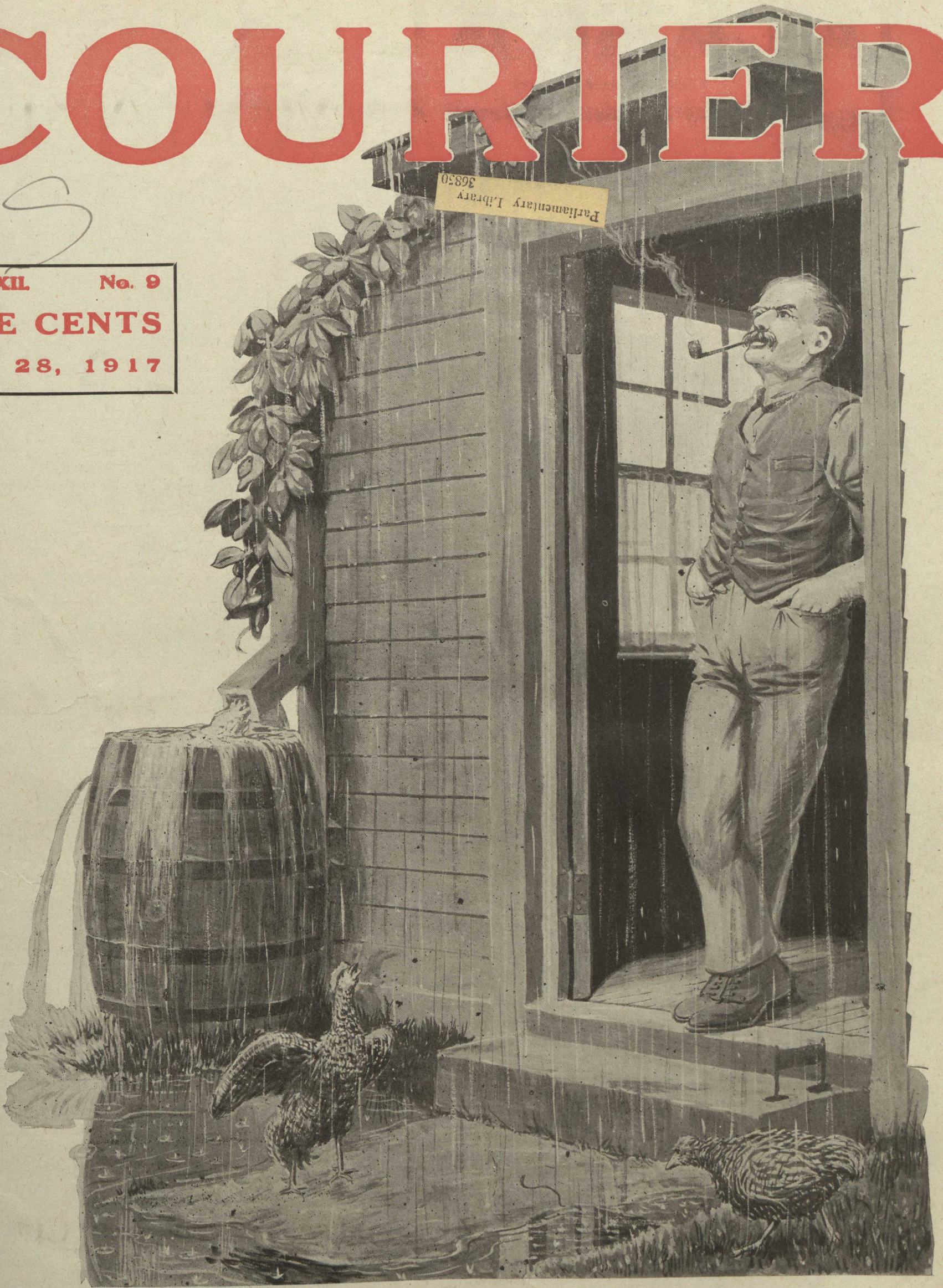


# CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII No. 9

FIVE CENTS

July 28, 1917

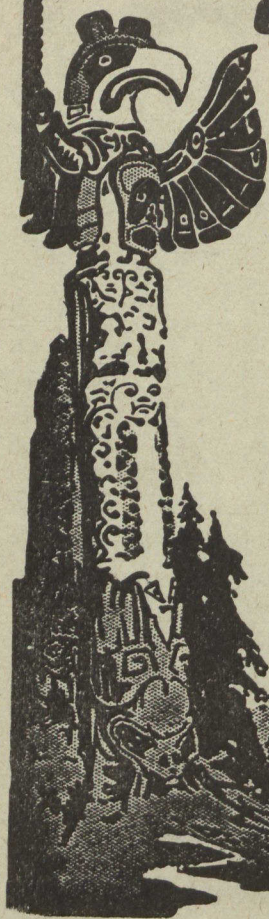


AND IT CLEARED UP THE VERY NEXT DAY

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

# ALASKA

## Follow the Gold Seekers' Trail



to this wonderful land of the north. Know the lure of its fjords, snow-capped mountains, blue-green glaciers, rivers and tumbling cascades, Indian villages and totem poles. Thrill with its awakening to a mighty commercial life.

Travel luxuriously by the splendidly appointed

**Canadian Pacific "Princess" Liners**

including the

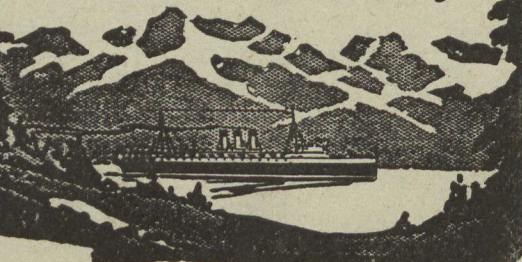
**S. S. Princess Charlotte**

Sailing northward, 1,000 miles along the protected "inside passage."

Make your reservations early and secure choice accommodation.

v. B. HOWARD,  
District Passenger Agent,  
TORONTO, ONT.

**Canadian Pacific Railway**



## DOMINION EXPRESS TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

Every traveller should carry them.  
They identify you and protect you  
against loss. Ask our agents  
about them.



### St. Andrew's College

TORONTO

A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS

Careful Oversight Thorough Instruction

Large Playing Fields Excellent Situation

Autumn Term Commences Sep. 12, 1917

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., HEADMASTER

Calendar sent on application

### ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE



### ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

Healthful, picturesque location, 30 miles from Toronto. Academic Courses from Preparatory Work to Junior Matriculation, Teachers' Certificates and First Year University, Music, Art, Oratory, Domestic Science; *Social Economics and Civics*; Commercial Work; Physical Training by means of an unusually well equipped modern gymnasium, large swimming pool and systematized play.

For Calendar write to Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Principal, Whitby, Ont. Reopens Sept. 12

### AUGUSTINE ARLIDGE

TENOR.

Soloist, St. Paul's Methodist Church.  
Open for Engagements in Church or  
Concert.

Write 43 Fulton Ave., Toronto.  
Phone Ger. 2020.

### FRANK S. WELSMAN

Planist.

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

If you change your address and desire to receive your copy without delay, always give your old address as well as your new one.

## Loyola College

Montreal Canada

An English College under the  
direction of the Jesuit Fathers.

Classical Course leading to the degree of B.A. Beautiful new fireproof buildings, splendid equipment, spacious playing fields.

Fees from \$60.00 a year for Day Scholars, and \$350.00 a year for Boarders.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

# CANADA'S MAGAZINES

*Do you appreciate what they  
mean to you—and to Canada*

IN the upbuilding of Canada as a nation—

In unifying the thought, interests, sympathies, desires and ideals of its scattered population, and in stimulating progress, particularly in our social and commercial life—

Do you realize the importance of Canada's magazines?

They provide the one medium of communication with a purely national appeal—they are the one means of education, inspiration, entertainment, welcomed equally in the homes of the proudest millionaire and the humblest workingman or farmer. In hundreds of thousands of Canada's homes in city, town, village, and on isolated farms they find a welcome with every member of the family, providing education in its most attractive form, stimulating thought, broadening the outlook, making leisure hours more enjoyable, telling about the things said or done or made in the other parts of Canada, bringing from far and near the ideas that improve the mind, the home and the person.

They are bound to be the factor which more than anything else will serve to knit Canada together and nationalize the interests and desires of her people.

It is to magazines that people look to bring them in touch with the world outside their local circles.

No longer does the "country cousin" feel out of place in the city. He knows what's going on, reads the same, wears the same, eats the same—because he keeps in touch through the magazines.

Magazines prove a most important factor, too, in nationalizing much of the country's commerce. They make the goods of the manufacturer here known to consumers everywhere, with the greatest economy of time and expense. The acquaintance with the country's best products thus cultivated widens the market in which consumers buy, just as it nationalizes the market in which the maker can sell. They are truly the shop-window of the nation.

What hours and days of work and worry have been saved the housewife by the appliances, foods, methods which have been made known to her through magazine advertising.

The styles she wears, the foods, appliances, furnishings, apparel she buys—are not her preferences largely dictated by the acquaintances she has made through the magazines?

Look in any store window anywhere. The goods most commonly displayed—because they are most in demand—are the brands which have become known to that merchant's customers through magazine advertising. These facts are worth remembering.

*Magazines are THE national medium*

OVER 300,000 GUARANTEED  
CIRCULATION ON CANADIAN  
MAGAZINES

## CANADIAN COURIER

McLEAN'S MAGAZINE

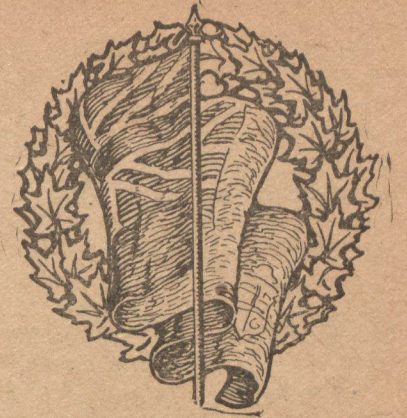
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

CANADIAN FASHION QUARTERLIES



# CANADIAN COURIER



July 28, 1917

Vol. XXII. No. 9

## ON THE ROAD TO WHITE HORSE, Y. T.

FROM these few words by our subscriber—so far as the editor knows the only one—at White Horse, Y.T., we have been trying to get a satisfactory mental picture of the man. We have never even published a photograph from White Horse. We have little or no idea of the kind of life a citizen of that town lives. If the Governor-General suddenly sent us an order to proceed at once to White Horse carrying a message to this man, we should need a map of Canada and a half a dozen railway folders with all the steamer routes included before knowing how to start. And if we had the time and the money we should jolly well like to take the trip.

When the subscriber at White Horse makes the remark, "Somebody evidently 'swiped' it en route,"

he probably feels something like a north country camper who on striking camp and unpacking the canoe suddenly discovers that he has left

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, \$1.50 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. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

### WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE.

White Horse, Y.T., Station, July 5, 1917.

The Canadian Courier:

Gentlemen,—You will find enclosed twelve cents in postage to cover copy of the "Courier" for June 23rd, as I did not receive my copy of that date. Someone evidently "swiped" it "en route." Kindly forward me another copy.

Yours truly,

G. H. NICKERSON, Cashier.

White Horse, Y.T.

P.S.—I don't blame the "someone."

behind his large tin of smoking tobacco. What that subscriber missed by not getting his copy of June 23 we do not now recollect. Three or four issues have passed through the office

since that and they are somewhat blurred in memory.

That subscriber will not worry because his copy gets to him more than five weeks late. When he gets it he

will perhaps read a little more of it than the editor did. In doing so he will realize without knowing exactly how that for the time being he belongs to a bigger world than the Yukon. In trying to imagine ourselves in his place we also have felt ourselves belonging to a much bigger world than our conventional Canada.

If he thought he was the only subscriber to the Canadian Courier within 500 miles he might not care whether he got that copy or not. But he knows that in reading his Courier he gets the best assemblage of world material seen through Canadian eyes, read far and wide by the most representative community of Canadian readers in the world. His sensations on turning over the pages may be similar to what we might realize if we suddenly found ourselves on the hurricane deck of an up-Pacific boat goggling our field-glasses on the first shore dots we could make out that looked like a settlement—and it might not be White Horse at that.

## SIR JOSEPH FLAVELLE, BART.

WHEN J. W. Flavelle started a provision shop in Toronto, in 1887, there was no hog in Canada selling for more than 2.75 cents a pound on the hoof, and half the people who were to pay 50 cents a pound for bacon in 1917 were just being born. The average farmer from the Flavelle country round Lindsay, Ont., got \$3.10 per cwt. for his hogs—dead weight. Bacon was selling at a maximum of 10 cents a pound. It was the golden age.

If people had to wear diamonds in order to keep well, the diamond king would be a dangerous despot. High prices forced upon common necessities have made it possible for Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart., to control the production of \$40,000,000 worth of Canadian food in 1916. As this comes to about \$5.25 a head of our population, such a man for the time being, becomes as important as a Premier.

Owing to the High Cost of Living report, Sir Joseph is the first subject for the scrutiny of Hon. W. J. Hanna, K.C. Mr. Hanna never had such a case at any court.

No great business ever works on a different principle from that of the ultimate man at the top. What the Wm. Davies Co. is, that also is Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart. If we knew the man we should understand his business. The average chances of getting to know him by means of his business are very small. No important man in Canada is so little known in relation to what he does for a living. The Wm. Davies Co. is a private concern. Its stock is not listed on the Exchanges.

The average man's interest in J. W. Flavelle, until bacon went over 40 cents a pound, found itself pleasantly divided among trust companies, banks, department stores, Canadian motor cars, newspapers, universities, great hospitals, Methodist Conferences,

### NOT FORGETTING JOSEPH.

THERE was once another man who controlled the food supply of his countrymen. His name also was Joseph, though on account of his early arrival in the world, no one thought of making his second name Wesley. And this Joseph, being unpopular with his brethren because he had a coat of many colours, was previously cast into a pit. But he was released by some one journeying that way and taken to Egypt, where he became second only to the King, had charge of the stores, and for all we know got a title. And when his brethren came that way, thinking he was dead, he forced them to take corn from him at his own price or to go without.

Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart., was never actuated by motives of revenge. His one great principle in life has been to let his right hand do so many big things in the public interest that it never stopped to inquire what the left hand might be doing, and thereby keep people from abusing him like a common politician.

### By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Foreign Missions, and Imperial Munitions. In all of which the hand of Sir Joseph has been that of authority and power.

That he chose the Hog steel as his lowest common denominator was only an accident. He could have done as well at steel rails or lumber. But the hog route to success happened to be open and rather untravelled. At the urgent invitation of Wm. Davies, who drove to Mr. Flavelle's house in an old open buggy, he consented, some time around 1890, to dispose of his retail provision store and become the manager of that company, then a struggling concern

known to nobody outside the trade.

Henceforth the margin between the hog on the hoof and the bacon on the breakfast table became the field of J. W. Flavelle. Largely through his organizing energy and consummate business ability the Wm. Davies Co. became a cycle of businesses. There is nothing eatable to-day in an average Canadian home that a Davies store with the big red blinds, the plate-glass window and the sawdusted floor cannot supply. But it all converges upon the bacon hog, whose evolution from the fat-pork, bushwhacking leviathan to the long, lean and profitable Tamworth, etc., is one of the triumphs of modern civilization.

ON page 19 of this issue, Mr. Ogden Armour narrates the practical philosophy of the hog in civilization. Mr. Armour knows no more about bacon than does Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart. But nobody can remember Sir Joseph expounding the hog. Other men may do that expounding. Sir Joseph is a master at picking and using other men; as he is of organizing other interests.

A prominent Canadian who has intimate knowledge of the unsurpassable efficiency of the C. P. R. said, not long ago, that in the head office of the Imperial Munitions Board, Ottawa, he found ability scarcely equalled by any of the C. P. R. magnates he knew. Financiers in Toronto admit Sir Joseph's amazing ability in economic pursuits. These are mere straws in the wind.

A few scenes from the variegated career of Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart., will illustrate his singular union of versatility and concentration.

Head office National Trust—ask Sir Thomas White; Directors' Meeting Bank of Commerce—inquire of Sir Edmund Walker; Board Room—the Robert Simpson Co.; Chief Editor's Sanctum, the Toronto News—consult Sir John Willison.

University Convocation Hall, Toronto, in 1906, when Sir Joseph was given an LL.D. honoris causa, for gratuitously co-ordinating reforms in a great Provincial University; office of the Chairman of License Commissioner in 1908, engaged without salary in cleaning up the hotels of Ontario; Board Room of the Public General Hospital of Toronto—established on a \$5,000,000 basis, largely through the great unsalaried services of Sir Joseph; General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, under the eye of Rev. Dr. Carman; Board Room of Methodist Foreign Missions; offices of the Methodist Book Room, Toronto; finally—the head office of the Imperial Munitions Board, Ottawa, in the employ but not in the pay of the Imperial War Office.

**N**OW, the mind that energized these various extra concerns was precisely the same mind that worked on the packing-plant problems down at the Don. Plus a degree of rather uncomfortable suavity, the social-interest brain of Sir Joseph was the same brain that exploited the potentialities of Hog.

As a co-ordinator of purely mercantile affairs, this country has never had the equal of Sir Joseph, except the late Timothy Eaton. A comparison of these two eminent mercantile Methodists would be illuminating to both. Eaton lives on in his business. Sir Joseph will be perpetuated by his title when his business has passed into other hands. Nobody outside the Eaton inside circle really knew Timothy Eaton. Few people understand Flavelle. He has a smile that radiates no humour. His manner is a singular combination of suavity and bludgeon directness. Unblest with a college education, he has flirted with culture and higher criticism. He has a vast organizing patience that is eternally impatient with inefficiency in other men; always, in business, in churchgoing, in philanthropy, instant in season and out of season. He would read Jeremy Bentham's Lives of the Saints, or Thomas A. Kempis' Meditations as rigorously as the annual report of the Wm. Davies Co. I have seen him go into a regulated rhapsody over a choral decrescendo of the Mendelssohn Choir.

That you do not know Sir Joseph never bothers him. He says he is not interesting. What he has done speaks for itself. But let no man presume to slip past him with any slipshod technic in business, and no man on a board or a committee come up against him without first-hand knowledge. Neither when you have talked to him for an hour or a minute will you be in the least doubt as to precisely what and all he meant by what he chose to say. He is almost painfully candid—up to a point: after that, you have left the stone wall and your head. And at that point, with his low-temperature suavity and his sub-Arctic smile he is quite exasperating. You may feel that a whack on the back would do him good. Do not. He will misunderstand you. If he ever nudges you in conversation—you are dreaming.

The facts and figures which Sir Joseph has authorized his general manager to give the public as an Apologia are in themselves of as much passing interest as some of the notes of President Wilson.

**O**NE statement involving multi-millions is uncommonly arresting. We are told that the gross turnover of the Wm. Davies Co., in 1916, was \$40,000,000. Remembering that about thirty years ago the freezing of a car of potatoes on a Toronto siding, coupled with an attack of illness, just about put J. W. Flavelle out of business, we realize that Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart., is in some respects a greater revenue-wizard than the Count of Monte Cristo.

But another millionizing item makes the former still more remarkable.

The assets of the Wm. Davies Co. are quoted in capital figures as \$13,385,000.

Is there any other manufacturing concern in Canada, if in America, whose annual turnover of business is just three times its capital assets? On the same basis the annual traffic receipts of the C. P. R. should be about \$900,000,000, and the total investment in Canadian manufactures should be under \$400,000,000.

O'Connor's report states in round figures that five-eighths of the entire bacon business in Canada for 1916 was done by the Wm. Davies Co. Thanks to the war. Great Britain had to have more bacon. The war cut off the Denmark supply. The bacon of Canada took its place. In 1914 the Wm. Davies exported 14,000,000 pounds, somewhat in excess of their average. Two years later this talent of 14,000,000 had multiplied itself to 97,791,000 of exports alone.

Prestissimo! Did the Canadian farmers rally with the hogs to this extent; or did the Davies concern gobble its competitors? Neither. Davies built a \$750,000 extension and went out after the American hog. From under the beaks of Swift, Armour and Co. they corralled Uncle Sam's pigs into Canada.

But the market over the sea could take it all. Mr. Flavelle knew. He happened to be in London when the war broke, August 4, 1914. He began to sell bacon before Liege was taken. It was the kind



of luck that is said to "happen" to Sir Joseph.

Some years ago W. L. M. King described this Davies organization as an octopus. That was in its 10,000,000 days. Now that the 100,000,000 mark is within sight, the only obvious thing to call it is a centipede.

Margin of profit on this 97,791,000 pounds is the bone of contention. The Commissioner did not define what that includes. Davies Co. have done so. Under packing-house methods of elimination the 5.05 reduces to about .68. Mr. O'Connor was speaking of the price at which bacon, the chief item, went into storage or its obvious cost to the storagers, and the price at which it came out, or its cost to the consumer. Simple enough. The difference was 5.05. The Davies Co. agrees to this. Now, for the difference between margin of profit and net profit cash in hand.

This margin includes operating charges under several heads amounting to 1.2 cents a pound; inland and ocean freight, landing charges, marine insurance, cables and selling commissions to agents, 2.9 cents. Of this, the apologia states, 2.4 cents went to ocean freight and war risk.

So that margin of profit minus overhead charges becomes 5.05 minus (1.2 plus 2.9) or 5.05 minus 4.1, which leaves .95 cents a pound net profit, to be still further reduced owing to "error of premises," etc.

The commission which Sir Joseph asks for to investigate the O'Connor finding will, we presume, verify the accuracy of these overhead charges. For the present we do not doubt it. The manifesto has all the internal evidence of literal truth.

From this we deduce that the millions of pounds of bacon that were exported by the Wm. Davies Co. "in competition with the world" represented less than a cent a pound net profit.

Instead of a profit of \$5,000,000, the Davies Co. makes less than \$1,000,000. In the average mind this reduction of profits by five times would rule out the term "profiteer." Which is what Sir Joseph is after.

But after all what is the argument about? If the British consumer does not kick on paying that amount of net profit to the Davies Co., why should we object to his doing so?

We don't. We are not running the Empire. As Canadians we are mainly concerned in what bacon costs us delivered at our doors in Canada.

And what is that cost? Some who think they know say that bacon costs more in Canada than it does English breakfasters 4,000 miles from the Davies plant. We don't know about that. It somewhat depends upon the baronial grocer who may sell at a few cents a pound advance on Davies stores. We can change our dealer. The packer we cannot change.

As a matter of convenience we wish the Davies manifesto had stated how much of the difference between the charges that follow operation costs are the total charges in the cost of freight on railways. We are not told this. And if we were we should be into a Chinese puzzle involving through tariffs, bulk-breaking and much more. But if we knew this we should be able to find out on a ton-mileage basis what a pound of bacon actually costs to produce in Canada up to the time it gets to our door.

At the same time we should like to ask—

**W**HAT ocean freight, war and marine risks, cables and commissions to selling agents are necessary to get a pound of bacon from the siding at Flavells, Ltd., Peterboro, or wherever it may be, to my door in Slabtown, a thousand miles more or less, as the case may be? So far as our knowledge of geography goes no pound of bacon would go by any such route unless it was sent up via Baffin's Land, Herschell Island and Alaska.

In plain words, why does my pound of bacon cost me as much as a similar pound of bacon does my uncle's second cousin in Shropshire? I know this is customary and not confined to bacon. We complacently remind ourselves that the custom extends to flour, apples, eggs, fish and anything else that we export overseas. We are told that the moment you begin to send anything over a railway or a steamship line you are liable to pay as much for a pound or a dozen or a bushel right where the stuff is produced, as somebody else pays on the other end of a route thousands or hundreds of miles long. Even though a man should buy a pound of bacon at the door of Flavells, Ltd., in Peterboro, he would, we assume, pay as much as my uncle's cousin in Shropshire. Because the export demand makes a domestic scarcity which means higher prices to all. We cannot ear-mark so much of our production for our own use. The theory is that all production is export and all prices export prices.

With this principle in mind, what we are really concerned about is not what we pay for our bacon, but the morals of Sir Joseph Flavelle. And as long as he does not extortion us into paying more pro rata for our home-consumed and home-produced bacon than other people do for our home-consumed and home-produced flour, and eggs, and apples, and coal, and lumber, and clothes, and what not—why, we have absolutely no case against him. We give him a certificate of character at once and admit that he is entitled to be one of the top-notchers in the company of producers. We wanted to prove an alibi for Sir Joseph in the matter of abusing our pocket-books. And as long as we don't object to paying him for ocean freight, war and marine risk and cables and selling commissions on bacon that never gets within 1,000 miles of the sea, we have done it.

