

NEW PRICE

FIVE CENTS

NEW PRICE

# THE CANADIAN COURIER

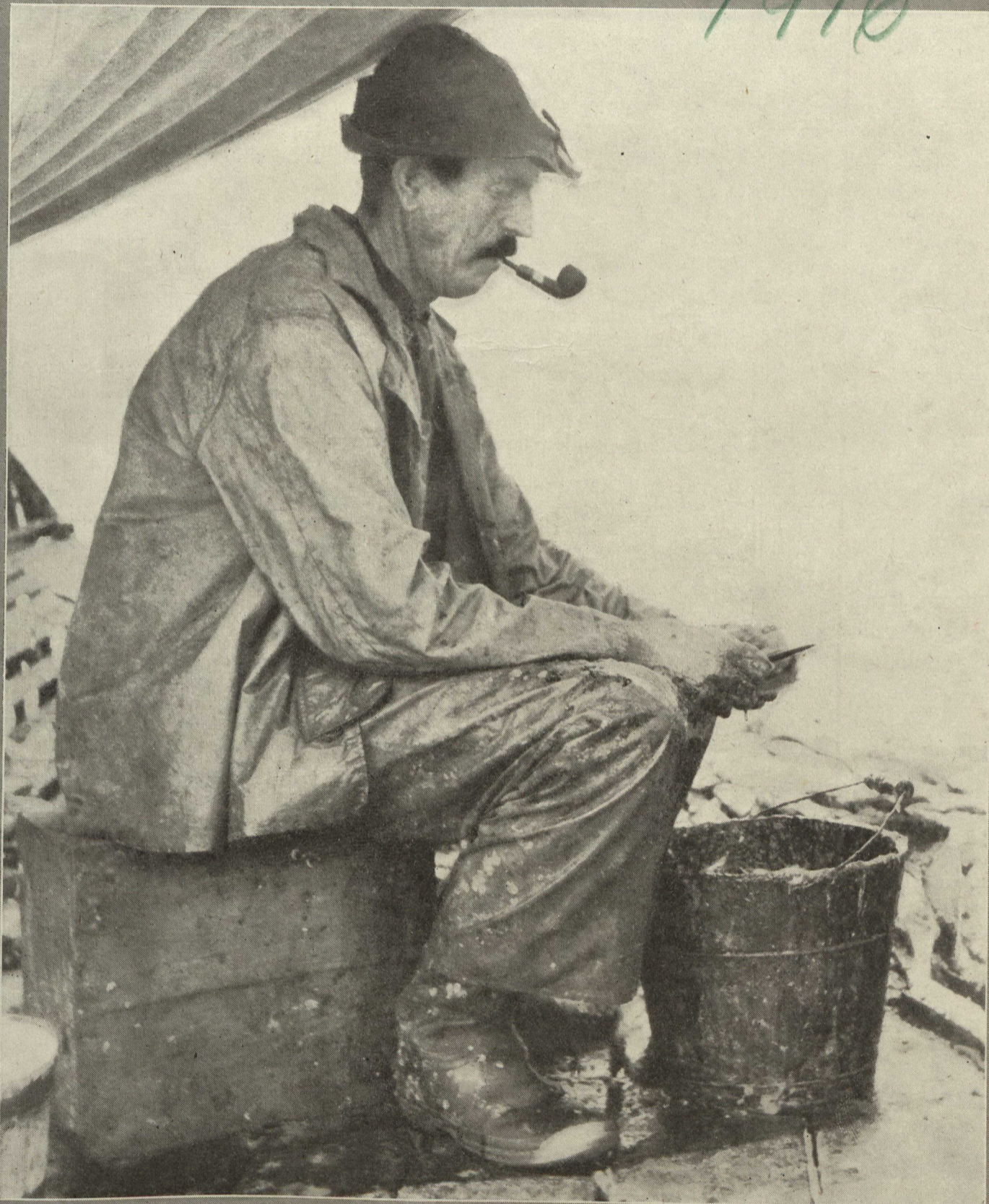
Volume Twenty

November 4th, 1910

Number Twenty Three

Alex Fraser  
67 Woodlawn Ave  
Toronto  
35207

1910



SCALY BUSINESS IN BLUE-NOSE LAND

—Photo by Edith Watson

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

# Electric Service

Means comfort, convenience, economy and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of house-keeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

At our showrooms all these devices are ready for your inspection. Competent demonstrators will operate and explain them for you.

The  
Toronto  
Electric  
Light  
Company,  
Limited

"At Your Service"

12 Adelaide St. E.  
Telephone Adel. 404

## Are We Downhearted?—NO!



THE desolation and hardships of war, and the worst of winter weather, cannot damp the spirits of our Canadians when the Christmas boxes arrive from "home". As you plan the parcel for HIM who is dear to you, don't forget how keenly Gillette shaving equipment is appreciated in active service. If he already has a

# Gillette Safety Razor


send him a generous supply of Gillette Blades, for probably he is sharing the razor with his pals who are not so fortunate.

Those who haven't been through trench life can scarcely realize how good it feels to the boys to have a Gillette shave—smooth and easy—clean and comfortable. That's the kind of shave they can get with a Gillette, under conditions where any other razor would be helpless.

Whatever else you put in his Christmas box, be sure there's a Gillette Safety Razor or a supply of Blades. Your Hardware Dealer, Druggist or Jeweler will be glad to show you an assortment—"Bulldogs" and Standard Sets at \$5.00—Pocket Editions at \$5.00 and \$6.00—Combination Sets at \$6.50 up.

**Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited**  
Office and Factory—THE GILLETTE BLDG., MONTREAL. 216

## AT THE CAMP



Master-Mason is the favorite tobacco not only on account of its great smoking qualities and fragrance, but owing to its being convenient, handy, easy to carry, easy to cut, and always in prime condition for smoking. All sportsmen are smokers and the most critical among them smoke Master-Mason.

Try it yourself and you will find it  
Equal by test to the very best,  
Much better than all the rest.

Say MASTER-MASON to your dealer—he knows.  
PRICE: 15 CTS. THE ROCK CITY TOBACCO CO., LIMITED

**SMOKE Master Mason**  
"IT'S GOOD TOBACCO"

## OUR ADVERTISING POLICY

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

# Bigger and Better for Less Money

## THE CANADIAN COURIER

Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. Subscription Price: Canada and Great Britain, \$2.00 per year; postage to United States, \$1.00 per year; other foreign postage, \$2.00 per year. **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. Unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

You will have noticed that with the issue of Oct. 7 the price has been reduced from 10 cents to 5 cents per copy.

### EXTENSIONS

In keeping with this we are extending all subscriptions, so that the subscriber will receive extra copies sufficient to make up for the reduction in price.

## CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO - - - - - ONTARIO

### EDITOR'S TALK

**P**RESIDENT WILSON said the other day that never again could the United States be neutral in a world war. He must have been reading the weekly war summary of Sidney Coryn in the San Francisco Argonaut, the summary which by special arrangement with Mr. Coryn and the Argonaut is now running simultaneously in the Canadian Courier. Coryn is an Englishman. But he doesn't write nine-tenths of his war stuff in favour of the Allies because he is an Englishman, but because in a neutral community containing a good percentage of Germans, he finds it impossible to be a real independent neutral without endorsing the operations and the prospects of the Allies most of the time. We consider this the best weekly war summary published on the American continent; which is the only reason it is offered to our reader

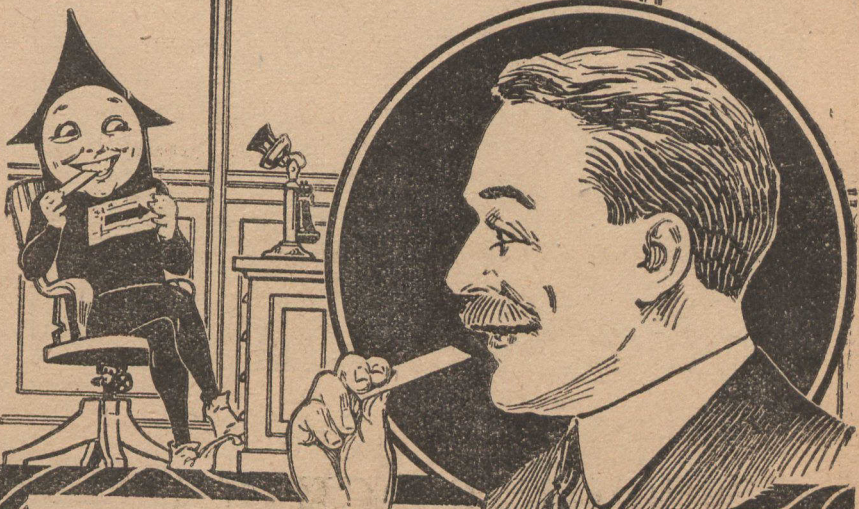
**N**EITHER can you afford to miss the character sketches that are becoming such a feature of the Canadian Courier. Illustrated by first-class drawings, written in popular, convincing style, they are a feature possessed by no other paper in Canada.

Our political and economic articles are valuable to you, because they represent independent views unbiassed by either party. We are as likely to praise the Grits as the Tories—or to criticize either. And there is no economic question treated in these columns that can get any colour or excuse from political affiliations.

**A**ND these Jacob Holdfast stories running regularly every two weeks, illustrated by capable artists—there is no doubt about the popular interest and Canadian character of these. In this issue, Reuben Sparks Was a Just Man. Issue previous, My First Coon Hunt. Next—we don't know which yet, because these things only come to the author as he browses round among his early recollections on an Ontario farm.



# WRIGLEYS



## Gum-ption!

Here is lasting refreshment—something that will come between your teeth as a gentle, soothing, lasting, tasty "shock absorber" when you set your jaws for a big task. It spurs the appetite, aids digestion, helps to preserve the teeth. A boon to smokers—it soothes and cools the mouth and throat—makes the next pipe or cigar taste better. The largest selling gum in the world.

**Chew it after every meal**

**Two flavors**



MADE IN CANADA

Sealed tight

Write Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., Ltd., Toronto, for quart "Mother Goose" Book and sample of "Doublemint," free.

## THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your family, and cannot be bought, sold, or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5,000.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 49 MILLION DOLLARS.

For further information and literature apply to

FRED J. DARCH, S.S.

E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.

Temple Buildings,

TORONTO.

## That Boy of Yours

is anxious to make extra pocket money, but does not know of a local job he can secure for Saturdays.

We solve the problem; we have the job. All the boy does is to claim it and go to work.

The work is made easy by our new method. We show the boy (or any one) how to go about getting subscribers to Canadian Courier. The instructions are so plain a boy can follow them.

## Help the Boy

Your moral support back of the boy will mean much to his first efforts. Back this up with the help we can give, and success to the boy will mean a start in life towards money making.

Our terms are most liberal; a reasonable wage is guaranteed to every boy worker. Write to

SALES MANAGER, CANADIAN COURIER,  
181 SIMCOE ST., TORONTO.



## RE-DISCOVER THE ROCKIES

The Transcontinental Line of the Canadian Northern Railway traverses a section of the Canadian Rockies of exceptional grandeur, possessing characteristics absolutely distinct from those of older and more Southerly Routes.

Those who are travelling to Vancouver, whether on Business or for Pleasure, will find themselves well repaid for their patronage of our Line by the opportunity of traversing a new section of Canada, and of recovering that thrill aroused by their first glimpse of towering snow-capped peaks and rugged canyons.

For literature and information, apply to General Passenger Dept., 68 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.; 226 St. James St., Montreal, Que.; or Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

**Travel Canadian Northern  
All the Way**

**BIG GAME  
IN  
CANADA**

**The Finest Hunting  
Grounds in America**

ARE CONVENIENTLY REACHED VIA

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents or  
W. FULTON, Asst. District Passenger Agent, Toronto  
W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto

## ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY; Or How to Attend and Never Forget

By Prof. A. Loiset

The complete Loiset Memory System. Its aim is to increase the power of memory in much the same proportion as the power of the eye for vision is increased by means of the microscope and telescope. 12mo. cloth, 170 pp. Price \$3.00 post-paid.

"I have no hesitation in commending Professor Loiset's system to all who are in earnest in wishing to train their memories effectively."—Richard A. Proctor, the Eminent Astronomer.

UNIVERSITY BOOK COMPANY

8 University Avenue

Toronto

## Nonsense Novelettes

While a certain Scotch minister was conducting religious services in an asylum for the insane one of the inmates cried out, wildly:

"I say, have we got to listen to this?"

The minister, surprised and confused, turned to the keeper and said:

"Shall I stop speaking?"

The keeper replied:

"No, no; go along, go along; that will not happen again. That man has only one lucid moment every seven years."—Tit-Bits.

\* \* \*

"I hear that Laura's engagement to the young minister is off."

"Why, yes, she told me. He was horribly jealous and so unfair."

"In what way was he unfair?"

"Every time she would make an engagement to go motoring with some other man he would pray for rain."—Liverpool Post.

\* \* \*

An American, stopping at a London hotel, rang several times for attendance, but no one answered. He started for the office in an angry mood, which was not improved when he found that the "lift" was not running. Descending two flights of stairs, he met one of the chambermaids. "What's the matter with this dashed hotel?" he growled. "No one to answer your call and no elevator running!" "Well, you see, sir," said the maid, "the Zeps were reported and we were all ordered to the cellar for safety." "Damn!" ejaculated the American. "I was on the fifth floor and I wasn't warned." "No, sir," was the bland reply, "but you see, sir, you don't come under the employers' liability act, sir."

\* \* \*

One day while Larry Harris was out in the suburbs in his automobile he discovered that he needed some lubricating oil for his engine. He drove up to a farmhouse where a small boy was playing. "Son," he called, "run in and ask your mother if she has any lubricating oil—or castor oil will do, if she has that." Soon the lad returned and announced: "Ma ain't got no castor oil or nothin', but she said if you would wait a few minutes she would fix you up a dose of salts."

\* \* \*

While touring the back country in the Tennessee mountains one summer a New York author in search of "colour" came upon an old native who began to ask him all sorts of questions. It seemed that the fellow was ten years or more behind on the news. "Why don't you subscribe to some paper and keep yourself posted?" asked the visitor. "Wall," drawled the old man, "when paw died he left me a stack of newspapers 'bout two feet high. I ain't got 'em half read yit. What's th' good o' buyin' more?"

\* \* \*

A New York man took a run not long ago into Connecticut, to a town where he had lived as a boy. On his native heath he accosted a venerable old chap of some eighty years, who proved to be the very person the Gothamite sought to answer certain inquiries concerning the place. As the conversation proceeded the New Yorker said: "I suppose you have always lived around here?" "No," said the old man, "I was born two good miles from here."—The Argonaut.

\* \* \*

Minnie—"So sorry to hear of your motor accident!"

Lionel—"Oh, thanks; it's nothing. Expect to live through many more."

Minnie—"Oh, but I hope not!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## Boys Wanted!

Never was such a time in Canadian history as now. So many Boys are finding out that they are useful and can earn money. More at it than ever.

Boys have an earning power that helps. Nickels and dimes are important in the boy's bank, or the family finances.

To the Boy who wants to get ahead we give a grand opportunity to start—by selling Canadian Courier at 5 cents per copy. Try it. You will be surprised how easy. I can help you—tell you how. Write me.

**Sales Manager  
CANADIAN COURIER  
Toronto**

## Courier Bouquets NO. 731.

Courier Editorially Vindicated.

I read every line of your paper and consider it one of the best general epitomes of Canadian life and character, and hence do not wish to miss even a single copy.

W. J. WATSON,  
Editor Oshawa Vindicator.

## 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.

## PRINTING.

VISITING CARDS—Ladies' or Gentlemen's, printed to order—latest styles, fifty cents per hundred, post paid. Frank H. Barnard, Printer, 35 Dundas St., Toronto.

## Send the Boys THE COURIER

(Courier "Bouquet" Series.)

"My son has joined the Indian Army. I think the Courier is the best paper I could send him to keep his connection with the country alive."

GEORGE SHAW PAGE,  
Moosoming, Sask.

## Boys - Boys

Some boys have heard my call and are at work every week earning a nice sum of

## POCKET MONEY

They do it by selling the Canadian Courier to their friends. You have friends and the Courier will make more for you. Look over THIS number and decide you can sell it.

ON MY GUARANTEE you can make at least 50c per week.

**Sales Manager,  
Canadian Courier, Toronto.**

# THE COURIER

Vol. XX.

November 4th, 1916

No. 23

## LONE FARMS BE HANGED! HE WANTS TO BE WITH THE CROWD *The Mental Attitude of Returned Soldiers*

By BRITTON B. COOKE

Illustration by Estelle M. Kerr

THIS is what we read:

The C. P. R. liner So-and-So arrived at Halifax this morning. Among her passengers were two hundred returned soldiers proceeding to their respective districts to be treated in the convalescent hospitals, and to receive their discharge papers. Among them was—and so on.

This is what we see:

A gloomy giant in a baggy khaki uniform with blue shoulder straps, or blue tie, hobbling sturdily along the street with a cane, or with crutches. He may be one of a group idling down the sidewalk. He may be mooning on the front steps on one of our local hospitals, looking about as merry and bright as a chained black bear.

This is what we think:

Dear me! Poor fellow! Wonder how HE got hurt. Hope he's a real hero! Wish I knew all about him—it would be so interesting to hear him talk. How glad he must be to be back!

This is what we are told:

That the returned soldier is "a grave problem." That he must be "properly rewarded for his sacrifices"; and that he must be put "back on the land"—you'd think the land was a crübbage board and a sick soldier was a peg that you stuck wherever you pleased. Unless we are lucky we read also Sir Rider Haggard's pleasant little talks about how eager the returned fighting man will be for "an outdoor life," which is rubbish!

And this is what we don't read, don't see, don't think and aren't told:

That our returned soldier doesn't give a hoot about an outdoor life.

That he's keener for any job than for farming.

That if he was a farmer before the war he wants to be something else to-day.

That he isn't glad he's back.

That he hates the word hero and dreads being asked to "Tell us all about it."

That he isn't eager to shed the khaki for his "civies."

— and that the passion of his life is "comp'ny." He is the loneliest man on earth. He has tasted life as none of the stay-at-homes may ever taste it. He has rubbed shoulders with death and tossed dice in the face of Gehenna. He has known friendships that make the piffling friendships of nice clean people in nice, safe places, look like tin cannon on the nursery floor. He has seen things in the way of brotherly love—the kind of brotherly love that will get itself mussy for YOU, and crawl through filth and unspeakable terror for YOU—and he comes back to civilization, first of all expectant, second of all disappointed. If he is one of a certain class of unscratched sick-men he is horribly afraid of the quiet and afraid of the tick of the clocks of civilization or the shadows of civilization, and afraid to be alone! Say what you will of war, it has given millions of men a glimpse of the unsuspected possibilities of brotherhood, and the returned soldier won't be without it—not for all the acres between Rat Portage and Grouard. This is what we fail to count on when we talk of dumping him on the prairie. In short, the handling of the returned soldier is going to be as much a factory problem as a farm problem. And if even a percentage of men is to be settled in agrarian occupations, our common notions of farm life will have to be changed.

THERE may be, as Colonel Bruce says, grave inefficiency in the Canadian hospital organization in England. But one of the most cheerful things about the whole Canadian military system is the way the Military Hospitals Commission in Canada works. The usual Ottawa commission never works; it merely collects evidence and dumps it in a blue book, any old how. The Military Hospitals Commis-



department. When the convalescent soldier reaches Halifax or Quebec, whichever his point of debarkation, agents of the Commission take him in hand. He is marked as "Class One," "Class Two," or "Class Three," according to whether he is recovered sufficiently to be discharged immediately back into civil life, or whether he is still a convalescent. Classes Two and Three are both convalescents, but class Three men are those needing special attention. Class One man is given fifteen days' pay, free transportation and free meals to his home town. Classes two and three are passed along to the Central Depot in whatever area the men originally came from. That is to say, a man who came from a point say one hundred miles from Toronto, is sent to the Central Depot at Toronto and placed in whatever convalescent home can best handle his particular needs. After the convalescent home has done all that it can do, the man is discharged. But if he is unable to resume his old occupation before the war he is taken in hand by the Vocational Training department of the Commission. Whether he is able to resume work at once, or later after he has had sufficient special education to be able to work at a new trade, the Soldiers' Aid Commissions in the various provinces—all of them co-operating with the Military Hospitals Commission find the man a position.

BEFORE the Military Hospitals Commission was formed, and even in its very early days, the newspapers were filled with sob-stories concerning men who had been discharged when only half well, or whose pensions had not been forthcoming, or were inadequate. To-day such complaints are rare and are only to be accounted for by the supposition that the returned man has misunderstood the questions asked him. From the time a returned soldier reaches the shore of Canada until he is well enough to work, he is looked after. And not only that: as soon as he is able to work there is work waiting for him. Such, at least, has been the case thus far. He has been given an application card in the hospital. This is filled out stating what kind of work he wants and what his qualifications and disabilities are. The card is sent to the Provincial Soldiers Aid Commission and is compared with the list of "men wanted." And no shyster employer is allowed to take advantage of the fact that a soldier has a pension, either. The commission finds out first what the employer proposes to pay for the work he wants done. Then it sends the soldier, or as soon as he is able, to deal with the employer. So far, in the older provinces, there have been more employers offering than there were soldiers applying for work. In Ontario, the Soldiers' Aid Commission has handled 3,036 men. Of this number, one hundred and fifty have been absorbed in guard work; three hundred have returned to their old positions; 1,497 have been placed in new positions, and the balance have been disposed of according to their disabilities. It is some comfort to find that the need for vocational training is not yet as acute as in England and France. Up to a recent date the total number of blinded soldiers returned to Canada was only seven, and the total number of men minus limbs was one hundred. The great majority of the ailments come under the

sion seems nearer to being a really co-ordinated system than we have yet been able to get in any government

head of nervous disorders resulting from shell-shock. What these men ask is "something light." In Ontario, up to the time of writing, only one man has asked to be placed on a farm. That man had never worked on a farm before. But of the many whose applications showed they had left the farm for the firing line, not one but specified that he wanted "work in a city or town."

ONE of these men gave me an inkling of his reasons for asking city work. Much of his meaning was conveyed in the varying expressions of his face and the lifting of his shoulders. But his words were something like this:

"Huh! . . ." he felt in his pocket with his one good hand and produced the last stub of a match. "Farmin's alright. . . . I got nothin' against it. . . . Huh! . . . Used to work on a farm m'self. Know everythin' about farmin' from milkin' up—and milkin' down, too. Both ways. . . . Kind of liked it, too.

"But I tell you what's the matter with me—I've got used to bein' with the boys. 'N'other thing, too: I like havin' a good off'cer. All us fellows like havin' a good off'cer. But workin' on a farm whatcha got? . . ." He shivered and made another search for a match. . . . "Thanks. . . . On a farm, I dunno, it's different. There's no fellas an' there's no off'cers and there's nothin'. . . . I want a city job. If they show me a decent boss, I'll work hard for 'm."

A long pause.

"Y' know . . . but I guess y' don't know unless y've been in the army, there's somethin' better in army life than in any of these—socialist notions. The army's the very best kind of socialism I ever heard tell of. It's true y' aren't all free an' equal in th' army—an' praise God for it, for don't any honest man know that all men ain't free and equal and never could be, and never ought to want to be. In th' army y' take orders from y'r sergeant because he's shown that he's got the stuff in 'm to be a sergeant, and he takes it from the lieutenant because the lieutenant's got the education and nerve. But what's the lieutenant have to put up? . . . Huh! Why, if he's a good lieutenant—an' if he ain't he soon gets out—he's got the hardest job of anybody. He's got t' be first up over the par'pet, hasn't he? He's got to keep his nerve when us others is gettin' wobbly in the knees. It's up t' him to keep the rest 'v us MEN even when his own inurds is turned to water. So if he gets two pips 'n his cuffs 'n' a servant 'n' a better line o' pay than me—huh!—I sh'd worry!

"Dunno how they figure out the higher up officers. Lieutenants is the most I've ever understood—and captains. Captains 's alright. But the other ones carries responsibility. I guess that's their job. If I gets crazy and pops me head over the par'pet, it's only me that suffers. But if the colonel makes even a measly mistake—huh!—or a General! My Gawd! I wouldn't be a General. . . . Gawd!

"But back here? . . . Hell! . . . The man that gives me orders rides in a private jitney of his own and smokes fine weeds—what for? Because he's a better man 'n me? Because he's more willing to show he's a real man and risk his neck for something where I'd be scared t' risk mine? Or is he like a general that's got to order a bunch of us guys into a hell of a hot place—and take the chance on bein' able to fergit the casualties resultin' f'm one of his mistakes—if he makes a mistake? Nuh! These guys in civilization don't hold their jobs by moral superiority, as the chaplain used to say, but because they got money.

"NO! No! No! I ain't kickin'. Lord! All's the matter with me is—I'm tired. So tired I ought'a be kicked. I'll work. Sure I'll work! Glad of a nice light job 'n' enough pay to set up the vittles. An' I won't grouch, either. But between me 'n' you, civilization don't look good t' me. God! In the armies there's dirt and there's heroes, an' war may be hell, but it's got its right side. In civilization, all the dirt's got a patent leather finish, 'n' all the fightin' is done underhand, sneaky—every man f'r himself and God help the stragglers.

"Me? No, I tell y', I ain't kickin'. . . . I'm just homesick for a hog wallow 'n' a bit 'v a fire on the side of the trench. . . . 'N' the lieutenant cursin' his servant. . . . Gawd! Why, there was a funny thing . . . Our lieutenant was the best curser I ever knew, and there wasn't a man in our platoon wouldn't 'a croaked for 'm. Last anybody see of 'm, he and Booby, that's his servant, was lyin' in a shell hole, him underneath, with a bit through his chest, coughing blood and cursing Booby because Booby was stretched across him every time a rum-jar came over—keeping the dust off the lieutenant. . . . Huh! . . . Booby was some Boob. Bimeby he tried to keep another rum-jar out 'a the hole 'n' they both got it!"

I only quote that interview because I think it ought to do good among us people who think peace—as we have been practising it—is the great desideratum. It does not represent an isolated view either, but is generally true of most of the thoughtful men among the returned soldiers. It shows first of all their attitude of mind. It shows, secondly, that there IS something wrong with Peace. And in the third place, it indicates the reason why we are not likely to be able to place men back on the land unless our schemes are worked out to meet the social requirements of the returned fighting men.

It is easy to handle the returned soldier just now, because there is plenty of work and few men, and because the returns come slowly, in dribbles that are easily taken care of. But when great numbers have to be taken care of the manufacturers and other urban employers are not likely to be able to handle all the men wanting city employment, and we must then be able to turn some of this tide out on our fields. It is no reflection upon the Military Hospitals Commission to say this, nor a reflection upon the work of men like Mayor Waugh, of Winnipeg, who have striven without pause in the interests of returned men.

British Columbia has more trouble finding work for

returned soldiers, and has made better headway toward the final solution of the problem—and her own food problem to boot—than the other provinces. "Jobs" don't go round in motor cars looking for men either in Victoria or Vancouver, and though the Soldiers' Aid Committee in British Columbia has, at the time of writing, only 173 men in positions, out of 217 who applied, it has presented a report to the new Liberal Government in Victoria which shows that for once a public body has abandoned generalities for particularities. The report shows two things: first, that British Columbia is beginning to put the proper value on farming as a basis of wealth; and secondly, that the Soldiers' Aid Commission knows the mood of the returned soldier and has laid itself out to recommend a practical scheme for getting him on the land.

THE British Columbia scheme is based on the community idea. Blocks of land are to be surveyed and so laid out as to be grouped round a common centre. There will be not less than sixty farms in a block. In the centre is to be a Demonstration Farm and a Central Organization Plant, where tasks common to all the farms and requiring heavy machinery or special equipment can be done. There will be in this centre a general store, creamery, blacksmith shop, carpenter's shop, school and public hall, recreation grounds, and a residence where soldiers, coming out to look over the land, may be accommodated temporarily together with their wives and families, if they have such.

Any returned soldier may have one of these farms, without regard for his military rank or length of service, or the point where he enlisted. If the soldier is permanently disabled, his son may take up the land for him if he is eighteen years of age. In the case of a deceased soldier, his widow, or his son, or his daughter may take up his section, but only one section may be held between any or all of them in the one family.

These allotments cannot be sold to speculators. They must be settled on.

The government will assist in clearing and draining the land to the extent of five hundred dollars.

Money will be loaned the settler for the building of house and barns, or the buying of stock up to the sum of \$1,350, but such stock and equipment will be purchased under the supervision of the Government's experts and will really be the property of the Government until the amount is paid off. All these supplies will be bought by the central body, who will thus be able to secure advantageous rates from the manufacturers and from the railways.

No titles will be issued to the occupants of the land until the end of three years. Then a Government board will issue the patent provided the applicant has shown his bona fides as a soldier farmer.

Every provision is made for giving the soldier-farmer free instruction in agriculture, and in whatever branch of agriculture he seems best able to undertake.

