FTER 69 years of married life Mrs. Luke, of Toronto, aged 90, cast her first political vote in the recent bye-election that elected Hon. Dr. Cody. Her husband, aged 91, voted the same ticket. Great age evidently endorses the candidature of the distinguished cleric whose new programme is the education of Ontario's youth.



**C**ARUSO has sang many great emotional roles, but until his recent marriage to a New York society lady he never realized what it means to pay household expenses on \$3,000 a night.





# The LOST NAVAL PAPERS

By **Bennet Coplestone**

Illustrated by **T. W. McLEAN**



## A STORY AND A VISIT.

At the beginning of the month of September, 1916, there appeared in The Cornhill Magazine a story entitled "The Lost Naval Papers." I had told this story at second-hand, for the incidents had not occurred within my personal experience. One of the principals—to whom I had allotted the temporary name of Richard Cary—was an intimate friend, but I had never met the Scotland Yard officer whom I called William Dawson, and was not at all anxious to make his official acquaintance. To me he then seemed an inhuman, icy-blooded "sleuth," a being of great national importance, but repulsive and dangerous as an associate. Yet by a turn of Fortune's wheel I came not only to know William Dawson, but to work with him, and almost to like him. His penetrative efficiency compelled one's admiration, and his unconcealed vanity showed that he did not stand wholly outside the human family. Yet I never felt safe with Dawson. In his presence, and when I knew that somewhere round the corner he was carrying on his mysterious investigations, I was perpetually apprehensive of his hand upon my shoulder and his bracelets upon my wrists. I was unconscious of crime, but the Defence of the Realm Regulations—which are to Dawson a new fount of wisdom and power—create so many fresh offences every week that it is difficult for the most timidly loyal of citizens to keep his innocence up to date. I have doubtless trespassed many times, for I have Dawson's assurance that my present freedom is due solely to his reprehensible softness towards me. Whenever I have showed independence of spirit—which, God knows, I have little in these days—Dawson would pull out his terrible red volumes of ever-expanding Regulations and make notes of my committed crimes. The Act itself could be printed on a sheet of notepaper, but it has given birth to a whole library of Regulations. Thus he bent me to his will as he had my poor friend Richard Cary.

The mills of Scotland Yard grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small. There is nothing showy about them. They work by system, not by inspiration. Though Dawson was not specially intelligent—in some respects almost stupid—he was dreadfully, terrifyingly efficient, because he was part of the slowly grinding Scotland Yard machine.

As this book properly begins with my published story of "The Lost Naval Papers," I will reprint it here exactly as it was written for the readers of The Cornhill Magazine in September, 1916.

### I. Baiting the Trap.

THIS story—which contains a moral for those fearful folk who exalt everything German—was told to me by Richard Cary, the accomplished naval correspondent of a big paper in the North of England. I have known him and his enthusiasm for the White Ensign for twenty years. He springs from an old naval stock, the Carys of North Devon, and has devoted his life to the study of the Sea Service. He had for so long been accustomed to move freely among shipyards and navy men, and was trusted so completely, that the veil of secrecy which dropped in August, 1914, between the Fleets and the world scarcely existed for him. Everything which he desired to know for the better understanding of the real work of the Navy came to him officially or unofficially. When, therefore, he states that the Naval Notes with which this story deals would have been of incalculable value to the enemy, I accept his word

By special arrangement with the publishers—Thos. Allen. without hesitation. I have myself seen some of them, and they made me tremble—for Cary's neck. "No," said he, "I have told you the yarn just as it happened; write it yourself. I am a dull dog, quite efficient at handling hard facts and making scientific deductions from them, but with no eye for the picturesque details. I give it to you." He rose to go—Cary had been lunching with me—but paused for an instant upon my front doorstep. "If you insist upon it," added he, smiling, "I don't mind sharing in the plunder."

It was in the latter part of May, 1916. Cary was hard at work one morning in his rooms in the Northern City where he had established his headquarters. His study table was littered with papers—notes, diagrams, and newspaper cuttings—and he was laboriously reducing the apparent chaos into an orderly

## INTRODUCING DAWSON

—who is liable to turn up as a marine, a Jack Tar, or a naval lieutenant, whenever there's a job for the Secret Service.

"Nobody ever sees me," he says, "though I am everywhere. The first time I came to your house I wore a beard, and the second time I looked like a gas inspector."

This bull-headed sleuth thumps the table to a High Admiral and like as not comes to grips with his quarry in the dark. The Lost Naval Papers is a thrilling sidelight on Dawson and the drama of the sea.

IN THREE INSTALMENTS

series of chapters upon the Navy's Work which he proposed to publish after the war was over. It was not designed to be an exciting book—Cary has no dramatic instinct—but it would be full of fine sound stuff, close accurate detail, and clear analysis. Day by day for more than twenty months he had been collecting details of every phase of the Navy's operations, here a little and there a little. He had recently returned from a confidential tour of the shipyards and naval bases, and had exercised his trained eye upon checking and amplifying what he had previously learned. While his recollection of this tour was fresh he was actively writing up his Notes and revising the rough early draft of his book. More than once it had occurred to him that his accumulations of Notes were dangerous explosives to store in a private house. They were becoming so full and so accurate that the enemy would have paid any sum or have committed any crime to secure possession of them. Cary is not nervous or imaginative—have I not said that he springs from a naval stock?—but even he now and then felt anxious. He would, I believe, have slept peacefully though knowing that a delicately primed bomb lay beneath his bed, for personal risks troubled him little, but the thought that hurt to his country might come from his well-meant labors sometimes rapped against his nerves. A few days before his patriotic conscience had been stabbed by no less a personage than Admiral Jellicoe.

who, speaking to a group of naval students which included Cary, had said: "We have concealed nothing from you, for we trust absolutely to your discretion. Remember what you have seen, but do not make any notes." Yet here at this moment was Cary disregarding the orders of a Commander-in-Chief whom he worshipped. He tried to square his conscience by reflecting that no more than three people knew of the existence of his Notes or of the book which he was writing from them, and that each one of those three was as trustworthy as himself. So he went on collating, comparing, writing, and the heap upon his table grew bigger under his hands.

The clock had just struck twelve upon that morning when a servant entered and said, "A gentleman to see you, sir, upon important business. His name is Mr. Dawson."

Cary jumped up and went to his dining-room, where the visitor was waiting. The name had meant nothing to him, but the instant his eyes fell upon Mr. Dawson he remembered that he was the chief Scotland Yard officer who had come north to teach the local police how to keep track of the German agents who infested the shipbuilding centres. Cary had met Dawson more than once, and had assisted him with his intimate local knowledge. He greeted his visitor with smiling courtesy, but Dawson did not smile. His first words, indeed, came like shots from an automatic pistol.

"Mr. Cary," said he, "I want to see your Naval Notes."

Cary was staggered, for the three people whom I have mentioned did not include Mr. Dawson. "Certainly," said he, "I will show them to you if you ask officially. But how in the world did you hear anything about them?"

"I am afraid that a good many people know about them, most undesirable people too. If you will show them to me—I am asking officially—I will tell you what I know."

CARY led the way to his study. Dawson glanced round the room, at the papers heaped upon the table, at the tall windows bare of curtains—Cary, who loved light and sunshine, hated curtains—and growled. Then he locked the door, pulled down the thick blue blinds required by the East Coast lighting orders, and switched on the electric lights though it was high noon in May. "That's better," said he. "You are an absolutely trustworthy man, Mr. Cary. I know all about you. But you are damned careless. That bare window is overlooked from half a dozen streets. You might as well do your work in the flat."

Dawson picked up some of the papers, and their purport was explained to him by Cary. "I don't know anything of naval details," said he, "but I don't need any evidence of the value of the stuff here. The enemy wants it, wants it badly; that is good enough for me."

"But," remonstrated Cary, "no one knows of these papers, or of the use to which I am putting them, except my son in the Navy, my wife (who has not read a line of them), and my publisher in London."

"Hum!" commented Dawson. "Then how do you account for this?"

He opened his leather despatch-case and drew forth a parcel carefully wrapped up in brown paper. Within the wrapping was a large white envelope of the linen woven paper used for registered letters, and generously sealed. To Cary's surprise, for the envelope appeared to be secure, Dawson cautiously opened it so as not to break the seal which was adhering to the flap and drew out a second smaller envelope, also sealed. This he opened in the same delicate way and took out a third; from the third he drew a fourth, and so on until eleven empty envelopes had been added to the litter piled upon Cary's table, and the twelfth, a small one, remained in Dawson's hands.

"Did you ever see anything so childish?" observed he, indicating the envelopes. "A big, registered, sealed Chinese puzzle like that is just crying out to be opened. We would have seen the inside of that



one even if it had been addressed to the Lord Mayor, and not to—well, someone in whom we are deeply interested, though he does not know it.”

Cary, who had been fascinated by the succession of sealed envelopes, stretched out his hand towards one of them. “Don’t touch,” snapped out Dawson. “Your clumsy hands would break the seals, and then there would be the devil to pay. Of course all these envelopes were first opened in my office. It takes a dozen years to train men to open sealed envelopes so that neither flap nor seal is broken, and both can be again secured without showing a sign of disturbance. It is a trade secret.”

DAWSON’S expert fingers opened the twelfth envelope, and he produced a letter. “Now, Mr. Cary, if we had not known you and also known that you were absolutely honest and loyal—though dangerously simple-minded and careless in the matter of windows—this letter would have been very awkward indeed for you. It runs: ‘Hagan arrives 10.30 p.m. Wednesday to get Cary’s Naval Notes. Meet him. Urgent.’ Had we not known you, Mr. Richard Cary might have been asked to explain how Hagan knew all about his Naval Notes and was so very confident of being able to get them.”

Cary smiled. “I have often felt,” said he, “especially in war-time, that it was most useful to be well known to the police. You may ask me anything you like, and I will do my best to answer. I confess that I am aghast at the searchlight of inquiry which has suddenly been turned upon my humble labors. My son at sea knows nothing of the Notes except what I have told him in my letters, my wife has not read a line of them, and my publisher is the last man to talk. I seem to have suddenly dropped into the middle of a detective story.” The poor man scratched his head and smiled ruefully at the Scotland Yard officer.

“Mr. Cary,” said Dawson, “those windows of yours would account for anything. You have been watched for a long time, and I am perfectly sure that our friend Hagan and his associates here know precisely in what drawer of that desk you keep your Naval Papers. Your flat is easy to enter—I had a look round before coming in to-day—and on Wednesday night (that is to-morrow) there will be a scientific burglary here and your Notes will be stolen.”

“Oh, no, they won’t,” cried Cary. “I will take them down this afternoon to my office and lock them up in the big safe. It will put me to a lot of bother, for I shall also have to lock up there the chapters of my book.”

“You newspaper men ought all to be locked up yourselves. You are a cursed nuisance to honest, hard-worked Scotland Yard men like me. But you mistake the object of my visit. I want this flat to be entered to-morrow night, and I want your Naval Papers to be stolen.”

For a moment the wild thought came to Cary that this man Dawson—the chosen of the Yard—was himself a German Secret Service agent, and must have shown in his eyes some signs of the suspicion, for Dawson laughed loudly. “No, Mr. Cary, I am not in the Kaiser’s pay, nor are you, though the case against you might be painted pretty black. This man Hagan is on our string in London, and we want him very badly indeed. Not to arrest—at least not just yet—but to keep running round showing us his pals and all their little games. He is an Irish-American, a very unbenevolent neutral, to whom we want to give a nice, easy, happy time, so that he can mix himself up thoroughly with the spy business and wrap a rope many times round his neck. We will pull on to the end when we have finished with him, but not a minute too soon. He is too precious to be frightened. Did you ever come across such an ass?”—Dawson contemptuously indicated the pile of sealed envelopes; “he must have soaked himself in American dime novels and cinema crime films. He will be of more use to us than a dozen of our best officers. I feel that I love Hagan, and won’t have him disturbed. When he comes here to-morrow night, he shall be seen, but not heard. He shall enter this room, lift your Notes, which shall be in their usual drawer, and shall take them safely away. After that I rather fancy that we shall enjoy ourselves, and that the salt will stick very firmly upon Hagan’s little tail.”

Cary did not at all like this plan; it might offer amusement and instruction to the police, but seemed to involve himself in an excessive amount of responsibility. “Will it not be far too risky to let him

take my Notes even if you do shadow him closely afterwards? He will get them copied and scattered amongst a score of agents, one of whom may get the information through to Germany. You know your job, of course, but the risk seems too big for me. After all, they are my Notes, and I would far sooner burn them now than that the Germans should see a line of them.”

Dawson laughed again. “You are a dear, simple soul, Mr. Cary; it does one good to meet you. Why on earth do you suppose I came here to-day if it were not to enlist your help? Hagan is going to take all the risks; you and I are not looking for any. He is going to steal some Naval Notes, but they will not be those which lie on this table. I myself will take charge of those and of the chapters of your most reprehensible book. You shall prepare, right now, a beautiful new artistic set of notes calculated to deceive. They must be accurate where any errors would be spotted, but wickedly false wherever deception would be good for Fritz’s health. I want you to get down to a real plant. This letter shall be sealed up again in its twelve silly envelopes and go by registered post to Hagan’s correspondent. You shall have till to-morrow morning to invent all those things which we want Fritz to believe about the Navy. Make us out to be as rotten as you plausibly can. Give him some heavy losses to gloat over and to tempt him out of harbor. Don’t overdo it, but mix up your fiction with enough facts to keep it sweet and make it sound convincing. If you do your work well—and the Naval authorities here seem to think a lot of you—Hagan will believe in your Notes, and will try to get them to his German friends at any cost or risk, which will be exactly what we want of him. Then, when he has served our purpose, he will find that we—have—no—more—use—for—him.”

Dawson accompanied this slow, harmlessly sounding sentence with a grim and nasty smile. Cary, before whose eyes flashed for a moment the vision of a chill dawn, cold grey walls, and a silent firing party, shuddered. It was a dirty task to lay so subtle a trap even for a dirty Irish-American spy. His honest English soul revolted at the call upon his brains and knowledge, but common sense told him that in this way, Dawson’s way, he could do his country a very real service. For a few minutes he mused over the task set to his hand, and then spoke.

“All right. I think that I can put up exactly what you want. The faked Notes shall be ready when you come to-morrow. I will give the whole day to them.”

In the morning the new set of Naval Papers was ready, and their purport was explained in detail to Dawson, who chuckled joyously. “This is exactly what Admiral — wants, and it shall get through to Germany by Fritz’s own channels. I have misjudged you, Mr. Cary; I thought you little better than a fool, but that story here of a collision in a fog and the list of damaged Queen Elizabeths in dock would have taken in even me. Fritz will suck it down like cream. I like that effort even better than your grave comments on damaged turbines and worn-out gun tubes. You are a genius, Mr. Cary, and I must take you to lunch with the Admiral this very day. You can explain the plant better than I can, and he is dying to hear all about it. Oh, by the way, he particularly wants a description of the failure to complete the latest batch of big shell fuses, and the shortage of lyddite. You might get that done before the evening. Now for the burglary. Do nothing, nothing at all, outside your usual routine. Come home at your usual hour, go to bed as usual, and sleep soundly if you can. Should you hear any noise in the night, put your head under the bedclothes. Say nothing to Mrs. Cary unless you are obliged, and for God’s sake don’t let any woman—wife, daughter, or maid-servant—disturb my pearl of a burglar while he is at work. He must have a clear run, with everything exactly as he expects to find it. Can I depend upon you?”

“I don’t pretend to like the business,” said Cary, “but you can depend upon me to the letter of my orders.”

“Good,” cried Dawson. “That is all I want.”

## II. The Trap Closes.

CARY heard no noise, though he lay awake for most of the night, listening intently. The flat seemed to be more quiet even than usual. There was little traffic in the street below, and hardly a step broke the long silence of the night. Early in the morning—at six B.S.T.—Cary slipped out of bed,

stole down to his study, and pulled open the deep drawer in which he had placed the bundle of faked Naval Notes. They had gone! So the Spy Burglar had come, and, carefully shepherded by Dawson’s sleuth-hounds, had found the primrose path easy for his crime. To Cary, the simple, honest gentleman, the whole plot seemed to be utterly revolting—justified, of course, by the country’s needs in time of war, but none the less revolting. There is nothing of glamor in the Secret Service, nothing of romance, little even of excitement. It is a cold-blooded exercise of wits against wits, of spies against spies. The amateur plays a fish upon a line and gives him a fair run for his life, but the professional fisherman—to whom a salmon is a people’s food—nets him coldly and expeditiously as he comes in from the sea.

Shortly after breakfast there came a call from Dawson on the telephone. “All goes well. Come to my office as soon as possible.” Cary found Dawson bubbling with professional satisfaction. “It was beautiful,” cried he. “Hagan was met at the train, taken to a place we know of, and shadowed by us tight as wax. We now know all his associates—the swine have not even the excuse of being German. He burgled your flat himself while one of his gang watched outside. Never mind where I was; you would be surprised if I told you; but I saw everything. He has the faked papers, is busy making copies, and this afternoon is going down the river in a steamer to get a glimpse of the shipyards and docks and check your Notes as far as can be done. Will they stand all right?”

“Quite all right,” said Cary. “The obvious things were given correctly.”

“Good. We will be in the steamer.”

CARY went that afternoon, quite unchanged in appearance by Dawson’s order. “If you try to disguise yourself,” declared that expert, “you will be spotted at once. Leave the refinements to us.” Dawson himself went as an elderly dug-out officer with the rank marks of a colonel, and never spoke a word to Cary upon the whole trip down and up the teeming river. Dawson’s men were scattered here and there—one a passenger of inquiring mind, another a deckhand, yet a third—a pretty girl in khaki—sold tea and cakes in the vessel’s saloon. Hagan—who, Cary heard afterwards, wore the brass-bound cap and blue kit of a mate in the American merchant service—was never out of sight for an instant of Dawson or of one of his troupe. He busied himself with a strong pair of marine glasses, and now and then asked innocent questions of the ship’s deckhands. He had evidently himself once served as a sailor. One deckhand, an idle fellow to whom Hagan was very civil, told his questioner quite a lot of interesting details about the Navy ships, great and small, which could be seen upon the building slips. All these details tallied strangely with those recorded in Cary’s Notes. The trip up and down the river was a great success for Hagan and for Dawson, but for Cary it was rather a bore. He felt somehow out of the picture. In the evening Dawson called at Cary’s office and broke in upon him. “We had a splendid trip to-day,” said he. “It exceeded my utmost hopes. Hagan thinks no end of your Notes, but he is not taking any risks. He leaves in the morning for Glasgow to do the Clyde and to check some more of your stuff. Would you like to come?” Cary remarked that he was rather busy, and that those river excursions, though doubtless great fun for Dawson, were rather poor sport for himself. Dawson laughed joyously—he was a cheerful soul when he had a spy upon his string. “Come along,” said he. “See the thing through. I should like you to be in at the death.” Cary observed that he had no stomach for cold, damp dawns and firing parties.

“I did not quite mean that,” replied Dawson. “Those closing ceremonies are still strictly private. But you should see the chase through to a finish. You are a newspaper man, and should be eager for new experiences.”

“I will come,” said Cary, rather reluctantly. “But I warn you that my sympathies are steadily going over to Hagan. The poor devil does not look to have a dog’s chance against you.”

“He hasn’t,” said Dawson, with great satisfaction. Cary, to whom the wonderful Clyde was as familiar as the river near his own home, found the second trip almost as wearisome as the first. But not quite. He was now able to recognize Hagan, who again appeared as a brass-bounder, and did not affect to conceal his deep interest in the naval panoramas



offered by the river. Nothing of real importance can, of course, be learned from a casual steamer trip, but Hagan seemed to think otherwise, for he was always either watching through his glasses or asking apparently artless questions of passengers or passing deckhands. Again a sailor seemed disposed to be communicative; he pointed out more than one monster in steel, red raw with surface rust, and gave particulars of a completed power which would have surprised the Admiralty Superintendent. They would not, however, have surprised Mr. Cary, in whose ingenious brain they had been conceived. This second trip, like the first, was declared by Dawson to have been a great success. "Did you know me?" he asked

"I was a clean-shaven naval doctor, about as unlike the army colonel of the first trip as a pigeon is unlike a gamecock. Hagan is off to London to-night by the North-Western. There are two copies of your Notes. One is going by Edinburgh and the east coast, and another by the Midland. Hagan has the original masterpiece. I will look after him and leave the two other messengers to my men. I have been on to the Yard by phone, and have arranged that all three shall have passports for Holland. The two copies shall reach the Kaiser, bless him, but I really must have Hagan's set of Notes for my Museum."

"And what will become of Hagan?" asked Cary.

"Come and see," said Mr. Dawson.

Dawson entertained Cary at dinner in a private room at the Station Hotel, waited upon by one of his own confidential men. "Nobody ever sees me," he observed with much satisfaction, "though I am everywhere." (I suspect that Dawson is not without his little vanities.) "Except in my office and with people whom I know well, I am always some one else. The first time I came to your house I wore uniform, and the second time looked like a gas inspector. You saw only the real Dawson. When one has got the passion for the chase in one's blood, one cannot bide for long in a stuffy office. As I have a jewel of an assistant, I can always escape and follow up my own victims. This man Hagan is a black heartless devil. Don't waste your sympathy on him, Mr. Cary. He took money from us quite lately to betray the silly asses of Sinn Feiners, and now, thinking us hoodwinked, is after more money from the Kaiser. He is of the type that would sell his own mother and buy a mistress with the money. He's not worth your pity. We use him and his like for just so long as they can be useful, and then the jaws of the trap close. By letting him take those faked Notes we have done a fine stroke for the Navy and for the Yard, and for Bill Dawson. We have got into close touch with four new German agents here and two more down south. We shan't seize them yet; just keep them hanging on and use them. That's the game. I am never anxious about an agent when I know him and can keep him watched. Anxious, bless you; I love him like a cat loves a mouse. I've had some spies on my string ever since the war began; I wouldn't have them touched or worried for the world. Their correspondence tells me everything, and if a letter to Holland which they haven't written slips in sometimes, it's useful, very useful, as useful almost as your faked Notes."

HALF an hour before the night train was due to leave for the South, Dawson, very simply but effectively changed in appearance—for Hagan knew by sight the real Dawson—led Cary to the middle sleeping-coach on the train. "I have had Hagan put in No. 5," he said, "and you and I will take Nos. 4 and 6. No 5 is an observation berth; there is one fixed up for us on this sleeping-coach. Come in here." He pulled Cary into No. 4, shut the door, and pointed to a small wooden knob set a few inches below the luggage rack. "If one unscrews that knob one can see into the next berth, No. 5. No. 6 is fitted in the same way, so that we can take No. 5 from both sides. But, mind you, on no account touch those knobs until the train is moving fast and until you have switched out the lights. If No. 5 was dark

when you opened the peep-hole, a ray of light from your side would give the show away. And unless there was a good deal of vibration and rattle in the train you might be heard. Now cut away to No. 6, fasten the door, and go to bed. I shall sit up and watch, but there is nothing for you to do."