# WILD ANIMALS OF 1917



FOR patient guile commend us to the camera that snapped the chipmunk down below. This chipmunk is not tame. He had no intention of being photographed in that ridiculous basket. Which is where the tactics of the camera man came in. He strewed a trail to the basket with peanuts and dropped a few peanuts inside. One by one the "chippie" took them to his hole in a stone heap. The next was in the bottom of the basket. In he went. The camera clicked him as he got ready to come out.

*Prowling Camera-Men go out after Canadian Huskie Dogs, Chipmunks, Bees, Mice and Porcupines*

THREE huskie-dog mammas with their families, aggregating fifteen, are paying a visit to the Industrial Bureau, Winnipeg. The amiable canine lady caught here by the camera in the kindly act of nourishing her offspring has cause to be proud of her quintette of puppies which are said to be the very first of their kind in Canada. They are rare half-breeds, sired by a Russian wolf-hound; as may be noted from their extra size. They are canine experiments. If these five live to go the mush-on trail they may be a combination of strength, speed and endurance such as no huskie team ever knew. Just at present they have no idea that their mother is anything but a free dog.



DID you ever help to hive a swarm of bees? Did you ever sit at a farmer's dinner table and of a sudden see him hear a new big humming that made him leap to the kitchen, grab a tin pan and go beating it like a tambourine out under a little new maple by the road? If you were foolish enough to follow the bee-man, when he wore a gauze helmet and coat of mail and you had none, you may have found out the precise meaning of that apt retort



IT was a different and quite as perplexed a camera that caught the north-country porcupines shown below, up in the branches of a leafless tree. These quilled and querulous exiles from the region of Porcupine, Ont., were not snapped in a home tree. No, to be perfectly candid, the tree was in a Zoo and the "porcies" are captives. They don't enjoy notoriety, as you may guess. They wonder how it is that so many people come around and nobody bothers them enough to make it worth while to shoot a quill.

"Stung!" The camera-man who took this picture was at one moment in such a plight. He was the centre of the swarm which naturally saw in him the common enemy instead of the visiting preacher who did the hiving trick for the farmer. They made a bee line for the camera. "Keep perfectly still, sir," implored the preacher. "Do not so much as bat an eye, or you may become a swollen man." For several seconds the camera-man played dead. Afterwards he got this photograph of the mass of new bees gathered on the branch of the tree ready for the hive. For further particulars, see Maeterlinck's Life of the Bee.

OUR coy little beauty, the field-mouse, shown in the round picture, was stealthily caught by the same camera in a most interesting piece of business. The white object is her nest. For reasons best known to herself she decided to move her family. As they were too young to walk she carried them, just the same as a cat. She is here seen with a mouselet in her mouth.



# The STRETCHER-BEARERS

BY PATRICK MacGILL

(Author of "The Great Push," Etc.)

THE battalion was resting in a village far behind the trenches, and Fenton, newly out, discovered that a rest as the B.E.F. knows it is a period of sweat and hard labour. Then, the month being May, the sun shone as only the sun of France can shine, and of course Fenton roasted. He got up in the morning at six o'clock, Brigade time, and formed up with other men outside his billet. These men were generally inclined to take a gloomy view of things at that hour, and vowed that Brigade time skipped two hours at night and found them again when on parade. That was the beginning of a day which might be fairly called strenuous, and Fenton, who was still new to things, wondered what it was all for—since it wasn't fighting—and whether everybody worked as hard as he did.

Now amongst others who lived in his billet there were two men, and these men seemed to labour little. They had no bayonets to burnish, no rifles to clean, no ammunition to carry. When other men went out they stopped inside, and they were in when Fenton returned from parade. Once when he was engaged in a mimic attack on a wood he came across these two men in company with several others and all were lying in the shade of the trees smoking cigarettes and listening to an address which the M. O. was delivering. Fenton had been hard at work all morning. His legs were tired, his shoulders ached, the sweat poured down his face in tiny rivulets. He had no time to lie in the shade . . . How he envied the stretcher-bearers!

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Fenton's first spell in the firing line and the trench in which he found himself was a comparatively quiet one, but in bad repair; so no end of work had to be done there. Parapets had to be built, saps had to be strengthened, wire entanglements had to be laid, and so on. In addition to tasks like these, there were ration fatigues, water fatigues, and fatigues for carrying up ammunition, and tools. Fenton was a good, willing worker, and while he laboured he watched the two stretcher-bearers and decided that they had a very quiet life. One of them was a thick-set man of medium height who seemed to be always laughing and smoking cigarettes. His name was Rogers.

"An easy job yours," said Fenton to him on the afternoon of the second day.

"Not so bad," said Rogers with a smile. "Next time there's a vacancy I'll let you know."

\* \* \* \* \*

On the following day the British attacked, captured a German trench and held it. Some men, a few of the most reckless spirits, went a bit beyond the trench, but were forced to fall back again leaving a number of wounded behind them on the ground. It was then that Fenton, ensconced in the trench, saw the stretcher-bearers at work, saw them going out into the open field of danger, tending the wounded and carrying them in, not only to the trench, but back to the dressing station at the rear. The way was one of peril, but the men, knowing their duty, never hesitated. Once, twice, three times, Fenton saw Rogers and his mate pass across the trench carrying the limp figures of the wounded on their stretchers. And Rogers always bore on his face a good-natured smile. He seemed to be enjoying his job.

When darkness fell Rogers came into the trench, but his mate was not with him.

"I've lost him," he said, "and I want somebody to take his place, a volunteer. There's only one more wounded man out in front now, so I want to get him in. Who'll come with me?"

"I'll go," said Fenton, and he went.

Rogers seemed to be very weary. On the way out he came to a halt several times and once, even, he sat down. "I'm a bit tired," he said. "But I'll soon buck up. This man's the last; then I'll have a rest."

They reached the wounded man and in the dark it was impossible to distinguish his features. He was breathing heavily and his face looked very white.

"He's unconscious," said Rogers. "He's on the stretcher, my mate helped me on with him, then he got hit."

"Is he dead, your mate?" asked Fenton.

Rogers pointed at something dark which lay on the earth near the stretcher.

"My mate," he said in a low voice. Then, "You take the head, Fenton, and I'll take the legs; they're lighter, and I'm a bit weak."

The journey in was tortuous. The bullets whistled round the men's legs and once or twice the handles of the stretcher slipped from Roger's hands. Then both men would halt for a second, draw breath, and without speaking a word continue their journey.

They got into the dressing station about midnight, and then Fenton discovered two things which caused him to open his mouth in wonder. The man on the stretcher was a German. They had risked their lives to succour an enemy. And Rogers was wounded. When his mate got killed, he, himself, had got hit in the shoulder with a shrapnel bullet.

(Bairnsfather Illustration by Permission of The Bystander.)

THE only other sea-war photograph published in the same dramatic class as that on this page was the turn-turtle of the Bluecher in the famous fight off Dogger Banks two years ago. In the accompanying photograph, enlarged from a snapshot taken by one of the passengers, a transport ship is shown after she had been hit by a German torpedo and beached on the rocks in the Mediterranean. Crew and passengers are seen going hand over hand down the ropes and dripping with the foam. The overturned life-boat on the davits emphasizes the dramatic character of this remarkable picture.



# Why Stay at Home?



*When you can see Canadian people and places like these photographs*



**L**OVE'S old sweet song is here seen at its best, at Les Madeleines, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with Grandmere knitting along the road—knitting for a soldier, perhaps. Grandpere carries no watch. Time is nothing to an ox. He goes by the sun; and if the day happens to be cloudy it makes no difference when anybody gets anywhere with anything.

**VICTORIA HAYWARD**  
Photographs by Edith Watson

**I**N middle and western Canada we may be worried over the price of fish. And down in Nova Scotia, where the fish come from, they may have the same sad story to tell, because things as a rule cost at home what somebody else has to pay for them thousands of miles away. But this picture of industry and indolence has nothing to do with the cost of living.

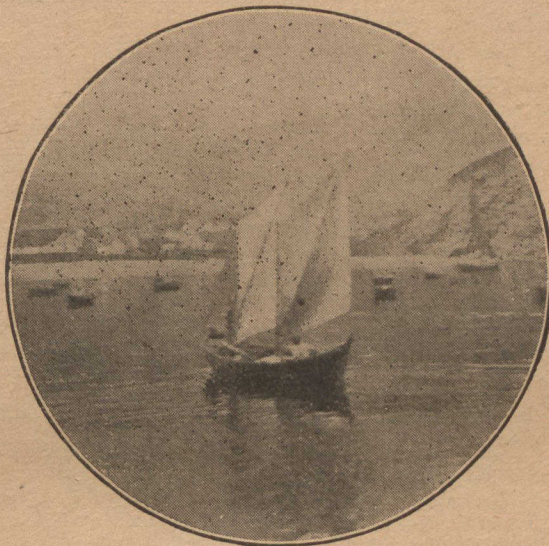
**A**CANADIAN editor once remarked: "We are a dull and diligent people!" He was speaking of Canadians. It was one of those careless adages that nearly became classics. The writer himself may have been speaking somewhat from experience when he referred to our fondness for hard labour and our disinclination to find pleasure even by travel in our own country. Any way, it was a few years after he made the remark that the said editor himself first got the nameless ecstasy of beholding for the first time the great prairies. He has never been the same man since.

When the war scare came up, his wife wrote her cousin, "I should feel safer at home and I wish I was there in case of war, but Jim says he is happy here and doesn't mean to budge. He says 'that if I want to go I can,' but of course he knows I wouldn't do that. And we are very happy here. So we will stay on."

The need for Canadians getting entertainment from seeing their own country was never so great as now. The war has depressed everybody. It has made us diligent if not dull. We are more serious than we were three years ago. We travel less, laugh less, drink less, dance and play cards less—and that's all in the interests of a better humanity. But "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." We are preaching ourselves into economic morality over production, and anti-waste—and that's all very well, too. But the worst economy is that which takes money out of circulation.

Both of these groups, through sound common-sense at the moment when decision was necessary, had all the enjoyment out of a winter south and escaped the cold of their northern winter, with its accompanying grippe and pneumonia.

Surely Canadians will be no less brave!!! The very exercise of restraint over your fears, if you happen to have them, will mean a great deal, in the way of character. And then, too, the lad in the trenches will like to feel you are doing



**W**E are told that this picture resembles Lake Como. If so, we should like to see Como. After a long swing-out in the open lake you drift into this cove with the fishing-smacks at anchor and the village in the offing. The experienced traveller may have seen dozens of scenes like this. But not along the main line of any railway.



**W**E have known cows that were very pernickety about precisely whereabouts in the barnyard they preferred to stand in order to be milked. This cow of Ingonish, C.B., would never stand to be milked in a barnyard. She chews her cud in calm contemplation of a scene that no stage artist could reproduce in a back curtain. That dreamland of lake and hill looks down from Baddeck, N.S., on the Bras d'Or Lakes. And the ping-ping of the milk in the ten-quart pail almost raises a Tennysonian echo.

travelled man with broadened ideas. Better in character or worse he may be, but broadened of that we are sure. He will not look at you just the same. It may be hard to keep him at home, hard to keep him interested in the quiet office or farm after his life of action. He'll be a hero, too, and unless he and you are careful the flattery and admiration of the neighbours and the town may spoil him. In any case, it will be hard to settle down. Let him see that you, too, have lived a life of action, that you, too, have travelled in his absence.

This can be done if you travel and meet people, meet them not only in works, but what is more essential even, in their play. If you stay at home you do not meet the people that give you the novelty of other ways of living, fresh types, and new places; which is the real philosophy of travel.

Our neighbour, and "our Allies," the people of the United States, have already been appealed to by that captain of industry, John Wanamaker, through the public press, not to withdraw their money from trade, through any false notion that by so doing they would be aiding the war. And he shows how, if there is no money in circulation, the United States will become poor, and a poor United States cannot give the punch to the war at means to give and must give.

something purely Canadian with some of your days. He'll love to hear about the woods, how the fishing goes, whether you caught any salmon or trout out of the old pool. How the motor-boating progresses on the river. Whether the catch of codfish is as good as usual, if George MacDonald shot any moose this spring or bagged an old bear up the Interval at berrytime?

You owe it to him to give him a change of scene in his letters. If he's been over long he must be getting frightfully tired of the same old story of the narrow round that fills up your days. You must remember that when he comes back he will be a

**E**VERY time we force one of our summer hotels to close we let Germany get a wedge into us. They are not doing this in the United States.

All the seashore resorts of Long Island, Massachusetts, and New Jersey are advertised as usual, and already the bookings at the hotels, boarding houses and "cottages" show no difference from former years. Americans have no idea of changing.

An American lady at Nassau, this winter, on being asked if she was being frightened by the war scare and "the city darkness" into leaving earlier, made this characteristic reply, "No, indeed. I won't let the report of German submarines drive me home a day sooner than I meant to go. I won't yield that much to the enemy."

A gentleman and his wife from New York, during the past season, rented a beautiful Bermuda home for the entire winter.



**N**OW the beauty of this spinning wheel is that it isn't a derelict stage property crammed into an attic or gilded to decorate a front hallway. It's a piece of real life. The mother with the sun-wrap on her head and the curly-headed cherub on her knee is a real workaday woman with her foot on the treadle of the wheel and her eye on the bobbin of yarn that she spins from the fleece. Her cottage door has the light of heaven, and we fondly hope that she was unaware even of the photographer.

# THE ELUSIVE MR. SQUARE FACE

OF the three or four hundred people who boarded a certain train for Port Stanley, Ont., the Canadian summer city on Lake Erie, one Saturday afternoon, I was on the most important mission. I say this without any egotism; I was going there for local colour.

On the road to to-morrow I believed that some day I would find the plot for that great story I was going to write; that story that would herald my name near and far as a new light in the literary heavens. Ahead of me on the train sat a man who was reading a book entitled, "Why I am a German." Across the aisle, a Jew—his hawk-nose as conspicuous as "the egg on the chin of an O'Grady on a Friday"—was talking across the back of his seat to a chap who had come into this world under a foreign flag and was saying that "This war was caused by over-population in the countries affected," to which the other agreed with a nod of his head.

Disgustedly I looked towards my shoes. I would have shied one at the head of the Jew and the other at the fellow in front of me, but instead of doing that I reached down and pulled out a newspaper that had been folded up and squeezed in behind the steam pipes. The paper was a week old, but in a "box" at the top of the page I saw an item that at once made me forget the presence of my unconscious tormentors.

## A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

Ottawa, Aug. 10.—The Nizam of Hyderabad has reached this country and will be the guest of the government. His mission at this time is believed to have to do with Indian emigration to Canada at the conclusion of the war. The Nizam is travelling incognito.

In a jiffy I threw down the paper and began fishing in my club bag for my note-book. Going over the index I came to this note, "The Nizam of Hyderabad, page 32." I turned up the page.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is the principal Mohammedan ruler of India. The family was founded by Asaf Jah, a distinguished Turkoman soldier of the Emperor Aurangzeb, who in 1713 was appointed subhadar of the Deccan with the title of Nizam-ul-Mulk (regulator of the State) but eventually threw off the control of the Delhi court.

In another place I found this:

The Nizam Mir Mahbub Ali Khan Badahur, Asaf Jah, a direct descendant of the famous Nizam-ul-Mulk, was born on the 18th August, 1866. At the death of his father in 1869 he succeeded to the throne as a minor, and was invested with full powers in 1884. He is notable as the originator of the Imperial Service Troops, which now form the contribution of the native chiefs to the defence of India.

And again:

The Nizam receives 25 lakhs (\$835,000) per year for the rent of Berar.

Ever since I could read, India and Indian affairs have been my hobby. A friend of mine for several years with the Seventh Hussars told me that he had been, on more than one occasion, a guest of His Highness, and that he had been shown the famous Nizam diamond, which weighed two hundred and seventy-seven carats, and was said to be worth seven hundred thousands of dollars.

Still thinking of the Nizam, I followed the crowd from the train to the beach at Port Stanley. Several thousand people were gathered there from all parts of the world. Foreigners of wealth, and perhaps breeding, rubbed elbows with those of lower birth and, maybe, lower morals. Walking up and down by way of getting a perspective, I passed several times a square-faced man who eyed me searchingly. He was alone, and like myself, appeared to court companionship. I had an idea that we would eventually get acquainted, so I put myself out for that purpose. It was a reciprocal matter with him, too, for we fell into conversation presently and sat together on a seat along the beach, where we could sit and talk and watch the sun as it played on the waters.

OUR conversation had nothing whatever to do with this story. But the man has. He accidentally pulled a newspaper out of his pocket and I saw at a glance it was of the same edition as mine and that the item about the Nizam of Hyderabad was

AT a summer resort almost any man thinks he can do things that he never could around home. Off the beaten track of business he goes about looking with great interest at other people who may in turn be equally suspicious—in a quite genial way—of him. And then—he becomes a detective.

By HARRY MOORE

encircled with a blue pencil mark. He caught me looking at the paper, crumpled it in his pocket, snapped his jaws, arose, smiled, and handed me a card:

OGLIVIE MILLS

Broker

Do you know I mistrusted him immediately, and when he gave me that card purporting to be his, I decided I would play a similar game on him. I handed him the pasteboard of an Eastern friend of mine who had enlisted and was "Somewhere in France":

CLIFFORD GAGE

Real Estate  
Insurance

and he took it, smiled again, extended his hand and said:

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Gage—hope to see you later—" and with that he was gone.

A PATROL boat steamed into the harbour, a large Canadian ensign floating to the breeze, and as I watched it, I kept thinking all the time of the Nizam of Hyderabad and my strange companion. Why had this man a marked copy of the paper containing the item about the Indian Prince's visit to Canada? Why did he display such irritation when I caught him with it? Was the Nizam at Port Stanley? Was this square-faced stranger a member of the Secret Service? I kept saying, "No" to this last question. Who, then, was he? An international crook, a German spy, or what? To tell you the truth, Square Face's actions baffled me, for he gave me no clue whatever to himself.

I went to the Casino. A short, thick-set man in a heavy beard and with coal black hair under a head-dress such as the Indians wear, sat at the piano, while not far away was a peculiar looking little old man who put in a word every once in a while. Upon my approach the old man moved away and the player, without looking up, threw himself into Englemann's "Melody of Love."

He played like an artist, and at the conclusion arose, bowed to the few who were present and, followed by the other, went out.

There was no doubt in my mind that the man in the black beard was a foreigner. The Nizam of Hyderabad? I referred to my notes:

"Born in August, 1866."

Hardly! This man couldn't be over forty and so far as I could see there wasn't a grey hair in his head. And yet—he looked like a Mohammedan. It never appealed to me at the time that the beard and hair might be false or that the other might be His Royal Highness—an Indian Prince incog.

With both eyes and my brain store-house full, and many notes gathered here and there, I stood on the platform waiting for the train at eight o'clock that

evening. I had a realization that my trip so far had not brought me that plot for which I was searching. Presently I saw his nibs, the man in the black beard, and his small companion approach the station and a dark object, that dodged in and about the crowds, following. Square Face was shadowing them.

I had a feeling that these three men were the principals in something big, and I would have liked to stay and see what it was.

HOWEVER, I had made up my mind to return to the city, and I figured it out that probably my imagination was getting the better of me and that there was nothing particularly surprising to their actions.

Back in town I went to the hotel, got an evening paper and went to my room. But I couldn't content myself. I itched to get back to the Port. Funny, wasn't it?

At last I couldn't control myself any longer, so grabbing my hat I struck down the street. A crowd had gathered in front of a newspaper office and thither I went. I read the war news and then I was attracted by a piece of paper that hung in one of the windows. Upon approaching closer, I read, "Clifford Gage was drowned at Port Stanley to-night."

Take it from me, that notice set me thinking! My good old friend, Clifford Gage, drowned at Port Stanley? Of course, it was impossible! Clifford Gage was fighting in France.

I got my grip and caught the last car for Port Stanley. What awaited me at the other end of the line? Who was drowned? Suddenly I remembered having given Gage's card to Square Face. Square Face must have been the victim. Ah, it began to dawn on me that the man in the black beard and his companion must have drown—

Poor old Square Face!

Of that trip to the Port I know nothing. I was so dazed, or so deeply drawn into myself, that I was not a thing of this world at all.

When I stepped from the car, I asked the first person I met where the body was. He didn't know. I enquired from several. No one knew. I struck down the board walk. I saw a large crowd gathered before a boat-house. I asked to see the victim and was taken inside, the cloth was removed and I looked into the face of—a stranger.

I studied the corpse and the clothes it wore when mortal, and the more I studied the more I was convinced that the dead man was my twin brother—if I had ever possessed such a thing.

"The only clue to his identity," spoke up a fisherman, "is this card which he had in his death-grip—"

He handed me the card and it dropped from my fingers. It was the self-same piece of pasteboard I had given Square Face in the afternoon.

"Pockets inside out—nothing remains—looks like a robbery, sir," the fisherman ventured further.

I whispered to him. The crowd was shoving in and those in the rear were craning their necks. Oh, idle curiosity!

"Look at this man, then look at me! Do you see any resemblance? Do you think he could be taken for me, or I for him?"

YOU see, I was beginning to see a reason for the man's sudden ending and a probable idea as to who did it, and I wanted to assure myself that the resemblance was so marked that a mistake could be made.

"A remarkable likeness," commented the fisherman, after he had compared us. "Brothers?"

"No," I answered, quickly. "Nothing to each other. I never saw this chap before. Who found the body?"

"I did," he replied.

"Pardon me for my questions, but I would like to get all the help you can give me. At what time were you told that this man was drowned and by whom?"

The fisherman pulled out his watch and looked



at the hands, and after a moment's reflection, replied:

"I was on the dock in front of the Casino at 10.10, when a big man in a grey suit came running up to me and said he saw some one fall off the government dock. He said he ran over and looked around, but couldn't make out anybody struggling in the water, which was very dark along the dock at that time. A friend and I jumped into our boat and pulled over there. We dropped the hooks and——"

"That will do," I said. "Where is the telephone office?"

HE directed me to the place. I asked the operator at what time was the message sent to the city that Clifford Gage had been drowned and the name of the party who sent it.

The operator went through her tickets and reported that the message was filed at 9.30 by a big individual in a grey suit, who called himself, "Samuel Trowbridge."

Then like the sun breaking from behind a dark cloud, I began to see through the whole thing. Square Face had thrown this man off the government dock at 9.30, made sure he was drowned before reporting it to the fisherman and the city papers. It was a plain case of premeditated murder with what object in view? Because this man looked like me. Why because he looked like me? Because I was apparently the only one who knew his secret, and that secret was the item that referred to the presence of the Nizam of Hyderabad in Canada. And what had the black-whiskered man and his companion to do with it? Either one or the other was the Nizam—I was sure of this, because I had seen Square Face shadowing them.

It was eleven o'clock and I went over and sat down in a seat along the beach. Then, from nowhere, so sudden and mysterious was his appearance, came an object that walked like Square Face and strode along the beach in front of me with a cane in his hand. He stopped, and from his motions, I knew he was writing in the sand. I watched him out of sight.

I stepped briskly up the walk in the direction to which I had seen him go, turned and came down along the shore. When I reached the spot where Square Face had stood, I made sure no one was near, struck a match and made out:

"C A S 3."

A footfall sounded on the sand, and I tried to whistle a few bars of "Senora." Somebody approached stealthily, stopped and flashed a light in my face.

"Good-evening," I said, pleasantly.

But there was no answer. The light was turned on the ground at my feet and behind it I saw the shadow of a tall man in a slouch hat and hip boots—a longshoreman.

"Lose something?" It was an excuse to see his face, but he turned and, without looking up or speaking, he slipped into the darkness.

The human brain is a wonderful thing! I am not a detective—not even related to a detective—but I could see what was coming. "Cas-3," was as easy as the alphabet to me—"Casino at three o'clock." Square Face and this tall chap were in a plot to kidnap the Nizam from the Casino in four hours. What was their idea? Referring to my memory,

The Nizam is notable as the originator of the Imperial Service Troops, which now form the contribution of the native chiefs to the defence of India——

There it was in a nut-shell! What would have a greater effort in India than to have it spread broadcast throughout the land that the Nizam of Hyderabad, while the guest of the Canadian Government, had been spirited away? Rebellion? Yes. India would break out in a revolution that Great Britain would be unable to put down. No more native troops would go to France to fight for the British lion; British soldiers, which could ill be spared, would have to be sent to India——

But how did they plan to take the Nizam away? The only ship in port was a patrol boat used to protect the fisheries—a ship that carried a Canadian ensign at the mast-head. Built for speed? Sure. Armed? A small gun on the forward deck. I couldn't connect the patrol

boat with Square Face's plot at all—there must be another boat on the way. I later found out all about it. Little did I think that before next morning I would be riding the waves in a strange craft and a Canadian Government boat alongside!