THIS is a mere summary of British Columbia's proposals. Every detail seems to have been anticipated and anticipated wisely. It looks as though British Columbia would solve at one stroke both her farming problem and her returned soldier problem. Farming, and not mining or lumbering, is the industry that promises most toward giving British Columbia a settled and comfortable population. By adapting farming to the class of settler offering—the returned soldier—the province may achieve permanent prosperity before long.

The other provinces have something to learn from British Columbia in this matter. Even so, however, not all the returned men will accept farms. What, then, are they to be given? How are they to be fitted back into the economic fabric of the nation? It is for some one to give in the manufacturing field the lead British Columbia has indicated in the way of agriculture. Our imports of foreign-made wares should be reduced by increased home production in which returned soldiers would have their part. When we have succeeded in supplying our home market, then there are foreign opportunities to be taken in hand.



"AUTUMN."

SOFT is the voice that calls  
From distant waterfalls,  
And pastures where the downy seeds are flying;  
And swift the breezes blow,  
And eddying come and go,  
O'er faded gardens where the flowers are dying.

Amid the shocks of corn,  
Pipes the blithe quail at morn,  
The wary partridge drums in secret places;  
And pearly vapors lie  
Across the western sky,  
Where sun shaft with its cloud tent interlaces.

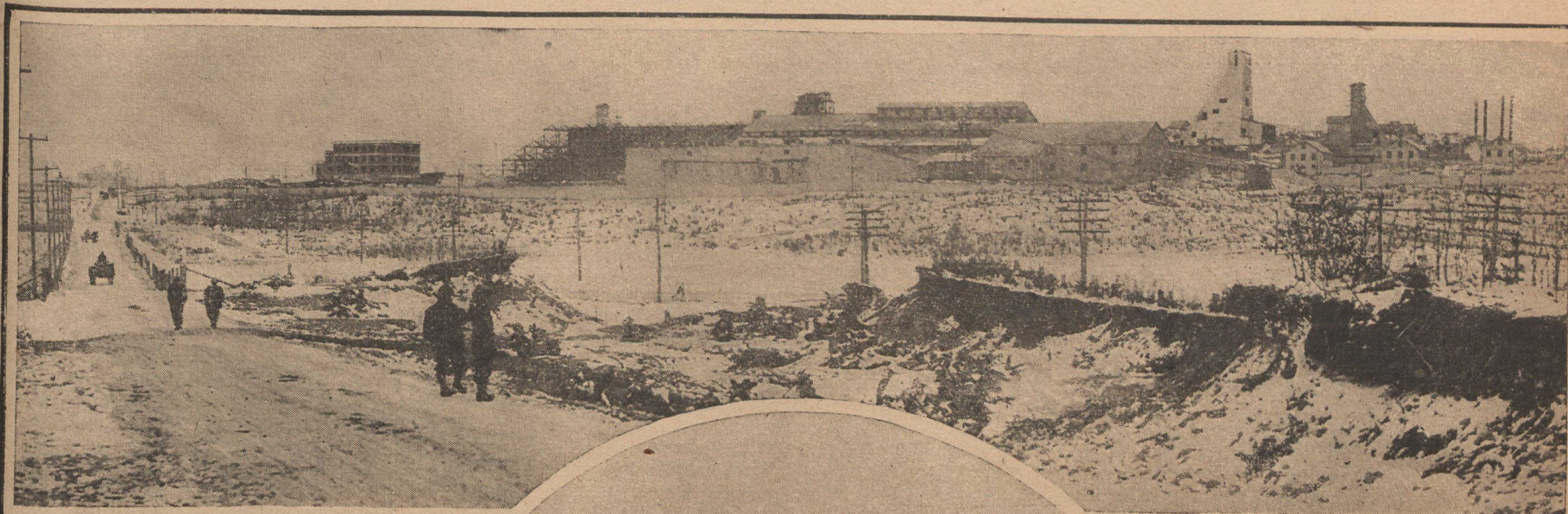
The late birds sing all day,  
Oh fairest summer, stay!  
The squirrel eyes askance the leaves fast browning;  
The wild fowl fly afar,  
Across the foamy bar,  
To hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Yet, though a sense of grief  
Comes with the falling leaf,  
And war and blood this fall has never lessened;  
Still, through our autumn dreams,  
A future summer gleams,  
Passing the fairest glories of the present.

—Reginald Gourlay.

# A LAND OF FAITH AND GOOD WORKS

*How Fire-Swept Northern Ontario Rebuilds Itself*

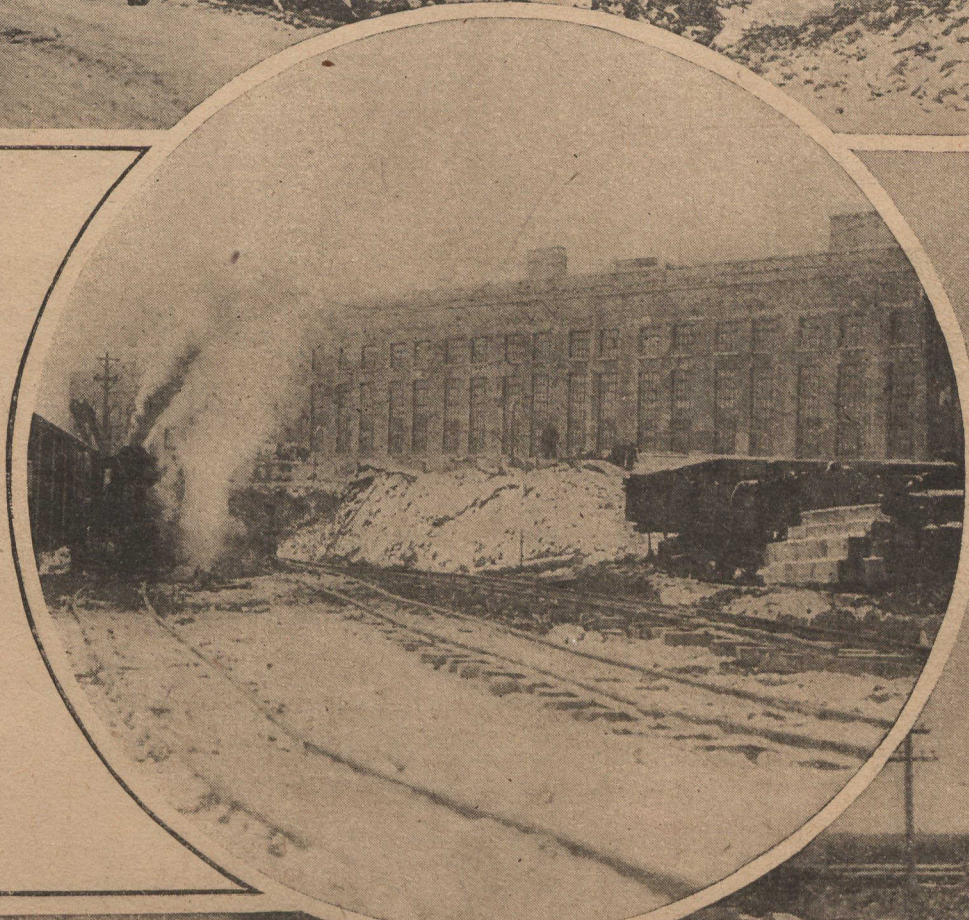


This picture of the Hollinger Mine plant at Timmins, and of the main road leading to the Porcupine, is a sample of what stands behind the heroic efforts of fire-losers and sufferers to rebuild.

The northerners also know what the tremendous demand for paper means to employment in that country. The circular picture shows an extension being built to the Abitibi Pulp and Paper Company.

Cochrane shows the smoke of reconstruction after the smoke of forest fires in new stores and mercantile buildings and materials for rebuilding piled up for the builders.

The young Canadians at the Jacksonboro school—reflecting the smile of hope and returning prosperity—are in that country as part of the scheme of the Jacksonboro Colonization Co.



**A**BOUT four months ago one of the worst forest fires in Canada destroyed homes, business, property and human lives—all but the prospects and hopes of hundreds of people in Northern Ontario. The pictures on this page are a sample, culled from many, of the energetic efforts of the people not only to stay on the map of the world's progress, but to better their conditions in the face of adversity. Northern Ontario is one of those strange parts of our civilization that every little while cause us to marvel that we spend millions of dollars every year to civilize the Orient and allow millions of dollars' worth of property at our very doors to be jeopardized for the lack of common village protection. If Northern Ontario were as practically civilized as it looks in photographs of great mines and mills there would be no necessity for these periodic calamities and reconstructions. Millions of dollars are invested in properties and industries, giving employment to thousands of people for the sake of getting out wealth in minerals, paper, timber and agricultural products. Yet this tremendous investment of money, energy and population is left largely without the normal safeguards against calamity that may be found in any old village or hamlet in the older parts of the country. We are trying to get the people to settle in outlying parts. Let us guarantee to these people common protection against great calamities.

# THE GAME NOT WORTH THE CANDLE

THERE is no need further to insist upon the vital character of the struggle in Roumania. It is now receiving everywhere the pre-

cedence that it deserves, but there is still no evidence that a crisis has been reached or that the combatants have developed their main strength. Roumania's attempt to invade Transylvania has come to an end in failure, but by no means in disaster. In spite of the usual flamboyant assurances of rout and dispersal, it seems that the Roumanians were able to turn upon their pursuers and to hold them back from the Roumanian frontier. Falkenhayn's effort to invade Roumania, an effort that was partially and momentarily successful, has been checked. The crushing of Roumania, as was said last week, is still unaccomplished. None the less the situation of Roumania is a serious one if the attack should continue, since we do not know what obstacles the Teutons may be able to place in the way of Russian reinforcements from the north. Roumania undoubtedly made a grave mistake when she invaded Transylvania, and so began a movement that she had not men enough to carry through. When the war is over it will be interesting to know what Russia thought of this, and whether she assented to the improvident effort at territorial gains at the expense of what should have been a concerted effort. Roumania would have been comparatively safe behind her Transylvania frontiers, which are mountainous and easily defended. By invading Transylvania she threw away these defences and exposed herself to the attacks of a foe who was stronger than herself. None the less there is something to her credit. She compelled a great extension of the Teuton front, and she occupied the attention of Falkenhayn, who would otherwise have busied himself against the Russians in Galicia. And the Russians in Galicia have quite enough to do as it is.

As a direct result of Roumanian impetuosity in Transylvania, we now have a Teuton success in the Dobrudja, which is much the more important field of the two. It is quite easy to see what happened. The critical nature of events in Transylvania compelled the Roumanians to withdraw every available man from the defence of Constanza in the Dobrudja, and Mackensen naturally seized his opportunity and brought an attack that has forced back the Roumanian left wing that was resting on the Black Sea. Now the Dobrudja is a long and narrow corridor that connects Bulgaria with Russia. That corridor was closed so long as Roumania remained neutral, but, once opened, it becomes a highway for a Teuton advance into Russia or for a Russian advance into Bulgaria. It also provides an entrance into Roumania proper over the Danube railroad at Constanza. Its strategic importance is so vital that one would have supposed that its defence would have been the first consideration, and that the whole of Roumania's efforts would have been directed to it. But Mackensen seems to have had no particular difficulty in forcing his way up that corridor nearly as far as Constanza before any effective force was brought against him. It is true that he was eventually stopped before he had reached the railroad bridge, and that he was even forced back at certain points, but it is now evident that the defending line has been weakened for the purpose of resisting Falkenhayn to the west.

At the moment of writing comes a Berlin report that Mackensen has taken Constanza, and if this should be confirmed it would be hard to exaggerate the gravity of such a victory so far as Roumania is concerned. If the Roumanians have lost Constanza they may not only be invaded from across the river, but they may have to surrender the control of both sides of the Danube, and the Russians in Bukowina will be exposed to an attack from their rear. The Danube, running north and south, constitutes the western frontier of the Dobrudja, separating it from Roumania proper. At Reni the Danube turns to the east and forms the Dobrudja's northern frontier, separating it from Bessarabia. Reni is also the junction point between the Danube and the Pruth, and the Pruth River runs up to the east of Bukowina and Czernowitz. Every consideration of strategy should have urged the Roumanians to the defence of the Dobrudja before all other considerations. The corridor could have been kept open if Roumania had concentrated her strength upon it. Why she

## Germany Not Likely to Besiege Roumania or to Put up a Long Campaign in That Country

By SIDNEY CORYN

Copyrighted in the United States by the San Francisco Argonaut. Canadian rights held by The Canadian Courier.

neglected to do so remains to be seen.

The plight of Roumania is a serious one if Constanza has actually fallen, but it is not necessarily desperate. It might still be possible to prevent the crossing of the Danube, a feat that Mackensen will not attempt unless he is sure that his rear is secure from a Russian attack from the north. His army cannot be a very large one, and the crossing of the Danube in the face of opposition would be a difficult feat. None the less, Mackensen is a man who performs difficult feats, and if he can force his way across the river he will probably take Bucarest. We must wait for coming bulletins in order to know the exact situation, but at the moment it looks as though Roumania had received a heavy blow, and a blow that might have serious consequences upon the Russian forces in the north.

But if Roumania is to be saved it will not be due wholly to her own powers of resistance. It will be due also to Germany's clear vision of the main chance. It is of course a matter of some importance to Germany to crush a new and small enemy and so to provide an object lesson in her own power, not only for home consumption, but also for the consideration of Greece. But Germany is by no means

**The philosophy of the Roumanian campaign is to cripple Roumania, impress the Germans and make Greece take notice. But Germany knows that even though she should crush Roumania, her main business in the Balkans is to stop Russia if possible from invading Bulgaria.**

blind to the fact that Russia, and not Roumania, is the real enemy, and that even though she can crush Roumania she must still meet the northern colossus and hold him back from the invasion of Bulgaria. Now she can intercept that flood either in Roumania, or nearer to its source, and it would obviously pay her far better to beat Russia in Galicia than further south. It would be the difference between striking at the body of an octopus and cutting off one of its tentacles. We may be sure that Germany does not view without concern the lengthening of her line necessitated by her campaigns in the Balkans. She would much like to use the Balkan armies for service in the north, where they are so badly needed. If she should crush Roumania quickly and so turn her forces elsewhere, it would, of course, be a great gain, morally and in every other way. But she is not likely to lay siege to Roumania or to enter on a long and tedious campaign there. The game is not worth the candle. She can not afford to lock up her forces in the south while the war in the north is so evenly balanced. Whatever she does in Roumania must be done quickly or it had better be left undone. She will not waste time in Roumania if there is a chance to strike a damaging blow at Brussiloff, which would cut off the southward moving waters at their source. Probably Germany bitterly regrets her intrusion into the Balkans, which has locked up so many men that might be employed against her more formidable enemies, and she would much like to release them. If she can hold back the Roumanians from the invasion of Bulgaria she would probably be content to do that and no more, and so to throw every available man into the scales against Brussiloff. If she could but drive back the Russians in Galicia, if she could repeat her performance of last year and possibly reach the Black Sea, she would not only have saved Bulgaria, at least

from northern attacks, but she would have isolated Roumania. And so we are likely to find either that her attacks on Roumania are decisively successful within the next few days, or else that she is withdrawing her forces for a sledge-hammer blow against the Russians in the north while continuing to hold the Dobrudja corridor against incursions from Bessarabia.

Roumania stands at the point of intersection of two straight lines of military effort, one running north and south from Riga to Saloniki and the other running northwest to southeast from Berlin to Bagdad. Whoever wins, Roumania will have cut across the line of his opponent. The effort of Russia, moving southward from Galicia, is to join hands with her allies who are moving northward from Greece, and so to create a continuous front, fifteen hundred miles long, from Riga to the Aegean Sea. The Teutons, on the other hand, are concerned with their line, now actually existing, from Berlin eastward through the Balkans to Constantinople and to Asia Minor. Roumania is a link in the great north and south line, a link not quite complete even with Roumania, and a link that it will be difficult to complete without her.

At the present moment, Germany is making two great efforts in the east and the success of either of them would be fatal to Roumania. She is actively engaging the Roumanian armies in the south, and she is also making a tremendous effort to turn the Russian left wing in the Carpathians to the north. Her efforts against the Roumanians now speak for themselves, but it is evident that any success that she can win against the Russian left wing to the north would have the effect of cutting the communications between the Russians and the Roumanians, and still further isolating the southern kingdom.

## That Trans-Atlantic Blockade Bugaboo

THE recent plan of the Germans to blockade by submarines the North Atlantic coast is one of those frantic exaggerations of the Spectacular for which Germany has made herself quite infamously famous. If that policy had been any good as a real war programme it would have been tried long ago by Germany, who has never hesitated to do anything new, no matter how frightful or useless it might happen to be. The fact that so many of Germany's actions are both frightful and useless indicates the fatal streak on the national character. The so-called submarine blockade of the North Atlantic coast of North America will be even a worse failure than the former submarine blockade of England and the Zeppelin raids. The basic idea to strike at shipping intended to benefit England at the source from which it begins has enough novelty to attract interest among the Germans. It has, so far as can be seen, little else but novelty to make it worth considering. If submarines can be sent so far in order to blockade any part of North America, it is safe to assume that enough warships can be released from the Allied navies to look after them. A war ship can travel farther and faster than a submarine. The British Admiralty and the Department of Marine at Ottawa will have no uneasy and sleepless nights over this latest, if by no means the last, exhibition of German ingenuity. Our Canadian troops and cargoes will continue to go forward as they have been doing. If there had been any real merit in the trans-Atlantic submarine programme it would have been put into effect long ago in order to stop Canadian troops from getting on to the high seas. So far we have sent about 300,000 troops to England and France without a single mishap to any troopship. We may reasonably expect to continue so doing. How far the latest type of submarine mechanism for use in cold northern waters may affect this activity remains to be seen. But Germany has learned far less from her submarine failures than she has learned from the successes of her enemies. Her failure to make the British submarine blockade a success should be enough to warn her that the trans-Atlantic exploits of all such as the U-53 are doomed to similar dismal failure. Grandstand plays thrill the audience and sometimes gain a point or two, but in a war like this it is "dogged as does it."

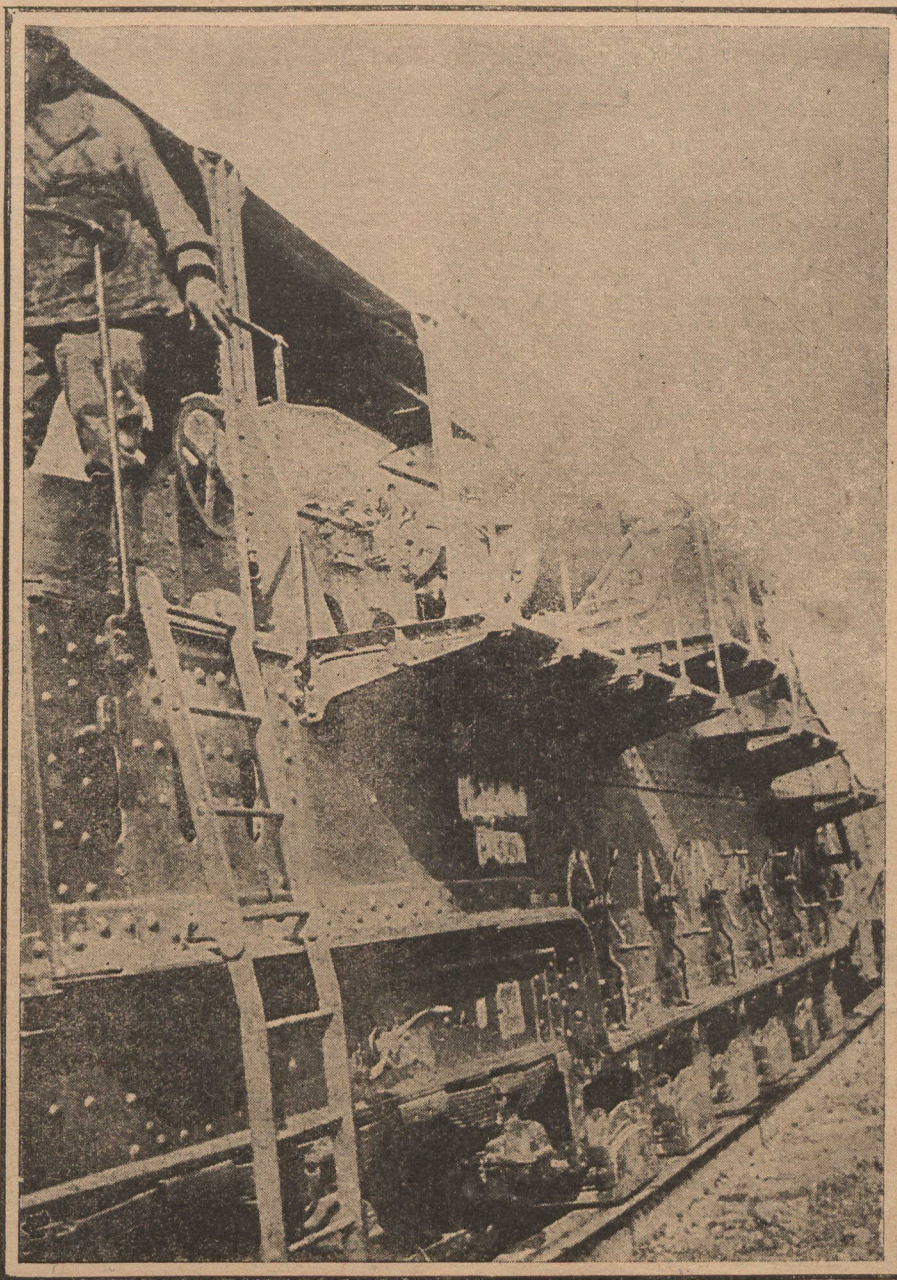


# THE MONSTERS THAT BREAK THROUGH

AS was pointed out by Sidney Coryn, in last week's Courier, there has been a radical change in the character of the tactics on the West front. "New tactics of the most dramatic kind," he says, "will disclose themselves. . . . With Bapaume and Peronne taken we may expect that the policy of pressure against successive points will presently give way to a determined effort to break the line and to roll it up north and south from the two flanks. . . .

We need not suppose for a moment that the scope of the Allied offensive in the West will be confined to the present process of blasting their enemies from point to point. So far the British at least have been using only a small amount of their available force. They have vast reserves that have hardly yet been in action. But with the Germans in the open we are likely to see these reserves brought into play. They will be hurled against the weakest point on the German line with the view of breaking through at any sacrifice. If a break is once made, the attackers will then turn north and south and roll up the German lines."

The writer, who is absolutely neutral, further shows that the new offensive, which may happen at any unexpected moment, will no longer pursue a policy of nibbling and gradual weakening, but will substitute a programme of concentrated attack upon a weakened line, not for the purpose of pushing the Germans slowly back, as has been the method for so long, but for the purpose of smashing through. He shows that to compare the rate of present advance against heavy fortifications with the distance of the lines from the German

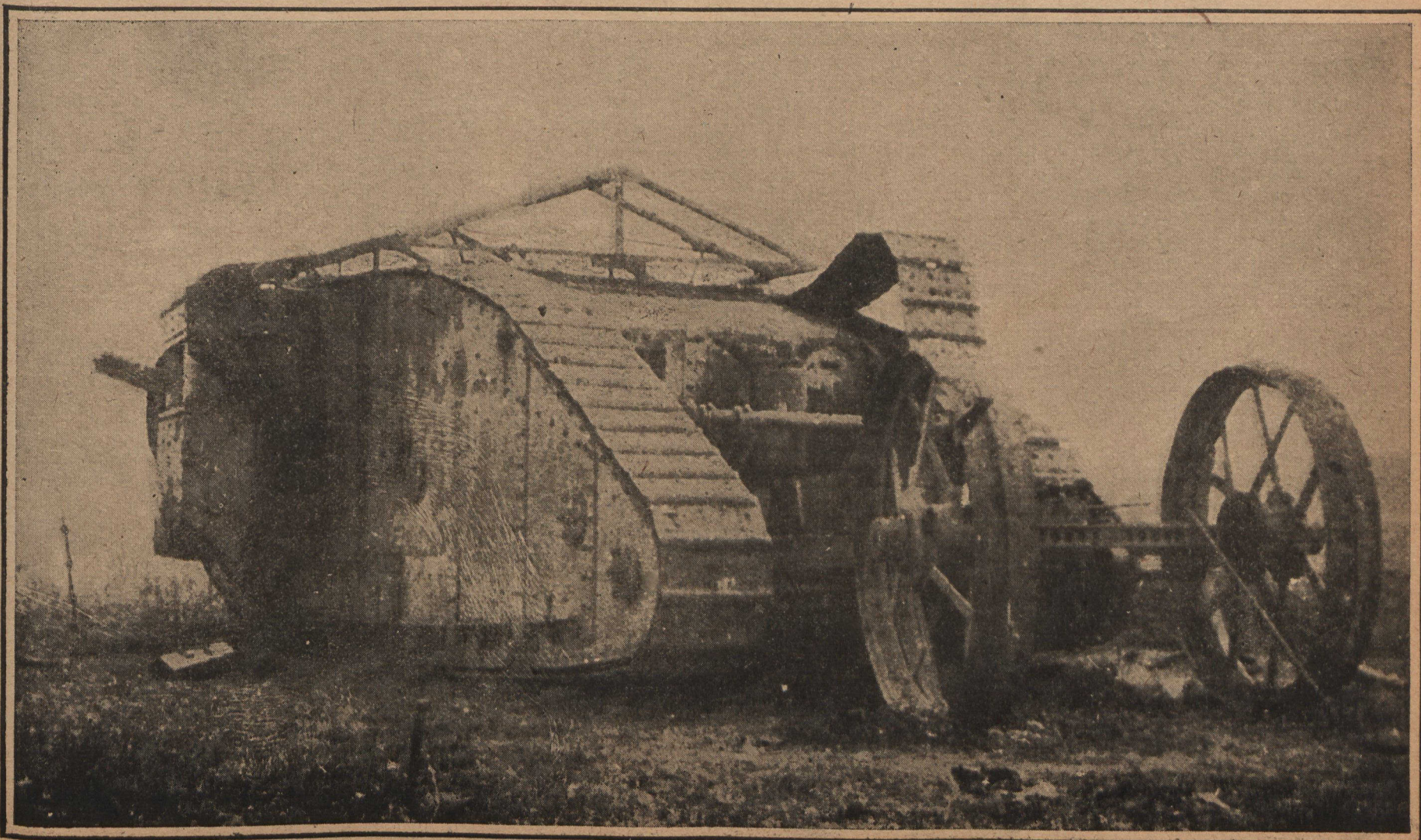


frontier is foolish. Once the line is thoroughly broken the present rate of advance will no longer be a factor and the distance from the German frontier will have little to do with the case.

Frank Simonds, another neutral American war expert, takes the man-strength of the belligerent nations and the total list of casualties as the basis of a further encouraging estimate. He calculates that the Allies' losses of 10,000,000 total casualties thus far represent one-third of their total man-strength, while the Central Powers' losses of 8,000,000 represent a total of two-thirds their strength at the beginning of the war. Even on a programme of attrition he estimates that the Teutons can hold out no longer than two years more, because the Allies have still a total of 20,000,000 to call upon, as compared to a total of only 8,000,000 in the Central Powers.

When the great advance of the irresistible force really begins, there may be less relative use for such French big guns as that shown on this page, a gun whose size, when mounted, may be estimated from the man in the picture and which requires a special railway track to transport it.

Speculation as to what those British tanks really are may be set at rest by the photograph below, which differs somewhat from the drawing made by the New York Herald artist, published in this paper a few weeks ago. There is no doubt that the tanks have done good, original service, and that they are a device that will prove of much value in helping to break through the German lines in any contemplated general offensive, which is as sure to happen as sunrise.





AT THE TIME OF WRITING Australia appears to be on the point of rejecting compulsory military training. The cables say that the Australian Irishman has had a lot to do with defeating the measure, if it be defeated. They say the son of Erin in Australia is using this opportunity to show his sympathy with his kin in Cork.

This may or may not be so, but it suggests the question: What would be the fate of such a measure in Canada? It is not one whit more reasonable to propose compulsory service for Australia than to propose it for Canada. In fact, compulsion would appear to be the logical solution of the present situation. Either we are in the war or we aren't in the war. Either we intend to help win it, or intend to let the other allies do the winning. In short, until we have national service we are in an anomalous position. But if the proposal were submitted to a Canadian vote, what would the answer be?

\*\*\*

OF COURSE THE FARMERS' PARTY in Saskatchewan must tend to be Liberal, but it is not a fair deduction to say that the movement is merely a wing of the Liberal party. The whole tendency of the west is toward the principle of radicalism and away from the principle of Conservatism. Even the western Conservatives are Liberals when compared with eastern Canadian Tories, and measured up to the Conservative party of England they appear to be radicals. The old parties in the west do not altogether satisfy the west's appetites for radical legislation. Hence the formation of what are merely ultra-Liberal parties like the so-called Farmers' Party. In the west, Liberalism is for some time bound to be nearer the general mood of the people than Conservatism.

