

# THE CANADIAN COURIER

Parliamentary Library  
36830

Vol. XXI.

Dec. 23

No. 4

1916



DOES THIS POILU WANT A KAISER PEACE ?



COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

# DAVIES - PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

MADE IN-CANADA

THE HIGHEST STANDARD



THE PICKLES THAT TICKLE THE TASTE



The Wm DAVIES CO LIMITED, TORONTO & MONTREAL

# COWAN'S Products :



Always Preferred.

# QUALITY - IN EVERY PACKAGE



CANADIAN CEREAL & FLOUR MILLS CO LIMITED TORONTO CANADA

This is the can that holds the coffee You hear so much about

## SEAL BRAND COFFEE



"Try it!"

# DUSTBANE -



A SANITARY-METHOD OF SWEEPING

SAVES LABOR KILLS DUST

DUSTBANE MFG CO OTTAWA - CANADA



# BOWES FOR QUALITY.

AT ALL DEALERS THE BOWES CO LTD. TORONTO CANADA



ALWAYS EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

ASK FOR

## EDDY'S MATCHES



BAGS, WRAPPING PAPERS, INDURATED WARE, WASHBOARDS ETC.



# O-Cedar Polish

REG. CAN. PATENT OFFICE AND ALL FOREIGN COUNTRIES.



25¢ - 50¢ SIZES



1.25 - 2.00 - 3.00 SIZES

"CLEANS AS IT POLISHES"

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO. LIMITED, 569 SORAUREN AVE TORONTO CANADA 75¢-1.25 - SIZES

# NATIONAL SHOP WINDOW

# 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

**N**EXT week three features alone will convince you that at the beginning of a New Year we are determined to keep up a better-than-ever service of good things in this paper. Our new serial has given the office a good long still-hunt to get a story fit to follow the "Blind Man's Eyes." "King, of the Khyber Rifles," by Talbot Mundy is the result.

"Our New Economics" will be the theme of an arresting illustrated article by Britton B. Cooke. Another Premier will be characterized by the editor at a time when the problems behind this man are rapidly making him one of our national figures.

# 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.

## National Trust Company Limited

### DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending December 30th, at the rate of

**TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM**

has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company, and that same will be payable on and after January 2nd, 1917.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 30th December, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

W. E. RUNDLE,  
General Manager.

Toronto, December 6th, 1916.

# Short Story Classics

Telling Tales

To Read by the Evening Lamp and Promising All the Happiness Inspired by the Best Literature

Green Cloth  
Gilt Stamping  
200 Pages  
25 Cents

List of Countries and  
the Authors  
One Vol. to Each Country

25 Cents  
Brings You a  
Handy Volume  
Classic

### ENGLAND

Anthony Hope  
Thomas Hardy  
Charles Reade  
Wilkie Collins  
Amelia B. Edwards  
Angelo Lewis  
F. W. Robinson

### LONDON

J. M. Barrie  
F. Anstey  
Arthur Morrison  
I. Zangwill  
Beatrice Harraden  
"Q"  
Marie Corelli

### SCOTLAND

J. M. Barrie  
S. R. Crockett  
Ian MacLaren  
Sir Walter Scott  
Professor Aytoun  
R. L. Stevenson

### IRELAND

Samuel Lover  
George H. Jessop  
Jane Barlow  
John Barnim  
William Carleton

### AFRICA

A. Conan Doyle  
H. Rider Haggard  
J. Landers  
W. C. Scully  
Percy Hemingway

### GERMANY

Beatrice Harraden  
John Strange Winter  
Ouida  
R. L. Stevenson  
William Black

### FRANCE

R. L. Stevenson  
Ouida  
Wilkie Collins  
Hesba Stretton  
Stanley J. Weyman

### ITALY

James Payn  
W. E. Norris  
Laurence Oliphant  
Anthony Trollope  
A. Mary F. Robinson

### THE SEA

W. Clark Russell  
Sir Walter Besant  
G. B. O'Halloran  
Grant Allen

# A Series of the Great Stories

of the World  
by Eminent Authors

### ARE YOU

A Book Collector, A Story Reader? Do You Buy Books to While Dull Hours Away?

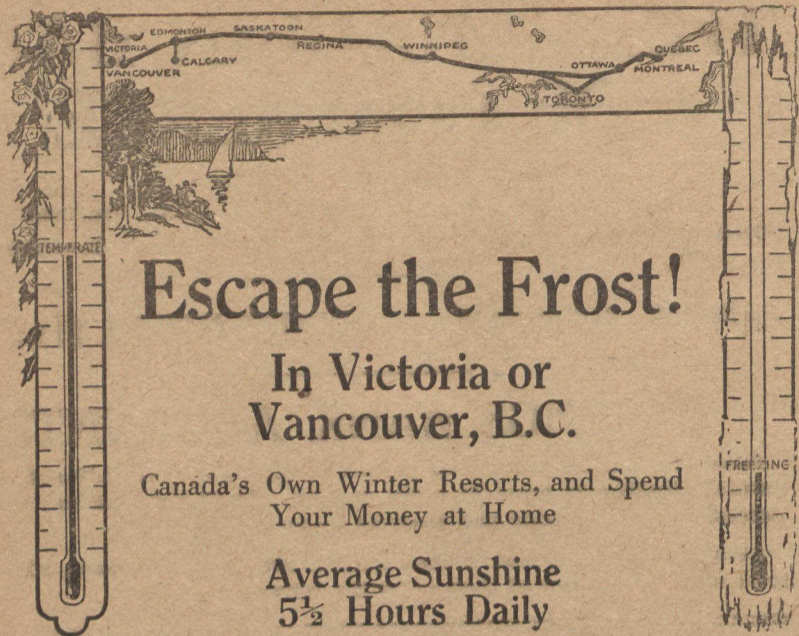
### IF SO

Note that this Set Has Been Compiled and Published by a Firm of Eminent Publishers and You Are Getting all the Advantage of Buying at Low Price What Cost Thousands of Dollars Originally to Produce. So—while they Last—at 25c each postpaid.

### TAKE THEM!

USE COUPON DEPT. C.A.

University Book Co.,  
8 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
Please send me the Volumes Checked.  
Total . . . . . Vols. at 25c. \$ . . . . .  
Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .



## Escape the Frost!

In Victoria or  
Vancouver, B.C.

Canada's Own Winter Resorts, and Spend  
Your Money at Home

Average Sunshine  
5½ Hours Daily

Splendid Roads for Motoring—Golf the Year Round—  
Fishing, Hunting and Shooting

Three Superb Trains Leave Toronto  
Each Week

Get Full Particulars, Through Tickets and Reservations from  
Nearest C. N. R. Agent or write R. L. Fairbairn, General  
Passenger Agent, 68 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

TRAVEL  
CANADIAN NORTHERN  
ALL THE WAY

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

### FLORIDA Via DETROIT and CINCINNATI

WHY NOT FLORIDA FOR YOUR WINTER TOUR?  
THE ATTRACTIONS ARE UNSURPASSED.

Beautiful Palm Trees—Warm Sea Bathing—Orange and Banana  
Groves—Golf—Tarpon Fishing—Luxurious Hotels for all Pockets.

TWO NIGHTS ONLY FROM TORONTO.

WINTER TOURIST TICKETS NOW ON SALE.

Fast train 4.00 p.m. daily from Toronto, via

### CANADIAN PACIFIC

MAKING DIRECT CONNECTIONS AT DETROIT.

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

## J. S. Hamilton & Co.'s Wine Price List

Per Gallon Imperial Measure F.O.B. Brantford.

*"ST. AUGUSTINE"	In 5 gallon kegs, per gallon	\$1.80
DRY CATAWBA (Hock)	In cases, 12 reputed quarts	5.50
SWEET CATAWBA	Per gallon	\$1.20
CONCORD AND PORT	In cases 12 reputed qts.	4.00
TWO STAR PORT	" " "	1.50
SHERRY	" " "	1.50
	" " "	2.00
CLARET, "Chateau Pelee"	" " "	1.30
MEDOC	" " "	1.50
ST. JULIEN	" " "	1.50
BURGUNDY	" " "	2.25
OLD PORT—King Edward	" " "	2.50
Extra Old Canadian	" " "	2.50
St. Augustine Invalid	" " "	2.75
Old '95	" " "	3.25
Crusader Invalid	" " "	3.25
CHAMPAGNE, "L'Empereur,"	Cases 1 doz. qts., \$17.00. Cases 24 pts.,	19.00

QUANTITIES—No sale less than 5 gallons or 1 dozen reputed quarts. Cases  
can be assorted. Five gallon kegs \$1.00 and returnable. Cases of pints  
\$1.00 extra. Terms Cash. These prices include War Stamps.

J. S. HAMILTON & CO.  
47 DALHOUSIE STREET  
BRANTFORD ONTARIO CANADA

## What about the Belgian Children's Christmas?

This is not an appeal to give the children  
of our Ally the same kind of a Christmas that  
our own little ones expect, with Santa Claus  
and toys and candy. They have given up hope  
of that till after the war.

It is simply a call for food—for enough bread  
and soup to stop the pangs of hunger that hun-  
dreds of them feel every day.

The cost of a moderate size turkey—of two  
or three boxes of chocolates—of one of the many  
presents we have formed the habit of giving to  
those who do not need them, will feed a Belgian  
family a whole month!

Don't you think the money will do more good  
if this year you give some of it to the Belgian  
Relief Fund? Will it not be more pleasing to  
Him whose birth we celebrate? Send your  
contribution weekly, monthly or in one lump sum  
to Local or Provincial Committees, or

SEND CHEQUES PAYABLE TO TREASURER

## Belgian Relief Fund

59 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

36

The Greatest Relief Work in History.

### 6th ANNOUNCEMENT

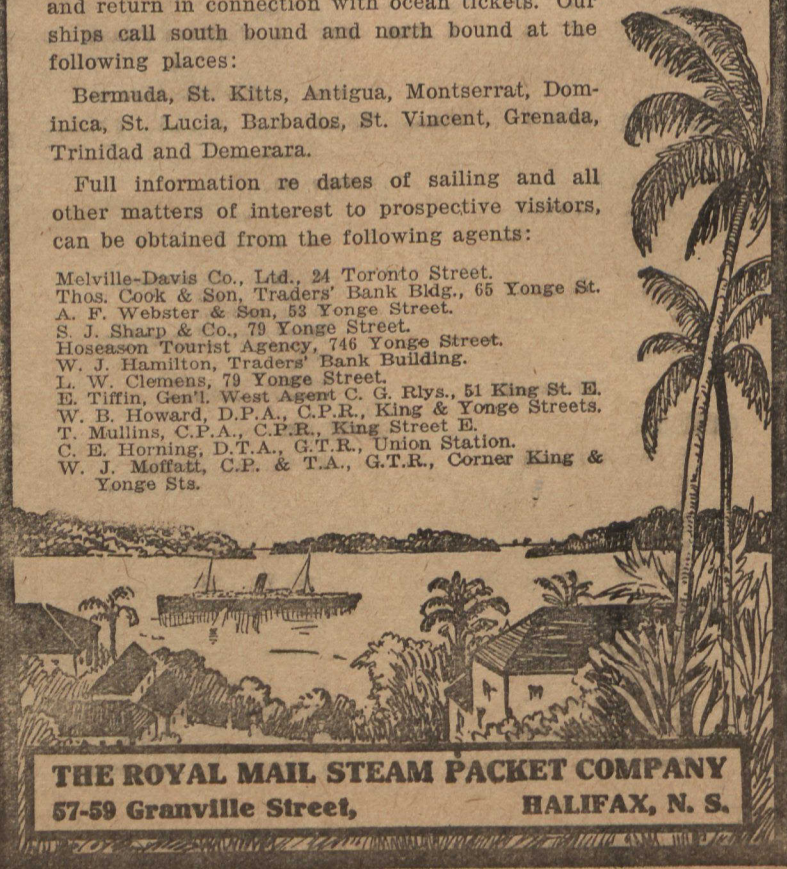
## 40 DAYS

We offer a 40 days' cruise from Canada to the West Indies  
at a cost of \$125.00. Also reduced railway rates to Halifax  
and return in connection with ocean tickets. Our  
ships call south bound and north bound at the  
following places:

Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, Dom-  
inica, St. Lucia, Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada,  
Trinidad and Demerara.

Full information re dates of sailing and all  
other matters of interest to prospective visitors,  
can be obtained from the following agents:

Melville-Davis Co., Ltd., 24 Toronto Street.  
Thos. Cook & Son, Traders' Bank Bldg., 65 Yonge St.  
A. F. Webster & Son, 53 Yonge Street.  
S. J. Sharp & Co., 79 Yonge Street.  
Hoseason Tourist Agency, 746 Yonge Street.  
W. J. Hamilton, Traders' Bank Building.  
L. W. Clemens, 79 Yonge Street.  
E. Tiffin, Gen'l. West Agent C. G. Rlys., 51 King St. E.  
W. B. Howard, D.P.A., C.P.R., King & Yonge Streets.  
T. Mullins, C.P.A., C.P.R., King Street E.  
C. E. Horning, D.T.A., G.T.R., Union Station.  
W. J. Moffatt, C.P. & T.A., G.T.R., Corner King &  
Yonge Sts.



THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY  
57-59 Granville Street, HALIFAX, N. S.

# THE COURIER

Vol. XXI.

December 23rd, 1916

No. 4

## MORE "PEP" IN LONDON

PERHAPS the most important event in this war was recorded in London last week. Outwardly it amounted to little. England wrapped Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey in tissue paper and laid them quietly away. Then, reaching up to a certain high shelf, she plucked down two other men, unwrapped them, and gave them work. One might have thought it was a mere change of ornamentation—just as a Canadian house-wife decides to promote two pieces of fine china from the china closet to the plate-rail and bring down two others in their place. But as a matter of fact it marked—or we colonials should hope that it marked—the end of the period of polite war-making, and the beginning of something sterner. The time may come when England will require to unwrap Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward. But the time HAD come for the reinstatement of Milner and Curzon, and their type, in office. England had a right to expect it and the colonies had a right to expect it—and the Germans!

Britain produces two kinds of public men, and until last week the one kind predominated. She has two training schools: London and—India, Egypt, the colonies and dependencies. The one produces parliamentarians, the other statesmen—or nothing. The one turns out thinking-talkers and the other—thinking-executives. The one lays stress on the hustings and teaches men to fear public opinion. The other lays stress on the necessity of solving problems—somehow, anyhow, but SOLVING 'EM! The one gave its diploma to Gladstone, Chamberlain, Asquith, Grey. But the other certified to men like Clive and Warren Hastings, like Cromer and Milner and Curzon. Heaven knows none of these last could have handled the Home Rule crisis as Asquith did. Not one of them could have wriggled so skillfully as to escape the odium of Carson's successful effrontery. But neither could Asquith have gummed India together, or pinned Egypt to the hem of the Imperial garment, or forced South Africa into the Empire. There were some things, no doubt, for which these Empire-makers might be blamed—were blamed, indeed. But at least, in war time they are not polite and they have no fear of precedents. Canadians who have been in London since the war started and who have had the opportunity to see how magnificent has been England's management in the main, will feel a natural vulgar western satisfaction in knowing that at last men rather than gentlemen have been placed in power. The choice of Curzon and Milner shows which type of statesman the new Government intends to make use of. It confirms our overseas opinion that Lloyd George is "a live wire." It also causes us to remember that Asquith is above all things, not a great world statesman or empire executant, but a great Imperial Englishman.

APPARENTLY, until last week, London was in the same state of political turmoil that marked it a little more than a year ago. At that time I had the doubtful privilege of seeing just how gloomy London could be. Canada, on the whole, had, and

*Thinking-Doers of the Over-the-World type replace Talking-Thinker Statesmen who are Masters of Home Problems*

By BRITTON B. COOKE  
Illustrated by T. W. McLean



New Premier to War Council of three Unionists, one Labourite and himself: "Day before yesterday, Liberal. Yesterday, Coalition. To-day—Look at us. Gentlemen, this is not politics. It's war. And if this council accepts any form of Kaiser peace—

Voice from the door: "David—public opinion will never let you, and you know it."

*From Lloyd-George's great war speech, September, 1914*

"THEY think we cannot beat them. It will not be easy. It will be a long job. It will be a terrible war. But in the end we shall march through terror to triumph. We shall need all our qualities, every quality that Britain and its people possess—prudence in council, daring in action, tenacity in purpose, courage in defeat, moderation in victory—in all things faith, and we shall win. It has pleased them to believe, and to preach the belief, that we are a decadent, degenerate nation. They proclaim it to the world through their professors that we are an unheroic nation, sulking behind our mahogany counters, whilst we are egging on more gallant races to their destruction. This is a description given to us in Germany—'a timorous, craven nation, trusting to its Fleet.' I think they are beginning to find their mistake out already, and there are half a million young men of Britain who have already registered the vow to their King that they will cross the seas, and hurl that insult to British courage against its perpetrators in the battle-fields of France and of Germany too. And we want half a million more, and we shall get them."

has, a much more cheerful and much more wholesome view of the war than London, because, thanks to the censor, we do not hear the day-to-day squabbles in Westminster and

Whitehall, and we are left serene in the contemplation of the main and undeniable fact that we ARE going to win the war. But London was, and I venture to believe was until very

recently, a city of grumbling. I had the privilege one day in October of a conversation with Lord Milner. I was able to gather from him and from less distinguished sources, impressions of the men then in office and of the men who have since been chosen, particularly Curzon, Carson, and Milner. Ian Hamilton had just been recalled from the Dardanelles, and everyone with any friends in Westminster knew that the expedition was to be withdrawn. Rumours were current that French was to be recalled from the command in France. The Serbians were being driven from their country and London had sent a paltry six thousand men to Saloniki. The London papers, even at that time, were printing articles on "The Enigmatic Attitude of Greece." Liberal editors were whanging Lloyd George as a Cabinet plotter and Conservative editors were openly applauding him. Mr. Asquith was trifling with the theory of Conscription. Relatives of dead soldiers were in the habit of gathering in the Park behind the Horse Guards trying to absorb comfort from the sight of a few German guns captured in the Loos offensive. The Sunday editions were filled with the usual abominable back-biting of which London political writers alone are gracious masters. To a Canadian observer the situation was NOT a pleasant one, and apparently it did not change, in its essential characteristics, until last week! Asquith IS out and Lloyd George, whether he was a plotter or not, IS in.

IT is a mistake to try to form an estimate of Lord Milner from the mere facts of his influence in South Africa, either in regard to bringing about the war, or in regard to effecting the Union of South Africa. One might quite as well form an opinion of electricity and its uses by observing what a single lightning stroke did to a pine tree. Whether one condemned his zeal on behalf of the uitlanders or whether one had nothing but approval for the whole affair, makes no real difference in gauging this great man's worth in the present crisis. What he showed in South Africa was complete devotion to the cause of the British Empire and singular ability in constructing a happy state out of the ashes of strife. His ability was not of the common sort. It was distinguished by masterly perspective and at the same time an infinite capacity for details. He may have failed ethically, but he was a success PRACTICALLY. Whether he did rightly or did wrongly—he DID! It is not unlikely that many Canadians formed their second impressions of Lord Milner, indirectly, through the organization known as the Round Table. While Lord Milner cannot perhaps be officially connected with that organization, at least it is known that it had its beginnings in his work in South Africa. That work made clear to him and to those who worked with him that a time was coming when the British Empire must be organized to resist disintegrating influences. An unobtrusive organization grew up in various parts of the Empire. It consisted of "groups" of

## BEAUTY, LIBERTY AND LIGHT



Florence Fair was the prettiest picture at the Ten Allies' Ball and the Russian Bazaar recently held in New York.

the most thoughtful young men in each centre. These groups had but the one object: to study the problem of organizing the British Empire. They were given little preliminary instruction. They were invited to work out the problem as it seemed best to them. And although one may differ very seriously from the trend toward centralization which, for one reason or another, developed in these groups, one could not at the same time fail to observe the generally high character of the men who were attracted to the organization, and the broad lines upon which they were invited to study. Lord Milner, visiting Canada, addressed a number of these groups and met many of the members individually. One observed that here again, the men who were most attracted, were of the best all-round Canadian type. In other words, there was something about Lord Milner and about the propaganda—if the Round Table work could be referred to as propaganda—with which he was undoubtedly connected, that attracted and held the interest of the best of Canadian young men.

That is one way of estimating Lord Milner.

IN October of 1915 I made my way to a certain number on Great College Street, in a quiet little district close by the House of Lords. I had an appointment with Lord Milner for twelve o'clock, noon. The house was one of a number of very simple, narrow-fronted structures much too modest in outward appearance for the average successful salesman in a Canadian city. If I mention somewhat in detail the circumstances in which I met Lord Milner it is from a desire, only, to correct any false impressions that may exist in the minds of Canadian readers with regard to the pomp and circumstance which is supposed by American short story and serial story writers to surround a titled Britisher. Three or four steps and a narrow stone "stoop" brought one to the front door of the house. The door opened directly into what had once been a very narrow and very dark hall, but the partition between the hall and the front room had been removed so that one entered at once a small office where Lord Milner's secretary was engaged at a desk. Directly at the back of the room a narrow stair led to the floor above, and in the room directly over that in which the secretary worked Lord Milner received his visitor. I recall a very comfortable chair and a well-matured grate fire, and the fact, too, that this room, like the one below and like the stairway, was simplicity itself. I meant on this, again, not to make capital of a man's privacy, but to emphasize the simplicity of the setting of one of those rare personalities that only old states and great states can produce.

I should like to be able to quote from Lord Milner's remarks on the Balkan situation, on the situation in France and on the London political situation. Though a year has elapsed since then, those remarks have still an interesting bearing on the matters to which they referred. With the simple assurance, however, that he would not be quoted, His Lordship was very candid and very pointed in his opinions. Suffice it to say that he has been borne out in all that he then said, or that situations which he then saw developing are still growing along the lines he indicated.

The remarkable thing, however, was the personality of this—at that time—idle Britisher. His face was not unlike Goldwin Smith's, in its long, thoughtful cast. But where Goldwin Smith was delicately made this man seemed made of stern stuff. He was, if you like, an intellectual Van Horne. Here was all the buoyant energy of a western railroad contractor, with the scholarly qualities of a priest. A splendid face. A fine upstanding figure! This man was of the sort that could raise a loyal army round no other standard than his own pocket handkerchief. He HAD raised it—for the Empire to which he is devoted—hence the Round Table, a splendid institution whatever one's differences with its trend of thought. Yet here he was, sitting before a grate fire, idle—and as I then surmised, impatient for work.

I remember that on this very day a very fine

SOME time ago it was discovered that Liberty in the United States needed more light. These two ideas are supposed to go together in a great democracy. So the statue of Liberty in New York Harbour was illuminated, because almost anywhere else in the United States the cause of Liberty had been somewhat in the dark. After the illuminations were turned on, President Wilson made a speech, in which he pointed out that the United States had more ideals in common with France than with any other country in the world—which, of course, leaves poor little Big Canada out in the cold.

point in parliamentary procedure had been carefully demonstrated by the able parliamentarians at Westminster. Reading about it in the newspapers that night one could not help feeling how exquisite was Mr. Asquith's sense of forensic niceties. Yet the recollection of the man in Great College Street persisted in blocking out the elegance of the House of Commons strategist. It made one think of a certain old C. P. R. contractor whose one love was the C. P. R. He had no ideas on publicity, or dining car service, or finance, but he DID know how to build track. When I saw him he was waiting for a spring thaw in order that he might take his gangs into some God-forsaken part of the Dominion to blast a right-of-way through rock and hard-pan to some isolated town. Till then he was unhappy. Milner, in another setting, seemed the same sort of man. What he craved was employment at the thing he knew best how to do—building, organizing, coordinating. Yet he was kept idle. Recalling that picture, one cannot help feeling that the terse courage of this brilliant Englishman will now have its effect.

CURZON OF KEDLESTON is another of these Empire-trained men. Like Milner, he was a Balliol man. Like Milner, he has perspective and the courage to undertake big ventures for the sake of the Empire. Perhaps it is not unfair to say that statesmen of the ordinary London-trained type could not have been expected to foresee the aggressive tendency of certain nations in Persia and in Tibet, and to set in motion counter movements for the protection of British interests. Curzon's work in India was marked by industry governed by peculiar good sense. He had the faculty of quick and courageous decisions.

Perhaps the best example of this Curzon quality—and one which may fairly be taken as typical of these Empire-trained men as against London-trained men—took place in the course of the South African War. At a very opportune moment it was announced that 15,000 troops from India were being sent to the veldt. Although that number of men seems a mere drop in the bucket of war to-day, it was at that time very important and contributed largely, no doubt, to the success of British arms in the struggle with the Boers.

But the remarkable thing was the fact that India was at that time troubled with anti-British agitation. Unrest was apparently widespread. A less courageous man than Curzon might very justly have reasoned that he needed these troops in India. Or if he had had the courage to give up the troops he might have been content with suggesting to the Home authorities that they be sent to South Africa. Tradition in London says, however, that Curzon took no chance on the over-cautious tendencies of London. He SENT the troops—and asked permission afterward. His very daring in thus stripping India of fighting men did more to quell Indian unrest than if the garrisons in India had been doubled.

THIS is the kind of man preponderating in the Lloyd George Cabinet to-day. Carson, though trained at home, is of the Milner-Curzon type. Lloyd George is of the same sort. Thus there are at least four bold men at the head of affairs in England to whom we may look for vigorous leadership. It should be borne in mind, however, that the type of man like Asquith and Grey still merits gratitude and respect. In other times than these, this type would unquestionably furnish the leaders in domestic politics. But for special times special men are necessary. For the present emergency no better type than the Milner-Curzon-Carson sort could be asked for as supporters of Lloyd George.

BOOKS could be—will be—written on Lloyd George. There are bits of Roman road in England to-day built by the soldiers who, wanting "a place on the sun," drove the Celts to the highlands. Two thousand years later a descendant of these Celts comes out of the Welsh hills and takes the headship of the British people to defend the world's greatest Empire from the 20th century Romans. If there's anything in the pertinacity of a race, Lloyd George represents it. It there's virtue in passion, force, uncompromising action, Napoleonic decision and great eloquence, he has it all. Very few great orators are great in action. Lloyd George is a great orator. But it is the oratory of action, of headlong passion, rather than of argument or rhetoric. David does not care how his periods build up for the parliamentary reporter. He flings himself into the action of his words.

Just here, in order to show how this Welsh Radical shapes up from his words to the winning of the war,

(Concluded on page 18.)

# HE KNOWS HIS PEOPLE

Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, is also the Political and Business Head of the Firm, Johnnie Courteau & Co.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

A TINY statuette delivers a silent oration in the ante-room to the Premier's office in the Parliament Buildings of Quebec. Entertaining the visitor who may have to wait a good while before seeing the original. Magniloquently orating—on what? Perhaps on the rights of man; the ancient feudatory privileges of the French people; truth about the war—or the poetry of the superb scene—scape that swings in great billows of hills and river and sky right up to the window.

No doubt Sir Lomer Gouin is eloquent. I have never heard him in that role. What struck me most as I looked at the mannikin on the table was that the Premier of Quebec is above all things successful. When one reflects upon the shrewd hold this man has upon the practical emotions and political sympathies of a great province, it is to wonder what fine etiquette must have passed between him and Sir Robert Borden before the two Premiers met on the same platform in Quebec City a few days ago. It was a National Service meeting. The object was to stimulate recruiting. Sir Lomer believes in national service. He also believes in recruiting. Nothing pleases this master of political campaigns and administrative business more than the opportunity to do something for the social organism represented by his fellow-countrymen. Affairs of State absorb him. He has an inborn sense of public opportunity.

When I took the liberty of briefly interviewing Sir Lomer Gouin last summer, the Province of Quebec was much exercised over recruiting. Many Nationalists in the old city talked much about what other people seemed to consider was their plain duty to enlist. Military officers belonging to peace regiments were going about in civilian clothes. There was a camp in the city. Some sentry was forever standing guard. Now and then some soldiers marched—not many. Occasionally there was a bugle. But khaki was not the prevailing colour. In a city which has more military traditions than any other in Canada there was very little soldiering at a time when most of the world was at war. Sixteen miles up the river there was a large camp of soldiers in khaki. Once in a while Valcartier spilled over into Quebec, spent its money and dusted back again. A good many of the soldiers that came and went at Sir Lomer Gouin's Capital were French-Canadian. You never heard any plain clothes officer of French-Canadian breed find any fault with these patriots. It was a free country. Even in Quebec a man might enlist if he chose without earning the opprobrium of his compatriots.