Over at the Casino an orchestra was playing. Youth and beauty were dancing. A large passenger boat was docking along the Government pier and I strolled that way. Ahead of me hustled a familiar figure—to wit, Mr. Square Face. I lengthened my stride just to see where he was going and there followed a merry chase in which he finally shook me.

Just as the boat was about to pull out, I reached the dock and just then I saw the elusive Square Face making for the shadows. He was in a hurry and presently so was I. I vowed I would keep on his trail.

He sped along the dangerous old wooden structure, struck up the board walk to the station, crossed the tracks, and proceeded to climb the long flight of stairs to the village of summer cottages above. And still I followed him.

At the top of the steps, he stopped and looked down. I flattened myself along the railing and, waiting until his head disappeared from the sky line, I hastened after him.

I saw him hustling up a street to a cottage that overlooked the bay, he went inside and I lay down in the grass by the side of the road.

I hadn't long to wait for Square Face. The front door of the cottage opened and closed silently and he appeared with a bundle under his arm. Reaching the street he stood and looked towards the lake. I wiggled around to see what he was watching and I saw a bright light off to the westward—a light that flickered as though someone was sending a message.

For a moment Square Face watched it, then he tightened his grip on his parcel and ran. And I struck after him.

Something dropped from his bundle, but he never stopped. Shortly afterwards I picked up a pair of field glasses. We had long since left the cottages, travelling straight west with nothing to obstruct our view of the lake. The banks were high and sandy.

Then Square Face came to a halt, shot a glance towards the lake, and crawled over the bank. Throwing myself on my face and preparing for a surprise, if necessary, I worked along through the tall grass, raised myself and peeked over. I saw this strange creature feverishly unroll what looked like a tripod, set it firmly in the sand, and place a light on it—a powerful light, as I noticed when he opened the shutter.

The strange craft was calling, so putting the glasses to my eyes, I made out the letters, "P S"—the dots and dashes of the Morse code. Of course, I realized at once that the letters stood for "Port Stanley"—a signal probably arranged beforehand by the sender and Square Face, who was by this time searching the ground and swearing. He couldn't find his glasses.

THEN came the rather humorous flash, "D A M." I couldn't prevent a smile. What else might have been said I don't know for my strange acquaintance broke in.

I can't tell what he told them, for I was behind and above him, and there was no chance for me to catch his words through the clicking of the shutter. I do know that it took him a long time to say what he wanted to, and when he was finished, his message was repeated:

"C A S—THREE—WEST—LIGHT—O.K."

He pulled himself over the bank and stood in

AND of course at any good summer resort when everybody is off guard, a good many people may be doing the spy act at once. Which is exactly when curious things begin to happen to the amateur Sherlock Holmes, as they did to the first person singular of this narrative.

meditation. The light had vanished. It was long after midnight.

After a while he turned east and I followed slowly. Coming to his cottage, he went inside, and believing I had enough information, I ran to the steps, tumbled down and headed for the Casino. I had made my mind that I would see the man with the black beard and ask him point-blank if he were the Nizam, or could direct me to him. Then I would tell all I knew about the affair and assist them in making plans to effect the capture of the elusive Mr. Square Face. At all costs, the Nizam of Hyderabad must not be kidnapped!

The orchestra had long since gone away, but black beard was playing a waltz when I arrived at the Casino. I went over to him and not very far away I saw the little old individual who was always by his side.

"Pardon me," I said, touching the pianist on the shoulder, "but I would like a word with you and your friend down in the cafe——"

He started as though I had stuck a pin in him, then he asked,

"Anything important?"

"Very," I answered.

HE got up from the piano, whispered something to his companion, and turned to me.

"We will accompany you."

I led them downstairs into a room of the cafe and drew the curtain. An energetic waiter appeared and I told him that we had some business to attend to and would call him later.

"Assuming that one of you is His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad prompts me to bring to your attention at this moment a very important matter——" You can understand that I never had much to do with those born in the purple and I used my best language to offset the rustiness in my appearance and my deportment.

Then Black Beard broke in.

"For this occasion, your assumption is quite in order. I am the Nizam." There was a foreign accent to his words, though his English was the very best.

"Impossible?" I interrupted, thinking of the fact that the Nizam was fifty if a day, and he was so young looking.

"Nothing is impossible," he returned, pleasantly—"particularly when one is travelling incognito."

Then I told them my story from the time I landed at Port Stanley until I read the message from the strange craft—a message which I transcribed for them—who I was and what brought me to the Port.

They were interested—they were more than interested. They plied me with all kinds of questions and the Nizam proved a good sport with real red blood in his veins, for the probable adventure appealed to him.

"But they must not kidnap you," I protested. "It would be unfortunate to the British Empire at this time. It would serve their purpose——"

"How could it be prevented?" It was the small man who spoke and it was the first time he had opened his mouth.

"Quite easy," I answered him. "Let them take me. Give me your clothes," I turned to the Nizam. "But that wouldn't do, either," I corrected.

"Why?" asked His Highness.

"Because," I returned, "I would lack the beard and——"

Do you know I always understood that it was against the caste of a Mohammedan to remove his head-dress. I was afraid to ask the Nizam for it—I believed it would offend him.

But he looked at his friend and broke into a laugh.

"That can be arranged, I am sure," he said, and without another word he began unwinding yards of material from his head, lifted his beard and hair, which was in one piece, and placed them on the table before my astonished eyes.

When I looked up I saw the face of a man who must have been over fifty, quite grey about the temples, flabby cheeked, skin a dark colour as though the result of having lived in a hot climate—taken all in all he appeared just like an ordinary business man with a pair of the most roguish hazel eyes one would care to look

(Continued on page 20.)

# CAMERA OCCASIONALITIES

*Canadians at Home and  
Abroad Snapped in  
Passing*

By THE CAMERA MAN



OUR national game of lacrosse still survives even in the precarious days of war. In Winnipeg recently there was a game of amateurs—which is the only kind of lacrosse that ever was any good. The two captains respectively of the Pegs and Victorias are here shown shaking hands before the game.

“NEVER before,” starts off the despatch from New York, “has New York paid such homage to soldiers of any nation as was accorded the 48th Highlanders of Canada to-day.” The Canadian Kilties are down in the big centres of the United States to stimulate recruiting of Canadians in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other points for the Canadian Army. The head of the contingent as it marched down Broadway was Col. J. S. Dennis, shown above, who has been given charge of recruiting Canadians in Chicago and the West. Col. Dennis is a veteran of the C.P.R., for some years at the head of Irrigation and the Natural Resources Department in Calgary. Lately he has been taken to Montreal as assistant to the President. Another eminent John in the tour was big John Slatter, who may be noticed in the front rank at the right of the Kiltie photograph below. Slatter is the veteran bandmaster of the 48th, known all over Canada as the greatest marching musician in the country. No parade of the King’s Toronto Militia in peace times was ever complete without big John at the head. Those who have seen and heard the 48th march in Canada will not be surprised that New York lost its head when they marched along Broadway. Uncle Sam has no such picturesque, pompous regiments as the 48th.



LIEUT.-COL. J. W. VIDETO—the name sounds Acadian—is the retiring O. C. of an historic regiment. In the muster of new battalions at the front the identity of our old militia regiments is still proudly maintained, as in the case of Royal Halifax 63rd Rifles and the 48th shown on this page. The Royal Halifax 63rd was the first colonial militia regiment in the British Empire to volunteer for service in the present war. It was the first to go on active service and the first to send militia officers to the front, among them being Lieut. Eric Dennis, son of Senator Dennis, of the Halifax Herald, who met his death in action, and who was twice decorated. This regiment sent 600 men and 52 officers to Flanders and to-day is at full strength on fort service in Halifax. It has offered three times to go as a unit to the firing line. Lieut.-Col. Videto, who has been in command of this distinguished regiment, is now retiring. He is the manager of the well-known jewelery house of M. S. Brown & Co., Halifax.



CANADA'S KILTIES  
ROUSE  
AMERICAN SENTIMENT.

PIPES AND DRUMS AND A'

OUR OLD 48TH  
DOWN IN  
NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

# O ART!

*Unconventional Poses of  
Painters, Writers and  
Musicians, on and off  
duty in the Summer of  
1917*



ONLY by reading these words can you know that the picture directly above is not just an ordinary gang of hoe-men. These knights of the hoe are all—except the youth with the gun, who has shot the ground-hog—a few of the members of the Arts and Letters Club, of Toronto. You recognize by the way they handle the hoes couchants that they are all artists. Their method of handling the hoe rampant has been shown in other unpublished photographs.

These painters, writers and architects lunch every day down town in their own club room. Some while ago it was discovered that you can't go on raising the price of an artist's lunch in order to break even in the kitchen. He will stop taking lunch if you do.

So in order to keep the Arts and Letters Club lunch from making its exit, the club management decided to reduce the cost of the raw material used in the kitchen. They rented ten acres nine miles north of Toronto, and called for volunteers to work the land. They put in two acres of potatoes and a large assortment of less pretentious vegetables, including artichokes and lettuce. Whereupon some wit—even artists are sometimes wits—amended the name Arts and Letters Club to read Artichoke and Lettuce Club.

The demure man sitting at the right corner is F. S. Challener, who makes it his main business to paint frescoes, proscenium arches for theatres and wall panels for great hotels. Among the things he has done for thousands upon thousands from all parts of Canada to behold are the proscenium arch in the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, the panels in the Royal Alexandra, Winnipeg, and those in the Hotel Macdonald, Edmonton. Sometimes he does heads and figures for illustrations in the Canadian Courier. The artist standing just behind him is Herbert S. Palmer, O.S.A., who paints

sheep better than any other Canadian artist, and goes in strong for pastoral landscapes, with an occasional break into the modern dramatic method. The artist sitting under him is E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., the well-known portraitureur who has painted more Canadian portraits than any other man living or dead. Grier was the second President of the Arts and Letters Club. He is passionately addicted to gardening at home, is an expert on mushrooms, and a member of the Mycological Society. Grier is wearing overalls. He also does occasional heads for the Courier. His latest portrait of a distinguished Canadian is that of Dr. A. S. Vogt, past conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, who, as a member of the A. L. C., was also entitled to appear in this picture as a man with the hoe.

The man just behind Grier is George Reid, R.C.A., a past-president of the Royal Canadian Academy. Reid has been an expert on the land question ever since he painted that historic farm picture—now in the Victoria Museum at Ottawa—Foreclosure of the Mortgage.

Diagonally down from him towards the woodchuck is Andrew Sharp, a well-known architect who, among other public edifices, designed Convocation Hall for the University of Toronto.

The man with the sailor hat and the cigarette is C. W. Jefferys, President of the Ontario Society of Artists, well-known illustrator for books and magazines, newspaper cartoonist, painter of the prairies, and the most expert pen-line artist in America.

The overalled person at his right is Ivor Lewis, designer and illustrator.

The man with his hand on a hip is M. O. Hammond, city editor of the Toronto Globe, and author of the book, Confederation and Its Leaders.

THE blest pair of sirens—music and poetry—shown above, are dancing a duo-minuet to express the joy of living. In ordinary life they are members of the Woman's Art Association, Toronto.

CARUSO does not like German. He has always refused to sing Wagner because, to his mind, it is not tenor art, nor lyric, and gives a man no chance against a thundering orchestra. Caruso is off to Rio Janeiro, to sing at something like \$7,000 a night, instead of the \$3,000 he gets in New York.



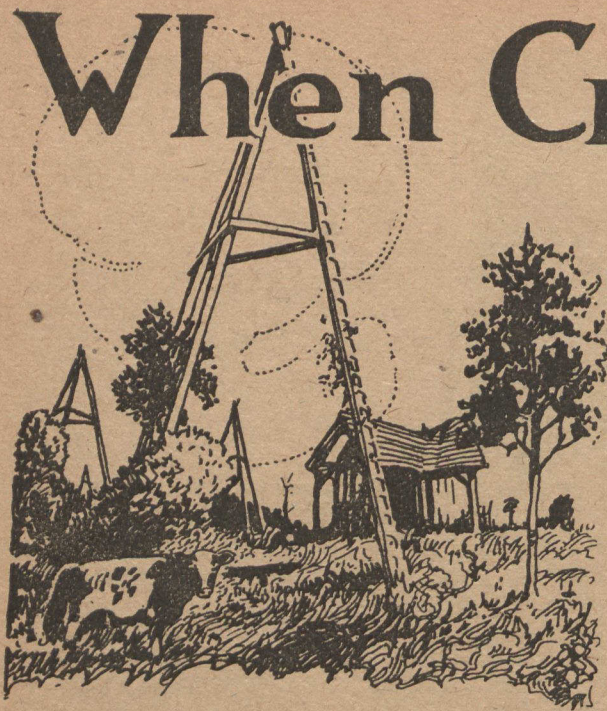
WE have heard Percy Grainger, tone-poet on the piano, Australian composer, etc., play a Bach Fugue in a godlike style and reel off his Irish lyrics on the piano. We have met him in drawing-rooms and noted the big, red hands of the man and the cherubic look on the face set around by an aureole of hair that was never rivalled by any pianist except Paderewski. And we have admired Percy because he is a genius and a gentleman. In Uncle Sam's khaki and cowboy hat, patriotically playing the saxophone at \$30 a month in the U. S. Coast Artillery Band, we admire him yet more, but ask our Imperial cousin one question:

What barber—if not of Seville—got that aureole mop of hair?

# When Crude Oil Peters Out

*Canadian Practical Science May Go Back to Something Discarded Sixty Years Ago.*

By VICTOR LAURISTON



ONLY a short time ago, Dr. Oscar E. Bransky, an American petroleum technologist, addressing a Chicago audience, estimated the world's crude oil supply, visible and invisible, at 7,629,000,000 barrels.

This seems a huge figure. Indeed, on the basis of present consumption of petroleum products, Dr. Bransky declared that the supply was sufficient to last 138 years, by which time very few of us—very few even of our children—will be worrying about the cost of gasoline for our motor cars, aeroplanes or tractor engines.

The United States Bureau of Mines, however, hastened to take issue with Dr. Bransky. So did other technologists. The issue was taken on the palpable point that the annual consumption of petroleum products, far from remaining stationary, would steadily increase, despite enhanced prices.

Gasoline, for instance, has almost doubled in price within three years. Yet in the United States alone there are 750,000 more motor cars in use than there were a year ago. Canada this year will, it is estimated, put into commission 125,000 more cars than were in use in 1916. Increased prices haven't yet served to decrease consumption.

Arguing on this basis, the United States Bureau of Mines, and the cohort of independent authorities who took issue with Dr. Bransky, figured that the world's petroleum supply would last just 27 years, though improved refining methods might spread the supply over 75 years, at the outside.

LONG before the supply is exhausted prices will have climbed to a height now thought impossible. The last three years have illustrated the tendency of everything, and notably of gasoline, to advance in price. Then, too, fuel oil is displacing coal for railroad and steamship use. The British navy has turned emphatically toward fuel oil. The Queen Elizabeth, for one, is a striking instance of the oil-driven super-Dreadnaught. According to many authorities, the superiority of the oil-driven war craft was clearly demonstrated in the Jutland battle. Even that old staple of the corner grocery, kerosene or "coal oil," shows no decline in consumption, despite the inroads of Niagara power.

When crude oil peters out—what then? When the liquid reservoirs which have been tapped continuously since 1859 have definitely yielded their last drop—what will be the next development? This, remember, is not a vague, distant eventuality. According to the United States Bureau of Mines, the eventuality is likely to become a reality within 30 years—within the life-time of many of us.

As it is, Canada at present draws 90 per cent. of her crude oil from foreign sources. The great chain of refineries controlled by the Imperial Oil Company take practically all the Canadian crude oil production of approximately 200,000 barrels a year; but to meet Canadian demands they have to import many times that amount from the United States, Mexico and Peru.

What Canada will do, no one can definitely predict; but there is one thing Canada may do with profit. Canada may go back to the very beginnings

of the oil industry, and may illustrate to her profit the Scriptural adage, "The last shall be first and the first shall be last."

Old-timers still remember the days of tallow candles, but even they have probably forgotten the brief interval before the time of liquid petroleum, wherein shale oil held a short, precarious sway. Learned volumes have been written on the Scottish shale industry, but the gist of them is this: In 1850 Thomas Young discovered a method whereby "rock oil" could be refined or distilled from a certain variety of coal, deposits of which existed in Scotland. When the coal deposits were exhausted in a few years, the same refining process was applied to a bituminous shale. By 1859 the shale oil industry in Scotland had grown to large proportions. More than a hundred refineries were operating. The process was adopted in America. Machinery was imported into the United States and Canada from Great Britain, and in many places on this continent shale deposits were worked. The industry reached the height of its prosperity in 1859.

That was the year that immense discoveries of liquid oil in Pennsylvania flooded the world with cheap crude oil, and swept the shale oil industry practically out of existence. It was cheaper to drill a few hundred feet into the earth and draw thousands of barrels of liquid oil a day, than to laboriously blast and excavate the oil rock and then distil the oil.

ANY people but the Scotch would have given up the fight against cheap petroleum. There was a time, in the history of our own Lambton oil fields, when crude oil sold at the wells for three cents a barrel. The Scottish shale refiners—or a few of them, for most were ruined—held desperately on. They gradually improved their processes. New methods of production and distillation developed new and valuable by-products. Elsewhere, the shale oil industry has never recovered from the shock; but in Scotland it has survived in the face of the competition of even three-cent oil, and a few years ago was paying wages aggregating \$3,500,000 a year to over 8,000 employes, of whom nearly 4,000 were miners; and was yielding besides dividends ranging from seven to 50 per cent. on the capital invested. The amount of oil produced annually from a small area of oil shales a few miles west of Edinburgh is several times that yielded by all the oil wells of Canada.

Canada had a share in the beginnings of the shale oil industry. A few miles from Collingwood, in Grey county, there is a vast deposit of shale that looks to the unpractised eye a good deal like the Scotch "splint" coal. In 1859 a primitive sort of refining plant was set up by enterprising investors near Delphi. Twenty-four cast iron retorts were set up in two ranges, and wood fires built under them. The shale, broken into small fragments, was heated for two or three hours, extracting the larger part of the oil in that time; a little more could be secured by continued heating, but not enough to pay for the extra fuel. The plant consumed twenty-five cords of wood every week. Close to thirty-five tons of shale were treated every day, yielding approximately 250 gallons of crude oil. It was calculated that the crude oil was produced at a cost of fourteen cents a gallon, with cordwood for the cutting.

The early Collingwood experiments were failures. Two or three times the plant was swept by fire. By 1860, however, everything was running smoothly, and the problem of marketing the oil at a profit had been solved.

Just about then, however, drillers at Oil Springs in Lambton county finished individual wells that produced more crude oil than the entire Collingwood plant could manufacture in a year. The market was flooded with cheap crude oil. Exit of the Colling-

wood shale-oil enterprise.

The shale, however, is still there.

There are many shale deposits in Ontario. That at Collingwood is extensive. It probably runs some distance into other counties. It may be a continuation of the deposits recently noted at Kettle Point, in Lambton county, tests of which reveal 23.7 per cent. of combustible and volatile matter. The possibilities of Northern Ontario cannot be guessed. Manitoulin Island, in Georgian Bay, apparently possesses much shale. In Quebec there are deposits in the Gaspé peninsula yielding a higher percentage of oil than those of Scotland. Northern Quebec, like Northern Ontario has shale possibilities.

The best known Canadian deposits are, however, those of Albert Mines, in New Brunswick. Here, at Baltimore, the first oil shale industry in Canada was established some 60 years ago, the refined oil being very largely used in the Maritime Provinces in the historic days when Joseph Howe was in his prime and Doctor Tupper—afterward the great Sir Charles—was just coming to the front. In those days, too, much of the shale was mined and shipped to Boston, where retorting works had been established. In Nova Scotia, also, deposits of oil shale similar to those of Scotland were discovered in 1859 near what is now the town of Stellarton, and much of the production was shipped to the United States.

From time to time since 1859, reports have been afloat regarding a possible revival of the New Brunswick industry. Just before the war plans were under way for the establishment of a modern shale refining plant at Albert Mines. The war, however, diverted the necessary capital.

Here, if anywhere in Canada, is the logical site for the first experiment in re-establishing a Canadian shale refining industry. The Albert shales have been tested, and show a higher proportion of crude oil than those of Scotland. They are of great extent. The industry would have good shipping facilities and an immediate market in its own vicinity. The Nova Scotia shales are extensive; and some samples, particularly from Stellarton, have tested as high as 42 gallons of crude oil to the ton. This is far in excess of the average Scottish tests.

BUT the east has no monopoly of Canada's oil shales. There are known deposits as far west as British Columbia; as far north as Cape Bathurst in the Arctic Ocean. Saskatchewan, which has never developed liquid oil production, has huge shale deposits in the Pasquia Hills. Investigation by the Manitoba public utilities commission has disclosed at Holland, in that province, outcroppings of oil shale testing 25 gallons of crude oil to the ton. There are known shales in Alberta; and in addition the tar sands of the Athabaska district may prove suitable for distillation.

Indeed, if Canada's liquid oil production is far less than that of the United States, Canada's prospective shale oil resources are far greater.

An important by-product is ammonium sulphate. Collingwood folks have often remarked on the notable productivity of fruit trees rooted in the disintegrated shale. Another important possibility is the production of aniline dyes. Colorado shales have under government tests at Washington been found to contain great quantities of aniline ingredients; and there can be little doubt that many of the Canadian shales are of similar value. If so, the dye-stuffs situation which confronted Canada in the early days of the war need never recur.

Canada's shale deposits have been termed "inexhaustible." There is no word in the dictionary that has been more villainously abused in connection with the oil, gas and mining industries. Yet this much is definitely assured: the Canadian shale deposits will be inexhaustible in our time. Experts have estimated that the shale deposits on the west coast of Newfoundland alone are sufficient to supply the entire world with oil for two centuries.

# MAGNANIMOUS HINDENBURG!

THE Russian offensive still holds centre of the stage and with the limelight flung upon it and from its orderly and steady development we may infer that it will be continuous. Last week I said that the actual military gains were relatively unimportant in comparison with the fact that the Russians were actually fighting, and that a great battle front quiescent for months had once more burst into volcanic flame. That, I think, is still true, and in a sense in no way derogatory to the brilliance of the Russian successes.

Whether the German commanders believed in a Russian military paralysis we have no means of knowing, but we may doubt it. At least they told the people that they believed it, and the people of course accepted the assurance as they always do. Hindenburg—so they were informed—could smash the Russian front whenever and wherever he pleased, but a sense of magnanimity restrained him. Germany was under no necessity to fight in the east. She had only to await the development of the Russian revolution, and the demand for a separate peace was certain to follow.

Hindenburg even committed the folly of offering an armistice to Russia so that she might conduct her elections in peace, and this only a few days before the offensive began. He may have had a desperate hope that the offer would be accepted, but at least the offer would sound well to the German public. Scheidemann, the Socialist, had been sent to confer with his Russian confreres, and the German people felt no doubt that he would win them over. Of course he failed. He had been instructed to say that there could be no domestic reforms in Germany until the advent of peace, and that the best way to hasten the social revolution in Germany was to end the war by a Russian withdrawal.

But the Russian delegates were not so easily beguiled. They knew that Scheidemann was a representative of the government and not of the socialists, and they could hardly suppose that the German government was so solicitous for the social revolution. They were fully convinced that a victorious Germany was not likely to be a revolutionary Germany, and that there could be no hope of reform until the German armies had been soundly beaten in the field. Scheidemann on his return to Berlin found that he must bear the penalty of failure. He was soundly trounced in the press, and then ignominiously kicked back into the Socialist ranks.

That was only a day or two before the resumption of the fighting on the eastern front, and we can hardly doubt that the German commanders knew well what was coming, and that the trumping of the Scheidemann trick was a foregone conclusion. But the people had to be fed with comfortable fictions, and so they were offered the picture of a magnanimous Germany unwilling to strike a prostrate foe, and offering the olive branch instead of the sword. That they will now resent the sedative so assiduously offered to them is too much to expect. Indeed we are told that they are already solacing themselves with the assurance that the Russian fighting is merely a spasm, and that it will wear itself out in the course of a few days.