In connection with the Farmers' Party and the co-operative movement among the farmers on the plains, it is interesting to recall the growth of the Farmers' Party in the United States in the seventies. The farmers carried the principle of co-operation so far that they owned and operated steam-boat lines and warehouses in which their products were handled. They practically put the middle-man out of business and in politics they captured the political machinery of both parties, routed the Republicans and Democrats and placed Farmer leaders in power. They waged war with the railways and brought some of them to book. They operated factories and they made the middleman walk in fear and trembling. Yet in a few years their organization dwindled, their power faded and the shareholders in their co-operative schemes came to grief.

Let no one suggest that such a fate awaits the farmers' co-operative movement in our west. In their efforts to protect themselves against the exploiter more power to them. Co-operation is the great necessity as between farmers, and the more we have of it under certain conditions, the better for the country. Some say that the movement in the United States died only after the need for it had ended, that is to say, after the other parties has assimilated the principles the farmers enunciated. It may be so here.

\*\*\*

MR. JOSEPH ATKINSON of the Toronto Star reminds us, when he deals with the bi-lingual question, of the small boy who exclaimed, when luck began to run against him in a certain game he was playing with another boy: "Aw say! This is a rotten game. Let's play something else!"

To Mr. Atkinson the Bi-lingual question is a "rotten game," and he boyishly urges, "Let's play something else." So the Toronto Star appears with editorials like this—in effect: Now look here, everybody! What's the use of talking about bi-lingualism. There's no fun in it. Let's talk about social reform and old age pensions. That's what the people are interested in."

And so they are. But because a man has a cord of wood to cut in his back yard is no excuse why he should refuse to talk to a man at the front gate who disputes the ownership of the house and lot. We must saw the wood of social reform, but we must also settle the bi-lingual question. Only a very youthful judge would suppose that the squeak of the saw would forever settle the dispute.

Says the Star: "Let us have more of 'the uplift' in life. Let us get above party strife. Let us get away from questions of race, religion, and language!" How lofty the Star's ideals! How impracticable! "Bi-lingualism doesn't worry us," says the Star, with the naivete of a small boy whistling as he passes the lonely grave-yard, to keep up his nerve. Those who did not know the Star might say its fine phrases covered a heart like that of the legendary baron who, when a poor Jew had recited his tale of woe, called his servants and with tears in his eyes said: "Throw this man out of my house. He is breaking my heart."

The Star would never say throw the French-Canadian out of the House, but it would like, if it could, to stop its ears with "uplift" wax. All praise to the uplifters. Heaven knows we need them. But bi-

lingualism and French-Canadianism will not down. They must be faced and grappled with, and settled in a manner worthy of the tradition of British fair-play.

\*\*\*

PRESIDENT WILSON'S REGRET that the United States remains a neutral nation in a world war is a cryptic conundrum. We may assume that he means much more than he says, which in this case is decidedly unusual. On the eve of a general election, a candidate for the highest office in the gift of a nation usually says more than he means. If we are to decipher the code in which Mr. Wilson so trenchantly suggests what he does not explicitly express, we may hazard the opinion that the neutrality of the United States is a mere form anyway. President Wilson knows too much about the outrages inflicted on the great American nation by hyphenism at home and Germanism abroad, not to know equally well that the temper of the American people, if there is such a thing in national currency, is very much opposed to Germany. It makes no difference that the American people on this day and date are registering their votes for a President. Independent of Democrat or Republican, the nation-respecting sentiment of the United States is anti-German. If it were not so it must be anti-American, because Germanism is anti-American. President Wilson knows it. So does candidate Hughes. Therefore to regret neutrality means that if the United States had this whole business to live through again, she would come out boldly against the nation that ignores treaties, religions, neutral rights and small nations. Unfortunately the time for regret is a little late in arriving. President Wilson has kept his knowledge of American sentiment to himself rather too long. As President of the world's greatest neutral nation he was entitled to a measure of secrecy. As candidate for a renewal of the office, he finds that secrecy no longer adequate to the occasion. On that ground we can only wish that the President had been the candidate in 1914 instead of in 1916. He would then have come to an understanding of the real temper of the American people, however beclouded it may sometimes be by hyphens and Hearsts. And he might have saved that temper from a degree of national humiliation that will take a heap of Presidential regrets to obliterate.

\*\*\*

LEARN ENGLISH, SAYS THE Pontiff at Rome to his Canadian parishioners, French and Anglo-Saxon-Celts alike. But he does NOT say, abandon French. This, after all, is the point for which the French are fighting. The extremists on one side would lead us to believe that English is about to be given up altogether. The extremists on the other side make out that French is the object of an exterminating crusade in Ontario and other non-French provinces. The Pontiff indicates the necessity for English, and quite properly. But his message cannot be taken as supporting those who would stamp out the French language in any province outside of Quebec. That point should be kept clearly in mind.

Among scholarly people in England there is not a little interest in what is called the Flemish Movement on the continent. Among other things this movement tends to preserve the Flemish form of speech. British writers point out how desirable this is and enlarge on the great loss which attends the wiping out of a rich language. Many of the same arguments might be applied to the case of the French language in Canada. Canada would be the richer and the greater for being frankly bi-lingual, with English as the base language. To possess two languages is like having two eyes instead of one. The second eye gives perspective and enables us, by providing the materials for comparison, to gauge distance. While it cannot be said that a man with one language is as badly off as a man with only one eye, nevertheless it is true that, like the Cyclopes, he is at a disadvantage when competing with men who have the double faculty. The future of the English language in Canada is assured. We should be wiser to ensure also a reasonable and sensible future for the French language. When the two root races of Canada know more about each other's language, each will suspect less in the other's politics. English we admit as the basic language of Canada and the medium of business development. Let us also recognize a place for the French, not only among French-Canadians, but among the English-speaking people in Canada.

\*\*\*

COLONEL "HERBY BRUCE is about as much like a Colonel as a pretty girl is like a heavy siege gun. But no better man for investigating and reorganizing the Canadian Military Hospital service abroad could have been found. Dr. Herbert Bruce is one of the world's brilliant surgeons. The surgeons who have to submit to his recommendations will feel that these orders came from a good man. Furthermore, Dr. Bruce is keen and quick, nervous and alert. There is no phlegm in his disposition. That is why he seems more like a girl than a gun. But for efficiency, commend to us this dapper little Knight of the operating room.

# THE OVERTONE

*There May Be Music in This Story, But it is Not the Kind Usually Set Down in Five Lines and Four Spaces*

**U**NDERLYING and yet dominating all sounds and all silences was the leaden droning of the cannon.

Presently, along the midnight road, chugged a motor. It moved like some huge animal feeling its way. The driver, bent almost double over the wheel, gripped the iron until his hands grew numb, and seemed with his throbbing senses to try to pierce the gloom ahead. He dared show no light. Even the flare of a single match might discover him to the sullen attention of the enemy's artillery.

Silence and darkness everywhere.

A rocket, up from beyond No Man's Land, made uncertain day. It discovered a deep rut in the road ahead, but not soon enough to swerve. The machine jerked down and jerked out again. A moan came from the tonneau.

"Pretty tough on Fritz," whispered the driver to his companion. "The vans play the devil with these roads."

A shell passed whining over their heads. Both ducked.

"Missed. Whiz-bang," chuckled the front seat passenger. He was listed as Lieutenant Lindsay, Second Canadian Contingent serving in France.

Again on the heels of the engulfing silence came a rushing of wind and then a blob of white light followed by a rending crash. Instinctively the driver had shut off the engine. It was not a moment too soon. Ten yards ahead a great Lombardy Poplar lay athwart the road, a smoking ruin at its roots.

The driver got out to reconnoitre and Lindsay slipped around to the tonneau.

"Adams," he whispered, "our man's in pretty bad shape. We'll never get him through at this rate. The last flare up as we turned the bend I saw a cottage in the shadow of the hill. We'd better leave him there and get on and send back help."

"Yes, sir," agreed Adams, and with the aid of their rifles and a great coat, the men improvised a stretcher and carefully lifted the unconscious figure. He moaned, whispered "water," and sank into insensibility.

Lindsay's observations proved correct. It was a peasant's dwelling which, like hundreds of its kind, snuggled against the hillsides of France. He kicked gently at the door.

"Who's there?" quavered a woman's voice.

"A friend, British," came the answer in her own tongue. The bolt was slipped and the men stepped in with their burden. The light revealed their hostess a woman of the peasantry, whose individuality, like that of her home, had long since lost itself in type.

"**W**E must ask your hospitality for this man," Lindsay explained, rapidly, and in passable French. "We found him lying in a ditch evidently left behind by his comrades after to-day's fracas. We cannot make the station with him, but, if you will tend him, there is a chance. We will bring back help as soon as possible."

During the explanation the woman had hurried to a chest and produced some old linen. As the men bound up the shattered limb afresh, she filled a pot with water and swung it over the fire. Then she pointed to her own bed, and in a few moments the patient was resting between clean sheets.

The woman stopped to pick up the discarded garments.

"Un Boche," she gasped.

She turned fearfully to the man, her eyes wide with terror.

"We are British," answered Lindsay, steadily. "Je suis Canadien. See." He pointed to his uniform.

Her body relaxed slightly, but she still regarded the clothing doubtfully.

Lindsay took a step forward and laid his hand on her arm.

"He fought bravely. He is wounded and at our mercy," he said.

The woman's hand slipped to the bosom of her dress, then she stepped to the bed and smoothed the coverlet.

Lindsay smiled. "You live here alone?" he asked.

"Where would I go?" she returned. "My husband is long dead. My son, my only child, is with the 14th Infantry. Is it that you have met him? But, no? I have a letter from him this evening," she went on, touching the bosom of her dress, "that is why I am up so late, reading and reading again. He is well, my son, my beautiful son"—perhaps it was the

By **KENNETH M. HAIG**

upon the grotesque suffering of one with whom she was unacquainted.

"What was it again? Pierre was dead?"

Misery returning in full flood beat upon her consciousness. She struck her breast. A paper rustled.

"Ah, yes. Pierre's letter. He sent kisses. He was well, he said. Well. He lay dead when she read it. There was a clean hole through the picture.

She stared into the fire. She could see the bullet coming. Pierre would be laughing. He always laughed. Then he would give a little gasp and his head would fall forward, so— Her baby, her little lad was dead.

An inarticulate cry strangled in her throat and she rocked herself to and fro.

The patient moved restlessly and moaned. The sound seemed to galvanize the woman to life. She sprang up and darted toward the bed.

"You, his murderer, you robber of the dead," she screamed hoarsely. "You killed my son. And that I, I his mother, should succour you. Va, German swine," and she tore at her dress in an agony of loathing.

"Water," weakly sighed the man.

"Water," she shrieked. "May the hand wither that would give drink to you."

The patient tossed fretfully and sighed again, "Mutter, Mutterchen."

The words seemed to drive the woman to a new frenzy.

"Your mother," she spat out the words. "She will mourn also. I shall send word to her myself. I shall tell her I watched you die and was glad, glad."

She gloated over the flushed, restless figure for a space, and then began pacing up and down. She paused. The man had ceased moaning and seemed to sleep.

"Should he then recover. She would kill him as he lay."

As though aware of her intense gaze, the figure resumed his tossing. Presently she spied a red stain on the coverlet.

The bandage had slipped. He would then bleed to death. She drew in her breath with a hissing sound and the muscles of her mouth relaxed into a grin.

**O**UTSIDE a bird chirped sleepily. The woman settled herself by the bed, her back to the coming dawn—a dreadful watcher.

The crimson stain grew. The fire dropped out and the man now lay very quiet. The flush died from his face and the brow, where soon the death dews must gather, lay white against the white pillows. He was no more motionless than the figure by his bed.

Suddenly she started. What was that? Drip, drip, the sound gathered volume from the stillness. "Drip, drip, drip," it became rhythmic. Again the woman's mouth widened into a grin.

"Drip, drip, drip," it was music to her. She would count the drops, the real life drops. One, two, three; one, two three."

The bird outside began a preliminary warble and the first rays of the sun came through the narrow window. They touched the face on the pillow and lit up the yellow hair. Pierre's hair had been dark and curly.

The woman broke her vigil a moment and tore open the shutter.

Let the sun in. Let the world know how she, Pierre's mother, avenged him.

She turned and surveyed the room. The beams now mounted from the bed and gilded the wall above.

"What was that? A light struck back. It was the reflection from the crucifix. How the beams picked out the pattern of the crown, the crown of thorns.

She stared fascinated. Were the eyes illumined? Why that infinite sorrow—

"What was that on the floor? A red pool at the foot of the cross."

The woman stumbled forward to her knees.

"Holy mother of God," she prayed, "Thou, too, lost a son—forgive—have mercy—have mercy on us all."

Outside a bird carolled wildly.

The wind cried in the eaves.

A second bird joined the first.

The sounds of day swelled softly nearer.

Madame Henriot hastily tore old linen into strips.

Underlying and yet dominating all sounds and all silences was the leaden droning of cannon.



THE LAST LITTLE ANGEL.

**T**HE Last Little Angel smiled at me  
In the windy dusk from a swaying tree:

(Those loving God's earth and all that be—  
Don't fly to Heaven so suddenly.)

As I stood with my hands round the smooth  
white bole

'T was I smiled back at the baby soul,

For I saw him clear with his chubby grace;  
The Last Little Angel's funny wee face.

So high the tree where I held my tryst!  
Yet somehow my lips the baby kissed. . . .

In the windy dusk, from a swaying tree  
The Last Little Angel went from me.

—Florence Randal Livesay.

flare of the light that so lit up her face—"Pierre Henroit is his name. You might meet him," and she touched the khaki sleeve, timidly like a caress.

At the door the men drew up in salute. "Good night, Madame Henroit, Vive la France."

"Bon soir, messieurs, vive l'Angleterre," answered the woman, standing very erect.

Madame Henroit booted the door and went back to the fire. She drew out the letter. "My own mother," it began. True, it was written two weeks before, but he was safe then. She brooded over the writing, softly kissing the inscription, and returned it to its place. There it lay making her aware of its message with every beat of her heart.

The patient was very quiet. Well, she must tidy the room. That pile of garments was unsightly. As she lifted the tunic she gave it a little shake to rid it of dust. A photograph fell from the pocket.

"Ah, his mother or sweetheart," she murmured, and felt suddenly a warmth toward the woman of the enemy. She would look at it. Poor lad, he was young, no older than Pierre, and doubtless well beloved.

**S**HE held the picture to the light. For a long moment she stood as one frozen, then she sank down heavily.

"My God!" she moaned. "My God. It is my own picture that Pierre carried over his heart. It has a hole through it. A bullet hole. Pierre is dead."

Strange how her eyes burned. Cry, that was it. She would cry. She touched her cheeks. They were quite dry. She felt herself an alien gazing curiously

# THE GERMAN ARMY IS WEARY



**G**EN. RAWLINSON, right hand to Sir Douglas Haig, in an interview with Frederick Palmer last week, was asked, "You have been fighting the Germans for two years now—have they depreciated?" "Rawley" replied, "Decidedly. They are still a brave and skillful army, but a tired army. For the first time they have known what it was to face superior artillery fire and armies which know their lessons as well as they do."

Judging from the above recent photograph of German prisoners in England the General's remarks are true enough. Some of these men have probably been in the trenches since the war began. The wonder is, not that they are weary, but that they are alive at all. The German depends on being buncoed by his war lords for his inspiration in battle. His valour comes from being such an excellent ox. One of these days the oxen may turn on their keepers.

## TRANSFORMING THE CANADIAN INDIAN

*A Study of the Changes That Are Taking Place Among Our Aborigines*

By WILLIAM LEWIS EDMONDS

**W**RITERS of fiction who may attempt to delineate the modern Canadian Indian will scarcely be true to life if they depict him as the wild, nomadic savage we were accustomed to read about in the days of our boyhood. If they wish to depict that which is a type of the Indian who to-day lives, moves and has his being within the boundaries of the Dominion they will have to take one who in his manner of life is gradually conforming to that of the white man.

Under the potent influence of civilization the red man in Canada has advanced to a stage where he approximates much more closely to his white brother than he does the savage, whose exploits, as chronicled in fiction and in history, characterized him in the days of yore. True, he has not yet by any means advanced in the process of evolution to the point of civilization attained by even the average white man. But the interesting thing about him is that he is so far advanced that in many respects the influences of civilization are in bolder relief than the hereditary traits of his aboriginal ancestors.

His ordinary, every day attire is no longer the blanket, buckskin breeches, moccasins and head bedecked with eagle plumes. These habiliments of by-gone days may adorn his person on certain festival occasions, or when he appears in wild-west shows to provide entertainment for the pale face who knew him not as he was.

Even in the Far West the Indian one usually meets is garbed from head to foot in the habiliments of the ordinary white man. It may be that in neither style nor in texture the clothing he wears is equal to that worn by his white brother. But one must not

be too critical in this particular, for it must be remembered that he has scarcely been wearing the ordinary three-piece suit long enough to have allowed the cultivation of a taste for correct style. As one generation passes and another takes its place, the red man will doubtless become as fastidious in regard to the cut of his garments as the average white man of to-day. As a matter of fact, indications of this are already apparent in the youth of the budding generation. But then, even in the Indian it is not the clothes that denote the man. It may be that when an aborigine begins to clothe himself in garments of the civilized man of to-day that we are justified in recognizing it as an outward sign of an inward development. But even then we may be mistaken, for unfortunately the red men of Canada have imitated the white men in some of their vices as well as in some of their virtues. "Firewater" and gambling are the vices of some of the Indians as well as of some of the white men. But woe betide the white man who is caught by the police giving liquor to the Indian!

**T**HAT, however, which best denotes the advancement of the Canadian Indian along the pathway toward civilization is not the clothes he wears. That which best denotes this are his habits of industry, his mode of living, and his progress in education. While there are a great many Indians in Canada who have as yet come very little under the sway of these influences, yet the number who have is steadily increasing.

The Indian population of Canada to-day is approximately 110,000, or about one and one-third per cent. of the total inhabitants of the country. That this is much smaller than in the days when the Indian, and not the white man, held sway on the North American continent is undoubtedly true. But the most significant feature of the Indian population of Canada to-day is that it has reached a stage where it is no longer a diminishing one.

Until within the last few years, due to the ravages of disease, and the extermination of the buffalo, which was their principal source of food, there was a steady decrease in the number. Now that this decrease has been stayed, even in the far west, a tendency in the opposite direction is gradually asserting itself.

As a matter of fact, there has, during the last five years, been a perceptible increase in the Indian population in each of the nine organized provinces in the Dominion. The most marked increase is in the Province of Manitoba, where, in the five-year period ending 1915, the Indian population was 10,798, compared with 5,996 in 1910. In Ontario, which contains a larger number of Indians than any other province, the population is 26,162, an increase of 3,597 in the five years. British Columbia, which ranks second in Indian population, has 23,399, a gain of only 250. The Yukon and the North-West Territories are the only parts of the Dominion in which an actual decrease has taken place during the five years. Since the first official census was taken in Canada, and in 1865 the Indian population in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec has doubled.

But that which is the most significant in regard to the Indians of Canada is their development in

industrial arts. Although the wards of the Government, they have become substantial contributors to the wealth-producing power of the Dominion.

The 98,000 Indians which are domiciled within the nine organized provinces of the Dominion own real and personal property to the value of \$60,439,210, or over \$616 per capita. Of the 4,932,074 acres of land on the Indian reserves of Canada, 2,506,499 are under wood, 2,199,663 cleared, and 168,510 under cultivation, while 823,637 are fenceless. The value of the live stock owned by them is \$4,102,132, while the income of the Indians from all sources in 1914 was nearly \$6,500,000. The principal sources of income were: Field crops, \$1,856,424; beef sold, \$307,678; wages \$1,724,292; hunting and trapping, \$1,176,541; fishing, \$658,425; other industries, \$664,396.

WITH the development of the Indians industrially has naturally followed a change in their methods of living. The tent and the tepee are fast disappearing and modern houses, many of which would do credit to the home of the average white man, are taking their place. This is naturally more noticeable in the older and more densely settled districts, where dwellings with shingled roofs, large windows and separate bed-rooms are becoming common. Although, as a rule, the older Indians do not take kindly to gardening, the younger generation are gradually falling into line, and it is no uncommon thing to see vegetable and flower gardens around their homes.

In the Indian women, and particularly in the younger ones who are graduates of educational institutions, are also to be seen the influence of civilization. Most of the women may still possess a love for striking, and often incongruous, colours in their hats and clothing, but they are taking increasing pride in their homes, a result of which is not only better and more comfortable furniture, and furnishings, but more tidy and sanitary surroundings.

In the far north, where tepees, shacks and log huts are still common, the influence of civilization is naturally less marked than in the older parts of the Dominion, but even there the leavening process is at work and no doubt will in time produce marked results.

Permanent dwellings owned by the Indians of Canada number 18,193, of which about 40 per cent. are frame, brick or stone. The remainder are either log houses or shanties.

The potent force which is transforming the Indians of Canada from nomadic lives and unsettled occupations to men residing in permanent homes and following more regular pursuits, is education.

Educational work among the Indians of Canada is carried on under the aegis of the Federal Government, and not, as in the case of the white population, under supervision of the provincial governments. An official known as the superintendent of Indian education, is in charge of the work.

The amount expended by the Federal Government on educational work among the Indians is nearly a million dollars annually. But this by no means represents the sum total of the amount spent in the Dominion on the education of the Indians of the country. For besides the million dollars directly expended there is a trust fund of nearly eight million dollars from which is drawn several thousand dollars annually for educational work of a direct or indirect nature. Besides the funds provided by the Federal Government there are the large sums of money that are annually spent by the principal religious bodies in Canada for the maintenance of educational institutions among the Indians under the supervision of the Superintendent of Indian Education.

But the Indians are not altogether dependent upon the Government, and the various

religious bodies for the financial support of their schools. During the last few years they have, from their own resources, contributed on an average over \$30,000 annually. A third of this amount is contributed by one tribe alone—the Six Nations.

In all, there are in the Dominion 335 Indian schools, made up as follows: Undenominational, 49 day and 2 industrial; Roman Catholic, 90 day, 31 boarding and 8 industrial; Anglican, 71 day, 17 boarding and 4 industrial; Methodist, 40 day, 4 boarding and 4 industrial; Presbyterian, 5 day and 8 boarding; Salvation Army, 2 day schools.

The educational methods employed are of a most practical character. In the day schools prominence is given to the teaching of domestic science, household economy, hygiene and sanitation. In the industrial schools the boys are taught carpentry, agriculture, gardening, shoe repairing and painting, and the girls needlework and domestic science.

That the educational work being carried on among the Indians is progressive is demonstrated by the annual statistics. Last year the total enrollment of pupils was 12,468, an increase of 754 over 1914. Of these, 6,367 were boys and 6,101 girls. The attendance was nearly 70 per cent. of the enrollment, a gain of over 8 per cent., compared with the previous year. When one considers that the average attendance in the public schools of the old Province of Ontario is only about 62 per cent., it must be conceded that the showing of the Indian pupils of the Dominion is creditable indeed.

On the whole, the Indian children are bright and apt pupils, and the results which are being obtained from the educational work that is carried on among them naturally warrants the expectation that still greater ones will be obtained from those who follow in their train.

MANY of the Indian children have passed from the public schools into the institutions where higher education is acquired, and last year twenty-five were attending various universities and colleges in Canada. Those seeking higher education are given financial assistance by the Government. The influence those graduating from the universities will have in moulding the life, character and habits of

their fellow Indians can scarcely be over estimated.

Education evidently does not discriminate. At any rate, as far as the Indians of Canada are concerned, it dispenses its gifts upon them when they seek them, just as it does upon the children of the pale face.

In their religious beliefs the Indians are gradually, though slowly, coming under the sway of Christianity. Although there are about ten thousand more Indians in Canada than there were twenty years ago, the number still professing to adhere to their old pagan beliefs has in that period been reduced one-half. Those subscribing to one or other of the Christian bodies number 76,672. The larger number adhere to the Roman Catholic faith, there being 42,765 so designated, compared with 35,532 distributed among the various Protestant denominations. Among the latter, the Anglican Church claims 17,825, and the Methodist Church 12,769. Twenty years ago, 28,498 were described as Protestants and 42,454 as Roman Catholics. The fact that the addition to the former has been larger than to the latter during that period may be ascribed to the increase in missionary endeavour. One thing is certain: both the Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches are doing a work among the Indians of Canada which, neither in its religious nor secular educational aspects, can be adequately expressed by statistics.

In these days of stress and strain within the Empire the Indians of Canada, like their forefathers in the American revolutionary war and in the war of 1812, are lending their assistance to the preservation of its flag.

At the very outbreak of the war many of the Indians volunteered for active service, while several of the bands contributed substantial sums of money to patriotic and Red Cross funds. And many of the Indian women, like their white sisters, have applied themselves to the task of knitting socks for soldiers. Up to the end of the fiscal year 1915 the Indians of the Dominion had contributed to the various patriotic funds the total sum of \$16,016.

The number of Indians who have enlisted for overseas service cannot be stated, but taking into consideration all the circumstances it must be considerable. The Six Nation tribe, over which the famous

Brant once ruled as chief, and which have their reserve on the Grand River near the city of Brantford, are engaged in raising half a battalion for overseas service.

At a recent recruiting meeting on the Six Nation reserve during a period when enlistment seemed to be lagging, an octogenarian chief suddenly sprang upon the platform. Turning to the audience he expatiated in eloquent language upon the history of the tribe, and how, over a century ago, in response to the war whoop, its warriors had sprung to the defence of the British flag.

Pausing dramatically for a moment, he cried: "And I again give you the war whoop." And he gave it with all its old-time vigour. It had the desired effect.

Even among the commissioned officers in Canada's army are to be found men of Indian birth. And who knows but that another Tecumseh or a Brant may arise from among them!

It is asserted by a modern historian that both Tecumseh and Brant, in fighting on the side of the British, the one in the revolutionary war and the other in the war of 1812, were really fighting for the lost cause of their own people. The assertion may or may not be true. But one thing is certain: The Indians of to-day who are enlisting for overseas service are actuated by no such motive. The Canadian Government of to-day, like the Imperial Government that preceded it, have earned the confidence of the Indians of the plain and of the forest by the faithfulness with which they have fulfilled treaty obligations. And now this confidence is being requited by the civilized Indians of to-day as it was by their savage forebears in the days of long ago.

Evidently the Indians prefer British liberty to German kultur. No other nation has paid better, few have paid as good respect to the rights, liberties and privileges of vanishing races as Canada has done to the Indian. Our treatment of what is sometimes called an inferior race stands out in contrast to the German idea about lesser nations.



# THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

**H**ON. SYDNEY FISHER, who is a practical farmer, remarked, the other day, that the high cost of living was due to the fact that too few men were producing food on the farm. It is a simple statement, but it is none the less true. There is only one way to make things dear, and that is to make them scarce. It may be that this scarcity is caused for the moment by a sudden demand in some quarter where it did not formerly exist—such as the multitudinous demands created by the war—but the moment the demand is met by the production of plenty of the things demanded, prices drop back to normal. Competition sees to that. But when young men are tempted from the farm by the dazzling profits and dizzy pleasures of city life, naturally the products of the farm become more permanently scarce and dear.

\*\*\*

**A**ND why does the young man leave the farm? Because it is more fun to live in the city. That is a ridiculously easy one. And the war profits which have enabled our city people to increase their earnings, and so their spending power, form a part of the temptation which draws the young Hercules from the farm. Economists can talk until they are black in the face about the appreciation of gold and the rates of exchange and all the mysterious things which they say cause the high cost of living; and poets, living in steam-heated apartments, can sing themselves hoarse about the beauties of nature and the joy of getting up at sunrise to plough the upland acre; but so long as the main thing that a young farming family wants money for, is to pay for holiday visits to the city, for city clothes and furniture, and for a city education and chance for their children, the price of farm products is bound to get higher and higher—until possibly it works its own cure.

\*\*\*

**W**HAT all these economists and sentimentalists lose sight of, is the love of humanity for "life." We are a gregarious species. We love our fellow beings—at all events, we love to be with them. Where humanity is congregated, there humanity—with the exception of freaks and nature-faddists—wants to be. I know that the aforesaid freaks and faddists give themselves lofty airs of superiority. They look down upon the "hoi polloi" who mostly like the same things. Well, let them look down. They will see a vast majority on our side down in

## *Economists and Sentimentalists Need to Consider What are the Reasons That We are Long on City Dwellers and Short on Farm Producers*

By THE MONOCLE MAN

the sunny, electric-lighted, motor-carred, rattling, joyous and vividly alive valley. Nor will they be over-crowded on their Alpine heights. And what we are dealing with is not the ecstasies of the few who could not plough a furrow straight to save their exclusive souls, but the preferences of the great many who had rather live near a "movie" and eat canned peas than grow the said peas but never be able to weep for anybody's sorrows save their own. Even Charlie Chaplin's feet would cease to be funny if they belonged to the hired man.

\*\*\*

**O**F course, I know all about this middle-man business—the robber who never produces a soggy potato, but who takes toll on all the stuff which the horny-handed wrest from the niggard soil or the fat prairies, just as it may chance to be. "Niggard soil" is for poets and farmers who are up against it. "Fat prairies" is for immigration agents. But the middle-man, be he ever so parasitical, cannot keep back a real flood of food. If there is enough in it, some one is bound to set up more direct lines of communication between the corner-grocer and the country-grower—and the middleman is promptly out-flanked. My experience is that, when the corner-grocer wants a certain rate for his garden truck, you will not get it very much cheaper, even if you drive out into the country and help the honest but by no means "easy" husbandman to garner his own crop. He knows what city prices are; and he wants them. It is no trouble to him to tote the stuff into town and get them.