Hagan appeared in due course, was shown into No. 5 berth, and the train started. Cary asked himself whether he should go to bed as advised or sit up reading. He decided to obey Dawson's orders, but to take a look in upon Hagan before settling down for the journey. He switched off his lights, climbed upon the bed, and carefully unscrewed the little knob which was like the one shown to him by Dawson. A



His suit-case fell from his relaxed fingers to the floor.

beam of light stabbed the darkness of his berth, and putting his eye with some difficulty to the hole—one's nose gets so confoundedly in the way—he saw Hagan comfortably arranging himself for the night. The spy had no suspicion of his watchers on both sides, for, after settling himself in bed, he unwrapped a flat parcel and took out a bundle of blue papers, which Cary at once recognized as the originals of his stolen Notes. Hagan went through them—he had put his suit-case across his knees to form a desk—and carefully made marginal jottings. Cary, who had often tried to write in trains, could not but admire the man's laborious patience. He painted his letters and figures over and over again, in order to secure distinctness, in spite of the swaying of the train, and frequently stopped to suck the point of his pencil.

"I suppose," thought Cary, "that Dawson yonder is just gloating over his prey, but for my part I feel an utterly contemptible beast. Never again will I set a trap for even the worst of my fellow-creatures." He put back the knob, went to bed, and passed half the night in extreme mental discomfort and the other half in snatching brief intervals of sleep. It was not a pleasant journey.

Dawson did not come out of his berth at Euston until after Hagan had left the station in a taxicab, much to Cary's surprise, and then was quite ready, even anxious, to remain for breakfast at the hotel. He explained his strange conduct. "Two of my men," said he, as he wallowed in tea and fried soles—one cannot get Dover soles in the weary North—"who travelled in ordinary compartments, are after Hagan in two taxis, so that if one is delayed, the other will keep touch. Hagan's driver also has had a police warning, so that our spy is in a barbed-wire net. I shall hear before very long all about him."

Cary and Dawson spent the morning at the hotel with a telephone beside them; every few minutes the bell would ring, and a whisper of Hagan's movements steal over the wires into the ears of the spider Dawson. He reported progress to Cary with ever-increasing satisfaction.

"Hagan has applied for and been granted a passport to Holland, and has booked a passage in the boat which leaves Harwich to-night for the Hook. We will go with him. The other two spies, with the copies, haven't turned up yet, but they are all right. My men will see them safe across into Dutch territory, and make sure that no blundering Customs

officer interferes with their papers. This time the way of transgressors shall be very soft. As for Hagan, he is not going to arrive."

"I don't quite understand why you carry on so long with him," said Cary, who, though tired, could not but feel intense interest in the perfection of the police system and in the serene confidence of Dawson. The Yard could, it appeared, do unto the spies precisely what Dawson chose to direct.

"Hagan is an American citizen," explained Dawson. "If he had been a British subject I would have taken him at Euston—we have full evidence of the burglary, and of the stolen papers in his suit-case. But as he is a damned unbenevolent neutral, and the American Government is very touchy, we must prove his intention to sell the papers to Germany. Then we can deal with him by secret court-martial as a spy detected in the act of spying. The journey to Holland will prove this intention. Hagan has been most useful to us in Ireland, and now in the North of England and in Scotland, but he is too enterprising and too daring to be left any longer on the string. I will draw the ends together at the Hook."

"I did not want to go to Holland," said Cary to me, when telling his story. "I was utterly sick and disgusted with the whole cold-blooded game of cat and mouse, but the police needed my evidence about the Notes and the burglary, and did not intend to let me slip out of their clutches. Dawson was very civil and pleasant, but I was in fact as tightly held upon his string as was the wretched Hagan. So I went on to Holland with that quick-change artist, and watched him come on board the steamer at Parkeston Quay, dressed as a

rather German-looking commercial traveller, eager for war commissions upon smuggled goods. This sounds absurd, but his get-up seemed somehow to suggest the idea. Then I went below. Dawson always kept away from me whenever Hagan might have seen us together."

THE passage across to Holland was free from incident; there was no sign that we were at war, and Continental traffic was being carried serenely on, within easy striking distance of the German submarine base at Zeebrugge. The steamer had drawn in to the Hook beside the train, and Hagan was approaching the gangway, suit-case in hand. The man was on the edge of safety; once upon Dutch soil, Dawson could not have laid hands upon him. He would have been a neutral citizen in a neutral country, and no English warrant would run against him. But between Hagan and the gangway suddenly interposed the tall form of the ship's captain; instantly the man was ringed about by others, and before he could say a word or move a hand he was gripped hard and led across the deck to the steamer's chart-house. Therein sat Dawson, the real, undisguised Dawson, and beside him sat Richard Cary. Hagan's face, which two minutes earlier had been glowing with triumph and with the anticipation of German gold beyond the dreams of avarice, went white as chalk. He staggered and gasped as one stabbed to the heart, and dropped into a chair. His suit-case fell from his relaxed fingers to the floor.

"Give him a stiff brandy-and-soda," directed Dawson, almost kindly, and when the victim's color had ebbed back a little from his overcharged heart, and he had drunk deep of the friendly cordial, the detective put him out of pain. The game of cat and mouse was over.

"It is all up, Hagan," said the detective gently. "Face the music and make the best of it, my poor friend. This is Mr. Richard Cary, and you have not for a moment been out of our sight since you left London for the North four days ago."

When I had completed the writing of his story I showed the MS. to Richard Cary, who was pleased to express a general approval. "Not at all bad, Coplestone," said he, "not at all bad. You have clothed my dry bones in real flesh and blood. But you have missed what to me is the outstanding feature of the



whole affair, that which justifies to my mind the whole rather grubby business. Let me give you two dates. On May 25 two copies of my faked Notes were shepherded through to Holland and reached the Germans; on May 31 was fought the Battle of Jutland. Can the brief space between these dates have been merely an accident? I cannot believe it. No, I prefer to believe that in my humble way I induced the German Fleet to issue forth and to risk an action which, under more favorable conditions for us, would have resulted in their utter destruction. I may be wrong, but I am happy in retaining my faith."

"What became of Hagan?" I asked, for I wished to bring the narrative to a clean artistic finish.

"I am not sure," answered Cary, "though I gave evidence as ordered by the court-martial. But I rather think that I have here Hagan's epitaph." He took out his pocket-book, and drew forth a slip of paper upon which was gummed a brief newspaper cutting. This he handed to me, and I read as follows:

"The War Office announces that a prisoner who was charged with espionage and recently tried by court-martial at the Westminster Guildhall was found guilty and sentenced to death. The sentence was duly confirmed and carried out yesterday morning."

Two months passed. Summer, what little there was of it, had gone, and my spirits were oppressed by the wet and fog, and dirt of November in the North. I desired neither to write nor to read. My one overpowering longing, was to go to sleep until the war was over and then to awake in a new world in which a decent civilized life would once more be possible.

In this unhappy mood I was seated before my study fire when a servant brought me a card. "A gentleman," said she, "wishes to see you. I said that you were engaged, but he insisted. He's a terrible man, sir."

I looked at the card, annoyed at being disturbed; but at the sight of it my torpor fell from me, for upon it was written the name of that detective officer whom in my story I had called William Dawson, and in the corner were the letters "C. I. D." (Criminal Investigation Department). I had become a criminal, and was about to be investigated!

## CHAPTER II.

### AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

DAWSON entered, and we stood eyeing one another like two strange dogs. Neither spoke for some seconds, and then, recollecting that I was a host in the presence of a visitor, I extended a hand, offered a chair, and snapped open a cigarette case. Dawson seated himself and took a cigarette. I breathed more freely. He could not design my immediate arrest, or he would not have accepted of even so slight a hospitality. We sat upon opposite sides of the fire, Dawson saying nothing, but watching me in that unwinking cat-like way of his which I find so exasperating. Many times during my association with Dawson I have longed to spring upon him and beat his head against the floor—just to show that I am not a mouse. If his silence were intended to make me uncomfortable, I would give him evidence of my perfect composure.

"How did you find me out?" I asked calmly.

His start of surprise gratified me, and I saw a puzzled look come into his eyes. "Find out what?" he muttered.

"How did you find out that I wrote a story about you?"

"Oh, that?" He grinned. "That was not difficult, Mr.—er—Copplestone. I asked Mr.—er—Richard Cary for your real name and address, and he had to give them to me. I was considering whether I should prosecute both him and you."

"No doubt you bullied Cary," I said, "but you don't alarm me in the least. I had taken precautions, and you would have found your way barred if you had tried to touch either of us."

"It is possible," snapped Dawson. "I should like to look up all you writing people—you are an infernal nuisance—but you seem to have a pull with the politicians."

We were getting on capitally; the first round was in my favor, and I saw another opportunity of showing my easy unconcern of his powers.

"Oh, no, Mr.—er—William Dawson. You would

not lock us up, even if all the authority in the State were vested in the soldiers and the police. For who would then write of your exploits, and pour upon your heads the bright light of fame? The public knows nothing of Mr. —" (I held up his card), "but quite a lot of people have heard of William Dawson."

"They have," assented he, with obvious satisfaction. "I sent a copy of the story to my Chief—just to put myself straight with him. I said that it was all quite unauthorized, and that I would have stopped it if I could."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't. Don't talk humbug, Mr.



"How long is this outrage to continue?" I asked crossly.

William Dawson. During the past two months you have pranced along the streets with your head in the clouds. And in your own home Mrs. Dawson and the little Dawsons—if there are any—have worshipped you as a god. There is nothing so flattering as the sight of oneself in solid black print upon nice white paper. Confess, now. Are you not at this moment carrying a copy of that story of mine in your breast pocket next your heart, and don't you flourish it before your colleagues and rivals about six times a day?"

Alone among mortal men I have seen a hardened detective blush.

"Throw away that cigarette," said I, "and take a cigar." I felt generous.

Our relations were now established upon a basis satisfactory to me. I had no inkling of the purpose of his visit, but he had lost the advantage of mysterious attack. He had revealed human weakness and had ceased for the moment to dominate me as a terrible engine of the law. But I had heard too much of Dawson from Cary to be under any illusion. He could be chaffed, even made ridiculous, without much difficulty, but no one, however adroit, could divert him by an inch from his professional purpose. He could joke with a victim and drink his health and then walk him off, arm in arm, to the gallows.

"Now, Mr. Dawson," said I. "Perhaps you will tell me to what happy circumstance I owe the honor of this visit?"

He had been chuckling over certain rich details in the Hagan chase—with an eye, no doubt, to future enlarged editions—but these words of mine pulled him up short. Instantly he became grave, drew some papers from his pocket, and addressed himself to business.

"I have come to you, Mr. Copplestone, as I did to your friend Mr. Cary, for information and assistance, and I have been advised by those who know you here to be perfectly frank. You are not at present an object of suspicion to the local police, who

assure me, that though you are known to have access to much secret information, yet that you have never made any wrongful use of it. You have, moreover, been of great assistance on many occasions both to the military and naval authorities. Therefore, though my instinct would be to lock you up most securely, I am told that I mustn't do it."

"You are very frank," said I. "But I bear no malice. Ask me what you please, and I will do my best to answer fully."

"I ought to warn you," said he, with obvious reluctance, "that anything which you say may, at some future time, be used in evidence against you."

"I will take the risk, Mr. Dawson," cried I, laughing. "You have done your duty in warning me, and you are so plainly hopeful that I shall incriminate myself that it would be cruel to disappoint you. Let us get on with the inquisition."

"You are aware, Mr. Copplestone, that a most important part of my work consists in stopping the channels through which information of what is going on in our shipyards and munition shops may get through to the enemy. We can't prevent his agents from getting information—that is always possible to those with unlimited command of money, for there are always swine among workmen, and many higher folk than workmen, who can be bought. You may take it as certain that little of importance is done or projected in this country of which enemy agents do not know. But their difficulty is to get it through to their paymasters, within the limit of time during which the information is useful. There are scores of possible channels, and it is up to us to watch them all. You have already shown some grasp of our methods, which in a sentence may be described as unsleeping vigilance. Once we know the identity of an enemy agent, he ceases to be of any use to the enemy, but becomes of the greatest value to us. Our motto is: *Ab hoste doceri.*" He pronounced the infinitive verb as if it rhymed with *glossary.*

"You are quite a scholar, Mr. Dawson," remarked I politely.

"Yes," said he, simply. "I had a good schooling. I need not go into details," he went on, "of how we watch the correspondence of suspected persons, but you may be interested to learn that during the three weeks which I have passed in your city all your private letters have been through my hands."

"The devil they have," I cried angrily. "You exceed your powers. This is really intolerable."

"Oh, you need not worry," replied Dawson serenely. "Your letters were quite innocent. I am gratified to learn that your two sons in the Service are happy and doing well, and that you contemplate the publication of another book."

IT was impossible not to laugh at the man's effrontery, though I felt exasperated at his inquisitiveness. After all, there are things in private letters which one does not wish a stranger, and a police officer, to read.

"And how long is this outrage to continue?" I asked crossly.

"That depends upon you. As soon as I am satisfied that you are as trustworthy as the local police and other authorities believe you to be, your correspondence will pass untouched. It is of no use for you to fume or try to kick up a fuss in London. Scotland Yard would open the Home Secretary's letters if it had any cause to feel doubtful of him."

"You cannot feel much suspicion of me or you would not tell me what you have been doing."

"You might have thought of that at once," said Dawson derisively.

I shook myself and conceded the round to Dawson.

"It has been plain to us for a long time that the food parcels despatched by relatives and 'godmothers' of British prisoners in Germany were a possible source of danger, and at last it has been decided to stop them and to keep the despatch of food in the hands of official organizations. Since there are now some 30,000 of military prisoners, in addition to interned civilians at Ruhleben, the number and complexity of the parcels have made it most difficult for a thorough examination to be kept up. We have done our utmost, but have been conscious that there

(Continued on page 19.)



# Characters in the Counter-Offensive

Sketches of Poilus made by Jean Droit, a Poilu Artist; appearing originally in *L'Illustration*, afterwards in the *Cartoons Magazine*



HAND GRENADEIER.



STRETCHER BEARER.



THE MACHINE GUNNER.



OBSERVER.



RIFLE GRENADEIER.



VOLTIGEUR.

**T**HE observer knows that at eleven o'clock soup trains pass by at crossing No. 131; that, half an hour later the smoke from numerous fires indicate the caves where the men warm their food. He misses nothing.

**D**ARING above all is he who throws the hand grenade—and throws it well. One of these bombs weighs from 14 to 26 ounces, and it is sure death to something where it lights.

**T**HERE is the trench-mortar, the rifle grenade and the hand-grenade—these three; of which the rifle grenade slipped into a tube fixed to the point of his rifle is the most deadly.

**C**OURAGEOUS above all must be the stretcher-bearer, never so busy as of late, between the smoke clouds of the first lines and the first-aid posts. He climbs the hill, down to the shell holes—and his path is lost.

**O**BERVE the Voltigeur who accompanies advanced grenadier parties, protects the automatic-rifle gunner, flits, fights incessantly, and goes on night guard always—an eye and a sudden death.

**B**OCHES have been beaten by nothing more than by our machine guns. Two years ago they had scores to our one. Now we have the superiority. A man may dodge a shell. He never can dodge the machine gun's spray of death.

## A VOICE FROM GALICIA

Teulon, Man., Aug. 5, 1918.

**T**O an uneducated or narrow-minded person, a "Galician" is simply a sort of football, an avenue through which bigotry and class hatred finds an easy channel of escape. To an observant, fair and just mind, the term is a constant reminder of the nation which has been one of the leading powers in Europe, a nation which shed its blood for centuries on the battlefield to defend the right of other people to a peaceful existence.

History, which is an everlasting monument to the noble deeds of these people, tells us that since their power was crushed by Bolshevism and Prussianism they are in a worse position than the Jews. For even

## Dear Mr. Editor:—

in their own homeland they are no more than mere water-carriers for the Austro-Prussians and Muscovites.

When these people were offered an opportunity to get away from subserviency, they were more than glad to emigrate to distant lands with an expectation in their hearts that they would build up a new country and a new home, and through time forget all yearnings for their original homes. In their eagerness to get away from autocracy a large number of

them went into South Africa, where they found conditions even worse than in their homeland. Therefore they at once notified several companies, and advised them to have a committee appointed and sent to Canada and the United States to investigate conditions there.

Committees were sent across the sea, and the majority of them settled down either in the States or Canada, and sent home glowing accounts of a "free country", advising all those who could to break away and get out of "hell". This started a regular stampede, so that within a few years over one million and a half crossed the water. It was a sad procedure for them, but the thought of freedom drove the "home" thoughts out of their minds.

They had been under the rule of arrogance and



Prussian "might is right" government; had been neglected, discouraged and oppressed for centuries; forced to give up their freedom to their enemies and forbidden to keep up their national semblance; had their educational institutions confiscated and turned into Prussian or Muscovite, or at present, Bolshevik factories of ignorance and oppression. Thus they were, by force of circumstance, superstitious, suspicious and very gullible. Of this trait rank politicians in Canada took full advantage, to the detriment of national unity and advancement.

No one, therefore, is justified in considering them "dangerous aliens". Some say, "why did they not volunteer for service?" Suffice it to say at present that hundreds volunteered and laid down their lives in France under assumed names and fictitious nationality; others abhor war and militarism, which is a condition found among all nationalities. Had the Government followed the proper policy and applied the law according to the national necessity, they would have come forward, because "that's the law." As it is, they were shoved to one side, refused participation, and are being scorned because they do not come "forward." Can you blame them and look justice in the face?

P. A. LAZARNICK.

## FROM WHICH—DELIVER US!

Elora, August 22, 1918.

THE record kept at the Tuskegee Institute, the great school for negroes, shows that in America the number of lynchings for the first six months of this year is thirty-five, as compared with fourteen for the same months of 1917—an increase of more than one hundred per cent. "Whether this is merely

sporadic or has some relation to the fever of war time is doubtful," says the Outlook, from which we take the figures.

Statistics are cold and impersonal. It may help to make these statistics live if we tell the story of one of the lynchings.

There came in the list of the thirty-five the case of the burning of a negro, Eli Persons, by a mob which was urged to the pretty deed by a lady. This representative of gentle womanhood was not in favor of hanging Eli—she wanted him tortured.

While someone was running for coal oil, Eli was permitted to make a speech, in which he tried the ancient camouflage of blaming another man, Dewitt Foster, also a negro, for the crime of which he was accused. A deputation of the mob soon rounded up Foster, thereby missing the delicate thrills of seeing Eli in torment. Foster was brought to immediate trial in the smoky vacant lot, but the mob seemed sated with cruelty by this time, and he was let go.

Now Foster was a mute!

What a horrible fix for a man to be in! Men have faced mobs before, have even turned the mob from hostility to friendliness—but they could speak. But for a negro, who also loves to live, in whom the instincts of self-preservation are as strong as in any of us, to have to face a lynching party alone at night, and be able to do no more for himself than emit a series of agonized, unintelligible grunts—that is unimaginably awful!

Men can stand almost anything if only they can make an audible protest about it. In the trenches a man can shoot back—and so men can stand the trenches. But when a submarine refuses to come to the surface, the men in it have just to sit and take what's coming—and it is the thought of that that breaks the nerve of the submariners. Hyde



DR. M. C. HALLDORSON, Icelander, delivering the chairman's opening address at the Icelandic National Celebration in Winnipeg.

Park, where on Sunday afternoon one can hear every sort of political, social and religious heresy volubly expounded, is one of England's safety-valves.

Pepys, in his amiable diary, tells of the surpassing bravery of the death of Sir Harry Vane upon the headsman's block. But Vane made a long speech to the crowd and died, Pepys' says, "in a passion"—of protest. Could he have been so brave if God had made him a mute, like Foster?

MACDOUGAL HAY.

## A LITTLE MORE CANADA!

Montreal, Aug. 21, 1918.

LIKE "Fed up" (whose well-timed letter I read in your issue of August 3rd, re Blue Devils and Poor Devils), I live in Montreal—this I admit to my Ontario friends with due modesty and humility—and can assure you that he speaks the truth in relating that so far as publicity is concerned, things Canadian lie forgotten in the gutter. Even outward expression of loyalty to Canada and Britain is of the most timorous character.

"Fed up" mentions these famous Yankee parades of dressed-up persons, who have not yet seen France. In this connection I can point out a curious fact. On the moving picture screen is depicted a parade of Yankee soldiers in training somewhere in U. S. A., and the applause is tumultuous; a little later we see a Canadian regiment marching to the trenches; ah, ha, now the rafters will ring, you think; but, no, a faint ripple of hand-clapping greets the inspiring sight, for, don't you see, these are only Canadians or British, as the case may be! The same applies with the respective flags, and one could mentally weep at the exaltation or dullness of the pianist towards Yankee or non-Yankee exhibitions. What's the matter with Canada? Are we a bunch of imbeciles? Who controls the censors, and why do they permit so much cheap, foreign flag waving? Haven't Canadian picture-house managers got enough backbone to combine and demand to be supplied with

(Continued on page 18.)

# The Halifax Trawler —and the U-Boat



CAPT. MYHRE'S own story of how his trawler was captured by a submarine, 130 miles from shore and converted into a pirate auxiliary.

Halifax, August 26, 1918.

IN less than two hours from the time the commander of the German U-boat sighted the Halifax trawler "Triumph" off this coast on Tuesday, August 20, he had Captain Myhre and his crew prisoners on board and converted the trawler from a fish harvester to a commerce raider, equipped with at least two guns, a wireless apparatus and scores of bombs. Capt. Myhre gave the following interview to the Canadian Courier representative:

"We left Portland Saturday, 20th, and reached our destination, the middle grounds, Tuesday morning. All of a sudden the submarine, which I should say was 280 to 300 feet long, came to the surface about three or four miles away, and fired a shell over our bow. The shell fell near the trawler, and the explosion caused such an upheaval of water that it almost swamped the vessel. The sub steamed up to within 300 yards of us. Meanwhile my crew had gotten into the boats; and the enemy beckoned us to go alongside of the submarine. This we did. Thereupon they used the trawler's boats for taking their own apparatus on board the Triumph—including boxes of ammunition, wireless apparatus, mines,

bombs and two guns—which I should judge were three pounders. They made four trips from their U-boat to the trawler with supplies. This occupied two hours. They then put about twenty of their men, all Germans, on board. The Hun crew immediately commenced to throw overboard the trawler's material, such as fish, trawling gear and everything moveable that they did not need. Their engineers at once started getting steam up and they steamed away.