THERE was, in fact, a good deal of earnest talk among some of the officers as to the facts and conditions of army-organizing in Quebec. On the Plains of Abraham there was the great Ross Rifle factory with its thousands of employees. Somewhere else in the city there was a munition factory or two. It was even said by one reasonable officer that the demand for labour in the various industries of war was so keen in that part of the country that it would be hard to spare a large percentage of men for the wearing of khaki.

Much talk of some sort of census or national register that should determine what the various parishes in Sir Lomer Gouin's Province might do by way of sending men into camps. East of the Ancient City—perhaps so many; west—so many. But in all, not a great many. You see, the province was so confoundedly busy on the farms, in the paper factories, in the cotton mills, in the mines, in the munition and rifle factories, on the boats and the rail-



DRAWN BY E. WYLY GRIER

## The Premier of Quebec on the National Service Platform with Sir Robert Borden in Quebec City, Dec. 7, 1916

"I AM here," said Sir Lomer, "to say in the presence of the Prime Minister of Canada that this province will continue to do its duty. I do not want to be understood as excusing my province, for it does not need to be excused. We belong to a race that has traditions of courage, bravery and love of liberty. We will show that we have not lost their virtues or their courage. We still remember our cradles and our mothers. You have seen the example of this at Ypres, at Festubert, at Courcellette and elsewhere, and among the bravest who have bled and fallen there none have been greater than our men of the 22nd battalion."

ways, that it would be a matter of sharp arithmetic to determine how many thousands could be spared for the kind of national service represented by fighting.

So when Sir Lomer Gouin appeared on the national service platform of Sir Robert Borden, he knew pretty well what Quebec is or is not doing in the matter of soldiers. He was not opposing enlistment. Never. He is too shrewd at the idea of national service. He is too experienced in the art of meeting people and getting their points of view. Not necessarily to act on them.

The morning I met him he came out of his office with a bang.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting—"

Resonant, very distinct—I think Gouin enjoys speaking and might even enjoy acting. He was impeccably groomed, fresh as a youth in the morning.

"Busy—yes. But you should have sent me notice. I could show you about."

He wanted to know the subject on which he was expected to talk, supposing that the object of the visit was practical, when it was merely to get an impression of the Premier.

"How do you succeed in operating what is called a mediaeval Prov—"

"Ah," looking somewhat roused. "What is that?" Evidently this was an echo of some opinions that had been blown across the Ontario border on a west-

wind. I had failed to realize how much of a "bete noir" the mediaeval idea is to Sir Lomer, who is no more of a mediaeval than Rodolphe Forget—begging each other's pardon for mentioning both in the same sentence, for you never can feel quite sure of your table partners in Quebec.

"A mediaeval Province by modern business methods," I concluded.

He did not answer this. It was what he might call a "faux pas." But it made no difference to his geniality. Gouin thinks bigger than Quebec. That is one reason he is so effective. I think he understands Ontario pretty well. One might compare him in this respect with two other famous and deceased Ontario Premiers, Mowat and Whitney. Less of a lawyer, more of a business man than Mowat, but as important to the Quebec of to-day as Mowat was to the Ontario of thirty years ago; as shrewd a Liberal, less learned in constitutional law, not less acute in diagnosis. But Mowat in Quebec would have been a foreigner; whereas Gouin in Ontario would feel very much at home. The Quebec Premier dominates his party as much as Whitney ever did his, and with more of it to dominate. But there never was a velvet glove on any of Whitney's tables, and the iron hand is seldom seen on Gouin's, who is not a ruler so much as a leader and a conciliator.

YET it used to be easier to get an interview out of Sir James, if he happened to be in the right indignant humour, than it is to worm anything for publication out of Sir Lomer. Gouin is a wary man. He falls into no traps. His geniality may be at top notch, but it never leads him into blabbing.

"Ah!" he admitted. "Make no mistake. Quebec is Liberal. Laurier? He never was stronger here than he is to-day, I am sure."

There had been doubts about this in some quarters. In Quebec it seems most of the Tories are dead. There is no Opposition. It takes a strong man not to become spoiled with such a majority. Sir Lomer Gouin is one public man who is able first of all to swing sentiment into a voting majority and afterwards to keep his head and stay as human as a Christmas tree

when he has an overwhelming monopoly of the people behind him as represented by Legislature.

Success of this kind is worth while to study from the inside out. Why is Sir Lomer Gouin the safest keeper of an obliterating majority in any Premier's chair in Canada?

Because he is first a politician. This is a simple thing to say. But in Sir Lomer's case not so simple. It would be much easier to play such a role in B. C. In Quebec there is a shifting game. Sir Lomer Gouin was no novice when he began to play it. He did not step up from a college to the stump. He had no flamboyant ideals to repress. Before he was a politician—he was a man of business or he would have been rattled by the temperament of Quebec politics. He took over the Premiership when he was law partner with Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux. He had been some years a member of the Legislature under Premier Parent, who was a dictator and no business man. The business of the Province was in a bad way: It was Lomer Gouin's first business to reconstruct the machinery. He did it; slowly, patiently, wisely—converting chronic deficits into surpluses, bad roads into good ones, fathering modern improvements and extensions of utilities, fostering great industries, always with the careful head of one who, with other clothes, might have been a priest among the people.

(Concluded on page 21.)

# IS THERE A RAILWAY MUDDLE?

**A**FTER Confederation had been accomplished as a legislative act, the scattered provinces, including British Columbia, were connected from sea to sea by the completion of the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific Railways. Yet even then there was room for the gibe that the newly united provinces resembled a bundle of fishing rods tied at both ends. Almost the entire population lived on the sea coast or upon tidal waters or fringed the northern shores of the great lakes. The Canadian Pacific Railway, it is true, furnished a highway between British Columbia and Eastern Canada, but it traversed the southern portions of Manitoba and the north-west territory and did not at any time get far away from the International boundary line.

Big, indeed, was the problem presented to the newly formed Dominion of Canada. How was she to develop, to people and to make productive her vast inland Empire?

There were vast territories in Northern Ontario and Quebec, but little explored and sparsely populated, and there was also a great last west extending from the great lakes to the Rocky Mountains. The latter, though thinly peopled, and at that time unproductive, promised great possibilities. It was a country equal in size to the combined areas of Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and the British Isles. There were, and are, unproductive lands in Western Canada, it is true, but it must be remembered that there are lands in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Germany for which no use has been found after hundreds of years of settlement. Up to date wheat growing has been the main industry of the prairie provinces, and lands have been rejected as worthless unless adapted to cereal cultivation. But as time goes on, many other uses will be found for the land, and there is no reason to doubt that with the urban growth that must accompany the development of the country, we may some day find a population of 35,000,000 people in Western Canada. The worked out lands of Germany and Scandinavia, with less acreage between them, sustain an exclusively agricultural population of 24,000,000.

Not unnaturally, therefore, the work of developing and building up the great inland empire of Canada began in the country west of Lake Superior. There the colonization roads were built about which we have said so much, but those roads only for a time preceded population. The railways were soon fully occupied in building branches for the accommodation of settlers. So great was the inrush of settlement that within a few years it passed the end of steel. Western farmers became railway lobbyists who did not ask—they demanded—that assistance be given to lines which would carry their grain to market. They appointed deputations to wait upon the Government and the railway companies, pointing out in unmistakable language their transportation necessities.

The colonization railways proved the value and extent of the resources, but something more was necessary to realize the great productive possibilities of the West; the country required adequate means of reaching the outside world to market the crops, and for the purchase of its requirement of manufactured commodities. Settlers were pouring in, not all of them, however, of British birth or even of English speech. It became, therefore, most important, if this inland empire were to be an integral part of Canada that more railways run east and west across the Dominion.

**B**y the beginning of the century an insistent and vehement demand arose for the construction of transcontinental railways. Eastern merchants and manufacturers were anxious to sell to the West, but they did not fully realize how they were handicapped by lack of transportation facilities. In the West were many people who had moved from Eastern Canada, and they were strongly impressed with the national spirit and strove to make the people of Eastern Canada understand the gravity of the situation. Mr. Frank Oliver, in the Session of 1903, from his place in the House of Commons, plainly pointed out to the East its dangers, in the terse language of the West:

"Now, let us point out just how and where your throat is cut. It is a matter of notoriety that in Western Canada the importation of United States machinery for agricultural purposes has increased in recent years far beyond the increase of our population. Your manufacturers of Eastern Can-

## Fourth of a Series of Articles on the Railway Situation in Canada

### IV.—OUR INLAND EMPIRE

By C. PRICE GREEN

◆◆◆◆

ada are not keeping pace with the increased population of the West in their sales. Now, why is this? There is no difference in the protective duty, and there is no difference in the freight rate over our eastern lines. The difference is because the manufacturing centres of the United States which supply those articles, are situated so close to the Canadian boundary, and enjoy the lowest possible freight rates from the Atlantic Coast; they are, therefore, able to put their products into our wheat fields at a rate that you in this end of the country cannot compete with under present circumstances."

The business men of Eastern Canada were quick to act. The Boards of Trade and municipalities passed resolutions, presented petitions and waited upon the Government. They demanded that railway facilities be furnished to enable the manufacturers and merchants of Ontario and Quebec to more fully participate in the benefits of trade with Western Canada. While the Western farmers asked for branch lines and more branch lines, the Eastern manufacturers asked for additional lines east and west across the continent.

There was also the question of how the Western farmers were to get their crops to market. The United Kingdom was admittedly the ultimate purchaser of our grain and flour. We might sell our wheat in the United States, but only to have it later on transhipped to Europe either as wheat or flour. But that would involve the crop being largely handled in the United States, and far-sighted men even then perceived the importance of having our Western grain find its way by an all-Canadian route to the sea.

**T**HE services required in the exportation of the Western crop are more varied than is usually supposed. The grain markets commission, appointed by the Saskatchewan Government, which reported, in 1914, estimated the cost in connection with 1,000 bushels of No. 3 northern wheat shipped through a country elevator in Saskatchewan, hauled to Winnipeg, there sampled and graded by the Government, sold on commission to an exporter, hauled to Fort William, unloaded, weighed, received in store, cleaned and insured at a terminal elevator, inspected out to a lake steamer before the close of navigation, carried to a Georgian Bay or Lake Erie port, unloaded through a transfer elevator into a railway car, hauled to Montreal, unloaded from the car into a transfer elevator, loaded thence into a steamer, and carried to Liverpool or London, as \$304 in 1909 and \$346 in 1912. And remember that those charges are assessed against a thousand bushels of wheat! This is the usual route through which Western grain is marketed, and, based on these figures, 39 million dollars are earned in moving a normal wheat crop available for export from the prairie provinces to the seaboard.

The business of transporting and marketing grain is second in importance only to that of growing grain. Multiply by thirty cents the millions of bushels now carried, and that will be carried when the country has reached its full productive power; make due allowance for reductions in charges that will be effected as a result of cheaper services, estimate the proportion that is distributed within the country by way of wages and materials and you have at least one reason why the nation should assist in building up highways of commerce across the continent within the Dominion.

In short, colonization roads built up the West. Then it was agreed that transcontinental railways were needed to knit the East and West together; to keep the lines of trade within the country and within the Empire.

But how were the new transcontinental roads to make their way from tide water to the wheat fields of the West?

A glance at the map showed an immense territory north of the line of settlement in Ontario, which had for the most part been left in its primitive state. This country was referred to as a "gap" which required to be "bridged" that East and West might be united. And, in truth, it was a sort of "no man's

land" from the car windows of the railway which traversed its southern boundary along the north shore of Lake Superior. But back over the "divide," only fifty miles or less away, lay a vast country, the resources of which were yet to be revealed.

**I**N the year 1900, the Ontario Government published a report of exhaustive surveys that had been made of the resources of New Ontario. The people of Canada were astounded that there was found to be in the northern portion of the Province of Ontario a territory "larger than the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and Delaware combined" . . . nearly all of which was adapted to cultivation with a climate "not unsimilar to that of the Province of Manitoba" . . . and possessing "an abundance of wood for fuel, building and commercial purposes and many falls on the rivers and streams which could be used with advantage in the creation of economical power." It was estimated by the Government Commissioners that there were in the unorganized districts of Ontario, north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 270 million cords of pulpwood; and, in addition, a very considerable quantity of merchantable pine timber.

The Ontario Government, in building the first section of a long-talked-of line to James Bay, uncovered the rocks and laid bare the rich silver and cobalt area of the Cobalt district. The copper and nickel district, first developed in the neighbourhood of Sudbury, was found to extend northward, while literally mountains of iron ore to be found in the hinterlands of Northern Ontario.

The fifteen years that have elapsed since the comprehensive survey by the Ontario Government in 1900 have witnessed but a slow development of the resources of the hinterland of the province. But this has been due to lack of transportation and not to inherent defects in the country. The fertility of the soil and the favourable character of the climate have been proven by actual cultivation and settlement. The 1915 Year Book of the Ontario Government refers to the work of its Northern Ontario development as follows:

"The experimental farms and plots were operated this season in continuation of the work started last year. Clover, alsike (?) and timothy grew in great abundance on all the different farms. Fall wheat did well wherever it was tested and averaged from 27 to 35 bushels per acre. Twenty acres of oats yielded 55 bushels per acre.

"Ground Hog Illustration Farm. At the garden plot on the bank of the Ground Hog River, where all classes of vegetables were tested, very good results were obtained.

"The following varieties of potatoes were planted and yield given: Delaware, 234 bushels per acre; Irish Cobbler, 198 bushels per acre; Germari No. 1, 240 bushels per acre; Early Eureka, 175 bushels per acre.

"The conditions necessary for the more speedy settlement of large areas of good farming land in Northern Ontario were never so favourable as they are to-day."

**B**UT ten or fifteen years ago there were people who clung to the theory that the settled portions of Ontario were separated from Manitoba by a great "divide" just as men for half a century insisted that a desert yawned between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. It was seriously argued that the Grand Trunk should stay in the East and the Canadian Northern remain in the West, leaving the country for all time with but one transcontinental railway. Some insisted that freight rates could only be lowered by double-tracking the Canadian Pacific north of Lake Superior, and giving running rights to the National Transcontinental or any other road that might thereafter desire to carry freight and passengers across the continent. Northern Ontario and Northern Quebec were to remain in the possession of the wild animals and any Indians that might still survive.

Fortunately, the Province of Ontario had enough faith in its north country not only to build a colonization road, but to grant aid to any privately-owned company that would open up New Ontario to settlement. The Dominion Government was also anxious to assist in colonizing the hinterlands of both Ontario and Quebec. Instead of double tracking the existing railway along the north shore of Lake Superior, it was decided to build two new railways in the interior, the three railways (the two new ones traversing the "clay belt"), being approximately an average dis-



# ACTIONS AND REACTIONS

*How War Strikes a Contemporary Camera*

stance of not more than fifty miles apart.

The wisdom of this policy will soon be proven. Not only will Northern Quebec and Northern Ontario be thrown open to settlement, but the nation at large will benefit. A materially lower all rail grain rate will in time be established. The grain embargoes at the head of the Lakes will no longer exist, and in normal times with a normal supply of tonnage our western wheat can go forward the year round and the farmer will not have to sell for what he can get in the fall or be compelled to hold over his grain indefinitely. Within a few weeks after the Canadian Northern Transcontinental was completed through the Clay Belt of Ontario 42 loaded grain cars were being hauled over this stretch of track by one 35 per cent. locomotive and 65 loaded cars with one fifty per cent. locomotive. The National Transcontinental with its low grades through the hinterlands of Ontario and Quebec was able last winter to relieve the situation by carrying wheat from Winnipeg to Quebec at exceptionally low rates.

The high price of paper has led to the demand for the pulp woods of the north country and arrangements are being made for the construction of pulp and paper plants which will utilize several of the huge powers of the district. Several lumbering operations, at first disastrously affected by the war, are reviving, new mineral deposits have been proven in the rock outcroppings which lie to the east and to the west of the clay belt and will soon be mined on a large scale.

Thus in logical sequence railway construction has developed the great inland empire of Canada. First, colonization roads peopled the west, then transcontinental lines joined the west with ribbons of steel to Eastern Canada, and finally the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific by opening up the hinterlands of Quebec and Ontario have made it possible for the country to have a continuous chain of settlement from sea to sea. Canada no longer lives only by the sea, or clings to the shores of the great lakes and the River St. Lawrence. She now extends north and south as well as east and west. She has laid the foundations of a great inland empire. The government and the railway companies have within twenty years more than doubled the territory of the country accessible to settlement. In the picturesque language of a Canadian statesman, "they have unrolled the map of Canada a thousand miles northward."

## Another War Argument

**A** KHAKI-CLAD warrior with a wounded arm entered the train and sat down opposite an inquisitive old gentleman.

"Oh, Tommy, you're wounded!" exclaimed the latter, pleasantly. "How did it happen?"

"Well, it was this way," began Tommy, wearily, "I was told to get even with a German sniper. He was stuck up a tree, about a mile away. He was a sergeant, as I could see—"

"As you could see?" interposed the old gentleman. "At that distance?"

"Yes, I could see his stripes. Well, we fired at each other. He got one in at me that broke my bayonet and hit me in the arm. But I soon settled him."

"With a wounded arm?"

"Yes, easy. Suddenly I heard a yell, and a whole lot of them started to climb out of the trenches. I fired as quickly as I could and fifty of them went down."

"Fifty," said the old gentleman, doubtfully. "That's a lot, isn't it?"

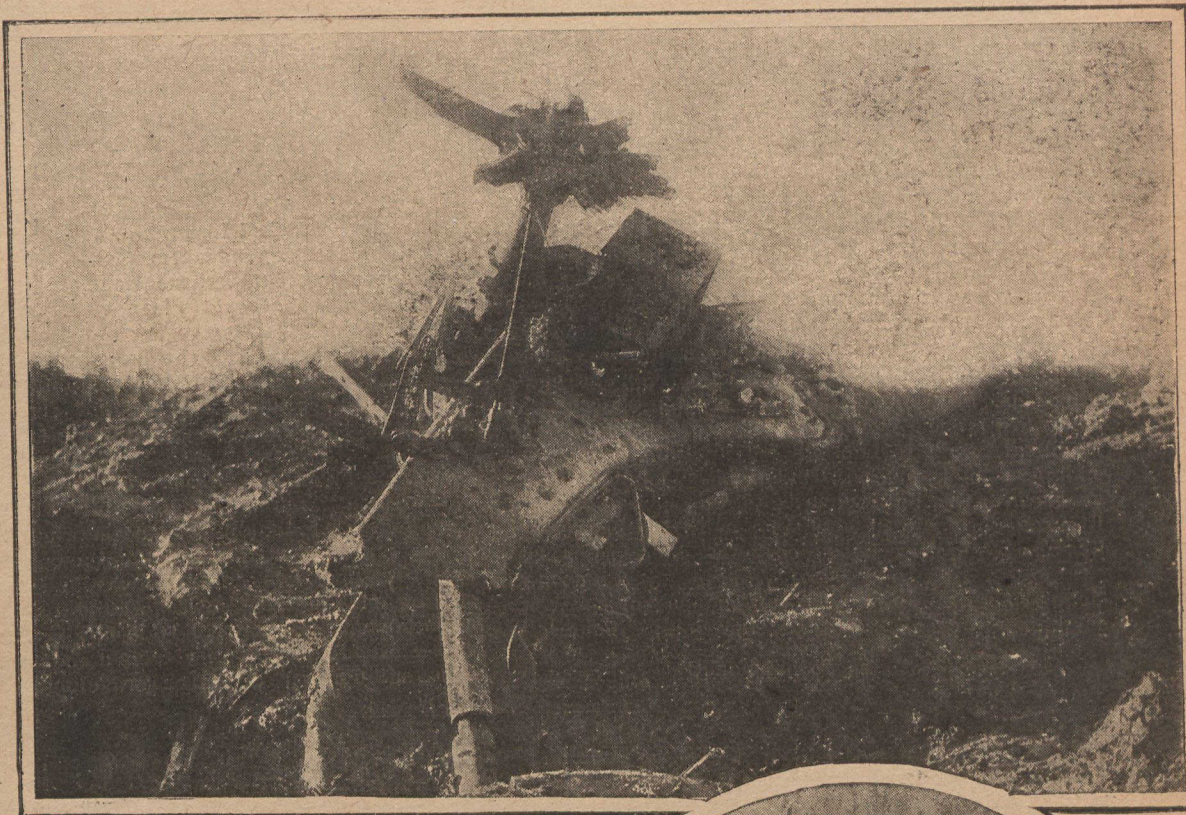
"Yes, fifty," said Tommy, who was getting annoyed. "Then I fixed my bayonet—"

"But you said your bayonet was broken."

"This was the last straw."

"Look here," said Tommy, angrily, "you don't want a story; you want an argument."

**N**OT long ago nine Canadian brothers from a Cape Breton port held a reunion at Duluth. They were all of them either captains or senior officers of American lake carriers. After the war Americans plan to rectify their mistakes with regard to their merchant marine. In Canada, it appears, we have neither overseas ships nor coasting vessels of any account. We have lost not only our ships, but our ships' crews.



It affords us real joy to see a picture of a German big gun smashed to scrap-iron by the shell-fire of Canadian artillery.

\*\*\*

And the goat-skinned Canadian is also entitled to a grin of satisfaction as he exhibits his captured German helmet. Of course it's a little like scalping. But no doubt the Fritz who wore it is happier than he was in the trenches.

\*\*\*

Did you ever see a finer swish of a march than these Anzacs going into action? They have the joy of action—that takes no account of the reaction when they come trailing back again to the billets.



# IT IS ABSOLUTELY UNTHINKABLE

LAST week, immediately before the fall of Bucharest, I tried to estimate the real inwardness of the German attack upon Roumania from the military and from the political points of view. They seemed to be very different. From the military aspect the German success is, so far, nearly barren. That is to say, its gains and losses closely balance each other. Germany is now in a position to threaten the Russian left flank. She has rescued Bulgaria for the time being, and she will doubtless profit from her seizures of grain and oil. On the other hand, she has an entirely new military area to care for, she has lost men that she can not afford, she has paid a heavy price in her reverses at Verdun, on the Somme, and on the Isonzo, and she has the prospect of heavier fighting in the new field of war than she has yet experienced there. But from the political point of view her gains are of a far more substantial kind, if she can but succeed in holding them. She has tightened her grip upon the transcontinental railroad, she has secured control of the great waterway of the Danube, and she is in possession of the four rail lines that pass through Roumania and that have a high commercial importance. She is now in a position to suggest a bargain that would have the most advantageous results for herself. She knows well that she can not hold Belgium, and that she can not hold the occupied portions of France. She is not in a military position to do so, and she is equally prohibited by the public opinion of the world. But public opinion, and particularly public opinion in America, is not greatly interested in the Balkans. Why, then, she will ask, should she not offer to restore the status quo in the west so long as she is allowed a free hand in the east? With an open road into Asia Minor, with an all-German rail line to Bagdad, she might well say that she had not fought in vain, and that the cards in her hand were of much greater value than those that she had discarded? The conquest of Roumania enables her to say that the cards are actually in her hand, and so to proceed to her bargain on a basis of accomplishment. She would also point to her Roumanian success as one more proof of her invincibility, and in disregard of the fact that a long succession of titanic efforts in the west have wholly failed. For the situation in the west is to be judged wholly by our vision of what Germany intended to do there, and by the extent to which she has done it. And her plan of campaign certainly never included a tenacious but slipping grip of a small strip of territory, and nothing more.

LAST week it was suggested in this column that Germany's military aim in the conquest of Roumania was to give her the necessary cards with which to bargain. This view is now confirmed by Mr. Frank Simonds, in the December issue of the Review of Reviews. Bucharest had not fallen when Mr. Simonds was correcting his proofs, but he foresaw its fall, and he foresaw practically everything that has since transpired. Even though Roumania should be wholly crushed—and she is not wholly crushed even now—Mr. Simonds says: "Personally I do not think the biggest possible victory in Roumania will change the political situation, so far as the Allies are concerned, just as I did not believe German success at Verdun could alter French determination. But what is important now is the fact that Germany believes it will, and therefore means to achieve it." Germany's misinterpretation of the psychology of other nations, and particularly of her enemies, has been one of her chief misfortunes since the beginning of the war, and indeed for long before the war, and there is nowhere the least expressed doubt that she is making a misinterpretation here. Germany, says Mr. Simonds, is making "a new bid for peace by battle." She is profoundly convinced that the Allies are discouraged, and that nothing but a few more victories are needed to bring them to terms. She may be supposed to say that by striking down Roumania almost before her armies have taken the field we shall give to the world a demonstration of the helplessness of the Allies to save their friends and therefore "our opponents, already tiring of the war—that is, the people, not their leaders—will be ready to listen to reason." This, says Mr. Simonds, is the German conviction, and it must be faced if we are to understand the

*Arbitration by Neutrals would be a farce. Not the faintest sign that the Allies are discouraged. Public opinion in England is behind the New War Cabinet*

By SIDNEY CORYN

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

situation. Germany attacked Roumania, not because of any particular military advantage that would accrue from a success, but because Roumania was the only place where she could win a victory, and because such a victory would give her a sufficiency of cards with which to conduct the bargain of give and take that she confidently believed would follow at once.

But even the most enthusiastic of pacifists, who are outside the sphere of illusion and who are exempt from the professorial order of intelligence, must now perceive that the Roumanian disaster does not clarify the situation. It complicates it. There is not the faintest sign that the Allies are discouraged. On the contrary, there is every sign of that almost unreasoning stubbornness that there is no known way to combat. That there is a peace party in England, for instance, goes almost without saying. There is always a peace party in all countries that are at war. There was a strong and persistent peace party in America upon both sides of the Civil War, but it had no other effect than to stimulate the war parties. The peace party in England during the Napoleonic war attracted many of the best minds of the country, but, once more, it did no other than intensify the determination to carry on the struggle to a successful conclusion. It seems almost a paradox to say that peace parties are the enemies of peace, but to a great extent it is literally true, because such parties call forth a certain exaggeration and even fanaticism of opposition that otherwise would not exist. The peace movement now under way in America will have just this effect. The mere suggestion of a moral interference will call forth a resentment that will emphasize the determination to continue, and that will bring to a focus the demands of the ex-

tremists. That the Allies should now listen to any demand for arbitration is not merely improbable. It is absolutely unthinkable. Arbitration by neutrals would be regarded as a farce, and a rather insulting farce. We all know what such an arbitration would mean. It would have none of the nature of a judicial determination of the causes of quarrel. It would be a mere equal division and award of the points at issue, and it would satisfy no one. There would be a new war before the court adjourned.

THE main fact overlooked by the pacifists and the professors is that most of the present contentions are irreconcilable, and that the contestants will not consent even to discuss them, or to admit that they can be discussed. The Allies, for example, are pledged to the complete reconstitution of Serbia as an independent state. But the reconstitution of Serbia would be absolutely fatal to the single advantage that Germany can now discern amid the wreck of the war. To suppose that there can be any process of give and take here is merely puerile. It would be just as intelligent to argue that a Japanese claim to Hawaii, for instance, should be made the subject of arbitration. The fate of Serbia can be settled only when one or other of the combatants is beaten into impotence, and not before. And there are other claims just as hopeless. We know now that Russia has been promised the possession of Constantinople. Is it seriously suggested that Russia be asked to debate the validity of this promise, short of her complete defeat? And can there be any compromise? There can be no compromise that would not be regarded by both parties as defeat and humiliation.

Last week I said that the most hopeless problem of all was Alsace and Lorraine, and now comes the confirmation of this view from many quarters. The total lack of comprehension of national sentiment on such points is shown by the Springfield Republican, which says that "if the central powers were given a free hand in the east, they could well afford to withdraw their armies from Belgium and France, and if they were wise they would voluntarily cede Alsace-Lorraine in exchange for colonies." How easy it sounds when thus airily set before us with the wisdom of Massachusetts. But what a large and formidable "if." Germany would certainly be willing to withdraw from Belgium and France if she were given a free hand in the east, but how about the pledge to Serbia? How about the pledge that has certainly been given to Roumania? How about the promise of Constantinople to Russia? How about the resulting open door to the Persian Gulf, to Egypt, and to India? How about the absolute dominance of German trade in the East? The Republican does not seem to understand that this is not a matter of a political caucus arranging the boundaries of electoral districts. It is a matter of national sentiments and national passions that have been growing stronger for five hundred years. Such matters are not to be settled by a few gentlemen sitting around a peace board. This is the fourth great war that Russia has waged for a national policy that was bequeathed to her as something sacred by Peter the Great, and that concerns not so much statecraft as a national resolve so deep as to be almost a superstition. And this immovable national policy is now confronted by the equally immovable resolve of Germany to thwart it. How can there be a compromise?