\*\*\*

**T**HEN, though people do not like to hear it, the cost of high living has a lot to do with the high cost of living. One of the evidences of advancing age that I notice in myself is that I am beginning to grouch at the way people spend money. "It was not like that in the olden time." I can sit back any day now and begin my tale of woe something like this:

"When I was a boy," etc., and so forth. I am dreadfully down on the increased expenditures for things that I do not want myself. And there is no doubt that our people are spending a lot more money than they were. This means that they are consuming a lot more of the products of urban labour. Well, you cannot possibly consume things and not make a new demand for their production. And this is precisely one of the forces which empties the farms. City products are in far greater demand; and that calls for more young hands and heads to produce them.

\*\*\*

**W**HEN a society lady spends ten times as much on her clothes as her mother did—and looks about ten times less feminine and sweet—she would be surprised if she were told that she is helping to increase the price of potatoes. She probably also would not care. Moreover, she wouldn't, as a rule, understand why or how, even if you told her. But, as society ladies do not form the whole of my vast audience, I will explain. People who might be growing potatoes are bribed away from the farm to make her clothes—and often the clothes look as if they were recent recruits in the toilet trade. Other women—possibly farmers' wives—are made envious by her display of peacockery, and induce their male folks to move to the city where imitations may be secured—and worn without endangering the lives of cows and chickens with a sense of humour. So the potato crop suffers; and the army of potato-eaters, without being potato-growers, increases. My lady pays more for her potatoes; but it is dollars to doughnuts that she never knows it. She only knows that the regular price at her restaurant is twenty cents for two discouraged tubers that a farmer would hesitate to feed to the pigs. For one of the saddest things about the high cost of living—so far as it affects food—is that the higher the cost, the poorer the food. You pay twenty-five cents at a restaurant for an alleged ear of corn, with a silver hilt at each end so you will not soil your fingers while you are eating it. But it is no more like real corn than punk is like hardwood. The farmer makes his supper on golden ambrosia, strung on his length in cobs, at a cost of possibly five cents. But that is a side of the picture only the very wise farmers think of, when they compare "doing the night's chores" with going to a "movie."

# THE WOMAN AT HOME

## *Second Instalment in the Survey of One Aspect of the Modern Woman*

By MARJORY MacMURCHY

**B**UT the economic interests of the woman at home are wider than has so far been indicated. One reason for the High Cost of Living is the fact that those whose interests are served by moderate prices are not represented effectively. This statement concerns home makers primarily. The farmer, the importer, the manufacturer, the wholesale merchant, the retail merchant, all have organized and have representatives. But the woman at home, whose household is keenly affected by high prices, has no voice to be heard in conferences and decisions regarding the supplies of the household. This is not a discussion of the vote. The retail merchant and others are not represented by their votes when they discuss business with government officials, but by agents and committees of organizations. They study all the time what prices mean to them and explain the meaning thoroughly to the proper department. But consumers, men and women who are heads of families, are not organized and have neither agents nor committees. The price of food, the price of rent, the price of clothing, are problems of the home maker. What is she going to do about these prices, which eventually have a share in determining the comfort, happiness and well-being of her household? This is work in which women have a share. It will not do to leave the higher economic work of the household altogether to men. For the woman to fail here is unfair to men and not good for women. How many women understand that the food supply of Canada requires attention? What do they suppose is causing the present price of meat, and what will meat cost in the future if the question of increasing our supply is not taken in hand now?

These questions come more closely to home makers than to any other class in the community. If 100 butchers, bakers, grocers, etc., maintain costly deliveries where, if home associations were organized, 10 of the various kinds of tradespeople would do, what would be the saving to the housekeeper? Do women realize that they pay for inflated real estate prices, a toll of so many cents on everything they eat or wear? A real estate boom is paid for by every household, and the poor pay more than the rich. If you cannot make your money go as far as you need it to go, you yourself have helped to create your poverty. How? By not opening your eyes; by thinking there was nothing to learn through hard study in housekeeping.

**T**HE home maker is not lonely in her indictment. All of us are with her. It has always been supposed and taught that questions of this kind did not need to be studied by women. The high cost of living is partly the result of our short-sightedness, that is, of women's short-sightedness and of some indolence. The woman can help to find a remedy, and while no one remedy is likely to prove effective, the home maker should undertake a study of cooperation by means of which an association of consumers working together can reduce costs and labour. No work has as much happiness as it ought

to have or is as well done as it might be, until the worker exchanges experiences and advice with others in the same occupation. This is true, also, of home making, which has been a highly individualistic employment and which has much to gain in association.

**W**ITH all these responsibilities storming down upon her, it is wonderful that the woman at home manages to survive at all. What has become of the unoccupied sister said to be regarded unsympathetically by the girl in business? The business woman's ideal is the best type of woman at home. Yet it was found to be true that there is a degree of antagonism felt by the wage or salary-earning woman for the woman who is not working as hard as she is, and who has so much more of the kind of life that the business woman would prefer. That is, some antagonism is felt if the woman in paid employment makes the mistake of thinking that happiness is ensured by plenty of money, nothing to do, unceasing recreation and perfect dressing.

What is the highest attribute of the woman at home, an attribute which is her best contribution to the community and which seems to surround her with happiness? This attribute belongs to many home makers, sometimes in association with abundance of material prosperity, more often with a medium economic standard, seldom, indeed, when the woman is idle and merely pleasure-loving.

The woman at home makes her best contribution to the community by knowing how to live. "To make things go well" in a home is an art, and the woman

(Concluded on page 31.)

# GIVING GOOD GIFTS

**W**E save a little here, cut down expenses there, do without this, give up that. What before the war was styled "meanness" now goes by the name of "thrif," but it is not a virtue that we Canadians assimilate naturally. There is a scale by which bargainers are classified on the continent which runs something like this: "Six Jews, one Greek; six Greeks, one Armenian." If driving hard bargains is accounted righteousness, Canadians cannot qualify. Wasteful and extravagant we appear to other nations, and now we are learning our little lessons in thrift slowly and painfully. So when the call comes, "Help the British Red Cross," we gladly ignore our newly-memorized mottoes, and with the royal gesture of the kings in the story-books, fling down a purse of gold! The purse in question may be a grimy little fistfull of coppers or a crested envelope containing a cheque whereon the donor had started to write \$100—then paused and added another naught. For it isn't patriotism alone, it isn't only for the love of humanity. Each one of us knows at least one dear boy who is suffering cruelly at this very moment, whose sufferings would be a hundred times greater were it not for the Red Cross. Most of us are personally interested, also, in some doctor who has consecrated his services to the work of the Red Cross, some stretcher-bearer who daily risks his life in the battlefield and sees all the grim horrors of war and none of its glory; some nurse who spends all her days, and often her nights as well, in easing pain and suffering, and we want to give as they would have us give, unstintingly.

**T**O-DAY the Red Maltese Cross is lifted up above the Cross of Christ. Nations are accounted great in proportion to the reverence they show that Cross. The war has struck a blow against denominational religion, for we have Protestant England fighting against Protestant Germany; Catholic Austria against Catholic Italy. Toronto saw a remarkable incident not long ago when a Jewish rabbi gave an address in an English Church school-house, and the vote of thanks was moved by a Catholic priest and seconded by a Presbyterian minister. The Red Cross movement had its origin in Europe. After the battle of Solferino, in 1859, Henry Dunant, a Swiss gentleman, visited the battlefield and spent several days there assisting in the care of the wounded. He was much impressed by the sight of terrible suffering caused through the lack of sufficient appliances and help for the care of the wounded. In 1862 Dunant published a description of what he had seen; setting forth reasons for establishing in every country permanent societies for the relief of the wounded in war. His article was immediately translated into several European languages, and made a deep impression.

**A** SOCIETY in Geneva, Switzerland, appointed a committee, at the head of which was General Dufour, the general in chief of the Swiss Confederation, for the purpose of carrying out the proposals of Dunant. This led to an international conference at Geneva, in October, 1863, attended by delegates from sixteen countries, and which called an international congress that met in Geneva in August, 1864. The body drew up a treaty of nine articles, which has since obtained the approval of every civilized nation of the globe. This treaty looked to the neutralization of hospitals, materials, nurses and surgeons in time of war, and that these might be recognized a common design was fixed upon for the flags of hospitals and convoys, and the arm badge for persons. This was a red cross upon a white ground, a design adopted as a compliment to Switzerland, which has this design upon her flag, with colours reversed.

**N**EARLY a million pounds sterling has been spent by the British Red Cross on the purchase and upkeep of motor ambulances alone, and 3,200 sur-

By ESTELLE M. KERR

geons, nurses, hospital orderlies, stretcher bearers and ambulance drivers have been sent abroad by the same organization to help in a work which goes on tirelessly, without cessation, for the relief of the wounded brothers who are pressing back the great jagged line on the German frontier. There is, beside, a record of hospitals, store depots, rest stations, hospital trains, food and clothing sent to British prisoners-of-war in Germany, and little avenues of help which will probably remain forever unpublished, overshadowed by the greater undertakings. The wounded know, however, and every contributor to the great fund is speaking a word of practical sympathy to the man who is shell-shattered, shrapnel-pierced, war-scarred. The Red Cross works day and night, receives the wounded in the first-aid dressing stations behind the communication trenches, and drives them to the clearing stations. On the English front alone are five Red Cross convoys of 50 cars each. And the whole of the transport of wounded at the army's base in France is done by the Red Cross. Surely such work deserves the help of every man and woman in the Empire.

The British Red Cross authorities tried to make



From a drawing in Red Chalk, by Kerr-Lawson.

## THE NURSE

**H**ERE in the long white ward I stand,  
Pausing a little breathless space,  
Touching a restless fevered hand,  
Murmuring comfort's commonplace—

Long enough pause to feel the cold  
Fingers of fear about my heart;  
Just for a moment, uncontrolled,  
All the pent tears of pity start.

While here I strive, as best I may,  
Strangers' long hours of pain to ease,  
Dumbly I question—Far away  
Lies my beloved even as these.

—Punch.

their tag day on October the nineteenth Empire-wide. Thirty-five million flags were provided for its needs, and four millions of these offered for sale in London found ready purchasers. Half a million brooches and rings were made from the wire of the Cuffley Zeppelin and sold from 62 cents to \$5.25 a piece. Lady Paget organized a matinee at the Alhambra, which realized \$8,000. It was attended by Queen Alexandra and other royalties. The event of the afternoon was the auctioneering of a golden replica given by Lady Paget from the German medal struck to commemorate the sinking of the Lusitania, fetching \$1,500. Donations received at Red Cross headquarters included \$25,000 from the King and \$5,000 each from the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

In many sections of Canada the day was celebrated, particularly in Ontario and British Columbia. Toronto, whose record for giving last year stood highest among the cities of the whole Empire, at \$538,000, this year heads the list with \$700,000. Ontario's contributions amounted to nearly two million.

**W**E are very proud of the many Canadian girls who are serving their country as effectively as their brothers. Three more of our nurses have recently received from King George the decoration of the Royal Red Cross. They are Miss Eleanor M. Charleson, who has served as matron in England and France, at Lemnos and at Salonica. Miss Charleson was formerly superintendent at Toronto and Ottawa, and her decoration is of the first class. Miss Janet Andrews is a Calgary nurse who has served in England and France as nursing sister, received the second class, as did Miss Ethel Marie Holmes, of Montreal. All three nurses have brought honour to their profession and to their country, as well as the countless others who are performing very humble tasks, counting all work noble if only they may serve the cause.

**A** LETTER we have just received from a Canadian Doctor at one of our clearing stations gives such an interesting account of the work there, such a tribute to the fighting qualities of our men, and such a strong appeal for more recruits that we are publishing it in full:

"Work in our Clearing Station has lessened considerably lately, far different from the Somme, but you never can tell when something will go off Bang and every little while some spurt of bombarding is heard. Recently one of our big guns that are run up the railway, was in the neighbourhood banging away like a volcano, and then was pulled away to some other region. A big Bosche gun will make a target of a town near by, and then we tell 'em to shut up, by banging some town ten miles or more away behind the enemy lines. Word comes from the Somme that the boys are in fine spirit in spite of losses. The feeling of a forward movement is inspiring and the big 'tanks' have given them a big boost while they demoralize the enemy.

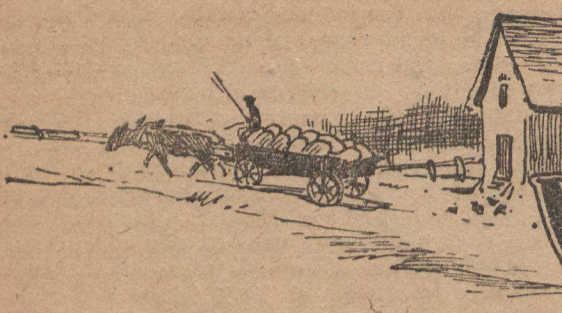
"We now see Australians instead of Canadians, but I suppose after a few weeks our boys will be sent to us to recuperate. Out of 110 patients admitted to-day, seventy-five of them were sick, not wounded—pneumonia, jaundice, diphtheria, tonsillitis, kidney disease, heart trouble. Did you ever hear of an epidemic of jaundice during the civil war? We are having a lot of it now, just as they did. It is an interesting problem to solve and we'll find the solution yet. We practically never get acute rheumatic fever—just what ordinarily you would expect where men are in wet trenches.

"My work is to see the patients three times a day and keep records of them. There are three clearing stations located close together between a railway line and a main road. If you took two or three five-acre fields and put ten sheds 60 x 20 feet on each and some tents between the road and the railroad you would have the situation. Starting at 8.30 a.m. the ambulance motors bring the sick and wounded that have been gathered from the troops along the firing line or those in reserves, to one of the stations. Yesterday morning we took in 90, but an average is 150, and in the rush last June we had 700 and 800 in a night. Then special ambulance trains came up and would take away as many as

(Concluded on page 22.)

# NOW REUBEN SPARKS WAS A JUST MAN

By Jacob Holdfast  
Illustrated by  
Dudley Ward.



As I cogitated over Reuben Sparks in the cornfield those hazy days I realized that for a chump like me ever to climb to the serene height of R. Sparks, Esq., was a case of ridiculous emotion. It was all a dream built on realities.

**H**USKING corn a couple of weeks before this time of year in 1886 or thereabouts I did a power of cogitating. Husking and plowing always made me feel as though I was a philosopher; especially husking with no horses to disturb me, nothing but blackbirds and drumming partridges and quail scurrying about in the back ends of the stubble close to the jagged woods where the fall colors were all in a blaze.

My boss, Reuben Sparks, the just man, was away to market a good deal those days with wheat and beans. I remember that accurately because we got into the habit of cleaning up the loads by lantern light in the barn and heaving the bags on to the wagon as it stood in on the barn floor.

"Husking don't tire yeh like cutting corn or spreading manure, Jacob," remarked Reuben now and again when I seemed to dawdle a bit on holding bags while he scoop-shoveled the wheat.

"Nope," said I. "Husking rests me."

"Don't prevaricate," says he like a local preacher—which he was and powerful exhorter to boot. "What I wanted to git at was that you ain't exhausted after throwing out thirty bushel o' corn an' tying up the fodder."

Reuben was so exacting a person on himself that I never had the audacity to impose on his good nature, which was the cold storage variety based upon the square deal. I always got a square deal from this tall, powerful built man with the raw-boned frame, the hedge-clip whiskers and the steel-grey eyes. And whenever in my enthusiasm for his fat-fieldded farm I worked overtime, which I often did to get in the grain and clean up the loads for market and so forth, he rigidly docked himself my time on days when it didn't matter much whether I worked or not—on the principle that one day was as good as another for me to loaf.

And I guess it was. A hired boy had no particular use for spare time anyway.

Did I say he ever paid me overtime? Nay verily, as Reuben would have said in one of his plug-horse powerful sermons. He had never heard of labor unions.

So while my unimpassioned boss of the hundred-acre farm went teaming away twenty miles to market to get a cent a bushel more for his wheat and two cents more for beans than he could get in the neighbourhood of Jericho. I sat in the cornfield and shucked away at White Dent corn that averaged a hundred bushels the acre. And as I tossed out the ears I did a pile of calculating on the efficiency and the wealth and the citizenship of Reuben Sparks, who had worked his way up in the township temple of fame from pathmaster and poundkeeper to tax collector and reeve of the township without spending a ten-cent piece for a vote or carling a copper for any man's influence.

That hundred-acre farm, with seventy cleared, was run on a hydro-electric system of moral ideas, rotation of crops and eternal industry, the price of wealth. As I cogitated over Reuben Sparks in the cornfield those hazy days of Indian summer I realized that for an agricultural chump like me ever to climb to the serene height of R. Sparks, Esq., was a case of ridiculous emotion. It was all a dream built on realities.

**A**ND the realities were 445 bushels of wheat retailing from the fanning-mill at 76 cents a bushel, minus what he kept out for grist and seed; his 140 bushels of beans going at \$1.03 a bushel—after he and I and the women-folk on rainy days picked out the black ones by hand in the kitchen, boiling the culls for the hogs. There were the hogs also, fat as circus seals by the end of November on corn and pumpkins. He had twenty fattening hogs, and the price of those would be not less than \$3.10 per cwt. not on the hoof.

Pardon me while we all drop a tear or two at these sacred memories, which began twenty years before the high cost of living became a problem in everybody's algebra. If Reuben Sparks had ever got 1916 prices for his wheat, his beans, his hogs, his clover-seed, his hay, and his apples and his miscellaneous sundries like buckwheat and sorghum

and fat steers, he would have been wealthy enough to have started a private bank.

So far as Reuben knew I intended to become a farmer. With such a splendid example before me as R. Sparks, Esq., it would have been ingratitude to have any other ambition.

"When y're done hiring out rent a fifty-acre farm, git a woman and strike out," he advised now and again.

"And then what?" says I.

"Clear the farm all yeh kin and then buy your own improvements," he said knackily.

"Carried," I admitted. "I'll be a self-made farmer and Sparks is the kind of a farmer I'll be."

In order to convince Reuben that I wasn't a mere hectic youth without a moral backbone I plunked down my two month's wages in front of him, and I says to him:

"Mr. Sparks, sell me that Holstein two-year-old bull and I'll pay you fifty cents a month for pasturing him till I quit the place."

He what he called thunk it over a day or two, somehow as I could see rather wishing that after chore time I'd sit on the fence and haggle with him dollar by half till I climbed up close to twenty and he clomb down to near eighteen. But I didn't. R. Sparks' own blunt ways of concluding any transaction, except steers, taught me to come down on the nail with my price and stick to it. I never hinted so much as a fifty-cent raise. He never coaxed me. Two days later he took me up. I paid over the cash and took over the bull. That day I vividly remember the just man took a violent fit of something in the front part of his right side that made him bellow aloud like a bull and caused me to gallop away bareback for the doctor. He had two of these attacks that summer. So far none in the fall. I always dreaded those spasms of the just man.

**O**NCE I got possession of Barney the bull, I got a new impetus in slaving for Reuben Sparks, the just man. I guess he figured on that. His moral mentality was all pretty well exposed to me. I felt that Sparks could never conceal his ways and byways from me, even though any average neighbor admitted that it was easier to drive hogs out of a clover field by the same hole in the fence they got in than to back R. Sparks up into any sort of moral or financial corner.

"You can't fool me, Mr. Sparks," I softly said to myself in the rustle of the cornstalks and the clatter of the blackbirds. "I ain't been hiring out four years to more or less shysters to be taken in on a moral person. No siree, Bob."

Going up to dinner at noon I purposely took a detour back to the cow lot to have a look at my personal Holstein. The beast knew me better than any of the other cattle did. I had been cultivating his acquaintance. He knew I was his lord and master, and not Sparks. And any time I found him in any doubt about it I took him by the horns just for the pleasure of having him take me down.

In fact, this young bull became to me a sort of savage counterfoil to Reuben Sparks with his eternal weigh-scales justice. The bull was all temperament. My boss, the just man, had none. Barney was an extravagant, rambunctious lump of heathen wickedness, who delighted to boss all the other cattle, even to lock horns with his own mother and push her into a fence corner. He had once squared off at Reuben, with the consequence that he got a terrifying kick in the fore part of his cylinder that made him see stars. I believe the animal bore Reuben a grudge ever afterwards. Or he may have borrowed the grudge from me. Anyway, I found myself nursing resentment against the boss who had never betrayed any emotion except when local preaching or when he got a pain in his region of compassion that made him forget the divine origin of man.

The fat fruits of the fall were all garnered and most of them sold, and I sympathized with Sparks when he came nigh to cursing the apple-packers who culled two-thirds of the apples that he and I had picked so carefully by hand. I had myself done



most of the monkey work, because Reuben could not trust his moral balance on a ladder or a limb. And of all the jobs I ever had from Reuben, that of picking apples was the one I most hated. When the packers left about a hundred barrels of good apples on our hands as culls to feed the hogs I said unto him:

"Mr. Sparks, I wish some archangel would come down here to sort over mankind. I'll eat my shirt if he wouldn't chuck those packers out among the culls."

THE look the man gave me would have soured a pail of milk fresh from the cow. He puckered up his lips and talked back as though he had been some sort of junior demigod, saying:

"Jacob, you should go on to your knees before your Maker and take that back."

"I'll do no sich a thing," I countered ungrammatically. "Them packers done you out of a heap of good apples and they oughta be exposed in a newspaper."

He turned on his No. 10 heel and left me, and I knew that he would never forgive me for that sacrilege until he knew that I had confessed my sin, which I determined never to do. So I said to Barney, the bull, in the barnyard when the rest of the cattle were down to chewing cud round the new strawstack:

"Barney," says I, "the man that raised you has missed his calling. He should have been head of a reformatory."

Barney boomed and scraped up a little dust. I saw that he agreed. We were a pair of mutual sinners.

"Remember," said I, "you belong to me now. I've paid for my spot cash and your pasture fees come out o' my wages."

He wobbled his head in the dusk, seeming to understand that he and I were in league against the just person who had raised him. With the solemnity of a covenant I instructed him to eat all he could of the just man's third-crop clover and his pumpkins.

"Because," said I, "you're a good enough critter to show at the Jericho fair, and I got my mind made up to enter you. If I do, you got no business carrying anything away except the red ticket."

I had absolute faith in the ability of Reuben Sparks to raise prize-taking critters, although for two years he had not shown any and had no intention of so doing this year. Did Reuben Sparks suspect the pact that Barney and I had made against him? I knew not.

Sparks never found us conventicling at the strawstack. And I for one had no desire for any unpleasantness while we both sojourned with the just man.

OF this, however, I was morally certain: Sparks had never begun to fathom the depth of my economic dreams about Barney the bull. Had he ever been more genial to me than a file is to a cross-cut saw, I should have let my admiration get the better of me and confess that in Barney I saw the possibility of my becoming as good a farmer as Reuben Sparks. Barney was the first tangible asset I ever had outside my clothes. I intended to swap him off the next year for a first-class cow, from whom in the process of time I could raise one calf, selling cow and calf for money enough to buy a good two-year-old colt, which would be the most convenient kind of animal to take around with me to various hiring-out jobs, and which by the time I had raked up enough cash to consider renting a farm might develop into enough tangible assets to buy half my implements and machinery.

That was a dream for which I pardoned myself in spite of all its extravaganzas. I had to have faith in something. I preferred for the present to stake it all on Barney the bull.

"And if you don't come off with the red ticket, Barnabas," said I to him, whenever we met the week before the Jericho fair, "you'll miss my great chance of succeeding in this life."

He seemed to comprehend that, because he dug into the just man's third crop of clover and his

succulent pumpkins with the voracity of a man-eating shark. I knew that whatever minor defects there might be in his anatomy a good coat of fat would cover them up. If he ever got any ingrained dirt in his hair I carefully took it out with a currycomb in the obscurity of the strawstack after dark. I raked out of him all the old hair, brushed him up till he shone in the sun like the golden calf did to the children of Israel, and by the time Sparks began to talk about going to Jericho fair Barney was a picture of perfect health, good breeding and prosperity.

"I hear y've entered him at the fair," says Reuben to me.

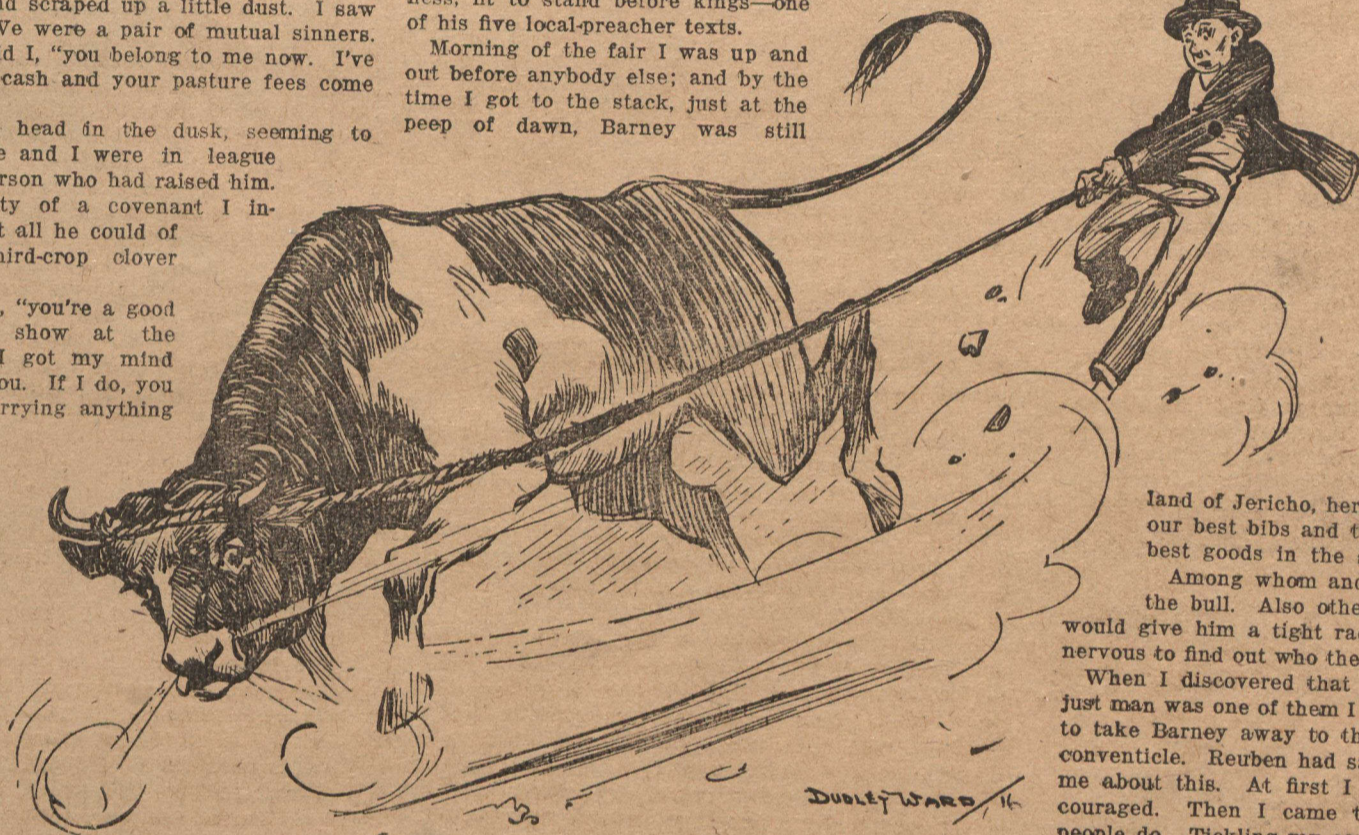
"I hev," was the somewhat humble reply.

"Hmh!" he subtracted.

Now, what all did that mean—"hmh!"? Never a word of congratulation that any hired person of his had gumption enough to rise far enough above the common herd to act as a property-owner in competition with the labourhood of Jericho; never a syllable of gladness that I had expressed my abounding faith in Reuben Sparks' virtuosity as a cattle-breeder. Nothing but that disgruntling "hmh!"

From that time on to the day of the fair Reuben said neither ay, yes or no to me about Barney the bull. He said, however, that of course I would have the day off to go to the fair and that he was going himself—which he always did, never missing a chance to appear among the Jericholanders as a fine example of the man diligent in business, fit to stand before kings—one of his five local-preacher texts.

Morning of the fair I was up and out before anybody else; and by the time I got to the stack, just at the peep of dawn, Barney was still



running. That seemed sacrilegious. Such a fair as it would be on such a day of the Lord! Jericho was a pageant. The corner-store at the cross-roads seemed like the meeting-place of immortals. The squatty little houses gleamed as though they had eyes. On all the roads the dust-clouds of people and animals and things in general coming to the fair always held in a timothy meadow next to the cheese factory with a race track oval in the midst, the crystal palace as big as a small hay-barn on one side, and the campus between beginning to cram itself full of wonders of the world.