"We were on the submarine while all this was going on. They kept one of our boats and left us two, into which our twenty-one men were put. The submarine captain told us to make for the shore as best we could. In rowing away we were rowing around his bow, when he started the engine and acted as though he intended to ram us. The back water of the speeding submarine nearly swamped us. This caused great merriment on board the submarine. As a matter of fact, instead of being fifty miles, as the submarine captain falsely told me, I know we were 120 miles from Halifax and only sixty or seventy miles from Canso. Consequently, we headed for the nearest port. After rowing between 20 and 30 miles we fell in with the schooner A. Hubley, partly owned by Mr. Boutilier, of the National Fish Company. This schooner took us on board and into Canso.

"The submarine captain asked me if I remembered the sinking of the American cruiser San Diego. He said that that warship was torpedoed and not mined, and that it was his U-boat that had also sunk the Hattie B. Jennings. Stamping his foot on the deck and looking downwards, he said he had the captain of that vessel down there. He appeared to be much amused in reading reports of how many times his own submarine had been rammed and sunk by vessels arriving at American ports." Continuing his story, Captain Myhre said: "I was amazed to see two large stationary guns fixed on deck—one forward and one aft. These guns were at least eighteen feet long in my estimation, and looked to be capable of handling a cruiser. The Hun skipper said he was three months out, and that he was going to stop another two months in order to annihilate the fishing fleet on the Banks, and he would be no Prussian officer if he did not succeed."

Among other things taken from the Triumph by the U-boat commander was a batch of Boston, New York, Montreal and Toronto papers which were read with great interest by the crew.



VICTORY on the war front reflects its smile on the features of the British Premier and his wife, leaving the funeral ceremonies of Baron Rhondda.



# How the War Looks Now



Gen. Gouraud, famous in the counter-offensive on the right wing of the Marne salient, reviews and addresses some of his cavalry. The Marne is far behind them now.

*IN a hundred years not all the details of this battle will be told, for to each man in all the thousands who are fighting there is a great adventure, and they are filled with sensations stronger than drink can give, so that it will seem a wild dream—a dream red as flame and white as snow.—Philip Gibbs, in From Bapaume to Passchendaele, 1917.*

By THE REVIEW EDITOR

ALMOST prophetically Gibbs in his book puts in the number of the year—like an after-thought; as though he said to himself—"The gods of war know, and they may decide that after we've got Passchendaele and from that ridge can begin to see into the Land of Victory, the Huns will roll us back again, and back over all we've got till we turn and drive them back over those same fields, through the same ruins—ours at the first, then theirs, ours again, theirs again—till all that will be left of them eventually ours." And if he had thought like this he would have been able to add to his title, 1917—and after; because the stories he tells of 1917 are the same human stories—more swiftly enacted in 1918.

WE shall never again hear of an attempt to take either Paris or the Channel ports. There never will be another backward movement of the Allied armies. For the first time since the war began there seems to be a road to Berlin. Whether the war will be over before any of our armies find it necessary to fight along the Rhine depends upon what appetite for more fighting can be injected into the Kaiser's armies. Their great offensives are done. But they are capable of fighting like wolves in defense of Germany. And they may



"Now then, mate—On to Berlin." "Bill mey, this 'ansom looks emblematic of the country we're to go over. It's busted!"

collapse before the armies of the Allies begin to roll definitely towards Berlin.

It is not necessary to take Berlin. All we want is to get Germany. How that will be done nobody can tell as yet. And there is a tremendous amount of fighting yet to be done before it can be accomplished. From now on the taking of territory counts more for the Allies than it did for Germany when they began the present offensive nearly six months ago. Their object then was not to hold territory, but to smash armies and terrorize their enemies by occupying Paris and the Channel ports. They knew they would have to go back over the ground, because some day they must get back to Germany. The Allies had already backed up, to a point where Foch decided that the retreat must stop.

And it stopped, not in a defensive holding of the lines, but a tremendous counter-offensive. The strength of that counter-movement was equalled only by the German offensive beginning in March. It was conditional upon the enemy wearing himself down in

the offensive and getting beyond the point where he could consolidate his gains. The "war of movement," as the Germans call it, was capable of going so far. If it could not be continued or followed up, it must become a war of digging in or of retreat. Foch gave them no time to dig in. He struck with a counter war of movement. He is still striking. How far he will go depends in his case also upon how well he can follow up his gains. He may make the Hindenburg line his present objective or he may go further. He may content himself with getting to Paschendaele, where the Allies quit, or forcing the Huns to go back of that before they dig in for the winter. There is still a month before the autumn rains make Flanders mud impossible. If Foch can make the same progress in that month as he has done in the past month, he should easily get back all the Germans took in the present offensive. And he will never give it up again. The German army is weakened to a point where it cannot push Foch back. Foch has saved his men and his guns and his morale. He has a vigorous army.

By spring—what? Will the Huns have recovered during the winter enough to resist the further offensive of Foch? We don't know. But we guess—not. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that a map of the western front, published April 18, 1917, shows the Allies—then engaged in working eastward—occupying almost the identical line they held in the last week of August, 1918. The story of how those towns and villages, radiating from Arras, Lens, Vimy Ridge, Peronne and Bapaume, were taken grimly in 1917, is almost the identical story of how they have been retaken rapidly in 1918. And that story is told with all its tremendous human interest by Philip Gibbs in his book from Bapaume to Paschendaele, 1917, to read which is almost equivalent to reading the despatches of August, 1918. The extracts chosen to illustrate this are a startling commentary on "How the War Looks Now"; the most startling story ever told in a book of events which transpired more than a year later. It is narrative in the guise of picturesque prophecy.

## Wytschaete and Messines (Retaken by the Germans last spring.)

AFTER the battle of Arras and all that fierce fighting which for two months has followed the capture of Vimy and the breaking of the Hindenburg line, and the taking of many villages, many prisoners, and many guns, by the valor and self-sacrifice of British troops, there began to-day at dawn another battle more audacious than that other one, because of the vast strength of the enemy positions, and more stunning to the imagination because of the colossal material of destructive force gathered

behind our assaulting troops. It is the battle of Messines.

It is my duty to write the facts of it, and to give the picture of it. That is not easy to a man who, after seeing the bombardments of many battles, has seen just now the appalling vision of massed gun-fire enormously greater in intensity than any of those, whose eyes are still dazed by a sky full of blinding lights and flames, and who has felt the tremor of earthquakes shaking the hill-sides, when suddenly, at a signal, the ground opened and mountains of fire rose into the clouds.

There are no words which will help the imagination here. Neither by color nor language nor sound could mortal man reproduce the picture and the terror and the tumult of this scene.

## The Way to Lens

(Recently taken by the British.)

TO-DAY, as I went towards Lens over Notre-Dame-de-Lorette and the valley beyond, I met a number of those men coming back after their victorious fighting. Amongst them were Nova-Scotians and young lumbermen and fishermen from the Far West. They came in single file, in a long procession through a wood—the Bois de Bouvigny—where once, two years ago, young Frenchmen fought with heroic fury and died in thousands to gain this ground, so that even now all this hill is strewn with their relics.

The boys of Nova Scotia came slowly, dragging one foot after another in sheer exhaustion, stumbling over loose stones and bits of sand-bags and strands of old wire. They were caked with clay, and they were spent and done. But through that whitish mud their eyes were steel-blue and struck fire like steel when they told me of the good victory they had shared in, and of the enemy's flight before them—all this without a touch of brag, with a fine and sweet simplicity, with a manly frankness. They have suffered tragic hardships in those five days since the battle of Arras began, but there was no wail in them. When they first emerged from the tunnels on the morning of the great attack they had been swept by machine-gun fire, but by good luck escaped heavy casualties, though many fell.

"Our losses were not nearly so high as we expected," said one lad, "but it was pretty bad all the

(Continued on page 30.)

Safe betting that to these four Canadian editors, 500 yards from the German lines the war looks worse than "Irate Subscriber."





# EDITORIAL

## \$4 to \$15 a Day

SIR ROBERT BORDEN'S Labor Day utterances are among the soundest and finest things he has ever said. The Premier makes a strong point of the necessity for better terms between capital and labor as a result of the war. Baron Shaughnessy, speaking in the same place a week earlier, asked why the two wings of our national army could not substitute maximum for minimum concessions.

So far, so good. But—Capital and Labor will have to be redefined before we can have industrial harmony, or even common honesty. The Premier's appeal to labor to stay with the game till the war is won is not at all original. It was made nearly four years ago by Lloyd George, reiterated by President Wilson, and put into acres of sermons for advertisements. Labor knows as much about its duty as it needs to know—or it knows nothing. There is a large sign on a Toronto street advertising for labor at munitions—"Wages from \$4 to \$15 a day." We do not know what class or what percentage of labor would get \$15 a day at munitions. But suppose you average the wages of that plant at \$4 plus \$15 divided by two. You get \$9.50 a day, which is about \$50 a week. Is this a high estimate? Probably not. If not is it necessary to preach to labor about its duty when to quit labor would mean such a sacrifice?

## Where does the Money Come From?

WHERE does the money come from? In munitions alone since the Imperial Munitions Board was organized over \$1,000,000,000 has been paid out in Canada. How much of it for labor? We are not told. But more than half. Munitions sets the pace. Other industries follow. Wages in that class of labor has advanced quite as rapidly as the cost of living. Munitions have depleted other industries of labor. That was necessary. We do not complain. But the money to keep on paying these wages must come from somewhere. We do not borrow it abroad. We do not produce it by economic miracles. The only source of such money is the people. The only way to get it from the people is by Victory Loans. We are not preaching on behalf of Victory Loans. There again argument is scarcely necessary. This country would be as foolish not to subscribe to the loans as labor would be to strike under present conditions of wages on munitions. What we should like either the Chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board or the President of the Industrial Reconstruction Association to tell us is—how Canada can return to its peace industries without dislocating the whole wages system built up by the war?

## A New Alignment

IN any case, a revolution has begun. We shall never need a red-rag parade to celebrate that. Labor is beginning to understand. The people also. Labor is no arbitrary sheep and goats classification. The man who sits at a desk is as much a labor man as the man in overalls. He is entitled to as much consideration. He produces something necessary or he should be drafted away to a better job. Capital is not all owned by the man who gets dividends. Every man's power to do productive work is his capital. Wealth is created by nothing but labor working on raw materials under competent direction in the interest of—whom? The nabob on the hill? The labor union? No! There is properly no wealth that does not belong to the community. Coal, iron, copper, nickel, wheat, wool, cotton—fill a bluebook with the list and they are all the property of the people. Not the property of commercial nabobs of labor as defined by labor unions. What right has so-called capital to make huge profits from labor employed on these things? Baron Shaughnessy says sensibly that labor and capital, instead of conceding

each to the other the least possible, must give way to the new principle where each concedes the maximum. But is it a matter of concession on either side? If raw material belongs to the people and labor belongs to all of us, then it is the business of the people to get the profits of labor employed upon raw material either in manufacture or distribution. Taxing excess profits is a mischievous half-way measure. There should be no excess profits to tax.

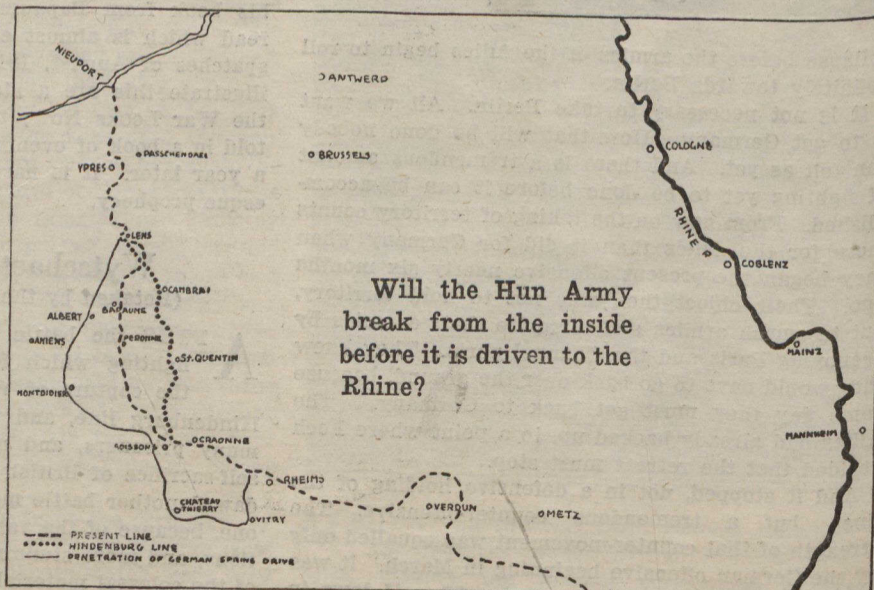
## The World and the Empire

JUDGING from some symptoms the sun has begun to set on some people's ideas of the British Empire. The greatest political coincidence in all history was begun by soldiers and explorers, carried on by commerce, bound together by migration of peoples, vitalized by the interchange of ideas—converted into a passionate unity by the greatest of all wars; and now that we have got round the circle the experts in Empire propose to keep the Empire on the map by conferences which forever resolve themselves into tariffs and elections. The theory seems to be that if you admit the essential democracy of the Empire by the extension of the principle of Home Rule you must enact a chain of world tariffs to hold the thing together. The Empire experts say that the Empire is practically self-supporting. They argue as though it proposes to shut the rest of the world out. That way lies a heap of disillusionment. The British Empire is awkwardly sprawled all over the world for the express purpose of letting the world in. The Admiral may thump the Round Table and show that the coaling stations of the British Navy are the boundaries of a political cosmos that can sustain itself on its own trade and its own ideas. But unless he can shift the seat of Empire nearer its geographical centre he will have trouble in proving that it is anything but a glorious experiment in overseas democracy.

## The Book-keepers of Peace

PEACE when it comes will be the worst pill Germany has ever had to take. The Kaiser crowd will not like the kind of peace they are going to get. They have tried often enough to put over one or another "just as good," because they thought the Allies were as easy as they seemed to be in 1914 and after. For war they were organized. It would have taken a miracle to keep them out of it. They expected the war to make them ready for peace. But the longer the war goes the more unpalatable peace seems to the German. He avoids peace as a man does his own funeral. He prefers war. In war he can always make a show. War feeds his game of bluff. There is no exact accounting in war. You just go ahead and smash or get smashed regardless of bookkeeping. But peace will keep books with the Kaiser, and he hates that. In proportion as this is the most terrible war ever known so will the books

NOW that the front line of to-day becomes the background of to-morrow the sensible thing to do is to try the Rhine. This map shows the old Hindenburg Line, dotted on the left; the Rhine to the right. The Allied armies will not be there for a long while yet. Some people say never; because the war will be over sooner. We make no predictions.



of peace be the most awful accounts that ever faced a nation. The world's bookkeepers have been busy on these accounts for a long while. Germany, of course, will plead bankruptcy, shew the whites of his eyes and the palms of his hands and say, "What would you?" But the Bookkeepers know better. Germany is a mine of wealth, much of it robbed from other nations, and most of it unravaged by war. There will be a receivership. What is now Germany's on the map will be taken into the accounting. And the price of peace will be awful. It will be wrung from Germany in cold blood. The child born yesterday will not live to see Germany emerge from the burdens imposed by that peace.

## De-Prussianize Germany

THE Premier of this country has decided that Germany is not fit to associate with the rest of the world. Viscount Grey, formerly Foreign Minister of Great Britain, and Mr. Roberts, British Minister of Labor, would include Germany in the League of Nations. France objects. And France's objection is the biggest condemnation of Germany. You might as well ask a woman to be a friend of the man who butchered her babies. Germany is on a moral plane that makes it unfit to be a partner of other peoples. What are we to do with it? First of all beat it so badly that we can do anything we like and be safe. If all that remains of a Prussianized Germany is a number of more or less confederated States of which Prussia is no longer the tyrant, and if Germany is called to pay every copper of her account with the Allies, we shall not need to worry about Germany's status in the League or out of it.

## Old Contemptibles and the League

MUCH is being said about the League of Nations. Some say that Mr. Taft got the idea and that President Wilson gave it popular dimensions. We are of the opinion that the League was born when Britain's Old Contemptibles struck into France in 1914, and when Canada's First Contingent crossed the Atlantic in October of that same year. Britain was bound by the League of Nations to protect little nations—which is precisely one of the main objects in the programme of the League as defined by Dr. Wilson. She put her obligation into action. There can be no League greater than the sentiment that put Britain's then little, now mighty army alongside the French to beat back the enemy of free nations. There was then no necessity for definitions. The obligation was all, and it was instinctive. We reckon that when the formal League of Nations follows the great Peace, the instinctive ideas of liberty contained in that little army and great navy, flung in the Kaiser's face, will be the dominant ideas—because it was an action built upon sacrifice. Had Britain stayed out, where now would be any dream of a League of Nations? And unless the spirit of sacrifice and something bigger than Big Business permeates the League of Nations it may as well die before it is old enough to make any trouble. Nations cannot operate the world satisfactorily on a big-business principle. If a trade war is to follow in the wake of peace, then in heaven's name let us all keep on fighting until we realize that there is something bigger for nations than trade.





## Snaps from Saloniki

THE "snaps" and impressions which make up this article were garnered by my brother, Dr. W. J. Weaver, who went from New Brunswick in 1916 and joined the R. A. M. C., spending over seven months in Malta and nearly four in the Saloniki war zone. After three weeks in a tent hospital some miles from the famous seaport on the gulf at the head of the Ægean Sea, he was appointed to take duty for a regimental officer, going home on a short leave of absence. The district of which he was put in charge was about twenty square miles in extent, and he had about 1,000 men to look after, amongst whom were some 600 Bulgarian prisoners and Greeks. This afforded excellent opportunities of seeing the country and the people, though doctoring large numbers of men through an interpreter is a tedious business.

In coming by sea to "Salonique," as the army men call it, the Canadian doctor sailed past snow-crowned Olympus, the classic home of the gods, and on his return journey, across Greece by land, camped for a time at the foot of the mountain, which is nearly ten thousand feet in height.

When he landed at Saloniki, the big beautiful harbor was full of vessels, mostly battleships.

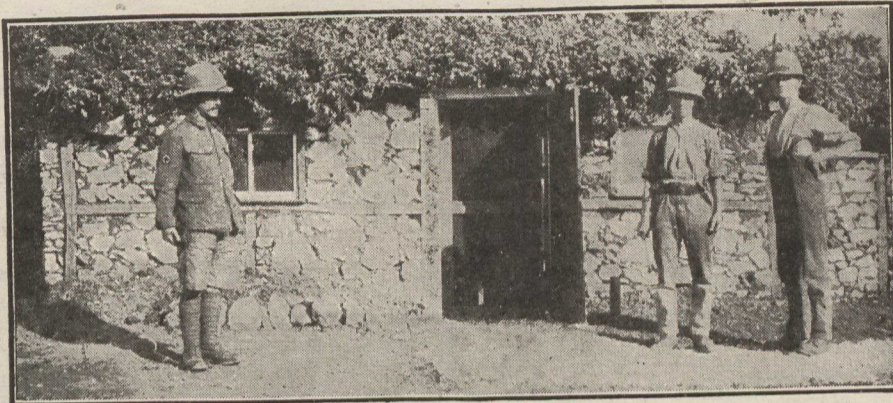
The city, which was founded considerably over two thousand years ago, possesses many interesting relics of antiquity. Amongst these are a triumphal arch of the Roman Emperor Galerius, spanning the ancient Street of the Vardar; the White Tower (not so old), some venerable gateways and portions of the old city walls; and a number of very interesting churches which, after being used as mosques for nearly five hundred years, have again become Christian places of worship.

It is a city of contrasts, where the modern tramcar passing under a Roman archway, carries as passengers Jews, Turks and Bulgarians, as well as Greeks, to say nothing of men in khaki. In its streets and markets strange costumes of endless and well-marked distinctiveness, representing to those who know, the whole appalling tangle of the Balkan nationalities, jostle one another and delight the eye of the sight-seer.

In summer the climate is very hot, for the city is shut in to the east and north by an amphitheatre of mountains. It was so hot in July last that the English nursing sisters in one of the tent hospitals discarded their regulation head-dress of the white veil, and put on straw hats to protect themselves from the blinding glare of the sun as they went from tent to tent looking after the sick "Tommies." On the other hand, the native of the country though even in the hottest weather he may elect to wear an old fur cap, always takes care to shield the back of his neck with something resembling a veil; and the Greek women tie gay-colored handkerchiefs over their heads. The Turkish women wear "a black affair" on their heads arranged to cover forehead and mouth and nose, leaving no part of the face visible except the eyes.



Sisters on duty with straw hats.



Permanent quarters of Officer Commanding Royal Engineers Company.

By EMILY P. WEAVER

By the way, Greek girls, even of the lower order, very often have the type of nose we call Grecian.

The Greek laborers wear queer, enormously baggy trousers, resembling "bloomers," or a gay colored tunic, which looks like a short full skirt, and is met at the knees by long stockings. This attire strikes a Westerner as somewhat "nondescript, with rather a leaning to the feminine type." Some of the officers chanced to visit a village when a wedding celebration was in progress. Dancing was going on around a band of musicians. The foreigners could not distinguish the bride, but had no such difficulty regarding the groom, a handsome young man (as most village Greeks are not) "dressed in very close-fitting, white breeches, and a short white skirt like a ballet-dancer. Then he had on a short blue waistcoat without sleeves, and open at the front (just like what a girl would wear) and a strip of pink ribbon pinned on his breast. He certainly was a swell."

A few women and children used to come to the English doctor for treatment, and he found it necessary very often to prescribe for sick babies a warm bath, a recommendation which greatly astonished their mothers. These civilian patients sometimes offered a live chicken or a few eggs as "backshe." The word, however, was more familiar as standing for a demand for a gift. The children are great beggars, and in plying this trade have acquired a few English words. "Penny backshe!" cried two little girls as they pursued the British officers. "English have plenty money."

The doctor lived and did duty with a company of Royal Engineers, and the men of whom he was in charge were at work, for the most part, in preparing a site for a new hospital or making military roads. But some sturdy Bulgarian prisoners were working on a huge British potato farm of 10,000 acres in extent.

Grappling with the ever-insistent food problem on such a tremendous scale must astonish the native farmers, whose holdings are generally small and methods primitive. They

cultivate the valleys and live in communal villages at the foot of the surrounding mountains. The farms are tilled by individuals, who often have to go two or three miles to their work. The barns are built of baked mud bricks, and often there is a little mill in the village. It is run by water and the grain is ground by means of round stones.

The Greek farmers raise quite good crops, despite the dryness of the climate, but it is probable that some system of irrigation from the mountains would greatly improve the yield.