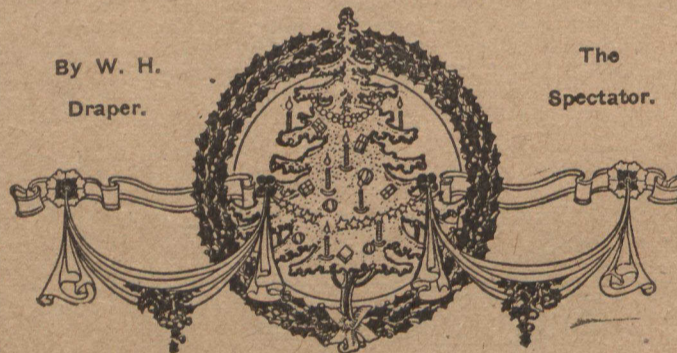
THE hopeless nature of the Alsace-Lorraine impasse is shown by the fact that it is barely allowed to enter the field of discussion. One does not discuss axioms, and here we have a French axiom that the lost provinces must be restored and a German axiom that they must be retained. Swiss newspapers and others of equal importance say that the loss of Alsace-Lorraine would mean the end of the Hohenzollern dynasty, that no one guilty of such a proposal could maintain his seat on a German throne. On the other hand, we are told that France would instantly sever her connection with any of her present allies that should even consider the possibility of allowing Germany to retain these provinces. Therefore it is evident that this is not a matter for debate. Indeed, it is the one thing that can not be debated, that can hardly even be mentioned, that can be settled

(Continued on page 22.)

## THE RED CHRISTMAS

By W. H. Draper.

The Spectator.



O take away the mistletoe  
And bring the holly berry,  
For all the lads are gone away,  
And all the girls look sad to-day  
There's no one left with them to play,  
And only birds and babes and things unknowing  
Dare to be merry.  
Then take away the mistletoe  
And bring the holly berry.

But, oh, its leaves are fresh and green,  
Why bring the holly berry?  
Because it wears the red, red line,  
The colour to the season true,  
When war must have his tribute due,  
And only birds and babes and things unknowing  
Can be merry,  
So take away the mistletoe,  
Yet keep the holly berry.

And shall we never see again  
Aught but the holly berry?  
Yes, after sacrifice sublime,  
When rings some later Christmas chime,  
When dawns a new and better time,  
Not only birds and babes and things unknowing  
Shall be merry,  
But you shall see the mistletoe  
Twined with the holly berry.

# OPINIONS OF OTHER PEOPLE

Letters to the Editor on Various Subjects Recently Discussed in the Canadian Courier

Fort William, Ont.

Editor, The Canadian Courier:

I HAVE been told there are no such things as Canadians in Canada—except possibly the descendants of those ladies and gentlemen who once costumed in blankets and feathers in winter and red skins and less feathers in summer.

Perhaps the dearth of Canadians in Canada is due to the fact that the bigger ones are killed off young. When I say "killed off" I do not refer to the war. Long-distance execution from the big Imperial ambush has been in vogue since Confederation.

Let's take a peep into the system. We'll say John Blank, third generation Canuck, gradually rises into prominence as a Canadian leader of thought. He has certain pronounced national ideals which he is cute enough to keep under his bushel basket till he's high enough up to swing 'em without bumping the rocks below. Then the little snipers at home get busy. If his volplaning is too skilfully executed for them to bring him down as a "grafter," an "annexationist," an awful "nationalist," or the common, garden variety of "corruptionist," an S.O.S. call goes out for the big game hunters over the water to get busy.

John Blank gets a pressing invitation overseas. He is whirled from dinner to dinner, wined and stuffed against the great day of dissolution. So much is made of his vibrating potentialities and brilliant future by the leading statesmen and public prints that John Blank gets dizzy in the head and begins to wonder if it is not true that he is equipped with somewhat wider intellectual rollers than are designed to fit the narrow-gauge metals at home.

About the time he has reached this receptive mood they traject a nice, gold-plated title through his solar plexus and hand him a tinsel-covered handle for his name. This finishing touch is invariably sure death. Sir John Blank, K.C.M.G., leaves the riddled corpse of his Canadianism somewhere overseas and comes home inoculated for life against advanced nationalism. There have been cases where the toxin didn't "take," but they are rare enough to be native curiosities.

At times you will actually run across individuals who proclaim native birth without an addenda about their grandparents. There are people in this country who, suddenly asked for their nationality and not having pause to select the most suitable of the fifteen European breeds from which their ancestors sprung, have, on the spur of the moment, been known to tell others they were "Canadians." For their rashness such adventurers are usually transfixed with a Mona Lisa stare and gain a colourless "Oh yes, uh, hu, I see," meaning nothing in particular unless it be, "I hope he's harmless."

Anent questions as to race, there is the story of the chap who was making his registration before the Pearly Gates.

"Of what nationality are you, son?" asked the bearded guardian.

"Canadian!" responded the newcomer.

St. Peter scratched his head for a moment, then the light seemed to suddenly break in upon him.

"Let me see," he ventured, "are you the fellow who played hockey with Duluth last season, or the chap who cleaned up on the Chicago, wheat market?"

However, it must be admitted one may run across persons in Chicago, New York or San Francisco, or other centres a safe distance from our border who will inform one above a whisper, and without a furtive glance over the shoulder, that they are "Canadians." But "Canadians in Canada!" Well, it used to be a deadly sin to so acclaim oneself. It is not quite so dreadful now.

CHARLES JENKINS.

November 8, 1916.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Having read with considerable interest your article in the Courier on Church Union, and especially on the recently held Convocation in Toronto, may I be permitted a few words from another point of view. The impression created by your admirable article is that only a group of earnest stand-patters are in sympathy with the movement to oppose Union within the Presbyterian Church. No doubt the attendance of venerables at the convocation was a most noticeable feature, but there were many, very many, young men there and young men who represent a very large section of the Church of advanced thought. The six-year-out minister interviewed in your article may represent a type, but not the only one. While you are not interested in my own attitude, may I say that I regard it as typical of a growing section of our

## Have We Any Canadians?

By CHARLES JENKINS

## Church Union and Young Men

By E. B. WYLLIE

## Tax American Periodicals

By NEW BRUNSWICK

## Journalists and Professors

By COLLEGIAN

### CANADA'S MAGAZINES

London Advertiser, Dec. 9, 1916.

THE Advertiser believes that Canadian magazines have made distinct advances since the war began. All of them are quickening to their opportunities, and although it is a long, long way to the point where the influence of the American magazine will be overcome, yet if the good work goes on much will develop toward the establishing of a popular periodical class which can do so much to shape the consciousness of the country.

The Advertiser does not deplore the entrance of the better class of American magazine, although some that are widely read are not fit to be touched with tongs. The conscientious American magazine is a mine of information to the Canadian, and helps to keep him up-to-date as to the progress of society, science and business on this continent. Also there are splendid and high-minded men and women, who sound always the keynote of democracy and the good old virtues in new dress, writing the short stories of the United States. (It may be noted that most of them lean toward the British ideals of justice and denounce the German conception).

Among the Canadian magazines the Canadian Courier develops the weekly field along new lines. While it may be just a trifle too self-conscious at times, it is coming into the title of "National Reporter" for Canada. The "Sons of Canada," by Augustus Bridle, is a Courier product that should be the basis of public school instruction. The Courier pages always have something vital to Canadian welfare, and with its editorship in capable hands, it would seem that the support of the Canadian people is the only thing it lacks to become a great force for good, and for the development of Canadian talent. There are many men in newspaper work in Canada who need only a powerful weekly magazine to develop them as national reporters for Canada, as Blythe, Collins, Cobb, the Irwins and many others are national reporters for the United States. Circulation should come to such a publication, and advertising is certain to follow in the wake of popular approval.

Canada has three splendid monthly publications—McLean's, the Canada Monthly and the Canadian Magazine. Each has a distinct individuality, and as editors receive encouragement and the struggle for mere existence ends, these publications will become as vital to Canadian life as McClure's, the American, Everybody's and the Metropolitan are vital to American life. Every Canadian should be a reader of Canadian magazines. Those who are not now will be surprised at the things they may learn about their country. The writing profession, the public, the news dealer and the advertiser should consider it a patriotic duty to give the Canadian magazine its due. They do not ask for patronage on a charitable basis, and they are by no means weak to-day, but if 25 per cent. of the population would endeavour to do its duty by the national magazines they would soon be more potent in the life of the nation.

younger men in pulpit and pew. I am a student of "higher criticism" and of "sociology" and have gone a bit further in both than most of our younger men. Moreover, I am extremely fond of the catch-word "efficiency"—though it is being a bit over-worked by many who roll it with unctious on their tongues; I have worked among men in the North, on railway construction, etc., as a common labourer for seven years before entering my thirteen years of University work and during many vacation periods. From the same point of view of efficiency I fail to see the pressing need of organic Union until a larger measure of preparation has been effected by co-operation in removing the evils of over-lapping, where it is said to exist. Our Unionist friends have resolutely set their faces against this and gone in for Union or

nothing. From the same point of view and from that of internal honesty we are opposed to the action of this year's Assembly because the majority simply ignored the growing opposition to Union among the people and railroaded Union through a packed Assembly (see the notorious Ramsay letter). Thousands who, like myself, have no objection to Union if a hearty and real Union, are opposed to the autocratic action of a group of ministers who have ignored the patent opinion of the church membership, led by the ecclesiastics and secretaries of the church. One of the most prominent Unionists in the city of Halifax said to me in the presence of others, "Why should we care for the people's vote; we have to maul and whip the people into following us." That spirit is not popular these days and it is to withstand it that the Convocation in Toronto was called and from a desire to preserve in the church the spirit of our Empire the movement against the action of the Assembly derives its chief strength.

Your article hardly makes this clear and does us less than justice. There are many sides to this issue, and one should try to make all issues equally clear. Like many other great movements the Union has been unfortunate in having for its leaders men whose main desire was to rush things regardless of the people who must carry it into effect. The earlier Union of the Presbyterian branches was not an analogy to the present either in matter or in method, and has no bearing on the points at issue.

Very sincerely,

E. B. WYLLIE,

St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, N.B.

St. John, N.B., Dec. 4, 1916.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Whilst waiting for a car at one of the transfer corners in a certain New Brunswick town, I stepped into a drug store, where I witnessed two transactions, and this imposition upon your editorial indulgence is the result of my observations. Among customers served during my wait were two women. One purchased a bottle of cough mixture and a tin of mustard leaves, amounting to fifty cents; the other bought a half dollar's worth of U. S. magazines. The former, whose purchases covered necessities, was called upon for four cents for war tax stamps; the latter, who invested in luxuries from across the line, had no tax to pay. Curiosity prompting me, I turned over the magazines displayed for sale at that particular drug store, and found 19 different U. S. publications, and was assured by the clerk in charge that his sales of that class of literature were very large. I had heard Sir George Foster, and had been reading the Courier religiously, and those two transactions did not appear to me like a square deal, and so I have written this to inquire why it is that the powers that be in charge of the revenue proposition have failed to spot what looks to me like a fairly good source of income. It would seem as if a cent tax on 5 cent, 2 cents on 10 cent, 3 on 15, 4 on 20, 5 on 25, U. S. magazines, and so on, would result in quite a respectable revenue and incidentally give the Canadian magazine a chance to attain something beyond a struggle for existence. Mr. MacMechan's article, while forcible, was not half strong enough, and we Canadians can't wake up soon enough.

Sincerely yours,

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Dec. 4, 1916.

Editor, The Canadian Courier:

There are several things I should like to say about the way you "featured" MacMechan in your last issue. I suppose it was to illustrate his point about the Americanizing of our speech that you used a piece of American slang. "Speaking out in meeting" is a pure down-East Yankee idiom. "Church" was taboo; "meeting" and "meeting-house" were the accepted terms. Speaking out in meeting was a violation of the decorum which should mark a religious service. Again let me ask you, as man to man, why journalists think themselves entitled to sneer at professors? or why you think any individual should feel himself complimented at the expense of his calling? The implied contrast is between the dull, prosy professor and the brilliant, omniscient journalist. The only trouble with the idea is that it is about fifty years old, when the professor was an ex-parson. You journalists should wake up to the world around you. Is Hutton a frump? Is there a "pen-pusher" in Canada that can turn out racier copy than Stephen Leacock? And they are types.

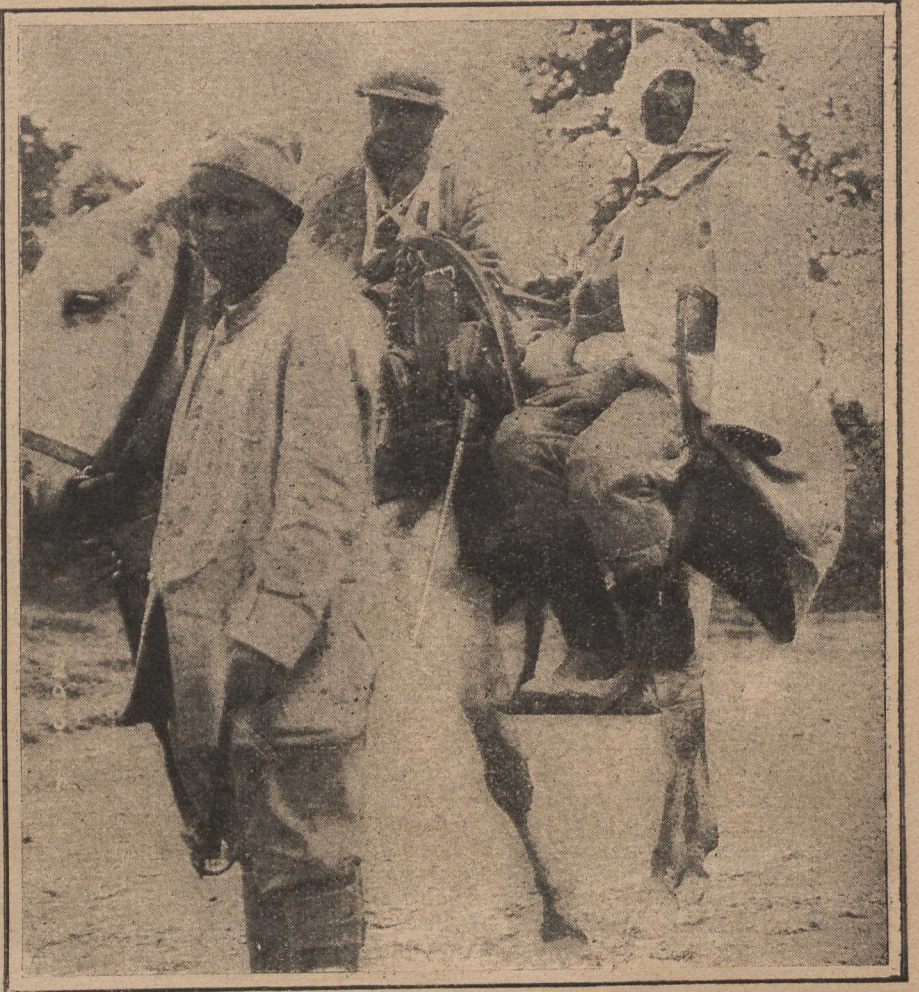
Yours candidly,

COLLEGIAN.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC STORIETTES:



THE whole world is upside down to this man who is walking on his hands up Sixth Avenue, New York, because he bet on Hughes. The lateness of the picture is explained by the fact that he wanted to be dead sure Wilson was elected before undertaking to amuse New York in this way.



AMBULANCING IN SERBIA.

THERE are no limousine ambulances in Serbia, so this wounded subject of King Peter was loaded on to an army mule. As he was not strong enough to bestride the beast, he was put into something of a first cousin to a punka, or what might be taken as the nearest thing they have in Serbia to a family motorcycle. The other end of the ambulance extraordinary is kept from flying up by the weight of another man on the opposite side of the mule. No doubt both of them have their ideas about a Kaiser peace that doesn't guarantee the restoration of Serbia.

## COMFORTING THE COMFORTER

WHEREVER he went the great boyish figure seemed to radiate new strength, fresh confidence in the goodness and the beauty of life—hope where hope had seemed dead.

Head down, shoulders hunched, so as to keep his coat collar high about his ears, he forged his way through the snow storm. The countless legions of white, swirling flakes swept in from the east, unseen till they came within the yellow circle of a street lamp or the arc of golden light spilled from the window of some house where the blinds had not been drawn. In this north Saskatchewan town men were used to such snow-storms. They did not even trouble to clear a path along the narrow plank sidewalk of the town's main street. And the preacher was as used to it as any. Though the wind beat viciously against him and the flakes dashed themselves impotently against his cheeks, and clung to his eyelashes, he went doggedly ahead from light to light, from house to house, from rich man to poor man. It was his Christmas Eve round.

He had already called at the home of the richest man in the town. There the blinds had been drawn. When he knocked a frightened servant girl had opened the door cautiously so as not to let in too much of the besieging wind, and had ushered him in in silence. He had found the rich man in his dining room with his arms spread on the table before him and his face in his arms—there had been no dinner that night. And to one side on the table was the telegram that had brought the news of the rich man's bereavement, the death of his son through illness while in training for the western front, in England.

The rich man, looking up, had sneered in the face of the preacher. Then, clutching the telegram, had leapt to his feet, and thrust it menacingly under the gaze of the visitor.

"There!" he had shouted. "There! What Justice is there in that? What mercy in that? Where's

*A story of Christmas Eve written from the Experience Memoirs of a Canadian Clergyman*

By JAMES GRANT

the —" and his voice took on a sneering accent. "where's the loving kindness in THAT!"

The preacher had lifted his hand protestingly, but the rich man swept it aside.

"Now what can the church do? Now what can you say?" He was beside himself with bitter rage. "Is that what I get for 'putting my trust in the Lord?' Is that —"

The preacher tried once more to interrupt, but the other went on:

"Have you lost a son—a son grown to manhood? Have you gone through what I've gone through? Can YOU speak to ME, of grief? And comfort?"

And then the preacher had answered him: quietly, calmly and with very few words. His tone had not been that of the priest, but that of a heroic comrade in arms. And in spite of his youth, his lean face, his tired eyes, he had effect. The rich man presently regained his self-control, listening with a growing light in his face as the preacher uttered his simple sentences. Then he seized the boy's hand, squared his shoulders as the boy unconsciously seemed to square his shoulders. And he had said brokenly:

"You're right, Dick. You're right. You've brought me back—to myself. You've made me see—as I had not seen before."

So, leaving that house comforted, the preacher had passed on from one to another where he knew there was trouble. He had entered next the house of a sick man who was afraid of Death, who cowered in his bed, clutching at the counterpane, staring with

hollow eyes at the ceiling of the room. Every attention, every delicacy had been given to this man, every hope—save his hope of a longer life—had been fulfilled. Yet he dreaded death and, figuratively-speaking, whimpered because he feared its approach.

There, too, the preacher had spoken only a few quiet sentences—not eloquent, not rhetorical, not wonderful in anything save their quiet, convincing clearness—and the sick man had quieted. His face, like the face of the rich man, was suddenly lighted by some of the glow that lay in the preacher's eyes, and when the preacher had risen to go, there was a new peace, and a new courage in that house.

Here was a woman whose husband had deserted her. Here was a man whose sons were breaking his heart. Here was an old woman who had lived to see shame brought on the last of her children. Here was sickness, and bereavement and affliction in varied forms. Into each the preacher seemed to have brought a new element of courage. Folk who had told him their troubles, heard his quiet words, looked into his grave eyes and had shaken his big, steady hand—felt somehow braced even for misfortune. Where he found misery he left determination—and trudged doggedly ahead.

Far down toward the end of the town he made his way to a big, dark house set in grounds of its own, with bare bushes along the edge of the sidewalk to form a sort of hedge, and a pretentious hitching post at the side of the road just where the walk to the front door of the house debouched. Stamping the snow from his feet and shaking it from his shoulders, the preacher stepped up on the stoop and rang the bell. There was no light in any window and yet, though his first ring and his second and third brought no response, he waited and rang again.

At length a voice could be heard issuing mysteriously from the side of the door, from a speaking tube.

# TOLD BY FAR-AWAY CAMERAS



A LITTLE SHELL GAME.

THE sensations of this French soldier may be better imagined than described. He is examining the German shell with very tender solicitude. The shell has not yet exploded. It happened to whiz past the point and bury itself in the soft earth between two pieces of rock. The impact on the soft earth was not sufficient to explode it. Had it struck either of the rocks there would have been no French soldier left to examine it. This is very similar to the case of a Canadian soldier who was struck on the chest by a hand grenade which bounced off him, killing the corporal opposite.



DRAMATIC photograph of a life-boat from the P. and O. steamer Arabic, which was torpedoed by a German submarine some time ago in the Mediterranean. The life-boat has just landed. Many of the occupants are still wondering what became of their husbands, wives and children.

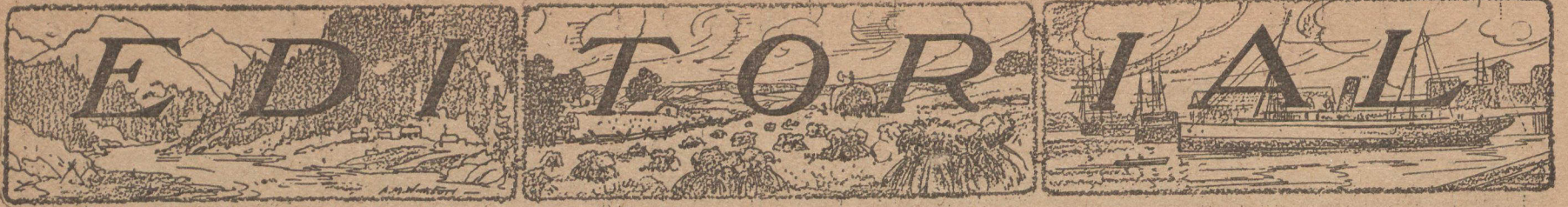
"Who is it?" demanded the voice.  
 "MacDougal," replied the preacher.  
 "What do you want?"  
 "I want in, Doc."  
 A jumble of surly words issued from the tube, but the preacher continued to wait.  
 "I want in, Ned," he said. "Come on. Come on down. Let me in."  
 The voice from the tube had a whine in it now.  
 "I—I don't want you in."  
 "Yes you do," said the preacher. "It's cold here. Hurry. Let me in."  
 After a long time there were sounds of shuffling foot-steps on an oil-cloth floor. The heavy lock on the door clicked, the door knob rattled and the door creaked open, revealing a thin rat of a man with a candle in one hand, while the other clutched his dressing gown about him.  
 "What you want now?" he grumbled.  
 "Medicine," retorted the preacher.  
 "Y— you lie!" retorted the young man. "It's an excuse—an excuse to interrupt me."  
 "If you needed interruption then perhaps it's a good excuse," returned the preacher drily.  
 They had reached by this time the shabby room which was called the doctor's office. Even in the candle light it showed the need of a tidying hand. Books and instruments lay heaped in any sort of order or disorder. The pills and bottles of a country doctor—who has to be his own druggist—rose in tiers on the dirty shelves. In one corner, covered with blankets was the narrow lounge on which the doctor slept. Beside it the speaking tube projected. At the head was a small table and on the table a bottle and a glass.  
 As the two men entered the doctor reached suddenly forward and, seizing the bottle, tried to hide it under his dressing gown. He faced the visitor, half defiant, half afraid of reproof.  
 "Trying to forget—again?" sighed the preacher.  
 "What d' you know about forgetting?" retorted the doctor. "What troubles YOU ever had?"  
 "Plenty," said the preacher. "We all have."

"D' you mind if I take a drink?" the other interrupted.  
 "No."  
 "Y— you have one?"  
 "Not now."  
 His drink seemed to transform the doctor. He stood up and stretched himself, yawned happily and then checked himself as he looked down at the preacher.  
 "Say," he exclaimed, "you look all in, Dick."  
 "Had a tough day," retorted the preacher. "I'll be right again in the morning."  
 "Christmas, too," remarked the doctor suddenly.  
 "I hear the Rich Man's lost his son?"  
 "Yes. I was there to-night."  
 "And the Smidges have another son! . . . I was there this morning. . . It takes the poor to breed."  
 "I was there to-night," murmured the preacher.  
 "Where trouble is—there's You! Eh?" the doctor might have been laughing or he might not. He was looking at the preacher with new interest in his face.  
 "That's my work."  
 "God!" a sudden idea seemed to strike the doctor. "It'd kill me, Dick. It'd kill me. . . How—how in blazes do you do it?"  
 "It's my job."  
 "Sure! But what you get out of it?"  
 "Seven hundred a year!"  
 "Seven hundred! Phew!" The doctor seemed suddenly interested. "Say, Dick! My father, back in Toronto, drew down three thousand a year and had an assistant to do all the work outside the preaching."  
 "Yes. But your father was a great preacher."  
 "Aren't you?"  
 "You've heard my best sermons."  
 "Hmph!" the doctor replied. "That's right. You aren't a great preacher. Then what do you stick with the game for? You could make money in business for yourself."  
 "I'm in my right business, thanks."  
 "Comfortin' dubs?"  
 "Doing what I can."

Suddenly the doctor, in the act of pouring another drink, set down the decanter and the glass and with his hands on his hips demanded:  
 "Dick! Who the Hell comforts you?"  
 The preacher rose, shook off his weariness and replied.  
 "Never mind. I'm half asleep with the stuffy air in here. What I came for is medicine."  
 "Yourself?"  
 "Wife."  
 "Cough?"  
 "Worse."  
 "Maybe I better—"  
 "No. You better not come. You're drunk—or you will be in ten minutes. Give me the medicine while you're able." Then after a pause, "I tell you this, Ned, if anything happened—if anything." Then he pulled himself together. "Never mind," he said. "Give me the medicine."  
 With unsteady hands the doctor compounded the mixture, poured it into a bottle, corked it, labelled it, and read the directions to the preacher.  
 "You write 'em, Dick," he said, "My hand's not steady enough."  
 The preacher wrote them.  
 "I can't pay you now," he said. "Charge it."  
 "Right," said the doctor, and before he knew it he was alone.  
 Comforted, the rich man slept; the man who feared death, slept; the Smidge family slept, and all others on whom the preacher had called that night, except the doctor. In the preacher's house the tall, gaunt, boyish figure of the preacher was tiptoeing back and forth between the kitchen and his wife's bedroom, making mustard plasters, and hot drinks. His wife was ill. The children slept fitfully in the next room and dreamed of Christmas.

II.

YOUNG Doctor Ned had been jilted in love back east. He made that memory a perpetual excuse for potatoes. Drunk or sober he was said to be  
 (Concluded on page 26.)



## CHRISTMAS EVE AND THE CHILD

TWO years old he stood looking at the fire. The room was full of people to whom Christmas eve had long ago become no longer an illusion. The walls were hung with holly. A Christmas tree sparkled in the corner behind the fire, behung with toys, bangles and spangles. Mistletoe hung from the chandelier, with festoons of coloured paper, red, green and white. A child's little stocking dangled from the mantel. The firelight flickered upon it and upon the child's golden crop of curls as he stood in the midst of them—the first Christmas he could ever begin to understand. In putting up the decorations there had been one touch of sadness. One of the family was at the war; his first Christmas away from home. At last accounts he and his men were digging themselves in for the winter. Perhaps there was less magic than usual about this Christmas eve. The world was full of hatreds and slaughter that cared little for the Star of Bethlehem or even Santa Claus.

Suddenly the child stretched forth his hand to the sputtering fire. "Sa' Cos, come down chimney, fetch pitty things for baby 'tocking." He said it like a little song, with all the incredible ecstasy of perfect belief in the impossible. Some one went to the piano and played, "Adeste Fideles." The family sang the sweet old benign hymn while the glory of the fire flickered upon the child. And when the music was over, the child had gone to sleep in his little rocking chair.

