

CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXIII. No. 12

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16, 1918

ALICE FISHER
67 HOODMAN AVE
TORONTO
35207 JUN 18



On Saint
Patrick's
Day in the
Morning



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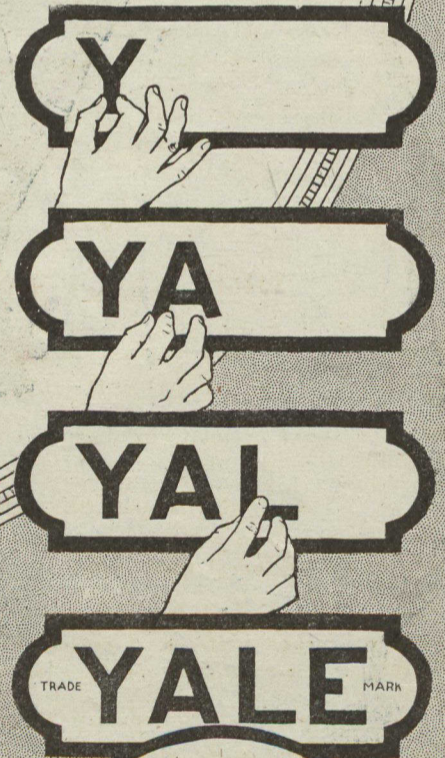
You are vitally interested in true economy; you are just as vitally concerned in true quality. You want a guarantee of

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CANADIAN COURIER

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A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

A CITIZEN of St. John's, P.Q., does not agree with the Quebec-descriptionist who wrote for the Christian Science Monitor—reprinted in a recent issue of the Canadian Courier. The article in question was a combination of two articles—in part—as contained on the editorial page referred to.

St. John's, P.Q., Feb. 26, 1918.

Mr. Editor:

I read with interest and great amusement the description of the French and English sections of Quebec as given by a "Visitor" in your issue of the 16th inst.

It certainly is amazing what visitors can see from a Pullman car or a palatial steamer. I know, and hundreds of thousands also know, that "Caleches" are not now used, except possibly as a relic of the good old times of bad roads or no roads at all—the few thus kept as souvenirs are generally trotted out in St. Jean Baptiste processions, for instance. It is very fortunate that Mr. Visitor did not come across an old flint-lock gun, as he certainly would have said that the French were still using them.

This reminds me of a certain French writer (from France) who when landing at Quebec saw on the wharf a red haired woman with a bandage over her left eye; he immediately jotted down in his note book that the women in Canada had red hair, and wore bandages over the left eye, and as this went into print, it furnished very reliable information to the readers, and incidentally caused some merriment in Canada.

Your "Visitor" compares the richer part of Quebec with the poorer, and of course he conveys the idea that the former is all English and the latter all French, which is not a fact. If he had visited Toronto and Montreal, and took the trouble to look up the slums, which are to be found in all old or large cities, he would have found that they were occupied by people who are not French. He singles out a "Monocled son" of English descent as a living example of the disparity between the two races. I know of a great many Englishmen who would not think much of this "Monocled son" who is probably lucky his father was born before him.

JOSEPH LACHANCE.

OUR NEXT ISSUE

HAVING lived up to our previous announcement in this issue—except for the Irish Play which was sidetracked at the last minute because it was too sad—we are ready to make certain intimations for the issue of March 30.

This will be largely a Woman's Number—which in our case means that the men will read it. Here are the main features of the issue:

ARE YOU GOING ON THE LAND?

What the farm means to a Townsman and a Townswoman who believe in going where the country needs them most.

SHALL THE NATIVE-BORN CONTROL?

If Canadianism means anything, it means that those who laid the foundations must through their children carry up the walls.

THE CHILDREN AND THE MOVIES.

A shrewd sympathetic study of what certain well-known kinds of picture plays did for little Bobbie.

WHAT BRITISH COLUMBIA IS THINKING ABOUT.

Problems of the Pacific written by a Woman.

HUMOR AND PATHOS IN HALIFAX.

Stories that will be retold. By a woman who has seen them.

ANOTHER CHAPTER OF JONATHAN GRAY'S WOMAN.

CHARACTER STUDY OF A GREAT NEW VIOLINIST.

A Breezy Article on Gardening. And an Easter Cover by Estelle M. Kerr.
 We shall try to make room for all these characteristically Canadian things any that are crowded out will be held over for a coming issue. In all of them we shall insist in every detail upon the Canadian angle.

CORN THE STAPLE FOOD

Cartier found the Indians at Hochelaga (Montreal) eating corn in 1536.

If the secret of making corn palatable, appetizing and delicious had been known in those days, potatoes would not have become a staple food, because corn is four and a half times more nourishing than potatoes.

For twelve years the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., London, Ont., has been making corn a delectable and nutritious food, more economical in actual food value than cooked oatmeal, beefsteak, eggs, milk, chicken, and many other foods.

It is a staple, three-times-a-day food, and

Sold only in the original red, white and green package.

Kellogg's **TOASTED CORN FLAKES**

LICENSED BY THE FOOD CONTROLLER UNDER NUMBER 2-055

ONLY MADE IN CANADA BY

The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited
 Head Office and Factory: London, Ont.

Est'd 1906

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Northern Ontario

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

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

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

HON. G. HOWARD FERGUSON, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.
 H. A. MACDONELL, Director of Colonization, Parliament Buildings, TORONTO, CANADA.

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This War Flour is excellent in quality and flavour—but it is slightly darker in color than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" to which you have been accustomed.

It is just as hard for us to give up milling "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" as it will be for you to forego your favorite brand; but our "STANDARD" Flour will nevertheless make delicious bread, rolls, biscuits, cake, pies and pastry. If you have any difficulty—just drop us a line; we have a staff of expert chemists and bakers, whose experience is at your service.

Just as soon as the Food Controller will allow us to mill "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" again, we will tell you of this happy fact.

In the meantime, the new regulations—being in the best interests of Canada and the British Empire—demand the whole hearted support of the Millers and the Public.

Certain stores and dealers have stocks of "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" still on hand. In order to avoid any confusion or misunderstanding, all "STANDARD" FLOUR will be plainly branded as such.

When all your "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" is gone, make sure of getting the next best grade by ordering

OGILVIE'S STANDARD

Grocers everywhere have it,—don't forget to stipulate, "OGILVIE'S". It will be your surest guarantee of the highest grade obtainable.

The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited

Montreal — Fort William — Winnipeg — Medicine Hat.

Daily Capacity, 19,000 Barrels

The Largest Millers in the British Empire.



CANADIAN COURIER



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MARCH 16, 1918

GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU

DOCTORS and osteopaths do not agree about the rest of us. Mental science differs from both of them. The Military Service Act examinations have shown that for a northern, somewhat supposed to be Viking race, we have a high percentage of disorderly ailments, some of them incurable. We never knew before what camouflage lurks in clothes and cosmetics. We never suspected how many young men who looked hale and hearty had something radically wrong with them. And we were disappointed.

Now we are about to have a man-power census of the entire country. We want to find out exactly how many men we have that can be put to good honest productive work one way and another besides going to war. The man-power census follows the military draft. It will comb the population between the ages of the first safety razor and grandfatherhood. There will be no room for slackers. The country needs us all. And the country has to put up with a very large percentage of under normal ineffectives.

Why does the curve of our physical efficiency fall so far below the norm? Many reasons. Hereditary ailments of a cumulative character; diseases induced by indoor habits; bad habits of eating and drinking, bad air, lack of exercise, improper breathing, and so on. Diseases due to infection and contagion, or to accident. Make due deduction for all of these. Add to them diseases due to the mind—

And here we are on the edge of the greatest known source of actual disease—the mental suggestion expert; the specialist in distortion and mis-statement, who probes into the ordinary casual sensations of healthy people and perverts them into symptoms. You have known this gentleman before. He is an old offender. He lurks in all ages and countries. He began on you when you were a little bigger than a child, just able to read the almanac. He has stayed with you right down through the age of the newspaper and the doctor book and the "dope" book mailed free or slipped into your letter box. He will be with your children; is perhaps with them now.