It will shock no one in these days, when women in the most advanced nations have been forced so extensively into the work of men, to be told that the women in the Saloniki region toil in the fields with the men; but it does strike a Canadian as odd to see the man riding to work on a donkey or small pony (a very tough and wiry pony) with his wife trudging humbly behind. Moreover, when the scene of their joint labors is reached, it is the woman's part, as in the home, to take the heavier tasks.

One day the doctor passed a group of women with

hammers, breaking stones by the roadside. The stones had to be carried up a small hill to be broken, and this was done by two girls. The big girl bent forward and put her hands behind her, and the little girl piled quite large stones on her back.

On another occasion he saw a man lying down in a field, minding a baby, while his wife and daughter drove the plough.

The plough used almost entirely in this part of Greece is a wooden affair of the type pictured in Biblical illustrations. It cuts a shallow furrow and is usually drawn by oxen. Rarely a farmer is the proud possessor of a steel plough!

The grain is reaped with a scythe or sickle, and carried home in sheaves

slung in huge bundles across the backs of muzzled donkeys. To thresh it a "stone-boat" is driven over it, or oxen or other animals tread it out on a hard floor. Finally the mixture of chaff and grain is tossed up with forks, so that the wind may blow the former away.

The Greeks are great eaters of bread—a dark bread made of a mixture of wheat and other grain. With it they use olives, olive oil and native cheese of goats' milk, taking meat rarely, perhaps once a week.

Great herds of goats and flocks of sheep, with musical little bells on their necks, pasture on the mountain sides, looked after in old Eastern style by shepherds.

It is rather strange that the natives of the Saloniki district themselves suffer much from malaria, a disease which, together with dysentery, has seriously reduced the number of effectives in the British forces at Saloniki. In fact, on this front disease has given the doctors far more work than the gunfire of the enemy. No one, however, "shows his malaria worse than a native Greek, when his olive complexion turns a sickly green."

Another great difficulty which our armies have had



Typical Saloniki costume.



to face in Greece is the mountainous character of the country, but since the beginning of the war the Royal Engineers have built many wonderful military roads, which will be of great benefit to the people when peace is restored. An excellent example of their work is the road, about sixty kilos or forty miles in length, from Saloniki to Seres. It is macadamized and an incessant stream of motor trucks and lorries

pours up and down it, carrying supplies to the front line defences.

At first the front line was only eight or ten miles from the city, but now it has been pushed out to a distance ranging from thirty to forty-five miles from Saloniki, thus bringing under the control of the Allies an area of about 3,000 square miles.

Sometimes the question is asked, "What are we

doing at Saloniki, and why continue to hold it?" One answer is that should the seaport fall into German hands our troubles with submarines in the Mediterranean (already serious enough) would be increased immensely. Another, that to relinquish Saloniki would be to betray the Greeks. But now that we have the help of their army, we may hope soon for more favorable news from that theatre of war.

# Touring France in War Time

*Visits of a War Chaffeuse to Hospitals in the Rural Towns of France. Described and Illustrated*

By ESTELLE M. KERR

**T**HE nearer we went to the Front on our tour of French Military Hospitals, the safer our lives seemed to be. We sped along quietly, remarking nothing of unusual interest and attracting very little attention.

From Dijon to Remiremont and down to Belfort no one asked for our permits. We passed motor convoys, prison encampments, barbed-wire entanglements, and were within the sound of the guns, yet no one seemed to care. I believe we could have run into Switzerland or Germany without the slightest difficulty! Yet when we got back into the interior once more, excitement began. Policemen stopped us at the cross-roads and asked our object of travelling, they recorded our names and the number of our car; inspected our military gasoline book, and made themselves a general nuisance.

We became a menace to the population and they to us. Unaccustomed to motors, the peasants persistently kept to the wrong side of the road; and then, just as we had given up all hope of their noticing our signal and decided to pass them on the right side, they would suddenly drag their beasts in front of us.

The main roads developed a tendency to become barnyards, whenever they passed through a village; while the hens persistently invited slaughter. The townspeople held fairs in the middle of the street, caring not for the danger of being run over, if it interfered with a bargain. We lost our way, and were constantly misdirected. We were even stoned by young peasants who had to move aside to let us pass. Altogether we longed for the peace and order that reigns near the front; for Belfort, where the German planes circled gracefully overhead and great gaps yawned in the roofs of the houses around us.

Remiremont was still nearer; but, being less important, was not troubled by the Germans. From there we went to Belfort across the Balcons d'Alsace, from the height of which we looked into Germany. We were in Alsace itself; and had we descended by another route would have seen the peasants in their quaint costumes. But conscience makes us economize in gasoline; and conscience is backed by authority; for should we use the car for our own use or convenience, it may be confiscated. The scenery was wonderful; but a hill eleven kilometres in length, was so steep that poor "Percy" (our Ford van) could mount it only with the greatest difficulty. The descent with its hair-pin turnings was even more perilous. Sometimes we had to halt till great branches of trees were removed from our path, for armies of Italian foresters were at work cutting down the dense woods. I was glad indeed to get to the level ground once more.

**B**ELFORT is as flat as one would wish, but full of military interest. Our stay here was made doubly pleasant by the fact that the French War Emergency Fund, to which we belong, has established a canteen in one of

the hospitals, run by two charming women whom I knew in Paris. So whenever Percy and the delegate could spare me, I made myself at home in the jolly little reading-room. There was little formality about this canteen. When coffee and chocolate were not in demand the workers played battledore and shuttlecock with the convalescents, while those who were unable to play looked on with delight. I saw some men about to be evacuated from the hospital say farewell to the busy girls in their cheerful blue overalls and veils, with the keenest regret. Only twice a week are the patients allowed to go out of the hospital gates, while here they can come every day; and as pyjamas are the approved costume for hot days around the hospital, no extra toilet is required. The gramophone is kept going most of the afternoon; daily papers and illustrated magazines are read; books are borrowed to be read in the wards; and cards and jig-saw puzzles keep the men from brooding on their sad fate.

For they all have their troubles, and like to confide in the kind workers. Many have to look forward to the existence of a maimed man, some have had their homes laid desolate, and their wives and children taken by the Germans. By all means keep the gramophone going if they like it! From seven to seven the workers are on duty.

"We should close earlier," they say, "but the men love it so, that we hate to!"

Only a year ago that hospital was bombed, and a tablet marks the place where the head doctor lost his life.

The wounded confined to their beds look forward to the visits of the canteen workers, who distribute coffee and chocolate in the wards—a penny a cup on ordinary days. But our visit took place on the 14th of July, when all drinks were free, and an extra gift of a handkerchief and box of cigarettes was made.

There are a number of Americans in this hospital—boisterous when well, cheerful when sick. They have a daily visitor from the Y. M. C. A., who supplies them with literature and other comforts; but they seemed to like to talk to someone from "so near home," and when the broad Atlantic lies between us, Ontario seems not so very far removed from Texas, and quite next door to Michigan or Maine.

**A**NOTHER canteen has been opened by our society at T—, still nearer to the front; and tremendous preparations had been made for the celebration of the great holiday. Here the men were all able to be out, for it is more a barracks than a hospital, and is called a "Depot des Ecloppes," where very slightly wounded men, or those whose morale has become weak from nervous strain, are sent to recuperate. It is important that they should be far from the noise and temptations of a town; so here they are installed in a lonely old tile factory on a plain. Usually German planes are to be seen and the guns heard, for it is only 8 kilometres from the front. But as the day was cloudy the 14th was allowed to pass without hostile demonstration. The men enjoyed the bowling and billiard tournaments; the latter being played in the canteen on home-made billiard tables, so short that it seemed surprising that anyone could miss a shot. There was also a "tombola" with surprise packages for everyone, a moving picture show and a extra good dinner with champagne and cake.

It was not only the soldiers who feasted that day. The captain and doctor in charge of the depot insisted on our joining their mess, as they had already invited the canteen lady. Right royally we feasted, not only on the excellent French dishes, but on chocolate cream and raspberry tart—luxuries never tasted since leaving Canada. It was most gratifying to hear the officers speak so warmly of the good work done by the canteen, and tell how the soldiers loved the dear lady who worked so tirelessly for their comfort. The captain said they would obey her orders rather than his.

It was hard to leave her, for visitors are rare. But Belfort has a depressingly large number of hospitals, so we waved good-bye as our car turned the corner, and watched the cheerful spot her bright blue overall made in the distance against the peasant's cottage where she lodged, enduring discomforts cheerfully, because the work she is doing is so very well worth while.

In the early days of the war Belfort was an alarming place to be in; for the German advance was expected in the same place as in the Franco-Prussian war. However, Belfort remains as near the front as ever, but no nearer; while more sheltered places have



Through the narrow streets of Dijon.

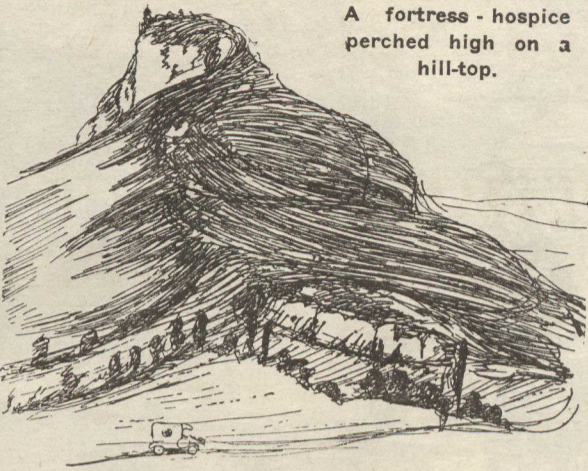


fallen into the enemy's hands. Belfort is rarely bombarded now, though a year ago great havoc was wrought. The hotel we stayed in had been badly damaged, and many of the surrounding buildings are still in ruins. I must confess to a slight disappointment at having no thrilling experiences near the front. If I had been a journalist pure and simple, I might have been escorted to the trenches as some I know have been. One lady of my acquaintance even boasts that she is suffering from a gas attack! This made me horribly envious, but being a mere chauffeur I had to hurry on.

On the whole trip I had only one real thrill of utter terror, and that was when I saw real flames leaping through the footboard of the car, and had a vision of Percy going up with a flare and a bang! An oily rag carelessly left by the engine had caught fire, but I quickly stopped the motor, and turned off the supply of gasoline.

My other great excitement was in mounting to the fortress hospital of St. Andre. Percy, unlike one of his brother Fords in Paris, is not noted for his hill-climbing powers, and the delegate informed me that

the car she rode in previously had refused to mount the last half mile, so I trembled inwardly. Percy passed the bend where his predecessor had stalled, but refused the last hundred yards, remaining in the



A fortress-hospice perched high on a hill-top.

centre of a narrow road with a ditch on either side. It would be easy, I thought, to back down. It was very easy. A couple of soldiers who had been sent to my aid, saw me flying as they thought to perdition. Finding I could not control the speed, I did the only thing possible, turned sideways into a ditch. I was not as frightened as the soldiers.

"Here comes a smashed tail lamp and a crack in the back door," I said; but luck was with me, and Percy got away without a scratch! Since then mountainous scenery has lost half its charm for me unless we can keep on the well-graded roads.

Important hospitals frequently lie in remote places. Then come side roads with their deceptive turnings. We fail to arrive at a clean little town at lunch time, and have a belated and most expensive meal of black bread, sour wine and an omelette, at some tiny place where the townspeople turn out en masse to peep through the windows to see us eat. Cross and exasperated, we venture out and feel ashamed of our annoyance when we find the motor all decked out with flowers.

### What Makes La Marseillaise Seem So Dull?

*The great National Anthem is almost tame even by a French Band*

**T**WENTY thousand people on the Canadian National Exhibition grandstand listened to inaudible pianissimos for the past two weeks where the French band, recently touring the United States, has been giving special programmes before the stage show breaks out. No such spirituelle band has ever played at the "Ex." There were over seventy instruments; a band that could have lifted a crowd to an ecstasy, especially when they rose to play La Marseillaise. But even their own national anthem, baptized in blood and heroism and tears as it has now been for four years, failed to bring this remarkable band to a pitch of dramatic expression. Yet they played the piece better than we have ever heard it. Few bands play it at all well. In the first place, the average band arrangement taken from the vocal accompaniment is a piffling affair. Creatore uses the old arrangement, and whenever the band played it at the Fair the piece fell flat for lack of sonority and breadth. The French band had a better one. They made a great deal of the lovely intricate minor modulations that gave their wood winds such a fine chance. But it remained a sort of hymn; more fiery than O, Canada, which they played with fine feeling and tonal effect, or God Save the King, which they do not seem to understand at all in comparison with British bands. The bandmaster seemed sad. No doubt he has cause to be—though most of his men seemed jovial enough. He was not thinking so much of the peace crowd at the Fair celebrating the constructive energy of civilization; more of the crowds at home, the bereaved families, the shattered cities and villages, and the ruined lives of France. Indeed, it is a marvel that any French band could play at all except sadly within the shadow of such a tragedy. It was a lovely band; in delicate tonal effects never surpassed here even by the Grenadier Guards of great memory. Some of the men had been at the war. Most of them, perhaps, invalided home. We shall never hear lovelier clarionets and oboes—like 'cellos and violas; never more beautiful and seraphic cornets; never more poetry of true expression. That band I am sure could play Debussy or Ravel and not miss much of the subtlety. But they never thundered or screamed. And they were never equal to the tonal demands of all out of doors, with 20,000 people chattering and rattling behind the conductor. A great band must be as near orchestra standard as possible; but it must remain a band.

### Which is King—Piano, Violin or 'Cello?

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

**F**OR the first time, in modern history at least, a 'cellist is regarded by some authoritative people, as the greatest living musical interpreter. Pablo Casals is the artist picked by Mr. Huneker, Fritz Kreisler and Karleton Hackett for this unique distinction. Kreisler, himself some claimant to that eminence, is generous. The others are enthusiastic. Mr. Casals played in Canada two seasons ago with Harold Bauer; a most classic and beautiful programme. But he impressed nobody then that he had the key to the world's greatest emotions in that startling 'cello that talked like a great orator and sometimes sang like a woman. He has been mentioned as a possible conductor for the Boston Symphony. In every way Mr. Casals' stock is booming. Why? No doubt he is a very great artist; in most respects as great an artist as any alive. But he has not yet made his impression on the public. He has impressed—artists.

And there is some novelty, too, in taking the 'cello as the king of instruments in the hands of a big enough exponent. The piano and the violin have been on the pedestal by turns. To this day nobody knows whether he is moved more by one or the other. The contest has become almost discouragingly exciting. So much depends upon the man who draws the bow or fingers the keys. So in its distraction criticism turns to the comparatively unexploited 'cello. Here, perhaps, is some new note. The instrument of the indigo tones that sometimes come to almost a golden glow may give us some new sensations of an emotional sort. Here is what Hackett says in the Chicago Evening Post:

The instant he draws his bow across the strings he is a man transfigured, and the music he makes is the very essence of art. It is not merely the exquisite quality of his tone, with its almost infinite variety of colors, but the spirit back of it that animates his every phrase. It seems like hearing the very creation of music from the void, as though the thing itself but came into being at the moment. Not an art, far less a skill, but the music brought to us from the dwelling-places of light through the peculiar sensibility of this marvellous instrument.

We object—that this is not at all obvious. It takes far too much penetration of mind to realize this sovereignty of the 'cello. Some day, when the 'cello has become really popular, the claim of that instrument to pre-eminence may be considered. But by that time Pablo Casals with all his artistry may be retired.

### Louis XIV. Decorations and Modern Music

*Hambourg late Summer Programme<sup>s</sup> Open the Canadian Season*

**L**OUIS XIV. must have hated music. This has never seemed obvious or important to the writer until listening to one of the Hambourg series of Soirees Musicales in the Louis XIV. room at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, week before last. Six beautiful programmes were miffed by the low ceiling and the rococo decorations. No instrument and no voice got more than a sporting chance. It was like racing a horse in the sand.

The absolutely new note about these soirees was the appearance of Senor Alberto Guerrero as solo and ensemble pianist. He is a Chilean; Spanish by extraction, Chilean by birth—and an artist. The piano he used was a Canadian-made medium-sized concert grand. It sounded like a Steinway. Again—that may have been partly due to the piano. Senor Guerrero has come to the position on the Hambourg Conservatory staff originally made vacant by the death of Prof. Michael Hambourg, and subsequently by Mr. Austin Conradi, who is now conducting an American army band in France. He plays as a fine woman talks. Of rather massive build in himself, he makes the piano a very tender, sensuous thing. His legato—smooth playing—is remarkably fine. Yet he can produce dynamics—rather Hoffmannesque, and tremendously insistent; crisp, clear and thunderous without any of the turbulent din that sometimes makes the bass part of a piano sound like the unloading of a box car. Indeed, one suspects that it is Senor Guerrero's strength and consequent power of restraint along with his clean-cut definition of phraseology that makes his legato so beautiful. When he plays Debussy you are conscious of another element; that seductive colourfulness that no mere mechanism or technical virtuosity can achieve.

Jan Hambourg is back to his old form in both solo and ensemble, with perhaps a degree more restraint than he had when he was here last. He takes control of the Hambourg Conservatory and reassumes his old position as head of the violin faculty which he established so successfully seven years ago.

Boris Hambourg, whose 'cello came near giving the coup de grace to the Louis XIV. decorations is evidently in the best of form for his four-months' tour on the West beginning next week.

Signor Carboni's Canadian Trio and some of his solo artists sustained the golden reputations already made on other occasions, and helped to make this first musical event of the Canadian season the artistic and popular success which it undoubtedly was.

## IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

**B**E without fear, women of France. For you we will fight to our last gasp, we will shed our last drop of blood. Know that if for months we have held our heads below the level of the muddy trench and offered our breasts to death, it is that you may be freed from the wild beasts that have burst forth from the German forests. For your sakes our homes are not in ruins and our towns are not vassals to the enemy. It is all for you, so that when we shall return you need not throw your arms around conquered necks. Our country, women of France, is made up of our homes, our churches, and our

fields, and of your beloved faces. Throughout the tragic periods of its history, our country has always been incarnated in your faces, whether they called themselves St. Genevieve or Jeanne d'Arc.

In our trenches our country appears to us in those visions wherein are mingled your faces. We shall believe that our country has been well served only when, on your beloved faces, we shall have caused a smile to appear because the palms we have placed at your feet are the palms of victory.

From "Fighting France," by Stephanie Lauzanne.



TRADE **YALE** MARK

Made in Canada  
by a  
Canadian Institution  
for  
Canadians

## Buying "Yale" is investing in protection

The buyer of Yale products is making a profitable investment in security.

He is putting into service the provably better locks and hardware that give him the certainty of the utmost in protection for the present and for years to come.

He is buying better locks and hardware—products bearing the trade-mark "Yale" as evidence of their quality, and "Made in Canada" as evidence of the origin.

Canadian-made Yale products include Night Latches, Door Closers, Padlocks and Builders' Hardware. They are for sale by Canadian hardware dealers throughout the Dominion.

See your hardware dealer. He has the kind of Yale product you need.

Canadian  
**Yale & Towne Ltd.**  
ST. CATHARINES Ontario

Y

YA

YAL

YALE

YALE

YALE

YALE

YALE

YALE

YALE

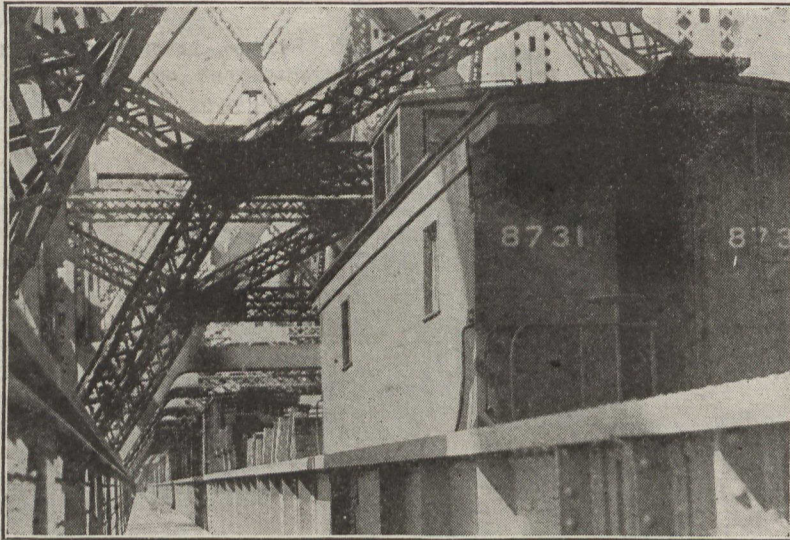
YALE

YALE

YALE

YALE

## Demonstrates National Unity



**T**HE only great bridge in the world completed since the war began has now passed its final test. A few days ago, to try the strength of the great centre span which collapsed two years ago and was replaced in 1917, a special train weighing 14 million pounds was run over the structure, and stopped dead weight on the centre span. The Quebec Bridge begun by a Liberal and completed by a Conservative Government demonstrates its Canadianism by absolute unity. Thanks to the British Navy, the Quebec Bridge, carrying the commerce of three great railway systems across the St. Lawrence has escaped the Hun. Such a photograph has not for a long while been taken in Europe where bridges have gone down by the hundred. After reading the Nova Scotia submarine story on page 12 of this issue one may easily imagine what the Quebec Bridge would look like now if the German navy had ever got a chance up the St. Lawrence. At present the Quebec Bridge traffic averages 1,000 cars a week.

### A Little More Canada

(Continued from page 12.)

Canadian and British representations of deeds, and not be nauseated with foreign, highly imaginary piffle?

When the war is over, and our European allies have enough time on their hands for producing moving pictures, let us hope that that industry will take a rapid upward flight from its present degraded level.

In response to "Fed Up's" request, "If there is anyone who has heard The Maple Leaf or O, Canada lately, will he please stand up?" I regret being obliged to remain seated.

All the same, Mr. Editor, don't you think that "Fed up" is getting a trifle "fresh," wanting to see the Union Jack on the screen sometimes, and actually wishing us to bother with the First of July as against the Fourth? He forgets that this is only Canada!

D. CURRIE.

### Not Suggestion

**S**OME time ago we began a minor controversy on medical matters.

In trying to adjust the disputes among seven various camps of healers we got a raft of letters, some of which we published along with opinions of our own as to the relative value of drugs, osteopathy, Christian Science, faith cure, chiropractics and drugless healing.

In our latest deliverance on this vexatious subject we referred to the undoubted value of the mental method in some cases, classing it with various forms of therapy more or less suggestive. In effect we alluded to Christian Science as a system of suggestion. This according to Christian Science doctrine is very wrong. The editor of the Christian Science Monitor, we are told, has written a book to prove that Christian Science is not suggestion. An enthusiastic Scientist informs the editor that his opinion of

the editor's intelligence went down very fast as a result of our confusing science with suggestion. This is regrettable. The intelligence of anybody depends upon making it obvious to other people, otherwise insane asylums would be a crime. We have not made ours obvious to some Christian Scientists because we confound the issue with suggestion.