## A Pair of Silk Stockings

BEFORE the war they were thirty-five cents, and at that price and length they were good for two years' wear. The lady was spoiled by these hosiery. But she never complained of being weary of the same old three-for-a-dollar pair on and off and on. No, stockings after all are very inconspicuous garments and none of the lady's friends had a chance to object. But now—woe is the lady! She pays seventy-five cents for said brand of silk stockings; same length, colour and looks; said to be same quality—certainly the same brand by the name, a good old name of which nobody could be ashamed. On for the first time—a hole occurs in the knee. Next time a tear in the lower visible section, which must be darned. On examination said pair of silk stockings are found to be untenably rotten, not good for even a month's wear and tear and care. In short, they are shoddy. Dealer examines them; says it was lady's fault in being too rough; she should have put them on with a feather duster. On sufficient proof that said stockings got only the most ladylike treatment he consents to rebate a large fraction of the price on other pairs—which are inspected before buying. The dealer had good stockings; oh, yes, but he had also the others, and the lady looked innocent, so he got rid of them. Not the maker's fault, perhaps; good material scarce—and no doubt the dealer got them for a song, or how could he afford to take off so large a percentage of cost and not lose money?

Moral: Do not wear stockings.

## Thrift Begins at the Top

THRIFT, which is supposed to be a personal matter, is to be made a national habit. The Minister of Finance will start a campaign to inculcate thrift in the people. We presume he will begin at the top and let the nabobs of expenditure give us all a lesson by cutting down on their expenses. A thrift meeting in Toronto a few days ago had on the platform one \$300 lady's coat and several expensive gowns, at the door over forty costly automobiles. Thrift is a pretty large order. Everybody can save something. Useless expenditure is always a waste. We used to condone extravagances in rich people by alleging that what they bought and didn't half use created a demand for raw material and paid wages for labour. Similarly big fires were regarded by some experts as blessings in disguise. Rebuilding created a demand. And insurance must be forced to

disgorge sometimes in the general business of leveling up. Now we know better. To buy what you cannot half use, to spend extravagantly for the merely ornamental, to build and then to tear down, to lay streets and rip them up, to chuck away clothes before they are decently worn, to gorge the stomach first and glut the garbage can afterwards—these are all forms of waste which any sane person knows are sins and should be regarded as crimes. We always knew it. But we refused to act on our knowledge. Now the Government comes along to teach us. And Sir Thomas White may find us all apt pupils.

## Cold Storage and the Commonwealth

DOES any government in Canada, does any large municipality containing hundreds of thousands of consumers know within fifty per cent. what goods are held in cold storage in that vicinity? In spite of Government warnings and spasmodic reductions, prices of certain staples persist in crawling up. There is said to be a lack of materials held in storage. On the other hand, dealers are blamed for holding goods in storage and keeping them there to force up the price. That is a corner on commodities; knowing that people must have them and must pay the price. Who is right? Cold storage was invented for a boon. Is it becoming a popular calamity? Is the cold storage merchant a benefactor or a robber? Well, it would seem as if we shall never find out until the commonwealth is able to estimate early enough in the season what will be the necessary average consumption of the population for a period of non-productive months, what is the gross aggregate of production, how much is safe to export, what are the facilities for importing in case of too much export, how high prices should go based upon storage and present production. In fact, cold storage is not a private business. It is as much a case for the commonwealth as a bank is.

## On National Service

AGREEABLE it is to see how earnestly Sir Robert Borden and Mr. R. B. Bennett are working in the interests of recruiting in various parts of the country, but the spectacle cannot be really satisfactory until the machinery of the National Service Board is put into operation along with the oratorical efforts of our statesmen. Surely the young men and the women of this country are thoroughly possessed of the facts of the situation. They know the need and they must know that their

duty is to help fill the need. Another curious point is this: the people who go to recruiting meetings now-a-days are chiefly those who have good excuses for being in "civies" or else cast-iron stubbornness to protect them from being persuaded.

## Gold and Hard Times

CONSIDER how the inrush of gold works economic ills in the United States. It is a well-worn truism that high prices are caused by too much gold, which means cheap money which always—vide Leacock for confirmation—must mean dear commodities purchased by money. It is merely a case of balance; what goes up must come down—somewhere else. Well, the present high prices in the opulent United States are not so simple. But it seems to work out something like this: First of all, cheap money means money pushing itself out for investment, people seduced into bad investments, unthrifty expenditures, speculation and poverty. That is always probable. But there is a more direct cause. There has been, for instance, a rise in the price of diamonds, accompanied by heavy rises in many luxuries. Why? Not only because of the increase in the cost of making diamonds and other luxuries—though that is something; but because a lot of people have been enriched by the war enough to afford diamonds. There is a greater demand. Up goes the price. At the same time a large percentage of people are not able to afford a heavy increase in expenditures. In order not to be left clean behind they must pay the prices demanded from the rich. They pay the price. As long as they pay it, up it goes. Too much money, therefore, is easily able to produce hard times by increasing the cost of living. Henry George's axiom of progress and poverty may be replaced by—gold and hard times.

## Opera First

ANOTHER woe is added unto the already paralyzing burdens of New York. Not the glut of gold that causes prices to go up and the people at large to rush into fool investments because money is cheap. No, it is far more subtle. Mr. Gatti Casazza, manager of the Metropolitan Opera, ruefully announces that if the war continues to keep up, it will be impossible to give Gotham its continuous fill of grand opera with the necessary crescendo on the new great stars. So many musical and dramatic artists are being sent to the front in the producing centres. The grand exodus of artists from Europe promised to make New York the centre of the world's music. Then the war orders abroad made Gotham the centre of the world's gold. Now, with all the gold; it seems that New York is not to be allowed to spend enough of it on grand opera. This is the irony of economic fate. Poor little old New York! Let her weep like Gallia. Opera must be kept up. Or the world goes down.

## An Heroic Return

THE taciturnity of admiralty officers and the obedience of their men are all that stand between the Canadian reading public and as stirring an episode of the sea as one would wish to hear—the struggle of our Canadian torpedo boat, the Grilse, against overwhelming seas, her call for help, the official report that she was lost, and her final return, bruised and battered, into the harbour at Shelburne, N. S. Canadians who have crossed the Atlantic in the last eighteen months or so will remember this little bit of a ship escorting them out past Cape Race, or stopping them peremptorily for the "countersign"—like a sort of official terrier, travelling always at top speed and looking the very picture of importance and efficiency even when a common ground swell seemed big enough to hide it. Remembering her, one is the more moved at the thought of her daring a serious Atlantic gale.

# TOYS—MAKING THEM AND BREAKING THEM



**F**OUR more shopping days until Christmas. Still there were gifts to be bought for little Mary and Jack and Frou and the shops were—oh, so crowded! But I still insisted that all my presents would be made in Canada.

"These are the Canadian dolls," said a languid salesgirl, waving her hand vaguely towards the case behind her.

"That quaint little green doll," I said. "Show me that."

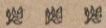
He was a droll little person with what Frou would call a round "tum" and very thin legs, made of stuffed green velvet, but there was something alien about his appearance.

"Are you sure this was made in Canada?" I asked.

"I dunno," replied the girl. "Say, Gert, was this made in Canada?"

"No, indeed!" cried Gert, scornfully. "That's some doll! He's German—old stock, of course."

The scorn, please note, was not intended for the 2-year-old German article, but for the languid one, who thought we could produce anything so quaint and original in Canada.



**N**OW, we shouldn't be scornful of things German. Scorn of an enemy leads to defeat. "Santa Claus" itself is German, but it is hard to relinquish the name of our childhood's god for the less familiar "Father Christmas." Perhaps we should change his appearance as well, for Germany was surely responsible for his rubicund countenance and portly figure. But still we must not sneer at Canadian products. "Imported" is a word that suggests elegance, refinement, originality. We must change all that, but how?

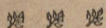
Our Government did something in holding exhibitions of Canadian-made toys, together with examples of the foreign articles for our manufacturers to copy.

The Canadian Handicrafts Guild is doing its share by holding exhibitions of toys and offering prizes for the best designs.

Returned soldiers, incapacitated for more serious work, are doing their share in making them.

We can all help by buying them.

Already manufacturers have made great strides in spite of the shortage of labour. The Teddy bear has reached a very high standard and there is no reason why all kinds of stuffed dolls and animals should not be produced in the same factories. The dolls made by Polish refugees and brought into America by Madame Paderewski are very popular, not only for charitable reasons, but because of their quaint charm. But they would be very simple to manufacture with their futurist faces and yarn hair. The unbreakable character dolls manufactured in Canada are very good, so are the wooden toys, dolls' furniture, etc., while every year many ingenious games and toys are put on the market.



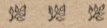
**E**NGLAND has prohibited the importation of toys during the war, and it is possible that Canada may do the same. It is difficult to build up this industry, especially when many of our workmen consist of the maimed and the halt and the blind.

Toys in our large cities are made chiefly in factories, for these are subject to inspection which prevents child labour and keeps the industry from becoming "sweated," but it seems a pity that the children in our rural districts, where there are no children's clubs, technical schools, or settlements, where manual training is taught, cannot spend some of their leisure

**B**y **E** **S** **T** **E** **L** **L** **E** **M** **K** **E** **R** **R** time more advantageously.

"The children of Holland take pleasure in making What the children of Boston take pleasure in breaking."

is an old saying and I think that, of the two, the makers get more pleasure. I have seen children to whom Father Christmas has been very kind, having their greatest fun with some crude toy of their own manufacture.



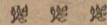
**L**AST Christmas brought to Mary, Jack and Frou a rocking-horse which elicited loud squeals of joy and, for an hour or two, that horse was ridden without mercy. Then followed a catastrophe. The rider was thrown and the horse parted from his pedestal. But no tears were shed. Jack discovered that "Dapple-grey" could now gambol up and down stairs, or wherever his master willed, and Mary and Frou invented all kinds of games to be played with the rocking platform. As it looked like nothing at



The Crown Prince as a Jumping-Jack.

all, their imaginations transformed it at will to a cradle, a truck or a stretcher in which wounded soldiers were carried to the hospital, and for nearly a year this formed their chief play-thing.

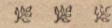
Yet here was I—just four days before Christmas—planning to buy them more toys! At last I had an inspiration and, I must confess, in making the purchases I forgot to ask if they were made in Canada. For Mary I got a little sewing-machine that she can operate herself; for Frou a complete outfit for sewing, knitting and crochet; and for Jack a jig-saw, with paints and shellac. Now they can make their own toys!



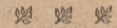
**T**HOSE who sneer at originality in Canadian toys would benefit by a visit to the Toy Exhibition now being held by the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, at their headquarters, 598 West St. Catherine St., Montreal, where prizes are offered to encourage workmanship, originality and marketability. Prizes are also offered for the best and most original toy made by a returned soldier, the best mechanical toys, and the best made toy to sell at \$1 or less.

Fascinating birds carved from wood, dolls dressed as Red Cross nurses, soldiers, sailors, Indians, nuns and woodsmen, unbreakable animals and dolls, made of stuffed velvet or cotton, dolls' furniture, sweaters, caps, scarves, and even whole dolls hand-knitted,

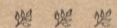
rocking-horses, ships, soldiers' trucks, waggons, windmills, submarines and many jig-saw toys.



**P**ERHAPS the greatest development in the toy industry has been along the line of the jig-saw toys. Some of them are more attractive to adults than to children, for they are painted by skilled artists to represent well known people. All the best-known politicians in England have been caricatured in toys and the Crown Prince of Germany proved most popular as a jumping-jack. A set designed by some Toronto artists two years ago and still being sold at bazaars includes some amusing toy soldiers. The "Tommy," reproduced on this page, shared his popularity with a Swaggering Highlander, a jovial Joffre, a worried Kaiser, in whose cloak a bull dog had fastened his teeth, a Russian riding on a bear, and a whole set of children of the Allies, whose hands were pierced to hold tiny silk flags.



**S**CULPTORS usually show greater ability than painters in designing toys, and some of the most ingenious toys produced were jig-saw toys made by Mr. Frederick Coates—quaint wooden figures representing Ali Baba and the forty thieves mounted on a grooved platform, so that children playing the game could move them about, humorous animals and birds. All sorts of fairy tales were illustrated in this way, and his nursery decorations have been very much admired. Mr. Coates has now gone overseas as a member of the Army Medical Corps, and hopes to get a position in the work of reconstructing faces broken in the war, for which he is eminently fitted. His portrait bust of Miss Margaret Scobie, now on exhibition at the Royal Canadian Academy, Montreal, is exceptionally good.



**A**S a commercial proposition, these hand-painted toys are hardly negotiable, for though they can be cut out by a hand-saw in batches of eight or more at a time, the painting requires great skill. When commercialized as children's toys they are usually cut from cardboard, on which the designs have been printed, and mounted on pieces of grooved wood. The hand-painted jig-saw toy remains as a plaything for adults, and as an apology for its existence as such, the little figures support a ball of twine, hold a match-box or a candle, or they are weighted to act as book-ends or door-stops. Of course, little folks love them, too, but they want not one soldier, but a whole regiment, and the price is prohibitive unless the children, with their little jig-saws and boxes of paints, make them for their own use. And why not? They would get far more pleasure from their home-made regiments than the little son of King Louis XIV. did from his cardboard soldiers, which were said to have cost 6,000 francs, or even his army of silver soldiers—complete with horses, guns and machines of war, designed by one of the King's silversmiths—which were afterwards, sad to say, melted down to pay real soldiers who were fighting in the King's wars. The Duchess of Orleans, in 1722, gave to the Infanta of Spain a doll and clothing costing 22,000 francs, but I know she did not enjoy it as much as if she had dressed it herself. It is only a dull child that needs an elaborate toy to amuse him, and it would be well for our children to enjoy the pleasures of making rather than those of breaking.



# AN EXPERIMENT IN GYRO-HATS

By

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrations by Albert Levering

THE idea of a gyro-hat did not come to me all at once, as some great ideas come to inventors; and in fact I may say that but for a most unpleasant circumstance I might never have thought of gyro-hats at all, although I had for many years been considering the possibility of utilizing the waste space in the top of silk hats in some way or other. As a practical hat dealer and lover of my kind, it had always seemed to me a great economical waste to have a large vacant space inside the upper portion of top hats, or high hats, or "stove-pipe" hats, as they are variously called. When a shoe is on, it is full of foot, and when a glove is on, it is full of hand; but a top hat is not, and never can be, full of head, until such a day as heads assume a cylindrical shape, perfectly flat on top. And no sensible man ever expects that day to come.

I had, therefore, spent much of my leisure in devising methods by which the vacant space above the head in high hats might be turned to advantage, and my patents ranged all the way from a small filing cabinet that just occupied the waste space, to an extensible hat rack on the accordion plan that could be pushed compactly into the top of the top hat when the hat was worn, but could be extended into a hat and coat rack when the hat was not in use. This device should have been very popular but I may say that the public received the idea coldly.

My attention had been for some time drawn away from this philanthropic work by certain symptoms of uneasiness I noticed in my daughter Anne, and my wife and I decided, after careful consideration, that Anne must be in love, and that her love must be unhappy. Otherwise we could not account for the strange excitability of our usually imperturbable daughter. As a practical hat dealer my time has been almost exclusively devoted to hats and, as a good wife, my companion's attention has been almost exclusively devoted to her husband, while Anne was usually so calm and self-contained that she did not take my attention from my hat business at all. But when such a daughter suddenly develops signs of

buys a hat, requires calm. And no hatter can have calm in his soul while his daughter is love sick and unhappy. I demand happiness about and around me, and I must have it. So I told my wife, and I told her so most emphatically, and I informed her that Anne must become happy at once.

Perhaps you can imagine the shock I received when my wife, after making the necessary inquiries of Anne, informed me that Anne was indeed in love, and in love with Walsingham Gribbs. It was not because Walsingham Gribbs had never bought a hat of me that I was shocked. Bad hats are a common failing of mankind, and a man will try a hundred hatters before he at last comes to me.

The trouble was deeper than this. The thing that staggered me was that Walsingham was a staggerer. (This is a joke, but I hold that a hatter has as good a right to make a joke as the next man.)

That my daughter had fallen in love with Walsingham Gribbs without having met him was altogether to her credit. She first saw him when she was crossing the ocean (for she travels where she pleases, my hat business affording her such pleasures) and that he reeled and staggered about the boat did not impress her, for it was a stormy trip and everyone aboard reeled and staggered, even the captain of the boat. But when she returned to New York and saw Walsingham Gribbs on the firm pavement of Fifth Avenue, she had a harsh, cruel disillusionment. Walsingham Gribbs reeled and staggered on terra firma.

I AM glad to say that my daughter saw at once the impossibility of the daughter of a high-class hatter mating with a permanent staggerer. As she realized this, she became sad and nervous, thus creating an atmosphere in my home that was quite opposed to the best high-class hatting, irritating my faculties and threatening to reduce me to the state of a mere commercial hatter.

Further investigation only made the matter seem worse, for quiet inquiries brought out the information that Walsingham Gribbs had been staggering since the year his father died. He had been constantly in a reeling, staggering state since his twentieth birthday. For such a man reform is, indeed, impossible. And what made the case more sad was that all proof seemed to point to the fact that Walsingham Gribbs was not a "bouncer" nor a "rounder," two classes of men who occasionally acquire a stagger and a reel in company with hearty boon companions.

In short, no one had ever seen Walsingham Gribbs take a drink in public, and I was forced to conclude that he was of that horrid type that drinks alone—"Alone but with unabated zeal," as that great poet, Sir Walter Scott, has remarked in one of his charming poems.

If all these investigations of mine were conducted without the knowledge of Walsingham Gribbs, you must admit I did only what was right in keeping them secret from him; for since he had never met my daughter he might have considered the efforts of a perfect stranger to peer into his life as being uncalled for. My wife did what she could to comfort Anne, but Anne sadly replied that she could never marry a man that staggered and reeled day in and day out. Thus day by day she became more sad, and I became so upset that I actually sold a narrow-brimmed derby hat to a man with wide, outstanding ears.

Of course this could not go on. No high-grade hat business could support it, and I was standing in my shop door looking gloomily out when I chanced to see Walsingham Gribbs stagger by. I had seen him many times, but now, for the first time, I noticed

what I should have noticed before—that he invariably wore a high hat, or "topper," as our customers like to call them.

I observed that the shape was awful, and that the hat badly needed the iron, and then my mind recurred to the old problem of the vacant space in the top of top hats; but I found I could not concentrate. Whenever I tried to think of top hats I thought of Walsingham Gribbs in one of them, staggering and reeling up the street and gradually the thought came that it would be an excellent idea should I be able so to use the space in the top of Walsingham's hat that he would no longer stagger and reel, and then the thought of the gyroscope hat came to me.

I admit that at first I put the idea aside as futile, but it came back again and again, and at length it seemed to force me into enthusiasm. I dropped everything and went to work on the gyro-hat.

The gyroscope is, as everyone knows, a top, and I might have called the hat I invented a top hat, except that any tall cylindrical silk or beaver hat is called a top hat, so I was forced to adopt the name of gyro-hat.

A gyroscope is not an ordinary top. It is like a heavy fly wheel, revolving on an axis; and if it is spun, the speed of the revolutions maintains the axis in the perpendicular. A huge gyroscope is used to steady the channel steamers, which would otherwise stagger and reel. A gyroscope has just been adapted to the monorail cars, and so long as the gyroscope gyrates the monorail car cannot stagger or reel. If a proper gyroscope was placed on the end of a knitting needle and gyrated at full speed, that knitting needle could be stood on end and it would not fall over.

THEREFORE, if a gyroscope was placed in the top of a top hat, and the top hat firmly fastened to the head of a man, and the gyroscope set going, that man would remain perpendicular in spite of anything. He could not stagger. He could not reel. He could walk a line as straight as a crack.

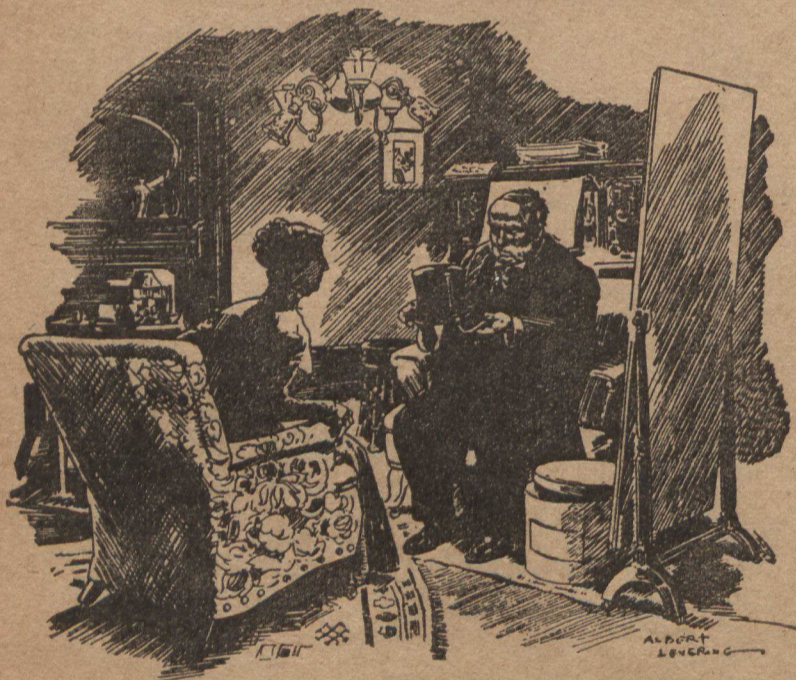
When I had completed this gyro-hat I showed it to my wife, and briefly explained what it was and what I meant to do with it. The small but wonderfully powerful motor and the gyroscope itself were all concealed inside the hat, and I explained to my wife that Walsingham Gribbs need but fasten the hat firmly on his head and he would never stagger again. At first my wife seemed doubtful, but as I went on she became enthusiastic.

The only thing she disliked was the method of fastening the hat to the head, for, as it was quite necessary that the hat be very firmly fixed to the head, I had sewed ear tabs to the hat, and these I tied firmly under my chin. My wife said she feared it would require some time to persuade the public to take to silk hats with ear tabs, and that the sight of a man in a silk hat with ear tabs would be a sign that he was a staggerer. She wanted another method of holding the hat on the head.

"Vacuum suction," I said, for I am quick to catch an idea. A man has to be, in the hat business. "But," I added, "where would you get the vacuum? A man cannot be expected to carry a can of vacuum, or whatever he would need to carry vacuum in, around with him; especially the kind of man that



"I found a little harmless amusement in sliding down the stair banisters."



"My dear," said my wife, "I have it. Let the hat make its own vacuum!"

weeping and sighs and general nervousness, any father, no matter how devoted to the hat trade, must pay attention.

ONE of the primary necessities of a dealer in good hats is calm. An ordinary hat dealer may not need calm. He may buy his hats as another dealer buys flour, in the bulk, and then trust to advertisements to sell them; but I am not that kind of hat dealer. Hat dealing is an art with me, and great art requires calm and peace in order that it may reach its highest development. When I buy hats I do not think of dozens and dollars. No, indeed; I think of noses and ears. To be able to buy of a manufacturer a hat that will make the pug nose and big ears of a man I have never seen seem normal and beautiful when that man enters my store and



would need the gyro-hat."

"My dear," said my wife, after a minute of thought, during which we both studied the gyro-hat, "I have it! Let the hat make its own vacuum. If the hat is lined with air-tight aluminum and has a rubber sweat-band, and an expulsion valve, the gyroscope motor could pump the air out itself. It could create its own vacuum."

"Of course it could!" I exclaimed. "I could rig it up so that putting the hat on the head would start the gyroscope, and the gyroscope would pump a vacuum. All any stagerer would need to do would be to put on his hat, and the hat would do the rest. It would stay on his head and it would keep him evenly on his keel." (Of course I would not use a nautical term like "keel" in my hat shop, but at home I allow myself some liberties of that sort.)

I set to work at once to perfect the gyro-hat on the plan suggested by my wife, and in a few days I was able to say it was a success. By this I mean it was a success in so far as the eye could judge by looking at the hat, and all that was needed was a practical trial.

AS the hat had been invented for Walsingham Gribbs more than for any other man, I proposed to my wife that Walsingham—we had spoken of him so often that we now mentioned him as Walsingham—should be the man to try it out. But my wife is better posted in social matters than I, and she said it would not do at all to attempt such a thing.

In the first place, none of us knew Walsingham; and in all the other places, it would be insulting to suggest such a thing to him, and might ruin Anne's chances. I then assured my wife that I did not mean to allow any ordinary intoxicated man to experiment with the only gyro-hat I possessed, and possibly wreck and ruin it. We had too much at stake for that. So, after considerable discussion, my wife and I decided upon what was, after all, the only rational course—I should try out the gyro-hat myself.

I admit here that I am not much of a drinker. Although not so by principle, I am by action a teetotaler. I consider that the highest good of a hat shop demands it. As a matter of fact I had never up to this time tasted intoxicating liquor, but it was evident to my wife and me that the time had arrived when the hat business demanded this sacrifice on my part. Evidently, if a gyro-hat is meant to keep a stagerer and reeler steady on his keel, the only test of the gyro-hat must be on the head of a man who, without the hat, could not help staggering and reeling—a thoroughly intoxicated man.

We did not, of course, admit Anne into our little conspiracy, and we chose a restaurant where we were sure intoxicants would be sold. We proceeded to the restaurant about the dinner hour; and after studying the waiters carefully, I selected one that seemed likely to know something about intoxicants, and we seated ourselves at his table. I placed the gyro-hat carefully across my knees, first setting the starter, and beckoned the waiter to us.

"My good fellow," I said, when he had approached with his pencil and order card in hand, "I desire to become intoxicated this evening, and I presume you know something about intoxicating liquors."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

"Tell him, Henry," said my wife, "that we also wish something to eat, but that as our principal object in coming here is to secure intoxicants, we wish him to be particular about them."

"You have heard what the lady said," I told the waiter, "and you will be guided accordingly."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, politely. "Does the lady desire to become intoxicated also?"

"Heavens, no!" exclaimed my wife.

"Certainly not," said the waiter.

"Now," I said to the waiter, "you doubtless have different kinds of intoxicating liquors here—some strong and some not so strong—and I do not desire to drink a great quantity to obtain the result I desire. What would you recommend to give the required reeling and staggering condition as quickly as possible?"

"Well, sir," he said, "if you

will let me advise, I would advise a certain brandy we have. Of that brandy, sir, a little goes a long way. I have seen it work, sir, and I can assure you that a small quantity of that will make you stagger and reel to your heart's content."

"Very well," I said, "you may bring me some. I suppose a quart would be enough."

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but have you ever tried the brandy of which I speak?"

"I have not," I said.

"Then, sir," said the waiter, apologetically, "un-

less you are a very heavy drinker I would not advise a quart of that brandy. A quart of that brandy, sir, would, if I may so speak, lay you out flat. You would not reel and stagger, sir. You would be paralyzed stiff, sir, dead to the world."

I thanked the waiter warmly.

"You observe," I said, "that I am not used to this sort of thing, and I appreciate the interest you are taking. I am inclined to leave the matter entirely in your hands. I may not know when I have had exactly the right quantity, but you, with your larger experience, will know, sir."

"Yes, sir. And I think the lady will know, sir," said the waiter.

I found the brandy most unpleasant to the taste, but certain symptoms assured me that the waiter had not belied its effectiveness. Long before the waiter was satisfied that I would stagger and reel, my long lost vocal prowess returned and I caroled gaily some songs that had been favourites of my youth. Many of these were affectionate songs, and when I sang them I had a great longing to hold my wife's hand, and did so; but as she would not let me kiss her, I felt the need of kissing the waiter.

Here again I was repulsed, but it did not make me angry. I merely slid down into my chair and waved my hand at him coquettishly.

"If you please, sir," said the waiter, when I had finished another burst of song, "I think you are pretty ripe, now. If you would just get up and walk a few steps I can tell more definitely."

MY wife smiled at me reassuringly and nodded to me that what the waiter proposed had her full sanction; but even so, I was filled with a fear that we were about to be parted forever, and for a few minutes I clung to her neck, weeping bitter tears. I then tore myself away, and I did indeed stagger and reel. I believe I knocked over two small tables and ended by seating myself in the lap of a young man who was dining alone. He accepted my apology before I had spoken more than fifteen minutes of it, and then he aided the waiter in steering me back to my table.

Whatever may have been my past opinion of Walsingham Gribbs—for it was he—I loved him most dearly at that moment, and in my incoherent manner I tried to tell him so. I think he understood. At any rate, he spoke to my wife like a true gentleman.