Ask Dr. Munyon! Look along the fence rails! Read the writing done in lurid letters on a thousand barns! See the signs in this morning's paper! Learn something of the reason from the kitchen almanac which the kiddies were reading yesterday or the day before! Every bill-board, street-car, newspaper, theatre programme, fence-rail, telegraph-pole and barn-side, shrieks out a suggestion of sickness. Is it any wonder we don't feel well?

Here is a good illustration. A young man who through overwork and too much indoor poring over books had found his nerves playing upon him, has become somewhat alarmed as to his condition. Not caring to consult a doctor, he took to reading "dope" sheets suggested by advertisements in the newspapers. The more he read the more diseases he discovered that he had. He probed into doctor books. There he found confirmation of all his fears. He discovered that he had at least seven diseases traceable by the symptoms; that one of them was fatal after a short term of years, and another would unfit him to be a decent member of society. He sent for boxes and bottles of medicine which came with all sorts of mysterious instructions. He took the stuff. He got no better. He became melancholic. He even despaired of his life. He was filled with misery. Unable to work—

And the only thing that cured that young man was getting back on to the farm for a spell. All he wanted was fresh air, ordinary muscular exercise and a vacation from symptom literature. He took them all. He found that he was as healthy as a young moose. Most of his troubles came from trying to hitch up a muscular physique to a nervous occupation. He had played on his nerves. He got a form of neurasthenia, in which condition he was a chronic easy mark for all the suggestions of the expert, who converted ordinary sensations characteristic of any healthy person into symptoms of deadly ailments needing this and that nostrum.

***MYSELF** when young did not know where to drive for the back-line doctor; but I knew the address of the patent-medicine man, on the board fence, in the almanac and the weekly newspaper. Now that I am old I observe that whereas I was scheduled by the suggestion expert to die young, I have lived to see civilization magnify inventions and multiply diseases. We are abolishing the bar. We still have the bottle.*



By ONE WHO HAS TAKEN IT

Thanks to the mental suggestion expert who in all countries antedates even the German spy and works as stealthily.

Running, riding, or sitting down to it, the theme is constantly thrust before anyone who can read. It matters not how healthy you may be there is a piece of print somewhere in your daily round—put there by the cure-all crook or patent medicine faker—to prod you into a belief that some slight sensation you may be barely conscious of is a symptom of insidious disease. The poison is as ubiquitous as a pernicious use of the printing press and paint pot can make it. And the poison has been working its way for several generations until now it is one of the most colossal indications of the power of suggestion.

It is surprising how easy it is to convince the average man that he isn't as well as he might be. Either fear or vanity will turn the trick and the cure-all crook is well aware of the way to make these inherent weaknesses work for him. He keeps pace with the times. Nowadays his trap is baited with a lot of blatherskite about "100% efficiency" and "re-juvenation" or some such twaddle. It is the same old appeal to vanity overlaying a subtle suggestion that a nervous breakdown, the operating room or an undertaker's parlor is just ahead on your engagement list if you don't take this course, that concoction or the other treatment. All of which catches the eye of some budding young business executive or a youngster ambitious to be such. And for the rank and file there are the old-timers, under some new names often enough, promising bright eyes and a clear complexion with lots of pep, for two bits and the excise stamp on a box of pills or a bottle of dope.

Leaving aside for a moment the disaster which always waits on simpletons who dose themselves

with unknown drugs, consider the debilitating effect of the doctrine these harpies teach—the mental poison spread by their pernicious propaganda. With his or her vanity tickled by a vision of the forceful personality and efficient functioning which may be bought for fifty cents by asking for So and So's stuff at the corner drug store, the victim becomes conscious of a failure to measure up to standard. It is then the quack gets in his big punch. In spite of his lying catch lines he does not want to make folks well. The whole purpose of his artful scheme is to make multitudes sick. And he does it. His nostrums, nine times out of ten, are concocted to irritate into abnormal action the very functions he promises to make efficient. He knows that an extravagant promise of vigorous health—the 100% efficiency stuff—will catch the fancy of the foolish and that fear, following vanity, will work its mischief in their minds and magnify some minor sensation into a malignant symptom. Any psychologist or physician will tell you how the process works, but Gabriel alone has a complete record of the millions who have been hurried prematurely to permanent peace or the other place by the practice of these charlatans.

Their clutching tentacles reach into every nook and corner of the country—and the Government acts as their most effective ally. If the mails were closed against his advertising matter—either in periodicals, newspapers or circulars, the cure-all crook who battens on the sick, the near sick and the simply foolish, would be put out of business almost immediately. Legislation attempting to tone down the lies on the label and prohibiting the use of such noxious drugs as cocaine and morphin in nostrums, has been tried and found wanting. Forbidden the use of an hypnotic or opiate to enslave his victims, the crook nickle-plates a piece of gas pipe, fills it with coke-dust, attaches three flimsy wires and a disc of zinc, labels the contraption an Oxypathic something or other and then prints a lot of piffle about a new discovery which will heal the sick and pretty near raise the dead. As long as it is in print and the Government will carry his truck in the mails, vanity and fear will do the rest. The only vulnerable point to attack the vicious traffic is the advertising. Separate the scoundrel from a use of the printing press—and the next generation will show



HERE in this man-land of untiring virility where the huskie dogs taut on the moosehide traces and the toboggan creaks over the whistling snow; here at least should be a place where patent medicine fakirs do not corrupt. Here at Fort Fitzgerald on the Slave River is the kind of community where men are either strong or dead. Here is the metropolis to thousands of square miles of hunting grounds, the home of the fursacks and the Mecca of the hunters. On the right observe the church with its rose window in the gable and the half-rose over the door, showing that many people come here for other things than trade. In the centre foreground note the log house where the Indians sleep

when they trail in from the fur-lands. Behind it the chief trader's house. To the left the big store that takes in furs and doles out merchandise in lieu of cash. Men and dogs—all huskies; health, poetry, biting wind and full-blooded energy—Sh! The medicine-man belongs here also. Even the poor Indian has fallen a victim to the suggestion expert. A part of every good Indian's trail ration in some parts of the north is an indispensable bottle of Pain-Killer. And no civilized housewife with her peck of ailments has any tricks to show the noble, vigorous red man in making a fetish of a bottle. Thus does civilization improve the race.

a whopping big increase in the percentage of category A men.

It is out in the country places where the effects of the nostrum peddler and cure-all crook are most evident. Almost every farm home has its chronic invalid and about 75 per cent. of the agricultural population of Canada is dosing itself to death with some noxious nostrum or worrying itself sick with some silly system of "healing" which has crept into the place through the advertising columns of the "paper," or by way of a gaudy covered almanac which, in between the moon's phases and a half page of conundrums sets out a list of symptoms which would give appendicitis to the picture of Sir John A. Macdonald in the front parlor—if the lithographed shade of old Sir John could read.

The public health is too valuable an asset to be squandered as we are allowing it to be squandered. Government commissions and private investigations, to say nothing of the exposures made by ethical medical associations, have clearly indicated that the most mischievous factor affecting our physical well-being is the average man's ignorance of his interior economy and faith in these false prophets who are without honor in any country. The daily press is well aware of the havoc these harpies wreak. No intelligent editor can read the stuff they send out without realizing the debilitating effect it must produce; and the government reports and pamphlets sent out by the ethical medical associations warn him of the danger his own paper is spreading by publishing the advertisements of patent medicines, quack remedies and so-called "ethical proprietaries." But the daily press receives a large revenue from this soiled source and so it pockets the bribe and helps spread the corruption.

As in all the criminal classes there are degrees of wickedness in the camp of the cure-all crooks and remedy fakirs. There are the dirty thugs who batten on the consumptive and cancer victim. There is not one advertised "cure"

for consumption or cancer that does not take toll of blood. In this field, as Samuel Adams expressed it, "rentless greed sets the trap and death is partner in the enterprise."

Then there are the purveyors of so-called epilepsy cures who dose their dupes with potent bromids in quantities which no physician would dare to prescribe. Every advertised cure for consumption, cancer and epileptic fits has been investigated by the American Medical Association; all are condemned as cruel fakes and absolutely without any curative value.