Well, before reading the appended letter of Mr. George R. Lowe, head of the Christian Science Committee on Publicity for Ontario, observe that for all practical purposes outside the elect we still consider Christian Science as a system of suggestions. To the elect it is doctrine. To me, an outsider, it is suggestion. The average man wanting physical relief knows nothing of doctrine. He can't wait until he does or he may be either better or worse or dead. Therefore he must believe now that the agency put into operation now by the healer will be efficacious. We call that empirical form of belief suggestion. Perhaps some other word would suit it better. But at all events it is taking something for granted until one has time to become influenced by the doctrine which alone makes a Christian Scientist. The man who is cured of an ailment by Science is not ipso facto a Scientist. He may become one—when he had been permeated by the doctrine. Till then his mental attitude is practically that of the man who allows himself to react to a suggestion. Mr. Lowe's letter explicitly sets forth his side of the case, and is cheerfully published in the interests of as much of the truth as possible.

Ottawa, Aug. 24, 1918.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

In giving credit in your paper to various healing agencies—including "sunlight, fresh air, cheerful company, etc."—you expressed also your belief that Christian Science heals by

mental or spiritual suggestion, although you indicated that it may use "faith, prayer and knowledge." Permit me to say that Christian Science shows the radical distinction between suggestion and knowledge. A child is taught the multiplication table, not by suggestion but by demonstration, by having it made clear to its unfolding mathematical sense that twice two is four, etc. Christ Jesus said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The truth referred to is spiritual, the truth that man is the offspring of spirit, is God-like, spiritual. The knowledge of this gives freedom, which includes good health. Spiritual knowledge is, therefore, the very opposite of suggestion. A false belief may be suggested, but only the truth can be known; and the truth is applied by being known, not suggested.

Furthermore, Christian Science is not merely mental negation, but spiritual affirmation. A negation is of value only if it is based logically on a spiritual affirmation. To negate sin, a man must affirm that goodness is natural, attractive and real. To negate disease, one must know that God made man in His own image; that it is natural for man reflecting God, to be sane, sound, and healthy. The affirmation of the power of good, sincerely lived, negates evil in its incipient suggestion and in its outward forms.

Your medical correspondent also speaks in half kindly tone of Christian Scientists; or is it that he "damns" us "with faint praise"? He offers no proof of his statement that a Christian Science family spread smallpox by evading quarantine. Mrs. Eddy's writings offer proof positive that Christian Scientists are advised to observe the health regulations. Mrs. Eddy says on page 219 of "The First Church of Christ, Scientist, and Miscellany."

"Rather than quarrel over vaccination, I recommend, if the law demand, that an individual submit to this process, that he obey the law, and then appeal to the gospel to save him from bad physical results. Whatever changes come to this century or to any epoch, we may safely submit to the providence of God, to common justice, to the maintenance of individual rights, and to governmental usages. This statement should be so interpreted as to apply, on the basis of Christian Science, to the reporting of a contagious case to the proper authorities when the law so requires."

We have a good record in this.

The doctor argues that "some people need compulsion to be sensible," and would bring everyone under compulsion to treatment of the kind that he considers sensible. Yet he objects that "some wholesale druggists refuse to allow his own judgment in making prescriptions." Surely every well-behaved citizen should be allowed to use his own judgment as to what treatment he shall have for his own health. Our objections to a system of State physicians is that it would abrogate this right of individual judgment, and make medical treatment compulsory. Injustice is inherent in medical as in clerical domination of the individual, whether exercised over the spiritual or the physical well-being of the people.

On the same page as your article, "Doctors Continue to Differ," it is stated that Elihu Root, at the Convocation of Toronto University, strongly advocated the freedom of the individual from the tyranny of the State. This would certainly apply to freedom

(Continued on page 28.)



## The Lost Naval Papers.

(Continued from page 10.)

has existed in them a channel through which have passed communications from enemy agents to enemy employers."

"I can see the possibility, but a practical method of communication looks difficult. How was it done?"

"In the most absurdly simple way. Real ingenuity is always simple. I will give you an example. An English prisoner in Germany has, we will suppose, parents in Newcastle, by whom food has been sent out regularly. He dies in captivity, and in due course his relatives are notified through the International Headquarters of the Red Cross in Geneva. He is crossed off the Newcastle lists, and his parents, of course, stop sending parcels. Now suppose that some one in Birmingham begins to send parcels addressed to this lately deceased prisoner, his name, unless Birmingham is very vigilant, will get upon the lists there as that of a new live prisoner. The parcels addressed to this name will go straight into the hands of the German Secret Service, and a channel of communication will have been opened up between some one in Birmingham and the enemy in Germany. Prisoners are frequently dying, new prisoners are frequently being taken. Under a haphazard system of individual parcels, despatched from all over the British Isles, it has been practically impossible to keep track of all the changes. For this, and other good reasons, we have had to make a clean sweep and to take over the feeding of British prisoners by means of a regular organization, which can ensure that nothing is sent with the food which will be of any assistance to the enemy."

"That is a good job done," I observed. "Have you evidence that what is possible has in fact been done?"

"We have," said Dawson. "Not many cases, perhaps, but sufficient to show the existence of a very real danger. It is, indeed, one particular instance of direct communication which has brought me to you to-day. Orders were given not long since that all new cases, that is, all parcels addressed to prisoners whose names were new to local lists, should be opened and carefully examined. Some six or seven weeks ago parcels began to be sent from this city addressed to a lieutenant in the Northumberland Fusiliers. Accordingly in compliance with the new orders all the parcels for this lieutenant—which usually consisted of bread, chocolate, and tins of sardines—were examined. The bread was cut up, the chocolate broken to pieces, and the tins opened. If the parcel contained nothing contraband, fresh supplies of bread, chocolate, and sardines to take the place of those destroyed in examination were put in, and the parcel forwarded. For the first two weeks nothing was found, but in the third parcel, buried in one of the loaves, was discovered a cutting from an evening newspaper which at first sight seemed quite innocent. But a microscopic search revealed tiny needle pricks in certain words, and the words thus indicated, read when taken by themselves the sentence, 'Important naval news follows.' At this stage I was sent for. My first step was to inquire very closely into the antecedents of this lieutenant of Northumberland Fusiliers. I found that his friends lived at Morpeth, that he had been



**T**O win this war every ounce of the strength of each of the allied nations must be put forth to meet the organized, trained and disciplined efficiency of the Central Powers—that gigantic, ruthless force which is the result of fifty years of planning and preparation.

And every ounce of every allied nation's strength is in the hands and brains and hearts of the individuals of each nation, because they are free peoples.

Now the individuals of each nation must live as well as fight, therefore a proportion of the effort and material of each nation must be diverted from war purposes to living necessities,

So the less each individual takes for himself or herself for personal use the more effort will there be left for fighting and winning the war.

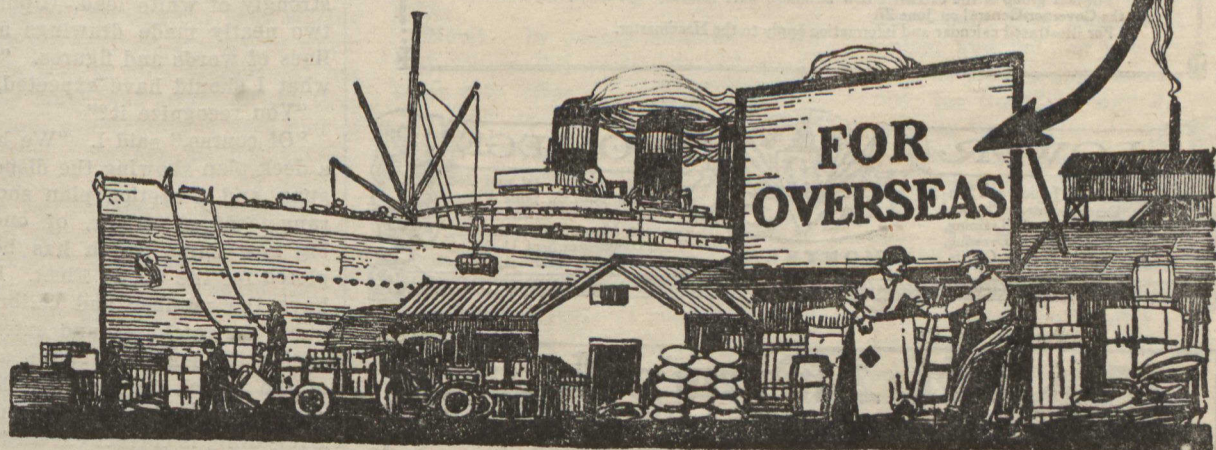
Every cent you spend represents that much effort because somebody must do something for you in order to earn that cent—somebody's effort must be given to you instead of to the war.

Therefore the less you spend—the less of somebody's effort you take for your individual use—the more will you leave in the national surplus for war effort.

The war can be won only by the surplus strength of the allied nations. The money each individual saves represents that surplus strength.

So the truly loyal Canadian will use less, spend less, and save more, to help to win the war.

Published under the Authority of  
The Minister of Finance  
of Canada.





**ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE**  
 WHITBY - ONTARIO  
 A SCHOOL OF IDEALS AND AN IDEAL SCHOOL  
 FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

Healthful, picturesque location amidst 200 acres of garden and farm land.

Public School to Second Year University  
 Household Science  
 Music  
 Instrumental  
 Vocal  
 Commercial  
 Elocution  
 Art

Civics and Parliamentary Studies,  
 Gymnasium Work and Swimming.

For Calendar apply to  
 REV. F. L. FAREWELL  
 B.A.  
 PRINCIPAL

This Ideal City-Country School Re-Opens September 11, 1918

**Bishop Strachan School**  
 College Heights - Toronto

A Church, Residential and Day School for Girls.

Established over fifty years.

All Departments from Kindergarten to University Matriculation.

For Calendar apply to the Bursar.

**ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE**  
 TORONTO CANADA

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

FULL ACADEMIC COURSE, FROM PREPARATORY TO HONOUR MATRICULATION,  
 FULL COMMERCIAL COURSE—MUSIC—ART—HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE—PHYSICAL  
 EDUCATION—GAMES—SWIMMING

Mrs. George Dickson, President  
 Miss Florence Neelands, B.A. Head of Senior House  
 Miss Isobel G. Brown, Principal  
 Miss Marjory A. Ford, Head of Junior House  
 School Reopens Tuesday, September 17th, 1918  
 Calendar sent on application

**St. Agnes School** BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.  
 A Church School for Girls

Patron—The Lord Bishop of Ontario

Advisory Board—His Honor Judge Wills; H. F. Ketcheson, Esq., Ex-Mayor; J. Elliott, Esq., Manager Standard Bank.

Junior School and preparation for the Universities. Ernest Wheatley, A.R.C.O.,  
 Musical Director. Special A.T.C.M. Course. Handsome, well-equipped building,  
 beautiful grounds, all outdoor sports, swimming pool and rink.

FOR CALENDAR APPLY TO MISS F. E. CARROLL, PRINCIPAL  
 School will re-open on Wednesday, September 11th.

PORT HOPE ONTARIO

FOUNDED 1865

**Trinity College School**  
 RESIDENTIAL CHURCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Beautiful healthy situation, overlooking Lake Ontario. 20 acres of Playing Fields, Gymnasium, Magnificent Rink. Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training. Beautiful Chapel. Also Junior School for Boys 9 to 14.

For prospectus apply to the Headmaster, REV. F. GRAHAM ORCHARD, M.A. (Camb.)  
 SUCCESSES 1917: At Toronto University, 1st Mathematical and 1st Classical Entrance Scholarships.  
 At R.M.C., Four Successes. Next Term commences Sept. 12th.

**Bishop's College School**  
 Lennoxville - P. Q.

HEAD MASTER—J. TYSON WILLIAMS, B.A., EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Well-known Boarding School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, R.M.C., Kingston, or for business life. Separate Preparatory School.

The first group of the extensive new buildings were formally opened by his Excellency the Governor-General on June 27.

For illustrated calendar and information apply to the Headmaster.

**LOWER COLLEGE**  
 CANADA  
 MONTREAL

Preparatory, Junior and Senior Departments, Physical Training, Manual Training, Swimming, Riding, Drawing, Music, Rinks, Tennis Courts.

Successes 1917, 1st and 2nd Places R.M.C., Nine Passes Entrance R.M.C., and R.C.N. Four Matriculations McGill. Term commences Sept 11, 9 a.m. Head Master, C.S. Fosbery, M.A.

**St. Andrew's College**  
 Toronto Canada

A Residential and Day School FOR BOYS

UPPER SCHOOL, LOWER SCHOOL  
 Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business.  
 Autumn Term commences Sept. 16th, 1918.

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D. Headmaster  
 Calendar Sent on Application

taken prisoner during the Loos advance of September, 1915, and that he had died about a year later of typhoid fever in a German camp. His friends, as soon as they had been informed of the death, had stopped sending parcels of food out to him. They were not told the object of the inquiries. It would have caused them needless pain. It was bad enough that their only son had died far from home in a filthy German prison."

Dawson's rather metallic voice became almost sympathetic, and I was pleased to observe that his harsh profession had not destroyed in him all human feeling.

"After this you may suppose that the parcels addressed to our poor friend the late lieutenant were very eagerly looked for. The alleged sender, whose name and residence were written upon the labels, was found not to exist. Both name and address were false. It was a hot scent, and I was delighted, after a week of waiting, to see another parcel come in. This would, in all probability, contain the 'important naval news,' and I took its examination upon myself. I reduced the bread and the chocolate to powder without finding anything."

"EXCUSE me," I cried, intensely interested, "but how could one conceal a paper in bread or in chocolate without leaving external traces?"

"There is no difficulty. The loaves were of the kind which have soft ends. One cuts a deep slit, inserts the paper, closes up the cut with a little fresh dough, and rebakes the loaf for a short time, till all signs of the cut have disappeared. The chocolate was in eggs, not in bars. The oval lumps can be cut open, scooped out, a paper put in, and the two halves joined up and the cut concealed by means of a strong mixture of chocolate paste and white of egg. When thoroughly dried in a warm place, chocolate thus treated will stand very close scrutiny. I did not trouble to look for signs of disturbance in either loaves or eggs; it was quicker and easier to break them up. I then addressed my attention to the sardine tins, which from the first had seemed the most likely hiding-places. A very moderately skilled mechanic can unsolder a tin, empty out the fish and oil, put in what he pleases in place, weight judiciously, and then refasten with fresh solder. I opened all the tins, found that all except one had been undisturbed, but that one was a blissful reward for all my trouble, for in it was a tightly packed mass of glazier's putty, soft and heavy, and at the bottom the carefully folded paper which I have now the honor of showing to you."

Dawson handed me a stiff piece of paper, slimy to the touch and smelling strongly of white lead. Upon it were two neatly made drawings and some lines of words and figures. "It is just what I should have expected," said I. "You recognize it?"

"Of course," said I. "We have here a deck plan showing the disposition of guns, and a section plan showing arrangement of armor, of one of the big new ships which has been completed for the Grand Fleet. Below we have the number and calibre of the guns, the thickness and extent of the armor, the length, breadth, and depth of the vessel, her tonnage, her horse power, and her estimated speed. Everything is correct except the speed, which I happen to know is considerably greater than the figure set down."

"You have not by any chance seen

that paper before?" asked Dawson, with rather a forced air of indifference.

"This? No. Why?"

"I was curious, that's all." He looked at me with a queer, quizzical expression, and then laughed softly. "You will understand my question directly, but for the moment let us get on. What sort of person should you say made those drawings and wrote that description?"

I am no Sherlock Holes, but any one who has had some acquaintance with engineers and their handiwork can recognize the professional touch.

"These drawings are the work of a trained draughtsman, and the writing is that of a draughtsman. One can tell by the neatness and the technique of the shading."

"Right first time," said Dawson approvingly. "At present I have that draughtsman comfortably locked up; we picked him out of the drawing office at——" he named a famous yard in which had been built one of the ships of the class illustrated upon the paper in my hands.

"Poor devil," I said. "What is the cause—drink, women, or the pressure of high prices and a large family?"

"None of them. His employers give him the best of characters, he gets good pay, is a man over military age, and has, so far as the police can learn, no special embarrassments. He owns his house, and has two or three hundred pounds in the War Loan."

"Then why in the name of wonder has the schweinehund sold his country?"

"He declares that he never received a penny for supplying the information upon that paper, and we have no evidence of any outside payments to him. He did not attempt to conceal his hand-writing, and when I made inquiries of his firm, he owned up at once that the paper was his work. He said that for years past he had given particulars of ships under construction to the same parties, as on this occasion. He admitted that to do so was contrary to regulations, especially in war time, but thought that under the circumstances he was doing no harm. I am not exactly a credulous person, and I have heard some tall stories in my time, but for once I am inclined to believe that the man is speaking the truth. I believe that he received no money, and was acting throughout in good faith."

"I am more and more puzzled. What in the world can the circumstances be which could induce an experienced middle-aged man, employed in highly confidential work in a great shipyard, not only to break faith and lose his job, but to stick his neck into a rope and his feet on the drop of a gallows. Reveal the mystery."

"You are sure that you have never seen that paper before?" asked Dawson again, this time slowly and deliberately.

"Of course not!" I said. "How could I?"

"That is just what I have to find out," said Dawson. He stopped, took out a knife, prodded his nearly smoked cigar, puffed once or twice hard to restore the draught, and spoke. "That is what interests me just now. For, you see, this very indiscreet and reprehensible swinehound of a draughtsman, who is at present in my lockup, declares that he was without suspicion of serious wrong-doing, because—because—the particulars of the new battleship upon that paper were supplied to YOU."

(To be continued.)



# THE WINDS of the WORLD

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

By TALBOT MUNDY

"LOOK!" said the German. "I thought that officer—the adjutant, isn't he—recognized you. Now he is pointing you out to the colonel. Look!"

Ranjoor Singh did look, and he saw that Colonel Kirby was waiting to let the regiment go by. He knew what was passing through Kirby's mind, since it is given to some men, native and English, to have faith in each other. And he knew that there was danger ahead of him through which he might not come with his life, perhaps even with his honor. He would have given, like Kirby, a full year's pay for a hand-shake then, and have thought the pay well spent.

Kirby began to canter back. "He has recognized you!" said the German.

"And he is coming to cut me down!" swore Ranjoor Singh.

He dragged the German back behind the nearest cart, and together they ran for the gloom of the big gate, leaving the driver of the bullock-cart standing at gaze where Ranjoor Singh had stood. The door of the shuttered carriage flew open as they reached it, and Ranjoor Singh pushed the German in. He stood a moment longer, with his foot on the carriage step, watching Colonel Kirby; he watched him question the bullock-cart driver.

Then a voice that he recognized said, "Buffalo!" and he followed into the carriage, shutting the door behind him.

The carriage was off almost before the door slammed.

"Am I to be kept waiting for a week, while a Jat farmer gazes at cattle on the road?" demanded Yasmini, sitting forward out of the darkest corner of the carriage and throwing aside a veil. "He cares nothing for thee!" she whispered. "Didst thou see the jasmine drop into his lap from the gate? That was mine! Didst thou see him button it into his tunic? So, Ranjoor Singh! That for thy colonel sahib! And his head will smell of my musk for a week to come! What—what fools men are! Jaldee, jaldee!" she called to the driver through the shutters, and the man whipped up his pair.

It was more than scandalous to be driven through Delhi streets in a shuttered carriage with a native lady, and even the German's presence scarcely modified the sensation; the German did not appreciate the rarity of his privilege, for he was too busy staring through the shutters at a world which tried its best to hide excitement; but Ranjoor Singh was aware all the time of Yasmini's mischievous eyes and of mirth that held her all but speechless.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked the German, after a long silence.

"Of what?" asked the German.

"That Ranjoor Singh sahib can do what he has promised."

The German laughed.

"I have an excuse for doing what I promised," he said, "if that is what you mean."

"That regiment," said Ranjoor Singh, since he had made up his mind to lie thoroughly, "will camp a day's march out of Delhi. The men

will wait to hear from me for a day or two, but after that they will mutiny and be done with it; the men are almost out of hand with excitement."

"You mean—"

The German's eyebrows rose, and his light-blue eyes sought Ranjoor Singh's.

"I mean that now is the time to do your part, that I may continue doing mine!" he answered.

"What I have to offer would be of no use without the regiment to use it," said the German. "Let the regiment mutiny, and I will lead you and it at once to what I spoke of."

"No," said Ranjoor Singh.

"What then?"

"It does not suit my plan, or my convenience, that there should be any outbreak until I myself have knowledge of all my resources. When everything is in my hand, I will strike hard and fast in my own good time."

"You seem to forget," said the German, "that the material aid I offer is from Germany, and that therefore Germany has a right to state the terms. Of course, I know there are the cobras, but I am not afraid of them. Our stipulation is that there shall be at least a show of fight before aid is given. If the cobras deal with me, and my secret dies with me, there will be one German less and that is all. That regiment I have seen looks ripe for mutiny."

Ranjoor Singh drew breath slowly through set teeth.

"Let it mutiny," said the German, "and I am ready with such material assistance as will place Delhi at its mercy. Delhi is the key to India!"

"It shall mutiny to-night!" said Ranjoor Singh abruptly.

THE German stared hard at him, though not so hard as Yasmini; the chief difference was that nobody could have told she was staring, whereas the German gaped.

"It shall mutiny to-night, and you shall be there! You shall lead us then to this material aid you promise, and after that, if it all turns out to be a lie, as I suspect, we will talk about cobras."

For a minute, two minutes, three minutes, while the rubber tires bumped along the road toward Yasmini's, the German sat in silence, looking straight in front of him.

"Order horses for him and me!" commanded Ranjoor Singh; and Yasmini bowed obedience.

"When will you start?" the German asked.

"Now! In twenty minutes! We will follow the regiment and reach camp soon after it."

"I must speak first with my colleagues," said the German.

"No!" growled the Sikh.

"My secret information is that several regiments are ordered oversea. Some of them will consent to go, my friend. We will do well to wait until as many regiments as possible are on the water, and then strike hard with the aid of such as have refused to go."

The carriage drew up at Yasmini's front door, and a man jumped off the box seat to open the carriage.

"Say the rest inside!" she ordered. "Go into the house! Quickly!"

So the German stepped out first,

moving toward the door much too spryly for the type of street merchant he was supposed to be.

"Do you mean that?" whispered Yasmini, as she pushed past Ranjoor Singh. "Do you mean to ride away with him and stage a mutiny? How can you?"