But there is nothing in the study of the map and of events to confirm this narcotic theory. The situation of the Teutonic forces was bad enough in the light of the first bulletins, but it has grown steadily worse with each passing day. The Russians were reported to have taken Brzezany, about fifty miles south east of Lemberg, which was evidently their objective. The Teuton lines were not only pushed back but broken over a front of twenty miles. If the attack had been confined to this area we might have accepted the "spasm" theory as at least plausible, and this in spite of the large number of prisoners and the quantity of booty. But the attack spread rapidly. Halicz, about thirty miles to the south of Brzezany, was captured in spite of heavy resistance, and now we are told that the Russians

*THERE may be a scarcity of food in Germany, but the authorities have already substituted a preparation for which all Germans have an apparently insatiable appetite. The new food is known as War-Bunkum*

By SIDNEY CORYN

Written Especially for Canadian Courier



And this poor down-trodden wretch is a sample of the soldiery that is being fed on War-Bunkum in the trenches.

are advancing upon the Carpathians from Stanislaw, which is about twenty miles south of Halicz. Moreover we learn that there are signs of activity north of Lemberg, toward Kovel, and this means that the whole length of the Russian line south of the Pripet Marsh to the Carpathians is involved, or about three hundred miles. This does not look at all like a flash in the pan. On the contrary, it appears to be a well considered and well prepared offensive, led with skill, and backed by a plentiful supply of munitions. We may remember that Brusiloff has an extraordinarily high reputation, and a long record of spectacular successes. His previous advances have never been stayed except by treachery at Petrograd, and he is said to be the one Russian general who is heartily feared by his Teuton opponents.

BUT even if the Russian advance should be stayed it is certain to have the happiest results upon the other fronts. Reinforcements must be sent to the east, and there are no reinforcements available, except at the cost of the German lines in the west, and the Austrian lines in the Trentino. Perhaps the political results will be no less real. In spite of denials we may be sure that Austria is straining the link that binds her to her ally, although here she has peculiar difficulties to face, seeing that all her military forces are under the command of Hindenburg. And we may be sure also that the political upheaval now in progress in Germany will lose none of its force from the eastern news of which the gravity cannot be wholly concealed from anyone possessing a map.

The sudden and partially successful raid upon the British at the northern end of the lines is generally assumed to presage a German offensive toward Dunkirk. I do not believe that it has any such meaning. Otherwise it would have been followed up with vigour, and at the moment of writing there are no such indications. It is far more likely that it was intended to sustain the hands of the German Chancellor and of the Junker party in the political crisis that they were then being called upon to face.

The Junkers were strongly opposed to the Chancellor when he was suspected of lukewarmness toward the unrestricted submarine campaign, but when he stiffened his back in this respect the Junkers placed themselves solidly behind him and are behind him now. It may have been believed that a suddenly snatched success would do something to lighten the gloom, and to rally

the public in support of a statesman who seems now to represent the extreme military policy.

THERE is a disposition in some quarters to look upon the present situation in the west as a restoration of a deadlock that can only be broken by the intervention of fresh armies. It is a new manifestation of the "German myth" that looks drearily upon all situations from a settled conviction of German invincibility. The deadlock theory, it may be remembered, was particularly to the fore during the weeks immediately preceding the German retreat from the Noyon angle, and now it seems to have crept once more into favour. We are told that the Allies must now be content to sit tight, and mass their resources for a great and decisive blow next spring, and that this year's fighting is so "stale" that nothing more can be expected from it. This despondent theory is evidently based on the theory that the German armies have to be driven back yard by yard to the German frontier. As a matter of fact they have to be driven back only a very short distance, and when that point has been reached the task of the Allies will not be to drive them back, but rather to keep pace with their retreat, as was the case upon the last occasion. We do not know precisely where that point is situated because we do not know how far the German manpower is sufficient to compensate for the bulging of their lines. But the critical point is certainly very close to the present position.

The German military experts are certainly not talking about a deadlock. Quite the contrary. Major Endres, writing in the Frankfurter Zeitung, finds some dubious satisfaction in the fact that the Allies have not broken the German lines—which of course they never tried to do—but he says "the great offensive is by no means ended" nor even "reached its zenith." He says that the British and the French pressure has required the German command to revise its whole "tactical defensive scheme." A still greater authority, one of the greatest in Germany, Colonel Gadke, writing in the Berlin Vorwarts, says that all the fighting in the west constitutes one great battle, one hundred and twenty miles long, and he then accurately sketches the Allied plan when he says, "It is perfectly clear that the Anglo-French attack is based upon one guiding idea, to occupy the German centre with strong forces, and to deliver decisive blows on both wings, which, in the event of success, shall lead to a great outflanking movement."

Colonel Gadke is referring, of course, not to the whole length of the rival lines from the North Sea to Metz, but to the new Hindenburg line from Arras to Rheims, with its centre at St. Quentin. He means that if either end of the Hindenburg line should be pried loose from its supports it would involve an outflanking not only of the Hindenburg line, but of all other lines, northward to the North Sea, and eastward to Metz, or at least to Verdun. Reverting to a previous simile we may compare the two ends of the Hindenburg line with hinges that unite the doors to the lintels—the Hindenburg line being the doors and the old established lines north and east being the lintels. Continuing the simile, we may say that the task of prying off the hinges depends upon the length of the screws and their grip upon the wood, that is to say, upon the successful tenacity of the Germans in holding on to the junction points. But the hinge screws can not be very long. Hinge screws never are. And the moment the screws seem to be drawing out of the wood there will be another German

(Continued on page 23.)

# EDITORIAL

**P**OLITICS was invented to upset man's normal views of society. This country for two years has been fervently praying to avert a general election. The election is coming. All the reasons against thus dividing the country in a time of war have been cogently set forth by newspapers of both party stripes. The reasons are calmly brushed aside by the spirit of politics which declares that we must have an election. And in working against an election at this time we believe that Premier Borden acted as a man who personally puts patriotism before politics.

Within three months, perhaps, or more, we shall have to make up our minds more effectively than ever we have done on the issues confronting the country. The Liberals—after a split on conscription—came together again, and declined to extend the life of what they call a moribund Parliament. The argument has some truth; not all. Effectively this Parliament is no more moribund than that of England, except that it was elected under a scheme of member-distribution far inadequate to the Canada of to-day. In the new allotment the West will have 22 extra seats, a total of 57, almost equal to Quebec. This will make a big difference. The West has been training for the use of this new voice. The decision of Ottawa Liberals to let this Parliament die comes suddenly after the announcement that western Liberals are to hold a general convention in August. No doubt the congress will have more than was expected to say about the new politics of Canada. At any rate the West will not be a meek little sister glad of a chance to ride on the band waggon. Western Liberalism has chalked out for itself a large area in the sentiment of the West. The rural element, the grain-growers, the radicals, most of them are Forwards. The Liberal convention will have its great strength in the agrarian element; which is where the West differs from Prussia, controlled by a reactionary autocracy of farmers.

Will the western congress throw its weight with the Ottawa Liberals, who have declared for an election, and will they make an effort under the banners of Laurier to oust the Government?

It looks that way. Ottawa has been talking to the West. An astute manipulator from the prairie has lately been in Ottawa. A thorough westerner, he is also a Laurier regimist. He may see an opportunity to get the West all it wants in a new Parliament at Ottawa by organizing all the strength of western Liberalism—whatever that is, says Winnipeg Saturday Post—against the Government. The Graham amendment to extension of Parliament coincided oddly with this politician's visit. A mere coincidence. Line up the Liberal sentiment in favour of conscripting wealth, make that a leading plank, and at once you accuse the Government of being in league with the capitalists and the vested interests; which is precisely what the agrarian element on the prairie are most opposed to.

We are not saying it is true. Only it can be made to seem true; which in an election is sometimes the same thing. Anyhow, we are to have an election. Gradually we shall make up our minds on the issues. We are in the hands of Fate—up to a point; and then we decide. And it will be no old-line politician struggle. It will be a struggle of curiously mixed elements. The West will epitomize it. There we have a strongly conscriptionist sentiment in both parties that has paid the price on a top average of enlistment. We have also anti-capitalism. We have the dominant Anglo-Saxon element; and we have also many thousands of German-speaking and other foreigners. There are French-Canadians and there are Americans. We may conclude that two of these groups will oppose the conscription platform on fixed principles and that the other two will support it. And we imagine this will be rather outside of old-line politics.

It is too early yet to prognosticate. Politics in any case is too much like weather. In a dry time all signs fail.

**P**RESIDENT WILSON is having the usual trouble that seems to beset war cabinets. His, however, are peculiar to the American style of

## THE NEW CANADIAN SAYS:

**W**HEN I realize how big a contract it is for any man to get a living knowledge of this country and how worth while it is to try, I wonder that more people don't make the attempt. I have seen perhaps about half or two-thirds of Canada from East to West, and have gone about a quarter as far North since I decided to drive stakes here some years ago. I am told by those who know that I am only just beginning to feel what the country is like. I am also reminded that as yet I don't know anything worth speaking of about the people, and probably far less about what is sometimes referred to as the Canadian nation, whatever that may happen or turn out to be.

Well and good. I admit all that. But I'm not within thirty years or more of being dead yet, if things go as well with me as I hope they will. Technically, I am past military age and I have a good-sized family, all of whom were born here. That, however, will be no excuse for my declining to go wherever and whenever I may be required in the interests of this country. If I never budge out of here to fight, I can at least work as hard as possible to get the most out of my citizenship in Canada, and to make the country still more worth coming back to for the men who have taken the one big chance of never seeing it again. When I confess that with all my desire to know Canada I am as yet comparatively a Canadian ignoramus, I express also my ambition to know this country as a true Canadian should. If I don't do this I can't expect my children to do it. If they fail I might as well have driven stakes somewhere else as far as possible from here.

But I expect to know Canada. And for the next thirty years that will be about as big a hobby as I shall be able to accommodate.



HER BUSY DAY.

cabinet. The recent rumpus over the coal question illustrates. H. K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, is at the root of it. Lane is a Canadian; the only Canadian who ever held an American portfolio. And in this case, Lane is right. As Secretary of the Interior he is declared to have got big concessions from coal operators on coal prices to the Government, which, of course, was better than commandeering the coal. In a speech of thanks, he said:

You have responded as men should to a call made upon you in the name of the people of the United States. If all the industries of the United States will have the same spirit there will be no question as to our ability to mobilize the resources of the country and carry this war to a successful conclusion.

True words well spoken. But in saying them, H. K. Lane spoke as Secretary of the Interior, not as any member of a responsible Cabinet. Along come Secretaries Baker and Daniels from the Army and Navy Building, each of them absolute because individual in his own department, and they get a lower rate by threatening to conscript the same coal; which, it is pointed out, may result in the general consumer having to pay high prices to offset the low one and the resentment of the coal owners at being clubbed after they had been willing to conciliate.

That is a peculiar weakness of the American kind of Cabinet. Had all these Secretaries been members of Congress it would have been very different. But of course we have no business teaching our grandmother to suck eggs.

**A** CARTOON in a New York comic paper of serious intention depicts the Kaiser laughing fiendishly at the death agony of an emaciated child poisoned from a well. In the background comes democracy followed by Uncle Sam. The arrival of these people is supposed to settle the thing. The child will probably get better. Reminding us of a passage in the July issue of the North American Review, which starts off, "Since America must win the war—"

You may imagine the rest. Of all the Allied belligerents we in Canada claim the United States most closely as an Ally. It may be counted bad form in Great Britain to criticize the United States. But Canada claims special privilege. Part of our regular business in normal times is gibing at Uncle Sam. And in the business of who is supposed to win this war anyway we would ask Uncle over the border if he remembers:

The family that tried for twenty minutes to get the glass top off a quart can of preserves; when along comes Johnnie, and with a twist of the wrist he yanks it off and goes out to tell his pals how he did it. But suppose Johnnie had been one of the first on the job?

**W**E need no longer be supremely agitated over this or that big man suddenly let drop from high places. The war has made a scrap-heap of nearly all the big men who started off. The scrap heap is still growing. Now and then a bit of junk is reclaimed because it is found to be, after all, a better piece of goods than some of the properties on stage. In England, in Russia, they are still shaking the dice. Russia has marched ahead marvellously. There is very largely one reason. It is summed up in one big flaming patriot of brains. Kerensky is the soul of Russia. With him at the top all things are possible. He is the Lloyd George of the new democracy.

**A** WESTERN editor violently remarked, the other day, that Canada should trust no man of German name or lineage. This is fire-eating. There are many men of German lineage which this new country is bound to respect. Among them we may casually mention Prof. Riethdorf, who has lately been released from the intelligence service, to which he had been appointed at Halifax after his enlistment in the A. M. C. For two years Riethdorf, a German-born, has been more or less persecuted. We believe Prof. Riethdorf to mean all he says about his enmity to Prussianism. He is a loyal citizen who should be useful to the country.

# "FIVE of THEM WERE WISE AND FIVE WERE FOOLISH"



ONCE upon a time there were ten housekeepers and five of them were wise and five were foolish. And the Wise Housekeepers diligently cultivated the little plots of land at their disposal, or, having no land, they obtained a share on some vacant lot, and the Foolish laughed at them and said:

"Now what do you think you can grow in your shady little back yards?"

"The idea of planting anything in a ploughed-up baseball field!"

"Leave agriculture to the farmers."

"Market gardening after office hours! What a joke!"

"Why they won't grow enough to pay for the seeds!"

So they mockingly went their way while the wise ones dug and sowed and studied, so as to be able to cultivate their ground as intelligently as possible. By and bye the seeds began to sprout. Then weeding time began and the wise ones said:

"See, we have fresh young greens to eat from the beet rows we have trimmed, and tiny succulent carrots!"

And the foolish laughed and said: "We wouldn't think of buying such immature stuff, but since you have more than you can use, give them to us."

But the Wise said:

"Not so, for winter is coming."

"Well, you won't find me stewing over a hot stove," said the Foolish Housekeepers. "Goods from the canning factory are nice enough for us."

But the Wise Housekeepers studied the best and cheapest way of preserving vegetables for the winter's use. They found that rhubarb, gooseberries and currants could be preserved without cooking or sugar, if packed in sterilized air-tight jars and covered with cold, boiled water. They discovered that fresh peas and young carrots could be preserved in a similar way by adding a teaspoonful of salt to the water and boiling the sealed jars.

"Why, it's no trouble at all!" said the Wise Housekeepers.

But the Foolish retorted: "It's infinitely more trouble than telephoning the grocer's next winter."

"Perhaps you may not have a telephone next winter. Perhaps the grocer may not have canned vegetables. The canning factories are having a dreadful time getting labour."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the Foolish.

But the Wise Ones bought eggs in June and packed them for the winter's use.

"Perfectly ridiculous!" said the Foolish, "With eggs at 44 cents. You know those prices can't last!"

Then the Wise Housekeepers dried cherries and apples, beans and corn. They packed cucumbers in salt, or pickled them, and they preserved each fruit in its season.

"We can't afford to make jams with sugar the price it is!" said the Foolish. "It's cheaper to buy things ready-made. Besides, surely one's time is worth something!"

"Time is very valuable if you know how to use it," said the Wise.

And when winter came the Foolish said to the Wise: "Give us food, for our storerooms are empty!"

But the Wise answered, saying: "No so; lest there be not enough for us and for you; go to those that sell and buy for yourselves."

But the storerooms of those that sold were empty.

\*\*\*

A TRAVELLER in the interior of China remarked that in the less civilized districts a very large percentage of the peasants' conversation related to food. It would be difficult for people of any race to devote more attention to the subject than we are doing at the present day. Meatless days, wheatless days, standardized bread, prevention of the slaughter of lambs and calves, limitations on the

By ESTELLE M. KERR

manufacture of candy, what you can do without, what I can do without, what we can raise, what we can save, this great variety of subjects centres round the one thing: Food.

It is difficult to persuade people to substitute corn for wheat when the latter is cheaper and more palatable. National thrift, that taxes the pocket of each individual is questionable, and the foods that are cheapest and best depend on our mode of living, the state of our health, whether or not we have a garden or keep hens, and various other conditions. At a recent Thrift Exhibition the girls from Macdonald College showed a table labelled "Cheapest Foods" and these they had listed as follows:

"Fresh Air—(At work, in the home and when we sleep); Water (5 to 8 glasses daily); Oatmeal, cornmeal, rice, skim milk, beans, macaroni, spaghetti, cheese,



cocoa, milk, buttermilk, crusts (baked and served like breakfast food), soups."

\*\*\*

THE garden and the kitchen

are natural allies. In the garden vegetables and fruits are produced; in the kitchen they are cooked. It would seem, therefore, desirable and proper that whoever works in the one should have some acquaintance with the other. To grow potatoes and then dig them, cook them and eat them is an ideal, though unusual, sequence.

Now we have had during the last few years a great increase in the number of school-gardens, and also in the number of schools in which cookery is taught; but—perhaps because of that tendency in elementary schools to cut up the instruction into a number of "subjects" between which there is no communication—it is very rarely found that the scholars who are taught cookery receive any instruction in gardening, or that the school-garden has any connexion with the cookery-room. Yet the educational advantages of correlation between the two are very real and important.

An experiment in this direction has been carried out in England during the last two or three years.

The position — a fairly common one — was somewhat as follows:

Attached to the school there is, on the one hand,

a large school-garden, and, on the other, a cookery centre to which children are brought by tram from the congested parts of the city. Some of these children are of the poorest class; they come from the slums, and are often undersized and underfed. To these the life of a turnip begins in a shop; potatoes come from a market; rhubarb is a mystery. The suggestion was made that, instead of merely arriving at the centre and learning to cook peas, the children should themselves prepare the ground, sow the seeds, watch the growth of the plants, gather the pods, shell the peas and boil them. In this way they would acquire some little knowledge of horticulture; they would, perforce, spend certain time in the open air; they would combine the study of Nature with the study of food-preparation, and would be subjected to the suggestive influence of contact with living, growing things in constant need of attention and care. The success of the experiment was such as to lead to the conviction that wherever possible, a garden should be attached to a cookery centre. The results might be very important. It would be a gain if a liking for garden-work as a form of outdoor exercise were produced; and if, in town and country alike, working-men's wives were aware of the pleasure and profit of cultivating every bit of ground, as well as of the best ways of cooking, the economic effect in the trying times ahead of us might be appreciable. One difficulty is the idea, prevalent not only in the town suburbs but in the country, that there is something undignified in a woman's working in a kitchen garden. The wife of a clerk, who will willingly scrub saucepans, will shrink from digging a row of potatoes or setting a score of cabbage plants; this latter is not "woman's work." Can we not through our primary and secondary schools do something to get rid of this foolish way of thinking?

\*\*\*

WE are apt to follow in the footsteps of the mother country one year behind and the matter of Food Control is not an exception, but Germany safeguarded her resources long before that or the war would have ended in an economic victory for the Allies. An Australian lecturer in English at Berlin University who has recently arrived in England, gives an account of the way Berlin is rationed.

A list of the people who live in each house is given by the landlord to the District Bread Ticket Distribution Committee, who furnishes him with proportionate bread tickets, which are distributed monthly.

For each of the following commodities there is a separate card:—Bread (3½ lbs. a week), meat (1 lb. a week), butter (1¼ ozs.), and margarine (1 oz. a week), eggs (during the winter one a fortnight, now three a fortnight), potatoes (5 lbs. a week), sugar (¼ lb. a fortnight), milk (varies according to age, but is only allowed to children up to the age of six years and to invalids in cases where a committee of doctors decide that it is absolutely necessary).

There is an extra ticket, which enables the holder to buy certain quantities of oatmeal, barley, semolina, jam, canned vegetables, herrings, soup tablets, etc. All these good things on the grocery ticket are handed out at once. Each week a proclamation is posted up on the advertisement pillars at the street corners making known that, say, 3½ ozs., or sometimes even 7 ozs. of barley, or 7 ozs. of oatmeal, or 3½ ozs. of semolina, or perhaps, if it is a good week, 7 ozs. of barley, and 3½ ozs. of semolina, will be distributed as his weekly portion to each person applying in time. Every week brings one at least of these extras with it, and on rare occasions—three times during the whole winter—there was 1 lb. of so-called jam allotted to each person.

# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

**T**HE official story of how the Princess Pats Regiment was destroyed on the 8th of May, 1915, in the battered trenches fronting Bellewaardes Wood "Valiantly sustaining the gift and trust of a Lady," as the Canadian Eyewitness expressed it, has had no more stirring supplement than the record of the adventures of Corporal Edward Edwards, as told by him through George Eustace Pearson in the Saturday Evening Post. Corporal Edwards was "pipped" by shrapnel early in the fatal fight, but he and a few companies held on and "carried on" crowding together as the parapets crumbled until what few of them drew breath were huddled in one small traverse of the front line trench.



*Best Things in Current Magazines Carefully Condensed and Made into Easy Reading for Hot Weather*

"The rest was chaos, a bit of pure hell," he says in the preamble to the story of his capture, imprisonment and subsequent escape after fifteen months of neighbouring with German brutality, in various prison camps of the Prussian interior.

Corporal Edwards was captured by a company of the 21st Prussian Regiment, after making a hopeless, stumbling dash to reach the woods. He learned later that the Prussians had been ordered to "take no Canadian prisoners," and from his recital of the brutal butchery which followed the actual meeting between broken remnants of his regi-

**P.P.C.L.I. Man's  
Thrilling Story  
of Adventure**

ment and the "Pride of Prussia," it is a matter for shuddering awe that any of them survived to start the miserable journey to Giessen Camp. The blood-lust had crazed their captors and the naked Pathans who dismembered the fallen men of the Second Gordons in the march to Kandahar were no more brutal. A black-bearded giant of an officer finally interfered, and, three days later, with wound still undressed, miserable, hungry but unbroken by the many insults and inhuman treatment by the way, they were caged behind barbed wires in the laagers of Giessen.

Corporal Edwards and two fellow-Britishers made a daring attempt at escape eight months later. His record of the miserable meantime gives the lie direct to the lying propaganda of the German publicity agents. They were slowly starved and systematically ill-treated to break down their British spirit. It was on the night of January 22nd that the three British lads made their bravely impudent attempt at escape. Edwards, Simonds and Brumley, with twenty-five guards about them and camp dogs sniffing around the laager, made their stealthy approach to a point where a shadow might mask their escape beneath the wire. Brumley fell and was captured the next day. For many following nights Edwards and Simonds crept through many adventures towards the boundary of Holland, sustained by hope and two biscuits a day, which made up their only ration. A fog finally betrayed them, and whilst crossing the upper-works of a flooded bridge—four miles from the neutral country—they blundered in the mist into a party of Landstrumers, were overpowered and taken to the military prison at Oldenburg. After thirty days of military confinement in the dark cells of Oldenburg they were removed to the "strong punishment camp" in Hanover, from which, seven months later, they made their final and successful escape.

Corporal Edwards' story of that escape is an amazing record of risk and daring. They had to cover two hundred miles as the straight road goes, and their shifts to escape capture doubled the distance of their risky journey. They were detected many times; always pursued, starved, torn and worn with fatigue. One incident may serve to reflect something of the things they had to do. They were reconnoitering at the edge of a wood one evening when a burly farmer confronted them. He was armed with a shot-gun and accompanied by a powerful dog.

"I do not know whose was the offensive," says Cor-

poral Edwards. "But I do know that the three of us came together with one accord in a wild and terrible medley of oaths in two languages and of murderous blows that beat like flails at the threshing. Simonds and I struggled for the gun which he tried so hard to turn on us, the dog meanwhile sinking its teeth deep in our unprotected legs and leaping vainly at our throats while we felt with clutching fingers for his master's, intent only that he should not shout.

"In those mad moments there sped through our brains the reel of that whole horrid film of fifteen months' torture of mind and body; the pale, blood-covered faces of our murdered comrades of the regiments, the cries of those patient Russians behind the trees, and our own slow and deadly starvation and planned mistreatment. All these, and God only knows what else, would be ours again if we should be recaptured.

"We were near to Holland. In fancy and by contrast we saw the fair English fields and the rolling beauty that is Ontario's, and we heard the good English tongue and saw the dear faces of our own folk.

"We bore the farmer no ill-will. And his dog was to the last a very faithful animal, as our clothes and limbs bore true witness. We had no ropes. And we were two very desperate men, badly put upon. We dropped his gun in the bushes and passed on."