But it is the less obvious fraud—the symptom suggester—who is doing the greater evil as far as the mass of the public is concerned. Instances are as plentiful as the advertising columns of the daily press. Take the gas-pipe fake as an example. Almost anybody who can read must remember seeing some version of the buncombe originated by Hercules Sanche who modestly described himself as the "Discoverer of the laws of spontaneous cure of disease." He started out with a contraption called the "Electropoise"—a piece of nickled gas-pipe attached to a wire which had a belt at the other end of it. You put the gas-pipe in a pail of water, buckled the belt about the abdomen—and waited for your money's worth of well-being. Then followed the "Oxydonor," the "Oxygenor" and a lot of other oxes for such donkeys who could be separated from \$10.00 to \$35.00 by a lot of clap-trap about oxypathy. The literature (sic) which goes along with the gas-pipe and attachments suggests the symptoms—and the faith of the foolish sometimes effects a cure of ills trumped up by the imagination.

Honest to goodness, if we are going to let imagination into this game, why don't we exercise it on symptoms and suggestions of health, quit reading the morgue columns in the newspapers and stick to the few good patent medicines.

THE REAL IRISH

THE best traveling mate I ever had was an Irishman. He was from Dublin, a rare lump of divil-may-care and chivalry; a remittance man who had plugged at nine kinds of occupation on the prairie. He could build a tepee as neatly as a Cree and he lived in one the first time I set eyes on him. He could twang a banjo like an end-man and sing a wicked song. Born in wealth he loved the edge of hard times. Educated at Trinity he enjoyed trailing with half-breeds. He had been a Klondiker and was now sadder, wiser and "broke." And he had a great dog; a roaring, long-limbed devil of a wolf hound whose patronymics were in Ireland.

With that Irishman and that dog I traveled down the Saskatchewan in 1901. Neither of us knew a mile of the big river below Fort Saskatchewan, and I didn't care because he didn't; neither did the dog. We had a boat built to the Irishman's order. That boat became an ark of the covenant betwixt him and me—and the dog. Weeks down the river, at early dawn in the rain and the mosquitoes on a steep Saskatchewan bank, I lost half of one toe to a wood-axe getting fuel for the breakfast fire. Septicaemia for

AN ANCIENT PAGAN—IRISH DIRGE

(Written for the Canadian Courier.)

In Honor of St. Patrick's Day

By REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT. D.

I am weeping for Conhor the King, without peer in Ierne,
Straight-limbed and tall as the birches that wave by Loch Inver—
The King whom we followed to carnage, like young gods, rejoicing;
His yellow hair streaming before us, a meteor fitful—
I mourn for Conhor the King!

I am mourning for Lasair the Queen, most majestic of women,
Brow-bound with purple, broad-zoned with the silver of Saimer;
Sweet-voiced, and lavish of gifts to the war-spent battalions;
Bearing us drink and bright welcome from foray and battle—
I mourn now for Lasair the Queen.

I mourn for Cuchulain the Proud, the Resistless in onset;
Raven his locks, and his eyes, with the glare of a falcon,
Searched out his foemen. Alas! by the Ogam-runde pillar,
He died in youth's glory, their corpses in windrows around him—
I mourn for Cuchulain the Proud!

I mourn now for Deirdre the Fair, crowned the saddest in story,
With tresses that shone like gold torques on a snow-covered hillock—
Naesi and Ainnle and Arden, first flowers of knighthood,
Died for her gladly, while all the Red Branch wailed in sorrow—
I mourn now for Deirdre the Fair!

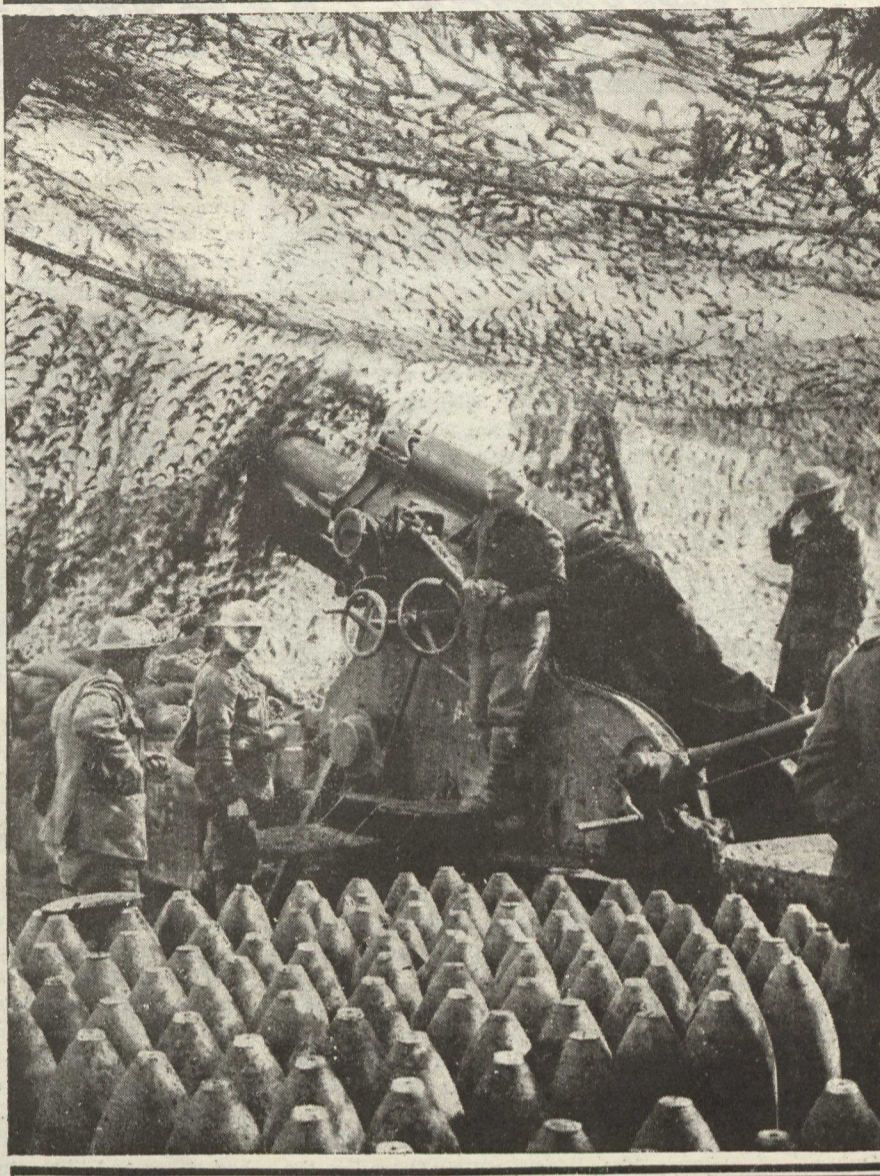
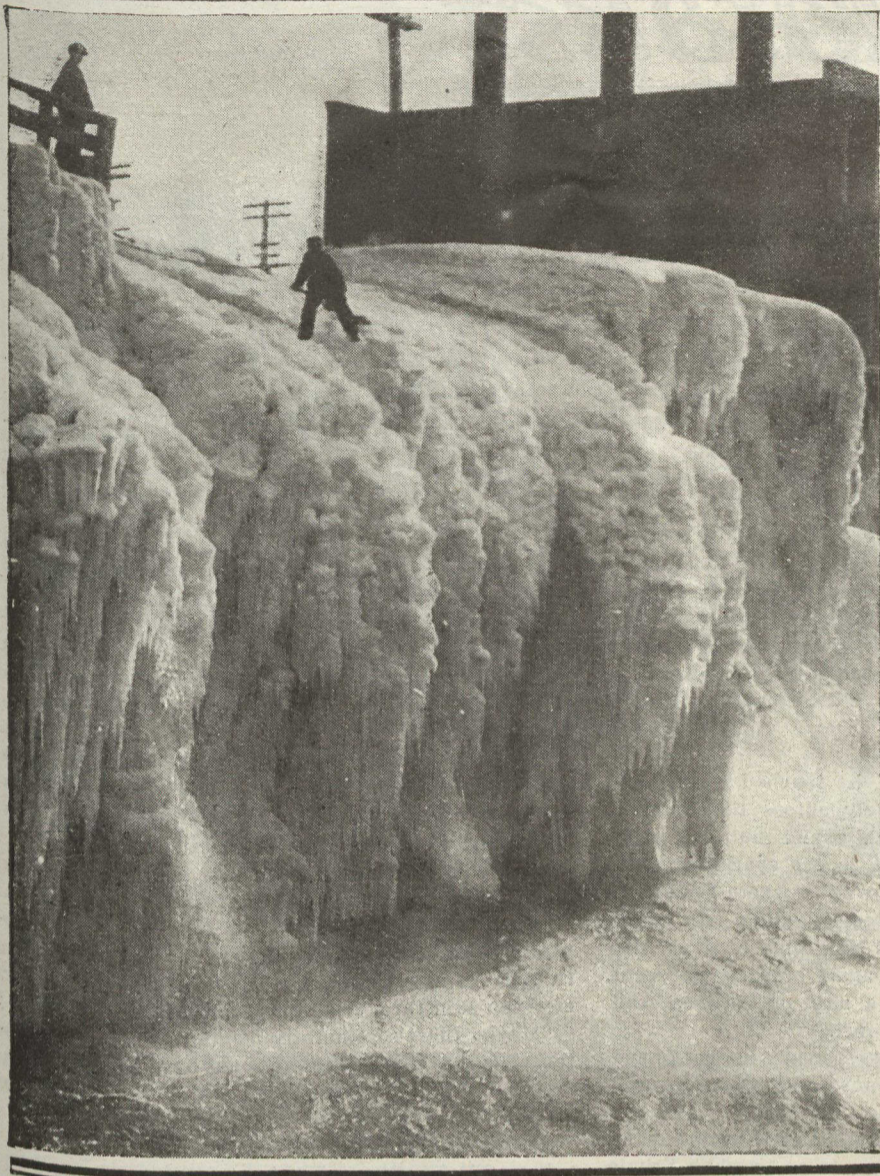
I mourn all my comrades in arms, from Toomhoon and Desmond;
Joyous the day when we swept on the fierce-raiding Fomor
Driven like sheep to the shore and their dragon-beaked galleys!
Deep flowed the mead on that night while the Bards sang our prowess—
I mourn now my comrades in arms!