"She-buffalo!" he answered, with the first low laugh she had heard from him since the game began.

She ran into the house and all the way up the two steep flights of stairs, laughing like a dozen peals of fairy bells.

At the head of the stairs she began to sing, for she looked back and saw babu Sita Ram waddling wheezily upstairs after Ranjoor Singh and the German.

"The gods surely love Yasmini!" she told her maids. "Catch me that babu and bottle him! Drive him into a room where I can speak with him alone!"

"Oh, my God, my God!" wailed the babu at the stair-head from amid a maze of women who hustled and shoved him all one way, and that the way he did not want to go. "I must speak with that German gentleman who was giving lecture here—must positivelee give him warning, or all his hopes will be blasted everlastinglee! No—that is room where are cobras—I will not go there!"

In three native languages one after the other, he pleaded and wailed to no good end; the women were too many for him. He was shoved into a small room as a fat beast is driven into a slaughter-stall, and a door was slammed shut on him. He screamed at an unexpected voice from behind a curtain, and a moment later burst into a sweat from reaction at the sight of Yasmini.

"Listen, babuji," she purred to him. "Who was that man asking for me?" demanded the German.

"How should I know?" snorted Ranjoor Singh. "Are we to turn aside for every fat babu that asks to speak to us? I have sent for horses."

"I will speak with that man!" said the German.

HE began to walk up and down the length of the long room, pushing aside the cushions irritably, and at one end knocking over a great bowl of flowers. Ranjoor Singh stood watching him, stroking a black beard reflectively; he was perfectly sure that Yasmini would make the next move, and was willing to wait for it.

"The horses should be here in a few minutes," he said hopefully, after a while, for he heard a door open.

Then babu Sita Ram burst in, half running, and holding his great stomach as he always did when in a hurry.

"Oh, my God!" he wailed. "Quick! Where is German gentleman? And not knowing German, how shall I make meaning clear? German should be reckoned among dead languages and—Ah! My God, sir, you astonish me! Resemblance to Mohammedan of no particular standing in community is first class! How shall I—"

"Say it in English!" said the German, blocking his way.

"My God, sahib, it is bad news! How shall I avoid customaree stigma attaching to bearer of ill tidings?"

"Speak!" said the German. "I won't hurt you!"

(Continued on page 24.)



## JAEGER

### FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

#### YOUR CHILDREN

YOUR children's health is of the first importance. Start them right by clothing them with Jaeger Garments. We stock Jaeger Underwear and Night Wear, Dressing Gowns, Knitted Suits, Golfers' Coat Sweaters, Jerseys, Camel-Hair Fleece Coats, Gloves, Stockings, etc.



A fully-illustrated Catalogue will be sent free on application.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen CO. LIMITED  
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg  
British "founded 1883".



## Among the Pines

in tent, log cabin or modern hotel in a country of scenic beauty where fishing, hunting, kodaking, canoeing are at their best.

### Highlands of Ontario

offers you and all the family the outing of your life. The Grand Trunk Railway will help you plan your stay at Algonquin Park, Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays or Timagami. Write or call for literature.

J. Quinlan,  
Bonaventure Stat on  
Montreal, Que.  
C. E. Horning,  
Union Station, Toronto Ont.

GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM

THE CANADIAN  
OFFICE & SCHOOL  
FURNITURE CO.  
PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of  
High Grade Bank  
& Office Fixtures,  
School, Library &  
Commercial Fur-  
niture, Opera &  
Assembly Chairs,  
Interior Hardwood  
Finish Generally.



## TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES ALL PRICES

New and Second-hand. All makes; all prices  
Bargains in second-hand Machines, all in perfect  
working order.

List sent free on application. Specialty  
in Typewriters' Supply.

Canada Typewriter Exchange and Supply Co.  
62 St. James Street, Montreal, Que.  
Mention this paper when writing



## Who Will Inherit?

The laws of succession become operative when an estate is left intestate. To make certain your estate is distributed according to your wishes it is necessary to make the provisions in an accurately drawn up will. The time to make your Will is NOW. In appointing an executor, let us suggest the experience and reliability of this Corporation as evidenced by its 36 years of successful service and satisfaction. The charges are no more than the courts allow a private individual executor.

Pleased to confer with any who are interested in fuller information.

**THE**  
**Toronto General Trusts**  
 CORPORATION

ESTABLISHED 1882 HEAD OFFICE TORONTO

BRANCHES: OTTAWA, WINNIPEG, SASKATOON, VANCOUVER



# SAVINGS & INVESTMENTS



## Having Set a Pace—Let's Keep It

By INVESTICUS

**N**O Victory Loan ever looked so much like the real thing as the Victory Loan of 1918. Last Victory Loan—a little less than a year ago—Allied troops were crawling towards Passchendaele which they reached a few weeks before the Loan went on the market. Much has happened since. The German reinforced army has broken itself up in a stupendous offensive and is now being driven helter-skelter over the Hindenburg line. The pace looks like victory. Canadian troops are right in the forefront of the counter-offensive. The Canadian nation is behind the Canadian army as never before. And the most practical way to demonstrate that is in the forthcoming Victory Loan, an advertisement of which appears in this issue.

There's just as much money in the country now as there was in 1917—because it stays here. If you could get a moving picture of the \$400,000,000 raised last year you would find that money moving right back to the people from whom it came as systematically as blood goes all over the body. Some people imagine that every Victory Loan takes so much out of the country. No such thing. The money never leaves the country. Some money does; yours and mine for things we have to import. But the Government has put a useful crimp in our imports, keeping more of our money at home and steadying up the Canadian dollar on the exchanges. And the money invested in 1917 Victory Bonds is back now into the pockets of the people in the shape of wages for labor, payments for raw material, interest and dividends.

All we have to do—with a slight handicap of higher prices for commodities—is to round that money up and shoot it back again.

### WHAT A TENTH CAN DO IN TEN YEARS.

**T**HE primal importance of "saving to invest" in Canadian war loans cannot be too greatly emphasized. Just now when much higher wages are being paid than ever before in the history of our workmen, there is a very strong temptation to buy unnecessary articles instead of putting the money into the savings bank or investing in perfectly safe debentures, yielding nearly double ordinary bank interest. Government statistics show a tremendous sale for automobile and pleasure craft of all kinds despite the restricted output and the advanced prices. Meanwhile, war expenses mount by millions; and to meet this drain there must be thorough economizing on the part of all the people, and intensive saving in order to have ready money to loan for Victory Bonds.

Suppose you glance at the following "table" just to get a concrete idea of the power of thrift as expressed in money. As a rule, we avoid tables because everybody uses them. But once in a while a table is a good thing.

This one shows what you can do with one-tenth of your income ear-marked for savings. The time chosen is ten years; the rate of interest four per cent. It makes no difference what the wages or salary is. Wages and salaries are all one thing anyhow, and we shall soon have to discard "salary" except for civil servants. The wage list in the table starts at \$100 a month, which is pretty nearly an average, and scales down to \$25.00, which is about the lowest wages paid. And here's what one-tenth of any wages from \$100 to \$25 a month will do in ten years if it's put where it can earn its dues:

Monthly Wages.	1-10 Deposited.	Amount saved with int. in 10 years.
\$100.00	\$10.00	\$1,475.00
75.00	7.50	1,106.00
60.00	6.00	885.00
50.00	5.00	737.00
45.00	4.50	663.00
40.00	4.00	589.00
30.00	3.00	442.00
25.00	2.00	368.00
25.00	2.50	368.00

But this is only based on a 4 per cent interest rate; and the same amount of money in Victory Loans would yield a very much greater sum if the interest were carefully husbanded and promptly reinvested.

### OUR FRIEND THE FARMER.

**S**OME people say that Canadian farmers generally have not taken as wholeheartedly as might be expected to Victory Loans as an investment for their large surplus earnings. Despite the increased cost of operating a farm due to advanced cost of feed for stock, machinery and general commodities, all classes of farmers have done exceedingly well out of the tremendously high war prices obtaining during the past four years. Even the occasional farmer, who has operated mostly under hard luck, has come into his own such as he never did before the war. Mortgage loan companies report a very large proportion of mortgages paid off despite moratorium exemptions; and even in some cases farmers are reported to have entered the capitalistic class and placed considerable surplus cash out on mortgage.

But this latter practice can scarcely be called good business from any point

## SOLID GROWTH

Up-to-date business methods, backed by an unbroken record of fair-dealing with its policyholders, have achieved for the Sun Life of Canada a phenomenal growth. Assurances in Force have more than doubled in the past seven years and have more than trebled in the past eleven years. To-day, they exceed by far those of any Canadian life assurance company.

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA**  
 HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL

### Countless Estates

have been wasted through "nobody's fault," because the personal executors in charge, though honest and sincere, were not accustomed to dealing with the particular kind of property they undertook to administer.

**National Trust Company Limited**

Acts as Executor  
 Capital paid-up, \$1,500,000  
 Reserve ..... \$1,500,000  
 18-22 King St. East  
**TORONTO**

### We Buy, Sell and Quote MINING STOCKS

Authentic information available to interested investors.

**Plummer & Co., Stock Brokers**  
 108 Bay Street, TORONTO.

### F. C. SUTHERLAND & Co.

12 KING ST. E., TORONTO

Dealers in Bonds and Stocks  
 Specialists in Porcupine and Cobalt Securities  
 Elaborate Information Bureau at your service FREE. Write us.

### PATENT SOLICITORS.

**FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.** The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head Office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto. Ottawa Office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet Free.

## PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.  
**MARION & MARION,**  
 364 University St., Montréal.

### STAMPS AND COINS.

PACKAGES free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

### HOTELS.

**KING EDWARD HOTEL**  
 —Fireproof—  
 Toronto, Canada.

Accommodation for 750 guests, \$1.50 up. European Plan.

## Cawthra Mulock & Company

Members of Toronto Stock Exchange

**Brokers and Bankers**

12 KING STREET, EAST  
**TORONTO, CANADA**

Cable Address: Cawlock, Toronto.

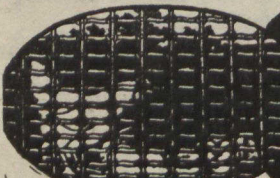
Halifax, St. John's, Nfld., Sherbrooke,  
 St. John, N.B. Sydney.

## F. B. McCURDY & Co.

136 ST. JAMES STREET,  
**MONTREAL - CANADA.**

Members Montreal Stock Exchange

Direct Private Wire Connections with all Offices.




### PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE

*A Real Fence—Not Netting*

Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediate No. 13 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which gives them and other traits have them to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our free and convenient Agency. Agents nearby everywhere. Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.

**The Maxwell-Harris Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,**  
 Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.





of view. In the first place it violates the very wise policy enunciated by Andrew Carnegie when he warned us against putting all our eggs in one basket, and surely the farmer, whose main investment is in the farm he works, would do well to seek some more diversified employment for his surplus funds than mortgages in similar properties not as good, or at least, no better than his own.

But another and bigger reason for the farmer putting his surplus earnings in else than mortgages is the big patriotic call of the Nation's need for ready working cash with which to purchase actual necessities for our fighting heroes. The call to every farmer to invest in Victory Loan to the extent of his resources, and even beyond, should be clarion clear; and there should be no hesitation in obeying the call. The last Victory Loan received a good general response; but it is felt in many quarters that the present loan should receive particular attention and impetus from the vast farming communities which have done so well and profitably out of the fruits of their arduous toil in land and soil. Big earnings have been given to most farmers; and big Victory Loan subscriptions are now rightly expected from all farmers great and small.

## Shall We Over-Double the \$300,000,000?

IN an address delivered last week in New York to the International Convention of Life Underwriters, Mr. T. B. Macaulay, President of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada gave an admirable brief survey of what Canada has done in the war. We take from that address only what he said about the financial side; although Mr. Macaulay's range of interest is one of the most comprehensive on any subject with which he chooses to make himself familiar for publication. The information is exact, pointed and interesting. The short mathematical story of how Canada has in every case more than doubled the amount asked by the Government in war loans is an aspiring comment on the ability of our people to come to the scratch in an emergency. We quote as follows from Mr. Macaulay's address:

We are a young and borrowing country; we have been an extravagant country; and we thought we could do little towards financing the war. At the beginning the Mother Country advanced money to the various Dominions at the same rate as she herself had to pay, but by 1915 we began to rely on ourselves. The Government issued the call for the first domestic loan. They asked for \$50,000,000 and wondered if they would get it. The subscriptions came to over \$113,000,000. On the strong urgency of the larger subscribers the Government took \$100,000,000 of this amount.

## National Directory of Standard Products

THIS directory includes the names of leading Canadian firms making and handling the various classes of goods indicated.

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.

- BABBITT AND SOLDER.**  
Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.
- BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.**  
Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.
- CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.**  
Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.
- CIGARS.**  
Andrew Wilson & Co., "Bachelor" Cigars, Toronto.
- ELEVATORS.**  
Otis-Fenson Elevator Co., Toronto.
- GLOVES AND MITTS.**  
The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.
- HARDWARE.**  
Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.
- PAINTS AND VARNISHES.**  
International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.
- PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS**  
Heintzman & Co., "Ye Olde Firm," Toronto.
- PRINTING INKS.**  
Sinclair Valentine Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.
- SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.**  
Frankel Bros., Toronto.
- TINWARE & SHEET METAL WORK.**  
Soren Bros., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.
- UNIFORMS.**  
Beauchamp & How, Limited, Toronto.
- WATCH CASES.**  
American Watch Case Co., Limited, Toronto.

FORD STARTER.

**FOUND AT LAST!!** Only Reliable Canadian-Made  
**FORD STARTER**  
WRITE US FOR PARTICULARS. THE PERLLESS, NON-BREAKABLE  
\$22.50 THE MORGAN SALES CO., 45 YONGE ST. TORONTO

In September, 1916, they asked for \$100,000,000, and we offered them \$201,000,000.

Six months later, in March, 1917, they asked for \$150,000,000, and we offered them \$254,000,000.

In November of the same year they asked for yet another \$150,000,000, and we offered them \$419,000,000. For this loan the Government had reserved the right to accept all subscriptions, and they did take \$400,000,000.

If in 1915 a man had told us that within the next two years the people of Canada would supply the Government with \$750,000,000 or \$100 for every man, woman and child in the country, he would have been looked on as a wild visionary. People do not know what they can do until they really try, and we surprised ourselves.

The subscribers to our first loan numbered 24,800; to the last loan they numbered 820,000, or nearly one in nine of the population. And now our Government is about to ask for \$300,000,000 more, and I shall be surprised if the answer is not at least \$500,000,000, and I imagine that they will take it all.

We shall have a heavy debt, but what of that? We shall carry it with ease, for we are young and growing, and our shoulders are broad. Canada never was so strong or so prosperous as at this moment. The safest Government bonds in the world are those of the United States and Canada, and I bracket them together as regards security. We pay five and a half per cent on ours, so if any of you want higher interest with equal security, subscribe for the next Canadian War Loan!

Not merely have we raised these large amounts of Government loans, but we have kept up the price of our bond issues, so that every person who bought a Canadian Victory Bond can to-day get for it on the spot more than it cost him. The brokerage and bond houses of the Dominion have been organized into a great committee, and whenever any bond is offered for sale it is at once resold to other purchasers. The demand for bonds has been stimulated until it now exceeds the supply, and the market price is above the cost price. Our Government can borrow this year on slightly better terms than it had to give last year. That speaks for itself for the value of the bonds and the credit and wealth of the country.

In addition to paying for the upkeep of our own troops, Canada has granted war credit to the Imperial Government of \$532,000,000, with which to purchase food stuffs, munitions, etc., in the Dominion. Our banks have loaned the Imperial Government \$200,000,000 more. But despite the withdrawal for Government loans, the deposits in our banks are \$300,000,000 more than they were at the beginning of the war. The country never was so wealthy.

**PARTRIDGE TIRES**

*A REVELATION IN VALUES*

**YOU** only pay for 3500 miles when you buy Partridge Tires. The rest is "velvet" for you. 10,000 miles is not considered extraordinary for a Partridge, because it is hand-built of the best possible materials — notwithstanding the increasing difficulty in getting high grade materials.

Equip your rear wheels with Partridge Non-Skids; the front wheels with Partridge Guide Tires. Sold by all Garages.

*Partridge Tubes are of the same sterling quality as Partridge Tires.*

MADE BY  
**THE F. E. PARTRIDGE RUBBER CO., LIMITED**  
GUELPH : ONTARIO





**Ensure Delicious Pastry**

You know how greatly success in baking depends upon *uniformity*. Wartime needs have caused variations in so many products that there is more reason than ever to insist on those articles you can still obtain knowing them to be *always the same*.

**Swift's  
"Silverleaf" Brand  
Pure Lard**

is as reliably efficient and dependable to-day as ever. It is the ideal shortening—a scientific combination of choice pork fats in exactly right proportions for all seasons—*perfect* for pastries and fine for frying. Sold in tin pails of convenient sizes. Always wholesome and fresh—economical to use.

ORDER A PAIL FROM YOUR GROCER OR BUTCHER

Swift Canadian Co.  
Limited

Toronto    Winnipeg    Edmonton  
(Canada Food Board License Nos. 13-170, 13-171, 13-172)

## THE WINDS of the WORLD

(Continued from page 21.)

"Sahib, in pursuit unavailingly of chance emolument in neighborhood of Chandni Chowk just recently—"

"How recently?" the German asked. "Oh, my God! So recently that there are yet erections of cuticle all down my back! Sahib, not more than twenty minutes have elapsed, and I saw this with my own eyes!"

"Saw what—where?" "Where? Have I not said where? My God, I am so upset as to be losing sense of all proportion! Where? At German place of business—Sigelman and Meyer—in small street leading out of Chandni Chowk. In search of chance emolument, and finding none yet—finding none yet, sahib—sahib, I am poor man, having wife and familiee dependent and also many other disabilities, including wife's relatives."

The German gave him some paper money impatiently. The babu unfolded it, eyed the denomination with a spasm of relief, folded it again, and appeared to stow it into his capacious stomach.

"Sahib, while I was watching, police came up at double-quick march and arrested everybodee, including all Germans in building. There was much annoyance manifested when search did not reveal presence of one other sahib. So I ran to give warning, being verree poor man and without salaried employment."

"What happened to the Germans?" "Jail, sahib! All have gone to jail! By this time they are all excommunication, supplied with food and water by authorities. Having once been jail official myself, I can testify—"

"What happened to the office?" "Locked up, sahib! Big red seal—much sealing wax, and stamp of police department, with notice regarding penalty for breaking same, and also police sentry at door!"

THE German began to pace the room again with truly martial strides.

"Listen!" he said, coming to a stand in front of Ranjoor Singh. "I have changed my mind."

"The horses are ready," answered Ranjoor Singh.

"The German Government has been to huge expense to provide aid of the right kind, to be ready at the right minute. My sole business is to see that the utmost use is made of it."

"That also is my sole business!" vowed Ranjoor Singh.

"You have heard that the police are after me?"

Ranjoor Singh nodded.

"Can you get away from here unseen—unknown to the police?"

Ranjoor Singh nodded again, for he was very sure of Yasmini's resource.

Again the German began to pace the room, now with his hands behind him, now with folded arms.

Men began to come in, one at a time. They would whisper to Ranjoor Singh, and hurry out again. Some of them would whisper to Yasmini over in the window, and she would give them mock messages to carry, very seriously. Babu Sita Ram was stirred out of a meditative coma and sent hurrying away, to come back after a little while and wring his hands. He ran over to Yasmini.

"It is awful!" he wailed. "Soon there will be no troops left with which to quell Mohammedan uprising. All loyal troops are leaving, and none but

disloyal men are left behind. The government is mad, and I am verree much afraid!"

Yasmini quieted him, and Ranjoor Singh, pretending to be busy with other messengers, noted the effect of the babu's wail on the German. He judged the "change of mind" had gone far enough.

"We should lose time by following my regiment," he said at last. "There are now five more regiments ready to mutiny, and they will come to me to wherever I send for them."

The German's blue eyes gazed into the Sikh's brown eyes very shrewdly and very long. His hand sought the neighborhood of his hip, and dwelt there a moment longer than the Sikh thought necessary.

"I have decided we must hurry," he said. "I will show you what I have to show. I will not be taking chances. You must bring a messenger, and he must go for your mutineers while you stay there with me. When we are there, you will be in my power until the regiments come; and when they come I will surrender to you. Do you agree?"

"Yes," said Ranjoor Singh.

"Then choose your messenger. Choose a man who will not try to play tricks—a man who will not warn the authorities, because if there is any slip, any trickery, I will undo in one second all that has been done!"

So Ranjoor Singh conferred with Yasmini over the two great bowls of flowers that always stand in her big window; and she suppressed a squeal of excitement while she watched the German resume his pacing up and down.

"Take Sita Ram!" she advised.

Ranjoor Singh scowled at the babu. "That fat bellyful of fear!" he growled. "I would rather take a pig!" "All the same, take Sita Ram!" she advised.

So the babu was roused again out of a comfortable snooze, and Yasmini whispered to him something that frightened him so much that he trembled like a man with palsy.

"I am married man with children!" he expostulated.

"I will be kind to your widow!" purred Yasmini.

"I will not go!" vowed the babu.

"Put him in the cobra room!" she commanded; and some maids came closer to obey.

"I will go!" said Sita Ram. "But, oh, my God, a man should receive pecuniary recompense far greater than legendary ransom! I shall not come back alive! I know I shall not come back alive!"

"Who cares, babuji?" asked Yasmini.

"True!" said Sita Ram. "This is land of devil-take-hindmost, and with my big stomach I am often last. I am verree full of fear!"

"We shall need food," interposed the German. "Water will be there, but we had better have sufficient food with us for two nights."

YASMINI gave a sharp order, and several of her maids ran out of the room. Ten minutes later they returned with three baskets, and gave one each to the German, to Ranjoor Singh, and to Sita Ram. Sita Ram opened his and peered in. The German opened his, looked pleased, and closed the lid again. Ranjoor Singh

The handy little Tire Saver



\$1.50  
ANYWHERE  
IN  
CANADA

TRADE MARK REG'D. CANADA

# SCHRADER

## UNIVERSAL

### TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE

UNDER inflation ruins more tubes and tires than anything else. Keep air pressure up to exact point recommended by the tire-maker and you'll get the maximum mileage. The Kick-Tire method is useless—use the pressure gauge constantly—it only takes a few moments. Simply press bottom of gauge on Tire valve and exact pressure is immediately registered.

**A. SCHRADER'S SON INC.**  
334 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO  
London, Eng.      New York      Chicago



accepted his at its face value, and did not open it.

"May the memsahib never lack plenty from which to give!" he said, for there is no word for "Thank you" in all India.

"I will bless the memsahib at each mouthful!" said Sita Ram.