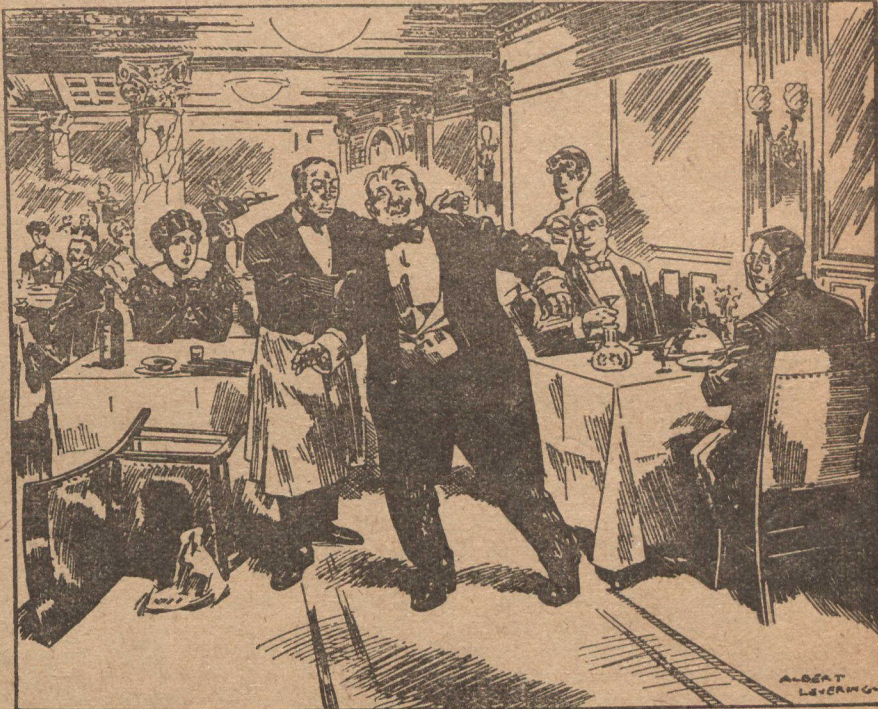
"Madame," he said, "I can sincerely sympathize with your husband, and if you will allow me, I will gladly help you assist him to a cab. I beg you not to be frightened by his condition. I myself am subject to the same trouble, and although he may seem drunk—"

"Seem drunk!" exclaimed my wife. "Seem drunk! I beg you to know that my husband is as drunk as a man can become without being senseless. Either that, or we have been defrauded by this waiter!"

"Seem drunk!" exclaimed my wife. "Seem drunk! I beg you to know that my husband is as drunk as a man can become without being senseless. Either that, or we have been defrauded by this waiter!"

Walsingham Gribbs looked at my wife, and then smiled.

"Very well," he said, "if what you wanted was to have him drunk, I'll admit that he is about the drunkest man I have ever seen. I only spoke as I did in order that I might spare your feelings, for most wives object to seeing their husbands stagger and reel. I myself stagger and reel continually, and I have never tasted intoxicating liquor in my life, but I can share the feelings of one who staggers and reels, or who has a relative that staggers and reels."



"If you please, sir," said the waiter, "if you walk a few steps I can tell more definitely."

At this my wife said:

"Are you not Walsingham Gribbs? If you are I am delighted to have met you, even in this unconventional manner, for what brought us here will interest you."

She then told him of the gyro-hat I had invented, and explained just why I had come to this place and had swallowed the strong brandy. I took no part in this conversation, but Walsingham gladly agreed to accompany us, and he put my gyro-hat on my head.

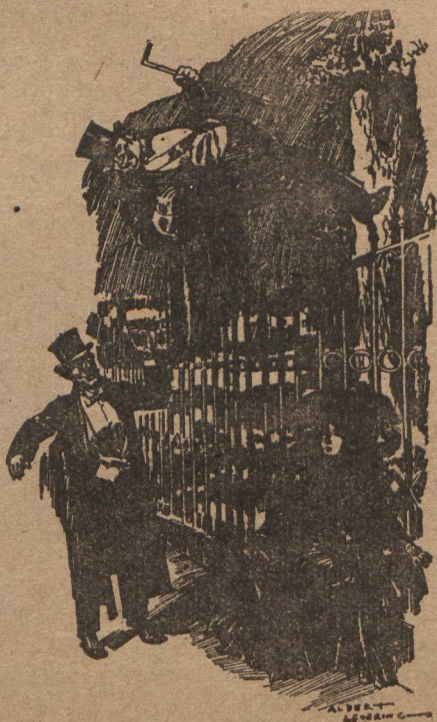
The result was indeed marvelous. Instantly the vacuum pump began to work and the gyroscope to revolve. My head, which had been lying on one side, straightened up. The rubber sweat band gripped my head tightly with a slight pulling sensation. Without assistance I arose from my chair and stood erect. My brain was still confused, but I walked as straight as a string direct to the door of the restaurant, and stood holding it open while my wife and Walsingham passed out.

The gyroscope was revolving at the rate of three thousand revolutions a minute, and the slight humming was hardly noticeable. I did not stagger and I did not reel. When I reached Gramercy Park I was full of glee. I had been walking on the edge of the curb, but I now desired to climb atop of the iron fence that surrounds the park, and walk on the points of the pickets.

My wife and Walsingham tried to dissuade me, but I climbed to the top of the fence. I not only walked on the points of the pickets easily, but I was able to place the end of one toe on the point of one picket, and thus balanced wave the other leg in the air. My wife and Walsingham Gribbs coaxed me to come down to the level of the walk, but as I saw no reason to do so, I flatly refused, and at last Walsingham reached up and took me by the hand and pulled me.

ORDINARILY a man that had imbibed a quantity of brandy would have fallen to the street if pulled by one hand while standing on the top of a row of pickets, but I did not. When Walsingham pulled my hand I inclined gently toward him until I was at right angles to the picket fence, with my feet still on top of the pickets; and when he released my hand I slowly swung upright again, without any effort whatever on my part. I got down off that fence when I was ready, and not before.

There could be no doubt whatever that I was far more intoxicated than Walsingham Gribbs, and all the way home I gave vent to tremendous bursts of laughter over the idea that while Walsingham thought he was seeing me safely home I walked as straight and true as a general, and he staggered and reeled



"When Walsingham released my hand I slowly swung upright again on the pickets."

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

I like to think of Mary  
That first glad Christmas Day,  
When cradled softly in her arms  
The little Christ Child lay.

I like to think her mother-love  
Saw far through all the years;  
That her unswerving faith could smile  
Even through blinding tears.

I like to think her little Son  
Returned her tender smile,  
Then nestling closer to her heart,  
Slept dreamlessly the while.

I like to think the angels' song  
Was wafted from afar;  
That glowing in the Eastern sky  
She saw the guiding star.

That, though the shadow of the cross  
Fell dark across her way,  
Mary was happy with her Babe  
That first glad Christmas Day.

—E. M. Strang.

except when he clung closely to my arm.

Many persons stopped and looked at us, and I cannot wonder at it. For Walsingham is a young man of most dignified countenance, and it must have seemed strange to see a young man of such sober mien reeling drunkenly, while a dignified and steadily walking hatter laughed and shouted drunkenly. It was as if the two of us had been able to afford but one spree, and had divided it in that way, he taking the stagger and I taking the boisterousness.

My wife was much touched by the kind attentions of Walsingham, and when we reached home she invited him in, and while I found a little harmless amusement in walking up the stair banisters and sliding down them standing on my feet, which I was enabled to do because of the steadying effect of the gyro-hat, she took Walsingham into the parlour and introduced him to Anne formally.

My poor daughter was quite overcome with embarrassment and pleasure, but when Walsingham was sitting he showed no evidence of his stagger and reel whatever, and they managed to become quite well acquainted while my wife was assisting me to bed.

Unfortunately I had neglected to arrange any method for letting the vacuum out of the gyro-hat, and although my wife tugged and pulled at the hat, the suction held it fast to my head and it refused to come off unless my scalp came with it. My wife decided that I must sleep in the hat, since I was in no condition of mind to do anything about it myself.

I was dying for sleep, and my wife tumbled me into bed and pulled the sheet over me, and that same instant I fell into a heavy slumber, but the moment my wife released her grasp on me I began arising to my feet, irresistibly drawn to the perpendicular by the action of the gyro-hat. I continued to arise until I was standing upright. I can only liken the manner in which I arose to the way a man might raise a stiff arm slowly until it pointed straight upward.

My wife immediately pushed me down onto the pillow again, but it was unavailing. Again the gyro-hat drew me to a standing position, and my wife was forced to let me continue my night's rest in that position.

The next morning I did not feel very well, but I never saw my wife in better spirits. She told me she was sure Walsingham had taken a great fancy to Anne, for he had asked permission to call again that evening, and my wife said that in her opinion it would be well to take up the matter of the marriage with Walsingham at once, before it went any further. If he meant business he would be glad to wear the hat and be rid of his stagger and reel; and if he meant nothing it would be a good thing to know it, and the sooner we were rid of him the better. I agreed with her fully, but I spent the day perfecting the vacuum outlet on the hat.

I must admit that Walsingham seemed somewhat surprised when I made the suggestion to him that evening. For a few minutes he did not seem to know what to say. Perhaps it was a little overcoming to have the parents of Anne suggest the idea of a marriage in this offhand manner and at the same time propose the wearing of a gyro-hat; but Walsingham

was a gentleman, and when he glanced up, after his first surprise, and saw Anne gazing at him appealingly, with her hands clasped, I could see that love had won. But instead of acquiescing immediately, Walsingham Gribbs took one of Anne's hands in his, and after patting it, spoke directly to me.

"Sir," he said, "I cannot but appreciate the delicate manner in which you have handled this matter, but if I am only too glad to find that there is a hat that will correct my unfortunate staggering and reeling, and if I am glad to accept your offer of that hat, I feel it due to myself to assure you that liquor has nothing whatever to do with my staggering and reeling. I am the victim of an unfortunate experience of my youthful days.

"My father was a man of many ideas, and always trying to make the world better. He had a neighbour that had a mule. It was a mouse-coloured mule and very stubborn, and it used to wring my father's heart to see the neighbour belabour that mule with a heavy whip, trying to make the mule proceed in a direction in which it did not wish to go. The mule was quite willing to go toward the barn, where the feed was kept; but it often refused to go in the opposite direction, although it would go well enough if it once started.

"My father, therefore, conceived the idea of what he called the Gribbs Mule Reverser. This was a circular platform large enough to hold a mule and his loaded waggon, and beneath the platform was a motor capable of revolving the platform. All that was necessary was to place the mule and the waggon on the platform and start the mule in the direction of home, and then suddenly turn the platform in the direction the mule was desired to go, and the mule

would proceed, unwittingly in that direction."

"A very excellent idea," I said.

"Except that it would not work in the least," said Walsingham. "In the first place, it was necessary to dig a pit five feet square beneath the revolving platform to contain the motor, and this was not always convenient. In the second place, the platform and motor would hardly ever happen to be where the mule balked, and it would have been a great deal easier to load the mule on a waggon than to load the platform and motor on three waggons. And in the third place, if the mule would not start homeward, neither would it start onto the platform of the Mule Reverser.

"So, after my father had tried the platform in our back yard, with a mule on it, and the revolutions had thrown the mule up against the side of the barn, breaking both the mule and the barn, he decided that other things were better to invent and abandoned the platform. I and the lads of the neighbourhood found this a good place to play, and one day I was standing exactly in the centre of the platform when one of the boys happened to start the motor. I had sense enough to remain exactly in the centre of the platform, or I would have been thrown off, and possibly killed, for the platform was revolving at the rate of eight thousand revolutions a minute. The motor had power to revolve the platform slowly when loaded with a mule and loaded waggon, so it was capable of immense speed with only a small boy on it.

"When my companions saw what they had done," continued Walsingham, "they all ran away, and for

(Concluded on page 26.)

## MORE "PEP" IN LONDON

(Continued from page 6.)

let us quote from his great speech in Queen's Hall, London, on Sept. 19, 1914, as printed in the London Times and the Canadian Courier. A blazing passage from that speech is already given on the preceding page. The extract reprinted here gives a still more vivid glimpse of the kind of fighting man who has been elevated to the Premiership for the purpose of winning the war. Since that speech was made the orator has organized the munitions making of England which made it possible to keep the Germans out of Calais. From his post as Chancellor of the Exchequer at the instigation of the London Times he became Minister of Munitions. Again at the call of public opinion he became Premier. But he will never make a greater fighting speech than the one in Queen's Hall, Sept. 14, from which the following extract and that on a previous page are taken:

"GOD made man in His own image, high of purpose, in the region of the spirit. German civilization would recreate him in the image of a Diesler machine—precise, accurate, powerful, with no room for the soul to operate. That is the higher civilization. What is their demand? Have you read the Kaiser's speeches? If you have not a copy, I advise you to buy it; they will soon be out of print—and you won't have any more of the same kind again. They are full of the clatter and bluster of German militarism—the mailed fist, the shining armour. Poor old mailed fist—its knuckles are getting a little bruised. Poor shining armour—the shine is being knocked out of it."

"IT is a great opportunity. It only comes once in many centuries to the children of men. For most generations sacrifice comes in drab weariness of spirit to men. It has come to-day to you—it has come to-day to us all in the form of the glory and thrill of a great movement for liberty that compels millions throughout Europe to the same noble end. It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thralldom of a military caste which has thrown its shadows upon two generations of men and which has now plunged the world into a welter of bloodshed and terror.

"Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their lives; they have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honour their courage, and may God be their comfort and strength. Those who have fallen have died consecrated deaths. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe—a new world.

"That is not all. There is another blessing, infinitely greater and more enduring, which is emerging already out of this great contest—a new patriotism, richer, nobler, more exalted than the old. I see a new recognition among all classes, high and low, shedding themselves of selfishness—a new recognition that the honour of the country does not depend upon the maintenance of its glory in the stricken field, but in protecting its homes from distress as well. It is a new patriotism which is bringing a new outlook over all classes. The great flood of luxury and sloth which has submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is appearing. We can see, for the first time, the fundamental things that matter in life, and that had been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity.

"May I tell you in a simple parable what I think this war is doing for this? I know a valley in the north of

Wales, between the mountains and the sea—a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blast. It was very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hill above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance, and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hill-tops, and by the great spectacle of that valley. We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks of honour we had forgotten—Duty, Patriotism, and—clad in glittering white—the great pinnacle of Sacrifice, pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valley again; but as long as the men and women of this generation last, they will carry in their hearts the image of these great mountain peaks, whose foundations are not shaken, though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war."



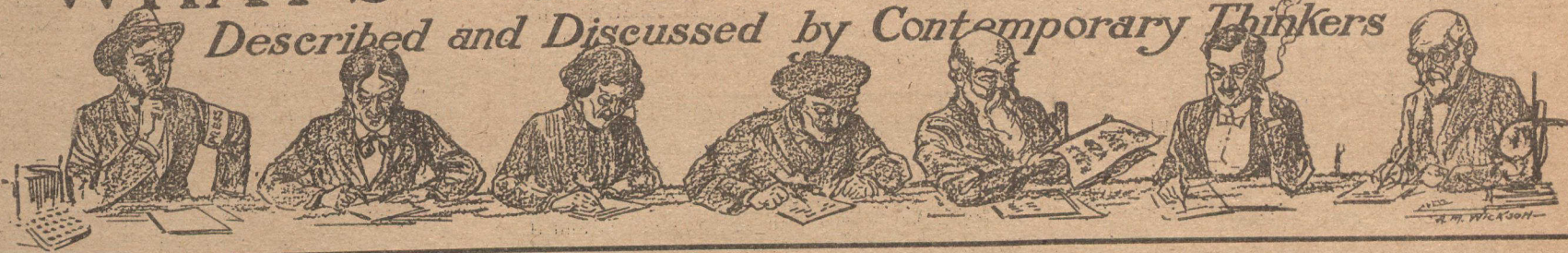
A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

Russia is already seen in the shade of the Japanese fir tree, while China is hastening to get in from the storm.

—From Osaka Puck.

# WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

*Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers*



## MARRIED PEOPLE'S TALK

*Humorous and Tragic Notes on Marriage by an American Observer*

It is difficult, says W. L. George, in the Atlantic Monthly, for wives truly to sympathize with games, business, politics, newspapers, inventions; most women hate all that. And it is still more difficult, just because man is man and master, for him really to care for the fashions, for gossip, for his wife's school friends, and especially her relations, for tea-parties, tennis tournaments at the Rectory, lectures at the Mutual Improvement Association, servants' misdeeds and growths in the garden. Most men hate all that. People hold amazing conversations:

She: Do you know, dear, I saw Mrs. Johnson again to-day with that man.



Pleased expression on a certain party's face when reading a certain piece of news.  
—Racey in Montreal Star.

He (trying hard): Oh, yes, the actor fellow you mean.

She (reproachfully): No, of course not, I never said he was an actor. He's the new engineer at the mine, the one who came from Mexico.

He: Oh, yes, that reminds me, did you go to the library and get me Roosevelt's book on the Amazon?

She: No, dear, I'm sorry, I forgot. You see, I had such a busy day and I couldn't make up my mind between those two hats—the very big one and the very small one—you know. Now tell me what you really think.

And so on.

It is exactly like a Tchekoff play. They make desperate efforts to be interested in each other's affairs, and sometimes they succeed, for they manage to stand each other's dullness. They assert their egotism in turns. He tells the same stories several times. He takes her for a country walk and forgets to give her tea, and she never remembers that he hates her dearest friend Mabel. Where the rift grows more profound is when trifles such as these are overlooked, and particularly where a man has work that he loves, or to which he is used, which is much the same thing. In early days the woman's attitude to a man's work varies a good deal, but she generally suspects it a little. She may tolerate it because she loves him and all that is his is noble. Later, if this work is very profitable, or if it is work which leads to honour, she may take a pride in it, but even then she will generally grudge it the time and the energy it costs. She loves him, not his work. She will seldom confess, this, even to herself, but she will generally lay down two commandments:

1. Thou shalt love me.

2. Thou shalt succeed so that I may love thee.

All this is not manifest, but it is there. It is there even in the days of courtship, when a man's work, a man's clothes, a man's views on bimetalism, are sacred; in those days, the woman must kowtow to the man's work, just as he must keep on good terms with her pet dog. But the time almost invariably comes when the man kicks the pet dog, because pet dogs are madly irritating sometimes—and so is a man's work. There is something self-protective in this, for work is so domineering. I should not be at all surprised to hear that Galatea saw to it that Pygmalion never made another statue. (On second thoughts it strikes me that there might be other reasons for that.)

It is true that Pygmalion was an artist, and these are proverbially difficult husbands: after an hour's work an artist will "sneer, backbite and speak daggers." Art is a vampire, and it will gladly gobble up a wife as well as a husband, but the wife must not do any gobbling. She does not always try to, and there are many in London who follow their artist husbands rather like sandwichmen between two boards; but they are of a trampled breed, indigenous I suspect to England. I think they arise but little in America, where, as an American said to me, "Women labour to advance themselves along a road paved with discarded husbands." (This is an American's statement, not mine, so I ask that I may be spared transatlantic denunciations.)

## A FRENCHMAN'S VIEW

*Of the British Army as he saw it in France*

A SILLY old picture had haunted my memory since my boyhood, confesses Captain Philippe Millet, a French "Officer of Liaison," with the British, in narrating his experiences with the British Army in France in The Nineteenth Century. It figured in an illustrated book, the title of which I have forgotten, about the Crimean War. A Zouave and a Russian soldier were dancing on the grass during an armistice, while a British soldier was sulkily looking on. This scene conveyed to my young mind the idea that, while the French and the Russian soldiers are merry, the British soldier is stern and sad. I dare say this opinion was a general one in France before this War began, just as the British public used to fancy the French private as an excitable fellow singing the "Marseillaise." It was only after I had seen the Tommies on the march to or from the trenches or in the heat of a battle that I realized how utterly preposterous these popular commonplaces could be.

Indeed they are a merry lot! They face all the hardships of this trying War with exactly the same cheerful spirit as our French "poilus." The only ones among them who are not always ready to show their appreciation of a sound joke are the Scotch. It took me several weeks before I managed to make one of our Scotch orderlies laugh; whenever I tried to say something funny he would answer, "Yes, Sirr," or "No, Sirr," with a respectful and serious face. However, his sadness was purely external, and did not prevent his enjoying life in his Scotch way. The average Tommy would, on the contrary, answer my innocent jokes in the most satisfactory manner. Their deep sense of humour was fully displayed to me one day, when some brand-new regiment of K's Army was just arriving at the Front. Some men of the older regiments were standing on both sides of the road and looking at the newcomers with a sort of quiet amusement. By way of welcoming their new companions they suddenly shouted, "Are you down-hearted?" The answer was of course a vigorous "No!" But then came the retort, "You d— soon will be!" I even noticed that Atkins is not without a certain Shakespearean kind of humour. There was at one time in one of the British trenches near

Festubert a rather ghastly sight: a stiff and blackened hand, belonging to a poor fellow who had been hastily buried, was sticking out of the parapet. Each time the men passed this particular spot they would shake the dead fellow by the hand and say "Hello! old chap!"

Their carelessness in the face of danger is another feature they have in common with their French comrades. When a shell falls in the French lines, on a quiet day, there is at once a rush towards the spot, for every "poilu" is ready to risk his life for a chance of picking up a German fuse which may be turned into a ring or an inkpot. I did not find the Tommies so keen on jewellery but assuredly they did not take more notice of all the nasty things that flew about in the neighbourhood of the firing line. If there was a pond behind the trenches, it was difficult to prevent some of them from going there to have a wash. Some would get hurt while walking on an exposed road, with their pipes in their mouths, when they would have been quite safe in taking the communication trench. Some of the British officers ascribed this utter carelessness to want of imagination. Their contention is that Atkins never bothers to realize that something might happen until it has actually happened. I feel for my part that, whatever the differences may be between the two races, there is in this respect a great analogy between the French and the British private. Just as they possess the same cheerfulness, they seem to hold the same philosophical views on life: they know equally well that, belonging to a free nation, they must fight for it willingly, and that the best they can do is to go through the whole ordeal with a sturdy equanimity. There may be as much resignation on the other side among our friends the Huns, but there is certainly nothing of that humorous philosophy which allows the men in khaki or in light-blue to keep up their spirits in the midst of the worst hardships without ceasing to behave like free citizens.

I cannot help thinking, therefore, that, after all, the only great difference between the two allied



The Last Rose of Summer.

—Alford in Baltimore Star.

armies is that the British speak English while we speak French. Unbiased critics will own that I have not wasted my time if it took me a year's stay with the British Army to discover that undeniable fact. The truth is, it is impossible to have watched the two armies in the field without coming to the conclusion that a common civilization, as well as a

common cause, has created links between us that are stronger than any barrier a difference in tongue can raise between two people. Although I have nothing but kind feelings for the French-Canadians, I do not hesitate to say that I feel I have more in common with an English-speaking Tommy than with a Canadian who uses French as his vernacular: for the French-Canadian of to-day is still in many respects a man of the seventeenth century, while the Tommy belongs to my own democratic and free-thinking time. After having been separated a long time, for artificial political reasons as well as by petty differences in taste, our two nations have now met at the crossways of a great War, to find that they have reached the same level of national life and that they have the same habit of grumbling at their leaders and facing death with a smile. Perhaps this War will not only deliver us from the Germans, but also from all the silly prejudices which used to make an Englishman think that a Frenchman is found to be an extraordinary creature, and vice versa. For we are both at bottom "made of the same wood," as people say in France; we are equally human, we have the same defects, and the same trick of kicking when a bully comes across our path.

## WAR HATREDS IN ART

*Much More Violent in America than in Europe, Says Kreisler*

**K**REISLER, the great Austrian violinist, who is now touring the United States, says there is more bitterness in non-belligerent America against things Austrian and German than there is at the front. On the field does the nurse or the surgeon stop to ask, "What is the nationality of this wounded man?" Not at all, but doesn't America stop to ask that?

In an interview published in the New York Times Magazine, Kreisler states:

"As an Austrian and a soldier, I owe every drop of my blood, every dollar that I can earn, to my country; but as an artist I am above all politics and owe my best to the world. If the time ever comes that I am unwilling to play the beautiful music of France, or Russia, or any other country, I hope to forget our own Austrian Hymn.

"I would be ashamed of Austria if she resented my playing the music of the world. But Austria never will. In Austria and Germany to-day they are giving the plays of Shakespeare, they are playing the music of Russia and France. In Vienna it is still no crime to use the French language. The band of the Prussian Guard has kept the march from 'Carmen' throughout the war."

"But in this country, in free America," interrupted Mrs. Kreisler, "my husband has been criticized for playing the Austrian Hymn. He was told that it might be mistaken for propaganda. And how, will you tell me, can you more easily, more quickly put an American audience into a tumult of applause than by playing the 'Marsellaise'?"

"I predict," said Kreisler, "that one week after the war ends the artists of France, of Russia, of all the now hostile countries, will be welcomed in Vienna."

"Not in a week, make it a year," suggested Mrs. Kreisler.

"Well, a year then," he said, accepting the amendment. "They will not only be welcomed, they will be received with enthusiasm."

"And in Petrograd, too," added a Russian singer, who was present at the interview.

"When will a German artist be welcomed in Paris?"

"Ah, that's another story! Not in twenty-five years!" exclaimed Kreisler. "I can remember a concert that I attended in Paris, in 1887, when I was a boy. It was learned by the audience that one of the musicians, who had been announced as a Bohemian, was really a German, and he was hooted from the stage. That was seventeen years after the last war between Germany and France. The bitterness of those years was nothing, I am afraid, to what is to come now. And that is the thing we should all work to eliminate."

## CONSTANTINE'S GRIP

*Why there are still Royalists in unhappy Greece to-day*

**T**HE standpoint of the Venizelists is so familiar through the friendly interpretation of the Allied press, that it may be more interesting, observes H. N. Brailsford, in the Contemporary Review, to enquire why some of Greece is royalist,

than to ask why much of it is Venizelist. The difficult fact which must be grasped is that King Constantine is in reality a national leader who competes with M. Venizelos for the devotion of his people. It is a mercurial people, and it raised him very suddenly to this eminence. My own recollections of him go back to the unlucky Thessalian campaign of 1897, when, without skill or magnetism, he presided over



The German Gott: "I say, Santa, can't you go halves with me? We haven't very much up here."

Santa Claus: "Certainly! Don't worry. You'll get yours!"

—Fontan in La Baïonnette, Paris.

the panics and retreats of an unready and outnumbered army. His army judged him severely, and more than once I heard his men boast that they were keeping their last cartridge for him. When the officers made their coup d'état on the eve of the Venizelist regime, it was significant that one of their principal demands was his deposition from the chief command. His friends would defend him in those days on the ground that he was a conscientious and hard-working man, but I never heard the suggestion that he had the makings of an obstinate and dominating leader. That phase began, when he ascended



"If we can't see Santa Claus we might see a Zeppelin."