I mourn for the days that are dead—ere my youth had vanished;
The mountain-tops danced with me then, and the high-screaming tempest
To me was a brother in strength. The wild roar of the torrent
Then lulled me to sleep—now I long for the sleep with no waking—
I mourn for the days that are dead!

GOD BLESS THEM

seven weeks kept me on my back at a police barracks and a mission forty miles below; kept him at my side, the never-weary but often sleepy Irishman with his dog. When the cook guzzled our whisky in the kitchen he tramped three miles in a sousing rain to beg half a pint from a Sister at the mission. When the doctor dressed the foot it was my Irishman who sat betwixt us that I might not see what made the pain, and it was he who in his absorption upset the water in the bed. It was my Irishman who after doing night shift carrying hot packs to my foot every hour went to bunk in a tent at dawn and found seven pigs in his blankets. It was he who sang me songs when it was raining and read me books when it was dark: he who lay on the floor in the next room because I had the only spare bed and got up at my whim whenever I flung at him a boot. Finally it was that same Irishman who gave up all dreams of emulating Champlain by going over the Grand Rapids with me into Lake Winnipeg and waited week by week until we could board a going-down scow. And here again I measured out this child of the wilderness and the college by the everlasting patience that belongs only to temperament—A B.

AVALANCHES AND SCENERY TO ORDER

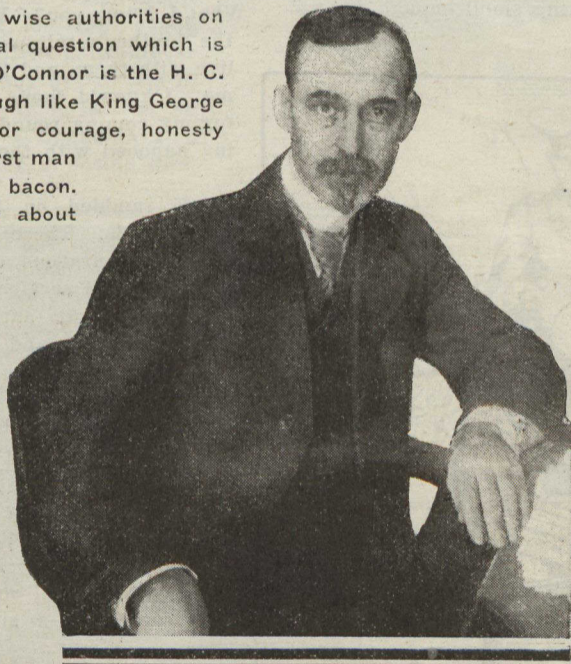


THESE men have the mingled sensation of the Alpeiner and the log-jammer. The man furthest down was in the box awhile ago. Between him and the man in the box is a rope around his waist and half-hitched around a post. He is picking holes in the ice-jam of the Ottawa at the falls where the Ottawa Power Plant gets its head for electric energy. Water is oozing down below the jam. Any moment his pick may dislodge a thousand tons of ice, and he is not to go down with it, because he has other work to do in the world, and a jam like this may happen next year, and it's not every man in Ottawa that cares for this particular kind of avalanching without the Alps.

HERE is the finest case of camouflage ever shown in working operation in a photograph. The howitzer has a heft piece of work to do. All the big cartridges in the foreground must be landed in a given time a number of miles from where they are in such a way as to do the greatest amount of damage to the enemy. But there is a spycraft overhead with a pair of penetrating binoculars. Hence the howitzer works under a canopy cunningly contrived by the landscape artist to look like a copse. Two months from now that same copse will be a different color according to the season. Camouflage has become as necessary a part of war as shooting, and has a higher percentage of efficiency.

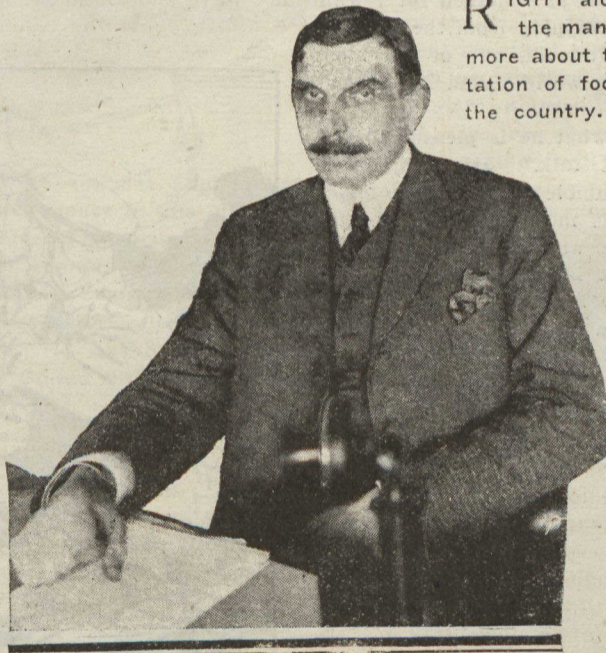
ASKING TWO FOOD EXPERTS QUESTIONS

LET us ask these two wise authorities on food each one practical question which is puzzling a lot of us. Mr. O'Connor is the H. C. of L. expert and looks enough like King George to merit his reputation for courage, honesty and ability. He was the first man to tell us the truth about bacon. He made us very angry about bacon. He also told us the truth about eggs.



Now what we want him to tell us plainly is what we want to tell him first: That a lot of people in this country are willing to go without either bacon or beef if the Government will see that everybody's doing it. Are we patriotic? No. Only selfish. We are paying export prices for bacon that isn't exported. And it's bad business for us, no matter how good it may be for the bacon-maker. We should be very willing to substitute eggs for the meat six months anyhow. On the guarantee that Mr. O'Connor will see that eggs do not jump to export prices. Because, you can't export eggs. What we want to feel sure of from Mr. O'Connor is that he endorses the export-all-bacon movement, along with the eggs-at-non-export prices substitute. And if this problem of bacon and eggs is solved we may be able to tackle others as they come up.