I SUPPOSE I was seeing double. Everything was in a glorified blur; beasts and men and machinery, pumpkins, potatoes and patchwork quilts. A self-binder as large as a small circus calliope, cavorted about behind three horses tying up little make-believe bundles of straw. Barney, the bull, seemed a small matter now compared to the tricked-up threshing machines and the new red fanning-mills, that looked as though they might turn their own cranks, the patent hayforks that were just beginning to reduce the demand for hired persons, the plows that had more kinds of mouldboards and beams and cutters than ships have sails and rigs, the popcorn and watermelon booths that made me think of other worlds than ours, the thimble-rig and wheel of fortune artists that I knew were never tolerated in the

days when Reuben Sparks was a director of the Jericho Agricultural Association. The world was changing fast. I felt myself uplifted at the idea even while I shared in the desire for a little idolatry and wickedness.

And by mid-afternoon Jericho was full enough of togged-up people to have held a camp-meeting. No matter how lean and hardscrabble most of the farms in the

land of Jericho, here at least we had on our best bibs and tuckers and our very best goods in the show windows.

Among whom and which was Barney the bull. Also other two-year-olds who would give him a tight race; which made me nervous to find out who the judges might be.

When I discovered that Reuben Sparks the just man was one of them I had a sudden desire to take Barney away to the bush and have a conventicle. Reuben had said never a word to me about this. At first I felt dizzy and discouraged. Then I came to myself—as most people do. Tickling my ears with the ends of a chunk of water-melon, I said that Reuben

Sparks never could fail to give first prize to Barney. He knew the breed, the care, the moral effort of both Barney and myself, the stake we had in this thing, and probably suspected my whole desire to succeed in becoming a good farmer like unto R. Sparks. He also knew that to give Barney the red ticket meant a further boost to his own reputation as a stock-raiser. The occasion was ripe. I had a friend among the judges, whose sense of justice would force him to give the prize to Barney, because of a survey of all the facts. On a matter of mere points, perhaps Barney was no better than two of the others. On a basis of moral purpose and personal care he was in a class all by himself.

I WAS so nervous about this that before the afternoon was over I went out of the grounds and down to the corners of the deserted village. From there the racket of the fair seemed like one of the voices of nature, as fine as a waterfall or the wind in a forest. And I could recognize the male alto bawling of Barney the bull.

Then I went back. In a kind of delirium I drifted among the crowd, seeing nobody clearly, hearing the voices all in a jumble, sidling over presently to the part of the cattle ring where Barney stood. I didn't let on to myself or anybody else that I was the least bit anxious. I didn't know whether Reuben Sparks was anywhere near me or not. The cattle were all a lot of red and black and white dots to me. Barney, white and black, loomed up bigger than any of them. I didn't look square at him, because he might see

(Concluded on page 22.)

# What's What the World Over

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

American Remarks . . . "The Recent Prussian" . . . War and Pain . . . Wells With Cadorna

## AMERICAN REMARKS

*Anent Their Relations With Great Britain are Startling*

WE reprint parts of Arthur Bullard's article in the Atlantic Monthly, not because we agree with it, but because it reveals an American point of view. He says: Some months ago I discussed Pan-Americanism with a diplomat from Argentina. He cherished the idea of a League of American Republics, but was pessimistic over the outlook. Again and again he met my arguments with the retort, "Root, Knox, Bryan! Who's next?" "Continuity of foreign policy" is an ideal which all nations desire and none attain.

So it happens that nations which ardently desire to live in friendship sometimes find their governments at odds. This general truth of diplomacy has been often illustrated in the history of Anglo-American relations.

Most of our historians are agreed that if George III. had enjoyed enlightened, forward-looking ministers, we might never have seceded. But our forefathers found the policy of Lord North's ministry unbearable. However, as soon as the Liberal, Fox, won control of the British Foreign Office, it became easy—in spite of the wounds of the war—to settle our outstanding controversies.

Since those days the governance of Britain has been controlled, now by the spiritual descendants of Lord North, now by the liberal progeny of Fox. The two great political parties of England have been inspired by these two political philosophies. The issue between them has rarely been clean-cut. Some Members of Parliament who call themselves "Liberals" would seem to us "Standpatters," and some whom we would call "Progressives" have sat on the



SLIPPING.

—From the New York Times Magazine.

Unionist benches. But in general a Tory Ministry has meant the dominance of the policies of Lord North. A Liberal majority has meant the triumph of the ideals of Fox. The political upheavals in Great Britain have always been speedily felt by our State Department. At times, the "tie of blood" which binds us to the mother country has been thinner than air; at times, thicker than water.

A recent example of this oscillation in British policy was furnished by the crushing of the Boer Republics. The war was the work of those who had inherited Lord North's ideas. We were overwhelmingly pro-Boer in sympathy. But the Tories' mismanagement of the campaign was so flagrant that they were driven from office. Our relations with the mother country—which had been as bad as well might be—rapidly became better as soon as it was evident that the new ministry was inspired by the ideals of Fox.

There was little in the war itself of which Britain could be proud, but there is no page in her history more praiseworthy than the settlement which eventually followed it. The creation of the South African Union, and the granting of self-government to the defeated Boers, will always rank as one of the finest achievements of political history. It is little less than amazing when we recall our own clumsy, brutal Reconstruction policy after the Civil War.

There never has been, and probably never will be, friendship between our Democracy and the Tories of England. They are the "Die-hards"—as bitter in their hostility to popular rule as any aristocrats of the world. Fighting desperately at home to preserve their special privileges against such as we, they do not desire our friendship.

We, as a nation, are too hybrid to be swayed by considerations of race. Such "Anglo-Saxonism" as Homer Lea—an English-speaking Bernhardt—preached is meaningless to a large part of our citizens. We are not pro-English, we are pro-Liberal.

England was the first of the modern nations to experiment in democracy, and in the legislative side of government she has surpassed us all. She deserves the proud title of "The Mother of Parliaments." But she has made no successful efforts to democratize her navy, her army, or her diplomatic service. The caste system is still supreme in these administrative branches of government, which become dominant when war is declared. Parliament, by accepting the "Coalition," has abdicated—for the duration of the war—before the officials of the Admiralty, the Army, and the Foreign Office. Most of those who govern Britain to-day are drawn from the social caste which is most outspokenly hostile to us, and to our ideals of democracy.

The claim most earnestly pressed by neutrals, of late, has been the right to know what to expect. The greatest injuries to legitimate commerce in war times have been caused by the uncertainties arising from the changing and arbitrary decrees of the belligerents. Neutrals have tried to secure general acceptance of a "law" which would make it "illegal" for a belligerent to change the rules of war during a war. American diplomacy has been active in this direction for many years. Generally at peace ourselves, we have sought to protect and expand neutral rights.

When, in the Chinese War, the French put rice on their contraband list, Britain led the world in protest against this interference with legitimate neutral trade. The Russo-Japanese War brought up the same question. Japan was a large importer of cereals from India. This trade was an appreciable element in the prosperity of the colony. Russia, hoping to shorten the war by economic pressure, announced her intention to treat grain as contraband. The British Foreign Office asked us to co-operate with them in a protest against this illegal innovation of putting a ban on food stuff. The Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Fry, writing on the lessons in International Law to be drawn from that war ("The Rights of Neutrals as illustrated by Recent Events"), came to this conclusion: "If we are to weigh the convenience of belligerents against the convenience of neutrals, it would seem that the interests of the latter ought to prevail."

This became the official doctrine of the Liberal Asquith ministry. The "rights" of neutrals have had few more eloquent defenders than His Majesty's present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Sir Edward Grey has gone further in trying to limit the rights of belligerents than any of our own Secretaries of State. He summoned the principal mari-

time nations to a Naval Conference at London in 1909.

From our point of view the Declaration of London was a new step forward toward the acceptance of our contention, that International Law rests, not on



WITHIN THE LAW?

U. S.—"Is that the end of your responsibility?"  
—From the New York Times Magazine.

the force of one nation, but on the consent of all. The general ratification of the Declaration, amended where it was faulty, became the objective of all who wished to extend the domain of law.

Simultaneously with his Proclamation of Neutrality President Wilson suggested that, at least for the duration of this war, all should accept the Declaration of London.

This placed a sharp dilemma before the British Government. Sea power was the main weapon—almost the only immediate weapon—which they could bring to the aid of their allies. Should they limit the effectiveness of the navy by submitting to the generally accepted ideas of International Law, or should they, borrowing their enemy's motto, Might makes Right, exercise this sea power to the utmost?

The answer at last decided upon was a verbal compromise by which the Lord Norths of the sea got what they wanted.

According to the Declaration of London, it was obviously impossible for a maritime power to reduce by hunger an enemy nation which enjoyed a neutral land frontier; but after two years of war it is still uncertain whether this object can be obtained even by a wholesale repudiation of legal restraints. By scrupulous observance of the generally accepted concepts of International Law, the British fleets could have exercised great economic pressure on the Central Empires. By the regime of Orders in Council they have undoubtedly exercised greater pressure. This uncertain degree of added pressure is the credit side of the balance, the gain.

The loss resulting from this policy is even harder to estimate. Germany began this war by an assault on International Law which shocked all the world. The moral position of the Entente, as the champions and protectors of the rights of nations, was exceptionally strong. This advantage was largely thrown away by the claim that the doctrine of Might makes Right, which they called immoral when their

enemies applied it on land, somehow became justifiable for them at sea. Germany has done better in this matter. In general, the Germans have made great progress in regaining the sympathy of the European neutrals, which they had lost by the crime of Belgium. More gradually, but more surely, the British naval policy has alienated neutral sympathy.

The Sea Lords have decided on what they would like to do, and His Majesty's Privy Council has announced that this is the law. It is primarily against this attitude—the old familiar attitude of Lord North—that we have protested.

**"THE RECENT PRUSSIAN"**

*A Picture of the Enemy, by a Writer of Feeling and Skill*

LET me individualize him, said my friend who knew Germany so well. So writes Sir James Yoxall, in the Nineteenth Century. In Holland, five years ago, I put up at an inn which had been commercially captured. I found it changed; it had become a gilt picture-palace of a place, scrawled all over by Berlin art nouveau, hung with mud-coloured pictures from Munich, and cooked for by the infernal chemistry of a German kitchen; I starvily dined that night, though near me the newly-rich from Westphalia resoundingly fed.

Late to table came Herr Jonathan and his wife; I had seen them roll up to the hotel in a car little smaller than a lorry, the woman bejewelled even then. She came down to dinner scintillant, and the rubies in the man's frilled false linen were button-size. I had guessed the nationality first sight, but now was sure of it, if only from the man's method of grace before meat; for out of his pocket came looking-glass, comb and brush, and the not unusual Prussian pre-prandial rite began.

A mirror is, I suppose, a symbol and witness of evanescence, but this man would miss the significance of that; the recent Prussians never saw themselves clearly in any glass. They missed all glances of protest, too; obtuse to mute opinion, impervious, un-tactile, they were insects without antennae, so to speak. Out came pocket-comb and hair-brush, I say, and slowly, with all the native patient clumsiness, the typical Prussian . . . need I say what he did, above the damask? Then he began with his soup.

Prussians are great copiers, adopters, mangeurs d'idee, but they suffer from a peculiar crookedness of mind, a kind of mental squint, and whenever they copy they distort. As thus: the United States are naturally vast, therefore out of a small, complicated Europe might be built a Pan-Germany kolossal; Americans are often rudely opulent, therefore Prussians might become opulent as well as rude. They

nation a morbidity, an ethical anarchy, a moral decomposition such as the modern world had not seen before. "Assume a virtue, if you have it not," is one of the wisest of maxims, for the external effort tends to develop the inner grace; but the Prussians, having gone "beyond good and evil," were past even decent pretence. As to this, let Herr Dr. Fugmann, of Leipsic, speak—I quote a summary from a book lately issued at Leipsic, and use phrases in which he describes the moral condition of the people just prior to the War:

The life led by the bulk of Germans was indescribable in its iniquity—fidelity and faith had disappeared—a man's word had no value—contracts were made but to be broken—business in general resembled a huge organization for fraud and deception—corruption grew apace in town and country—nobody could stem the rush of this degeneracy—every ideal was ridiculed—millions of people daily decayed more and more—gangrene was eating us up.

No wonder their churchgoing used to seem to me to be a—well, a kind of spiritual adultery; maybe the Roman Catholics were more sincere, but Lutheranism, as I knew it, was incapable of Christianizing the heathen, either abroad or at home. Erastus was a German, by-the-bye, and the Lutheran pastors were all Erastian, paid servants of a State, who dare not preach against its policy or practice; therefore the things they rendered to Caesar denuded the holy altars, and the gospel they propounded cried no shame on the political facts. Prussians seldom pretended, however; there was a kind of conscientious cynicism about them, they almost made a liturgy of their irreligion, and they knew that they had done with Christianity twenty years ago. They invented instead a new Credo, a dogma of the great God Presto, the Deity of Conjuring Things Up. They did really and with faith believe that the Hey, presto! of the State could whisk up for them French art-leadership, American super-wealth, and British world-influence all in a few years; that monstrous flowers of trade could be forced to mature in hothouses of material ingenuity; that Empire could be run up in stucco on an iron frame, like a show-building at Shepherd's Bush. And this, this was the real Prussian immoral; it was this that made their patriotism doubly indecent, losing touch with Heaven and failing in the respect human. To believe in jugglery engenders a scepticism towards the natural, I suppose, and to admire the trumped-up induces an atheism towards the real; at any rate in peace-time recently, as now in war, the Prussian slighted the human and scoffed at the sanctioned, scorned the eternal and spurned the past.

And all along they continued in their peculiar racial sin of not caring to be self-governed. From the sixteenth to the nineteenth century Germans never even dreamed of revolt; and up to three years ago I have heard Prussians glory in not being politically free. But there was little they did not boast of; they had developed a conceit like a Soudan negro's, excessive beyond anything any hobbledehoy ever paraded before. In the long run nothing fails like apparent success, but these youngers and Junkers, rash and rude, heavy and sticky, inexperienced in continuous national existence, were twenty years old, I say. The world has stared at their self-praise since the War began, but what they call their "proper self-recognition" was almost as dithyrambic before. It was the very arrogance of conceit, but there was also no unction in it; they did really believe their doings to be cosmical and world-organizing, in tune with the very nature of things. They were too juvenile for self-criticism, I repeat; theirs was the vanity of pimply adolescence; in that respect it resembled the bearing of Prussian men towards any attractive English or American woman who went shopping without escort in Berlin. Just as it was "German" to be offensively male, it was "German" to be truculently patriotic; and as nothing applied an antiseptic, this peculiar way of loving a native country festered into something noxious beyond all belief.

"Come, come," said I, "their cohesion, their intelligent organization, their thrift and orderliness, their thinking things out, their town-planning, their new streets, roomy, clean, and gardened—their post-offices, punctual trains, fine railway stations, schools, colleges!" "And their self-conceit!" said my friend; though he allowed that Prussian municipal and State organization was often exceedingly well done. But it was not so much done for its own sake as for parade, he said, and poverty dwelt with sickness behind it all.

Think of their swollen cities, he went on. Enormity and anormity were the aim, something grandiose that should flatter and advertise them; everything was to be Wunderbar! and Enorm! What architecture,

without grace or taste, the Egyptian crossed by the decadent Roman, and never a pure line to be seen in the tormented ornament, but the Rococo only—the decorative style of the pastrycook expressed in terracotta. They overdid the amount of it, too, he went on; two-thousand-mark flats built twenty-five



TO OUR FRIENDS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

—Nelson, in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

years ago around Ringstrassen were letting in four-hundred-mark tenements in 1913.

Their ideas were bigger than their purses or their needs; did anybody ever see one of their massive post-offices fully occupied before the War? Their vast Bahnhofs and miles of sidings were strategic, part of their plan for swiftly leaping at Europe's throat. The big new railway quarters which developed on the edge of every old city and town meant future war, not flourishing business; though in each such quarter an erysipelas of new shops, restaurants, and pleasure-places broke out. It was building rather than re-building, however; the populations swarmed, the old warrens still pullulated, insanitary conditions and zymotic disease continued, to an extent unknown in England, not far from the fine new facades. For the people as a whole were still poor; compared to their national pretensions they were miserably poor; and still in their towns the poverty remained, though the picturesque was gone. They had spoiled their old cities for ever; Magdeburg, Frankfort, what did they not become! Centres of fussy alacrity, gaudy with gilt gesso, noisy with gramophone parlours and restless with automaten-bars; even their music became tawdry and thin. Berlin they especially made glaring and rowdy; life in the brief season there was a clamour of peacocks, or rather of decorated daws. It had been the "Bleak House" of Europe, but new, florid, ignoble pleasure quarters now purveyed an Augean night-life there, dull but obscene, upon which the Kaiser was said to smile; vice became a Prussian business because Prussian business had become a vice. In every way they toiled, with method and enthusiasm, to make their Berlin a "real" Metropolis, never guessing how essentially provincial—Kleinstädtisch, as they say—Germans unchangeably are.

**WAR AND PAIN**

*And Their Relationship to Christianity and Nationalism*

MAY BATEMAN, in the Fortnightly Review, discusses the relation of war to pain and Christianity in a highly interesting manner. War like the present War, undertaken as a "desperate remedy for evils worse than itself," brings in its wake, unfortunately, loss and pain equally with wars undertaken from motives of national ambition on a colossal scale. Never, indeed, in the history of the world, has "the great ravager" swept over such vast spaces with its hordes of suffering.

Christianity qua Christianity detests war, but Christianity holds war lawful under these conditions,



GRECIAN FRAGMENT FROM A ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS, UNDER DATE OF 1916.

—H. G. Racey, in the Montreal Star.

took boasting and unsentimentality to be essential American traits, and believing that Trusts, excited speculation, and rank luxury constituted the right American pith and essence, they adopted and adapted all these with system, industry, and go. But they did it with such a native turn for organized treachery and bellicose plotting as to develop in the whole

and herself waged it "Holly" in the Middle Ages, first to vindicate her right to visit the Holy Places and then in the attempt to recover the sacred land from the Saracens.

But in spite of high incentive, the pain and suffering—moral, mental, and physical—which war com-



#### THINGS ARE GETTING BRIGHTER.

German Michael: "Hunger has turned me into a shadow."

Kaiser: "Good! So much the better! You will not be caught so easily by your enemies."

—From Boudilnik, Petrograd.

pels (however time and circumstance may lessen its poignancy) touches in transit innumerable lives and stretches in the present instance so incalculably far, that in view of it many have felt the shock of an assault upon the very stronghold of their faith in God. The waters of Marah have broken all bounds and changed the face of the landscape; sweeping barriers away, obliterating landmarks, lengthening out and widening amongst the nations until scarcely a window but views, at least from an angle, that red and shining flood. We cannot escape it; we can neither shut our ears to the turmoil of that surging torrent nor blind our eyes to the actual mangled wreckage which it casts up at the threshold of our own homes.

The most sincere disciple of a Gospel of Negation which denies the existence of pain must surely yield some of its dear beliefs in view of the evidence of his normal senses in the present crisis. Even the least imaginative must realize that physical nerves and muscles are not lacerated, that limbs are not torn off bodily, nor flesh stabbed nor bone splintered without commensurate suffering. In the streets to-day the sight of men who have lost one limb or more, blind men, men paralyzed through shock, who are disfigured for life, is frequent. With whatever dumb courage our brothers face this ravage of their "lovely youth," each individual one has had to brace himself, not only physically, but mentally, to adjust the powers of his other members, to adjust his whole view of life, to the new conditions. To put the matter baldly, life for him never can be "the same" again. Realization such as this, inevitable though it be and part of a process which simply cannot be understood if it is looked at from its material significance alone, is achieved only at tremendous cost. It comes within the experience, not of "the chosen," but the average man—not of the experienced thinker only, but of the raw boy. Living sacrifices, if ever living sacrifices were, though too few look upon them in that light.

But war causes indirect as well as direct suffering, too. Days of outward mourning in face of world-wide loss are more limited than they once were, since the moral of a nation demands that its signs of external bereavement should be as few as possible. But to the sensitive the atmosphere of streets and byways is charged to-day with something different from that which saturated it two years ago. He who looks straight into the eyes of Death or pain and turns them away again, only to meet pain or Death, has come insistently upon real and tre-

mendous things. Even unconscious pose sloughs from him, for a time at least, with that experience. He has been caught up into the blinding light of truth. And direct contact with truth leaves traces upon all but shallow persons, whether it come in the form of spoken word or actual experience. Truth carries conviction as nothing else in the world does.

But because no man may go with another in the wet way of pain without having his own feet stained, nor share the burden unless his own shoulder bends to the load and his back muscles give to the strain, it follows that something "goes out" from him mystically in the process—that once more, as so often happens in life, the surface view of love or friendship covers loss and gain in a far deeper sense. Love is spiritually as well as physically the great creative force. It empties itself in giving, and new capacity of giving flows afresh in its veins. All love has in it exquisite capacity for pain; all pain has in it exquisite capacity of love. "L'amour a fait la douleur et la douleur a fait l'amour." "Behind sorrow there is always a soul," says a writer who plumbed an abyss of sin as well as sorrow. "The essential difference between one man and another lies in this—that the one feels more than the other," taught Ruskin. To say that "the little cup that is made to hold so much can hold so much and no more, though all the purple vats of Burgundy be filled with wine to the brim, and the treaders stand knee-deep in the gathered grapes of the stony vineyards of Spain," is to amplify that philosophy. Pain to-day is continually being poured into goblets, some of which overflow after the first few drops. But if they can hold and contain it, the liquid flame within them glows like the heart of an opal.

Pain is, and Suffering; imminent, tangible, widespread. To watch the beloved in agony is to tread the way of his human passion as surely as the Mother of God did when she saw her Son die upon the Cross. We cannot evade pain; it must be met. It brings in its train, in most cases, the strange composure which comes with nearly every vast experience. There is calm in the supreme moment of love fulfilled; there is silence, as a rule, in the room where the dead lies, wrapped in the mantle of kings; there is a mystical hush at the culminating moment of the Mass. Feeling, once it is great enough, compels the senses to a kind of involuntary quiescence by sheer force of its strength. In face of it the will sets itself, rigid, with two alternatives before it. There is the Pagan view, there is the Christian view, to choose as the foundation upon which a man may rear his fortress of defence against Pain's attack.

The Pagan view of pain as compared with the Christian view is as limited as is the vision of a man who relies upon his naked eyesight when looking at a landscape compared with that of one who uses a telescope, and so has distant objects brought within his direct range. The Pagan, to contain his indomitable soul, erected a citadel, the thickness of whose walls deadened his cry of agony. But the Christian, accepting pain instead of combating or denying it, relies not at all upon the strength of any artificial fortress. He makes of pain mystical wings to lift him to unknown dimensions, to soar above the highest tower of the strongest prison built within the memory of man.

"I was not, I came to be; I was, I am not; that is all, and who shall say more will lie; I shall not be," says the Pagan. But the Christian: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. . . . And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be but pure grain. . . . God giveth it a body. . . . It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power."

Everything in the Christian attitude gives spiritual vitality.

### WELLS WITH CADORNA

English Novelist's Impressions of the Great Italian Campaign

SO far, confesses the author of *The War of the Worlds*, I had had only a visit to Soissons on an exceptionally quiet day and the sound of a Zeppelin one night in Essex for all my experience of actual warfare. But my bed-room at the British mission in Udine roused perhaps extravagant expectations. There were holes in the plaster ceiling and wall, betraying splintered laths—holes that had been caused by a bomb that had burst and killed several people in the little square outside. Such excitements seem to be things of the past now in Udine. Udine keeps itself dark nowadays, and the Austrian sea-planes, which come raiding the Italian

coast country at night very much in the same aimless, casually malignant way in which the Zeppelins raid England, apparently because there is nothing else for them to do, find it easier to locate Venice.

My earlier rides in Venetia began always with the level roads of the plain, roads frequently edged by water courses, with plentiful willows beside the road, vines and fields of Indian corn and such-like lush crops. Always quite soon one came to some old Austrian boundary posts; almost everywhere the Italians are fighting upon what is technically enemy territory, but nowhere does it seem a whit less Italian than the plain of Lombardy. When at last I motored away from Udine to the northern mountain front I passed through Campo-Formio and saw the white-faced inn at which Napoleon dismembered the ancient republic of Venice and bartered away this essential part of Italy into foreign control. It just gravitates back now—as though there had been no Napoleon.

And upon the roads and beside them was the enormous equipment of a modern army advancing. Everywhere I saw new roads being made, railways pushed up, vast store dumps, hospitals; everywhere the villages swarmed with grey soldiers; everywhere our automobile was threading its way and taking astonishing risks among interminable processions of motor lorries, strings of ambulances or of mule carts, waggons with timber, waggons with wire, waggons with men's gear, waggons with casks, waggons discreetly veiled, columns of infantry, cavalry, batteries en route.

Every wagon that goes up full comes back empty, and many wounded were coming down and prisoners and troops returning to rest. Gorizia had been taken a week or so before my arrival; the Isonzo had been crossed and the Austrians driven back across the Carso for several miles; all the resources of Italy seemed to be crowding up to make good these gains and gather strength for the next thrust. The roads under all this traffic remained wonderful; gangs of men were everywhere repairing the first onset of wear, and Italy is the most fortunate land in the world for road metal; her mountains are solid road metal and in this Venetian plain you need but to scrape through a yard of soil to find gravel.

Through the dust I came to Aquileia, which is now but an old cathedral, built upon the remains of a very early basilica, standing in a space in a scattered village. But across this dusty space there was carried the head of the upstart Maximian who murdered Alexander Severus, and later Aquileia brought Attila near to despair. Our party alighted; we inspected a very old mosaic floor which has been uncovered since the Austrian retreat. The Austrian priests have gone, too, and their Italian successors are already tracing out a score of Roman traces that it



#### IN THE GARDEN OF MY POILU.

"What has your godmother written?"  
"She has asked me whether I prefer my usual perfume, or whether I would rather have the delightful 'Coeur de Lys' or the irresistible 'Frisson de Verveine.'"

—Falke, in *Le Rire*, Paris.

was the Austrian custom to minimize. Captain Pirelli refreshed my historical memories; it was rather like leaving a card on Gibbon en route for contemporary history.

By devious routes I went on to certain batteries of big guns which had played their parts in hammering the Austrian left above Monfalcone, across an arm of the Adriatic, and which were now under orders to shift and move up closer. The battery was the

observation of the Austrian gunners upon Monte Santo. Here and there were huge holes through which one could look down upon the blue trickles of water in the stony river bed below. The driver of our automobile displayed what seemed to me an extreme confidence in the margins of these gaps, but his confidence was justified. At Sagrado the bridge had been much more completely demolished; no effort had been made to restore the hori-

of man's invention, worse than all the thorns and thickets of nature—barbed wire. There are no dead visible; the wounded have been cleared away; but about the trenches and particularly near some of the dugouts there was a faint, repulsive smell.

Yet into this wilderness the Italians are now thrusting a sort of order. The German is a wonderful worker; they say on the Anglo-French front that he makes trenches by way of resting, but I doubt if he can touch the Italian at certain forms of toil. All the way up to San Martino and beyond swarms of workmen were making one of those carefully graded roads that the Italians make better than any other people. Other swarms were laying water pipes. For upon the Carso there are neither roads nor water, and before the Italians can thrust further both must be brought up to the front.

As we approached San Martino an Austrian aeroplane made its presence felt by dropping a bomb among the little tents of some workmen, in a little scrubby wood on the hillside near at hand. One heard the report and turned to see the fragments flying and the dust. Probably they got some one. And then, after a little pause, the encampment began to spew out men; here, there and everywhere they appeared among the tents, running like rabbits at evening-time, down the hill. Very soon after and probably in connection with this signal, Austrian shells began to come over. They do not use shrapnel because the rocky soil of Italy makes that unnecessary. They fire a sort of shell that goes bang and releases a cloud of smoke overhead, and then drops a parcel of high explosive that bursts on the ground. The ground leaps into red dust and smoke. But these things are now to be seen on the cinema. Forthwith the men working on the road about us began to drop their tools and make for the shelter trenches, a long procession down the length of the road going at a steady walk. Then like a blow in the chest came the bang of a big Italian gun close at hand.

Along about four thousand miles of the various fronts this sort of thing was going on that morning.

This Carso front is the practicable offensive front of Italy. From the left wing on the Isonzo along the Alpine boundary around to the Swiss boundary there is mountain warfare like nothing else in the world; it is warfare that pushes the boundary backward, but it is mountain warfare that will not . . . offer any hopeful prospects of offensive . . . on a large scale.

a sort of timber switchback that followed the ups and downs of the ruins. It is not in these places that one must look for the real destruction of modern war. The real fight on the left of Gorizia went through the village of Lucinico up the hill of Podgora. Lucinico is nothing more than a heap of grey stones; except for a bit of the church wall and the gable end of a house one cannot even speak of it as ruins. But in one place among the rubble, I saw the splintered top and a leg of a grand piano. Podgora Hill, which was no doubt once neatly terraced and cultivated, is like a scrap of landscape from some airless, treeless planet. Still more desolate was the scene upon the Carso to the right (south) of Gorizia. Both San Martino and Doberdo are destroyed beyond the limits of ruination. The Carso itself is a waterless upland with but a few bushy trees; it must always have been a desolate region, but now it is an indescribable wilderness of shell craters, smashed-up Austrian trenches, splintered timber, old iron, rags, and that rusty thorny vileness



THE COME-BACK.