"Truly a bellyful of blessings!" laughed Yasmini.

Then they all went to the stair-head and watched and listened through the open door while a closed carriage was driven away in a great hurry. Three raids and six men came up-stairs one after another, at intervals, to report the road all clear; the first carriage had not been followed, and there was nobody watching; another carriage waited. Babu Sita Ram was sent down-stairs to get into the waiting carriage and stay there on the look-out.

"Now bring him better clothes!" said Ranjoor Singh.

But Yasmini had anticipated that order.

"They are in the carriage, on the seat," she said.

So the German went down-stairs and climbed in beside the babu, changing his turban at once for the better one that he found waiting there.

"This performance is worth a rajah's ransom!" grumbled babu Sita Ram. "Will sahib not put elbow in my belly, seeing same is highly sensitive?"

But the German laughed at him.

"Love is rare, non-contagious sickness!" asserted Sita Ram with conviction.

AT the head of the stairs Ranjoor Singh and Yasmini stood looking into each other's eyes. He looked into pools of laughter and mystery that told him nothing at all; she saw a man's heart glowing in his brown ones.

"It will be for you now," said Ranjoor Singh, "to act with speed and all discretion. I don't know what we are going to see, although I know it is artillery of some sort. I am sure he has a plan for destroying every trace of whatever it is, and of himself and me, if he suspects treachery. I know no more. I can only go ahead."

"And trust me!" said Yasmini.

The Sikh did not answer.

"And trust me!" repeated Yasmini.

"I will save you out of this, Ranjoor Singh sahib, that we may fight our quarrel to a finish later on. What would the world be without enemies? You will not find artillery!"

"How do you know?"

"I have known for nearly two years what you will find there, my friend! Only I have not known exactly where to find it. And yet sometimes I have thought that I have known that, too! Go, Ranjoor Singh. You will be in danger. Above all, do not try to force that German's hand too far until I come with aid. It is better to talk than fight, so long as the enemy is strongest!"

"Woman!" swore Ranjoor Singh so savagely that she laughed straight into his face. "If you suspect—if you can guess where we are going—send men to surround the place and watch!"

"Will a tiger walk into a watched lair?" she answered. "Go, talker! Go and do things!"

So, swearing and dissatisfied, Ranjoor Singh went down and climbed on to the box seat of a two-horse carriage.

"Which way?" he asked; and the German growled an answer through the shutters.

"Now straight on!" said the German,

after fifteen minutes. "Straight on out of Delhi!"

They were headed south, and driving very slowly, for to have driven fast would have been to draw attention to themselves. Ranjoor Singh scarcely troubled to look about him, and Sita Ram fell into a doze in spite of his protestations of fear. The German was the only one of the party who was at pains to keep a lookout, and he was most exercised to know whether they were being followed; over and over again he called on Ranjoor Singh to stop until a following carriage should overtake them and pass on.

So they were a very long time driving to Old Delhi, and it was dusk when the German shouted and Ranjoor Singh turned the horses in between two age-old trees, and drew rein at a shattered temple door.

Some monkeys loped away, chattering, and about a thousand parakeets flew off, shrilling for another's roost. But there was no other sign of life.

"Stable the horses in here!" said the German; and they did so, Ranjoor Singh dipping water out of a rain-pool and filling a stone trough that had once done duty as receptacle for gifts for a long-forgotten god. Then they pushed the carriage under a tangle of hanging branches.

"Look about you!" advised the German, as he emptied food for the horses on the temple floor; and babu Sita Ram made very careful note of the temple bearings, while Ranjoor Singh and the German blocked the old doorway with whatever they could find to keep night-prowlers outside and the horses in.

Then the German led the way into the dark, swinging a lantern that he had unearthed from some recess. Babu Sita Ram walked second, complaining audibly and shuddering at every shadow. Last came Ranjoor Singh, grim, silent.

For all the darkness, Ranjoor Singh made note of the fact that they were following a wagon track, into which the wheels of a native cart had sunk deep times without number. Only native ox-carts leave a track like that.

IT must have been nine o'clock, and the babu was giving signs of nearly complete exhaustion, when they passed beyond a ring of trees into a clearing. They stood at the edge of the clearing in a shadow for about ten minutes, while the German watched catwise for signs of life.

"It is now," he said, tapping Ranjoor Singh's chest, "that you begin to be at my mercy. I assure you that the least disobedience on your part will mean your instant death!"

"Lead on!" growled Ranjoor Singh.

"Do you recognize the place?" Ranjoor Singh peered through the rain in every direction. At each corner of the clearing, north, south, east and west, he could dimly see some sort of ruined arch, and there was another ruin in the center.

"No," he said.

"This is the oldest temple ruin anywhere near Delhi. On some inscriptions it is called 'Temple of the Four Winds,' but the old Hindu who lived in it before we bribed him to go away called it the 'Winds of the World.' It is known as 'Winds of the World' on the books of the German War Office. I think it is really of Greek origin myself, but I am not an Orientalist, and the text-books all say that I am wrong."

"Lead on!" said Ranjoor Singh; and

### MONARCH-KNIT HOSIERY

THE superfine yarns, careful finish and double reinforcing that go into the making of Monarch-Knit Hosiery for grown-ups enter into the composition of our little folks' hosiery as well. Though made with a view to the rough-and-tumble life of the street and the playground, its good looks qualify it no less for Sunday and similar wear when appearance becomes the first consideration.

*Ask for No. 100 child's hosiery in black, white and tan.*

**The Monarch Knitting Co.  
LIMITED**  
Dunnville, Ontario, Canada

Manufacturers of Sweater Coats, Hosiery and Fancy Knit Goods for men, women and children. Also "Monarch" Floss and other hand-knitting yarns suitable for soldiers' sox, etc.



# MONARCH-KNIT

## DEAF?

Hear clearly and distinctly with a  
**Little Gem Ear Phone**



You have heard of many hearing devices and most probably have tried some. Don't be discouraged, for Science has at last found a way to help you hear clearly and distinctly. You will get the comfort you are longing for when using the Little Gem Ear Phone, the smallest, simplest electrical hearing instrument.

The Little Gem Ear Phone received the GOLD MEDAL, highest award for Ear Phones at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915, in competition with the world.

Call for demonstration when in Toronto, or write for booklet which explains everything.  
Tell Your Deaf Friends

**THE GEM EAR PHONE CO.,**  
of Canada  
1406B Royal Bank Bldg., TORONTO, Ont.  
New York Office, 47 West 34th Street

## Take Your Kodak With You

Innumerable charming and picturesque scenes along the Lines of the York Radial.

**YOU** can in a few hours secure an assortment of "snaps" that in years to come will recall pleasing memories of a delightful outing into York County by Trolley.

Information as to time tables and rates of fare will be gladly given if you will write or telephone

### Toronto and York Radial Railway

88 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

Telephone Adelaide 3810      Ask for the Traffic Department

## NO MORE HEADACHES IF YOU USE "RIGA"

# "RIGA"

### PURGATIVE WATER

A saline laxative which keeps the alimentary canal clean and healthy; prevents constipation, biliousness, and insures health.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE      USE IT FOR HEALTH'S SAKE

25c. THE BOTTLE (except in Far West)

ANDREW PATTISON, 508 MCGREVEY BLOCK, WINNIPEG, MAN.  
Sole Agent for Western Provinces

14



the German led them, swinging his lantern and seeming not at all afraid of being seen now.

"We have taken steps quite often to make the people hereabouts believe this temple haunted!" he said. "They avoid it at night as if the devil lived here. If any of them see my lantern, they will not stop running till they reach the sea!"

They came to a ruin that was such an utter ruin that it looked as if an earthquake must have shaken a temple to pieces to be disintegrated by the weather; but Ranjoor Singh noticed that the cart-tracks wound around the side of it, and when they came to a fairly large teak trap-door, half hidden by creepers, he was not much surprised.

"My God, gentlemen!" said Sita Ram. "That place is wet-weather refuge for many million cobras! If I must die, I will prefer to perish in rain, where wife and family may find me for proper funeral rites. I will not go in there!"

But the German raised the trap-door,

and Ranjoor Singh took the unhappy babu by the scruff of his fat neck.

"In with you!" he ordered.

And, chattering as if his teeth were castanets, the babu trod gingerly down damp stone steps whose centre had been worn into ruts by countless feet. The German came last, and let the trap slam shut.

"My God!" yelled the babu. "Let me go! I am family man!"

"Vorwärts!" laughed the German, leading the way toward a teak door set in a stone wall.

THEY were in an ancient temple vault that seemed to have miraculously escaped from the destruction that had overwhelmed the whole upper part. Not a stone of it was out of place. It was wind and water-tight, and the vaulted roof, that above was nothing better than a mound of debris, from below looked nearly as perfect as when the stones had first been fitted into place.

The German produced a long key, opened the teak door, and stood aside

to let them pass.

"No, no!" shuddered Sita Ram; but Ranjoor Singh pushed him through; the German followed, and the door slammed shut as the trap had done.

"And now, my friends, I will convince you!" said the German, holding the lantern high. "What are those?"

The light from the solitary lantern fell on rows and rows of bales, arranged in neat straight lines, until away in the distance it suggested endless other shadowy bales, whose outlines could be little more than guessed at. They were in a vault so huge that Ranjoor Singh made no attempt to estimate its size.

"See this!" said the German, walking close to something on a wooden stand, and he held the light above it. "In the office in Delhi that the police have just sealed up there is a wireless apparatus very much like this. This, that you see here, is a detonator. This is fulminate of mercury. This is dynamite. With a touch of a certain key in Delhi we could have blown up this vault at any minute of the past

two years, if we had thought it necessary to hide our tracks. A shot from this pistol would have much the same effect," he added darkly.

"But the bales?" asked Ranjoor Singh. "What is in the bales?"

"Dynamite bombs, my friend! You native soldiers have no artillery, and we have seen from the first the necessity of supplying a substitute. By making full use of the element of surprise, these bombs should serve your purpose. There are one million of them, packed two hundred in a bale—much more useful than artillery in the hands of untrained men!

"Those look like bales of blankets. They are. Cotton blankets from Munchen-Gladbach. Only, the middle blankets have been omitted, and the outer ones have served as a cushion to prevent accidental discharge. They have been imported in small lots at a time, and brought here four or five at a time in ox-carts from one or other of the Delhi railway stations by men who are no longer in this part of India—men who have been pensioned off."

"How did you get them through the Customs?" wondered Ranjoor Singh.

"Did you ever see a rabbit go into his hole?" the German asked. "They were very small consignments, obviously without demur, and the price paid the Customs men was worth their while. That part was easy!"

"Of what size are the bombs?" asked Ranjoor Singh.

"About the size of an orange. Come, I'll show you."

He led him to an opened bale, and showed him two hundred of them nestling like the eggs of some big bird.

"My God!" moaned Sita Ram. "Are those dynamite? Sahibs—snakes are better! Snakes can feel afraid, but these—ow! Let me go away!"

"Let him go," said the German. "Let him take his message."

"Go, then!" ordered Ranjoor Singh; and the German walked to the door to let him out.

"What is your message?" he asked.

"To Yasmini first, for she is in touch with all of them," said Sita Ram. "First I will go to Yasmini. Then she will come here to say the regiments have started. First she will come alone; after her the regiments."

"She had better be alone!" said the German. "Go on, run! And don't forget the way back? What! How will she know the way? How will you describe it to her?"

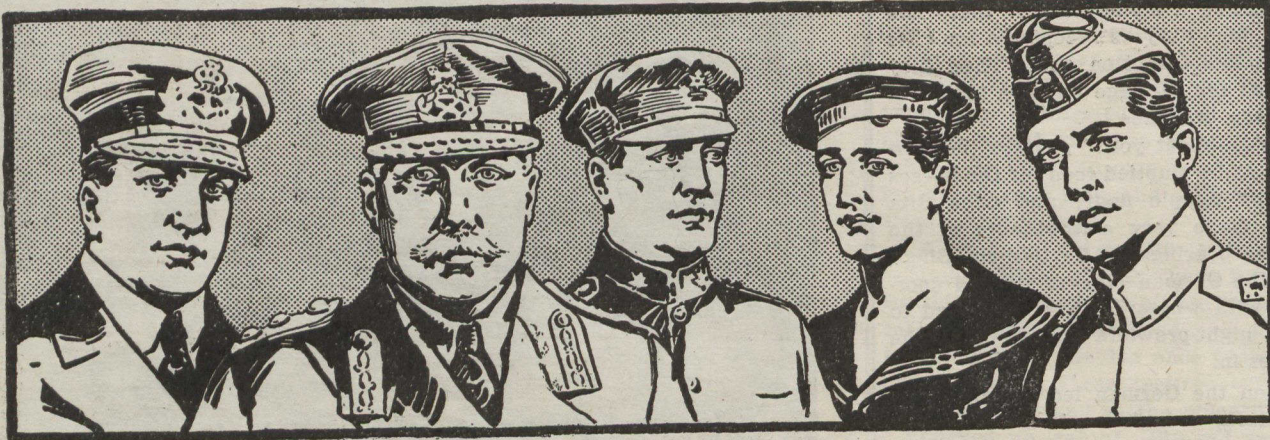
"She? Describe it to her? I will tell her 'The Winds of the World,' and she will come straight."

"How? How will she know?"

"The priest who used to be here—whom you bribed to go away—he is her night door-keeper now!" said Sita Ram. "Yes, she will come verree quickly!"

THE German let him out with an air mixed of surprise and disbelief, and returned to Ranjoor Singh with far less iron in his stride, though with no less determination.

"Now we shall see!" he said, drawing an automatic pistol and cocking it carefully. "This is not meant as a personal threat to you, so long as we two are in here alone. It's in case of trickery from outside. I shall blow this place sky-high if anything goes wrong. If the regiments come, good! You shall have the bombs. If they don't come, or if there's a trick played



## All Ranks in Every Service Prefer and Use the Gillette!

The Gillette is the fighters' razor!

It shaves the General; it shaves the private. It is at home in the artilleryman's kit. The airman, the engineer, the transport driver, the staff officer—all use it!

A "clean shave" is not only a matter of pride with all ranks in every service. It is the daily luxury, standing out in bold relief against the discomforts of trench and camp.

There isn't a regiment in the field today under any of the Allied flags but numbers more users of Gillette than of all other razors put together.

There isn't a condition that a man can face in his shaving—heat, cold, sunburn, windchop, water scarce or bad—but has been met by the Gillette thousands of times in over four years of war service.

And it costs little to give a soldier the daily comfort of a Gillette!

No Stropping; No Honing—(A soldier will not carry around a hone and strop). The Gillette Service Razor tucks away in the corner of a kit bag, or in the soldier's pocket, complete, compact, simple, strong, weighing next to nothing and ready for use at all time. It is the one Razor of International Service.

*The Gillette Set No. 19 is a Pocket Edition Razor in a soft Roll Case of heavy Khaki cloth, with 12 double-edged blades and an indestructible Trench Mirror.*



*The Gillette Set No. 20 is the same set in a heavily nickel-plated case, handsomely embossed.*

Gillette Safety Razor Co.  
of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory: - - 65-73 St. Alexander St., Montreal



—click! Good-by! We'll argue the rest in heaven!"

"Very well," said Ranjoor Singh; and, to show how little he felt concerned, he drew his basket to him and began to eat.

The German followed suit. Then Ranjoor Singh took most of his wet clothes off and spread them upon the bales to dry. The German imitated that too.

"Go to sleep if you care to," said the German. "I will stand watch," he added, with a dry laugh.

But if a Sikh soldier cannot manage without sleep, there is nobody on earth who can. Ranjoor Singh sat back against a bale, and the watch resolved itself into a contest of endurance, with the end by no means in sight.

"How long should it take that man to reach her?" asked the German.

"Who knows?" the Sikh answered. "Perhaps three hours, perhaps a week! She is never still, and there are those five regiments to hold in readiness."

"She is a wonderful woman," said the German.

Ranjoor Singh grunted.

"How is it that she has known of this place all this time, and yet has never tried to meddle with us?"

"I, too, am anxious to know that!" said Ranjoor Singh.

"You are surly, my friend! You do not like this pistol? You take it as an insult? Is that it?"

"I am thinking of those regiments, and of these grenades, and of what I mean to do," said Ranjoor Singh.

"Let us talk is over."

"No."

"Please yourself!"

They sat facing each other for hour after dreary hour, leaning back against bales and thinking each his own thoughts. After about four hours of it it occurred to the German to dismantle the wireless detonator.

"We should have been blown up if the police had grown inquisitive," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, returning to his seat.

"What rank do you hold in your army at home?" asked Ranjoor Singh, after an almost endless interval.

"If I told you that, my friend, you would be surprised."

"I think not," said Ranjoor Singh. "I think you are an officer who was dismissed from the service."

"What makes you think so?"

"I am sure of it!"

"What makes you sure?"

"You are too well educated for a non-commissioned officer. If you had not been dismissed from the service you would be on the fighting strength, or else in the reserve and ready for the front in Europe. And what army keeps spies of your type on its strength? Am I right?"

**B**UT then came Yasmini, carrying her food-basket as the rest had done. She knocked at the outer trap-door, and the German ran to peep through a hidden window at her. Then he went up a partly ruined stair and looked all around the clearing through gaps in the debris overhead that had been glazed for protection's sake. Then he admitted her.

She ran in past him, ran past him again when he opened the second door, and laughed at Ranjoor Singh. She seemed jubilant and very little interested in the bombs that the German was at pains to explain to her. She had to tell of five regiments on the way.



THIS STYLISH NORTHERN MUSKRAT COAT well illustrates the very special offerings from our Fashion Book. It is made full and roomy from the finest, most carefully matched Northern skins, 60 inches long, richly lined with satin Venetian, finished with arm shields, collar ruffle, etc. Deep storm collar and lapels. Sizes 34 to 44. The MUFF to match is in smart melon shape, silk cuff and wrist cord.  
M 703, Coat Delivered \$143.50  
M 704, Muff Delivered \$17.50

It is easy, pleasant & cheaper to buy **Hallam's** Guaranteed **Furs**

"FROM TRAPPER TO WEARER" BY MAIL

**EASY**—because all you have to do is write out your order for the Fur Garment you have selected from HALLAM'S Fashion Book and mail it with the money. Your furs are sent to you at once—if you like them, keep them—if not simply send them back.

**PLEASANT**—because there is no necessity to go to town—no tiresome trudging through stores—no urging to buy by anxious sales clerks—no annoyance or bother.

**CHEAPER**—because you save the middlemen's profits and expenses—we buy the skins direct from the Trapper, for cash, make them up into stylish fur garments and sell them direct to you by mail for cash.

The thousands of pleased people from all parts of Canada, who have purchased Hallam's guaranteed furs by mail, bear testimony to the wonderful values given.

Send to-day for your Copy of Hallam's **1919 FUR FASHION FREE BOOK**

A beautifully illustrated Book larger and better than ever—showing a wonderfully extensive variety of the newest Furs on real living people, over 300 articles illustrated—all reproductions of genuine photographs—it also gives you a lot of valuable information about Furs and what prominent people will be wearing this season.

We are the only firm in Canada selling Furs exclusively by mail—direct from "Trapper to Wearer" and guaranteeing them.

You must be thoroughly satisfied with Hallam's Furs or send them back and your money will be returned in full at once.

The coat shown here is taken from our Fur Fashion Book and will be sent anywhere in Canada on receipt of money.

Write to-day for your copy of Hallam's 1919 Fur Fashion Book—it will save you money.

Address in full as below

**John Hallam Limited** No. 422 HALLAM Building TORONTO



# Barber & Ellis,

## FRENCH ORGANDIE Stationery

**T**HOSE desirous of the same exclusiveness enjoyed in other things insist on French Organdie Stationery.

Obtainable in papeterie, note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.

*Ask your stationer for it.*

31-7-18



There wouldn't be so many failures if people would struggle just as hard to get into magazine advertising as they do to get into business



**SAVE WHEAT  
FOR OUR ALLIES**

SUBSTITUTE

**PURITY  
OATS**

IN ALL YOUR  
BAKING

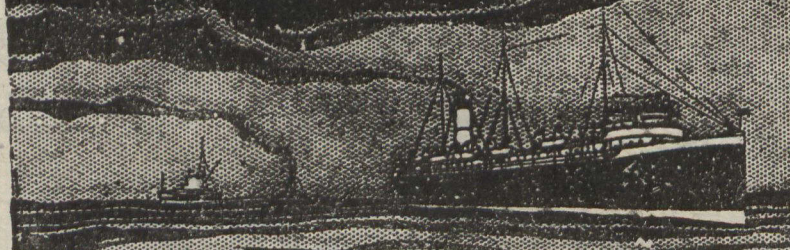
WHEAT-SAVING  
RECIPES MAILED FREE ON REQUEST

**Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited**  
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

Canada  
Food  
Board  
License  
Nos.  
Cereal  
2-009  
Flour  
15, 16, 17  
and 18.

35.

## Include Great Lakes Water Route



**On Your Trip to the Pacific Coast**  
Through the marvelous

### Canadian Pacific Rockies

Excellent accommodations—cool, restful,  
day-and-a-half's diversion on the

### Canadian Pacific Railway Great Lakes Steamship Service

From Port McNicoll, via Toronto, on Georgian Bay  
through Lake Huron and Sault Ste. Marie to Fort  
William on Lake Superior.

Summer Tour at Special Rates covering Lake Ports and chief  
Western Points of Canada and the United States.

Particulars from Canadian Pacific  
Ticket Agents or W. B. Howard  
District Passenger Agent  
Toronto



"The first will be here in two or three hours," she asserted; "your men, Ranjoor Singh—your Jat Sikhs that are ever first to mutiny!"

She squealed delight as the Sikh's face flushed at the insult.

"What is the cocked pistol for?" she asked the German.

He told her, but she did not seem frightened in the least. She began to sing, and her voice echoed strangely through the vault until she herself seemed to grow hypnotized by it, and she began to sway, pushing her basket away from her behind a bale near where the German sat.

"I will dance for you!" she said suddenly.

She arose and produced a little wind instrument from among her clothing—a little bell-mouthed wooden thing, with a voice like Scots bagpipes.

"Out of the way, Ranjoor Singh!" she ordered. "Sit yonder. I will dance between you, so that the German sahib may watch both of us at once!"

So Ranjoor Singh went back twenty feet away, wondering at her mood and wondering even more what trick she meant to play. He had reached the conclusion, very reluctantly, that presently the German would fire that pistol of his and end the careers of all three of them; so he was thinking of the squadron on its way to France. In a way he was sorry for Yasmini; but it was the squadron and Colonel Kirby that drew his heart-strings.

Swaying to and fro, from the waist upward, Yasmini began to play her little instrument. The echoing vault became a solid sea of throbbing noise, and as she played she increased her speed of movement, until the German sat and gaped. He had seen her dance on many more than one occasion. So had Ranjoor Singh. Never had either of them, or any living man, seen Yasmini dance as she did that night.