RIGHT alongside Mr. O'Connor sits the man who is expected to know more about the production and exportation of food than anybody else in the country. Mr. H. J. Thomson is the Chairman of the Food Board whose two other members are Hon. C. J. Dunning of Saskatchewan, and Mr. McGregor from Manitoba. We should like to have Mr. Thomson, the giant from B.C., also back us up in an important matter. What we need, apparently, is greater food production. 1918 must go ahead of 1917. A world famine is in the offing. All the food regulation in all the kitchens of America



won't save the situation unless we can put more national beef and brawn and brains behind the plough and the pitchfork and the hoe. Can Mr. Thomson assure this country that the man-power census will operate in time to get every able-bodied man that can be spared, out on somebody's farm just as soon as the farmer needs him? And will Mr. Thomson, as Chairman of the Food Board, issue a manifesto on behalf of the Government, telling every man in plain language how this pitchfork problem gets home to every townsman in Canada.

Tommy Atkins, Fatalist

By A. CHAPLAIN

SUNDAY morning in the reserves in England—a bright, sunny, cheery morning of intoxicating fragrant harvest breezes, of clear blue skies and singing birds. Far out of sight a lark, working its way up the warm mellow sunshine, still treats our ears with its never-ceasing bursts of happy song. Before us rolling away to the sky-line in artistic patches of yellow wheat fields, green truck gardens, patches of deep green woods, little red-roofed hamlets, and white ribbons of road, lies Kent—"the garden of England," beautiful, tranquil, and, above all, peaceful. The pervading quiet soothes and comforts. It is rest.

Suddenly from above comes the hum and drone well known to every soldier, and in a few moments one of our battle-planes soars past at a height of a thousand feet. Then follows another, and another, and in no time the air seems alive with our gallant airmen, soaring, turning, diving and banking.

A trumpet blast, not a musical call, short, sharp, aggravating. A few sharp commands in the lines, and as the men get under cover there comes the hooting, wailing screech of the coast sirens.

Fritz is over again!

Maybe it's half an hour, maybe an hour, before the "All Clear" is signaled by the sirens, and the regular routine of Sunday morning, church parade, and kit inspection, proceeds. Meantime our sea-planes and battle-planes, assisted by the "archies" on the coast, have turned back the Hun raiders. Sunday morning is a favorite time for Fritz to pay a little visit.

An hour later, peace and quiet again. From a secluded open space down in the beautifully wooded valley rise the opening bars of the first hymn, and then the sweet inspiring notes of that old favorite, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."

The singing isn't very lusty for a congregation of two thousand. Many a boy is silent because the familiar notes and verses carry him back to the customary Sunday morning at home—the sweet little mother in dainty gown, the stern and beloved dad in black frock coat, and maybe sisters and brothers standing in line in the old family pew. But here he stands in another line—a line of khaki and brass buttons. With a little toss of his head he sings the remaining verses as if his life depended on it. Then the padre carries on with his message—usually a short, pointed address with its helpful words in the plainest of plain English.

Is the average Tommy religious? Well, rather. While he curses, grouses, sometimes picks the good padre's sermon to pieces as "damned rot"; while he stumbles along, often slipping from the straight and narrow, he is, after all, one of the most religious types in the world. And he doesn't realize it.

He has no use for what he is pleased to call "wishy, washy pulpit talk." His religion is unique. It's a queer jumble into which he mixes his God, his home, his mother and sisters, his sweetheart or his wife and kiddies. Above all, the man in the ranks is a fatalist—the most fatal of fatalists. To his belief, every shell, bomb and bullet has a number on it, and when the one with his number comes over, it will get him no matter where he is. And maybe, he hopes, his number is on none of them.

In conversation with a Canadian who spent ten months in France, I was struck with his fatalistic views. Uncouth, ungrammatical, gruff and blunt, this one-time railway section hand, who in peace times used his intelligence in the fine art of swinging a sledge-hammer on a section of the C. P. R. in Ontario, expounded to a nicety his theory of fatalism.

For ten months he had witnessed the injuries and deaths of his pals when an occasional bouquet from Fritz found its way to their battery. His had been the lot of the cat with nine lives. Time and again he had barely left a spot when a shell burst, sending to Eternity the men with whom he had smoked and chatted a moment previous. He, a veteran of the South African

War, through which he had passed unscathed as a Grenadier Guardsman; saw the youth of twenty go to his death; he, the grizzled old soldier, scraped through.

In the cook house one morning he was one of four who whiled away part of a rest period by means of a friendly game of poker. With nerves relaxed by a chaser of issue rum—cooks have a wonderful knack of producing it from nowhere—they chatted and smoked, enjoying that clean sensation produced by a hot bath, clean clothing, and a spell of rest.

"See y'u!" grunted the cook after a few raises.

But that pot was never won—nor lost. A whiz! a crash! The ex-section hand came to lying between white, clean sheets in hospital, his left foot aching under the bandages, his face smarting, and ears still ringing from the explosion.

"Now, kin you tell me why that shell, straying miles away from the line, dropped in on our poker game, napooed them three fellows, and only gave me this?"

TOYING with his crutch, he touched the injured foot and gazed pensively across the Channel, where a flotilla of hospital ships and their destroyer-escorts made the only break in the sparkling, dancing blue waters, stretching away to where the shores of France rose in a soft creamy yellow and brown and green bank against the pale blue of a summer sky. He was up and about again as a convalescent, and had hobbled down to a seat on the sea wall, looking out across the Channel.

"Funny thing how it gets them," he continued, puffing thoughtfully every now and again through a black stub of a pipe.

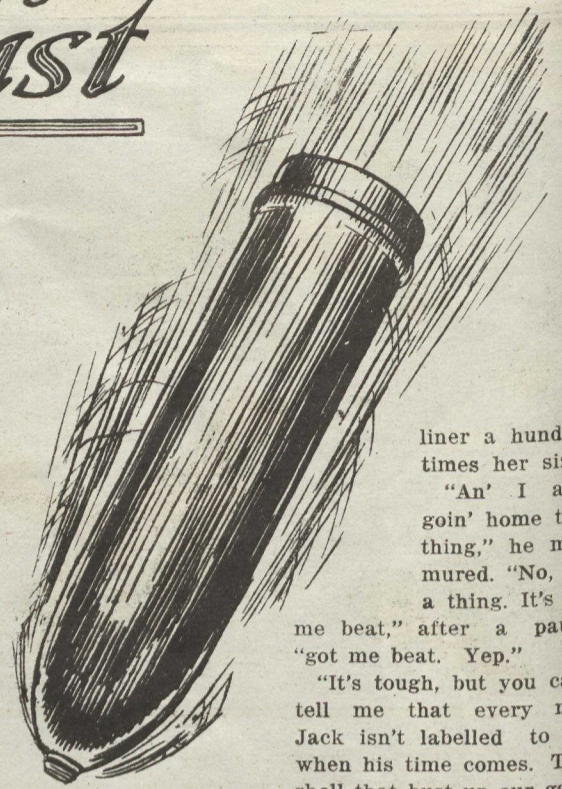
"There was them three boys, all good boys, too, all had wives and kids, and homes to go to when Fritzie blows. And yet that shell napooed 'em all and left me. Why, I ain't anything but an old soldier. Nobody cares much whether I go back or not, except maybe some of the boys u'd say, 'There comes that old son of a gun back home again, like as not drunk.' That's me, not worth a damn; but I'm alive and I'll be going back home soon.

"C3 they marked me when the M. O. had me boarded, and now they're sending me home."

He gazed wistfully at the flotilla, ever drawing nearer, and his deep sunk grey eyes followed the zig-zag course of the ships, or the circuitous rush of the saucy, impudent little destroyers, each bellowing forth enough smoke and making smell enough for a



"I knowed there was some reason or other—"



liner a hundred times her size.

"An' I ain't goin' home to a thing," he murmured. "No, not a thing. It's got

me beat," after a pause, "got me beat. Yep."

"It's tough, but you can't tell me that every man Jack isn't labelled to go when his time comes. That shell that bust up our game

and napooed them three, and give me this, was labelled for them, sure as sure. Them three was billed to go, and I wasn't. That's all there is to it.

"I can't see through it. Nobody can. I never was much on church-going and the like, but I guess if a man's labelled to go, why he's napooed, no matter where he is or what he's doing. You can't get away from it. You just get it when your time comes, or else you skin through like me, and come out.