And so, after twenty-one days and nights of incessant alarm and continuous adventure they reached to Holland. They pushed thirty miles beyond the boundary before they would risk declaring themselves, but the fears they had entertained that they might be handed back to Germany were not realized; instead, they were welcomed, warmed, fed, feted and clothed.

**T**HE Exports Council of the United States has an instrument to hand in the Embargo Act which may be used to close the tradesman's entrance to Germany, make the blockade absolute and bring such economic pressure to bear as will give the deciding pinch and cause Germany to break under the strain within twelve months. This, says Arthur Pollen, the British Naval Expert, who is now in consultation with the authorities in Washington,

**Marine Expert  
Outlines U.S.  
Naval Aid**

should be the first concern of the new Ally. Mr. Pollen, in the same interview as recorded in the New York Times, also puts the problem of the U-boat menace squarely before the U. S. Naval Board for solution. The potential power to accomplish these two master strokes is, says Mr. Pollen, the greatest asset brought into the belligerents' camp by the United States.

Mr. Pollen admits that England made a colossal mistake in delaying the declaration of an embargo until tremendous vested rights had been established in trade between neutrals and England's enemy. But he reminds Washington that the American accent has been dropped entirely from the clamour of protests which did so much to embarrass the

British Foreign Office in its attempt to wield the war-power of the blockade. "If," he says, "the coming in of the United States means an absolute blockade, as it should, I am convinced that the war will be over within twelve months.

"There is nothing that the United States may not do in this respect," adds Mr. Pollen, "so far as the rights of neutrals are concerned. She is now a belligerent and can determine where every ton and bushel of her other products may or may not go." As a first step in the tightening of Germany's tether, Mr. Pollen insists that all the Scandinavian countries be rationed down to their own absolute necessities. There must be nothing left over the barest domestic needs, he declares, for shipment to the enemy, either

across the border from Denmark and Holland or through the Sound from Sweden and Norway.

It is not necessary or desirable that people shall die from want of food in Germany. The objective is to provoke reaction against the war "even in militaristic Germany," says Mr. Pollen, by making all the processes of living, in the civil population, and of fighting, in the armies, insupportable. This state of affairs will result, so Mr. Pollen assures us, when the blockade has been made effective to the point of taking away just the little balance of the absolute essentials of life that marks the difference between that which is barely endurable and that which is intolerable.

In approaching the submarine menace, Mr. Pollen charges Spain with harbouring and aiding German U-boats, and declares that "Denmark, Holland, Sweden and Norway are violating neutrality by allowing illegal use of their territorial waters by the Germans in the passage of enemy submarines to and from the North Sea. The doctrine on territorial waters," he remarks, "never contemplated that they should be used as a lane for habitual passage by belligerent ships. Leaving the Allies in council to decide the question of reprisals for such violations on neutrality and the navies of France and England to strain every resource of destroyers, nets, hydroplanes, convoys and everything they now have in the fight against the submarine, Mr. Pollen warns Washington that not all these instruments and methods combined can enable the Allies to win.

**W**HETHER he comes from Missouri or Michigan, the American business man "wants to know." The interrogation point is his totem pole and he plants it pat in front of any new situation. Just now he is asking "How will War Affect my Business," and B. C. Forbes, writing in the American Magazine, by way of setting out an answer, tells of the direction business developments have taken in England and in Canada during the war.

As Mr. Forbes sees them, the signs of the times in England indicate that the people, as a whole, are earning more, spending more and saving more than ever before. Wages were never so high nor work so plentiful. The rich who are not interested in favoured manufactures are suffering through heavy taxation, but the working classes are prospering. The leading department store in London has had a record year.

Mr. Forbes quotes from the London Financial Times to show how "a leading department store in London" reached a record of prosperity in the third year of the war. "The profits for the past five years (three of peace and two of war)" says the Financial Times, "have been as follows:

Year ending Jan. 31, 1913	£104,029
Year ending Jan. 31, 1914	131,546
Year ending Jan. 31, 1915	134,791
Year ending Jan. 31, 1916	150,222
Year ending Jan. 31, 1917	225,137



Commenting on this record the managing director of the store, H. Gordon Selfridge, is quoted as saying:

"This large increase in our turnover has come in the staple goods—goods necessary for household use and for the wardrobe. The sale of luxurious and extravagant articles has practically ceased.

"The spirit of the people is against luxuries, and this business reflects the serious and absolutely necessary buying of the third year of war.

"Nor is our increase due to any government contracts."

As to conditions in Canada, Mr. Forbes transcribes "the message a great Canadian bank sends," as:

"Business conditions continue to indicate such industrial and commercial activity as the country has not hitherto experienced."

Then following a review of the processes which brought about our own readjustment of business activities and the realignment of the nation's productive powers, Mr. Forbes sums up his answer so: "War will not mean trade prostration, but the greatest business activity we have ever known. War will not mean widespread unemployment, but '120 per cent. employment.' War will not mean monetary stringency, but a superabundance of circulating money entirely without precedent. War will not mean the shrinkage of savings, but a notable increase. War will not mean the universal ruination of real estate values, but unwonted demands for homes in all industrial centres and cities. War here did not create a panicky stock market and at least a fair number of securities will be substantially benefited. War should not mean the stamping out of all recreation, for recreation is as necessary as food in maintaining the nation's and the individual's fitness.

"Finally, other nations, especially France, have through war found their souls. So may America and Canada."

SINCE the days of Bonny Prince Charlie, and even before then, no doubt, there has been a certain affinity displayed between the French and the Scotch. This, by the way, may account in part for the ability of John Boyd's defence of the French-Canadians written in reply to an article which appeared in the New York Times, and under the caption, "Peril of Civil Strife Arises Anew in Canada," seeks to promulgate the idea that "the French-Canadians will not fight unless it is to keep out of the war."

"Why does the writer utterly ignore the fact that thousands of French-Canadians have gone to the front and that many of them have laid down their lives as the casualty lists so eloquently attest?" asks Mr. Boyd. "French-Canadians have gone to the front in thousands and thousands, more would have gone had proper methods of recruiting been followed early in the war," he continues. "As far as conscription is concerned, French-Canadians, it must be remembered, have not been alone in opposing it, as demonstrations against it in other portions of the Dominion show. Why then should the French-Canadians alone be held up to attack on this score?"

In answer to the charge that "Quebec has no regard for either England or France," Mr. Boyd says: "The writer seems to forget, or if he does not forget, he wilfully ignores the fact that Quebec showed her loyalty and regard for Great Britain by saving Canada to the British Crown when it was invaded by the Americans in 1776 and again in 1812. As to France, the sole bond, it is true, that unites the Canadians to France, is one of intellectual sympathy arising from a common origin and a common language. The position of the French-Canadians in this respect is not generally understood and is frequently misrepresented. First and foremost, the French-Canadians are Canadians, they are in fact the most essentially Canadians of all Canadians. Attached to the soil from the very discovery of Canada, they have known no other country, to it their full devotion is given; to them it is the dearest spot on earth. If that be a crime, then patriotism ceases to be a virtue."

To represent the French-Canadians as slaves of

their priests is, as Mr. Boyd put it, "an offence both to the clergy—and to the people." "It is true that the Canadians owe a great deal to their priests and bishops," he adds.

"It was the Roman Catholic clergy who literally bore in their hands the ark of French-Canadian nationality which they carried in safety through the wilderness of danger and despair that followed the Cession. For nearly four hundred years they have



THE BEST GOOSESTEP TO TAKE.

—Harding, in Brooklyn Eagle.

been the faithful guides, counsellors and shepherds of their people, who for that reason, hold them in well deserved reverence. But to represent the French-Canadians as slaves of their priests, as the writer does, is an offence both to the clergy and to the people."

In refutation of the charge of lack of education Mr. Boyd cites George Etienne Cartier's great project of educational reform which, since 1856, he declares, has been the foundation of Quebec's present system.

"Since Cartier established the educational system of Quebec, on its present basis, successive governments of the Province have done a great deal to improve and extend educational facilities. There are now over eight thousand primary schools in the Province, which compares favourably with any other province of the Dominion and the Technical school and the Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales, two magnificent institutions established by the Gouin government, are equal to anything of the kind in America."

"The tree is known by its fruits," concludes Mr. Boyd. "What has been the product of this 'mediaeval,' 'Priest ridden,' 'uneducated' Province of Quebec? In statesmanship and politics—Papineau, Lafontaine, Morin, Cartier, Chapleau, Mercier, Laurier, Gouin, Lemieux, Bourassa and others, the peers in point of ability, distinction and eloquence of any public men produced in America. In art—Philippe Hebert, Suzor Cote, Albani, Laliberte and Henri Julien, to mention only a few, whose work have gained them distinction, not only at home, but abroad."

THERE is more tragedy than comedy in an operating theatre, and some poor unfortunates even lose their sense of humour there when the surgeon's forceps clip off the tag end of their ileo-coecal valves. It has happened at least to more than one fellow who was merry enough before he "came out of the ether" minus one appendix. But the operating theatre is a sterile place and the S. R. O.

sign certainly does not apply to the people who pay to go in. The theatre, the place of plays good, bad and indiscreet, is different—and most of us want it to remain different; all,

that is, except the few disciples of the doctrine preached by Stephen F. Austin, who is acclaimed in the current "Current Opinion" as the "inventor of drama-therapy." Mr. Austin wants to turn the theatre into a place for the practise of the art and science of healing; hyphenate playwright and practitioner; in short, to use the drama instead of the drachm.

Mr. Austin has written a very serious book on the subject and he calls it "Principles of Drama-Therapy." It is a tortuous exposition of the law of suggestion as it applies to play-goers and, stripped of its academic verbiage the emerging idea is good—and old. "The Third Floor Back" convinced the box office magnates of a fact established long before Mr. Austin wrote this, for instance:

"In the developing role, sharply defined states of stimulation above normal, and depression below, must be presented. These oscillations must, in the lines of the play, be linked directly, and in the relation of effect to cause, with the character's growing recognition of the Universal.

"A strict correspondence between the character's conscious thought and his immediate environment must be maintained; and all environmental changes must be linked directly, and in the relation of effect to cause, with the same process of recognition.

"As this process of recognition continues, bringing about repeated generalizations of positive concepts, a growing personality must be indicated in the background, until the very atmosphere of the theatre becomes alive with an unseen but with a definitely responsive, presence."

But Mr. Austin does not confine his theoretical investigations to the pursuit of proof that good results must follow the linking, beneath the lime-light, of the laws of suggestion and some great constructive and religious purpose—a point, by the way, which was established, in fact, many years before Mr. Austin's book was written. He claims that the play may be implemented with power to bring about physical readjustments.

It may be that this is so, but a play, replete with suggestions that indigestion is the basest form of falsity and so forth and covering the multitude of ills which human man seems heir to, would be difficult to write and much more tiresome to listen to.

If certain critics are right, and some critics are right—sometimes, Eugene Haile, bed-ridden and bedinned by the unharmonious sounds of shunting yard engines in a New York terminal, is travelling by melodic passages to a place of recognition as a legitimate successor of the great lyric composers, Schubert, Schuman, Franz and Brahms.

Music a Thing of Beauty says Haile

Haile, says Current Opinion, was born on the fringe of the Black Forest and from a lad of fourteen to the time of his majority he studied at Stuttgart, where, inspired by the lyric poetry of the Romantics, he set a number of songs, ranging in style from the naivete of the Swabian folk-song to the ultra-romanticism of a Schuman. He set Stuttgart in a state of joyous excitement, but official Berlin condemned him as old-fashioned, and he was not "heard." He came to this country to be with a fellow-countryman who was writing the text for Haile's first opera. The libretto is still unwritten and the young composer, who had come to America for a temporary stay, finally succumbed to nervous strain and now, with his body almost totally paralyzed, he is held to a couch surrounded, but happily unaffected, by the atmosphere of unpoetic commercialism which permeates the hurly-burly of New York.

Simplicity is Haile's outstanding characteristic; he believes in it as an esthetic principle. When he can make two notes convey the harmonic thought, he refuses to use three. The spirit of play lightens his conception of music. The aim of his art is "to make people happy" and to direct a melodious protest against all that is morbid, artificial, crabbed and ugly. This quality in his productions is indicated in an incident sketched in the New York Evening Mail, which tells of Haile's first attempt to interest the late Rafael Joseffy. The great pedagogue had just

Take a Play for What Ails You

completed a hard day of work; his head ached and he did not wish to hear the young composer's music. Politeness conquered diffidence and Joseffy consented to hear "just one number." Then, for over an hour, song followed song—at Joseffy's eager invitation. At the conclusion of the hearing Joseffy testified to his admiration by the one remark: "Young man, your music has cured my headache."

Haile's music has the subtlety that so often accompanies simplicity. The critic of Musical America, amazed at its eloquence, says: "Sensitive and exquisite melody would seem to be his birthright. Haile's harmony is positively distinguished. He can make magic with a simple tonic and dominant."

The light of Haile's spirit shines through the cloud of his bodily infirmity. For four years he has been held almost constantly to his room, where his friends come to gain inspiration, courage and ideas. His impulse for creative work does not slacken under the weight of physical handicap. Within six months of last year he dictated the entire orchestral score of a "spoken opera"—"The Happy Ending"—which was produced in New York last September. It was not a success as a play, but the music, a wonderfully limpid undercurrent of sound that accompanied the words, a continuous surge of beautiful, inspired melody provoked a display of emotion unusual in the critics' stalls, and the audience, turning to the box where the invalid composer lay, shouted its satisfaction and repeated the demonstration on the street when he was being carried to his cab.

He covers a wide range of expression. Some of his songs resemble the compositions of Stephen Foster in that they require no accompaniment. Others are intensely dramatic; some are rare nature sketches; and yet others are sensitive vignettes of atmospheric impressionism.

WHEN the world decides that A. F. Kerensky is the one biggest man in Russia, what more can be said? Russia is a land of barbaric surprises. Now we are told on good authority that Skobelev, the Minister of Labour, is in some respects a more remarkable character than the Minister of War.

The gifts of Skobelev, says Current Opinion, divide themselves, according to a somewhat unfriendly study of him in the Socialist Rome Avanti, into two sorts—the spectacular and the solid. The spectacular gifts include oratory of the fervent and still graceful type, a wit that never fails and a most ingratiating mode of insinuating subversive ideas. He cherishes no hatred of the landowners. He urges their expropriation in the friendliest spirit. In a revolutionary government noted for its able talkers, Skobelev is deemed the supreme orator. He has the logical persuasiveness of Milyoukoff without that professor's dogmatic tone. He has all the passion of Kerensky without that lawyer's somewhat histrionic emotionalism. He has the genial manner of Luoff without the insipidity of the Prince, who never offends by denouncing anything or anybody.

The solid qualities of Skobelev, as distinguished from spectacular traits exploited in the press abroad, include capacity for the conduct of what to his critics is intrigue and an inexhaustible fertility in expedients to meet desperate situations. This makes him a menace to the various official cliques against which his revolutionary career has been one long struggle. He hates the military clique, despite the local tradition connecting his impoverished family with that of one of Russia's famous soldier heroes, and he hates the diplomatic clique, which, according to him, makes international relations the monopoly of a privileged profession. The resignations and removals in the diplomatic corps have been Skobelev's work, according to the Temps, and he is held responsible for the changes in the high commands at the front as well. He is emphatically, says the Gaulois, a magnetizer of men, although the Debats, having formed a pessimist estimate of the power behind the revolution, insists that he misleads the provisional government, misleads the Duma, misleads most of all the executive committee of that

soldiers' and workers' combination to which he stands for the incarnation of wisdom.

Skobelev works through his followers, just as in his student days at Vienna—not so many years ago—he got through the university by picking the brains of his fellows in class. He has the prehensile, acquisitive kind of mind that gets a new language in a few weeks, sees through a character in one swift glance and grasps the essentials of a crisis before anyone else knows even the facts. In his old Kars days he stirred the populace to disorder, and fled just in time to escape arrest. His various vocations of advocate, journalist, economist and teacher seem to have been so many cloaks for conspiracy, revolt, and insurrection. The peculiar circumstances under which Skobelev grew to manhood, the persecution and exile of so many near and dear to him, the intimacy of his association with more or less orientalized human beings in the Caucasus—all these details, admits a French observer, must be allowed for. The net effect upon his character affords the Parisian dailies an explanation of his swift changes from one policy to another. First we have him for a separate peace with Germany. Then he comes out on the other side. One day he enacts the decree allowing the troops in the field to choose their officers. To-morrow he revokes it. In a word, says the Debats, Skobelev is unstable. He has come with an insufficient experience at the age of thirty-two to a supreme position in a great state.

## JUST TO READ ALOUD

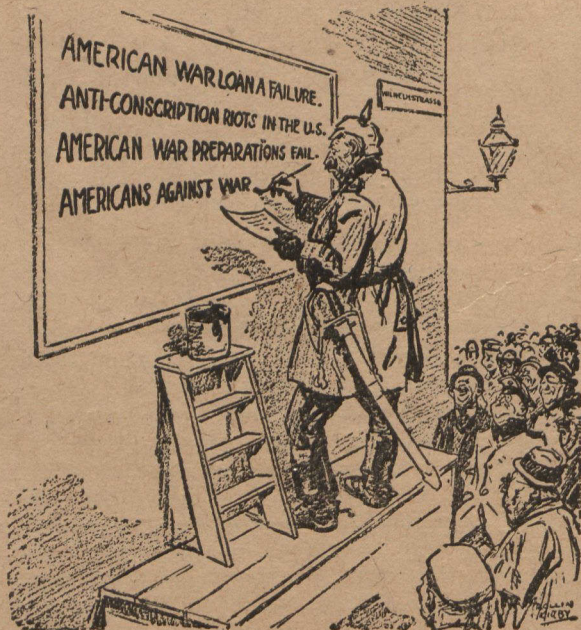
SHORTLY after a new administration took over a well-known Western railway a great number of claims were preferred against the company on account of horses and cattle being killed along the line in Texas. Not only that, but it appeared that every animal killed invariably figured in the claims presented as being of the best blood in Texas.

The claims finally became so numerous and the majority so unreasonable, that one day the president of the road became much excited while discussing the situation with one of the road's attorneys.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, bringing down his fist on the desk by way of emphasis, "I have reached the conclusion that nothing in Texas so improves live stock as crossing it with a locomotive."

AT one time J. M. Barrie, playwright and author, attended a rehearsal accompanied by a friend, at which a lively discussion arose between two of the actresses as to the possession of the centre of the stage during a certain scene. While the manager poured oil upon the troubled waters Barrie sat carelessly swinging his feet from the rail of an adjoining box. Finally the friend, who was an exceedingly temperamental fellow, could stand it no longer.

"Good Lord, Barrie," he exclaimed earnestly, "this



BUNCOING THE POPULACE.

Kirby, in New York World.

will ruin your play! Why don't you settle matters yourself? You could if you only would."

Barrie shook his head gravely, but with a merry twinkle in his eye. "No, Bill," he replied, "the Lord made only one man who could ever manage the sun and the moon, and you remember even he let the stars alone."

TWO Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground; the other leaned over and called: "Are ye dead or alive, Mike?"

"I'm alive," said Mike, feebly.

"Sure, yer such a liar I don't know whether to believe ye or not."

"Well, then, I must be dead," said Mike, "for ye would never dare to call me a liar if I were alive."—Argonaut.

SHE was a sweet young thing, and having come down to see her soldier brother, who was on duty at that time, she was being taken round by his chum. She was, of course, full of questions. "Who is that person?" she asked, pointing to the colour sergeant. "Oh, he shook hands with the king; that is why he is wearing a crown on his arm, you see," replied the truthful man. "And who is that?" she asked, seeing a gymnastic instructor with a badge of crossed Indian clubs. "That is the barber; do you not see the scissors on his arm?" Seeing yet another man with cuffs decorated with stars, she asked, "And that one?" "Oh, he is the battalion astronomer; he guides us on night manoeuvres." "How interesting!" replied the maiden, when, seeing her companion's badge, that of an ancient stringed instrument, she asked, "And does that thing mean you are the regimental liar?"

THE beginner gazed wrathfully at the caddie for a moment. "Look here," he said, "I'm tired of you laughing at my game. If I hear any more of your impudence I'll crack you over the head."

"All right," replied the caddie, moving away, "but I'll bet yer don't know what's the right club to do it with."

BARNEY Bernard, the Hebrew comedian, tells a story of a Jew who, on going to heaven, happened to stand next to a negro. When St. Peter asked the negro what he most wanted as a reward for his life of virtue, the newly-arrived rolled his eyes in earnest thought. "Well, sub," he said at length, "ef 'taint too much trouble I believes I'd lak to have a millyun dollahs." Instantly the fortune was in his arms. As he stood there dumbfounded by his good luck, tongue-tied with astonishment and pop-eyed with joy unutterable, Saint Peter turned to the Jew. "My son," he said, "what is your wish?" "Not very much, Mister Saint Peter," said the latest comer. "All I want is fifty dollars' worth of phony jewellery and halluf an hour alone with that colored gentleman."

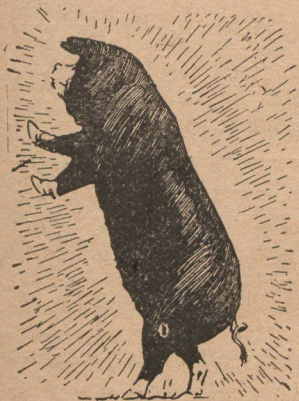
Mother—"Now, then, young Albert—you come indoors." Hero—"No-o! I wants to see Zeppelins." Mother—"Ere, if you aint a good boy I'll tell the Zeppelins not to come any more."—Punch.

WHY the Spy? Putting aside military and political necessity, what is it that attracts men, and women, often of high intellect, to the calling of the spy. Is it money? Not always, says W. L. George, in June Harper's. Adventure? Perhaps. The melodramatic flavour that is lacking in the ordinary hum-drum business career; the chance to act, to play parts. The average spy is vain. He is a hero, especially in his own eyes. He is a day-dreamer. He imagines himself doing something big. He sees himself in the presence of high officials, honoured, perhaps given a title. This day-dreaming, while not of itself a sign of lunacy, indulged in over-much, almost invariably leads to it. This prompts the inquiry, Is any spy sane? Or is not the maniacal curiosity of the secret agent, which often proves his undoing, but another form of a disordered mental state, which stamps the insane?

**T**HERE is an awful lot of noise about a pig. In the pen he may be muffled by the contents of the swill pail and in the packing plant there is some kind of a machine which separates him from his squeal, but even the hog magnates are powerless to still his clamour when he gets into the public prints. Alive or dead he can raise a rumpus—and he does it.

The packing house people have long been troubled by the elusive quality in Mr. Berkshire's oratory. They say the margin between cost and selling price of pig products is too slim for even the squeal of a razor-back to slip through and they are out to bottle, throttle, can, or otherwise dispose of this troublesome by-product. J. Ogden Armour of Chicago, indicates something of this in an interview given recently to The Christian Science Monitor.

Speaking of the slim profits made from packing fat hogs, he says, that in the first place the packer



How the Hog Works Out in Table Arithmetic.

has no machinery for fixing the price of live pigs. Four of the largest packing firms combined buy only about one-third of the whole hog crop—on the open market. In Chicago, on June 15th, for instance, packers paid 16 cents per pound for all of the pig—bristles, bone, hide, innards and all. Mr. Armour then tells us to add the cost of slaughtering and dressing operations, and the cost for maintaining an immense plant. After the packer has paid 16 cents a pound for all portions, has killed, cut, cured and canned, he gets, according to June 18 quotations, 13 cents per pound for pig-tails; for pig's feet 5½ cents per pound; the back-bones net him 6 cents a pound; for the ears he gets 9 cents; melts sold at 5½ cents, and neck bones brought in 6 cents per pound.

"Of 36 different portions of the animal which are listed in our wholesale book," says Mr. Armour, "16 sell for less than the price per pound paid for the live animal. Of the remaining 18 portions the average wholesale price is in the neighbourhood of 23 or 24 cents."

"If," says Mr. Armour in conclusion, "the packers dealt in meat alone the prices which to-day seem high would seem low in comparison to those which would rule. Whatever profit the packer is able to make, although large in the aggregate, is due to his utilization of the by-products."

**I**F Food Controller Hanna has any intention of fixing prices for products, either raw or finished, it must be a price on which producers and consumers and middlemen will agree, and I am afraid "they ain't no such animal," says Peter McArthur, writing in the Globe. A number of poultry producers have asked Mr. McArthur to champion their cause as against the methods of the wholesalers and cold-storage people.