She was a storm. Her instrument was but an added touch of artistry to heighten the suggestion. From a slow, rhythmic swing she went by gusts and fits and starts to the wildest, utterly abandoned fury of a hurricane, sweeping a wide circle with her gauzy dress; and at the height of each elemental climax, in mid-whirl of some new amazing figure, she would set her instrument to screaming, until the German shouted "Bravo!" and Ranjoor Singh nodded grave approval.

"Kreuz blitzten!" swore the German suddenly, leaping to his feet and staggering.

AND Yasmini pounced on him. Ranjoor Singh could not see what had happened, but he sprang to his feet and ran toward them. But before he could reach them Yasmini had snatched the German's pistol and tossed it to him, standing back from the writhing German, panting, with blazing eyes, and looking too lovely to be human. She did not speak. She looked.

And Ranjoor Singh looked too. Under the writhing German, and back again over him, there crawled a six-foot hooded cobra, seeming to caress the carcass of his prey.

"He will be dead in five—ten minutes," said Yasmini, "and then I will catch my snake again! If you want to ask him questions—hurry!"

Then Ranjoor Singh recalled the offices that men had done for him when he was wounded. He asked the German if he might send messages, and to whom. But the dying man seemed to be speechless, and only writhed. It was nearly a minute be-

fore Ranjoor Singh divined his purpose, and pounced on the hand that lay underneath him. He wrenched away another pistol only just in time. The snake crawled away, and Yasmini coaxed it slowly back into its basket.

"Now," she said, "when he is dead we will drive back to Delhi and amuse ourselves! You shall run away to fight men you never quarreled with, and I will govern India! Is that not so?"

Ranjoor Singh did not answer her. He kept trying again and again to get some message from the German to send perhaps to a friend in Germany. But the man died, speechless, and Ranjoor Singh could find no scrap of paper on him or no mark that would give any clue to his identity.

"Come!" said Yasmini. "Lock the door on him. We will tell the general sahib, and the general sahib will send some one to bury him. Come!"

"Not yet," said Ranjoor Singh. "Speak. When did you first know that these Germans had taken this vault to use?"

"More than two years ago," she boasted, "when the old priest, that was no priest at all, came to me to be doorkeeper."

"And when did you know that they were storing dynamite in here?"

"I did not know."

"Then, blankets?"

"Bah! Two years ago, when a Customs clerk with too much money began to make love to a maid of mine."

"Then why did you not warn the government at once, and so save all this trouble?"

"Buffalo! Much fun that would have been! Ranjoor Singh, thy Jat imagination does thee justice. Come, come and chase that regiment of thine, and spill those stupid brains in France! Lock the door and come away!"

THE END.

### Not Suggestion

(Concluded from page 18.)

from a State system of medicine. Let us have the largest measure of medical and religious freedom, compatible with the welfare and progress of the public.

We can agree heartily with one statement by the doctor, "What Christian Science has done or claims to have done should be understood by those who are not Christian Scientists." The Christian Science Church in all its organizations aims to benefit humanity. Its church services, lectures, publications—including The Christian Science Monitor—its practitioners, all work to bring healing to humanity, by the knowledge of the truth, to displace wrong beliefs and conditions with right, enlightening and true ideas. They also aim to make this knowledge available to the public. Therefore, carefully verified testimonies of healing appear in The Christian Science Journal every month, and in The Sentinel every week.

In short, during the past fifty years, Christian Science has been reinstating scientific Christian healing. Its operation has proven so safe and beneficial, whenever properly applied, and the benefits accruing from it to humanity throughout the world are so valuable that any unreasonable restriction of the rights of Christian Scientists would be a public misfortune.

Yours sincerely,

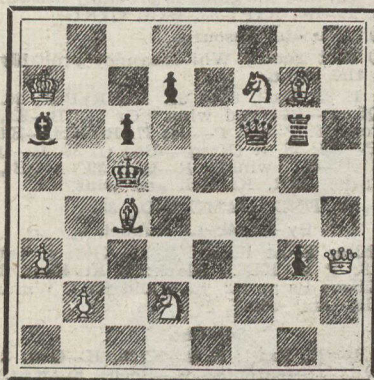
GEORGE R. LOWE,

Christian Science Committee on Publication for Ontario.





PROBLEM NO. 194, by B. Prikryl.  
Prizewinner.  
Black.—Seven Pieces.



White.—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.  
-Problem No. 195, by J. Moravec.

First prize, Casopis Ceskyon Sachsu Tournay.

White: K at Q7; Q at QKt3; Rs at QB2 and K2; B at KB6; Kts at QB3 and KR2; P at Q3.

Black: K at KB5; B at QB4; Kt at QR7; Ps at QKt4, QB3, KB4, KKt5 and KKt6. White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 192, by H. Rohr.

1. B-QKt3, P-Q8 (Q); 2. P-Q5 ch, Q-Q5; 3. Kt-Kt4ch, PxKt, mate.

1. ...., P-Q8 (B) or B-Kt2; 2. R-B2ch, B-B6; 3. Kt-Kt4ch, PxKt, mate.

1. ...., B-B5; 2. RxKBch, etc.

1. ...., B-Q6; 2. R-B2ch, etc.

1. ...., B-Bsq or Kt4; 2. KtxPch, etc.

1. ...., Kt-R7 or K3; 2. Kt-Kt4ch, KtxKt; 3. R-B2ch, KtxR, mate.

1. ...., Kt-Kt6; 2. Kt-K4ch, KtxKt; 3. R-B2ch, KtxR, mate.

1. ...., Kt (Rsq) any; 2. P-Q5ch, Kt-K4; 3. Kt-Kt4ch, PxKt, mate.

Problem No. 193, by H. W. Sherrard.

1. Kt-Q7, K-B5; 2. Kt-Q2ch, K any; 3. Rs, mate accordingly!

1. ...., KxKt; 2. R-Q6, K-B5; 3. R-Q4, mate.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(J. H. D.) Thetford Mines.—Clipping says White "mated" in three. Certainly he cannot force mate in three. Rather curious editing!

Mr. R. Millar, Campbell's Bay, Que., would like a game by correspondence with one of our readers.

MORRISON WINS AT ROCHESTER.  
J. S. Morrison, the Canadian chess champion, won the championship in Class A, at the Midsummer meeting of the New York State Chess Association at Rochester recently, defeating all of the seven other entrants. Further particulars and selection of games will appear later.

CHESS IN INDIA.

A fine game played by correspondence between V. K. Khadilkar of Sangli, chief town of the native State of Sangli, Bombay Presidency, and N. J. Roughton of Nagpur, Nagpur division, Central Provinces. The notes, by the winner, from the British Chess Magazine, we have slightly adjusted.

Salvio Gambit.

- |                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| White.           | Black.           |
| V. K. Khadilkar. | N. J. Roughton.  |
| 1. P-K4          | 1. P-K4          |
| 2. P-KB4         | 2. PxP           |
| 3. Kt-KB3        | 3. P-KKt4        |
| 4. B-B4          | 4. P-Kt5         |
| 5. Kt-K5         | 5. Q-R5ch        |
| 6. K-Bsq.        | 6. Kt-KR3        |
| 7. P-Q4          | 7. P-B6          |
| 8. B-B4          | 8. PxPch.        |
| 9. KxP           | 9. P-Q3          |
| 10. Kt-Q3        | 10. Q-R6ch?      |
| 11. K-B2         | 11. B-Kt2        |
| 12. P-B3         | 12. Kt-B3        |
| 13. B-KKt3       | 13. Q-R4         |
| 14. P-KR4        | 14. Kt-K2 (a)    |
| 15. Kt-B4 (b)    | 15. Q-R4         |
| 16. P-Kt4        | 16. Q-Kt3        |
| 17. Kt-R5        | 17. B-K4         |
| 18. R-Bsq (c)    | 18. P-KB4        |
| 19. Kt-Q2        | 19. B-Q2         |
| 20. P-R4         | 20. P-R4         |
| 21. PxRP         | 21. BxBch        |
| 22. KxB.         | 22. Q-Kt7 (d)    |
| 23. R-Bsq.       | 23. PxP          |
| 24. Kt-Kt7ch     | 24. K-Qsq        |
| 25. KtxP         | 25. P-Q4 (e)     |
| 26. R-KB2 (f)    | 26. BxP (g)      |
| 27. RxQ          | 27. BxQ          |
| 28. RxKB         | 28. PxKt         |
| 29. RxP          | 29. Kt-B4ch      |
| 30. KtxKt        | 30. KtxKtch      |
| 31. K-B4         | 31. R-KBsq       |
| 32. R-Kt4        | 32. P-R4         |
| 33. B-Q5 (h)     | 33. Kt-Q3 dis ch |
| 34. K-K5         | 34. K-K2         |

Resigns (i)  
(a) White was threatening P-Q5, followed by Kt-B4.  
(b) If 15. Q-R4ch, then 15. ...., B-Q2; 16. Q-Kt4, Kt-Kt3; 17. QxKtP, Castles; with an attack that wins for Black, though with difficulty.  
(c) Better would be 18. Q-Q2, BxBch; 19. KxB, P-Q4. If here, instead, 18. ...., B-Q2, then 19. QxKt, BxPch; 20. PxP, QxPch; 21. K-Kt2, QxR; 22. Q-Q2, and



# Have You Received Your Simpson Fall Catalogue?

If not, a Post Card will bring it to you

EVERY Season, thousands of homes throughout Canada eagerly look for the Simpson Catalogue. The new Fall and Winter Catalogue, just issued, is a magnificent production of 356 pages, illustrating almost every conceivable line of merchandise for personal and home use. It is larger and more complete than ever before—giving you fullest descriptions and life-like reproductions that make ordering a real pleasure. 64 pages are illustrated in the actual colors of the merchandise, so you can tell exactly the shading and the texture of the fabrics. Thousands of articles are shown in this catalogue—for personal and home needs it is especially complete—every member of the family may be satisfactorily suited.

## Canada's Authoritative Style Book

Simpson's Catalogue is regarded by thousands of women as their guide to the latest styles and models, because the great organization behind the Simpson Catalogue makes it possible to offer the very newest styles in the most seasonable materials, at the lowest prices. Every member of the family

finds something that he or she can buy cheaper and to better advantage through Simpson's Catalogue. Anyone having Fall shopping to do cannot afford to be without this book. Comparisons will show that the prices cannot be duplicated elsewhere. The Simpson Catalogue is a true guide to economy.

We ship your parcel within one day of receipt of order.  
We pay delivery charges on every thing in this Catalogue.  
We refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

Write for Catalogue No. 103 today.

The **SIMPSON** Company Limited  
TORONTO



## THE LONDON DIRECTORY

(PUBLISHED ANNUALLY)

enables traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and Suburbs, it contains lists of

### EXPORT MERCHANTS

with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply; also

PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal Provincial Towns and Industrial Centres of the United Kingdom.

Business Cards of Merchants and Dealers seeking

### BRITISH AGENCIES

can now be printed under each trade in which they are interested at a cost of \$5 for each trade heading. Larger advertisements from \$15 to \$60.

A copy of the directory will be sent by post on receipt of postal orders for \$7.50.

The London Directory Co., Ltd.  
25 Abchurch Lane, LONDON, E.C. 4

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

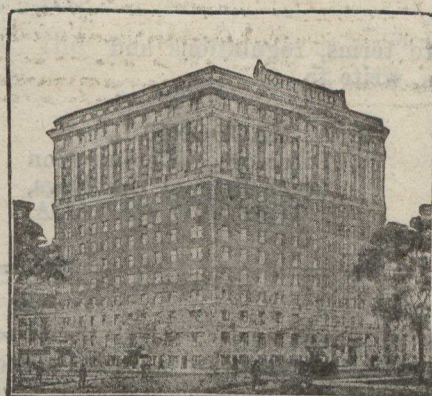
ADVERTISING MANAGER,  
CANADIAN COURIER.

## CANADA PIPE AND STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED

(CLUFF BROTHERS)

FINE PLUMBING APPLIANCES, ENGINEERS' PLUMBERS' AND STEAMFITTERS' SUPPLIES

79-87 CHURCH STREET TORONTO



Meet me at the Tuller for Value, Service Home Comforts.

## Hotel Tuller

Detroit, Michigan

Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward Car, get off at Adams Avenue

### ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

600 Outside Rooms. All Absolutely Quiet \$1.50 up single, \$3.00 up double.

Special inducements to Out-of-Town guests during the period of the war.

Two Floors — Agents' Sample Room



**CHEVROLET**

**CHEVROLET**

**USEFUL EVERY HOUR**

**CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY of CANADA, Limited**  
 OSHAWA, ONTARIO  
 C-3X  
 SEND FOR DESCRIPTION OF CHEVROLET MODELS

the Black Queen has no escape.  
 (d) QxP may be better.  
 (e) If 25. . . ., Kt-B4ch, then 26. KtxKt, KtxKtch; 27. RxKt, BxR; 28. R-Ktsq, Q-R6; 29. R-Rsq, Q-Kt7; 30. R-R2 again winning the Black Queen.  
 (f) Or 26. R-QKtsq, BxP; 27. QxB, Kt-B4ch; 28. KtxKt, KtxKtch; 29. RxKt, QxR; 30. RxPch, K-Bsq; 31. Q-Q7ch, K-Ktsq, and the game is probably drawn. If 32. P-R6, RxP; 33. BxR, QxKt.  
 (g) A useful resource.  
 (h) Not good. White cannot probably save the game.  
 (i) If 35. BxP, then 35. . . ., RxPch; 36. P-Q5, P-B4! and wins. Or 35. B-K6, RxPch; 36. P-Q5, P-B4; 37. R (Kt4)-Kt sq, P-K6; 38. R (Ktsq)-Bsq (if 38. R-Q Rsq, P-K7 wins), R-R5; 39. P-B4, RxP; 40. RxR, KtxRch and wins.  
**END GAME NO. 38.**  
 By K. A. L. Kubbel.

White: K at KRsq; R at KR3; Kt at KKt8; P at KB6. Black: K at Ksq; R at KBsq; Ps at K2, KB4 and KR7. White to play and win.  
**Solution.**  
 1. R-R7, PxP!; 2. R-K7ch, K-Qsq; 3. R-QR7 (threatening R-R8ch) K-Ksq!; 4. Kt-R6, K-Qsq; 5. Kt-B7ch, K-Ksq; 6. Kt-R8, P-B5 (there is nothing better); 7. R-R8ch, K-K2; 8. Kt-Kt6ch. At the fourth move if 4. . . ., P-B5, then 5. Kt-B5, P-B6; 6. Kt-Kt7ch, K-Qsq; 7. Kt-K8ch, and wins. An extremely beautiful and difficult end-game, which will become a classic. From the British Chess Magazine.

**How the War Looks Now**  
 (Continued from page 13.)

same. Old Heine had an ugly habit of keeping one hand on his machine-gun until we were fifty paces from him, and then holding up the other hand and shouting, 'Mercy! Mercy!' I don't call that a good way of surrendering."

**ON TO PASSCHENDAELE!**

**W**E were told once by a returned Canadian observer that after Passchendaele our progress for a long way would be easy, because it was all down hill. Gibbs describes vividly how Passchendaele was eventually taken. On November 6, 1917, he writes:

It is with thankfulness that one can record to-day the capture of Passchendaele, the crown and crest of the ridge which made a great barrier round the salient of Ypres and hemmed us in the flats and swamps. After an heroic attack by the Canadians this morning they fought their way over the ruins of Passchendaele and into ground beyond it. If their gains be held the seal is set upon the most terrific achievement of war ever attempted and carried through by British arms.

What is Passchendaele? As I saw it this morning through the smoke of gun-fire and a wet mist, it was less than I had seen before, a week or two ago, with just one ruin there—the ruin of its church—a black mass of slaughtered masonry and nothing else, not a house left standing, not a huddle of brick on that shell-swept height. But because of its position as the crown of the ridge that crest has seemed to many men like a prize for which all these battles of Flanders have been fought, and to get to this place and the slopes and ridges on the way to it, not only for its own sake, but for what it would bring with it, great numbers of our most gallant men have given their blood, and thousands—scores of thousands—of British soldiers of our own home stock and from overseas have gone through fire and water, the fire of frightful bombardments, the water of the swamps, of the beeks and shell-holes, in which they have plunged and waded and stuck and sometimes drowned. Passchendaele has been lost to the enemy to-day, and if we have any fortune in war, it will not be retaken.

**Delivery of Canadian Courier**

Mailing Canadian Courier to subscribers is arranged so as to give delivery by the date of issue to those parts of the Dominion most distant from the office of publication. Ontario subscribers should receive theirs by Friday; Toronto subscribers by Thursday.

**Northern Ontario**

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c. an acre in some districts—in others Free.

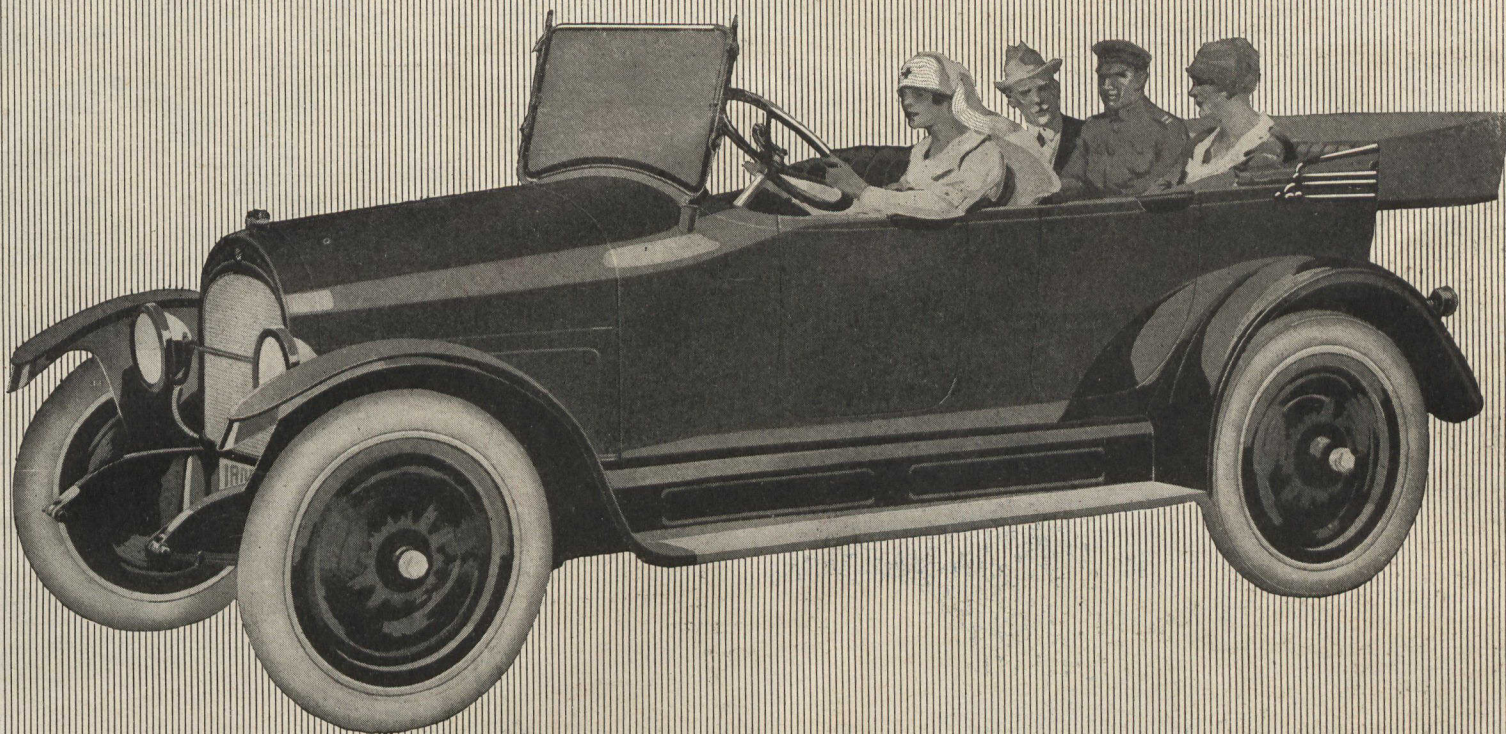
Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario, a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>G. H. FERGUSON,</b> Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>H. A. MACDONELL,</b> Director of Colonization Parliament Buildings, TORONTO, CANADA.</p>
---	--

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





# Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

## The Thrift Car

### Model 90 Saves Man - Power!

**T**HE decreased man-power means every Canadian at home must do *more* work and in *less* time.

A Model 90 car can save *you* many hours a day; conserve your energy; give you a wider radius of activity; multiply your usefulness and benefit your health.

As motor car property is appraised more carefully, the esteem for the Overland Model 90 rises.

It is noteworthy that—

Substantial families accustomed to the best find this car expresses their thrift spirit without lowering their standards.

Its comfort, beauty, roominess, and complete accommodations are a revelation to those who know Model 90 only by its reputation for economy and efficient performance.

This car is built both as a touring model and as a five-passenger Sedan.

Today one can not wisely select a car without the utmost consideration of the character and resources of the institution behind it.

To own a Model 90 is to be a beneficiary in the protection of the Willys-Overland policy of fair treatment and comprehensive service.

To transact business with such a concern assures complete satisfaction and makes the element of risk negligible—now and later.

*Five Points of Overland Superiority:*

*Appearance, Performance, Comfort, Service and Price*

Willys-Overland, Limited

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons

Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ontario

Branches: Montreal, Que., Winnipeg, Man., Regina, Sask.



# PALMOLIVE

*Explanatory Note — At the right is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3000 years ago. The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present day knowledge of the subject. Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.*

- (1) *As for her who desires beauty.*
- (2) *She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.*
- (3) *There cause to flourish these ointments—the skin.*
- (4) *As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for reviving, making sound and purifying the skin.*



## The History Back of Modern Beauty

**W**HEN the royal women of ancient Egypt learned the value of Palm and Olive oils they made a discovery to which modern users owe Palmolive.

For this famous soap contains the same rare oils, the luxury of famous queens 3000 years ago.

Its bland, fragrant lather is the final perfection of the blend which is old as history.

Palmolive Shampoo also contains the same Palm and Olive oils, keeping the hair soft and glossy with their mild yet thorough cleansing qualities.

Palmolive is sold everywhere by leading dealers—wartime price, two cakes for 25c. It is supplied in guest-cake size at those hotels most famous for de luxe service.

*Send 25 cents in stamps for Travelette case, containing miniature packages of eight popular Palmolive specialties attractively packed.*

**THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY**  
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited  
Toronto, Ontario