"Maybe there's something behind all this. Maybe there's something I'm goin' home for. I guess 'e is, but I don't know what He'd use on old stage. 'e me for!"

And so he went on.

It was but a glimpse of the scarred, hardened soul of the man who had done his bit in both Africa and France, and had paid the price—a veritable human wreck, and yet in that wreck was a human soul that expressed itself in soft, loving, tender words as he spoke of his brother's widow and her babies.

"Guess perhaps they need me. Maybe that's why I'm goin' home, and, I tell you, man, if I can work for them I'll do it, and glad to."

A few days later when the much-desired Canadian mail had arrived with its letters and boxes of eats from home, the grizzled old warrior displayed with boyish pride a crumpled letter—the first he had received in months.

"What'd I tell you? What'd I tell you? Here's the brother's missus wantin' me to come and live with them, and Bill's old boss has a job for me. I know'd there was some reason or other for my coming round well again, instead of being napooed with the boys."

HE rambled on in almost pitifully happy words. There was no thought of giving the army surgeons and nurses any credit for their splendid service. His wound had required the most delicate surgery and attention. In his mind the M. O. and sisters were all right, but God meant him to go back, and take care of his brother's widow and kiddies, and the M. O. had nothing to do with it.

He left for Canada recently, an exultant man, finer and cleaner in spirit than he had ever been. And before him was an objective in life. God had brought him out of France and God had given him a task. Fatalist he was, but deep-rooted in his soul was the grandest religion a man can have—a simple belief and fear and trust.

Like a bomb in a secluded dug-out dropped the words of one of our best-known padres, as he delivered his anniversary sermon on Sunday, August Sixth.

"As this Sabbath marks the beginning of the

(Concluded on page 24.)



AN age of civilizing refinement has become an age of tremendous daredeviltry. Never in all the ages of mankind were men and women taking such chances in the business of living. In the midst of life we are in death.



WHEN Tennyson wrote the line in Locksley Hall, "The nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue," had he in his prophetic soul any such vision as this? Here is what purports to be an actual photograph of a French and German warplane engaged in battle. The Frenchman above is jockeying for position. You see his gun under the plane. According to report he got the enemy plane. We are not told how. Individual aviators evolve their own methods. The business of air-fighting is yet too experimental to be carried on by the nations' airy navies. No admiral directs the movements of an air fleet. The aviator himself does that. In wars to come—if any—there may be squadrons of planes "grappling in the central blue." This photograph was taken by an observer on a near-by French battleplane.

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks took this leap over a chasm in the Grand Canyon, Arizona—so we are informed by the photograph story-writer—he took some long chances. He did it as a contribution to a Red Cross Benefit in the Grand Canyon. We are not told how many people were there to pay gate money, how deep was the chasm or how wide the gap across which he leaped. We have always supposed these hair-raising things were done in a very simple safety-

TAKING CHANCES

first way that when it got on to the screen looked like the real thing. But the rocks in this picture are real canyon rocks. No camouflage. The original photograph showed several feet more of the chasm. And the camera man managed to get Douglas just as he was at the point where he was fair over the place where there was nothing to catch him but the rocks several hundred feet below. So we are told.



SOME time since we have heard much of the Hindus. Here is a squad of them in Mesopotamia, playing bagpipes and beating the strange fantastic and terrible eastern tomtom that is not at all like the drum of the plains Indian in Canada, but is the real ancestral tomtom. Let the Scotchmen tell us whether or not these are the real Scotch pipes. The players are taking chances on whether anybody else in the near vicinity will survive the ordeal.

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT BRYAN, a young American at one of the Canadian air camps, has taken a number of chances since he started learning to fly. They say that he has already been in seventeen air scrimmages, any one of a number of which might have proved his last but for the young man's lucky star or his charm or whatever it is. Perhaps the young lady beside him in the picture can explain why it is that he never gets hurt. She is a Canadian girl, who also takes her chances of losing him.

VERNON CASTLE, the eminent English dancer, took his second last chance in this life at Camp Mohawk, Deseronto, Ont. That was last June. He was up in the air when something went wrong with his machine. The dancer came down and afterwards went on crutches. Recently he was killed while flying in Texas. He was born in Norwich, Eng., but went to the United States while a young man. He was first a light comedian. Afterwards he married an American girl and began to dance. The Castles have danced in many lands. Once nearly penniless in Paris they made their joint debut dancing at a cafe. They became famous. They added much to the art of classic and other kinds of dancing popularized by Isadora Duncan, Maud Allen and Ruth St. Denis. Castle joined the R.F.C., won a captaincy, taught flying in Texas and met his death.

TRUST the Irish to take chances. Among the hazards of the Irish remember the exploits of Major Flora Sandes, who two years ago joined the Serbian army—of all armies—as a private. Two years of that in action and she came back for a vacation. Soon she will be back with her beloved Serbian regiment—wherever it may be.



EDITORIAL

MAKING the world and democracy each safe for the other is a big contract for what will be left of civilization when the war is over. All known recipes for government seem to have failed. A lot of people are disposed to regard after-the-war as the millenium. A lot of people may be sadly fooled. No doubt many of the ills from which civilization has suffered will be swept out or burned up by the war. But the main business after all will be how to get board, clothes and lodging with such social pleasures as may be possible under the circumstances. No doubt politics also. May heaven simplify our politics. Bolshevism running amok will not do. Already it has all but killed the army in Russia. The spirit of our own armies, what of that? What will the soldiers want when they come back? What do they want now? A square deal. From whom? Democracy, whatever it may be. Government such as it may become. Our first duty is to these men. They know what the war has cost them better than we know what it has cost us. A soldier's party in politics may do something. The war veterans are entitled to representation, in so far as they can put out men who stand for better principles of government than we now have.

WHOWER invited William Jennings Bryan to speak in Toronto committed a fine tactical error. Nation-wide temperance does not need oratory the calibre of Bryan's to recommend it. The important thing about Bryan's visit here was not what he now thinks about temperance, but what he used to think, and not so very long ago, about war. We know what that was. Of all American pacifists, long after war broke out, he was the chief. He did more than any other one man to keep his own country from going to war at the right time. If the Congress of which Bryan was then Secretary of State had declared war on Germany when the Lusitania was sunk, the full weight of America would have been felt on the west front at the latest this spring. Russia might not have defected, and the war would have been won this year. Bryan is not alone responsible for this. But of all public men he was the least opposed to Germany. And nothing he can now do will make much difference.

At the same time, after the soldiers in the gallery had expressed their opinions of the speaker, he should have been allowed to proceed unmolested. He was not talking pacifism, but prohibition. And unless he wanted to prohibit rum in the trenches, there is no connection between what he had to say and the war. We should pay good heed to the re-

SENATOR BEAUBIEN speaks good, oratorical English. He also speaks chaste and colloquial French. He learned both at home, and French in school. His mother was Scotch. If every Anglo-speaking Canadian could speak even broken French without either rhetoric or idioms we should be rid of any problem in Quebec.

Fifty French-Canadians at least speak English to every one Anglo-Canadian who speaks French. Yet this is said to be a bilingual country. Would that it were! But we have made Parliament bilingual and only the French of us have emulated Parliament. The rest of us believe in what we practise—one language only. No doubt English is the world's best language. But French is the modern Greek. In its music, its pleasant idioms, its chivalrous forms, its subtle introspections and its delicate commentaries, it is the speech of perfect gentlemen. Nowhere in America has this beautiful tongue been preserved as it has in Canada. In Quebec it expresses the life of a people who think more of Canada than of all the world beside.

Some of them think so much of Canada that they have never even seen Ontario. Many people in Ontario are such intense Canadians that they refuse even to visit Quebec.

turned soldier. But we should not be so stupidly untactical as to do things that impose upon him the duty of regulating public assemblies. Bryan had the good sense and the platform experience not to be stampeded into permitting violence to the disturbers. He should be congratulated upon his presence of mind and commiserated upon his non-absence of body from that meeting.