—Poulbot in Le Rêve, Paris.

the throne mid-way in the first Balkan war. Success transformed him, and royal power infused a certain fever into his somewhat dull and wooden temperament. The Greek army had the easiest task of all the forces of the Balkan League, and it performed it, not, indeed, without some serious mishaps, with encouraging success. The nation in arms lived in those months of easy conquests through an intoxicating dream of glory. It had wiped out the long record of military futility which had been its lot

throughout the existence of the Greek kingdom. It realized during its mobilization a sense of unity and patriotic force which it had rarely known in peace. It began to believe in itself as it had never done before. The excessive national vanity of the average Greek was up to this point a pathetic effort to cover the unimpressive reality with clever talk, glowing dreams, and the memory of the antique past. With all its apparent assurance it was, in fact, apologetic. With the victories of the first Balkan War, the nation was suddenly startled into a conviction that it had really been telling the truth about itself, when it described itself as the child of Marathon and Salamis. It believed in its military capacity, and it spent the months of spring and summer which preceded the second Balkan War in passionate and hopeful expectation. The Press fostered a mood of fanatical confidence and hatred. The central figure in this fierce emotional crisis was not M. Venizelos, but the King. The civilian was no fire-eater. The scandal of that fratricidal war among the Allies does not lie at his door, nor at that of any of their civilian chiefs. It was not the work of the Greek Venizelos, the Serb Pashitch, or the Bulgarian Gueshoff, who would with ease have come to an understanding, and, in fact, very nearly reached it. It was the work, in about equal degrees, of the military parties in the three States, led by the Serbian Crown Prince, the Greek King, and the Bulgarian King. The Greek masses and the Greek army knew, or guessed, that before this war, and even at the Conference of Bucharest that followed it, Venizelos was the moderating influence, while the King incarnated the furious temper of the armed mob. What that temper was I realized faintly during a visit to Salonica while the army was being disbanded. In the streets and on the quays itinerant print-sellers were displaying as a souvenir of the war some ghastly coloured sheets, which purported to illustrate the prowess of Greeks against Bulgars. In one of them the central figure was a Greek Evzone (Highlander) holding a Bulgarian soldier with both hands, while with his teeth he gnawed the face of the living man. The others were scarcely less revolting in their savagery; they were all eagerly bought by the soldiers as they returned to their homes. To this spirit the King deliberately pandered. He ordered "reprisals" for Bulgarian atrocities, but a comparison of dates shows that the Greek "reprisals" began in fact some days before the Bulgarian provocations. There was little to choose among the former allies in point of inhumanity, but certainly there was no devastation so wholesale or so savage as that which the Greek army carried out as it advanced through the Bulgarian villages of the Struma valley. The King gave an angry and victorious nation "its head," and his reward was that he lived in its affections as the incarnation of its fierce hour of success. With its belief in its own prowess, the army acquired the conviction that the King had shown in these two wars military genius of a high order. He had, in fact, actually directed the campaign, and unlike King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who can never vanquish his physical timidity, he had shared to the full the risks and hardships of the campaign. For genius in this war there was no need. The Greeks were five or six to one against the Bulgars, who lacked ammunition, and (probably from over-confidence) did not trouble even to entrench themselves. The man's whole personality, with its affectation of the rough soldier and its simple monosyllabic speech, assisted the legend of the warrior-king. The Greek imagination saw in this man the predestined restorer of its ancient glories. Its fancy went back to Byzantium, and clothed its leader in the purple. It dreamed of the reconquest of Constantinople in some future war, and I saw in Salonica the faded inscription of a triumphal illumination which hailed him as "Constantine XII." Another title was found for him in the bloody records of the Byzantine Emperors, and in moments of peculiar pride he was described as the "Bulgar-slayer." The rivalry between the King and M. Venizelos was even at this period latent, and it is doubtful which of them had the larger following.

## H. M. L. S. "HOTSTUFF"

*First Real Description of a British "Tank" in Action*

**M**R. BOYD CABLE contributes a very clever "Tank" story to "The Times," from which the following excerpt is taken:

His Majesty's Land Ship "Hotstuff" was busy bunkering and refilling ammunition in a nicely secluded spot under the lee of a cluster of jagged stumps that had once been trees; while her Skipper walked round her and made a careful examination

## HE KNOWS HIS PEOPLE

(Continued from page 7.)

of her skin. Finding neither crack, dent, nor damage to anything deeper than the paintwork, "All complete" was reported to him, and he and his crew proceeded to dine off bully beef, biscuits, and uncooked prunes. The meal was interrupted by a motorcyclist, who had to leave his cycle on the roadside and plough on foot through the sticky mud to the Hotstuff's anchorage, with a written message. The Skipper read the message, initialled the envelope as a receipt, and meditatively chewing on a dry



CHRISTMAS IN THE RUINS.

"What did I tell you! I SAID he'd find our chimney!"

—F. Fabiano in La Baionnette, Paris.

prune, carefully consulted a squared map criss-crossed and wriggled over by a maze of heavy black lines that marked the German trenches, and pricked off a course to where a closer-packed maze of lines was named as a Redoubt.

The Hotstuff snorted once or twice, shook herself, and rumbled internally; her wheel-bands made a slow revolution or two, churning out a barrowload or so of soft mud, and bit through the loose upper soil into the firmer ground; she jerk-jerked convulsively two or three times, crawled out of the deep wheel-ruts she had dug, turned, nosing a cautious way between the bigger shell craters, and then ploughed off on a straight course towards the road across the sticky mud—mud which the dispatch-rider had utterly failed to negotiate, and which, being impassable to him, he had, out of the knowledge born of long experience, concluded impassable to anything, light or heavy, that ran on wheels. A wide ditch ran between the field and the road, but the Hotstuff steered straight for it and crawled tranquilly across. The dispatch-rider watched the progress across the mud with great interest, whistled softly as he saw the Tank reach the ditch and reach out for the far bank, with her fore-end and nearly half her length hanging clear out over the water, gasped as the bows dipped and fell downward, her fore-feet clutching at and resting on the further bank, her bows and under-body—the descriptive terms are rather mixed, but then, so is the name and make-up of a Land Ship—hitting the water with a mighty splash. And then, in spite of himself, he broke from wide grins into open laughter as the Hotstuff got a grip of the far bank, pushed with her hind and pulled with her fore legs and dragged herself across. If ever you have seen a fat caterpillar perched on a cabbage leaf's edge, straining and reaching out with its front feet to reach another leaf, touching it, catching hold, and letting go astern, to pull over the gap, you have a very fair idea of what the Hotstuff looked like crossing that ditch.

She wheeled on to the road, and as the dispatch-rider, with mingled awe, amazement, and admiration, watched her lumbering off down it he saw an oil-blackened hand poked out through a gun port and wagged triumphantly back at him. "Damme," he said, "I believe she can swim, or stand on her head, or eat peas off a knife. She looks human—intelligent enough to do anything."

Sir Lomer Gouin has the brains, the energy and the desire to work. He has also the knowledge of human nature in business such as you may find in the book of Daniel Drew. In a transaction he becomes the main force because he is so well able to forget himself and to see for the time being the interest of the other man. Or it may be a group of men. Gouin studies them all. No man deals with him whom he does not read. And his readings are always a marvelous mixture of perspicacity and kindness. Dealing with him you feel that it is not so much your interest or his—but ours that counts. He is a sympathetic merger—of interest before interests. He sees the snags and the shell holes before we come to them. Hence we keep out. We succeed better, both of us, all of us, if we avoid the contentious. There is so much on which we may agree in business. It is such a waste of good, useful energy to be fighting.

So we suspect that the political part of Gouin grows somehow out of his common human qualities which make him successful in business. Politics after all is only public business based upon elections. If Gouin has succeeded and kept on succeeding in politics rather better than any other Premier at present holding office in Canada, it is because he is at heart a first-class man of affairs.

First of all a French-Canadian. He knew the people, was born and schooled among them. Second, a Liberal. With Sir Wilfrid Laurier as his great chief that was easy enough. Third, a man of business who had to improve his provincial domain by Anglo-Saxon or French or any other modern methods. Fourth—a French-Canadian again. It seemed to some of his more ardent compatriots that he might forget this—or fail to work it to the full. It had once been Laurier's opportunity to link up with the Nationalists. That alliance was over in Federal politics, or seemed to be. Perhaps Lomer Gouin in Quebec would be glad of the opportunity. Nationalism was becoming a somewhat popular pastime of a number and the earnest passion of a few, among whom were Henri Bourassa and Armand Lavergne. Gouin was made a Christmas present of Mr. Bourassa, who yearned to supply the note of racial passion which perhaps Mr. Gouin seemed to lack. There arose a Nationalist junta in the Quebec Legislature. In a high key, led by Mr. Bourassa, this nursery of race ideals began to lead the practical Premier a merry patriotizing dance. But Gouin was not to be seduced from practical and political business by a racial outcry. Whenever the Nationalists became too bothersome, he turned them over to his lieutenant, Taschereau, and went on with his practical programme of good roads, bridges and education. Life was no passionate dream to Gouin. It was a practical problem. He knew how to kill an uncomfortable movement just by neglecting it. One of those days the Nationalist party—with all its strange medley of rights and wrongs—would find the Quebec Legislature uncongenial. The followers of Gouin would be too busy with other affairs to pay heed to a mere propaganda. And it turned out so with the resignation of Mr. Bourassa and the non-acceptance of a nomination by Mr. Lavergne.

The somewhat cynical atmosphere of the Legislature was no place for those dreams. National unity in Quebec is unfeasible so long as Liberalism under Gouin refuses to coalesce with Nationalism under Bourassa. They have much in common. But the tail must never wag the dog. Sir Lomer is not the tail. He is much too wise a political administrator to miss being the head and to be recognized as such, not only in Quebec, but in the larger field of the nation. Gouin thinks nationally. He is a master of adjustment and compromise, which has always been the basis of harmony between the two root races, and is becoming now more than ever necessary in nationalizing all provincial problems.

See how successfully Gouin holds by an almost unanimous constituency vote the Eastern Townships, which are a part of Ontario's racial geology thrust up in Quebec. The English-speaking know Gouin about as intimately as the habitant does. To them he is a plain, progressive man. Among them he knows the value of adjustment. There is no educational impasse in the Townships. There was more of an educational tangle elsewhere in the Province when Langlois, with his paper, *Le Pays*, was bucking against the church schools and trying to get the Premier to establish compulsory free education by the State. But Gouin genially made a sidetrack for Langlois, even though he knew that much of the editor's propaganda was right. For the present—not

practically convenient. That settles a lot of things in Gouin's programme. And he is a wise estimator of what is politic and convenient and good for the greatest number at any given stage of development.

Modern as a talking-machine in his business administration, he is the master of give and take in historical development. To him the progress and status of Quebec is not merely a thing that begins at Montreal and ends at Gaspé. It is a factor in the whole national development. There is the West and the East, and the middle—all to consider. There is Ottawa.

And according to the Nationalists there is too much Ottawa about Sir Lomer. Well, we shall take men as they are. Gouin might be a bigger man in Ottawa than in Quebec. There used to be talk of translating Ross and Whitney to the Federal arena. Mowat was so taken. Why not Gouin?

But of course that is politics, which at present are not so necessary in this country as national unity.

Leaving out politics, there is Lomer Gouin the astute master of his Province. He understands the French-Canadian in the rural parts because he is a French-Canadian. He carries the support of the towns and cities because he is a progressive man of business. He is easily the most influential public figure in Quebec, taking things as they are. If Quebec has any big work to do—no man is so capable there to organize it as Sir Lomer.

According to the state of the world at present, Quebec seems to have a very large contract yet unfulfilled. Sir Robert Borden is in the West on the business of national service. He was in Quebec on that business a few days ago, when Sir Lomer Gouin appeared on his platform to endorse the movement.

Sir Lomer Gouin—the sort of broad-sympathied, nationalizing practical politician we have tried to sketch in this article—can do more to push that national duty programme in Quebec than any other man. His chief, Laurier, approves of it; has spoken in support of it. If both Sir Lomer and Sir Wilfrid will drop politics out of the problem, and if with Sir Wilfrid's sanction and the co-operation of Sir Robert Borden the Premier of Quebec will go at this great immediate work among the people who make a habit of returning him as Premier—

**B**UT that is begging the question. We are no longer in the Premier's office, but outside with the oratorical statuette; seeing it in imagination, life size, up and down the land among the French-Canadian compatriots of Sir Lomer Gouin, urging them to forego their idle, unstimulated dreams of Quebec only and to show themselves Canadians first.



"Such a long war, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it will be over by the time you get that bonnet fitted."

—Louis Icart in La Baionnette, Paris.

# LAWYERS AND INVESTORS

And Other Financial Matters Popularly Discussed

By INVESTICUS

"As a general rule," a wise old Canadian millionaire once said, "never ask a lawyer for advice about investments. AND never make an investment without a lawyer's advice." The real meaning of this seeming paradox is that lawyers as a class seldom know what is a good or what is a bad investment. But they DO understand the gentle art of drawing up papers in such a way that there can be no concealed niggers in the wood-pile—at least, none but FRIENDLY niggers toward your interests! Also they know one or two things about company law and rules of procedure at board meetings, etc., which are sometimes handy. But when you are thinking of buying a security—whether it is a mortgage or a government bond, don't ask your lawyer. Decide on the thing you want to buy. Then call him in to see that the papers are properly drawn.

A great many people have the notion, because a lawyer is constantly engaged in dealing with matters of law, that he must have all the shrewdness of a police detective in discovering whether a deal is an honest one or not. That is far from being the case. Not very long ago a clever old man conceived the idea of building an electric railway in the western part of Ontario. He planned to raise money by obtaining bonuses from the various municipalities through which his railway was to pass. Had he been an honest man there is no doubt the railway might have been built and operated successfully, both from the viewpoint of the towns it served and the earning of dividends for itself. But the crafty promoter kept most of the money for himself and then made out that it had been used in building the road. When examined before a committee of the legislative assembly he referred frequently to the lawyer who had died in the meantime but who had handled the incorporation of the company and had advised the promoter from time to time. As the crookedness of the whole deal became clearer surprise was expressed that so prominent a lawyer could have been mixed up in such a slimy deal. Yet the truth of the matter was that this lawyer had suspected nothing of his own client's dishonest intentions. The deal on the surface was an honest one and this man who was noted for his shrewd knowledge of the law and for his peculiarly high sense of duty and honour—had been fooled by a second-rate sharper. He had even lost some of his own money to this crooked client.

But there is, on the other hand, a class of lawyer of whom more should be known, in this connection. This sort of man is probably never seen in a court room. He is almost unknown among the names of the "big" lawyers in the district. He probably has a few shabby old rooms—called by courtesy "offices"—on the second or third floor of a seedy old building on some back-street down-town. This is the Canadian representative of the old British "family lawyer" type. His chief business is the drawing up of agreements, transferring deeds, examining titles and so so. He may not even keep a student to do the petty office work, but does that himself. He is probably a bit of a judge of real estate and a shrewd judge of human nature. The kind of investment he knows most about is the mortgage.

It is all very well for a man to hold mortgages, but it is usually a difficult sort of security for women to handle unless they are particularly experienced and able women. For women who have the fortune or misfortune to inherit mortgages a lawyer of the type I have just described is absolutely necessary. As a rule, women are attracted to the law firms of which they read in the paper. But as a matter of sound sense these are not nearly as satisfactory as the stuffy, crotchety old fellows who have less expensive offices to keep up, no important cases to claim first attention, and no objection to working long and hard in the interests of the client. These men are of the watch-dog type and in time become attached to the families they serve. They aren't really human—that should go without saying. But then it is often a handy thing to have someone who isn't human handling your money. Mortgages especially are likely to embarrass people with the human element too marked.

## TRAINING ONE'S HEIRS.

To suggest that any one who has money or property worth leaving, should train his or her heirs before they become heirs—seems a callous proposition, and yet it has its very practical and very sensible side. Of course I do not mean that a wise man should openly advertise to his nieces and nephews the fact that he is going to leave them money. In the first place it would sound like boasting and would be taken as an evidence of bad taste. In the second place, it might raise expectations that would have to be disappointed later on. In the third place, young people are hard to train in money matters. They are apt to put on an air of obedient attention while you are talking, and then, when you have gone, to say, "Pooh. When the money is mine—it will be mine. That's all."

But where a man's or a woman's heirs are to be his or her own children, or elderly sisters, or a wife—then the matter is very different. With such people a certain amount of serious attention may perhaps be given to whatever hints about business you give them. Of course it is not necessary to say that you are leaving them anything. It is not always pleasant to discuss distant eventualities too minutely. But if, for example, you hold notes from such and such a man, or if you have certain shares of stock, or certain mortgages, then it is a good rule to discuss this class of security with the people who may have to handle them after you are through with them. The basis for this statement lies in the fact that estates are so often mismanaged after a man's death just because the heirs did not understand the policy which had guided their benefactor in the building up of whatever wealth he had. If you own mortgages, tell your wife something about the law as it affects mortgages, tell her about the kind of people from whom you hold these securities. Tell her how you deal with them in order to get the best results. Your lawyer MAY advise your executors so wisely as to make this preliminary training for your heirs unnecessary. But the training would not come amiss in any case.

Fifty branch plants of American concerns have been established in Canada since the war began, according to the Monetary Times. That brings the total number of such plants in this country up to the somewhat surprising total of five hundred, representing a total investment of something like one hundred and fifty million dollars. We may depend on it that these figures will grow when the war ends.

## It is Absolutely Unthinkable

(Continued from page 10.)

only by battle. This is perfectly understood in Germany, since we find the Vossische Zeitung telling us that if the French Government should weaken upon such a point as this the people would at once restore the throne and place a Bourbon upon it.

But if we may suppose that Germany is willing to talk peace, and she has said so repeatedly, we can certainly find no indication of a similar disposition on the part of the Allies. Quite the contrary. All the indications are the other way. Russia, through her Duma, has just registered the will of her people to continue the war and has deposed the premier who was suspected of weakening. Japan has newly uttered her defiance of the Central Powers and has asserted that even her children are being drafted into the munition factories for the supply of Russia. Great Britain has ousted a ministry suspected, not of pacifism, but of military inefficiency, and is apparently willing to tolerate a practical dictatorship. Of course there are individuals and even organizations everywhere who moan for peace, but to speak of the Allies, or any one of them, as "sick of the war," or as "ready for peace," is just one

of those assertions that are easily and readily made, but that have no shadow of evidence to support them. Both Great Britain and France are democracies. Their governments are wholly, and almost instantly, at the mercy of public opinion. To suppose that the general will is, or can be, thwarted by the government is to show one's self unaware of the forms of government in those countries. If their governments are rigid, then so are the people. All other theories are born of the wish, not of the fact.

From the military point of view it is not easy to see why the Allies should wish for peace. It is true that the smallest and newest of them has been well nigh crushed by the consummate generalship of its enemies, and by its own mistakes and incapacities. It is also true that the Somme offensive has not succeeded in its main objective. It has succeeded only partially. None the less that offensive has been a nearly unbroken series of small gains. The French on the Verdun front have been able to regain in the course of one week all the points of advantage won by the Germans in a colossal battle of eight months' duration. (Concluded on page 25.)

## A CHRISTMAS GIFT

which will be very acceptable to any member of your family, young or old, and may at the same time be the foundation stone of those habits of prudence and thrift upon which the great successes of life are built, is a Deposit Pass Book. An account may be opened with any sum from one dollar upwards. If desired, we shall have pleasure in mailing the Pass Book to be delivered Christmas morning, or at any date you may prefer. Let it be a Christmas gift

## WORTHWHILE

Paid-up Capital .....\$ 6,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund ..... 4,750,000.00  
Investments ..... 33,546,242.74

## CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.  
ESTABLISHED 1855.

## FORD OWNERS

\$6.00 a year protects your new Ford Touring Car from loss by fire to the extent of \$500, including loss from explosion and self-ignition.

Covers fire loss while car is in any building—or on the road—lower rates and more liberal terms than any other policy you can procure.

Write for rates on Ford Cars up to three years old.

Similar rates and conditions are granted to owners of Chevrolet cars.



## LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

F. D. WILLIAMS, MANAGING DIRECTOR  
HEAD OFFICE - 33 SCOTT ST. TORONTO.

## Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of  
Toronto Stock Exchange

## Brokers and Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST  
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

## British America Assurance Company

(Fire, Marine and Hall.)  
Incorporated A.D. 1833.

Assets over \$2,500,000.00  
Losses paid since organization over \$40,000,000.00

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

# BROWSING AMONG THE BOOKS

**C**LOUD AND SILVER, by E. V. Lucas. S. B. Gundy, Toronto. Cloth, 232 pages, 75 cents. The "gentle Lucas"—he of the "Wanderer" series, the subtle essayist and maker of delightful anthologies, has given forth another volume, devoted in part to a description of life in the villages of the Marne and a series of fantasies which he says are designed to increase the homesickness of Englishmen away from England. There is no doubt that this will be their effect, to which may be added that they will vastly increase the joys of those whose consciences or disabilities permit them to be at home in these troublous times. Many of these little sketches have appeared in *Punch* and *Life*—of the sort one reads there and wishes for in a more permanent form. They are by Lucas, the same Lucas that led us captive in his wanderings through old London, Paris and Holland; therefore what more need be said. Lucas presents British humour in its most literary form; he is gay but not essentially gay; gaily serious may best describe him, having an eye to the serious purpose of humour—to keep life sweet and sane.

**T**HE Book Of Sorrow, by Dr. Andrew Macphail. Oxford University Press, London. Cloth, 500 pages. Price \$2.00. Under thirty-five headings, ranging from Serenity to Consolation, Dr. Andrew Macphail has gathered together, as he says, all that may be said upon the theme of sorrow. Like all anthologies it expresses personal preferences only and the critical reader may miss or fancy he misses this and that. But this admirable collection will go a long way to satisfying the desire for such memorials until *The Book of Sorrow* shall truly be complete. It would be idle to specify this or that author as present; the classics are there, and what will add to the popularity of this book is the fact that the compiler did not stop with the "standards" but has included the moderns, like Owen Seaman and Kipling. Our own Lampman justly has a place, along with Marjorie Pickthall. The compiler, Dr. Macphail, contributes some excellent sonnets and also includes the beautiful lines of Mary E. Fletcher ("In love with easeful Death?") in a recent *University Magazine*. Again the modern and timely touch is noticed in the inclusion of Ina Kitson Clark's "The Winds," which voices the soul of a mother who in 1915 gave a midshipman son to the waters. If one regret may be permitted it would be in missing Andrew Lang's "Ballad on the choice of sepulchre." An India paper edition brings this edition de luxe of memories in line with the other "Oxford Books of Verse."

**F**HOPKINSON SMITH has written several fine novels of American life, but it is doubtful if the world owes him anything for "Enoch Crane": (George J. McLeod, Ltd.) This book was planned by F. Hopkinson Smith before his death. Its execution, after the first few chapters, was left to his son, F. Berkeley Smith. That execution is good, but it lacks the quality that the father would have put in. The story is not up to the usual standard of F. Hopkinson Smith.

One interesting point occurs to us in connection with the book, however. It is this. Here was a book planned right down to the last detail by an expert. Every chapter was laid out with peculiar particularity, so that one would think almost any skilled writer could have finished the book without showing any appreciable departure from the usual Hopkinson Smith style of book. And yet the book IS different. Though the son has faithfully rendered all the prearranged anecd-

otes and episodes—it is not Hopkinson Smith's book. Strange how the mere flow of words betrays the character of a man.

"Trenching at Gallipoli," by John Gallishaw, has a special interest for Canadian readers. In the first place it is a story of the Dardanelles campaign—a field from which we have not very much as yet. In the second place it is written by a colonial—a Newfoundlander who was a student at Harvard when the war broke out. The story is just such a narrative as any well educated Canadian boy with a seeing eye might have written in the same circumstances. It is genuine and highly interesting.

One episode in the book is especially worth note. It deals with the story of "The Donkey Man," an Australian who lifted the wounded out of the awful dust and dirt of the trenches and either carried them himself or placed them on his two donkeys which he had commandeered out of some booty taken from the Turks. How this man was afterwards killed in the performance of this humane duty makes a tremendously touching story.

**G**ILBERT CANNAN made a name for himself writing plays. Now he is turning out novels, and at least one of the two that have come to hand recently is excellent. *Three Pretty Men*: (S. B. Gundy), is a study of Old Country life which we have not yet had time to give the "twice over" which it deserves, and until then remains, so far as this review is concerned, in the dark. But the other volume, *Mendel*: (S. B. Gundy), needs no second reading to prove its merits. It is a capital piece of work and for all those who read novels as studies of character and conditions—rather than as mere written-down movies—the book ought to prove a real pleasure.

What makes it the more piquant is the fact that it is a study of a Jew in London. The book opens with a description of the arrival of a mother and her brood of children, from Austria, in London. The father is already in that great metropolis trying to earn a living. After waiting in the station all day, the family is at last relieved by the sight of the father who has only been released from the workshop to come to the depot. Any Canadian who has seen our immigrants with their babies and their bundles in the union station in Toronto, or at the big depot in Winnipeg—or Yorkton, or anywhere else in the northwest for that matter—would recognize at once the pathos of this opening picture by Gilbert Cannan. The Jewish father is an extraordinarily well-done type. The mother is a rare etching. The hero of the book—the one for whom the book is named—becomes an artist and has a rather spiritual love affair with an English girl. Their affairs are charmingly dealt with. The book tells not a little about the life of the average artist in London, but that is of only incidental interest. The real merit of the work lies in its character-drawing. Gilbert Cannan appears to be striving to reach the very highest of literary standards. He is no panderer to the mere sentimental susceptibilities of his public. He reflects life—and does it, one would think, accurately.

**N**O book on the war can claim to have the same peculiar charm of "The Letters of a Sunny Subaltern":

(McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart), or as they are called in the sub-title: *Billy's Letters from Flanders*. We are told that they are the real letters of a real young Canadian lieutenant from the West, addressed to a real mother. We can readily believe this after reading the book, and what is more, we can readily believe—whether we are asked to believe it or not—that Billy is a mighty good head and that his mother is one of those rare and splendid types that—only one's own mother can be. Mind you, it is not through Billy's own sayings, or by any hint of his that one gathers what a good sort he is. But as you read letter after letter—crisp, boyish, manly, honest—immense little points about his choice of words and so on, betray the man himself. One wishes, when one has laid the book down, that one could know Billy and Billy's mother.

Heaven save us from squashy, filial sentiment, the kind that an apron-string lad might write. That isn't Billy's sort at all. Nothing could be more vigorous and breezy and nothing could be more gentle and sympathetic in spots. A great many war books have come over the desk in the last few weeks. Some of them, as informative documents, are very valuable compared to this book of Billy's. Others give very interesting and readable statements of fact and so on. But Billy's book is a thing of the spirit. It is its mood that will "fetch" you and the unconscious portrayal of the two people, Billy and his Mother. It is not literature, but it is better than literature, it is a human document.

**F**URTHER FOOLISHNESS, by Stephen Leacock (S. B. Gundy) is well named. Leacock is always furthering the cause of folly. And it would be a foolish reader who should fail to know this screed of nonsensical essays on matters in general—mostly war. The way Leacock describes Germany is the next thing to a scream. His analytical sketch of the Turk is just as foolish and quite as good. We are never disappointed in the matter of a quiet smile when reading this kind of folly. The only tragedy is when Leacock sets out to be serious. *Further Foolishness* is just what it professes to be. And it's Leacock, just as much as *Sunshine Sketches* or *Nonsense Novels*.

**O**NCE upon a time the Minister of Education for Ontario wrote a book of verses, which, under any other name but George W. Ross, would have been much more striped than it was. Another educationist, and almost life-long contemporary of Sir George Ross, has committed a book of verses. *Songs of Gladness and Growth*, by James L. Hughes, is a cheery collection of scattered poems that for some years have been scampering about the library of the brother of Sir Sam Hughes. Their advent in book form from the press of Wm. Briggs is a happy event. Not one of these poems will do a living soul a bit of harm. Some of them—many of them—will do considerable good. They are all brief, and all bright. They are the work of a man who never needed poetry to keep him young. And they will probably be read by a large number of school teachers who always thought when they heard James L. Hughes lecture that he had something in him he had never really expressed.

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



Mailed FREE to any address by the author

BOOK ON  
**DOG DISEASES**  
AND HOW TO FEED  
H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.  
118 W. 31st St., N.Y., U.S.A.

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.

"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

**ERNEST SEITZ**

Studio: Toronto Conservatory of  
Pianist and Teacher.  
Music.

**ALBERT DOWNING**

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

**ATHERTON FURLONG**

A Brilliant Season  
Now Opening.  
159 College St. Telephone College 1192

**W. O. FORSYTH**

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

**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—

**ASSIMILATIVE  
MEMORY;**

OR HOW TO ATTEND  
AND NEVER FORGET

By Prof. A. Loiset

The complete 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 p.p.  
Price \$3.00 post-paid.

"I have no hesitation in com-  
mending Professor Loiset's  
system to all who are in earn-  
est in wishing to train their  
memories effectively."—Richard  
A. Proctor, the Eminent As-  
tronomer.

**UNIVERSITY BOOK  
COMPANY**

8 University Avenue, Toronto.

**MUSIC AND PLAYS**

OF all magazines or periodicals devoted to plays and player folk, The Theatre is the most completely satisfying. The monthly contents of this remarkable paper are a credit to the printer's art, the publisher's wisdom and the United States—especially the city of New York—as a producing centre for plays and players.

The December issue of The Theatre recently to hand, contains a splendid miscellanea of good things, illustrated as only The Theatre knows how to illustrate. We reproduce one of these stage pictures on this page—a scene from the Music Master now under revival at the Knickerbocker, with that perennial favourite David Warfield in his usual star part. There is but one Music Master and one Warfield for the role. The revival of this sentimental melodrama is almost as notable as a new great play. The writer first heard this play ten years ago. It was then a revival, after a road run, in the old Academy of Music.

A full page figure of Sara Bernhardt is a remarkable feature, appearing as Phedre now on the boards in New York, according to Ada Patterson, the Super-woman. Ada Patterson says of her:

"Bernhardt is a queen, with her court ever attending her. She is never alone with doubts and fears, never permitted to commune with the years behind her.