"Produce, produce!" has been the cry," says Mr. McArthur's correspondent, "and now that we have produced both eggs and chickens, what is the result?"

"The wholesale people have pounded down the price of eggs until they have stored thousands of dozens to sell to the consumers this fall and next winter at about three times what they paid for them. A few weeks ago the grocer in this town could not get a bid from them for eggs, consequently the eggs were held back, and the following week, when prices were quoted, the wholesale people stated in The Globe that eggs were coming in in unusually large quantities. Of course, the prices dropped again. Now, in order to get fowl at a reduced figure, they tell us eggs will remain down until next month, when the supply will not be so liberal. You see,

## FOUR FOOD EXTRACTS

*Sidelights on What is Doing for the World's Dinner Pail*

they have us by the neck no matter what we do.

"To-day I received the following price for live poultry from a Toronto dealer:

"Spring chickens, 2 pounds and over, 22c pound."

"The chickens that are to be sold at that price have been fed:

"Wheat at \$2.60 per 60 lbs.

"Corn at \$3.50 per 100 lbs.

"Rolled oats at \$2.60 per 100 lbs.

"Bran at \$2.10 per 100 lbs.

"I know that my chicks have each eaten more than 44 cents' worth of food, so where do my time and labour come in?"

"As we have a flock of hens on the farm," says Mr. McArthur, "I am able to certify to the correctness of every statement in the above letter, but I am appalled at the number of problems it raises. While my sympathies are keen for the poultry producers, I think I had better pass up this problem to the Food Controller."

**H**OW Denmark has heard and given heed to the cry of the little children for pure milk is told in "The World's Work" by Marion Jamieson, who takes the pith of her preachment from the pioneer work of Busck in Copenhagen, where the nearest approach to the ideal has been accomplished. From meadow to milk-pail and milk-pail to porridge basin the product of the Copenhagen Milk Supply Company is protected against contamination simply



Denmark Gives its Children Pure Milk.

by an exacting care for its cleanliness and coolness.

Preservatives are vicious and pasteurization ineffective, according to Miss Jamieson's statement of the case. From the time it is drawn to the moment it is drunk the "children's milk" as it is called in Copenhagen, is kept cool and clean. Even the milk pail has a double jacket lined with a mixture of salt and cracked ice to chill the milk of its cow-heat immediately and hinder the development of micro-organisms. It is on ice during the whole process of collection and distribution. From the milker's pail it goes immediately to refrigerators, where it is cooled to 50% Celsius. The carrying cans are kept immersed in large ice-tanks until the milk is tapped, filtered and bottled at the depot in Frederiksberg, sampled for analysis and sealed for delivery to the consumer. Sterilized corks, held by threads fastened by leaden seals protect the contents of the bottles from outside interference en route and the delivery waggons are fitted with bottle racks let into trays on crushed ice to maintain a safe degree of temperature.

The sterility of all appliances is ensured in much the same manner as is now practised in the certified milk depots of this continent. The personal cleanliness of all operators is rigidly enforced. Shower baths are provided—and used daily by each employe. The cows are kept scrupulously clean and are examined twice a month by veterinary surgeons and a tuberculin test is made on each beast twice a year. The veterinary surgeons also make a daily investigation of all buildings, inspect the

milk pails, examine the food supplies and report on the yield and quality of the milk of each cow.

The Copenhagen method may seem laborious, says Miss Jamieson in her appeal for its adoption by every city where the civic conscience sets the decrease of infant mortality before the increase of dealers' profits. Putting the responsibility more directly before the women, she says the women of the Empire who are daughters of the Empire, bearing the Empire's sons, have it given to them to carry out reform here. Every woman is the guardian of her own children, of other people's children, of "nobody's children." Let her see to that guardianship.

**W**HETHER to believe in a food dictator or a food commissioner is one of the present problems in the United States. Hoover was made Food Controller by the President. He took the job on the understanding that it was a one-man job. Already, in a month's time, he has an organization of 500 workers and has started machinery for conservation of food and the probable reduction of food prices. Along comes the Senate—always reactionary—and proposes a bill a few days ago to make Hoover into a commission of three, one of them to be a farmer, with Hoover as chairman. Mr. Hoover is not likely to accept. Like Gen. Goethals, who ran foul of Chairman Denman of the Shipping Board on the steel vs. wooden ships issue, Hoover probably recognizes that too many cooks spoil the broth.

Hoover is a born personal organizer. The war has lifted him into the limelight and has not spoiled him. When the war broke out Hoover was a wealthy mining engineer living in London. The American Consul called on Hoover to help him get anxious Americans out of England. Hoover jumped in, raised \$200,000 and got 45,000 Americans safe home. His subsequent work as Head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium has made him historic. How he did the work and thereby qualified himself unconsciously for the post of food dictator in his own country is well illustrated by a story told recently by Ernest Poole in the Saturday Evening Post.

They knew all the tricks of the business, says Poole. When the price of beans began to rise they bought one thousand tons of beans and threw them back in one lot on the market. Down went prices. They bought in small lots. Slowly again the price began rising; but once more the terrific impact of one thousand tons of beans was felt. Again the price dropped, and again their agents bought beans in small lots.

So again and again did that same thousand tons of beans hammer down the prices and save the day. The same was true wherever they went. In food, and in shoes and clothing, repeatedly through expert advice of business men as shrewd as them-

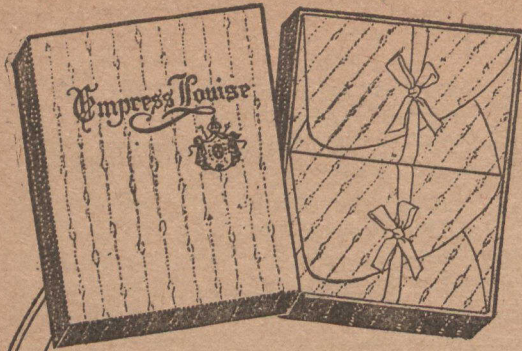
1,000 Tons of Beans Saved Belgium.



selves, they went into the market and bought at cost, and often below it. . . . Each month their dependents consumed the wheat product of nearly 200,000 acres. The Commission expended \$14,000,000 every month, and made every dollar count.

When Hoover plays bridge, he plays it hard. When he has a day off, he likes to motor with his family out into the country, build a fire and cook in the open. Another dissipation of his is the reading of detective stories.

# Empress Louise Papeteries



YOUR correspondence should convey precisely the same impression as everything else you do. Therefore, your notes and letters should be written on dainty stationery.

## Empress Louise Papeteries

are of the daintiest.

Supplied in delicate tints of green and azure as well as white.)

Ask your stationer for a box.

10-7-17

BRANTFORD  
WINNIPEG

**Barber-Ellis**  
Limited.  
Toronto. Canada.

VANCOUVER  
CALGARY

## The Elusive Mr. Square Face

(Continued from page 9.)

into. And still he spoke with a foreign accent. I began to learn why my friend of the Seventh Hussars liked him so well.

Then they fitted me up in the Nizam's clothes and his head-dress and his beard and his hair, and they stood back admiringly and clapped their hands like children with a new toy. Apparently they knew Square Face. They asked me why I gave him such a funny name. I explained that his face was square, not round, nor long, nor oval, and they laughed again and said, "Well done."

But in the interim I had been doing some thinking. What if they kidnapped me and got away with it? Who would come to the rescue? I had a plan in view.

"I would suggest in order to effect the capture of this fellow and his crew that your Highness and your friend go aboard the Government patrol boat and go out into the lake. The report can very easily be started that the boat has gone to Port Colborne on very important business and will be away until morning. Explain the matter to the captain and I am sure he will get in touch with the strange craft in time to prevent it getting away."

They thought it a capital idea. Game? The Nizam rubbed his hands and slapped the muscles of his arms.

I saw him and his friend out a side door, while I mounted the stairs to the Casino. Going up I met Square Face and he had a very peculiar expression on his face. He actually bowed and scraped his feet to me as I passed.

Crossing the polished floor of the Casino I was placed in a very embarrassing position. Some of the ladies gathered around me and asked me to play. I am not a pianist and it was hard matter to make them believe that I had a headache and was unable to carry out their wishes.

Then I drifted over to where I could look out on the water, and as I did so, I saw the Government boat steaming out of the harbour. I heard some-

one say that she had been called to Port Colborne to meet some Government officials. I grinned.

It was now 2.30. In a half an hour I expected to be kidnapped! I looked around the Casino and presently I saw Square Face, and do you believe it, he stood near the electric light switch. Ah, there are not two ways about it, but that boy was on to his job! I let my eyes roam around and I saw in the background another who was out of keeping in that assemblage—a chap in a slouch hat and hip boots.

After a while a dark shadow passed beyond the lighthouse and drew inside. Referring to the message flashed to Square Face—C A S—T H R E—W E S T—L I G H T—I knew that this was the boat that was to take up her position west of the light house in front of the Casino at three o'clock.

The presence of that strange lightless object made me nervous. I began to wish the thing were pulled off and pulled off quick. I began to wish I had had nothing whatever to do with the affair. I looked at my watch and it was 2.45. Fifteen minutes more of this? I thought I would die!

The dancers had left, while gathered around the piano were a few half-dressed females who pounded ragtime.

I got up to stretch my legs and to see if my heart wouldn't quit thumping my ribs, and presently proceeded to cross the floor.

Then the lights flicked out, the women shrieked, and I was caught by powerful hands, something was thrown over my head and I was hustled downstairs and into a row-boat.

A strong man held me, while an equally strong man pulled the oars. I was uninjured, you must remember, and now that the worst of it was over, I smiled to myself at the gigantic hoax I was perpetrating on Mr. Square Face.

After a while we pulled alongside the waiting craft, I was carefully lifted on deck and pushed gently, but firmly into a small cabin aft the wheel-house—the only cabin on deck as I

noticed when they took the article off my head. The door was locked and I was alone, and it was pitch dark.

I could hear the pounding of the engine and I knew we were heading across the lake to the United States. Not a word was spoken on board.

I felt my way to the only opening—a round hole that looked sternward—and I discovered that I was aboard a slow tug.

Then my thoughts began to trouble me. What if the patrol boat missed us? What if these men did kidnap the Nizam of Hyderabad? What business was it of mine? Why had I busied myself about somebody else's business? I was a writer, not a detective, nor the goat for somebody else. What if Square Face discovered the job that had been put up on him before the other vessel turned up? Didn't he take a life already for having less to do with his affair that I was having now? Come to remember I thought of the sadness in that Toronto home when the news reached there that night of the drowning at Port Stanley—for the drowned person was a Torontonians as I had found out.

The tug was chugging away and I knew that her boilers contained every ounce of steam that they would hold.

Then I heard a voice and looking astern I made out the outline of the patrol boat as she came up like the wind. She was less than a mile away and all her lights were lit.

"Treachery," said someone that I knew to be Square Face—"Somebody has squealed," he snorted.

A searchlight played on us and the command came over the waters, to "Heave to."

"Heave to—be damned," yelled Square Face. "If you want us, come after us—"

Something hit us and I heard the tug's wood-work fly to splinters and my captors cry with alarm. Smoke rolled from the forward deck of the patrol boat.

"Heave to," came the command again across the rapidly narrowing space between us.

Square Face and his gang got together in the wheel-house and I

heard them quarrelling. While this was going on the Government boat drew alongside and a line was thrown over the stern capstan. The tug jerked and turned partly round.

Then my captors ran around the cabin where I was locked up and with axes tried to hack the line, but there was no use. Several men stood on the bridge of the patrol boat and covered them with their revolvers.

What followed happened rapidly. One man was permitted to go below to shut off the steam, while the others were ranged behind the capstan with their hands in the air. Then the tug slowed down, stopped, some men climbed aboard and the first one I recognized was His Highness the Nizam. And not far away was his shadow.

In a few minutes I was liberated, taken on board the patrol boat which proceeded to port with the tug and its strange crew in tow.

(Concluded on page 24.)

## NEW BOOKS

By Wayfarer

"DOODLE McCLINK." By David M. McCulloch. Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto. 75 cents.

One of the most humorous characters who has come to my notice for a long time is "Doodle McClink," of Sailortown, Scotland. The scrapes from which he extricates himself and his two chums, and the clean fun from beginning to end make the book a continual joy. "Doodle" is a Scotsman and a fireman on an ocean "tramp" steamer. He has never known a home and wharves and vessels have always held a great fascination for him, so naturally he "took to" sea when old enough. Visiting different countries and working with men of various nationalities, "Doodle" remains a typical Scotsman to the end.

The trouble arising through the employment of Chinese labour on his vessel and the refusal of a large party of Swedish emigrants to board the vessel at Glasgow because the "artist" depicted her with three funnels instead of one in the advertisement and how "Doodle" solved the troubles in both cases are humorously and graphically described. Towards the end of the book submarines play an exciting part. For light reading the book is hard to equal.

SUMMER. By Edith Wharton. Geo. J. McLeod, Limited. \$1.50.

"Summer" is a novel, the scene of which is laid in a little New England village, known as North Dornier. The principal figures are a lawyer, his ward, whom he has "brought down from the mountains," and a young architect, who has come to the village to sketch a number of old landmarks.

In this, her latest book, Mrs. Wharton shows that she has not departed from her habit of writing stories, which, to say the least, are morbid and decidedly unpleasant. The heroine, possibly warped by the conditions of her life, is a particularly unlovely young person whose disgruntled outlook on life finds expression in unnatural ingratitude to her guardian, even when he tries to better her lot

(Concluded on page 23.)

# FINANCIAL

**H**OW a young man who is now 50 gradually accumulated his pile by taking good financial advice in the first place and working systematically at it afterwards, is tersely told by W. W. Lesley in the American Magazine:

When I was a young man just starting in life, he says, I happened to read an article in a popular magazine explaining how, by saving five dollars a week for twenty-eight years, one could provide an income of one thousand dollars a year for his later years.

I was at that time twenty-two years old, and a competency of one thousand dollars a year at the age of fifty looked good to me. I made up my mind I would give the plan a trial, as I was holding a good position, which I was paying me a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, and with no incumbances.

The next Saturday night, I took \$5 from my pay envelope, and deposited it in the nearest savings bank. Every week thereafter for the next six months I religiously put away \$5. At the end of that time I had to my credit \$130, plus \$2.60 interest, or \$132.60. I kept this up steadily for four years, when my savings amounted (with interest at the rate of 4 per cent. compounded semi-annually) to the snug little sum of \$1,123.89.

I then asked the cashier of my bank if he could suggest a good investment. It so happened that he knew of a gilt-edged real estate mortgage paying 6 per cent. interest. I purchased this mortgage, and continued my weekly savings. After making my first investment, I still had in the bank \$123.89. At the end of the next six months I had this \$123.89; six months' interest on it at 4 per cent., or \$2.46,

also \$30, interest for six months at 6 per cent. which my mortgage had earned and which I had deposited, besides my regular weekly deposit, which amounted, as before, to \$130, making in all \$286.35. By the end of that same year I had \$452.08 to my credit, almost half enough to buy another mortgage.

At the end of the seventh year, I had another one thousand dollars, with which I bought a second first mortgage. From this time on, the interest earnings on my bank deposits and on my two mortgages amounted to more than half of my weekly savings from my salary, and I was soon able to buy my thousand-dollar mortgages with greater frequency.

By the time I had reached my forty-seventh year, I owned fourteen mortgages, and my bank savings totalled \$761.33. Since then I have been buying a thousand-dollar mortgage every six months (I am now fifty years old), by using the accumulated interest on my fourteen mortgages and my bank deposit, together with my weekly \$5 savings.

I now own \$17,000 in 6 per cent. gilt-edged mortgages. I have a bank account of \$779.22, and if anything should occur to prevent my saving anything more I could live comfortably for the rest of my life on my income, which, at the rate of 4 per cent. a year on \$779.72, would amount to \$31.17; and at 6 per cent. a year on \$17,000 would amount to \$1,020, making my annual income \$1,051.17, which I am receiving at the present time at the rate of \$20.21 a week, and all because I was faithful and persevering in putting away my little five dollars every week, and in following the advice of my banker in the matter of investments.

## NEWS NOTES

*Financial and Industrial*

**T**HE coal embargo in the United States has a direct bearing in Canada. Ontario declines to export Hydro more than formerly. President Wilson retorts by shutting off a large part of our coal. Mr. C. A. McGrath is not finding that North America is an economic unit—not yet.

Ontario and Canada, says the Monetary Times, may yet require every unit of electrical energy just as much as the United States may yet require every pound of phosphate rock, or may find it expedient to retain every pound of coal. Mr. Arthur V. White emphasizes the fact that the people of Canada, and especially of Ontario, should understand and fully realize the extent to which they are dependent upon others for their coal supply, and understand also their increasingly great dependence upon hydro-electric power as well as its relationship to coal.

From the Western end of the coal problem it is pointed out that there are vast unmined coal areas in the Province of Saskatchewan, which could be used to help alleviate the great scarcity of coal in this country. It is stated that there are seven billion tons of lignite coal in this province; and to make the best use of this great coal resource the Dominion Scientific Research Committee has recommended to the Federal Government the establishing of a briquette factory at or near Estevan, where there are extensive coal fields. Professor A. B. McCallum states that briquettes could be manufactured to be sold at a much lower figure than anthracite coal, and that

these briquettes would have even greater heat-producing qualities than the hard coal used throughout Canada.

**T**HE London Economist points out that by the war Berlin has closed another of the most hopeful fields for the perfectly legitimate expansion of German influence and trade.

Of the twenty-six railway or other loans contracted since 1894, by or on account of successive Chinese Governments, German banks or investors are concerned conjointly with those of Entente countries. Interest on the German portions of all these debts is now suspended till after the war, and even then it may possibly be held in pledge for German indemnities in respect of damage suffered by China in the submarine blockade. The ten ships now in Chinese ports, will probably be treated as prizes of war; but all that is only a very small part of the German loss.

Raising of the embargo on tin plate coming from the United States into Canada has eased the situation for Canadian canning companies, and it is believed that the latter will be able to get along fairly well this summer. The situation for Canadian companies was quite precarious for a time, but relief is now believed to be in sight.

A Danish inventor, it is announced, has discovered a process for making newsprint paper from seaweed. The new process is said to entail half the cost of making paper from wood pulp.

## Who Will Share in Your Estate ?

In every family there are those who may not be in direct inheritance of your estate, yet who are especially deserving. Such instances emphasize the importance of making your Will without delay. We solicit appointment as Executors and offer the services of an exceptionally experienced and reliable organization. *Particulars of our Trust service sent on request.*

Assets under administration, \$77,180,513.62

### THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.  
Branches: Ottawa, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Vancouver

## CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO  
Established 1855.

President—W. G. Gooderham.  
First Vice-President—W. D. Matthews.  
Second Vice-President—G. W. Monk.  
Joint General Managers—R. S. Hudson, John Massey.  
Superintendent of Branches and Secretary—George H. Smith.  
Paid-up Capital ..... \$ 6,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund (earned) 5,000,000.00  
Investments ..... 32,264,782.81

### DEBENTURES

For sums of one hundred dollars and upwards we issue Debentures bearing a special rate of interest, for which coupons payable half-yearly are attached. They may be made payable in one or more years, as desired. They are a

Legal Investment for Trust Funds.

We shall be pleased to forward a specimen Debenture, Copy of Annual Report and full information to any address we receive.

## NEW RECORDS

Results secured during the past year re-affirm the position of the Sun Life of Canada as the largest life assurance organization of the Dominion.

Fair dealing and progressive business methods have given it leadership in annual New Business, Total Business in Force, Assets, Surplus Earnings, Net Surplus, Total Income, Premium Income and Payments to Policyholders.

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

KING EDWARD HOTEL

—Fireproof—

Toronto, Canada.

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

## "Save Your Back With a Cadillac"

The most efficient, durable and economical

### Electric Vacuum Cleaner

Made in Canada

Awarded the Gold Medal at the Panama-Pacific and Panama-California Expositions, 1915.

We will send you full information and list of enthusiastic users.

Ask for it to-day

**Clements Manufacturing Co., Limited**

76 Duchess St. - Toronto



## THE LONDON DIRECTORY

(Published Annually)

enables traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS

in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs the Directory contains lists of

EXPORT MERCHANTS

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

STEAMSHIP LINES

arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate Sailings;

PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES

of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

A copy of the current edition will be forwarded freight paid, on receipt of Postal Order for 20s.

Dealers seeking Agencies can advertise their trade cards for £1, or larger advertisements from £3.

THE LONDON DIRECTORY CO., LTD.  
25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

## Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of  
Toronto Stock Exchange

**Brokers and Bankers**

12 KING STREET EAST  
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

## Western Assurance Company

(Fire, Explosion, Ocean Marine and Inland Marine Insurance.)  
Incorporated A.D. 1851.

Assets over \$5,000,000.00.

Losses paid since organization over \$66,000,000.00.

HEAD OFFICE: Cor. Scott and Wellington Sts. TORONTO

STAMPS AND COINS.

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

PATENTS AND SOLICITORS.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., Patent Solicitors, head office, Toronto, and Ottawa. Booklet on Patents free.

# THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF STANDARD PRODUCTS

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

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

- ADDING MACHINES.**  
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- APPLES, (Evaporated):**  
Graham Co. Limited, Belleville, Ont.
- ASPHALT.**  
Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Imperial" Asphalt, Toronto.
- AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES.**  
Cutten & Foster, Toronto.  
Deer Park Garage & Livery, Toronto.  
Hyslop Bros., Toronto.
- AUTOMOBILE LUBRICANTS.**  
Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Polarine," Toronto.
- AUTOMOBILE RADIATORS.**  
White & Thomas, Toronto.
- AUTOMOBILE TIRES.**  
Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited, Toronto.  
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., "K. & S." Auto Tire, Toronto.  
The B. F. Goodrich Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto and Montreal.
- AUTO TOPS AND EQUIPMENT.**  
Cain, Fussell & McLean, Toronto.
- BABBITT AND SOLDER.**  
Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.
- BAND INSTRUMENT MANUFACTURERS.**  
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.
- BATTERIES (Minature).**  
Interstate Electric Novelty Co. of Can., Ltd., Toronto. "Radio" Batteries.
- BELTING.**  
Beardmore Belting Co., Toronto.
- "BETHLEHEM AMMUNITION BOX," CHAINS AND RINGS.**  
Tarbox Bros., Toronto.
- BICYCLES AND SUPPLIES.**  
R. G. McLeod, Toronto.
- BISCUITS AND CAKES.**  
Christie-Brown Co., Limited, Toronto.
- BOATS, (Pleasure, Commercial, Life-boats).**  
The Disappearing Propeller Boat Co., Limited, Toronto.  
The Gidley Boat Co., Ltd., Penetang, Ont.
- BOILERS.**  
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.
- BONDED WAREHOUSE**  
Standard Warehouse & Mercantile Co., Toronto.
- BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
W. B. Hamilton Shoe Co., Limited, "Model" Shoes, Toronto.
- BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS**  
McLaren & Dallas, "Imperial Shoes," "Independent" Rubbers, Toronto.
- BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.**  
Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.
- BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.**  
Britnell & Co., Limited, Toronto.
- CANNED GOODS.**  
Balfour Smye Co., Tartan Brand, Hamilton.
- CARBORUNDUM GRINDING WHEELS.**  
Norman Macdonald, Toronto.
- CARPETS AND RUGS.**  
Toronto Carpet Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.**  
Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.
- CEREALS.**  
White Swan Spices & Cereals, Ltd., "White Swan," Toronto.
- CHARCOAL.**  
Ely Bros., Toronto.
- CIGARS.**  
Andrew Wilson & Co., "Bachelor" Cigars, Toronto.
- COAL AND COKE.**  
The Standard Fuel Co. of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.
- COAL AND WOOD.**  
P. Burns & Co., Toronto.  
The Elias Rogers Co., Ltd., Toronto.  
The Rose Coal Co., Limited, Toronto.
- COATS AND PANTS.**  
A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto.
- CONTRACTORS AND ROAD EQUIPMENT.**  
Wettlaufer Bros., Limited, Toronto, Halifax, Regina.
- CORDAGE AND TWINES.**  
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.
- COTTON AND WOOL WASTE.**  
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.
- COTTON DUCK.**  
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.
- CREAM SEPARATORS.**  
The Sharples Separator Co., Toronto.
- DIAMONDS (On Credit).**  
Jacob Bros., Toronto.
- DUPLICATORS.**  
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- ELEVATORS.**  
Otis-Fenson Elevator Co., Toronto.
- FENCING (Ornamental, Farm, Railway).**  
The Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Limited, Hamilton.
- FIRE EXTINGUISHERS.**  
Ontario May-Oatway Fire Alarms, Limited, "Pyrene Fire Extinguishers," Toronto.
- FLASHLIGHTS (Electric).**  
Interstate Electric Novelty Co. of Can., Ltd. "Franco" Flashlights.
- FURNACES.**  
The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.
- FURNITURE POLISH.**  
Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Ioco Liquid Gloss," Toronto.
- GELATINE.**  
Charles B. Knox Co., "Knox Sparkling," "Knox Acidulated," Montreal.
- GLOVES (Men's and Women's).**  
Dent, Allcroft & Co., "Dent's Gloves," Montreal.
- GLOVES AND MITTS.**  
A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto.  
The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.
- HARDWARE.**  
Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.  
Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, Toronto.
- HOT WATER BOILERS, RADIATORS**  
Cluff Bros., "Regent" Hot Water Boilers and Radiators, Toronto.
- IRON AND STEEL.**  
Baines & Peckover, Toronto.
- LEATHER (Sole-Hemlock & Union Oak).**  
The Breithaupt Leather Co., Ltd. Kitchener, Penetang, Hastings and Woodstock, Ont.
- LIGHTING, WELDING & CUTTING PLANTS**  
The Siche Gas Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- LUMBER AND TIMBER.**  
R. Laidlaw Lumber Co., Ltd., Toronto.  
The Boake Mfg. Co., Limited Toronto.
- MARINE ENGINES.**  
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.
- MILITARY AND CIVILIAN BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
H. C. Wilson, Toronto.
- MILK.**  
City Dairy Co., Limited, Toronto.  
S. Price & Sons Limited, Toronto.
- MOPS (Scrubbing and Dry Dusting).**  
Tarbox Bros., Toronto.
- MULTIGRAPH LETTERS & MAIL LISTS.**  
Harry Edwards, Toronto.
- MUSIC PUBLISHERS.**  
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.
- MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**  
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.
- OFFICE FURNITURE.**  
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- OILS AND GREASES.**  
Canadian Oil Companies, Ltd., Toronto.  
The Imperial Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.  
Ontario Soap & Oil Co., Toronto.
- OIL REFINERS.**  
The British American Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.
- OIL SOAP.**  
Ontario Soap & Oil Co., Toronto.
- OVERALLS.**  
Hamilton Carhartt Cotton Mills, Limited, Toronto.
- PAINTS AND VARNISHES.**  
Benjamin Moore & Co., Limited, Toronto.  
Brandram-Henderson, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax.  
International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.  
Lowe Brothers, Limited, Toronto.  
Martin-Senour Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.  
The E. Harris Co., of Toronto, Ltd.
- PAPER (Bonds and Writings).**  
Howard Smith Paper Mills, Limited, Montreal.
- PATTERN MAKERS AND WOOD TURNERS.**  
Potts Pattern Works, Toronto.
- PIANOS.**  
Heintzman & Co., "Ye Olde Firm," Toronto.  
Gerhard Heintzman Co., Limited, Toronto.
- PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS**  
The Newcombe Piano Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- PLUMBING SUPPLIES.**  
Cluff Brothers, Toronto.  
Fiddes & Hogarth, Limited, Toronto.
- PORTLAND CEMENT.**  
Alfred Rogers, Limited, Toronto.
- PUBLICATION PRINTERS.**  
The Ontario Press, Limited, Toronto.
- RAZORS (Safety).**  
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Limited, AutoStrop Razors and Accessories, Toronto.
- REFRIGERATORS:**  
Eureka Refrigerator Co., Limited, Toronto.
- RIBBONS (Typewriter, Adding Machines).**  
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- RUBBER FOOTWEAR.**  
Gutta Percha & Rubber Co., Limited, Toronto.
- SALT.**  
Canadian Salt Co., Limited, "Windsor" and "Regal" Salts, Windsor, Ont.
- SCALES, (Computing).**  
Brantford Computing Scale Co., Ltd., "Brantford" Scales, Brantford, Ont.

## The National Directory of Standard Products (Continued)

- SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.**  
Frankel Bros., Toronto.
- SEEDS** (Garden—of every Description).  
Carter's Tested Seeds, Inc., Toronto.
- SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKS.**  
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.
- SHIPS.**  
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.
- SHIRTS.**  
A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto.
- SHOW CASES & STORE FIXTURES.**  
Canada Show Case Co., Toronto.
- SPORTING GOODS.**  
The Harold A. Wilson Co., Limited, Toronto.  
John B. Brotherton, Toronto.
- STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.**  
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- STEEL (Tool).**  
Wm. Jessop & Sons, Limited, Toronto.
- STORAGE**  
Standard Warehouse & Mercantile Co., Toronto.
- STOVES, COOKING, Coal, Wood, Electric and Gas.**  
The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.  
Wrought Iron Range Co. of Can., Ltd., Toronto.
- TANKS.**  
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.
- TELEPHONES AND SUPPLIES.**  
Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited, Toronto.
- TENTS AND TARPAULINS.**  
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.
- TIME CLOCKS AND RECORDERS.**  
The International Time Recording Co., Limited, Toronto.
- TOYS.**  
The Harold A. Wilson Co., Limited, Toronto.
- TRANSFORMERS.**  
Maloney Electric Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto.
- TYPEWRITERS.**  
United Typewriter Co., Limited, "Underwood" Typewriters, Toronto.
- UNDERWEAR.**  
The C. Turnbull Co., of Galt, Limited, "Ceetee" Pure Wool Underclothing, Galt, Ont.
- UNIFORMS.**  
Beauchamp & How, Limited, Toronto.
- VARNISH.**  
The Holland Varnish Co., Limited, "Dyke" Varnish, Montreal.
- VARNISHES AND JAPANS.**  
The Ault & Wiborg Varnish Works, Toronto.  
Scarfe & Co., Brantford, Ont.
- VEGETABLES, (Desiccated):**  
Graham Co., Limited, Belleville, Ont.
- WASHBOARDS AND CLOTH PINS.**  
The Wm. Cane & Sons Co., Limited, Newmarket, Ont.
- WASHING MACHINES.**  
Hurley Machine Co., "Thor Electric Washing Machines," Toronto.  
"1900" Washer Company, Toronto.
- WASTE-PAPER.**  
The Levi's, Toronto.  
E. Pullan, Toronto.
- WATCHES AND JEWELLERY.**  
Scheuer's Limited, Toronto.
- WATCH CASES.**  
American Watch Case Co., Limited, Toronto.
- WINDOW LETTERS AND SIGNS.**  
J. E. Richardson & Co., Toronto, Ont.
- WIPING RAGS.**  
E. Pullan, Toronto.
- WROUGHT IRON PIPE.**  
Canada Pipe and Steel Co., Limited, Toronto.

## New Books

(Concluded from page 20.)

by removal from the neighbourhood of the godless and lawless people among whom her earlier life was spent.

**IT IS FOR ENGLAND.** By Laurence Cowan. Hodder and Stoughton. 75 cents.

It is for England is the story of the Navy League's photo-play. In it St. George, the patron Saint of England, is reincarnated as a man who by his fascinating personality and power of oratory influences for good all who hear him. He sways equally political leaders, directors of huge corporations and working men, compelling them to do the things which appear to them foolish and opposed to their own interests, but which in the long run they come to see are the things necessary for the salvation of the country. "It is for England" becomes the slogan of all classes as a result of his recruiting and propaganda work and induces the whole people to undergo cheerfully all sacrifices necessary for the cause. One of the chief characters in the book is a knight, privy councillor and partner in a powerful shipping concern. At the same time he is one of the chief agents in the Kaiser's spy system. The unmasking of this villain by his partner's charming daughter and the consequent defeat of his plots to destroy Britain's naval and mercantile marine is described in a series of dramatic episodes. The book is full of startling climaxes and thrills, is interestingly written and well worth reading.

**THE WAR AFTER THE WAR.** By Isaac F. Morcasson. S. B. Gundy. \$1.25.

That as soon as the present war gives place to peace the nations of the world will be plunged into another struggle for mastery, a gigantic trade war, is the theme of this enlightening work. "War ends some time. Business never ceases." The author says: "It is up to the United States to make ready for whatever business fate awaits her beyond the uncertain frontiers of to-morrow." Likewise it is most certainly Canada's duty for her own sake and as an integral part of the Empire, of which we are all so proud, to make similar preparations. I know that Britain and her allies have drawn up certain trade policies to be followed when peace has crowned their efforts, but I have not ascertained that Canada has any definite cut-and-dried programme of post-peace trade policy, though it may be that I am not abreast of the times. Britain wants the closest trade relations with her Dominions, by what means that will be accomplished I am not prepared to discuss. I would like to know that this book was being read, and it can be with great profit, too, by our political leaders of both parties, as well as by our business men and manufacturers. In the chapter "England Awake," Mr. Morcasson tells us of the efforts the Old Country is putting forth to regain the markets she had allowed the enemy to take from her; to retain and expand those she has and by strengthening the whole fabric of commerce continue to hold her place unchallenged as the World's Trader.

France, too, is girding herself and the description of her projects is well set out in the chapter entitled "The New France."

The succeeding chapters are also exceedingly interesting and educative, the last two being two well-written biographical sketches. The first is The Man, Lloyd George, while the second, entitled From Peddler to Premier, is the biography of Premier Hughes of Australia.

## Magnanimous Hindenburg

(Concluded from page 13.)

retreat, and it will probably involve the whole German line. We do not know when this will be in point of time, although it seems to be close. But in point of distance we know that it must be very close. An Allied gain of a mile at the critical point, at Laon for instance, might easily mean a German retreat of forty miles that would involve the whole line.

But Colonel Gadke is still more outspoken than this. He foresees that another great retreat may be necessary and imminent. He says: "This manner of warfare lacks all that is intellectual. It is the mechanical solution of a mechanical question. The present Anglo-French attack does not show a single new factor. It is always the same old picture—increased effectiveness of artillery, mechanical smashing down of the opponent, and, finally, advance into the lines that have been flattened out. In this respect Arras provided absolutely nothing that is new, and the Champagne battle also will produce no change. As long as the material superiority of the enemy lasts, the Hindenburg strategy of voluntary evacuation is the only possibility of a passive reply." Colonel Gadke then goes on to point the moral and adorn the tale by saying that the supply of munitions from across the water must be stopped by the submarines. How can "any living German," he says, "doubt the justification of the submarines, seeing that everything depends upon them."

It is a frank admission, and all the more significant in view of the rigid press censorship now prevailing in Germany. Colonel Gadke admits that the German defences can not resist the Allied artillery. It is "always the same old picture," the bombardment, the flattening out of the fortifications, and the "advance into the lines." In other words, the German armies are beaten in the field by superior artillery, and the only way in which they can be saved is by summoning the submarines to cut off the supply of artillery. It may not be "intellectual," but then we can not have everything in modern war. Poison gases are not exactly "intellectual." Von Hindenburg himself makes a similar admission. For the encouragement of his men he tells them that all they have to do is to "hold on," and the submarines will do the rest. Here we find none of the old flamboyant references to the "shining sword" and the "will to conquer." Nothing more is asked of the armies than to "hold on." But it is evident that the armies can not do even this. They can no longer attack with success, nor resist with success. A battle now invariably means a German defeat. Colonel Gadke may soften the unwelcome fact by calling it the "strategy of voluntary evacuation," but he must be quite well aware that the end of such a strategy is very close, and that the end is military ruin. Nor is he under any misapprehensions



as to the submarines. His words are intended for home consumption, and for the consolation of those who have been told that the submarine is the last line of defence. Where, then, is the evidence of a deadlock that can only be broken by some radically new departure? There is of course no deadlock, nor anything remotely resembling one.

Esterbrook Pens often make the start of a five dollar sale. The convenient Esterbrook counter display case makes a quick transaction, makes selling easier, takes little space and gives you the best assortment of the best pens made.

Write for particulars and prices.

# Esterbrook Pens

ESTERBROOK PEN MFG. CO.

46-70 Cooper St.

Camden, N.J., U.S.A.

Canadian Agents: The Brown Bros., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

## Just What You Need

a refreshing and invigorating drink on a warm, summer's day

An Assorted Case of **\$5.85**

**NATIVE WINES**

This case contains  
6 Bottles Port, Red label  
3 Bottles Catawba Sweet  
3 Bottles White Golden Club

Send for complete Price List.  
Mailed free on request

No sale less than 12 bottles. Shipped direct from Toronto Winery

**St. David's Wine Growers' Co.**

52 ATLANTIC AVE., TORONTO  
Tel. Parkdale 532

## MAKE YOUR OWN

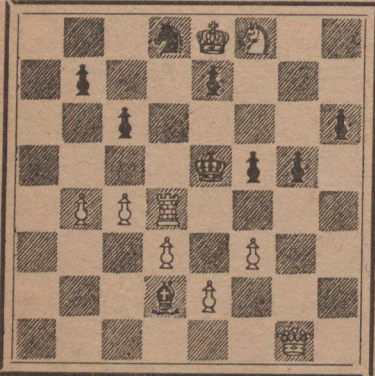
Lager Beer in your own home with  
**HOP MALT EXTRACT**  
Made only of pure hops and malt. Makes real beer with the good old flavor that is appetizing and health building. Conforms to Temperance Act.  
Small Tins \$1.00; Large \$1.50  
Prepaid. Full directions with each tin. Agents Wanted.  
DEPT. B  
Hop Malt Co., Beamsville, Ont.

# CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

Solutions to problems and other correspondence for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 146, by B. Huelsen.  
Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.  
White to play and mate in three.

### SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 144, by E. E. Westbury.

1. Q—Kt5! B—Q8; 2. B—Ksq mate.  
1. .... R—Q7ch; 2. B—Q4 mate.  
1. .... Kt—Kt6; 2. Q—KB5 mate.  
1. .... threat; 2. Q—Ktsq mate.

To Correspondents.

W. K. Merrifield. You overlook other

## Boys-Boys

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

### POCKET MONEY

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

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

Sales Manager,  
Canadian Courier, Toronto.

### JUST OUT—Sound, Sensible HOW TO GET A POSITION

This is one of the most sensible little books of advice ever offered to the young man or young woman seeking employment. Mr. Hall has been with a large correspondence school, and has had much experience in getting positions for young men. Above all, he would have the young man drop all foolish notions about the getting and holding a position. Hard work alone makes good. He gives much practical advice on letters of application; personal application; what is good and what is bad form, etc., etc.

12mo. Cloth, 140 pages. 60 cents net, post-paid.

Contents: 1. Special Ability and Choice of Occupation. 2. Positions Obtained Through Advertisements. 3. Positions Obtained Through Unsolicited Letters. 4. The Letter of Application. 5. Personal Interview and Letters of Recommendation. 6. Special Hints to Various Classes of Applicants. 7. On Keeping Positions and Winning Promotions.

### AND HOW TO KEEP IT

By S. ROLAND HALL.  
UNIVERSITY BOOK CO.  
8 University Ave. : Toronto

Black defences, e.g., 13. .... Q—B2 or Q2. B. Gordon. Your contribution was acknowledged some time ago. The strategy is too lean and the White King too glaringly in danger. Try again!

### Chess Among the Enemy.

A triangular tournament of some importance was contested during last December in Vienna, between Carl Schlechter, Dr. M. Vidmar, and the less famous Dr. H. Kaufmann. Six games were contested between each contestant, thus making eighteen games in all. No less than thirteen of these were drawn! Schlechter and Vidmar each won two of the remaining five and Kaufmann one. Final score, Schlechter 6½ points, Vidmar 6, and Kaufmann 5½. The following is an interesting specimen of the play, with notes from the "Field," via the "American Chess Bulletin."

Ruy Lopez.

- |                            |                 |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| White.                     | Black.          |
| Schlechter.                | Vidmar.         |
| 1. P—K4                    | 1. P—K4         |
| 2. Kt—KB3                  | 2. Kt—QB3       |
| 3. B—Kt5                   | 3. P—QR3        |
| 4. B—R4                    | 4. Kt—B3        |
| 5. Castles                 | 5. KtxP         |
| 6. P—Q4                    | 6. P—QKt4       |
| 7. B—Kt3                   | 7. P—Q4         |
| 8. Pxp                     | 8. B—K3         |
| 9. P—B3                    | 9. B—QB4        |
| 10. Q—Q3 (a)               | 10. Kt—K2 (b)   |
| 11. Kt—Q4                  | 11. B—Kt3 (c)   |
| 12. B—B2                   | 12. Kt—KB4 (d)  |
| 13. B—K3                   | 13. P—B4        |
| 14. KtxKt                  | 14. BxKt        |
| 15. R—Qsq                  | 15. Kt—Kt6 (e)  |
| 16. Q—Q2" (f)              | 16. BxB         |
| 17. QxB                    | 17. Kt—K5       |
| 18. Kt—Q2                  | 18. P—B4 (g)    |
| 19. KtxKt                  | 19. BPxKt       |
| 20. Q—Q2                   | 20. P—Q5 (h)    |
| 21. Pxp                    | 21. Pxp         |
| 22. Bxp                    | 22. QxB         |
| 23. QxQ                    | 23. BxQ         |
| 24. RxB                    | 24. R—QBsQ      |
| 25. QR—Qsq                 | 25. Castles (i) |
| 26. P—KR4                  | 26. R—B7 (j)    |
| 27. P—K6                   | 27. R—Ksq (k)   |
| 28. R—Q8                   | 28. R—QBsQ (l)  |
| 29. RxR (K8)               | 29. RxR         |
| 30. R—Q6                   | 30. P—QR4       |
| 31. K—Bsq                  | 31. K—Bsq       |
| 32. R—B6 (m)               | 32. R—Qsq       |
| 33. K—K2                   | 33. K—K2        |
| 34. R—B5                   | 34. R—QKtsq (n) |
| 35. R—K5                   | 35. R—QBsQ      |
| 36. RxKtP                  | 36. R—B7ch      |
| 37. K—K3 and white won (o) |                 |

(a) This move is seldom played, and has not yet been much analysed.

(b) The question as to Black's best reply to White's last move is yet undecided. In a game Burn vs. Tarrasch, in the championship tournament at Ostend, Tarrasch played 10. .... B—Kt3 and lost. A problem-like variation may occur if Black plays 10. .... Castles, e.g., 10. .... Castles; 11. QKt—Q2, P—B4; 12. Pxp e.p. KtxP (B3); 13. Kt—Kt5, Q—Q2; 14. KtxB, QxKt; 15. Kt—K4, QxKt (not 15. .... KtxKt, because of 16. Bxp, winning the Queen); 16. QxQ, KtxQ; 17. Bxpch, K—Rsq; 18. BxKt (K4), and white, being a Pawn ahead with the better position, should win.

(c) 12. .... P—QB4, and if the Knight retires, to win a piece by 13. .... P—B5.

(d) Better would have been 12. .... P—QB4 in order to dislodge the Knight at once from its commanding position at Q4, followed, if 13. Kt—K2, by 13. .... B—

KB4, or if 13. Kt—B3, by 13. .... Castles. Black should have retained his Knight at K2 for the present to make his Queen's Pawn secure.

(e) After this move Black loses his Queen's Pawn. He could have defended it by retiring his Bishop to K3, but White would then have obtained the superior position, e.g., 15. .... B—K3; 16. P—B3, P—B5; 17. Q—K2, Kt—B4; 18. P—B4, threatening 19. P—B5 with advantage for White, as Black's Queen's Pawn would remain permanently weak.

(f) Qxp, at once, might have been played, but the text-move was simpler.

(g) If 18. .... KtxKt, then 19. QxKt, winning the Queen's Pawn.

(h) By forcing the exchange of Bishops, Black made it more difficult for White to win with his extra Pawn.

(i) K—K2 would have been better, but with correct play the game was won for White in any case.

(j) And now Black should have played 26. .... P—K6. After the text-move Schlechter forces the win in fine style.

(k) The only move to prolong the game. If 27. .... R(Bsq)xP, then 28. R—Q8ch, R—Bsq; 29. P—K7, and wins. If 27. .... R(B7)xBP, then 28. P—K7, and wins. If 27. .... RxKtP, then 28. R—Q8, and wins.

(l) Forged. If 28. .... K—Bsq, then 29. R(Qsq)—Q7 (threatening 30. R—B7ch), R—Bsq (not 29. .... RxR, because of 30. P—K7ch); 30. R—B7ch, K—Ktsq; 31. R(Q8)—Q7, RxP; 32. RxPch, K—Bsq; 33. RxP, K—Ksq; 34. R—R7, K—Qsq; 35. R—R8ch, R—Ksq; 36. RxRch, KxR; 37. RxP, and wins.

(m) To prevent Black from taking possession of the Queen's Bishop file with his Rook.

(n) If 34. .... Kxp; then 35. RxP, R—QRsq; 36. K—K3, and wins.

(o) The game was prolonged for about twenty more moves, but—winning for White was only a question of routine. The process would probably be somewhat as follows: 37. .... Kxp; 38. P—QR4 (to prevent P—QR5), P—Kt3; 39. P—KKt4, K—B3 (Black can only mark time with his King); 40. P—Kt3, K—K3; 41. Kxp, RxP; 42. RxP, and White wins easily with his two passed Pawns.

## Elusive Mr. Square Face

(Concluded from page 20.)

In the Casino cafe at five o'clock we sat—His Highness, his friend, and I—and we were eating heartily. Of course I was patting myself on the back and here I thought is where I get a good stand in with royalty and possibly an invitation to spend a season in mystic India.

"Your Highness," I began, "That was a good night's work—"

"The night's work is good," he returned in his quiet way—"Just splendid. But to you I am no longer His Highness—"

Getting in right, I thought! Next thing he will be telling me to call

him Bill, and I will be telling him to call me Jim, and we will begin to believe we have been school-mates together.

"No," he proceeded to explain, "Now that Square Face is caught I might just as well introduce myself—"

He threw a card on the table and picking it up, I read:

ANTHONY PEZZUTO

Dominion Secret Service.

"And my friend here," he pointed to the other—"Is Mr. Langdon of the same."

I looked from one face to the other. I was dumbfounded and in my strange costume I must have appeared doubly ridiculous.

"And Square Face?"

Pezzuto snapped his jaws together and looked hard.

"Is the cleverest Black Hand artist that ever stood in shoe leather. You have heard of the Cammorists? Yes. For six months, Langdon and I have been after this fellow, but we couldn't get anything on him. Then we decided to work that Nizam gag—he fell for it, as we expected he would—and you working on the case through a colossal accident, as it were, have succeeded where we might have failed. Young man, there is a position at Ottawa for you—it is better than building plots—"

"But the Nizam of Hyderabad?" I couldn't get it through my head that I could be fooled like this.

"You must know!" He pulled a paper out of his pocket—a paper dated Saturday, August 16th, found an item in it, pointed to it with a long slender finger and handed it to me.

I grabbed that printed sheet, rubbed my eyes, and read the following despatch from France:

"His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad inspected the Indian troops at C— yesterday. He was accompanied by Sir Pertrub Singh, commander of the Indian forces in France. Sir Sam Hughes, Canadian Minister of War, was an interested spectator."

# NUMBER 70, BERLIN

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"WELL?" she was asking, as she lolled artistically in the silk-covered easy chair in her pretty room, upholstered in carnation pink. "So you can't see him till to-morrow? I'm very disappointed," she added, pettishly.

"No," replied the young man, who, fair-haired and square-jawed, was of distinctly German type. "I'm sorry. I tried my best, but I failed."

"H'm. I thought you were clever enough, Carl. But it seems that you failed," and she sighed wearily.

"You know, Molly, I'd do anything for you," replied the young fellow, who was evidently of quite superior class, for he wore his well-cut evening coat and soft-fronted dress-shirt with the ease of one accustomed to such things. And, if the truth were told, he would have been recognized by any of the clerks in the bureau of the Savoy Hotel as one of their most regular customers at dinner or supper.

"I know that, Carl," replied the

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

handsome woman, impatiently. "But, you see, I had made all my arrange-

### SERIAL BULLETIN.

OWING to a discovery that the Canadian publishers of "The Yukon Trail" have no control of serial rights in Canada, we are compelled to announce with great regret that we shall not be able to publish it in the Canadian Courier. We shall need to do some extra discovery work to get another as good. But we shall do it—if it takes two weeks.—The Editor.

Molly. If I can't get it till to-morrow—I can't."

"Why not?"