THE New York World takes up the cudgels on behalf of Bryan and in condemnation of what it calls "lawlessness in the name of super-loyalty." The World says that "the man thus contemptuously received has been three times the candidate of a great party for President of the United States, recording almost as many votes as there are inhabitants of Canada"; also that he signed the first Lusitania note, that his pacifism in time of peace was the pacifism of a great majority of his countrymen, and that "Canada no less than Germany may as well grasp that truth and hold fast to it."

Without traversing all these puerile arguments, which are quite unworthy of so eminent a newspaper as the New York World, may we remind the World that two months ago in the same city that gave Mr. Bryan such a bad time, 20,000 people turned out to honor Theodore Roosevelt, and that returned men pleaded at the door for admission long after the hall was full, with an audience that contained thousands of men in khaki.

Toronto soldiers were not affronting the United States. They were only angry with Mr. Bryan. The hopeful feature about it all is that Mr. Bryan has a sense of humor. One of his own stories to the Toronto Press Club some years ago is a good illustration. Speaking of his numerous attempts to get to the White House he told the story of the drunken disturber who was twice escorted to the door of a dance hall and was finally kicked downstairs on to the street and got up brushing his clothes with the concluding remark, "I know what's the matter. They don't want me in there."

FRANCE teaches German in French schools, not for its culture value but so that the French may know what the Germans are up to. German is taught to French pupils that they may become more usefully French. German is taught in Canadian and American schools that those who learn it may become better Germans in a strange land. There is a vast difference in the motive. If High Schools and colleges wish to retain the language for purposes of culture—or kultur—let them have it.

LET US ALL LEARN FRENCH AND ENGLISH

And these are the two great historic provinces. Let us decide whether they belong to the past or to the future of Canada. Ontario, to be sure, has her Thames, London, Guelph, Wellington, Oxford, Scarborough, Whitby and Trent. These were baptized at a time when Upper Canada was English. Quebec, to be sure, has—Jacques Cartier, Montcalm, Champlain, La Salle. And what names! Never a man of them but had some part in opening up the grand highway of St. Lawrence. And from her quaint villages speaking the tongue of these great men, Quebec looks backward to a glorified past when heroes were very close to the people. Quebec looks about for heroes living. Who are not so easy to find. But there must be heroes. Must be something to reverence. The Church. That is one thing. France forgot it. So much the worse, says Quebec, in a thousand parishes. That adventurous fag-end of France which fared across the sea was cut off from its mother country, as Senator Beaubien says.

But if citizenizing those who were not born here and do not understand the English tongue is ever to become a serious part of our national life, we should see that no further facilities are created for the spread of Germanism in Canada. The least we can do is to put a check on any increase of German language teaching in public schools.

GERMANY'S greatest world success has been her disruptive policy. The weaker the State the better she succeeded. German socialism broke up Russia like a house of cards. It tried the trick in France, England and America. In all these democracies it failed. German Socialism was subordinated by British labor, air-bombed by French patriotism, and it struck a mine in the powerful organization headed by Samuel Gompers. When Gompers told Germany to get out of Belgium and France, and American labor would talk international business, he knew that official German Socialism is nothing but a weapon in the hands of the Pan-German war-lords.

TWO of the brightest little monthlies ever put out in Canada are within one volume of being exactly the same age. The Rebel is a University of Toronto product. It has a seidlitz powder cover quite suggestive of its contents. After reading any page at random in the Rebel we have concluded that a lot of the articles with various signatures are written by the same man whose real name is Horace Juvenal. We congratulate him on so successfully mistaking his own identity. The Rebel should be put on the curriculum.

The Veteran is the organ of the Great War Veterans' Association. Its cover is khaki and its contents are a complete barrage of opinions reflecting the rights of returned soldiers. Its wit and humor are more spontaneous and less abstract than that of The Rebel. It handles names without gloves and calls names when it feels like it. We suspect that the editor's name is Trench Mortar. He knows what the soldiers want and suspects some things that they may not get unless Government takes the advice of The Veteran, which on many points raised in the February issue it might well do. In fact The Veteran is interesting to more than soldiers. It has nothing to do with the war at the front. It has all to do with the war that is beginning to arise in the rear. In an article on the Policy of the Association, Mr. F. N. R. Knight says:

Our loyalty to the Commonwealth is undisputed. It is only natural and proper that we should bind ourselves together to perpetuate the ties of mutual service, and commemorate in fitting manner the memory of our fallen comrades. Everybody admits there is nothing extraordinary in our sympathy for, and interest in, those who have suffered most by War's sacrifices. In this particular, and many others, we are little different from the majority of the country's citizens. . . . It may be that time will prove the desirability of sending men to Parliament, pledged to our interests. In this event great care will have to be exercised as to the character of the men chosen.

Left here alongside the English who, it seems, conquered them and began to build in Upper Canada a community in imitation of England, as they had a perfect right to do. So one became historic France in a New World; the other a transplanted living little England. And here they are to-day looking back at the glorious past, glaring across the Ottawa and expecting sympathy from all the rest of Canada for which Cartier, Champlain and La Salle dared and traveled and died that they might reach the great mountains and the western sea.

Well, the Rockies were reached, and the rivers also, and the plains. Peoples are now arising out there who are not so keen to recall the great past as to anticipate the greater future. The West has her heroes. Many of them are yet unborn. Part of the West is very English; most of it is British; a good deal of it conglomerate. What of the future? With such a past as the West knows, there is no census of national idiots in the West who would like to remove the ancient landmark of the boundary line. Some man may say that one foot across that border stands on land at five dollars, the other on twenty-five dollars an acre. He may say—annex! In heaven's name who is he that he has the right to set a price per acre on the patriotism of Canada?

Some man in Quebec may glare at Ontario for a measure of tampering with French in some bilingual schools. But who is he again that he should drive a wedge at the Ottawa? Parliament will be assembled soon. Our solemn augury-makers are looking at that solid Quebec pitted against a solid non-Quebec and they expect—

What? They don't know. They should listen not along the Ottawa but along the Rhine. With all our blundering we have got the bottom stones of a great people laid here up the St. Lawrence and beyond. We have those things that belong to us to preserve nationally or die in the effort—from one sea to the other and up to the last Eskimo. We are the warders of these marches, Canadians all—not French and English and the rest. Our foe is within our gates just to the extent that the great enemy of free nations wants it to be. That Moloch-nation on the Rhine has reason to hate Canada more than to hate the United States; to

hate us for being both French and English. We were to have been her greatest prize in the new world; a great unexploited land of resources and not many people. Plenty of room even along the St. Lawrence for little colonies of good Germans to break up that solid-French province. Room in Ontario. Still more room on the unpeopled prairies. What of the glorious Canadian past? Nothing. The future of Canada was to be in the hands of Germany. And the way to get our future Germanized was to break up all the unity that depended upon the past; to destroy the native characteristics of our provinces; to get rid of both French and English at Ottawa and substitute German.

Let us not say this was an idle dream. Boloiism rampant everywhere has taught us that it was to have been a reality. Bleeding France white was a mere prelude to blanching Quebec yet whiter. And a people that did not fight Germany would have been reckoned an easy people to conquer at home. If it

was possible to penetrate France, Italy, Russia, even England and the United States, it would be vastly easier for that disrupting German menace to denationalize French Canada, English Canada, Scotch Canada, Irish Canada, all the hyphen little Canadas.

No doubt this yet unbeaten Brute with great Russia under her heel thinks that it is still possible to transplant a new Germany into Canada, and that the first way to do it is to smash Confederation. No doubt we shall understand this. Very well. Let us rally as we may to the flag of Empire in which we believe. But let us put clearly before us the vision of a united Canada which to England and the best of civilization is more important than Imperialism. And let us as soon as possible make this country of its own volition a true bilingual people. Let us all learn French and all the French learn English. Let us make language unity the surest guarantee of national unity against all Boloiism, against foreignerism, against defeatism, against disruption.

REGGIE AT THE POST-HOLES

HERE it stared at me like a grinning skeleton—"Killed in action, 99361, Pte Reginald Kniffins Podsbay," and the evening paper that I had been reading became a gray blur. I hadn't thought of Reggie for months, and had no idea that I loved him. The announcement of his death leapt upon me from the printed page, like a sabre-stroke, and made a wound through which the evening shadows crept.