"You are young and lovely. You will always be so," says the cordon created by her charm, and the cordon believes it. She believes it. She has often said, "I never think of the years, they are nothing to me."

WE learn also on another page that the Metropolitan season is in full swing after a most brilliant opening. A recent letter from a subscriber to this paper describes the opening opera, Les Pecheurs de Pertes of Bizet. This is an old work but one never heard in this country before. Last season the Hollinshead brothers sang a duet from this opera on tour in Canada.

Mr. Gatti Casazza, it seems, predicts that if the war keeps up much longer, New York will begin to "lack and suffer hunger" for artists. Poor New York! War is making awful ravages in that stricken city. A while ago it seemed as if all the producers in Europe were dumping artists in New York, both musical and dramatic. We hope the poor 400 will not suffer too sadly. They still have Caruso et al, and an opposite page is full of photographs of big stars such as Scotti, Farrar, Carl Braun, Amato, Martinelli.

includes Canada.

Mr. Hornblow goes to the play again and in his own incomparable brevities tells us what he saw at the New York theatres since last he wrote; who are the actors and how they acted.

\* \* \*

AT the Criterion in October was John Drew in "Major Pendenis." The stage version of this is not entirely satisfying, so Mr. Hornblow says. But while not a good play, it has moments of picturesque movement, and presents John Drew in a part which he renders in a sound, virile and affectionate manner.

"Good Gracious Annabelle," is at the Republic. This may be described as a futurist farce; meaning that it shows innovations of which Mr. Hornblow decidedly disapproves.

Other plays are "Getting Married," by G. B. Shaw, in which the author points out that although matrimony is a wretchedly imperfect institution in which to live, somehow the rickety old affair often works; "The Basker," with Cyril Maude, and "Come out of the Kitchen," with Ruth Chatterton.

"Show Girls Yesterday and To-day" is an article with some charming contrasts in its illustrations, and is written by Ned Wayburn.

Winchell Smith explains "How I Write Popular Plays," in a very readable page and a half; and Yvette Guilbert tells us what kind of woman the actress of to-morrow will be.

Other features include discussions on the Variety Stage, of the connection between brotherhood and Art; and on Footlight Fashions.

"WHY I am a First-Nighter," is the subject of an article by James Buchanan Brady, opposite a page of scenes from "Shirley Page," a play to be presented shortly for the first time in New York. Annette Kellerman, with an appropriate piscatorial illustration, describes the perils which she undergoes in the movies; right opposite a very pensive, but beautiful picture of Grace George. John Mason, with five illustrations, gives his personal reminiscences covering two pages. Our old friend Margaret Anglin, (Canadian), looks out with sweet and trenchant serenity from a beautiful full-page picture, next to which she tells us that Santa Claus ought to put in our stocking this year "A repertoire theatre for all our larger cities." Of course she refers to United States cities—and perhaps

**BUHLER A FINE ARTIST**

LYSEE BUHLER, Georges Vigneti and Boris Hambourg collaborated on a very interesting programme last Thursday, second and last of the Hambourg Concert Society series for this season. Mr. Buhler was the new note; a Swiss pianist from the United States. He looks a good deal like Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the A. F. L. But it's all in the looks. Mr. Buhler is no federation of labour at the piano. He plays with remarkable ease. In his poetic fluency he somewhat suggests de Pachmann. He never belabours the piano, though

there were times in his programme when he felt like it. He is a genial personality at the keyboard who comes easily under the spell of good music and so is able to transmit the spell to the audience. His most notable solo number was the Chopin Fantasia in F. Minor; a powerful work of great eloquence, grace and colour. It has been heard here often before. Mr. Buhler gave it easily a fresh turn by his evident quiet sympathy with its varying moods which he wove together by exquisite skill in phrase.

(Continued on page 27.)

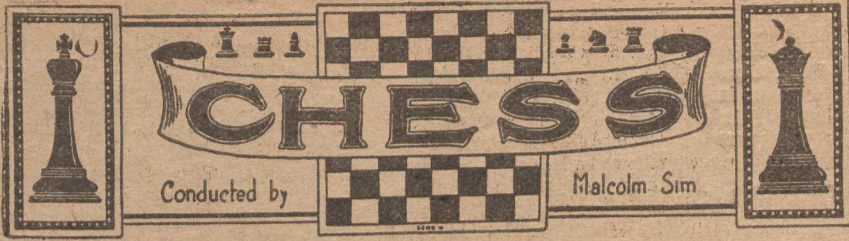


The Music Master thinks he sees in Helen Stanton a resemblance to his long-lost wife. Scene from the Music Master recently revived at the Knickerbocker in New York with Jane Cooper and David Warfield.

**HESSSELBERG**

RUSSIAN MASTER PIANIST AND PEDAGOGUE  
STUDIO OF PIANISTIC ART OPEN ENTIRE SUMMER.  
AVAILABLE FOR CONCERTS—RECITALS—MUSICALES—FESTIVALS, ETC.  
32 BLOOR ST. W., TORONTO. PHONE NORTH 5350.



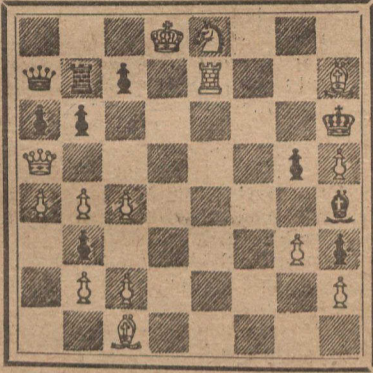


The Chess Editor wishes his readers a Merry Christmas and thanks them for interest taken.

**CHRISTMAS PROBLEMS.**

(Retrograde Analysis.)

No. 103, by T. R. Dawson.  
Black.—Ten Pieces.



White.—Fourteen Pieces.

White to play and mate in two. The key-move to the above beautiful conception is commonplace enough, e.g., 1. PxPep. check. The onus upon the solver is to prove that P-KKt4 must have been Black's last move. This appeared first in Deutsches Schachblatter, in 1912.

Problem No. 104, by T. R. Dawson.

White: K at QR5; Ps at QR6, QB2 and Q7.

Black: K at KR6; Q at KR5; Rs at QKt2 and Kt3; Bs at QKt7 and KR4; Kts at Kt4 and Kt3; Ps at QR7, QKt4, QKt5, QB2, Q4, Q5 and KB3.

White must not check, move into check, nor capture; Black must not move unless he can capture, which he must do if it be his turn to play. Entice a Black Bishop to White's QBsq in six moves.

**SOLUTIONS.**

Problem No. 99, by A. M. Sparke.

- 1. Q-R7, B-Q6; 2. R-B5 mate.
- 1. ...., R-B5; 2. Q-Q3 mate.
- 1. ...., Kt-B6; 2. Q-B2 mate.
- 1. ...., B-Q7; 2. R-B4 mate.
- 1. ...., threat; 2. Q-K4 mate.

Problem No. 100, by E. Patkoska.

- 1. Q-Q3, R(Ksq)-K3; 2. Q-Q5, any move; 3. Kt-K7 mate.
- 1. ...., R(Ksq)-K2; 2. KtxRch, R Kt; 3. B-R7 mate.
- 1. ...., threat; 2. Q-KKt3, any move; 3. P-R7 mate.

**CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.**

An interesting game played in The Chess by Mail Correspondence Bureau between R. G. Smellie and H. E. Waters. Mr. Smellie, it will be remembered, is an eminent Toronto player with a considerable partiality for this form of chess. The score we take from Dr. W. C. Browne's bi-monthly pamphlet, "The Chess Correspondent." The notes are our own:

**Ponziani Opening.**

- |                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| White.<br>R. G. Smellie. | Black.<br>H. E. Waters. |
| 1. P-K4                  | 1. P-K4                 |
| 2. Kt-KB3                | 2. Kt-QB3               |
| 3. P-B3                  | 3. P-Q4 (a)             |
| 4. Q-R4                  | 4. P-B3 (b)             |
| 5. B-Kt5                 | 5. Kt-K2                |
| 6. PxP                   | 6. QxP                  |
| 7. P-Q4                  | 7. B-Q2 (c)             |
| 8. B-K3                  | 8. PxP                  |
| 9. PxP                   | 9. Kt-K4                |
| 10. Kt-B3                | 10. KtxKtch             |
| 11. PxKt                 | 11. Q-KB4               |
| 12. Castles QR           | 12. P-QR3               |
| 13. P-Q5                 | 13. Castles.            |
| 14. BxBch                | 14. RxB                 |
| 15. P-Q6                 | 15. PxP (d)             |
| 16. P-Kt4                | 16. K-Ktsq (e)          |
| 17. P-Kt5                | 17. R-B2                |
| 18. K-Kt2                | 18. Kt-Bsq              |
| 19. PxP                  | 19. PxP                 |
| 20. QxP (f)              | 20. R-Kt2ch             |
| 21. K-Rsq                | 21. Q-B7                |
| 22. Kt-Kt5               | 22. B-K2                |
| 23. R-QKtsq              | 23. P-B4                |
| 24. B-Q4                 | 24. Q-Q6 (g)            |
| 25. R-Kt3                | 25. Q-K7 (h)            |
| 26. QxRch                | 26. KxQ                 |
| 27. Kt-B3 dis. ch.       | 27. K-B3                |
| 28. KtxQ                 | 28. P-Q4                |
| 29. KR-Bsq ch            | 29. K-Q2                |
| 30. R-Kt7ch              | 30. K-Q3                |
| 31. R(Kt7)-B7            | 31. K-K3                |
| 32. RxKt                 | 32. RxR                 |
| 33. RxR                  | Resigns.                |

(a) 3. ...., Kt-B3 is the safest defence.

(b) And here we prefer the continuation 4. ...., PxP; 5. KtxP, Q-Q4, etc.

(c) If 7. ...., P-K5, then 8. P-B4, Q-Qsq; 9. KKt-Q2, QxP; 10. Kt-Kt3, Q-Q3; 11. B-K3, B-Q2; 12. Kt-B3, etc.; a book variation.

(d) If 15. ...., RxB, then 16. RxR, Px R; 17. R-Qsq, Kt-B3; 18. B-B4 and Black has difficulty in further defending the isolated Pawn. 18. ...., Kt-K4 would open up mate in two. If 18. ....

Q-Q3, then 19. Q-R3, P-Q4; 20. Q-Kt3. Or 19. ...., K-Q2; 20. BxP, BxB; 21. Kt-K4. Or 19. ...., K-B2; 20. Kt-K4.

(e) So far this follows the book. White now exhibits a little impatience by precipitating the attack. The routine move K-Kt2 would have been preferable.

(f) White has now regained his Pawn, but has to be wary with the counter-attack of his opponent.

(g) 24. ...., Kt-Kt3, threatening to force an exchange of Queens was a neglected opportunity. If 25. BxKt, then 25. ...., B-B3ch; 26. Kt-Q4, Q-B6ch; 27. R-Kt2, BxKt; 28. BxB, QxB, with likely a drawn result. If 25. R-Kt3, then simply 25. ...., B-B3.

(h) The final and colossal error, which loses a clear Rook. Black, perhaps, was under the impression that he could not permit his opponent to continue R-R3. However, after 25. ...., Q-Q7; 26. R-R3, Black could still maintain himself by the sadly neglected Kt-Kt3.

END GAME NO. 20.

By B. Horwitz.

White: K at Kt3; Q at KR4; Bs at Q and Ksq; Ps at QR5, QB4, Q6, KB2 and Kt4. Black: K at Kt2; Q at KR2; R at KBsq; B at QBsq; Ps at QR3, QB4, Q2, KB2, KB3 and Kt3. White to play and win.

**Solution.**

- 1. QxPch, K-Ktsq (a); 2. B-QB3, Q-R3; 3. P-Kt5, Q-R2; 4. P-B4, B-Kt2 (b); 5. BxB, R-Ktsq; 6. B-B6! R-Ksq; 7. Q-K7, R-Ktsq; 8. B-Q5, R-KBsq; 9. Q-B6, R-Ktsq; 10. BxPch and wins. An instructive end-game with a natural position. (a) If 1. ...., KxQ, White mates in four. (b) The only move on the board.

An elderly gentleman went into a photographic studio and asked to see the proofs of a picture recently taken of a young man whose name he gave. They were handed to him as a matter of course, and he examined them critically. He seemed pleased and finally said: "These are of my son. This one is a remarkably good photo of him—it is very like him indeed. Has he paid you for it yet?" "No, sir," said the photographer; "not yet." "Ah," said the elderly gentleman, "very like him indeed."

**It is Absolutely Unthinkable**

(Concluded from page 22.)

tion. The Italians have made marked advances, and the Russians have held their lines steadily ever since their great victories over the Austrians. It is uncontested that Great Britain has not yet reached her maximum strength, and the same may be said of Russia. Why, then, should they regard the collapse of Roumania as anything more than one of those grievous vicissitudes that all combatants may face at some time or other? Germany faced it on the Marne, and Russia in East Prussia, and France and England at Mons. No one can maintain that Germany's military position has been substantially improved by her conquest of Roumania, while the view that it has actually been worsened is at least a tenable one in view of her losses and the extension of her lines. She must still dispose of the Roumanian army, and she must conquer Moldavia before she can bring any new threat of an imminent and practical kind against the Russian flank, and at the moment of writing the Russians and Roumanians in the northern part of Roumania are claiming successes. The idea that the Teutons can pass up through the Dobrudja to an attack upon Odessa is, of course, pure moonshine.

For these reasons it is hard, indeed, impossible, to look hopefully upon the prospects of a peace parley. It takes two to make a parley, and we are faced by the fact, however unpalatable it may be, that the Allies refuse to be one of them, that they see nothing radically disheartening in the Roumanian situation, and that they are even more rigid than they were before in their determination to go on. And from the military point of view there is no discernible reason why it should not be so. The certainty of their ultimate victory has been lessened in no way whatsoever.

**DIAMONDS ON CREDIT**

Terms 20% down \$1-2-3 Weekly



Buying a High Grade Diamond is saving money, not spending it. A written guarantee given with each diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. Write or call for catalogue. We send diamonds to any part of Canada.

JACOBS EROS., 15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Ont.

Established 1864.

**The Merchants Bank OF CANADA.**

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.

Paid-up Capital - - \$7,000,000

Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - \$7,250,984

215 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

General Banking Business Transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and interest allowed at best current rates.

**TORONTO OFFICES:**

13 Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Parliament St.; Dundas St. and Roncesvalles Ave.; Dupont and Christie Sts.

**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, Moosewing, Sask.

**CANADA**



**NATIONAL SERVICE**

**PUBLIC NOTICE** is hereby given under the authority of the "War Measures Act, 1914," that during the first week in January, 1917, an inventory will be made by the Post Office Authorities, of every male between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, residing in Canada.

National Service Cards and addressed envelopes for their return to Ottawa have been placed in the hands of all Postmasters for distribution amongst the persons required to fill in such cards. Every male person of the prescribed ages is required to fill in and return a card enclosed in an envelope within ten days of its receipt.

Any person who fails to receive a card and envelope may obtain the same upon application to the nearest Postmaster.

**R. B. BENNETT,**

Director General.

Ottawa, 15th December, 1916.

**GOD SAVE THE KING.**

**NATIONAL SERVICE WEEK : 1st to 7th JANUARY.**

## An Experiment in Gyro-Hats

(Concluded from page 18.)

four hours I remained in the centre of that platform, being revolved at an enormous speed, and when my father came home and stopped the platform I staggered and reeled and fell in a heap at his feet. That is how I acquired my unfortunate stagger and unpleasant reel, and I have only told you this that you may have no unjust suspicions."

"But why," asked my wife, who had been greatly interested by Walsingham's story, "do you not revolve in the opposite direction, and 'unwind' yourself, as we used to say?"

"Madame," said Walsingham, "I have. Every night, for one hour before I go to bed I revolve, but it requires an immense number of revolutions to overcome such a spin as I had in my youth." He waited a moment and then said: "But I am now ready to try the gyro-hat."

I looked out of the window, and hesitated. A thin rain was falling, and was freezing as it fell, and I hated to have a good, silk, gyro-hat go out into such weather; but as a leading hatter I felt that it would never do for me to seem small and pickayunish in regard to hats. I remembered that a really good silk hat should not be ruined by a few drops of water; and I saw that if anything could convince Anne and Walsingham that the gyro-hat held their happiness, it would be a trial on such slippery walks as the evening had provided.

So I brought down the hat and pressed it on Walsingham's head. Instantly the vacuum creator began to work and the hat clung fast to his head. He arose to his feet and walked across the parlor in a perfectly steady manner, and out into the hall. I held open

the front door and he stepped out.

Walsingham crossed the porch with as steady a tread as ever any man crossed the porch of a high-class hatter, but when he reached the top step his foot struck the ice and he slipped. He did not stagger nor reel. If he fell, he fell steadily. I can best liken his fall to the action of a limber reed when the wind strikes it. He inclined slowly, with his feet on the top step, and continued to incline until his head touched the walk below with considerable violence, and then his feet slipped down the edges of the steps until they rested on the walk.

I never saw a more graceful fall, and I was about to congratulate Walsingham, when he began to incline toward the perpendicular again, in the same slow manner. But this was not the reason I held my words. The reason was that the gyro-hat and Walsingham were behaving in a most unaccountable manner. Walsingham was revolving.

I discovered later that the fall had jammed the gyroscope on the pivot so that the gyroscope could not revolve without revolving the whole hat, and as the hat was firmly suctioned to Walsingham, the hat could not revolve without revolving Walsingham. For an instant Walsingham revolved away from us down the walk, and Anne gave a great cry; but almost at that moment Walsingham regained the upright and began to revolve rapidly. The icy walk offered no purchase for his feet, and this was indeed lucky; for if it had, his head would have continued to revolve none the less, and the effect would have been fatal.

I estimated that Walsingham was

revolving at a rate of perhaps fifteen hundred revolutions a minute, and it was some minutes before my wife was able so far to recover from the shock of seeing her prospective son-in-law whirl thus as to ask me to stop him. My first impulse was to do so, but my long training as a hatter had made me a careful, thoughtful man, and I gently pushed my wife back.

"My dear," I said, "let us pause and consider the case. Here we have Walsingham revolving rapidly. He is revolving in one of the only two directions in which he can revolve—the direction in which he revolved on the Mule Reverser, or the opposite direction. If it is the opposite direction all is well, for he will be unwound in a few hours, if his neck is not wrung in the meantime. If it is in the same direction it is no use to stop him now, for by this time he will be in such a condition of reeling and staggering that we would not have him as a son-in-law on any terms. I propose, therefore, to let him spin here for a few hours, when he will have had a full recovery or be permanently too dizzy for any use."

My wife, and Anne, too, saw the wisdom of this course, and as it was very miserable weather outside we all withdrew to my parlour, from the window of which we could watch Walsingham revolve. Occasionally, when he seemed about to revolve off the walk, I went out and pushed him on again.

I figured that by six o'clock in the

morning he would be sufficiently revolved—provided he was revolving in the right direction—and at midnight I sent my wife and Anne to bed. I fear Anne slept but little that night, for she must have had a lover's natural anxiety as to how all was to turn out.

At six in the morning I called Anne and my wife, and we went into the yard to stop Walsingham, and it was not until I had carefully walked down the porch steps that it came to me that I had no way of stopping him whatever. To add to my dismay I knew that when the sun arose the thin ice would melt, and as Walsingham's feet could no longer slip easily, he would in all probability be wrenched in two, a most unsatisfactory condition for a son-in-law.

But while I was standing in dismay love found a way, as love always will, and Anne rushed to the cellar and brought out the stepladder and the ice pick. Placing the stepladder close to Walsingham she climbed it, and holding the point of the ice pick at the exact center of the top of the hat she pushed down. In a moment a sizzling noise told us that she had bored a hole in the hat, letting the vacuum escape, and the hat flew from Walsingham's head.

Slower and slower he revolved, until he stood quite still, and then, without a reel or a stagger he walked up to me and grasped my hand, while tears told me the thanks he could not utter. He had revolved in the right direction! He was cured!

## Comforting the Comforter

(Concluded from page 13.)

the cleverest little doctor in the province. But he knew it was pulling him to pieces. When the preacher had interrupted him he was planning a Christmas debauch. He had not yet taken the first drink when he heard his bell ring. He had only taken two when the preacher went out. Two meant nothing to the doctor. But now, instead of taking the third, he fell into thought.

"Now who," he demanded of himself, "who is it comforts the preacher?" He thought for a time and then he shouted, to himself, "His woman!"

His mind suddenly teemed with recollections of the shabby house the preacher kept. As a physician, Ned was accustomed to shabby homes, for poverty has a way of revealing itself in the bed-rooms of the sick. He remembered now the scantiness of the preacher's house, and he remembered the wife. Somehow or other the doctor had never been able to look into that woman's face—perhaps because it reminded him of a side of himself which he was afraid to remember.

As he thought of these things, Ned rose and put aside the bottle and the glass. Fishing among the rubbish on a top shelf he found his clock—a cheap affair with an alarm bell on top. It had stopped. He wound it and set it by guesswork. Then he wound the alarm and set it for an early hour. That done he blew out his light and went resolutely to bed.

But a few hours later, almost before it was light, the doctor might have been seen to emerge from his house, trudge to his stable for his horse, mount and ride away. At the door of the Rich Man's house he had trouble rousing anyone. Finally the Rich Man himself let the doctor in.

"What an hour to be rousing a body—" protested the Rich Man.

"Never mind," retorted the doctor, "You won't suffer for it this once. I've something important to say to you."

Wrapped in a blanket the Rich Man listened while the doctor talked. His interest grew with the moments. Presently he dressed and went out with the doctor—leaving the doctor's horse in the stable. Arm in arm through the deep snow they went down town to the shop of the grocer whose father the preacher had visited the night before. They roused the grocer and then went on in company to the furniture-dealer and undertaker. At each stopping place there were first sleepy protests, then interest, and then consent.

At each place they acquired bundles, and at almost every place some new convert joined the ranks of the little deputation. By eight o'clock there were ten men in that deputation and they made their way—slowly on account of their bundles—to the house of the preacher.

"Well?" demanded the weary parson through sleep-beary eyes as he opened the door in the morning dusk and saw dim shapes outside. "What can I do for you?"

"It's—it's us," said the little doctor, "We came to see if the comforter didn't need comfortin'."

"Comfortin'!" whispered the preacher, still drowsy with sleep, "Comfortin'."

But with that the deputation had filed into his house and he had recognized them. Speaking softly so as not to wake the preacher's wife, who was sleeping, or the children, the Rich Man, the grocer, the furniture-dealer, the lumber-and-coal merchant, and butcher made their offerings, then filed quickly out again.

"But—but—but—" the preacher was trying to say, "But I—" then he picked up a note which lay on the top of the other things. It was from the doctor.

It said: "Dear Dick: We've been hogs. This is just to show we appreciate a man when we have him with us. And to show we appreciate the person who stands behind that man—Tom Duffy (Tom Duffy was the rich man), has given me full authority to pick out the best rooms in the best sanitarium in the country for Mrs. Dick. Two months will put her back on her feet. And Tom Duffy pays everything."

## A Hen Secretary?

He had worked for the farmer nine years, and was apparently contented until his employer added poultry-raising to his list of activities. Then he had to write on each egg, with an indelible pencil, the date and the name of the hen that laid the egg. One day he marched up to his employer and announced: "I'm going to leave." The farmer was astonished. "Why are you going to leave," he asked, "after working for me all these years?" "Well," said the man, stoutly, "I've done pretty near everything about this place now, but I'll starve before I'll go on being secretary to your old hens."—The Argonaut.

An experience you'll never forget!

Great moments linger in the memory. For instance, you will never forget your first drink of

**O'Keefe's**  
SPECIAL PALE DRY  
**GINGER ALE**

Whether it be in Winter or Summer, at a banquet, at the club, or in your home circle, you will endorse it as the most delightful ginger ale you ever tasted. Try, too, these other O.K. beverages.

BELFAST STYLE GINGER ALE  
GINGER BEER SPECIAL SODA  
LEMONADE CREAM SODA  
ORANGEADE COLA  
LEMON SOUR APPLE JUICE, (Carbonated)  
SARSAPARILLA

O'KEEFE'S, Toronto

## Music and Plays

(Continued from page 24.)

ology, a truly gratifying legato and the capable use of the singing tone. Chopin is too frequently played chop-in'. He played also a novelette of Schumann and a Romance of Mozart.

But Mr. Buhler did his best work in the ensembles; first, with Boris Hambourg in the suave and lovely Sonata in C Minor of St. Saens, where too much piano is so often possible. The fact that the cello carried on so beautifully was somewhat due to the remarkable instrument on which Hambourg gets a lyric strength of tone that is positively dramatic. Everywhere in this number the cellist demonstrated the superb value of this song element which alone preserves the cello from becoming either a melancholia or a burlesque. Boris was never heard here to better advantage. Those in the West who have the good fortune to hear him in concert tour with Hollinshead this winter will have a treat.

The Handel Sonata played by Mr. Vigneti with Gerald Moore at the piano I did not hear; which for me was unfortunate. The first time I heard it was at the hands of Elman in private recital five years ago. It is a noble work and well suits the brilliant style of Mr. Vigneti who is making much popular headway as a soloist as well as a pedagogue.

The last number on the programme was the Rubinstein Trio in B flat. Even at the hands of three so capable artists it proved to be a somewhat dull piece. It is said to be a virtuoso composition, intended to display the instruments and players. But it does so at the expense of the audience who are seldom conscious of a well-sustained theme, any skilful modulation or startling harmonies. Rubinstein was a great pianist, but he lacked invention. The form of the Trio was too big for him. He did his best to fill it out, but he ran short of material and kept on talking after he was done. Still there was a lot of character in the Andante and the Allegro Moderato which the players well developed.

On the whole it was a delightful concert. Mr. Buhler is an artist who will be warmly welcomed on any return visit as an exponent of good piano music and ensemble playing.

\*\*\*

**C**HRIStINE MILLER, the American contralto, whose engagements are taxing the geographical knowledge of her managers, Messrs. Haensel and Jones, will fill in the month of March next, concert dates in the nine States following: Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Indiana, Delaware, South Dakota, Ohio, Canada and West Virginia. Requests for this highly gifted young lady's appearance are so rapidly accumulating that some of them seem geographically impossible, so widely are they separated by distance, during the brief season. Miss Miller's definite bookings already extend well into the season of 1917-18.

\*\*\*

### Why Not Sing the Messiah?

**W**HY does not the Mendelssohn Choir give a performance of Handel's Messiah on Christmas week to ginger us up a bit? asks a critical admirer.

"Impossible!" says an Ex-M. Cite. "Vogt never could get his choir interested in such a work."

"I don't believe that," says the critic. "Besides, where is the orchestra to come from?" asks the enthusiast.

"A good orchestra can be organized for such a purpose right in Toronto," replies the critic, who is himself a violinist, a conductor and an orchestra player.

They did not agree. The same ques-

tion was asked seven or eight years ago by J. J. Monerleff, conductor of the Winnipeg Oratorio Society, and news editor of the Winnipeg Tribune. And he was told that the conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir had no appetite for so jaded a kind of musical art. Opinions are still differing. But jaded or not, the oratorio Messiah as given by

(Concluded on page 28.)

## A Man of Adventure



**I**T is recorded that one Capt. Buckman, a native of Hantsport, Nova Scotia, was once an admiral in the Turkish navy. Buckman (or Buckrum) took a yacht which the Turkish Government had purchased in the United States across to Turkey and the Turks appreciated his services so highly that they made him a sort of rear-admiral. Now little Prince Edward Island is contributing an admiral to a foreign navy. Capt. John Reid, for many years in charge of one of the Government steamers plying in winter time between the island and the mainland, took the ice-breaker Minto over to Archangel and the Russians were so pleased with his exploit that they asked him to come again. And he is now complying with their request, going in command of the new ice-breaker "J. D. Hazen," which has been renamed the "Mikula Seliainatoitch." Capt. Reid has been asked to "attach" himself to the Russian navy, to take command of the entire fleet of ice-breakers, with the rank of admiral. Capt. Reid is a native of Summerside, Prince Edward Island, and is regarded as one of the most capable master mariners in the Maritime Provinces. He made several trips to Hudson's Bay, and the accompanying snapshot shows him displaying his "bag" of ducks, the result of one day's sport at Eric Cove, Hudson's Bay. The snapshot clearly demonstrates that he can handle a gun as well as a ship.