The Bulgarian Dog: "I thought I'd done for her, but I should have remembered that a cat has nine lives."

—A. G. Racey, in Montreal Star.

most unobtrusive of batteries; its one desire seemed to be to appear a simple piece of woodland in the eye of God and the aeroplane.

I went about the network of railways and paths under the trees that a modern battery requires. I went on through the wood to a shady observation post high in a tree, into which I clambered with my guide. I was able from this position to get a very good idea of the general line of the Italian eastern front. I was in the delta of the Isonzo. Directly in front of me were some marshes and the extreme tip of the Adriatic Sea, at the head of which was Monfalcone, now in Italian hands. Behind Monfalcone ran the red ridge of the Carso, of which the Italians had just captured the eastern half. Behind this again rose the mountains to the east of the Isonzo which the Austrians still held.

The Isonzo came toward me from out of the mountains, in a great westward curve. Fifteen or sixteen miles away, where it emerged from the mountains, lay the pleasant and prosperous town of Gorizia, and at the westward point of the great curve was Sagrado, with its broken bridge. The battle of Gorizia was really not fought at Gorizia at all. What happened was the brilliant and bloody storming of Mounts Podgora and Sabotino, on the western side of the river above Gorizia, and simultaneously a crossing at Sagrado behind Gorizia, and a magnificent rush up to the plateau and across the plateau of the Carso. Gorizia itself was not organized for defence, and the Austrians were so surprised by the rapid storming of the mountains to the northwest of it, and of the Carso, to the southwest, that they made no fight in the town itself.

As a consequence, when I visited it, I found it very little injured—compared, that is, with such other towns as have been fought through. Here and there the front of a house has been knocked in by an Austrian shell, or a lamp post prostrated. But the road bridge had suffered a good deal; its iron parapet was twisted about by shell bursts and interwoven with young trees and big boughs designed to screen the passerby from the oblong roadway, but one crossed by



The fete of masks is the proper title for Hallowe'en. This group serves to illustrate the passion of the small boy and girl for a paper countenance daubed with terrible colours and grotesque in outline.



Just cut off the corner

of the carton and pour out the pure, clean, extra "FINE" crystals of

**Lantic Sugar**

"The All-Purpose Sugar"

2 and 5-lb cartons  
10 and 20-lb bags

Send us a red ball trade-mark for a FREE book of Preserving Labels

Atlantic Sugar Refineries Ltd.  
Power Bldg., Montreal 65



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.  
ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,  
Department of the Naval Service,  
Ottawa, June 12, 1916.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR?

Understand all spoken parts. Read the moving lips. A good Lip Reader understands every word spoken in the SILENT DRAMA. "Lip Reading in the Movies," just published, tells how. Contains a simple key for all Lip Positions and Movements, which enables the eye to "hear" the conversation on the screen. Price 25c. School of Lip Language. Dept. C., 24 Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A.

**Best Hand Lantern**

A powerful portable lamp, giving a 300 candle power pure white light. Just what the farmer, dairyman, stockman, etc. needs. Safe—Reliable—Economical—Absolutely Rain, Storm and Bug proof. Burns either gasoline or kerosene. Light in weight. Agents wanted. Big Profits. Write for Catalog. THE BEST LIGHT CO. 448 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

BOOK ON  
**DOG DISEASES**  
AND HOW TO FEED  
H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.  
118 W. 31st St., N.Y., U.S.A.  
Mailed FREE to any address by the author.

# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## THE CANADIAN PAPER SITUATION.

THE outcome of the negotiations between the paper manufacturers and the press of Canada, in which Sir Thomas White, Minister of Finance, has acted as intermediary, will probably be an inquiry conducted by the Department of Finance into the rising cost of newsprint in the Dominion. The paper manufacturers agreed upon a minimum price of sixty dollars a ton on new contracts, but the publishers failed to agree with this offer. Manufacturers claimed that the increased cost of production to-day, together with the uncertainty as to further increases, justified the increase in the price of newsprint as proposed, but the publishers took the position that the proposed minimum price of three cents a pound was prohibitive and that no means could be taken by them to offset the increased cost.

The entire question has opened up opportunity for inquiry into the profits being made by Canadian paper manufacturers at the present time, and the future prospects of the industry. The shares of a number of larger paper concerns have been the centre of interest on the Canadian exchanges. Some notable advances have already taken place in the prices of these shares, in most cases justified solely by reported enormous profits being made on paper and other products. The existing situation in the paper and pulp trade, and the probable effect of any regulative action on the the Canadian mills, do not appear at all detrimental to their present position.

North America, that is United States and Canada, is the market for the products of the Canadian mills. The statistical situation as reported by the Newsprint Manufacturers' Association shows a decided shortage in supply of newsprint. With a greatly increased consumption of newsprint in the United States due to increasing prosperity and the fact that the presidential elections are close at hand, the newsprint shortage has become acute and prices have advanced materially. On the other hand, imports of sulphite and mechanical pulp into the United States from Europe have fallen off to practically nothing, so that Canadian mills are called upon to make up the deficiency. The Canadian production of newsprint is approximately 1,900 tons per day, and exports of newsprint to the United States from Canada have averaged more than 1,500 tons per day during the past six months. The American demand for pulp, chemical and mechanical, has also been abnormal, and exports of these products have been proportionately large. During the twelve months ended July last, Canada exported 3,735,960 cwt. of chemical pulp and 4,534,406 cwt. of mechanical pulp to the United States compared with 2,446,635 cwt. and 3,480,278 cwt. respectively during the previous twelve months. Current quotations on these products in the American markets are from \$65.00 to \$75.00 per ton for newsprint, compared with from \$36 to \$40 two years ago. From \$35 to \$40 a ton for mechanical pulp compared with from \$12 to \$16 a ton two years ago, and from \$106 to \$110 a ton for chemical pulp compared with from \$40 to \$50 a ton two years ago. Of course, many old contracts are still in force at around the \$40 a ton rate on newsprint but these contracts are rapidly being worked out and the new basis is altogether at the increased rates. American publishers are in urgent need of supplies. Delivery is the principal object, and on all these products fancy increases over current quotations can be obtained for immediate delivery.

It will be seen, therefore, that whatever may be the result of the inquiry will have little effect on the Canadian mills. The Canadian publishers have been taken care of so far and all old contracts have been honoured. A few of the mills depend solely on the home market for the sale of their product, while others export practically their entire production. The Canadian consumption is about 400 tons per day, so that if regulative action is taken only about one-third of the daily production of newsprint will be affected, and the pulp production will be left untouched. The mills will still be in a very strong

position so long as the American demand is maintained.

As stated above, the manufacturers did not claim that increased cost of production was sufficient to account for the increase in the price of paper. It is estimated, however, that labour costs, increased cost of chemicals, machinery and other supplies, do account for an increase of about 25 per cent. in the cost of production. Moreover, the shortage of men will hamper woods operations during the coming winter and the mills may face a shortage of pulpwood next season.

However, the situation as regards the mills is most satisfactory and their prosperity should be little affected by whatever action the government may take.

## READJUSTMENT OF RUSSIAN TARIFF WOULD HELP.

C. F. JUST, Canadian Trade Commissioner at Petrograd, points out that any readjustment of the Russian Tariff in favour of allied countries with a reduction of duties on canned salmon would be of great importance to Canada, and he calls attention to the possibilities of this market if it can be brought to the attention of the masses. The war has reduced the meat supplies of Russia to a great extent, and on account of the dearness of meat, the Russian people, who are great fish eaters, will now turn more than ever to a fish diet.

Our canneries on the Pacific, it is well known, desire a market for "pink" salmon, which can be caught in great quantities, but against which a prejudice prevails on this continent. In Europe this prejudice does not exist. If the Russian tariff is modified an outlet for this salmon would be found.

## Reuben Sparks

(Concluded from page 17.)

me and begin to bawl. I didn't want to be noticed. But as the bird watches the snake, so my gaze was glued to Barney. He seemed to swell up in front of me like a huge storm-cloud composed of black and white bulls. I guess I had Barney on the brain. When I got a good square look at him, boldly rubbing the blur of my eyes—I saw that there was nothing red on Barney anywhere, nothing blue, nothing but black and white. Other beasts had red and blue tickets tagged to their horns. Barney seemed to have none. No, red would be bad for a bull and blue wouldn't match his complexion. I came closer and looked again. He shook his head and a white ticket flopped over his right eye.

"Ba-ah!" he bawled.

"I agree with you," said I, feeling that I could have bellowed as loud as Barney.

He kicked up a dust. I took the bull by the horns.

"Barney," says I, "if I thought you sold the show by skinning a bad eye at the boss, I'd kick you till the cows come home."

He snorted in my face.

"No," I mumbled away as I untethered him. "I guess that wasn't the reason. Reuben Sparks is a just man. He wouldn't do me dirt because you wasn't civil. There's something else, and I'm goin' to find out what it was before we leave the grounds."

Leading Barney away in the dusk among the other animals hitting the trail, I kept an eye out for Reuben Sparks. Somebody told me at last he was over in the hall. I walked the bull up to the door and poked in my head.

"Take that bull outa here," said a director. "This ain't no barnyard."

"I don't care if it's a china shop," I retorted aptly. "I wanta see Mr. Sparks."

And all of a sudden I caught sight

of the just man trying to be jolly among a lot of women rolling up patchwork quilts and gathering butter and canned fruit, just the way I had seen him do at church meetings, after local preaching about the divine origin of man. My gorge rose in my gullet against him. But there was such a clatter that I couldn't make him hear.

"Barney," says I, "if there ever was a time when you oughta raise a holler, it's right here and now."

Not a sound would that bull make. Reuben Sparks, with his grand ideas about righteousness and truth had no more interest in Barney and me than Barney had in the moral law.

Never shall I forget what came to pass. Suddenly I saw the great farmer and moral example double himself up with his left hand on the front part of his right side. That very moment he lifted his voice as never he had in a sermon and began to bellow from his region of compassion. Barney gave a jump. The women all shrunk away from the man as though he had suddenly gone crazy. I was the only one present who knew what was wrong with him.

"Serves him right," I said to Barney. "Next time he'll know better than to give you a white ticket when you won the red. Come on, bull."

I led Barney away to the road. And the last thing I heard as we went over the bridge was Reuben Sparks the just man still bellowing.

## Giving Good Gifts

(Concluded from page 15.)

400 at a time. Each day a train comes up and we send off to a Base Hospital all that can be moved. In peaceful (?) times like the present there are sick men here—in the rushes they are all wounded. The severe cases cannot be moved very soon.

"You should see me racing up and down a field playing foot-ball, and what do you think of the revival of ping-pong? Incidentally the Colonel adores the game. However, don't think we play all the time. If you had seen the operating room a couple of nights ago, when the victims of a German shell which landed in the middle of a gun crew came in, you would say there was not much time for play, and we never know when the feathers will begin to fly again up this way.

"Yesterday I was in a town which has been pounded to pieces. It reminds one of Pompeii before the debris was cleared out—half walls standing—shell holes in others, etc. Even now a lot of places are cleared to be used as billets for troops, though shells fall nearly every day.

"Apparently Hindenburg is leaving the West to hold on as best it can while he fights hard in the East, but the West cannot hold against fighting such as our boys were doing on the Somme without plenty of reinforcements. The Canadians are real soldiers, and I have heard are one of the best fighting corps in the army.

"Life for the boys at the front is a bit hum-drum after a short time—from billets to trenches, from trenches to billets, digging and watching and seeing hideous shells bursting about; but, by Jove, if an able man misses the chance of doing his share of this huge job, I cannot imagine what he will feel like during the rest of his life! I hope we shall never forget what the boys who march down to the trenches have done! Once joined, it is only a case of go where you are ordered and stick to it, whether you like it or not, but most of them at one time or another, stand what deserves everlasting gratitude, whether they are hit or not. Lying still while shell after shell bursts in front, or behind, or beside, often followed by an attack by the enemy with rifles and hand bombs. No joke!"

## READY MONEY

"Real opportunities come only to the man with ready money."  
—John D. Rockefeller.

Almost every day opportunities of various kinds present themselves to you—to go into business, to make an investment which will certainly prove to be profitable, and in numerous ways to rise to a position of prosperity—but the possession of a greater or lesser amount of capital is necessary. If you lack this prerequisite, the opportunity passes you by.

Why not prepare for some of these opportunities by accumulating some ready money? This can be done by saving and depositing a small portion of your income. You may have to begin with a dollar at a time. Even so—a dollar a week—or say only four dollars a month, with interest compounded half-yearly at three and one-half per cent. per annum, will amount in ten years to \$574.61. And the possession of a steadily-growing savings account will be a stimulant to you to increase your savings. The necessary capital will be in your possession sooner than you now anticipate.

Open an account with us today.

## CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

Established 1855.

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

Particulars Upon Request

## DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901  
HEAD OFFICE: 26 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO  
MONTREAL LONDON, E.C., ENG

## Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of  
Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers  
and  
Bankers

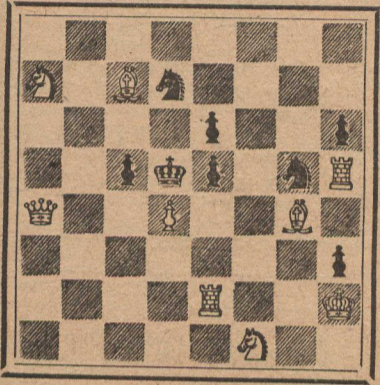
12 KING STREET EAST  
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO



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

PROBLEM No. 90, by Dr. J. J. O'Keefe (From the "Brisbane Courier.") Black.—Eight Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 91, by J. C. J. Walnwright. Half-Yearly Prize, American Chess Bulletin, 1915-16. (Anticipation Blocks.)

White: K at KKt3; Q at QR5; R at KR3; B at KKt2; Kts at QKt5 and KB8; Ps at QR6, QKt2, Q5, K2, KB5 and KR2. Black: K at QB4; R at QRsq; B at QR2; Kts at QKtsq and KKt3; Ps at QKt6 and KB2.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 86, by Frank Janet.

- 1. P-K3, B-Q3; 2. QxB mate. 1. ... P-Q3; 2. QxB mate. 1. ... KtxKP; 2. KtxP mate. 1. ... P-Kt5; 2. Q-B4 mate. 1. ... threat; 2. Kt-B5 mate.

Problem No. 87, by V. Cisar.

- 1. R-Q4, KKt-B2; 2. Q-Kt4 ch! any move; 3. R or Kt mate. 1. ... QKt-B2; 2. P-K5 dis. ch, KxP; 3. Kt-B6 mate. 1. ... Kt-K3; 2. QxKt, P-B4; 3. P-K5 mate. 1. ... Kt-B3; 2. KtxKt, B-B6; 3. P-Kt3 mate. 1. ... B-B6; 2. KtxPch, KtxKt; 3. Q-B5 mate. 1. ... P-B4; 2. Q-B7ch, B-K4; 3. PxB mate. 1. ... K-K4; 2. Q-B5ch, K-B5; 3. P-K5 mate. 1. ... threat; 2. Q-B7ch, K-Kt5; 3. P-K5 mate.

A host of variation in comparison to the fewness of the White working pieces. The chief mates smack of those in the following composition by the eminent English composer, Godfrey Heathcote: White: K at KB2; Q at Q6; R at Q2; Kt at KB7; P at Q4. Black: K at K5; Kts at KKtsq and KR4; Ps at QR2, QR4, QB5, Q2, KB3, KB4 and KR3. Mate in three.

1. P-Q5, P-B5; 2. Q-K5ch, etc. 1. ... Kt-Kt2; 2. Q-B4ch, etc. There is no threat by the key, the position after which is a complete block.

Solver's Ladder will appear next week.

Correspondence Chess.

The following game played in Special "A" tournament of the Chess by Mail Correspondence Bureau received first prize for brilliancy amongst the games finished during the first six months of 1916:

Vienna Game.

- White. J. A. Boucher. (Lauzer, P.Q.) 1. P-K4 2. Kt-QB3 3. B-B4 4. P-B4 (a) 5. RxB 6. K-Bsq 7. Kt-Q5 8. P-Q3 (d) 9. KtxBPch (e) 10. KtxR 11. Q-Q2 (g) 12. Q-R5ch 13. Q-R4 (h) 14. K-Ksq 15. K-Q2 16. K-B3 17. QxQ 18. KxKt 19. PxBP 20. PxB 21. B-B4 (j) 22. P-QR4 23. K-B3 24. KtxP 25. P-QKt3 26. R-Qsq 27. K-Kt2 28. B-Q2 29. R-QBsq ch 30. P-B3ch 31. BxP (k) 32. K-B2 (l) 33. K-Q2 Resigns (m)
- Black. R. Beebe. (Detroit.) 1. P-K4 2. Kt-QB3 3. B-B4 4. BxKt (b) 5. Q-R5ch 6. Kt-Q5 (c) 7. QxRP 8. Kt-KB3 9. K-Qsq 10. P-Q4 (f) 11. B-Kt5 12. P-Kt3 13. B-K7ch 14. QxRch 15. Q-Q8ch 16. QxQBch (i) 17. KtxQ 18. PxB 19. BxP 20. Kt-Kt5 21. B-K3 22. K-Bsq 23. K-Kt2 24. KxKt 25. P-QR4 26. R-QBsq ch 27. K-B4 28. R-QKtsq 29. K-Q5 30. KxP 31. RxPch 32. Kt-K6 ch 33. Kt-B5ch

(a) The correct reply to Black's last move is Q-Kt4. The text-move has its attendant risks. (b) In many notable instances an exchange of this nature is unfavourable, the following onslaught against the White king taking the form of a premature attack. The present instance is likely an exception. (c) Threatening 7. ... QxBPch and 8. ... QxRP. (d) If 8. KtxPch, K-Qsq; 9. KtxR, then 9. ... QxBPch; 10. K-Ksq, QxKPch, followed by 11. ... KtxBP (ch) and wins. (e) The counter-attack is seemingly inadequate to refute Black's onslaught on the other wing; consequently, he might have crippled his opponent's King side Pawns by 9. KtxKt, followed by 10. P-B5, leaving the Black forces comparatively impotent. There would, however, be danger from the open file subsequently. (f) A fine move, gaining valuable time. (g) If 11. BxP or B-Kt3, then 11. ... Kt-Kt5; 12. Q-Ksq (to prevent Q-Kt6), Q-R4 (threatening 13. ... Kt-R7ch; 14. K-B2, Q-R5ch; 15. P-Kt3, Kt-Kt5ch; 16. K-Kt2, Q-R7ch; 17. K-Bsq, Q-R6ch; 18. R-Kt2, Q-R8ch and mate in two); 13. Q-R5ch, P-Kt3; 14. KtxP, Kt-K6ch; 15. K-B2! Q-K7ch; 16. K-Kt3, Kt-B4ch and mates in two.

If here 13. Q-Q2, then 13. ... Q-R5; 14. P-Kt3, Kt-R7ch; 15. K-B2! Q-R4 and should win. If 11. P-B5, then 11. ... PxB; 12. PxB, KtxKP and if now 13. P-B3 Black mates shortly by 13. ... Q-Kt6 apart from the ridiculous sacrifice of the White Queen. (h) If 13. KtxP or QxRP, then 13. ... B-K7ch; 14. K-B2, Kt-Kt5ch; 15. K-Ksq, QxRch; 16. K-Q2, Q-Q8ch; 17. K-B3, QxBPch; 18. K-Kt4, Kt-B3ch winning the Queen; the flaw in the counter-attack. (i) 16. ... Q-Q8ch; 17. B-Q2, QxR is of course bad. After the text-move, Black emerges with a winning end-game. (j) If 21. P-K6, then 21. ... P-B3; 22. B-B4, Kt-K4, etc. White, with a piece minus, should have resigned at his next move. (k) Hastening the end. (l) If 32. K-Rsq, then 32. ... R-R6ch and 33. ... RxP. (m) A well conducted game by Mr. Beebe. (Score from "The Chess Correspondent." The notes are our own.)

TORONTO CHESS LEAGUE.

The second annual meeting of the Toronto Chess League was held in the rooms of the Toronto Chess Club, 65 Church St., Thursday evening, Oct. 19. Right Rev. Bishop W. D. Reeve and Mr. J. S. Morrison were elected president and vice-president respectively by a unanimous vote. The office of secretary-treasurer fell to Mr. W. H. Ferguson, of the Parliament Club. The committeemen elected were: Mr. J. H. Lane, Beach Club; Mr. A. S. Boulton, West End Y.M.C.A.; Mr. E. C. Surtzer, Central Y.M.C.A.; and Mr. G. MacDonald, Varsity Club. The post of honorary president went to Mr. H. H. De Mers, out of four nominations. The Wanless Cup, emblematic of the City Championship, together with a gold medal, was presented to Mr. S. E. Gale, the winner for 1916. Messrs. J. W. Beynon, C. R. Youngman, S. Adgey and T. Swale received silver medals in the order named.

L. C. Creasy.

We very much regret to announce the death in action of Mr. L. C. Creasy, of the Central Y.M.C.A. and the Toronto Chess Clubs. Mr. Creasy was an Englishman, hailing from Holloway, North London, and promptly answered his country's call. He was a very frequent visitor at both clubs and a player of average merit. He entered the City Championship tourney the winter of 1914-15.

Exhibition by F. J. Marshall.

The exhibition of simultaneous chess by Mr. F. J. Marshall, under the auspices of the Toronto Chess League, on the evening of Wednesday, October 25, went off very successfully. Play took place before about a hundred spectators in the spacious club room at the Central Y.M.C.A. Forty-one players lined up against the Brooklyn master, who won 33, lost 2 and drew 6. Those successful against Mr. Marshall were Mr. C. Ferrer, Jr., the youngest player present, and Mr. Alpert, late of New York. Draws were secured by Messrs. J. S. Morrison, S. E. Gale, R. G. Hunter, W. H. Perry, H. H. DeMers and B. A. Lillie. The following is a record of the simultaneous displays given by Mr. Marshall in Toronto:

No.	Bds.	Wine	Lost	Draws	Total
Nov. 27, '14	(after) ...	19	14	0	5 16 to 2 1/2
Nov. 27, '14	(even) ...	33	25	4	4 27 to 6
Mch. 18, '16	29	28	0	1	28 1/2 to 1/2
Oct. 25 ...	41	33	2	6	36 to 5

Mr. R. G. Hunter, ex-president of the Toronto Chess Club, presented the club with a handsome crest at the annual meeting. It was designed by his brother.

Fashion's Choice

A soft, refined, pearly-white appearance, the choice of Ladies of Society, is readily obtained by the use of



Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Refreshing and healing to the skin. The perfect, non-greasy liquid face cream. Use it on the hands. Removes discolorations. Send 10c. for trial size.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Montreal, Que.

ALBERT DOWNING

First Tenor Adanac Quartette. Soloist Bloor St. Pres. Church. Mus. Dir. Doyercourt College of Music. Phone College 3153. Jct. 274.

W. O. FORSYTH

Pianist and Teacher of the Higher Art of Piano Playing—Complete Training for Concert Room or Teaching. Address: Care Nordheimers, Toronto.

ATHERTON FURLONG

A Brilliant Season Now Opening.

159 College St. Telephone College 1192

DELBERT R. PIETTE

Pianist Teacher.

Studios—Nordheimers and 684 Bathurst St.

RICHARD TATTERSALL

Organist, Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Studio: Canadian Academy of Music only. Residence: 347 Brunswick Ave. Phone Coll. 2403

FRANK S. WELSMAN

Pianist. Studio for Lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music. Residence: 30 Admiral Road.

HARVEY ROBB

PIANIST Toronto Conservatory of Music.

PAUL WELLS

Concert, Pianist and Teacher. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

REGENT THEATRE

Photo Dramatic Event of the Season

ALL WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 6th

Clara Kimball Young

in

"The Common Law"

A Seven Reel Super-picture

TORONTO CONSERVATORY MUSIC HALL

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 8th at 8.15 p.m.

VIGGO KIHIL

PIANO RECITAL

Tickets \$1.00, at the Conservatory Office

Many people are sending their Couriers to the boys at the front. The Courier is a good "letter from home." Send more Couriers and still more.

YOU PAY YOUR MONEY AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Two Kinds of String Music Programme by Rudolf Larsen and the Hambourg Concert Society

Mons. Vigneti—No Toreador. THE audience that left Foresters' Hall, Toronto, Thursday of last week was slightly hungry. It was the first doings of the Hambourg Concert Society for this season and the initial public appearance of Georges Vigneti, the new virtuoso at the Hambourg Conservatory. Mons. Vigneti is a small man who carries himself as a kind of background to any musical picture on stage. We are always glad of new talent. Mons. Vigneti from Paris is decidedly new. He may have been expected to reproduce some Trilbyesque reminiscences of the Quartier Latin. He did no such thing. Swarthy, subdued and vigilant, he glided into the ensemble of the opening Sonata (Old English of William Boyce), with a look of smiles held in subjection. He was at once en rapport; his only desire—to play, and his evident characteristic, modesty. In this archaic, almost anaemic combination of church anthems and men-

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

uetos he was very punctilious and did not display himself in the least degree as a solo artist. This kind of music is novel and does no harm. Its charming simplicity may do a deal of good in these days of so much storm and strenuousness in music. It was a very gracious overture to the programme, well sustained by Mr. Boris Hambourg at the cello, Mr. Broadus Farmer second violin, and Miss Evelyn Chelew at the piano.

Mons. Vigneti's group of short pieces was his real introduction to the audience. There were five of these, all polished little gems of pure art unalloyed by any personalisms of the player. The Bach Aria on the G string was undeniably gracious. In spite of its monotonous tone-color, all produced on one string, it was well varied by the artist who built up warm, big crescendos from almost imperceptible no-tones without the mute.

The other four were the Romanza Andaluza of Sarasate, an Andantino by Martini. The Little Shepherd by Debussy, and a Hungarian Poem by Hubay. The most striking of these was the Debussy. Mons. Vigneti is, we may take it, a real Debussyite. In spite of his brilliant schooling he seems to be in his most seductive mood when he gets into the soft smoke of impressionism. His whole art, if one may judge from so slight an exposition, is somewhat coloured by the impressionistic school. At some future date Mons. Vigneti may contradict this by cutting loose on the Tchaikowsky or the Viotti Concerto, some Caprice of Paganini or The Devil's Trill. At present he seems content to plant himself like a rare daffodil in the garden of Canadian music, and is willing to grow. That is probably a good beginning. A player who comes at a new public like a battalion swaggering down street may live to be very lonesomely retiring before he strikes out for



pastures new. Mr. Vigneti seems determined to baffle us somewhat on first acquaintance with nothing but sotto voce impressions in pure and perfect art. And it may be only a bullfooted tradition that a new player should leap on the stage with the abandon of a toreador.

The String Trio of Beethoven with Miss Ruby Dennison at second violin, proved to be a gracious Haydnesque exposition of the Beethoven of the first period, a really fine bit of formal chamber music and nothing more; not in the least taxing the listener's powers of endurance or of attention and forming a very good prelude to Mr. Boris Hambourg's two cello numbers, the Romance of St. Saens and the Pezzo Capriccioso of Tchaikowsky. These were masterpieces of performance in the best style of an artist who since his splendid introduction to Canada six years ago has never ceased to grow both in virtuosity and in popular favour. It is a fine thing for musical Canada that Boris decided to come back here after his Father's death. His art is a real acquisition to the sound musical development of this country.

#### Larsen in Fine Form.

HOW far a thundering, big programme may go in getting appreciation for a player was demonstrated by Rudolf Larsen last week at his recital in Toronto. Mr. Larsen is no stranger. He has been in Canada two years and has given several performances. He is a Scandinavian of English accent; a young man who graduated from Leopold Auer in Petrograd. Since his first recital here he has developed immensely. In the matter of programmes he reached a climax in that of last week. We can remember no violin menu ever set out by any virtuoso any bigger, if any quite so big, as that one. There was enough heavy stuff in it to floor any but an ambitious man of capable technique. The three heaviest numbers were the Bach Chaconne, which gave Mr. Larsen a chance to get along without the able assistance of Mr. Seitz on the big grand piano. It was an interesting display of pugnacity. Bach intended that piece as a violin tester. Mr. Larsen's instrument was not quite equal to the occasion. With a more open-toned instrument the performance would have been much better. But it was interesting. His Ernst Concerto was another contract which gave better results. But when one tries to remember just how well he did it is necessary to start from the end of the programme and work backwards. Right at the finale when he should have been tapering off to a nice comfortable Deoch an' Doris he woke everybody up with the Paganini Caprice No. 24. This was more than the money's worth. It was a display of virtuosity by a player who was expected to be weary, and probably was, but refused to admit it. And the accumulated sensations of the earlier part of the programme made it hard to judge the value of so big a thing right at the end.