"Oh, what's the good of explaining? Heinrich has gone off down to Brighton with a little friend of his—that's all. He's motored her down to the Metropole, and won't be back till to-morrow. How, in Heaven's name, can I help it?"

"I don't suppose you can, my dear boy," laughed the big, overbearing woman, who held the son of the "naturalised" German financier in the grip of her white, bejewelled fingers. "But, all the same, we have both to remember our duty to the Fatherland. We are at war."

"True! And haven't I helped the Fatherland? Was it not from information given by me that you knew the truth of the blowing up of the battleship Bulwark off Sherness, and of the loss of the Formidable on New Year's day? Have I and my friends in Jermyn Street been inactive?"

"No, you haven't. Our dear Fatherland owes you and your friends a deep debt of gratitude. But— Well, I

ments. The information is wanted hourly in Berlin. It is most urgent." "Well, they'll have to wait, my dear



tell you, I'm annoyed because my plans have been upset by your failure to-day."

"Rodwell's plans, you mean! Not yours!" cried the young fellow, his jealousy apparent.

"No, not at all. I don't see why you should so constantly refer to Mr. Rodwell. He is our superior, as you know, and in its wisdom Number Seventy has placed him in supreme command."

"Then why do you complain of my failure?" protested the young man viciously, placing his cigarette-end in the silver ash-tray.

"I don't. I only tell you that it has upset my personal plans. I had hoped to get away down to Torquay to-morrow. I must have a change. I'm run down."

"One day does not matter, surely, when our national interests are at stake!"

"Of course not, silly boy," laughed the woman. She saw that she was not treating him with tact, and knew his exact value. "Don't let us discuss it any further. See what you can do to-morrow."

"I'll compel Heinrich to get at what we want," cried Carl Berenstein—whose father had, since the war, changed his name, with the consent of the Home Office, of course, to Burton. "I'm as savage as you are that he should prefer to motor a girl to Brighton. But what can I do?"

"Nothing, my dear boy. The girl will always win. When you've lived as long as I have, you will understand."

"Then you don't blame me—do you?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"Why, of course, not at all, my dear Carl. Heinrich's a fool to be attracted by any petticoat. There are always so many better."

"As long as you don't blame me, Molly, I don't care. The gov'nor is as wild as I am about it."

"Oh, never mind. Get hold of him when he comes back, and come here as soon as possible and tell me. Remember that Number Seventy is thirsting for information."

"Yes, I will. Rely on me. We are good Germans, all of us. These silly swelled-headed fools of English are only playing into our hands. They have no idea of what they will have to face later on. Ach! I only wish I were back again in the dear Rhineland with my friends, who are now officers serving at the front. But this British bubble cannot last. It must soon be pricked. And its result must be disastrous."

"We hope so. We can't tell. But, there, don't let us discuss it. We're out to win the war. This matter I leave to you, good Germans that you and Heinrich are, to make your report."

"Good. I will be here to-morrow evening, when I hope I shall have everything quite clear and precise. There is to be a big movement of troops to France the day after to-morrow, and I hope to give you a list of the names of all the regiments, with their destinations. You know, I suppose, that three parts of the cart-ridges they are making at the G— factory will, in a month's time, when they get to the front, be useless?"

"So Mr. Rodwell told me, a couple of days ago. Herzfelder is evidently doing good work there; but it is not

a matter even to whisper about. It might leak out, and tests might be made."

Then, having drained off the whisky-and-soda which his hostess had poured out for him, he rose, shook her hand warmly, saying, "I'll be here as early as possible to-morrow night. Good-bye, Molly," and strode out.

And the maid showed the young man to the door of the flat, while Mrs. Kirby cast herself into a low lounge-chair before the fire, lit a cigarette, and, with her eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the flames, smoked furiously.

## CHAPTER XX.

## Told at Dawn.

**A** GAIN the grey dawn was breaking over the chill North Sea—a wild, tempestuous morning.

On the far horizon northward, a steamer had just appeared, leaving behind a long trail of black smoke, but over the great expanse of storm-tossed waters which broke heavily upon the beach there was no sign of any other craft.

Thirty-six hours had passed since the young German who called himself Burton, but whose real name was Berenstein, had sat in Mrs. Kirby's drawing-room discussing the faulty ammunition being made at the works at G—. Twelve hours before, namely, at six o'clock on the previous evening, the court-martial sitting at the Old Bailey had concluded the hearing of the grave case of espionage brought against young Sainsbury. The evidence—some of the most damning evidence ever brought before a court-martial—had been given, and Mr. Pelham, his counsel, had made his speech for the defence. Sentence had been postponed, in order that the whole of the facts should be considered by the military authorities. The trial having taken place in camera, not a word had leaked out to the newspapers, therefore the public were in ignorance of the young man's arrest, still more so of the grave offence with which he had been charged.

Elise knew what had happened. She had sat outside the court, in the big stone hall upstairs, where a kindly usher had given her a brief resume of the proceedings. Indeed, through the glass door she had been able to get a momentary peep of her lover as he had stood in the dock, pale and erect, defiant of his accusers.

When the court rose, she had returned to Fitzjohn's Avenue in a taxicab, sobbing and broken-hearted.

On arriving home she had rung up Sir Houston Bird on the telephone, but his man had answered saying that he had been called out suddenly, and had not returned. Therefore she went to her room and there gave way to a paroxysm of grief. It was over. Jack had been found guilty!

**I**N the grey light of dawn, Lewin Rodwell was seated in the stuffy, little room in Tom Small's cottage, his hand upon the telegraph-key, clicking out rapidly a message to Berlin.

At his side sat his accomplice, Mrs. Kirby, in a heavy fur motor-coat with toque to match, for she had been all night on the road with Penney, who having dropped her quite near, had turned the car and gone back into Horncastle to wait until the following evening.

The woman had been engaged writing, by the light of the petrol lamp, a long message since her arrival an hour before, while it was still dark; and it was this—a detailed report of the movements of troops to the front in Flanders, which young Burton had obtained for her—that Rodwell was engaged in transmitting.

Without speaking the spy sat, his left elbow upon the table, with his brow upon his palm while, with his right hand, he tapped away quickly with the rapid touch of the expert telegraphist.

"What a wretched little place!" the woman remarked at last, gazing around the narrow little bedroom. "How horribly close and stuffy!"

"Yes, and you'd find it so, if you'd

been here a prisoner for three days and nights, as I have, Molly," her companion laughed, still continuing to transmit the information for which Number Seventy had asked so constantly. The German General Staff were anxious to ascertain what strength of reinforcements we were sending to our line near Ypres.

Suddenly Rodwell shouted for Ted; but the woman, passing into the living-room, calling for young Small, and receiving no reply, remarked: "I believe they both went out down on the beach, to the boat, a moment ago. Do you want him?"

"Only to tell him to get some breakfast. You must be fagged out after your journey," he said, still working the cable without a pause. "How cold and draughty this house is!" he said. "I shall be glad when night comes again, and we can get away. I mean to give this place a rest for a month. I'm afraid it's getting just a bit unhealthy for me. Come in, and shut the door, Molly. I'm nearly blown out, with that door open," he complained.

**T**HEN, after she had re-entered the room and closed the door, he soon gave the signal "end o message," and paused for the acknowledgment.

It came without delay. A few rapid clicks, and then all was still again—a silence save for the howl of the wind and the monotonous roar of the great breakers rolling in upon the beach outside.

"Well, Molly," the man said, as he lit a cigarette, and seated himself on the edge of the little old-fashioned bed, "we'll have to stay in here, I suppose, till it's dark. Small doesn't like it known that he has visitors. What time did you order Penney?"

"I told him to be at the place where he usually drops you at eight o'clock."

"Excellent. I wonder where Ted is? I want my breakfast badly."

"He said something about going down to the boat to get some fish for you."

"Ah of course. They went out in



See the

**Canadian Northern Rockies**en route to the **PACIFIC COAST**by the Natural Wonders of Jasper Park  
and Mount Robson, Monarch of the Range

You will be amply repaid. Convenient Train Service. Summer Tourist Fares.

For through tickets, information and our handsome Mountain Booklet apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent or General Passenger Dept., Montreal, Que., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

**CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY**

the night. I forgot," he said.

Then, after a pause, the woman exclaimed—

"Is there no possibility of getting away from here before night? I don't like the black looks which Small and his son gave me, Lewin."

"Black looks! Oh, that's nothing. I'm always putting the screw on them. Besides, Ted got to know from Stendel—who chatted to him over the wire one day—all about the Scarborough raid. So, naturally, he's antagonistic."

"But he might betray us, you know."

"He'll never do that, depend upon it. He knows that his own neck would be in danger if he did so. So rest quite assured about that." Then, after a few moments' silence, he added: "I wonder when we shall get that young Sainsbury out of the way. He's the greatest source of danger that we have."

"I thought your idea was that nobody would believe him, whatever he alleged against you?" asked the woman.

"That's so. But we have now to count with Trustram. If he wilfully deceived me regarding those two transports leaving Plymouth, then he certainly suspects. And if he suspects, his suspicions may lead him in the direction of Sainsbury—see?"

"Yes. I quite see. You scent a further danger!"

"No, not exactly," was his vague reply, an evil smile upon his lips. "With the exercise of due precaution we need have nothing to fear—as long as Sainsbury's mouth is closed by the law—as it must be in a day or two."

"But you don't mean to come down here again for some time, do you?"

"No. For the next week or two we must trust to other channels of transmission—Schuette's wireless at Sydenham, perhaps, though that's far from satisfactory."

"HARK!" exclaimed the woman, they heard someone at the outer door. Both listened. There was a grating sound like that of a key—as though the door was being unlocked.

This surprised them, and they exchanged inquiring glances.

There was a sound of heavy footsteps, causing them both to hold their breath.

Next instant the door of the bedroom was unceremoniously flung open, revealing upon the threshold two burly men in hard felt hats and overcoats, presenting service revolvers at them.

It was a striking scene.

The woman screamed loudly, but the man, who had sprung to his feet to find himself thus cornered, stood firm, his face blanched, and his eyebrows contracted.

"And pray what's the meaning of all this?" he demanded, in hoarse defiance.

A second later, however, he saw that behind the two men who entered the room to place himself and his companion under arrest, were three other persons. One was a naval officer in uniform, evidently from the Admiralty Intelligence Department, while the other two were men well-known to him—namely, Sir Houston Bird and Charles Trustram.

"Your clever game is up, Mr. Rodwell!" exclaimed Trustram, entering the room with the naval captain, whose gaze fell at once upon the telegraph instruments mounted on the old sewing-machine in the corner.

"Yes," exclaimed the officer. "And a pretty big game it seems to have been—eh? So you've been working a cable across to Germany, have you? We've had suspicion that the cable laid to Wangeroo might have had a second shore-end, and, indeed, we started dredging for it off the Spurn only two days ago."

"Mr. Rodwell," said Trustram, addressing him, as the two detectives were searching him for firearms: "You thought you were very clever. You betrayed me once, but I took very good care that all the information I gave you afterwards should be such as would work for England's advantage, and not for yours. In one case last week, when your masters acted upon my information, we were able to bag six of your submarines in the Straits of Dover within forty-eight hours. So you see my game was a double one," he added, with a smile of satisfaction.

Rodwell was so nonplussed at thus being caught red-handed, that he could utter no reply. All his bluff and defiance had left him, and he stood white, inert, with a look of abject shame and terror upon his changed countenance.

As for the woman, she gave vent to a torrent of bitter vituperation. But nobody noticed her; she had, like poor old Tom Small and his son, been simply tools of that unscrupulous and clever master-spy in whose stirring patriotism all England was believing, but who had at last fallen into the trap which Charles Trustram had so cunningly prepared for him—a trap in which the confirmation of his traitorous act had actually been made by the enemy's unseen wireless rays.

Sir Houston said little, except to remark that no doubt Lewin Rodwell's arrest would put a new complexion upon the case against John Sainsbury, and result, he hoped, in breaking up the activity of the enemy in our midst.

Of much that followed the public are already aware.

The newspapers, however, merely reported that Mr. Lewin Rodwell, who had been a most popular speaker at recruiting meetings, who had been a well-known city financier, and a power in the social and political world of London, had died suddenly in a motor-car in the Brixton Road. The Censor, however, suppressed the facts that he had been in the custody of two officers of the Special Department of New Scotland Yard when the tragic occurrence happened, and that he had succeeded in swallowing a tabloid that he had carried concealed in his handkerchief in case of necessity, while being conveyed to Brixton Prison on a charge of espionage.

The public knew, of course, that an unnamed woman was under arrest for acts of war-treason and, later, that she had been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. They also knew that Jack Sainsbury had been mysteriously and suddenly released by a Home Office order, after having been tried and convicted by court-martial; but

## ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY;

OR HOW TO ATTEND AND NEVER FORGET

By Prof. A. Loissette

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 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

181 Simcoe St., Toronto.

## Canadian National Exhibition

Aug. 25--Toronto--Sept. 10

Scores of Surprises for Old Friends; a Thousand Thrills for New Ones

Mobilization of Resources National Service Exemplified

### JUBILEE SPECTACLE

1200—PERFORMERS—1200  
The Apex in Spectacular Achievement  
Canada's Story from Birth to Nationhood Dramatically Told  
Art Music  
National Motor Show  
Giant Livestock and Agricultural Display  
Immense Exhibit of Tractors and other Farm Labor-saving Devices.  
Model Camp. War in all its branches Vividly Shown. Artillery Drive. Aeroplane Flights and Fights.

Reduced Fares on All Lines of Travel

## Book Bargains

In "The Old Stand-by's"

Now is the time to fill your shelves with standard authors, the kind who write the "old favorites," of never-dying interest. The series known as "Short Story Classics," published by Scribner's, contains the noted names and best work of many English authors.

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

Green Cloth, Gilt Stamping, 200 Pages, 25 Cents.

25c Brings You a Handy Volume Classic.

ENGLAND	LONDON.	SCOTLAND.
Anthony Hope	J. M. Barrie	J. M. Barrie
Thomas Hardy	F. Anstey	S. R. Crockett
Charles Reade	Arthur Morrison	Ian MacLaren
Wilkie Collins	I. Zangwill	Sir Walter Scott
Amelia B. Edwards	Beatrice Harraden	Professor Aytoun
Angelo Lewis	"Q"	R. L. Stevenson
F. W. Robinson	Marie Corelli	
IRELAND	AFRICA	GERMANY
Samuel Lover	A. Conan Doyle	Beatrice Harraden
George H. Jessop	H. Rider Haggard	John Strange Winter
Jane Barlow	J. Landers	Ouida
John Barnim	W. C. Scully	R. L. Stevenson
William Carleton	Percy Hemingway	William Black
FRANCE.	ITALY	THE SEA
R. L. Stevenson	James Payn	W. Clark Russell
Ouida	W. E. Norris	Sir Walter Besant
Wilkie Collins	Laurence Oliphant	G. B. O'Halloran
Hesba Stretton	Anthony Trollope	Grant Allen
Stanley J. Weyman	A. Mary F. Robinson	

9 VOLUMES FOR A SOU.

Note that the title of each book is "Short Story Classics—England," or any country, as the case may be. The authors named contribute as designated. Remainder lot of these valuable books to be cleared out, while they last at

25 cents a volume.

#### TAKE THEM!

Use Coupon Dept. C.A.  
University Book Co.,  
181 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ont.  
Please send me the Volumes Checked.  
Total ..... Vols. at 25c. \$.....  
Name .....  
Address .....

#### WARNING!

In order to prevent correspondence and delay, please number volumes in order of your choice, and mark more than you order, so as to provide alternates in case stock should be exhausted.

## 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

# With Fingers! Corns Lift Out

Apply a few drops then lift corns  
or calluses off—no pain

For a few cents you can get a small bottle of the magic drug freezone recently discovered by a Cincinnati man.



Just ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. Apply a few drops upon a tender, aching corn and instantly, yes immediately, all soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn so loose that you lift it out, root and all, with the fingers.

Just think! Not one bit of pain before applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the surrounding skin.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also hardened calluses on bottom of feet just seem to shrivel up and fall off without hurting a particle. It is almost magical.

# JAEGER LADIES' GOLFERS

For Active Outdoor Life

For active outdoor life nothing equals in attractiveness and comfort Jaeger Golfers, in plain, white and other fashionable colours. These, with Jaeger Spencers, Cardigans and Sweaters offer a choice of garments for outdoor wear unsurpassed in attractiveness. Call and examine, and selection naturally follows.

A fully illustrated catalogue will be sent free on application to

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

**Save the War Pictures**  
The best way is to securely attach them to your walls with

## Moore Push-Pins

Dainty glass heads, easy to handle. Fine needle points will not injure the finest walls. Samples and booklet free.

Moore Push-Pins. Made in 2 } 13c.  
sizes. Glass Heads. Steel Points } pkts.  
Moore Push-less Hangers. 4 } 2 pkts.  
sizes. The Hanger with the Twist. } for 25c.  
Moore Push-Pin Co., Dept. F., Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

## EXCURSION PARTIES

### Bond Lake Park

One hour's ride from Toronto by Electric Car, is Toronto's popular resort for Sunday School and other excursion parties.

Every accommodation has been provided for excursionists, including pavilion, kitchenette service, play-ground equipment, boats, etc.

For excursion rates, open dates and other information apply

Excursion Dept.

**Toronto and York  
Radial Railway Company**

88 King Street East,  
Toronto.  
Phone Ad. 3810.

the true story of the evil machinations of Ludwig Heitzman, alias Lewin Rodwell, and how he had succeeded in bringing such indisputable evidence against an innocent man, is here revealed for the first time in the foregoing pages.

ON the evening of Lewin Rodwell's well-deserved, but cowardly end—the evening of the day of his arrest—Sir Boyle Huntley disappeared from London to the Continent, and was never again seen.

On that same night, too, at ten o'clock, there was a little assembly in Sir Houston Bird's consulting-room in Cavendish Square. Jack and his fiancée were standing happily reunited and arm in arm, while Charles Trustram and Sir Houston were also present. It was then that Trustram decided to hand over the note which poor Dr. Jerrold had left for his friend on the fatal night before he took his own life.

Jack broke the seals, and slowly taking out the brief letter, read it, his lips contracting as he realised its contents. Then he handed it from one to the other until they had all read it.

The confession, for such it was, showed how Jerrold had, like old Small—who, by the way, was forgiven, for the assistance he had in the end rendered to the authorities—first been inveigled into the net spread by a money-lender, and having been forced to perform a small traitorous though unsuspected act three years before the outbreak of war, had, in order to extricate himself from financial ruin, been constantly threatened with exposure by Rodwell if he refused to further help the enemy, now that we were at war. He had steadfastly defied the master-spy, and had, indeed, in order to retrieve his past, boldly sought out spies and denounced them. But, alas! Rodwell's wide-spread influence in the network of espionage asserted itself, and into the hands of the Intelligence Department there had been placed the facts, with the proofs of his action three years before. A warrant had consequently been issued, and rather than bear the blackmail longer, or the punishment, he had been driven to take his own life, and thus unfortunately give colour to the base, unfounded charges levelled against his friend.

Then, when the lovers knew the truth—and that the anonymous letter of warning had been sent by the woman Kirby in order to mystify them and thus strengthen Rodwell's hand—Jack, heedless of their two friends being present, turned and kissed his well-beloved fondly upon the lips.

He saw that her big blue eyes were dimmed by tears of joy, and then he said, his voice trembling with emotion:

"At last, my darling, I am free—free to love and to marry you—free at last of that terrible stigma placed so cleverly and wilfully upon me by that mean, despicable coward, who was both spy and blackmailer."

"Yes, Jack dear," whispered the girl softly, as she raised her ready lips to those of her lover—"yes, you are free, and moreover we now love each other far better than ever we did, for our affection has been tried—tried and proven in the fire of the hatred of 'Number Seventy Berlin.'"

THE END.

# From 7 to 70

they all enjoy these  
delicious confections

wholesome  
mellow  
and pure

Sold for

5c

Everywhere



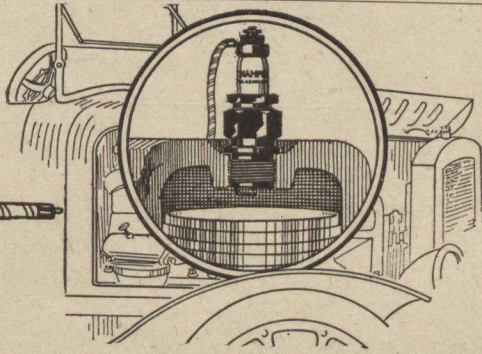
in Four Flavors

CINTEES MINTEEES  
CLOVEES WINTEEES

MADE IN CANADA

O - Pee - Chee Gum Co.

London Limited Canada



Equip Your Motor with

**Champion  
Toledo**

Dependable Spark Plugs

One inferior plug will completely handicap the most expensive car.

The dependability of Champions is absolutely guaranteed in any priced car. They are developed under conditions that enable them to stand up and give perfect service at any cylinder temperature, hot or cold, without cracking or disintegration.

Patented asbestos lined copper gaskets on each shoulder of the porcelains prevent loss of compression and completely absorb the shock of exploding gases in the cylinder.

Any auto supply dealer can supply you with Champions that have been especially developed for your motor.

In Ford—Maxwell—Overland—Studebaker and a hundred other automobiles they are factory equipment.

Look for "Champion" on the porcelain. It means "Complete satisfaction to the user—Free Repair—Replacement or Money Back".

Champion Spark Plug Co.,  
of Canada, Limited,  
Windsor, Ontario

**Canadian  
Government  
Railways**

**HELP!** We can help you to select

A Summer Tour      A Summer Fishing Trip  
A Summer Resort      A Summer Canoe Route

in New Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces  
Send for:—Bras d'Or Lakes, Cape Breton; Abegweit-Prince Edward Island; Storied Halifax; La Baie de Chaleur; Notes by the Way Montreal and East; Notes by the Way Quebec and West; Out-of-Door Quebec and the Maritime Provinces; Out-of-Door in Northern Quebec and Northern Ontario; Summer Excursion Fares.

H. H. MELANSON,  
General Passenger Agent,  
MONCTON, N.B.



JUST OUT

# CANADA, THE SPELLBINDER

*A Charming Volume Beautifully Illustrated*

Written from an American's Point of View by that Great Traveller and Observer

LILIAN WHITING

CLOTH, GILT, 322 PAGES

\$1.50, Postage 12c

JUST OUT

## THE NEW ERA IN CANADA

One of the most important books ever published in Canada

A Volume of Essays by prominent Canadians dealing with the great questions of the day

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

Stephen Leacock  
Professor G. M. Wrong  
Professor Frank D. Adams  
G. Frank Beer  
Marjorie MacMurphy

Sir Clifford Sifton  
A. J. Glazebrook  
Principal J. O. Miller  
Sir Edmund Walker  
J. W. Dafoe

Rev. Dr. Symonds  
Mrs. H. P. Plumptre  
Sir John Willison  
Archbishop McNei  
Peter McArthur

Cloth, 421 pages

\$1.50 net, postage 12c

SECOND EDITION

### Canada in War Paint

*By Capt. Ralph W. Bell  
of the First Battalion*

The life of Canada's soldiers, in their joys and sorrows—faithfully and cleverly depicted by this able Canadian journalist who has risen from the ranks

Cloth, Gilt

90c net, postage 10c

### Sons of Canada

*By Augustus Bridle  
Managing Editor "The Canadian Courier"*

The *original* book of its kind, the best book of its kind, and the most artistic book of its kind. The author has been heralded by the leading critics of both Continents as "a master pen." 16 full page illustrations from original drawings

Cloth, Gilt

\$1.50 net, postage 12c

JUST OUT

## BILINGUAL SCHOOLS IN CANADA

*By Professor C. B. Sissons*

The purpose of the book is threefold—first to trace the little understood history of the French and German Schools in Ontario, in relation to the educational system; secondly, to show how the complicated language situation in the Western Provinces has been dealt with, and thirdly, to correlate the bilingual problem East and West, and to suggest the lines along which a solution must proceed

Price

\$1.35

FOR ALL YEAR READING

### Everyman's Library

721 volumes in 4 styles of binding. The best of the classics.

From 35c each volume

FOR SUMMER READING

### The Wayfarer's Library

The *best* of the "moderns," artistically bound in cloth, silk bookmark.—The biggest value in this line of books. Size 4½ x 7

Complete lists sent upon application Price 35c.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

OR

# J. M. DENT & SONS, Limited

27 MELINDA STREET, TORONTO

LONDON, ENG., PARIS, FRANCE