### A BLUE CROSS DOG.

This Airedale terrier, Canover Blare, owned by Bruce Douglas, won two prizes and a cup at the Dog Show held in Toronto in aid of the Blue Cross Society Funds.

## A NEW SERIAL NEXT WEEK

**F**OR a long time Canadian, American and English editors have been watching a certain writer—Talbot Mundy.

He never seemed to write literature.

But—

He always wrote rattling good stories of adventure in far parts of the British Empire, and his characters were always men of action—good or bad as the case might be—and vivid!

**NOW** Talbot Mundy has written the most "top-hole" of all his "top-hole" stories.

The American rights were sold to one of the greatest of American magazines.

The Canadian rights were sold to the Canadian Courier.

At the time we bought these rights the story "Blind Man's Eyes" was still being told in our columns and we decided it would be unfair to that fascinating story and unfair to the new Talbot Mundy story to release the latter until "Blind Man's Eyes" was finished.

## King, of the Khyber Rifles

**T**HIS is a story of India and the defeat of German intrigue in India since the war broke out.

Its hero—King—does a big work for the Empire at the risk of his life 'way up in the mysterious fastnesses of the Khyber Pass.

Running mysteriously through the whole book is the exquisite figure of the wonderful "YASMINI"—a girl half Russian, and half Indian, who has the strangest of ambitions—and the weirdest of power over her dusky followers.

We bought **King of the Khyber Rifles** after a long and weary hunt for a serial worth offering our readers.

We did not want American stuff if we could help it.

We **DID** want something British that would take our readers' minds off the war for a few minutes each week, and that would still be appropriate to the stirring times in which we live.

We are sure you will enjoy every bit of this story. Not a stodgy minute in it. Start with the first instalment.

**NEXT WEEK.**

# Schrader

**AIR IS CHEAP—  
USE PLENTY OF IT**

Nothing is as essential to the life of your tires as air. New air is cheaper than new tires. Give your tires all the air they need. The only way to **KNOW** whether or not your tires have enough air is to measure it with a

Schrader Universal  
Tire Pressure Gauge

If you have been riding on haphazard pressure, you have been spending a great deal more money for tires than you need have spent.

Price \$1.25

For Sale by Tire Manufacturers, Jobbers, Dealers, Garages or

**A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc.**  
20-22 HAYTER ST.,  
TORONTO, ONT.

Schrader products were awarded a Grand Prize and two Gold Medals at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. "There is a Reason."

Manufactured by

## A. Schrader's Son, Inc.

NEW YORK: 785-795 Atlantic Avenue      LONDON: Dorset Place      CHICAGO: 1200 Michigan Avenue  
Highest Award Panama-Pacific Exposition

## Music and Plays

(Continued from page 27.)

the Mendelssohn Choir—if it ever were given—would be a real sensation. Nevertheless we know quite well that it never will happen, but it affords a certain amount of entertainment to talk about it anyway.

### The New Kummer.

**C**LARE KUMMER, who wrote that most unusual farce, "Good Gracious Annabelle," is a grandniece of the late Henry Ward Beecher and a cousin of William Gillette.

As a matter of information and not an attempt to inject a geographical joke, it should be said Miss Kummer is a native of Brooklyn, where she now lives. She is a woman "in her prime; that is, between 32 and 55," as Mr. Shaw would say.

"Good Gracious Annabelle" is the first whole play to Miss Kummer's credit, but she had won fame long before it was produced, in another field. Some fifteen years ago she wrote the words and music of a song called "Egypt," which seemed of sufficient merit to her to have published. But how to reach a publisher was a problem that vexed the young author-composer until some one, probably her august cousin, gave her a letter of introduction to Alf. Hayman. Mr. Hayman listened to her story.

"Shall I sing it to you?" she asked. "Who wrote the music?" Mr. Hayman is said to have parried.

When he learned that the young woman was not only the lyricist, but also the composer, he advised her to take her lyrics, which he liked, and have some one else provide them with a musical setting. Miss Kummer departed and returned in a few days with her song.

"What did I tell you?" the manager exclaimed when he heard the insinuating melody. "Who did you get to do it?"

Miss Kummer confessed that she had retained her own music, but Mr. Hayman did not change his mind. "Egypt" proved popular, and when Miss Kummer wrote "Dearie" it found a public.

# THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM MCHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

Canadian Serial Rights held by the Canadian Courier.

## CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

**A**T first there was no idea of pretending he had been murdered; it was the coroner who first suggested that. Things looked ugly for a while, as they were made public. Either the scheme might come out or some one else be charged as the murderer. That put it up to Overton. He'd actually been up there to see Latron and had had a scene with him which had been witnessed. That part—all but the evidence which showed that he shot Latron afterwards—was perfectly true. He thought that Latron, as he was about to go to trial, might be willing to give him information which would let him save something from the fortune he'd lost through Latron's manipulations. The circumstances, motive, everything was ready to convict Overton; it needed very little more to complete the case against him.

"So it was completed."

"But after Overton was convicted, he was not allowed to be punished, sir."

Santoine's lips straightened in contempt. "He was not allowed to be punished?"

"Overton didn't actually escape, you know, Mr. Santoine—that is, he couldn't have escaped without help; Latron was thoroughly frightened and he wanted it carried through and Overton executed; but some of the others rebelled against this and saw that Overton got away; but he never knew he'd been helped. I understand it was evidence of Latron's insistence on the sentence being carried out that Warden found, after his first suspicions had been aroused, and that put Warden

## A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.

**N**OW that you have finished the "Blind Man's Eyes," and imagine you never can get another serial of as rattling good calibre—turn your eyes on our new story beginning next week:

### King of the Khyber Rifles By Talbot Mundy.

in a position to have Latron tried for his life, and made it necessary to kill Warden."

"Latron is dead, of course, Avery, or fatally wounded?"

"He's dead, Over—Eaton, that is, sir—hit him last night with three shots." "As a housebreaker engaged in rifling my safe, Avery."

"Yes, sir. Latron was dying when they took him out of the car last night. They got him away, though; put him on the boat he'd come on. I saw them in the woods last night. They'll not destroy the body or make away with it, sir, at present."

"In other words, you instructed them not to do so until you had found out whether Overton could be handed over for execution and the facts regarding Latron kept secret, or whether some other course was necessary."

The blind man did not wait for any answer to this; he straightened suddenly, gripping the arms of his chair, and got up. There was more he wished to ask; in the bitterness he felt at his blindness having been used to make him an unconscious agent in these things of which Avery spoke so calmly, he was resolved that no one who had shared knowingly in them should go unpunished. But now he heard the noise made by approach of Eaton's captors. He had noted it a minute or more earlier; he was sure now that it was definitely nearing the house. He crossed to the window, opened it and stood there listening; the people outside were coming up the driveway. Santoine went into the hall.

"Where is Miss Santoine?" he inquired.

The servant who waited in the hall told him she had gone out. As Santoine stood listening, the sounds without became coherent to him.

"They have taken Overton, Avery," he commented. "Of course they have taken no one else. I shall tell those in charge of him that he is not the one they are to hold prisoner, but that I have another for them here."

The blind man heard no answer from Avery. Those having Overton in charge seemed to be coming into the house; the door opened and there were confused sounds. Santoine stood separating the voices.

"What is it?" he asked the servant. "Mr. Eaton—Mr. Overton, sir—fainted as they were taking him out of the motor-car, sir. He seems much done up, sir."

Santoine recognized that four or five men, holding or carrying their prisoner between them, had come in and halted in surprise at sight of him.

"We have him!" he heard one of them cry importantly to him. "We have him, sir! and he's Hugh Overton, who killed Latron!"

Then Santoine heard his daughter's voice in a half cry, half sob of hopeless appeal to him; Harriet ran to him; he felt her cold, trembling fingers clasping him and beseeching him. "Father! Father! They say—they say—they will—"

He put his hands over hers, clasping hers and patting it. "My dear," he said, "I thought you would wait for me; I told you to wait."

He heard others coming into the house now; and he held his daughter beside him as he faced them.

"Who is in charge here?" he demanded.

The voice of one of those who had just come in answered him. "I, sir—

I am the chief of police."

"I wish to speak to you; I will not keep you long. May I ask you to have your prisoner taken to the room he occupied here in my house and given attention by a doctor? You can have my word that it is not necessary to guard him. Wait! Wait!" he directed, as he heard exclamations and ejaculations to correct him. "I do not mean that you have mistaken who he is. He is Hugh Overton, I know; it is because he is Hugh Overton that I say what I do."

Santoine abandoned effort to separate and comprehend or to try to answer the confusion of charge and questioning around him. He concerned himself, at the moment, only with his daughter; he drew her to him, held her and said gently, "There, dear; there! Everything is right. I have not been able to explain to you, and I cannot take time now; but you, at least, will take my word that you have nothing to fear for him—nothing!"

He heard her gasp with incredulity and surprise; then, as she drew back from him, staring at him, she breathed deep with relief and clasped him, sobbing. He still held her, as the hall was cleared and the footsteps of those carrying Overton went up the stairs; then, knowing that she wished to follow them, he released her. She drew away, then clasped his hand and kissed it; as she did so, she suddenly stiffened and her hand tightened on his spasmodically.

**S**OME one else had come into the hall and he heard another voice—a woman's, which he recognized as that of the stenographer, Miss Davis.

"Where is he? Hugh! Hugh! What have you done to him? Mr. Santoine! Mr. Santoine! where is he?"

The blind man straightened, holding his daughter to him; there was anxiety, horror, love in the voice he heard; Harriet's perplexity was great as his own.

"Is that you, Miss Davis?"

"Yes; yes," the girl repeated. "Where is—Hugh, Mr. Santoine?"

"You do not understand," the voice of a young man—anxious and strained now, but of pleasing timbre—broke in on them.

"I'm afraid I don't," Santoine said quietly.

"She is Hugh's sister, Mr. Santoine—she is Edith Overton."

"Edith Overton? And who are you?"

"You do not know me. My name is Lawrence Hillward."

Santoine asked nothing more for the moment. His daughter had left his side. He stood an instant listening to the confusion of question and answer in the hall; then he opened the door into the library and held it for the police chief to enter.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"It's All Right, Hugh"—at Last.

**E**ATON—he still, with the habit of five years of concealment, even thought of himself by that name—awoke to full consciousness at eight o'clock the next morning. He was in the room he had occupied before in Santoine's house; the sunlight, reflected from the lake, was playing on the ceiling. His wounds had been dressed; his body was comfortable and without fever. He had indistinct memories of being carried, of people bending over him, of being cared for; but of all else that had happened since his capture he knew nothing.

He saw and recognized, against the lighted square of the window, a man standing looking out at the lake.

"Lawrence," he said.

The man turned and came toward the bed. "Yes, Hugh."

Eaton raised himself excitedly upon his pillows. "Lawrence, that was he—last night—in the study. It was Latron! I saw him! You'll believe me, Lawrence—you at least will. They got





## OLD CHUM TOBACCO

is the "chum" of more pipe  
smokers, than any other  
tobacco smoked  
in Canada

EVERYBODY SMOKES  
"OLD CHUM"

away on a boat—they must be followed—” With the first return of consciousness he had taken up again that battle against circumstances which had been his only thought for five years.

But now, suddenly he was aware that his sister was also in the room, sitting upon the opposite side of the bed. Her hand came forward and clasped his; she bent over him, holding him and fondling him.

“It is all right, Hugh,” she whispered—“Oh, Hugh! it is all right now.”

“All right?” he questioned dazedly.

“Yes; Mr. Santoine knows; he—he was not what we thought him. He believed all the while that you were justly sentenced. Now he knows otherwise—”

“He—Santoine—believed that?” Eaton asked incredulously.

“Yes; he says his blindness was used by them to make him think so. So now he is very angry; he says no one who had anything to do with it shall escape. He figured it all out—most wonderfully—that it must have been Latron in the study. He has been working all night—they have already made several arrests and every port on the lake is being watched for the boat they got away on.”

“Is that true, Edith? Lawrence, is it true?”

“Yes; quite true, Hugh!” Hillward choked and turned away.

Eaton sank back against his pillows; his eyes—dry, bright and filled still with questioning for a time, as he tried to appreciate what he just had heard and all that it meant to him—dampened suddenly as he realized that it was over now, that long struggle to clear his name from the charge of murder—the fight which had seemed so hopeless. He could not realize it to the full as yet; concealment, fear, the sense of monstrous injustice done him had marked so deeply all his thoughts and feelings that he could not sense the fact that they were gone for good. So what came to him most strongly now was only realization that he had been set right with Santoine—Santoine, whom he himself had misjudged and mistrusted. And Harriet? He had not needed to be set right with her; she had believed and trusted him from the first, in spite of all that had seemed against him. Gratitude warmed him as he thought of her—and that other feeling, deeper, stronger far than gratitude, or than anything else he ever had felt toward any one but her, spread up in him and set his pulses wildly beating, as his thought strained toward the future.

“Where is—Miss Santoine?” he asked.

His sister answered. “She has been helping her father. They left word they were to be sent for as soon as you woke up, and I’ve just sent for them.”

Eaton lay silent till he heard them coming. The blind man was unfamiliar with this room; his daughter led him in. Her eyes were very bright, her cheeks which had been pale flushed as she met Eaton’s look, but she did not look away. He kept his gaze upon her.

Santoine, under her guidance, took the chair Hillward set beside the bed for him. The blind man was very quiet; he felt for and found Eaton’s hand and pressed it. Eaton choked, as he returned the pressure. Then Santoine released him.

“Who else is here?” the blind man asked his daughter.

“Miss Overton and Mr. Hillward,” she answered.

SANTOINE found with his blind eyes their positions in the room and acknowledged their presence; afterward he turned back to Eaton.

“I understand, I think, everything now, except some few particulars regarding yourself,” he said. “Will you tell me those?”

“You mean—” Eaton spoke to Santoine, but he looked at Harriet. “Oh, I understand, I think. When I—escaped, Mr. Santoine, of course my picture had appeared in all the newspapers and I was not safe from recognition anywhere in this country. I got into Canada and, from Vancouver, went to China. We had very little

money left, Mr. Santoine; what had not been—lost through Latron had been spent in my defence. I got a position in a mercantile house over there. It was a good country for me; people over there don’t ask questions for fear some one will ask questions about them. We had no near relatives for Edith to go to and she had to take up stenography to support herself and—and change her name, Mr. Santoine, because of me.”

Eaton’s hand went out and clasped his sister’s.

“Oh, Hugh; it didn’t matter—about me, I mean!” she whispered.

“Hillward met her and asked her to marry him and she—wouldn’t consent without telling him who she was. He—Lawrence—believed her when she said I hadn’t killed Latron; and he suggested that she come out here and try to get employed by you. We didn’t suspect, of course, that Latron was still alive. We thought he had been killed by some of his own crowd—in some quarrel or because his trial was likely to involve some one else so seriously that they killed him to prevent it; and that it was put upon me to—to protect that person and that you—”

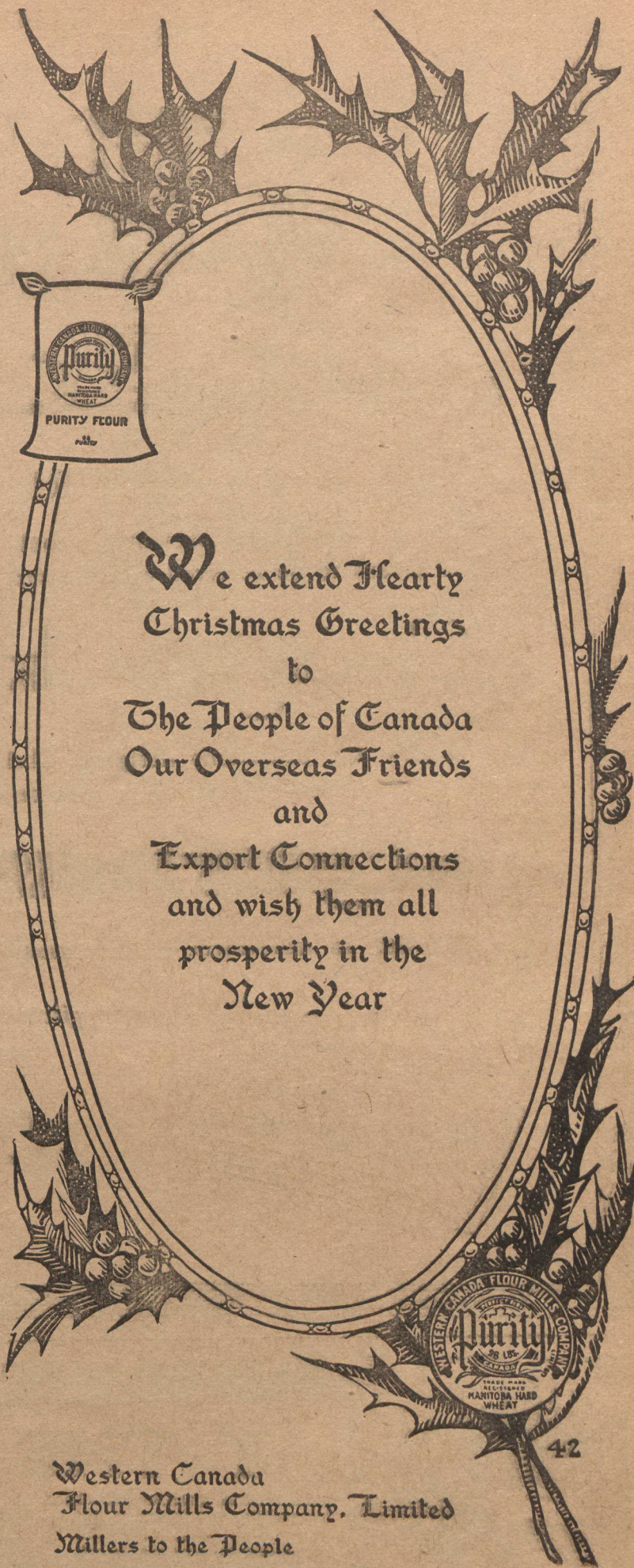
Eaton hesitated. “Go on,” said Santoine. “You thought I knew who Latron’s murderer was and morally, though not technically, perjured myself at your trial to convict you in his place. What next?”

“THAT was it,” Eaton assented. “We thought you knew that and that some of those around you who served as your eyes must know it, too.”

Harriet gasped. Eaton looking at her, knew that she understood now what had come between them when she had told him that she herself had served as her father’s eyes all through the Latron trial. He felt himself flushing as he looked at her; he could not understand now how he could have believed that she had aided in concealing an injustice against him, no matter what influence had been exerted upon her. She was all good; all true!

“At first,” Eaton went on, “Edith did not find out anything. Then, this year, she learned that there was to be a reorganization of some of the Latron properties. We hoped that, during that, something would come out which might help us. I had been away almost five years; my face was forgotten, and we thought I could take the chance of coming back to be near at hand so I could act if anything did come out. Lawrence met me at Vancouver. We were about to start East when I received a message from Mr. Warden. I did not know Warden and I don’t know now how he knew who I was or where he could reach me. His message merely said he knew I needed help and he was prepared to give it and made an appointment for me to see him at his house. He was one of the Latron crowd but I found out, one of those least likely to have had a hand in my conviction. I thought possibly Warden was going to tell me the name of Latron’s murderer and I decided to take the risk of seeing him. You know what happened when I tried to keep the appointment.

“Then you came to Seattle and took charge of Warden’s affairs. I felt certain that if there was any evidence among Warden’s effects as to who had killed Latron, you would take it back with you with the other matters relating to the Latron reorganization. You could not recognize me from your having been at my trial because you were blind; I decided to take the train with you and try to get possession of the draft of the reorganization agreement and the other documents with it which Warden had been working on. I had suspected that I was being watched by agents of the men protecting Latron’s murderer while I was in Seattle. I had changed my lodgings there because of that, but Lawrence had remained at the old lodgings to find out for me. He found there was a man following me who disappeared after I had taken the train, and Lawrence, after questioning the gateman at Seattle decided the man had taken the same train



Western Canada  
Flour Mills Company, Limited  
Millers to the People

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

By Prof. A. Loissette

The complete Loissette 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 Loissette’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



## SEND A BOX ON CHRISTMAS EVE

The most appropriate present you could think of and one that is sure to be received with pleasure and appreciation.

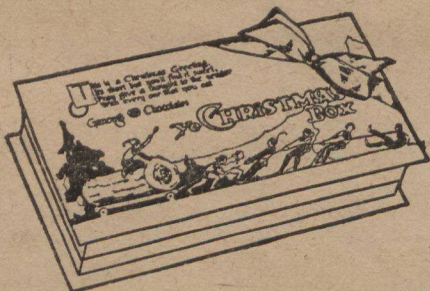
# Ganong's Chocolates

in a new and beautifully designed Christmas Box with a charming greeting in verse on the top

## ye CHRISTMAS BOX

filled with an assortment of the finest chocolates made.

A gift that is sure to please your friends.



Sold in 1 lb., 2 lb.,  
3 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes

I did. He wired me in the cipher we had sometimes used in communicating with each other, but not knowing what name I was using on the train he addressed it to himself, confident that if a telegram reached the train addressed to 'Lawrence Hillward' I would understand and claim it.

"Of course, I could not follow his instructions and leave the train; we were snowed in. Besides, I could not imagine how anybody could have followed me onto the train, as I had taken pains to prevent that very thing by being the last passenger to get aboard it."

"The man whom the gateman saw did not follow you; he merely watched you get on the train and notified two others, who took the train at Spokane. They had planned to get rid of you after you left Seattle so as to run less risk of your death being connected with that of Warden. It was my presence which made it necessary for them to make the desperate attempt to kill you on the train."

"Then I understand. The other telegram was sent me, of course, by Edith from Chicago, when she learned here that you were using the name of Dorne on your way home. I learned from her when I got here that the documents relating to the Latron properties, which I had decided you did not have with you, were being sent you through Warden's office. Through Edith I learned that they had reached you and had been put in the safe. I managed to communicate with Hillward at the country club, and that night he brought me the means of forcing the safe."

EATON felt himself flushing again, as he looked at Harriet. Did she resent his having used her in that way? He saw only sympathy in her face.

"My daughter told me that she helped you to that extent," Santoine offered, "and I understood later what must have been your reason for asking her to take you out that night."

"When I reached the study," Eaton continued, "I found others already there. The light of an electric torch flashed on the face of one of them and I recognized the man as Latron—the man for whose murder I had been convicted and sentenced! Edith tells me that you know the rest."

There was silence in the room for several minutes. Santoine again felt for Eaton's hand and pressed it. "We've tired you out," he said. "You must rest."

"You must sleep, Hugh, if you can," Edith urged.

Eaton obediently closed his eyes, but opened them at once to look for Harriet. She had moved out of his line of vision.

Santoine rose; he stood an instant waiting for his daughter, then suddenly he comprehended that she was no longer in the room. "Mr. Hillward, I must ask your help," he said, and he went out with Hillward guiding him.

Eaton, turning anxiously on his pillow and looking about the room, saw no one but his sister. He had known when Harriet moved away from beside the bed; but he had not suspected that she was leaving the room. Now suddenly a great fear filled him, *why did Miss Santoine go away?*

Why did she go, Edith? he questioned. "You must sleep, Hugh," his sister answered only.

Harriet, when she slipped out of the room, had gone downstairs. She could not have forced herself to leave before she had heard Hugh's story, and she could not define definitely even to herself what the feeling had been that had made her leave as soon as he had finished; but she sensed the reason vaguely. Hugh had told her two days before, "I will come back to you as you have never known me yet"—and it had proved true. She had known him as a man in fear, constrained, carefully guarding himself against others and against betrayal by himself; a man to whom all the world seemed opposed; so that her sympathy—and afterward something more than her sympathy—had gone out to him. To that repressed and threatened man, she had told all she felt toward him, revealing her feel-

## 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.

SMOKE  
Master *Mason*

"IT'S GOOD TOBACCO"

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



## 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

**The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.**  
PRESTON, ONT.

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



Stained, Decorative and Memorial Windows

**LUXFER PRISMS**

(Note New Address)

**LUXFER PRISM COMPANY, Limited**  
296 Richmond St. W. TORONTO



**Here's One Economy You Can Put in Practice**

**"EXPRESS DELIVERY AT FREIGHT RATES"**

**WE HAVE IT**

Our Electric Service operates through the County of York—a distance of over 52 miles. We give a Fast and Frequent Service. We would like you to give us a trial. For full particulars of rates and service apply to the Traffic Department.

**Toronto and York Radial Railway Company**  
Head Office: TORONTO

Telephones  
Main 7044 North 4517

**HOTEL DIRECTORY**

**KING EDWARD HOTEL**  
—Fireproof—  
Toronto, Canada.  
Accommodation for 750 guests, \$1.50 up. American and European Plans.

**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.

**Russell House**  
Ottawa - Canada

American and European Plans  
Facing Grand Plaza  
One Block From Parliament Buildings and Central Station

**Geo. Morrisette, Manager**

ings with a frankness that would have been impossible except that she wanted him to know that she was ready to stand against the world with him.

Now the world was no longer against him; he had friends, a place in life was ready to receive him; he would be sought after, and his name would be among those of the people of her own sort. She had no shame that she had let him—and others—know all that she felt toward him; she gloried still in it; only now—now, if he wished her, he must make that plain; she could not, of herself, return to him.

So unrest possessed her and the suspense of something hoped for but unfulfilled. She went from room to room, trying to absorb herself on her daily duties; but the house—her father's house—spoke to her now only of Hugh and she could think of nothing but him. Was he awake? Was he sleeping? Was he thinking of her? Or, now that the danger was over through which she had served him, were his thoughts of some one else?

HER heart halted at each recurrence of that thought; and again she repeated his words to her at parting from her the night before. "I will come back to you as you have never known me yet!" To her he would come back, he said; to her, not to any one else. But his danger was not over then; in his great extremity and in his need of her, he might have felt what he did not feel now. If he wanted her, why did he not send for her?

She stood trembling as she saw Edith Overton in the hall. "Hugh has been asking for you continually, Miss Santoine. If you can find time, please go in and see him." Harriet did not know what answer she made. She went upstairs: she ran, as soon as she was out of sight of Hugh's sister; then, at Hugh's door, she had to halt to catch her breath and compose herself before she opened the door and looked in upon him. He was alone and seemed asleep; at least his eyes were closed. Harriet stood an instant gazing at him.

His face was peaceful now but worn and his paleness was more evident than when he had been talking to her father. As she stood watching him, she felt her blood coursing through her fingertips; and fear—fear of him or of herself, fear of anything at all in the world—fled from her; and love—love which knew that she need no longer try to deny—possessed her.

"Harriet!" She heard her name from his lips and she saw, as he opened his eyes and turned to her, there was no surprise in his look; if he had been sleeping, he had been dreaming she was there; if awake, he had been thinking of her.

"What is it, Hugh?" She was beside him and he was looking up into her eyes.

"You meant it, then?"  
"Meant it, Hugh?"  
"All you said and—and all you did when we—you and I—were alone against them all! It's so, Harriet! You meant it!"

"And you did too! Dear, it was only to me that you could come back—only to me?"

"Only to you!" He closed his eyes in his exaltation. "Oh, my dear, I never dreamed—Harriet in all the days and nights I've had to plan and wonder what might be for me if everything could come all right, I've never dreamed I could win a reward like this."

"Like this?"  
He opened his eyes again and drew her down toward him. "Like you!"

She bent until her cheek touched his and his arms were about her. He felt her tears upon his face.

"Not that; not that—you mustn't cry, dear," he begged. "Oh, Harriet, aren't you happy now?"

"That's why. Happy! I didn't know before there could be anything like this."

"Nor I. . . . So it's all right, Harriet; everything is all right now?"

"All right? Oh, it's all right now, if I can make it so for you," she answered.

THE END.

**D & A**  
**GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERES**



**D & A GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERE**

This garment is absolutely necessary for the present modes. Wear a *D & A Good Shape Brassiere* and see what a difference it makes in your appearance, your comfort and health. Also gives more symmetrical lines to figure.

{Ask to see D & A Good Shape Brassieres}

**DOMINION CORSET COMPANY**  
\*Montreal QUEBEC Toronto  
Makers of the Celebrated D & A and La Diva Corsets

**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 housekeeping 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 Co., Limited**  
"AT YOUR SERVICE"  
12 Adelaide St. E. Telephone Adelaide 404

Many Uses **SNAP** THE GREAT Hand Cleaner 15c. GET IT TODAY



**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.





Copyright, Canada, 1916.  
By Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.