His opening number, the Pagnani-Kreisler Prelude Allegro, was a good piece of work, vigorous, clean-cut and stimulating. His hackneyed Ave Maria of Schubert (by request) was reminiscent of Elman, who some years ago gave that piece a characteristic turn from which it has never recovered. The Walther's Prize Song by Wagner was one of his best pieces. In this he made the lyric element sing out with real cordiality. He succeeded well in the Beethoven Rondino and the Kreisler Liebeslied, and he imparted to the Slavonic Dance of Dvorak a high degree of native colour.

The one great fault of the programme was its compass. There was too much. Mr. Larsen had great faith in his audience when he expected them to appreciate such a feast. The fact that they demanded a second encore at the end of the programme proved that there is no arbitrary

limit to some people's desire for more of a good thing. And it is a real tribute to Mr. Larsen's capacity as an interpreting performer that he should have carried off so Olympian a programme without boring the audience or apparently exhausting himself. His own ambitious enthusiasm was quite infectious. It is no disparagement to a player to allege that he played the role of Pandora's box without depleting his reserves. And in so doing Mr. Larsen establishes himself as a real vitalizing producer of good works.

#### Leo Smith in the Academy Quartette.

THE Academy String Quartette of Toronto have issued a preliminary announcement regarding their work for this season. When Mr. George Bruce, the 'cellist of the Quartette, joined the overseas forces some months ago, the fear was entertained that the Quartette might not be able to give any concerts at the present time. That fear has fortunately been removed, as Mr. Leo Smith, the brilliant and well known 'cellist connected with the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has kindly consented to fill the gap caused by Mr. Bruce's absence. Mr. Smith has for the past two seasons played with the Toronto String Quartette, who have discontinued their concerts for the present season. The Academy String Quartette purpose giving four important concerts in the Foresters' Hall, and for each concert a celebrated singer or pianist will also be engaged. At the present time when our regular orchestral concerts are sadly missed, this novel series of magnificent concerts, as they assuredly will be, ought to be warmly welcomed by the musical public. It is interesting to note that a somewhat similar series of concerts on a more extended scale is being given this winter in Glasgow, as owing to military necessities the regular Scottish orchestra concerts were not possible.

#### STAGE AND CONCERT

WHEN Henry Miller took a company of players to California last summer to appear in a repertoire of plays in the principal theatres, one of the pieces his company acted was "Come Out of the Kitchen," a comedy by a E. Thomas, based on a book of that title by Alice Duer Miller. The play was put on merely to try it out for a week or two, but it proved so popular that it ran for five weeks at the Columbia in San Francisco. Ruth Chatterton and Bruce McRae created the principal roles.

"Come Out of the Kitchen" is a little romance of the South. It is the story of the Virginia Daingerfields, luxury loving, improvident, proud, who have never recovered from the economic depression of the civil war and are forced to rent the ancestral home to a rich Northerner. One of the conditions of the lease is that a corps of white servants be provided, and it is this that determines Olivia Daingerfield to remain behind and masquerade as a servant.

Her last appearance here was in "Daddy Long Legs."

#### John Drew in Major Pendennis.

THE following portion of the advance notice from the office of John D. Williams, the producer of this drama from the pages of Thackeray, is interesting: "Major Pendennis" as a play came of three notions—first, to set off John Drew in a new line of parts; second, to fetch about a return of Langdon Mitchell as a writer for the American theatre, from which he had withdrawn since 'The New York Idea,' and, thirdly, to call on Thackeray for a group of characters and scenes that would stimulate a good cast to good acting."

That paragraph about states the case

of "Major Pendennis." For many years the beginning of a new theatrical season was signalized by the appearance of John Drew in a youngish role at the Empire. Mr. Drew is no longer young and he now admits it. Mr. Mitchell has done some distinguished work, for the American stage; an author who could write "The New York Idea" and "Becky Sharp," which he took from "Vanity Fair," should never have been allowed to remain idle this long.

Mr. Drew will appear as the worldly wise, selfish, cynical, unscrupulous old Major, physically artificial even as to his wig. Mr. Mitchell has not tried to compass all of the novel, but has endeavoured to fashion a light comedy with Major Pendennis and his nephew Arthur as the central figures.

Leopold Godowsky, the Russian pianist, gives three concerts this season at Scottish Rite Hall in San Francisco, the dates being Sunday afternoons, October 29th, November 5th, and the intervening Thursday night, November 2nd. He announces three programmes. His offerings embrace pianoforte music of every time and style. He will play the old masters, the works of the modern romantic composers, and compositions of the modernists, such as Debussy, Ravel, Liadow, Scriabine, and others. His offerings run the whole gamut of piano literature, done in Godowsky's most unimpassioned technical style.

David Warfield is to appear this season in a revival of "The Music Master," the most memorable of all this actor's past successes. The play was produced at the old Belasco Theatre, New York, in 1904. It had a run of two years in New York and served Mr. Warfield two years more on tour. Mr. Belasco has engaged some of the original players for their old roles.

Sam Sothorn, brother of E. H. Sothorn, will come to New York from London next month to appear there in a new play by Harold Owen. Mr. Sothorn is a most amusing comedian. He created in London the role in "A Pair of Silk Stockings," in which Kenneth Douglass appeared at the Little Theatre.

Ring W. Lardner has written a baseball play which Cohan & Harris are contemplating producing. If possible, they want Bert Williams to play the role of the trainer. Mr. Williams is touring with Ziefeld's "Follies" and probably would not be free to undertake the role before next season.

Alla Nazimova, whose last appearance here on the dramatic stage was in a dramatization of Robert Hichen's "Bella Donna," will appear in a series of plays during the current season. Three dramas that have not been acted here and revivals of some of the Ibsen pieces in which she first won fame as an English-speaking actress, will be included in her repertoire. The new plays Mme. Nazimova has acquired for presentation are "Ception Shoals," by Austin Adams; "The Price of Life," by Vladimir Danchenko, and "The Fairy Tale," by Arthur Schnitzler. Clifford F. Pember, who has done some work for Boston's Toy Theatre, has designed the settings for "Ception Shoals," which will be the first offering.

Robert B. Mantell, who deserted Shakespeare several years ago for the lure of the screen, will return to the legitimate next month, when he will begin a tour in his old repertoire in Montreal. It is violating no confidence to state that Mr. Mantell is a much better Shakespearean than movie actor.

The Line of Communication  
with the County of York  
is the

#### Toronto and York Radial Railway Company

Freight shipments, no matter how large or small, are handled with dispatch.

These are some of the busy towns and villages reached by the "Electric Service":

Toronto	Queensville
Thornhill	Keswick
Richmond Hill	Jackson's Point
Aurora	Sutton
Newmarket	Schomberg

"Express Delivery at Freight Rates."

For particulars write or telephone the Traffic Department, Toronto.

Telephone—Main 7044, North 4517.

We operate our own Cartage Department.

#### Old Couriers Wanted

The following issues of Canadian Courier are required to complete sets:

April 9, 1910, July 2, 1910.

Any person who can supply same at 10c per copy and postage should write this office.

CANADIAN COURIER,  
Toronto, Ont.

#### "Famous for its Delicate Flavor"



## WHITE LABEL ALE

must be tasted to be appreciated. It contains none but the finest barley grains, malted by us under hygienic conditions, with choicest 6/8 hops.

It gratifies—and is always the same.

TRY IT.

At Dealers and Hotels

Brewery bottling only

DOMINION BREWERY CO.  
Limited, TORONTO



# THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM McHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

Canadian Serial Rights held by the Canadian Courier.

## CAN YOU GUESS EATON'S IDENTITY?

**G**ABRIEL WARDEN, Seattle capitalist, is murdered while on his way to "right a great wrong" done a nameless young man. Warden, you must remember, was a contemporary of the famous Latron of "the Latron properties," who was murdered five years earlier.

Speculation is still rife, and the mysterious young man is still being sought, in the hope that his "wrongs" may show up the real murderer, when Conductor Connery of the famous Seattle-Chicago train, is notified by the road's president to hold the train one hour before starting, and to place himself at the utter disposal of whoever presents to him a certain card. He notes that five people board the train after its usual starting time. They turn out to be the famous blind lawyer-financier-magnate Basil Sautoine, his secretary Avery, his daughter Harriet, a plump business man and young Eaton. Various incidents lead him to associate Eaton with the descriptions of the "wronged" young man.

The great train is snow-bound. In the re-arrangement of sleeping cars Basil Sautoine's berth comes to occupy the same relative position in the train as young Eaton's. Sautoine is discovered almost dead in his berth. Eaton is suspected and persists in refusing to tell who he is, or whence he comes, or who his friends are. Various incidents tend to make Eaton appear to be guilty. Avery, Sautoine's secretary, seems eager to blame Eaton. Miss Sautoine is compelled to stand by and see him locked up in the snow-bound train. To all questions Eaton gives a refusal.

Sautoine, operated on on the train, recovers. Through his daughter he questions Eaton sharply. The train arrives in Chicago. Eaton is gently but firmly made a sort of guest-prisoner of Sautoine's and taken to the great blind man's estate. Here he meets "Cousin Wallace," devoted to Sautoine, also Miss Mildred Davis, an occasional stenographer for Avery. He and she form a league to get certain papers concealed in Sautoine's library.

While out walking with Miss Harriet Sautoine, Eaton is deliberately run down by a passing motor party of men. Eaton insists it was an accident. Miss Sautoine believes otherwise and declares she recognized one of the occupants of the motor as the plump business man who seemed to be interested in Eaton on the train.

## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

**E**ATON stood an instant longer, studying Sautoine, trying fruitlessly to make out what was passing in the blind man's mind. He was distinctly frightened by the revelation he had just had of Sautoine's clear, implacable reasoning regarding him; for none of the blind man's deductions about him had been wrong—all had been the exact, though incomplete, truth. It was clear to him that Sautoine was close—much closer even than Sautoine himself appreciated—to knowing Eaton's identity; it was even probable that one single additional fact—the discovery, for instance, that Miss Davis was the source of the second telegram received by Eaton on the train—would reveal everything to Sautoine. And Eaton was not certain that Sautoine, even without any new information, would not reach the truth unaided at any moment. So Eaton knew that he himself must act before this happened. But so long as the safe in Sautoine's study was kept locked or was left open only while some one was in the room with it, he could not act until he had received help from outside; and he had not yet received that help; he could not hurry it or even tell how soon it was likely to come. He had seen Miss Davis several times as she passed through the halls going or coming for her work with Avery; but Blatchford had always been with him, and he had been unable to speak with her or to receive any signal from her.

**A**S his mind reviewed, almost instantaneously, these considerations, he glanced again at Harriet; her eyes, this time, met his, but she looked away immediately. He could not tell what effect Sautoine's revelations had had on her, except that she seemed to be in complete accord with her father. As he went toward the door, she made no move to accompany him. He went out without speaking and closed the inner and the outer doors behind him; then he went down to Blatchford.

For several minutes after Eaton had left the room, Sautoine thought in silence. Harriet stayed motionless, watching him; the extent to which he had been shaken and disturbed by the series of events which had started with Warden's murder, came home strongly to her now that she saw him alone and now that his talk with Blatchford had shown partly what was in his mind.

"Where are you, Harriet?" he asked at last.

She knew it was not necessary to answer him, but merely to move so that he could tell her position; she moved slightly, and his sightless eyes shifted at once to where she stood.

"How did he act?" Sautoine asked. She reviewed swiftly the conversation, supplementing his blind appreciations of Eaton's manner with what she herself had seen.

"What have been your impressions of Eaton's previous social condition, Daughter?" he asked.

She hesitated; she knew that her father would not permit the vague generality that Eaton was "a gentleman." "Exactly what do you mean, Father?"

"I don't mean, certainly, to ask whether he knows which fork to use at table or enough to keep his napkin on his knee; but you have talked with him, been with him—both on the train and here: have you been able to determine what sort of people he has been accustomed to mix with? Have his friends been business men? Professional men? Society people?"

The deep and un concealed note of trouble in her father's voice startled her, in her familiarity with every tone and every expression. She answered his question: "I don't know, Father."

"I want you to find out."

"In what way?"

"You must find a way. I shall tell Avery to help." He thought for several moments, while she stood waiting. "We must have that motor and the men in it traced, of course. Harriet, there are certain matters—correspondence—which Avery has been looking after for me; do you know what correspondence I mean?"

"Yes, Father."

"I would rather not have Avery bothered with it just now; I want him to give his whole attention to this present inquiry. You yourself will assume charge of the correspondence of which I speak, Daughter."

"Yes, Father. Do you want anything else now?"

"Not of you; send Avery to me."

She moved toward the door which led to the circular stair. Her father, she knew, seldom spoke all that was in his mind to any one, even herself; she was accustomed, therefore, to looking for meanings underneath the directions which he gave her, and his present order—that she should take charge of a part of their work which ordinarily had been looked after by

Avery—startled and surprised her by its implication that her father might not trust Avery fully. But now, as she halted and looked back at him from the door and saw his troubled face and his fingers nervously pressing together, she recognized that it was not any definite distrust of Avery that had moved him, but only his deeper trust in herself. Blind and obliged to rely on others always in respect of sight, and now still more obliged to rely upon them because he was confined helpless to his bed, Sautoine had felt ever since the attack on him some unknown menace over himself and his affairs, some hidden agency threatening him and, through him, the men who trusted him. So, with instinctive caution, she saw now, he had been withdrawing more and more his reliance upon those less closely bound to him—even Avery—and depending more and more on the one he felt he could implicitly trust—herself. As realization of this came to her, she was stirred deeply by the impulse to rush back to him and throw herself down beside him and assure him of her love and fealty; but seeing him again deep in thought, she controlled herself and went out.

## CHAPTER XV.

Donald Avery is Moody.

**H**ARRIET went down the stair into the study; she passed through the study into the main part of the house and found Donald and sent him to her father; then she returned to the study. She closed and fastened the doors, and after glancing about the room, she removed the books in front of the wall-safe to the right of the door, slid back the movable panel, opened the safe and took out a bundle of correspondence. She closed safe and panel and put back the books; and carrying the correspondence to her father's desk, she began to look over it.

This correspondence—a considerable bundle of letters held together with wire clips and the two envelopes bound with tape which she had put into the safe the day before—made up the papers of which her father had spoken to her. These letters represented the contentions of wilful, powerful and sometimes ruthless and violent men. Ruin of one man by another—ruin financial, social or moral, or all three together—was the intention of the principals concerned in this correspondence; too often, she knew, one man or one group had carried out a fierce intent upon another; and sometimes, she was aware, these bitter feuds had carried certain of her father's clients further even than personal or family ruin: fraud, violence and—twice now—even murder were represented by this correspondence; for the papers relating to the Warden and the Latron murders were here. There were in this connection the documents concerning the Warden and the Latron properties which her father had brought back with him from the Coast; there were letters, now more than five years old, which concerned the Government's promised prosecution of Latron; and, lastly, there were the two envelopes which had just been sent to her father concerning the present organization of the Latron properties.

She glanced through these and the others with them. She had felt always the horror of this violent and ruthless side of the men with whom her father dealt; but now she knew that actual appreciation of the crimes that passed as business had been far from her. And, strangely, she now realized that it was not the attacks on Mr. Warden and her father—overwhelming with horror as these had been—which were bringing that appreciation home to her. It was her understanding now that the attack was not meant for her father but for Eaton. For when she had believed that some

# KNOX Sparkling GELATINE

Each Package Makes 4 Pints of Jelly

## ORANGE CHARLOTTE

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine	2 tablespoonsful lemon juice
1/2 cup cold water	1 cup orange juice and pulp
1/2 cup boiling water	Whites of three eggs
1 cup sugar	

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Cool slightly and add orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat, using wire whisk, until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold that has been dipped in cold water and if desired line mold with lady fingers or sponge cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs. Other fruits or nuts may be added.

## APPLE CHARLOTTE

Make same as Orange Charlotte, using cooked apple pulp in place of orange juice and pulp.

Each package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes four times as much jelly as the so-called ready prepared kind.

Besides jelly, Knox Gelatine makes Salads, Puddings, Candies, etc.

Hundreds of pleasing uses for it suggested in our

## LATEST RECIPE BOOK

Sent FREE for your grocer's name. If you wish a pint sample, enclose 2c stamp.

**CHAS. B. KNOX CO., Inc.**

Dept. B., 180 St. Paul Street West  
Montreal, Canada

## Prosperous and Progressive

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.

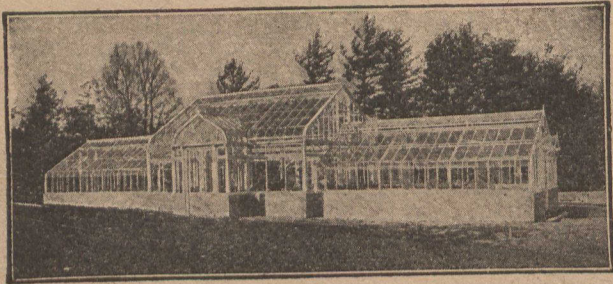
More than 166,000 of its policies are now in force for assurances totalling over \$265,000,000—much the largest amount carried by any Canadian life company.

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



**The BEST LIGHT**

A soft, luminous light, which casts no shadow. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c a week. No dirt, smoke nor odor. Over 200 styles, ranging from 100 to 2000 candle power. Absolutely guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. **THE BEST LIGHT CO.** 448 E. 5th St., Canton, O.



## BETTER GREENHOUSES

Be careful in selecting your greenhouse not to place all stress on external appearance. We offer a wealth of designs in greenhouses, and from our long experience with the Canadian climate, we can assure the greatest efficiency in operation.

Before you decide, read the Booklet, "The Joy of Glass Gardens." Sent FREE upon request. Address Dept. C.

### GLASS GARDEN BUILDERS, LIMITED

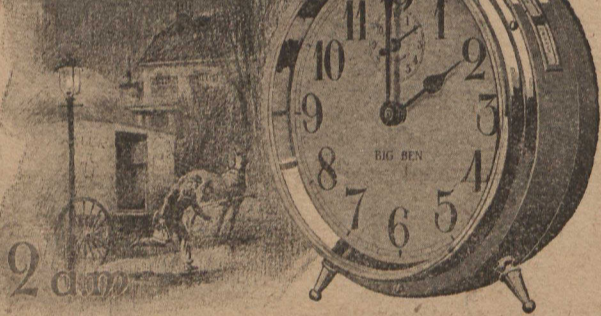
Kent Bldg.,  
Toronto.

Transportation Building, St. James St.,  
Montreal.

Factory—Georgetown, Ont.

# Big Ben

A Westclox Alarm



## For the Cream of the Day

**T**WO A. M.—inky dark—that's when Big Ben starts the milkman's day.

Out of bed like a boy going fishing—nudges Big Ben to a hush—takes up the tune as he whistles to work.

You've heard that patter of nimble feet—the clink of bottles in the wire tray—the rattle of boxes, of cans and ice—the giddap—the wheels—the merry tune—all unmindful of the world at sleep. You've wondered.

Try Big Ben yourself a little earlier. See how he'll bring you the cream of the day—rich morning hours that start you right and stretch out till night with minutes aplenty for every task. And you'll take up his tune and smile through the day.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, \$2.50 in the States, \$3.00 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. Western Clock Co. Makers of Westclox  
Other Westclox: Pocket Ben, Baby Ben, America, Bingo, Sleep-Meter, Lookout, Ironclad.

## Have You Read EDGAR ALLAN POE ?

If not, you have missed the Prince of Short Story Writers, who also originated the vogue of the detective story. Sir Conan Doyle admitted that the inspiration for Sherlock Holmes came from Poe's Tales.

You can have a Complete Set of this Famous American Author—Stories, Poems and Essays—in 5 neat cloth volumes, good type and paper, with engraved frontispieces—The "Tamerlane Edition." While they last at only **\$1.50**

UNIVERSITY BOOK COMPANY  
8 University Avenue - Toronto

one had meant to murder her father, as Mr. Warden had been murdered, the deed had come within the class of crimes comprehensible to her. She was accustomed to recognize that, at certain times and under special circumstances, her father might be an obstacle to some one who would become desperate enough to attack; but she had supposed that, if such an attack were delivered, it must be made by a man roused to hate his victim, and the deed would be palliated, as far as such a crime could be, by an overwhelming impulse of terror or antipathy at the moment of striking the blow. But she had never contemplated a condition in which a man might murder—or attempt to murder—without hate of his victim. Yet now her father had made it clear that this was such a case. Some one on that train in Montana—acting for himself or for another—had found this stranger, Eaton, an obstacle in his way. And merely as removing an obstacle, that man had tried to murder Eaton. And when, instead, he had injured Basil Santoine, apparently fatally, he had been satisfied so that his animus against Eaton had lapsed until the injured man began to recover; and then, when Eaton was out on the open road beside her, that pitiless, passionless enemy had tried again to kill. She had seen the face of the man who drove the motor down upon Eaton, and it had been only calm, determined, businesslike—though the business with which the man had been engaged was murder.

Though Harriet had never believed that Eaton had been concerned in the attack upon her father, her denial of it had been checked and stifled because he would not even defend himself. She had not known what to think; she had seemed to herself to be waiting with her thoughts in abeyance; until he should be cleared, she had tried not to let herself think more about Eaton than was necessary. Now that her father himself had cleared Eaton of that suspicion, her feelings had altered from mere disbelief that he had injured her father to recollection that Mr. Warden had spoken of him only as one who himself had been greatly injured. Eaton was involved with her father in some way; she refused to believe he was against her father, but clearly he was not with him. How could he be involved, then, unless the injury he had suffered was some such act of man against man as these letters and statements represented? She looked carefully through all the contents of the envelopes, but she could not find anything which helped her.

**S**HE pushed the letters away, and sat thinking. Mr. Warden, who appeared to have known more about Eaton than any one else, had taken Eaton's side; it was because he had been going to help Eaton that Mr. Warden had been killed. Would not her father be ready to help Eaton, then, if he knew a word about him as Mr. Warden had known? But Mr. Warden, apparently, had kept what he knew even from his own wife; and Eaton was now keeping it from every one—her father included. She felt that her father had understood and appreciated all this long before herself—that it was the reason for his attitude toward Eaton on the train and, in part, the cause of his considerate treatment of him all through. She sensed for the first time how great her father's perplexity must be; but she felt, too, how terrible the injustice must have been that Eaton had suffered, since he himself did not dare to tell it even to her father and since, to hide it, other men did not stop short of double murder.

So, instead of being estranged by Eaton's manner to her father, she felt an impulse of feeling toward him flooding her, a feeling which she tried to explain to herself as sympathy. But it was not just sympathy; she would not say even to herself what it was.

She got up suddenly and went to the door and looked into the hall; a servant came to her.

"Is Mr. Avery still with Mr. Santoine?" she asked.

"No, Miss Santoine; he has gone out."

"How long ago?"

"About ten minutes."

"Thank you."

She went back, and bundling the correspondence together as it had been before, she removed the books from a shelf to the left of the door, slid back another panel and revealed the second wall-safe corresponding to the one to the right of the door from which she had taken the papers. The combination of this second safe was known only to her father and herself. She put the envelopes into it, closed it, and replaced the books. Then she went to her father's desk, took from a drawer a long typewritten report of which he had asked her to prepare a digest, and read it through; conscientiously concentrating, she began her work. The servant came at one to tell her luncheon was served, but—immersed now—she ordered her luncheon brought to the study. At three she heard Avery's motor, and went to the study door and looked out as he entered the hall.

"What have you found out, Don?" she inquired.

"Nothing yet, Harry."

"You got no trace of them?"

"No; too many motors pass on that road for the car to be recalled particularly. I've started what inquiries are possible and arranged to have the road watched in case they come back this way."

He went past her and up to her father. She returned to the study and put away her work; she called the stables on the house telephone and ordered her saddle-horse; and going to her rooms and changing to her riding-habit, she rode till five. Returning, she dressed for dinner, and going down at seven, she found Eaton, Avery and Blatchford awaiting her.

**T**HE meal was served in the Jacobean dining room, with walls paneled to the high ceiling, logs blazing in the big stone fireplace. As they seated themselves, she noted that Avery seemed moody and uncommunicative; something, clearly, had irritated and disturbed him; and as the meal progressed, he vented his irritation upon Eaton by affronting him more openly by word and look than he had ever done in her presence. She was the more surprised at his doing this now, because she knew that Donald must have received from her father the same instructions as had been given herself to learn whatever was possible of Eaton's former position in life. Eaton, with his customary self-control, met Avery's offensiveness with an equability which almost disarmed it. Instinctively she tried to help him in this. But now she found that he met and put aside her assistance in the same way.

The change in his attitude toward her which she had noted first during their walk that morning had not diminished since his talk with her father, but plainly, had increased. He was almost openly now including her among those who opposed him. As that feeling which she called sympathy had come to her when she realized that what he himself had suffered must be the reason for his attitude toward her father, so now it only came more strongly when she saw him take the same attitude toward herself; and as she felt it, she found she was feeling more and more away from Donald Avery. Donald's manner toward Eaton was forcing her to invoice exactly the material of her companionship with Donald.

Before Eaton's entrance into her life, she had supposed that some time, as a matter of course, she was going to marry Donald. In spite of this, she had never thought of herself as apart from her father; when she thought of marrying, it had been always with the idea that her duty to her husband must be secondary to that to her father; she knew now that she had accepted Donald Avery not because he had become necessary to her but because he had seemed essential to her father and her marrying Donald would permit her life to go on much as it was. Till recently, Avery's complaint

ance, his certainty that it must be only a matter of time before he would win her, had been the most definite—almost the only definable—fault she had found with her father's confidential agent; now her sense of many other faults in him only marked the distance she had drawn away from him. If Harriet Santoine could define her own present estimate of Avery, it was that he did not differ in any essential particular from those men whose correspondence had so horrified her that afternoon.

Donald had social position and a certain amount of wealth and power; now suddenly she was feeling that he had nothing but those things, that his own unconscious admission was that to be worth while he must have them, that to retain and increase them was his only object in life. She had the feeling that these were the only things he would fight for; but that for these he would fight—fairly, perhaps, if he could—but, if he must, unfairly, despicably.

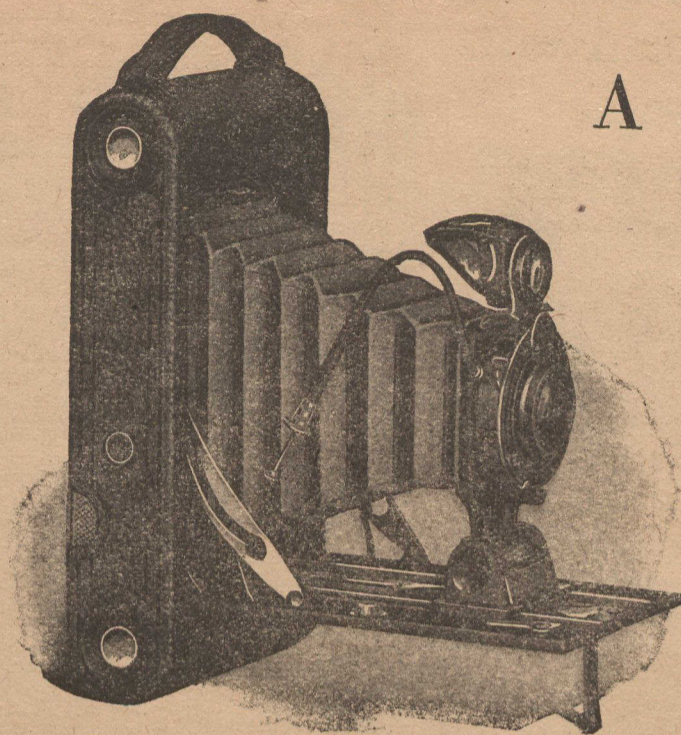
She had finished dinner, but she hesitated to rise and leave the men alone; after-dinner cigars and the fiction of a masculine conversation about the table were insisted on by Blatchford. As she delayed, looking across the table at Eaton, his eyes met hers; reassured, she rose at once; the three rose with her and stood while she went out. She went upstairs and looked in upon her father; he wanted nothing, and after a conversation with him as short as she could make it, she came down again. No further disagreement between the two men, apparently, had happened after she left the table. Avery was not visible. Eaton and Blatchford were in the music-room; as she went to them, she saw that Eaton had some sheets of music in his hand. So now, with a repugnance against her father's orders which she had never felt before, she began to carry out the instructions her father had given her.

"You play, Mr. Eaton?" she asked.  
 "I'm afraid not," he smiled.  
 "Really don't you?"  
 "Only drum a little sometimes, Miss Santoine. Won't you play? Please do."

HE saw that they were songs which he had been examining. "Oh, you sing!"  
 He could not effectively deny it. She sat down at her piano and ran over the songs and selections from the new opera. He followed her with the delight of a music-lover long away from an instrument. He sang with her a couple of the songs; he had a good, unassuming tone. And as she went through the music, she noticed that he was familiar with almost everything she had liked which had been written or was current up to five years before; all later music was strange to him. To this extent he had been of her world, plainly, up to five years before; then he had gone out of it.

She realized this only as something which she was to report to her father; yet she felt a keener, more personal interest in it than that. Harriet Santoine knew enough of the world to know that few men break completely all social connections without some link of either fact or memory still holding them, and that this link most often is a woman. So now, instinctively, she found, she was selecting among the music on the racks arias of lost, disappointed or unhappy love. But she saw that Eaton's interest in these songs appeared no different from his interest in others; it was, so far as she could tell, for their music he cared for them—not because they recalled to him any personal recollection. So far as her music could assure her, then, there was—and had been—no woman in Eaton's life whose memory made poignant his break with his world.

Presently she desisted and turned to other sorts of music. Toward ten o'clock, after she had stopped playing, he excused himself and went to his rooms. She sat for a time, idly talking with Blatchford; then, as a servant passed through the hall and she mistook momentarily his footsteps for those of Avery, she got up suddenly and went upstairs. It was only after



# A new Kodak in a new size

Pictures  
 $2\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$

## The 2C Autographic Kodak Jr.

Just as surely as the 3A (post card size) picture displaced the 4 x 5, this 2C will displace the 3¼ x 4¼. The elongated shape, used horizontally is better for landscapes—it doesn't waste film on sky and foreground, It is better for portraits when used vertically for it gives the high, narrow picture. It gives more picture for the area than is usually possible in a square—and the shape of the picture is far more pleasing.

And this elongated shape in the picture makes possible a slim, thin, easily pocketed camera. The 2C Autographic Kodak Junior has a capacity of ten exposures without reloading, it has the Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with cable release, working at speed of 1.25, 1.50 and 1.100 of a second, and of course the usual "bulb" and time actions. The camera has brilliant reversible finder, two tripod sockets, black leather bellows, is covered with fine grain leather, is well made and beautifully finished. It is furnished with a choice of lens equipment as listed below.

THE PRICE.

No. 2C Autographic Kodak Jr., meniscus achromatic lens .....	\$12.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens .....	14.00
Ditto, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, f. 7.7 .....	19.00

All Dealers'

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

# PURITY FLOUR

MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD



We make it good—our customers have made it famous.

14

## Have You Self Control?

If not, it is likely due to your not understanding your soul make-up. Why are you superstitious, depressed, or joyous? Why have you self-confidence or the reverse? What is the influence of your mind upon your body? - Is SUCCESS possible for you, too?

Under the title "THE EDUCATION OF SELF" Dr. Paul Dubois, author of "Nervous States, Their Cause and Cure" and other works, has published a delightful volume dealing with psychical questions of the deepest importance. It is an education in self. Cloth, 349 pages, price \$1.75 postpaid.

UNIVERSITY BOOK CO., 8 University Avenue, Toronto.

A Convenience that Every Woman will appreciate—

# CATELLI'S READY CUT MILK MACARONI

Cut in handy little sizes—ready to be dropped into the boiling water.

Identical with our regular Milk Macaroni in everything but form. Made of the famous Semolina flour and milk—with the same smooth richness and flavour.

Not better—simply more convenient. 10c. a package. "The Girl at Catelli's" will tell you how to prepare Milk Macaroni in more than a hundred different ways. Write for a free copy.

THE C. H. CATELLI CO., LIMITED,  
MONTREAL



reaching her own rooms that she appreciated that the meaning of this action was that she shrank from seeing Avery again that night. But she had been in her rooms only a few minutes when her house telephone buzzed, and answering it, she found that it was Donald speaking to her.

"Will you come down for a few minutes, please, Harry?"

She withheld her answer momentarily. Before Eaton had come into her life, Donald sometimes had called her like this,—especially on those nights when he had worked late with her father,—and she had gone down to visit with him for a few minutes as an ending for the day. She had never allowed these meetings to pass beyond mere companionship; but to-night she thought of that companionship without pleasure.

"Please, Harry!" he repeated.

Some strangeness in his tone perplexed her.

"Where are you?" she asked.

"In the study."

She went down at once. As he came to the study door to meet her, she saw that what had perplexed her in his tone was apparently only the remnant of that irritation he had showed at dinner. He took her hand and drew her into the study. The lights in the room turned full on and the opaque curtains drawn closely over the windows told that he had been working,—or that he wished to appear to have been working,—and papers scattered on one of the desks, and the wall safe to the right of the door standing open, confirmed this. But now he led her to the big chair, and guided her as she seated herself; then he lounged on the flat-topped desk in front of and close to her and bending over her.

"You don't mind my calling you down, Harry; it is so long since we had even a few minutes alone together," he pleaded.

"What is it you want, Don?" she asked.

"Only to see you, dear—Harry." He took her hand again; she resisted and withdrew it. "I can't do any more work to-night, Harry. I find the correspondence I expected to go over this evening isn't here; your father has it, I suppose."

"No; I have it, Don."

"You?"

"YES; Father didn't want you bothered by that work just now. Didn't he tell you?"

"He told me that, of course, Harry, and that he had asked you to relieve me as much as you could; he didn't say he had told you to take charge of the papers. Did he do that?"

"I thought that was implied. If you need them, I'll get them for you, Don. Do you want them?"

She got up and went toward the safe where she had put them; suddenly she stopped. What it was that she felt under his tone and manner, she could not tell; it was probably only irritation at having important work taken out of his hands. But whatever it was, he was not openly expressing it—he was even being careful that it should not be expressed. And now suddenly, as he followed and came close behind her and her mind went swiftly to her father lying helpless upstairs and her father's trust in her she halted.

"We must ask Father first," she said.

"Ask him!" he ejaculated. "Why?"

She faced him uncertainly, not answering.

"That's rather ridiculous, Harry, especially as it is too late to ask him to-night." His voice was suddenly rough in his irritation. "I have had charge of those very things for years; they concern the matters in which your father particularly confides in me. It is impossible that he meant you to take them out of my hands like this. He must have meant only that you were to give me what help you could with them!"

She could not refute what he said; still, she hesitated.

"When did you find out those matters weren't in your safe, Don?" she asked.

"Just now."

"Didn't you find out this afternoon—before dinner?"

"That's what I said—just now this afternoon, when I came back to the house before dinner, as you say." Suddenly he seized both her hands, drawing her to him and holding her in front of him. "Harry, don't you see that you are putting me in a false position—wronging me? You are acting as though you did not trust me!"

She drew away her hands. "I do trust you, Don; at least I have no reason to distrust you. I only say we must ask Father."

"They're in your little safe?"

She nodded. "Yes."

"And you'll not give them to me?"

"No."

He stared angrily; then he shrugged and laughed and went back to his desk and began gathering up his scattered papers. She stood indecisively watching him. Suddenly he looked up, and she saw that he had quite conquered his irritation, or at least had concealed it; his concern now seemed to be only over his relations with herself.

"We've not quarreled, Harry?" he asked.

"Quarreled? Not at all, Don," she replied.

She moved toward the door; he followed and let her out, and she went back to her own rooms.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### Santoine's "Eyes" Fail Him.

EATON, coming down rather late the next morning, found the breakfast room empty. He chose his breakfast from the dishes on the sideboard, and while the servant set them before him and waited on him, he inquired after the members of the household. Miss Santoine, the servant said, had breakfasted some time before and was now with her father; Mr. Avery also had breakfasted; Mr. Blatchford was not yet down. As Eaton lingered over his breakfast, Miss Davis passed through the hall, accompanied by a maid. The maid admitted her into the study and closed the door; afterward, the maid remained in the hall busy with some morning duty, and her presence and that of the servant in the breakfast room made it impossible for Eaton to attempt to go to the study or to risk speaking to Miss Davis. A few minutes later, he heard Harriet Santoine descending the stairs; rising, he went out into the hall to meet her.

"I don't ask you to commit yourself for longer than to-day, Miss Santoine," he said, when they had exchanged greetings, "but—for to-day—what are the limits of my leash?"

"Mr. Avery is going to the country-club for lunch; I believe he intends to ask you if you care to go with him."

He started and looked at her in surprise. "That's rather longer extension of the leash than I expected," he replied.

He stood an instant thoughtful. Did the invitation imply merely that he was to have greater freedom now?

"Do you wish me to go?" he asked.

Her glance wavered and did not meet his. "You may go if you please."

"And if I do not?"

"Mr. Blatchford will lunch with you here."

"And you?"

"Yes, I shall lunch here too, probably. This morning I am going to be busy with Miss Davis on some work for my father; what I do depends on how I get along with that."

"Thank you," Eaton acknowledged. She turned away and went into the study, closing the door behind her. Eaton, although he had finished his breakfast, went back into the breakfast room. He did not know whether he would refuse or accept Avery's invitation; suddenly he decided. After waiting for some five minutes there over a second cup of coffee, he got up and crossed to the study door and knocked. The door was opened by Miss Davis; looking past her, he could see Harriet Santoine seated at one of the desks.

"I beg pardon, Miss Santoine," he explained his interruption, "but you did not tell me what time Mr. Avery

**REGAL**  
FREE RUNNING  
Table Salt

The Kind to Buy  
It's always Dry

MADE IN CANADA

THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED

Meet me at the **Tuller**

For Value, Service, Home Comforts

**New HOTEL TULLER**  
Detroit, Michigan

Centre of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Ave.

**ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF**

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

Total 600 Outside Rooms - All Absolutely Quiet

Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms

New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Excellent

is likely to want me to be ready to go to the country club."

"About half-past twelve, I think."

"And what time shall we be coming back?"

"Probably about five."

He thanked her and withdrew. As Miss Davis stood holding open the door, he had not looked at her, and he did not look back as she closed the door behind him; their eyes had not met; but he understood that she had comprehended him fully. To-day he would be away from the Santoine house, and away from the guards who watched him, for at least four hours, under no closer espionage than that of Avery; this offered opportunity—the first opportunity he had had—for communication between him and his friends outside the house.

He went to his room and made some slight changes in his dress; he came down then to the library, found a book and settled himself to read. Toward noon Avery looked in on him there and rather constrainedly proffered his invitation; Eaton accepted, and after Avery had gone to get ready, Eaton put away his book. Fifteen minutes later, hearing Avery's motor purring outside, Eaton went into the hall; a servant brought his coat and hat, and taking them, he went out to the motor. Avery appeared a moment later, with Harriet Santoine.

SHE stood looking at them as they spun down the curving drive and onto the pike outside the grounds; then she went back to the study. The digest Harriet had been working on that morning and the afternoon before was finished; Miss Davis, she found, was typewriting its last page. She dismissed Miss Davis for the day, and taking the typewritten sheets and some other papers her father had asked to have read to him, she went up to her father.

Basil Santoine was alone and awake; he was lying motionless, with the cord and electric button in his hand which served to start and stop the phonograph, with its recording cylinder, beside his bed. His mind, even in his present physical weakness, was always working, and he kept this apparatus beside him to record his directions as they occurred to him. As she entered the room, he pressed the button and started the phonograph, speaking into it; then, as he recognized his daughter's presence, the cylinder halted; he put down the cord and motioned her to seat herself beside the bed.

"What have you, Harriet?" he asked.

She sat down and glancing through the papers in her hand, gave him the subject of each; then at his direction she began to read them aloud. She read slowly, careful not to demand straining of his attention; and this slowness leaving her own mind free in part to follow other things, her thoughts followed Eaton and Avery. As she finished the third page, he interrupted her.

"Where is it you want to go, Harriet?"

"Go? Why, nowhere, Father!"

"Has Avery taken Eaton to the country-club as I ordered?"

"Yes."

"I shall want you to go out there later in the afternoon; I would trust your observation more than Avery's to determine whether Eaton has been used to such surroundings. They are probably at luncheon now; will you lunch with me here, dear?"

"I'll be very glad to, Father."

He reached for the house telephone and gave directions for the luncheon in his room.

"Go on until they bring it," he directed.

She read another page, then broke off suddenly.

"Has Donald asked you anything to-day, Father?"

"In regard to what?"

"I thought last night he seemed disturbed about my relieving him of part of his work."

"Disturbed? In what way?"

She hesitated, unable to define even to herself the impression Avery's manner had made on her. "I understood

he was going to ask you to leave it still in his hands."

"He has not done so yet."

"Then probably I was mistaken."

She began to read again, and she continued now until the luncheon was served. At meal-time Basil Santoine made it a rule never to discuss topics relating to his occupation in working hours, and in his present weakness, the rule was rigidly enforced; father and daughter talked of gardening and the new developments in aviation. She read again for half an hour after luncheon, finishing the pages she had brought.

"Now you'd better go to the club," the blind man directed.

She put the reports and letters away in the safe in the room below, and going to her own apartments, she dressed carefully for the afternoon. The day was a warm, sunny, early spring day, with the ground fairly firm. She ordered her horse and trap, and leaving the groom, she drove to the country-club beyond the rise of ground back from the lake. Her pleasure in the drive and the day was diminished by her errand. It made her grow uncomfortable and flush warmly as she recollected that if Eaton's secrecy regarding himself was accounted for by the unknown injury he had suffered—she was the one sent to "spy" upon him.

As she drove down the road, she passed the scene of the attempt by the men in the motor to run Eaton down. The indefiniteness of her knowledge by whom or why the attack had been made only made it seem more terrible to her. Unquestionably, he was in constant danger of its repetition, and especially when—as to-day—he was outside her father's grounds. Instinctively she hurried her horse. The great white club-house stood above the gentle slope of the valley to the west; beyond it, the golf-course was spotted by a few figures of men and girls out for early-season play. And further off and to one side of the course, she saw mounted men scurrying up and down the polo field in practice. A number of people were standing watching, and a few motors and traps were halted beside the barriers. Harriet stopped at the club-house only to make certain that Mr. Avery and his guest were not there; then she drove on to the polo field.

AS she approached she recognized Avery's alert figure on one of the ponies; with a deft, quick stroke he cleared the ball from before the feet of an opponent's pony, then he looked up and nodded to her. Harriet drove up and stopped beside the barrier; people hailed her from all sides, and for a moment the practice was stopped as the players trotted over to speak to her. Then play began again, and she had opportunity to look for Eaton. Her father, she knew, had instructed Avery that Eaton was to be introduced as his guest; but Avery evidently had either carried out these instructions in a purely mechanical manner or had not wished Eaton to be with others unless he himself was by; for Harriet discovered Eaton standing off by himself. She waited till he looked toward her, then signaled him to come over. She got down, and they stood together following the play.

"You know polo?" she questioned him, as she saw the expression of appreciation in his face as a player darily "rode-off" an antagonist and saved a "cross." She put the question without thought before she recognized that she was obeying her father's instructions.

"I understand the game somewhat," Eaton replied.

"Have you ever played?"

"It seems to deserve its reputation as the summit of sport," he replied.

He answered so easily that she could not decide whether he was evading or not; and somehow, just then, she found it impossible to put the simple question direct again.

"Good! Good, Don!" she cried enthusiastically and clapped her hands as Avery suddenly raced before them, caught the ball with a swinging, back-handed stroke and drove it directly toward his opponent's goal. Instant-

## BUY, READ, SEND TO FRIENDS

KITCHENER'S MOB

By James Norman Hall.

The war book everybody is reading and talking about. The real thing.

\$1.25 net.

THE SINS OF THE CHILDREN

By Cosmo Hamilton.

Are parents failures? Read this book and discuss it with your friends.

Illustrated, \$1.40 net.

JUST DAVID

By Eleanor H. Porter.

Invest in happiness by reading this book. An ideal gift.

Illustrated, \$1.25 net.

Special Gift Edition, Soft Ooze Leather, \$2.00 net.

SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT

By Henry Irving Dodge.

The story of an investment in good clothes. Amusing from start to finish.

Illustrated, \$1.00 net.

At all Book Stores, or from the Publisher.

THOMAS  ALLEN  
215 Victoria St. TORONTO

## THE SONGS OF A VALIANT SOUL

Buy (and read) "Poems"—a classy volume of the poetical remains of the late James A. Tucker, who was a University student (leader of revolt in 1895), and a Toronto journalist of high standing at his death in 1903. A worthy effort in Canadian verse.

Small lot of remainder volumes (blue cloth, gilt stamp, 125 pages at \$1.00)—to clear at 50 cents.

UNIVERSITY BOOK CO.  
8 University Ave. Toronto

## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President.

JOHN AIRD, General Manager.

H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. General Manager.

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000

RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

### SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

### Conservation of Funds

Nothing diminishes a man's resources so rapidly as imprudent investment. Protection of the principal sum is every investor's first duty.

We invite inquiries about the details of our Guaranteed Trust Investment plan for investing clients' funds in carefully selected first mortgages on improved real estate.

Booklet mailed on request.

National Trust Company  
Limited

Capital Paid-up,  
\$1,500,000.

Reserve,  
\$1,500,000.

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

## Boys, Become Salesmen!

WHEN the war is over there will be a lot of new salesmen wanted to sell goods. If you are ambitious to "get along," why not begin in any easy task like selling a high-class weekly paper. This will teach you to become a bigger salesman later on.

You Can Sell Canadian Courier for several reasons. Listen.

(1) The people will want it when they see it.

(2) There are not near enough agents at work selling. Has your town got a boy salesman?

(3) Canadian Courier is becoming more interesting and valuable every week. A fine programme of special articles, pictures and stories is going to give it a big boost everywhere.

(4) Subscribers write us telling how they appreciate it. "I would as soon miss a meal as my Courier," said one man down in Quebec Province.

Boys, Become Agents.

(5) Reason No. 5 is good. We have helps for the "new boy." It is called "Selling Points," which shows him how, also full instructions how to do business.

(6) The boy agent cannot fail to be rewarded. The new and popular price of

5 Cents Per Copy

is making new readers for us every day.

Come on, boys. Try it in your spare time. Write to me for descriptive terms and sample copies.

SALES MANAGER

Canadian Courier  
181 Simcoe St., Toronto

ly whirling his mount, Avery raced away after the ball, and with another clean stroke scored a goal. Every one about cried out in approbation.

"He's very quick and clever, isn't he?" Harriet said to Eaton.

Eaton nodded. "Yes; he's by all odds the most skillful man on the field, I should say."

The generosity of the praise impelled the girl, somehow, to qualify it. "But only two others really have played much—that man and that."

"Yes, I picked them as the experienced ones," Eaton said quietly.

"The others—two of them, at least—are out for the first time, I think."

They watched the rapid course of the ball up and down the field, the scurry and scamper of the ponies after it, then the clash of a melee again.

TWO ponies went down, and their riders were flung. When they arose, one of the least experienced boys limped apologetically from the field. Avery rode to the barrier.

"I say, any of you fellows, don't you want to try it? We're just getting warmed up."

Harriet glanced at the group Avery had addressed; she knew nearly all of them—she knew too that none of them were likely to accept the invitation, and that Avery must be as well aware of that as she was. Avery, indeed, scarcely glanced at them, but looked over to Eaton and gave the challenge direct.

"Care to take a chance?" Harriet Santoine watched her companion; a sudden flush had come to his face which vanished, as she turned, and left him almost pale; but his eyes glowed. Avery's manner in challenging him, as though he must refuse from fear of such a fall as he just had witnessed, was not enough to explain Eaton's start.

"How can I?" he returned.

"If you want to play, you can," Avery dared him. "Furden"—that was the boy who had just been hurt—"will lend you some things; his'll just about fit you; and you can have his mounts."

Harriet continued to watch Eaton; the challenge had been put so as to give no ground for refusal but timidity. "You don't care to?" Avery taunted him deftly.

"Why don't you try it?" Harriet found herself saying to him.

He hesitated. She realized it was not timidity he was feeling; it was something deeper and stronger than that. It was fear; but so plainly it was not fear of bodily hurt that she moved instinctively toward him in sympathy. He looked swiftly at Avery, then at her, then away. He seemed to fear alike accepting or refusing to play; suddenly he made his decision. "I'll play."

He started instantly away to the dressing-rooms; a few minutes later, when he rode onto the field, Harriet was conscious that, in some way, Eaton was playing a part as he listened to Avery's directions. Then the ball was thrown in for a scrimmage, and she felt her pulses quicken as Avery and Eaton raced side by side for the ball. Eaton might not have played polo before, but he was at home on horseback; he beat Avery to the ball but, clumsy with his mallet, he missed and overrode; Avery stroked the ball smartly, and cleverly followed through. But the next instant, as Eaton passed her, shifting his mallet in his hand, Harriet watched him more wonderingly.

"He could have hit the ball if he'd wanted to," she declared almost audibly to herself; and the impression that Eaton was pretending to a clumsiness which was not real grew on her. Donald Avery appointed himself to oppose Eaton wherever possible, besting him in every contest for the ball; but she saw that Donald now, though he took it upon himself to show all the other players where they made their mistakes, did not offer any more instruction to Eaton. One of the players drove the ball close to the barrier directly before Harriet; Eaton and Avery raced for it, neck by neck. As before, Eaton by better riding gained a little; as they came up, she saw

Donald's attention was not upon the ball or the play; instead, he was watching Eaton closely. And she realized suddenly that Donald had appreciated as fully as herself that Eaton's clumsiness was a pretence. It was no longer merely polo the two were playing; Donald, suspecting or perhaps even certain that Eaton knew the game, was trying to make him show it, and Eaton was watchfully avoiding this. Just in front of her, Donald leaning forward, swept the ball from in front of Eaton's pony's feet.

For a few moments the play was all at the further edge of the field; then once more the ball crossed with a long curving shot and came hopping and rolling along the ground close to where she stood. Again Donald and Eaton raced for it.

"Stedman!" Avery called to a teammate to prepare to receive the ball after he had struck it; and he lifted his mallet to drive the ball away from in front of Eaton. But as Avery's club was coming down, Eaton, like a flash and apparently without lifting his mallet at all, caught the ball a sharp, smacking stroke. It leaped like a bullet, straight and true, toward the goal, and before Avery could turn, Eaton was after it and upon it, but he did not have to strike again; it bounded on and on between the goal-posts, while together with the applause for the stranger arose a laugh at the expense of Avery. But as Donald halted before her, Harriet saw that he was not angry or discomfited, but was smiling triumphantly to himself; and as she called in praise to Eaton when he came close again, she discovered in him only dismay at what he had done.

The practice ended, and the players rode away. She waited in the clubhouse till Avery and Eaton came up from the dressing-rooms. Donald's triumphant satisfaction seemed to have increased; Eaton was silent and preoccupied. Avery, hailed by a group of men, started away; as he did so, he saluted Eaton almost derisively. Eaton's return of the salute was openly hostile. She looked up at him keenly, trying unavailingly to determine whether more had taken place between the two men than she herself had witnessed.

"You had played polo before—and played it well," she charged. "Why did you want to pretend you hadn't?"

HE made no reply. As she began to talk of other things, she discovered that his manner toward her had taken on even greater formality and constraint than it had since his talk with her father the day before.

The afternoon was not warm enough to sit outside; in the clubhouse were gathered groups of men and girls who had come in from the golf-course or from watching the polo practice. She found herself now facing one of these groups composed of some of her own friends, who were taking tea and wafers in the recess before some windows. They motioned to her to join them, and she could not well refuse, especially as this had been a part of her father's instructions. The men rose, as she moved toward them, Eaton with her; she introduced Eaton; a chair was pushed forward for her, and two of the girls made a place for Eaton on the window-seat between them.

As they seated themselves and were served, Eaton's participation in the polo practice was the subject of conversation. She found, as she tried to talk with her nearer neighbours, that she was listening instead to this more general conversation which Eaton had joined. She saw that these people had accepted him as one of their own sort to the point of jesting with him about his "lucky" polo stroke for a beginner; his manner toward them was very different from what it had been just now to herself; he seemed at ease and unembarrassed with them. One or two of the girls appeared to have been eager—even anxious—to meet him; and she found herself oddly resenting the attitude of these girls. Her feeling was indefinite, vague; it made her flush and grow uncomfortable to recognize dimly that there was in it some sense

## COURIER DECENNIAL CAMPAIGN

IN December, 1916, the Canadian Courier will be exactly ten years old. It purposes to celebrate this important event in the manner most fitting to a public journal—by making still wider the bounds of its circulation and influence. This it will partly do by an appeal to present readers.

THE CHRONICLES OF CANADA, as presented in the Courier files, are varied and interesting reading. The resume of Canadian history, as presented week after week—of news, opinions and comment—cannot be duplicated anywhere. Its value is recognized repeatedly by publicists, educators, and librarians. Full sets of the 19 published volumes command good prices. If you have a complete file—hang on to it.

WAR RECORDS.—We have the fact that numbers of people want back copies of the Courier for the sake of a pictorial and editorial review of the great war.

WORLD OUTLOOK.—Recently the Courier has broadened its scope from a review largely of Canadian events only to a survey of world happenings and opinions. This feature is illustrated in all current issues. The increased value of this service is apparent. The Courier thus becomes a more essential literary record in convenient form of the times we live in.

SUBSCRIBERS.—The Courier is of the opinion that the supporters of a journal with such superior aims must belong to the most alert and progressive classes of Canadians. It is perhaps not a surface idea, but it must be apparent that the citizenship of any country is influenced by its journalism. The Courier feels it has a mission to serve in Canadian affairs. It invites the continuance of the old subscriber and the co-operation of the new.

CO-OPERATION.—That's just the word. How can a Courier reader co-operate? By passing along his copy to a friend, by a recommendation to one disposed to recognize and preserve what is vital to our times. You can do more; you can send us names of prospective readers.

### COUPON.

Courier Decennial Campaign.  
Canadian Courier:

I am so interested in the Courier as a chronicle of Canadian and world events that I wish those named below to see sample issues without expense or liability. Kindly send them.

Yours truly,

(Sig.) .....

Names: .....

.....

.....

.....

of a proprietorship of her own in him which took alarm at seeing other girls attracted by him; but underneath it was her uneasiness at his new manner to herself, which hurt because she could not explain it. As the party finished their tea, she looked across to him.

"Are you ready to go, Mr. Eaton?" she asked.

"Whenever Mr. Avery is ready."

"You needn't wait for him unless you wish; I'll drive you back," she offered.

"Of course I'd prefer that, Miss Santoine."

They went out to her trap, leaving Donald to motor back alone. As soon as she had driven out of the club grounds, she let the horse take its own gait, and she turned and faced him.

"Will you tell me," she demanded, "what I have done this afternoon to make you class me among those who oppose you?"

"What have you done? Nothing, Miss Santoine."

"But you are classing me so now."

"Oh, no," he denied so unconvincingly that she felt he was only putting her off.

(To be Continued.)

## Woman at Home

(Concluded from page 14.)

who does this is an artist. Her achievement is an attitude of life. Most women at home have a little of this quality and some are almost perfect. Such women are great artists. As a rule human nature finds some leisure necessary to hold this attitude, and this is one of the reasons why, if possible, the woman at home should have leisure. But many of these women do not find leisure necessary. A good mother, a really good mother, will surround her children with this atmosphere of tranquility, poise, confidence and serenity. She must keep her mind happy and she does so. She forbids anxiety. She knows how to live—savoir vivre. To come back to a home like this is worth living for! If anyone asks what is the economic value of her work, it is work of this kind that is meant when it is said every successful man has a woman working with him.

Now, this attitude of an artist in life can belong to men and women in paid employments as well. But it is the real employment of the woman at home, and this is an advantage in one's efforts towards possessing it. All that one has to do is to discipline one's self all the time until it becomes an involuntary habit to think first of the well-being, tranquility and peace of others. There is no reason why all of us should not have some of this attitude. In fact, we are not much good if we do not learn something of the art of living, and above all, of living in a home. Knowing how to live has little to do with beautiful clothes or recreation; it is, as has been said, an attitude. But the business girl is generally clever enough to distinguish between idleness and tranquility.

The problems of the immediate future for the woman at home are three: To make the care of children a skilled occupation; to bring the outlook of domestic and national economics into the work of Canadian home makers; and to form some kind of association by means of which women at home can unite to study their own employment of home making, so that the methods of home making may be as much improved as the methods of modern nursing.

Chivalry still lives in Georgia. Down there a mob of whites hanged a black mother because her son was suspected of killing a white man.

Georges Carpentier refuses to take any prize-fighting offers while he's at war. The Frenchman has a real fight on, no limit fixed.

# To Investors

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT, MAY PURCHASE AT PAR

## DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF \$500 OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF.

Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.

Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

Holders of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA,  
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

Here you are

A Real Thirst Quencher

# O'Keefe's

SPECIAL PALE DRY  
**GINGER ALE**

Order a case from your dealer or grocer, or Telephone Main 4203  
Buy O'K Brands

CREAM SODA	LEMONADE	509
GINGER BEER	ORANGEADE	
COLA	SARSAPARILLA	
LEMON SOUR	SPECIAL SODA	

O'KEEFE'S, Toronto



## RITZ CARLTON HOTEL

SHERBROOKE ST. WEST, MONTREAL

### TARIFF

Single Room and Bath from \$3.00 up.

Double Room and Bath from \$5.00 up.

Table D'Hote and a la carte Meals at Moderate Prices.

CANADA'S FINEST HOTEL

FRANK S. QUICK, Manager

**THE TUSCO** Comforts of your home.  
American and European.  
(Private Hotel) Moderate rates. Hot and cold water in every room.

E. S. EDMONDSON, Prop., shopping district, 235 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont.

### KING EDWARD HOTEL

—Fireproof—

Toronto, Canada.

Accommodation for 750 guests, \$1.50 up. American and European Plans.



Keeps

# Pot and Pan

"Spick and Span"



MADE IN CANADA