Reggie rose upon my horizon in nineteen-eight. I was fencing a farm for an Anak giant in Western Ontario, and Reggie was the hired stranger within the gates. During slack spells in the farm work, I borrowed him to help me with the fence. That, at least, was the cold business side of it. Perhaps my real reason was that I was lonesome.

The Anak giant was regarded everywhere as a sociable good fellow. But there is something in the very nature of a boss that, to the majority of fellows who work for wages, puts a wet blanket on sociability. We seldom get that democratic chumminess with the man who pays the money. There is more vocational sympathy when we work in squads. This is the main fact lying at the root of the farm help problem.

Reggie had been only a short time in the country; too short a time, in fact, to enable him to forget the wealth of information he had picked up about "C'n'da" in the "o' c'ntry." This made inroads in our sympathy, and made me sad, for I knew our benighted people wouldn't use him right until he had forgotten it. It was the cause of my only difference with Reggie.

It occurred while we were digging post-holes. We were carrying on one of those fragmentary conversations that fellows indulge in while at work, and were gradually arriving at that point where the said fellows have to abandon the work so as to give their undivided attention to the conversation. Such phrases as "Ngl'n's c'lnies" were gradually increasing my blood-pressure. You see—I wasn't very well acquainted with Reggie at that stage.

"Ngl'n' owns C'n'da," he announced with the rising inflection of a sparrow.

It was weak and silly of me, I know, but at the time, "Ngl'n'" seemed to stand for Reggie, and "C'n'da" for myself. At a later date, it wouldn't have raised one hair if "Ngl'n'" or he had claimed ownership over the whole solar system. I put on a look of stern wonder, and said, "Shaw, now; when d'd buy?"

"We cawp'd it," he chirruped. My collar fairly sizzled. He caught my look of stern wonder and added, "T blonged t' Frawnce, y'knoh."

He seemed indignant that I should have been reared in such outer darkness; under the British flag, at that. It was really deplorable that he hadn't come "ah" earlier, to see about it. I am giving here my impressions at the time. Since then I have studied closer the English character, and have found it a lovely thing. I learned Reggie from the viewpoint of closer intimacy and the shell that tore asunder his poor body tore also my soul.

MALCOLM MACDONALD is a humorist of the soil—the world's best root for real humor. He is a real humorist, because as a rule he does not try to be funny, and he exemplifies real humor because if you probe it a little you find pathos right alongside. His sketch of Reggie is the sane human humor that has a tinge of sadness in it. In the case of Reggie it results in the creation of a character along with the discussion of a much vexed problem seen in a new light.—The Editor.

By MALCOLM MACDONALD

I put a hitch in my suspenders, and another in my dignity. I placed my auger at a convenient angle so I could repose gracefully, using it as a prop, and then I said—"Reginald, the boss here owns some of Canada; and the man across the road owns some; and Smith, east here, owns a little patch; and Jones, next door west; Hicks has a chunk; and there's two hundred acres owned by Thingumbob; and there's Lincumpoop's hundred; and that bush belongs to Swigginbottom; and—"

I was going thus, up and down the concessions, with a gigantic list of Canada's real estate owners that would outwind a much stronger man than Reggie; and then I caught his eye. Contempt was written in it. The thing I saw there was the greatness of England. There was no imperialism about Reggie. He was just a little Englander, the scion of a little England which had estates in all quarters of the world. Imperialism is the result of knowledge—of vision—of comprehensiveness; he did not rise to it. What he possessed was loyalty, which was necessary to it. Crush him with my contempt? Not on your

life. My poor contempt wouldn't have made a dent in him. I would merely destroy that newfound sympathy which was so grateful to me and change it to cold-blooded pity.

"No; I was not pleased with him. I was offended. My mighty empire was no squire's parish. I was humiliating myself in countenancing the paltry notion that this Commonwealth of free nations was bound together by anything resembling ownership.

I resolved that a good sweating out would be good for Reggie. In cases of in-growing little-Englandism nothing excels a good sweating. I began to dig vehemently. When I got a hole ahead of Reggie, I remarked that Canada had England skinned at the post-hole game.

The battle was on. Canada's subsoil poured to the surface. The clay-discs flew and rolled and jumped and gambolled. The voices of the augers poured forth a melodious bellow, like a flock of bitterns debating the budget. Timid birds sought their nests, and the township swayed and reeled and staggered under the blows. Ground-hogs came out of their holes, shaded their eyes and looked; then they shaded their ears and listened, and went back. Nature was uneasy. The sparrows held a convention at the barn and appointed an investigation committee.

On we bellowed.

REGGIE struck a soft spot and chirped a triumphant note. He gained a trifle, but there was water in the bottom of the hole, and he baptised himself with mud. I laughed when he spread the mud out thin with his handkerchief. "It don't take so much when it's spread out that way," I told him. He mixed the clay and water in due proportion, and jabbed it ferociously. He put his face out of range when he jabbed, closed his eyes and puckered his mouth like the end of a grain-bag. His harpoon grasped the clay desperately, courageously, but it was too slippery and dropped with a plopp. When it plopped, it threw mud, and Reggie looked like a clay model.

I gained some through Reggie's delay, and was about to rejoice over it when I struck a stone about three feet under the surface and had to rush to the end of the fence-line for the bar. In ordinary times, a stone that size should furnish a workingman employment for half an hour. I shivered it at one blow, and coaxed the "shivers" of it to the surface. I was gaining. I heard a "blawst 't" from Reggie, and shot him an interrogation point.

"I got a rockh," he said.

It was a submerged "rockh." A foot of muddy water lay upon it. It was a time-killing, invisible "rockh." Reggie got the bar and poised it for a shot into the deep. In another moment, I heard a startled note. "I'm through the ea'th's crust," he said, innocently. Reggie's rockh" was an eight-inch tile-drain.

"What?" I asked.

"I've plunged an ehl in C'n'da's bottom."

How I wish I could reproduce the music of it—
(Concluded on page 22.)



When Reggie's harpoon plopped it threw mud and Reggie looked like a clay model.

THE WEST TALKS TO THE EAST

DURING the past few months there has been considerable talk, principally in Quebec, about the danger of the disruption of national unity. Recently, too, Quebec has received much free publicity. Some she courted; and some was thrust upon her. Quebec has been written about and talked about by people who knew their subject; also by people who didn't.

Much of this may be put down to the heat of a political campaign. We have had hot campaigns before, and when they were over we have all managed to live together more or less harmoniously till next time. I have very little doubt that we are going to do so now. If not, it will be a pity; because we are going to live together, anyway.

But for the first time in Canadian political history there has been a clearly-cut division of the electorate, markedly racial, lingual and geographical, upon an issue which had nothing whatever to do with race, language or geography, but was as broadly national as it was possible for an issue to be, namely, compulsory military service in time of war. Quebec and French-speaking constituencies voted one way; and English-speaking constituencies with few exceptions voted the other way. Both were entirely within their constitutional rights. No blame attaches to any man for exercising the rights that are his by the constitution. That is what the constitution is for. If the verdict goes against him the law-abiding man may not like it, but he accepts it because he recognizes that the matter has been settled in a constitutional way. Canadians are all essentially law abiding. And so, in my humble opinion, nothing but bad counsel and worse leadership can cause any of us to violate the rules of the game.

But because of that clearly cut division at the polls, some people insist that our national unity is endangered. Personally, I don't believe it. I don't think talk of secession, of boycotting, of self-isolation is meant seriously. For one thing, nobody can afford such luxuries. These things seem to me merely the aftermath of a hot election. In every election one side or the other must meet defeat. But disappointment and bitterness soon wear away, and people get together again as the friends which they really are.

The purpose of this article is to state what I believe to be the attitude of the average citizen of the West toward Quebec, considered as a political entity rather than as a community; and toward matters which Quebec deems of importance. Also I wish to say something about the attitude of Quebec toward the things the West deems of importance; because the latter attitude has had its effect in the West. I want to state facts as I know them, both as to the West and Quebec, without any special argument. And I haven't got space enough in this article to call a spade anything but a spade.

Some people—dwelling mostly in Quebec—seem to regard Quebec as a tremendous Problem spelt with a cap. For instance, one otherwise presumably sane Quebec newspaper suggests a commission of six men, representatives of law, religion and education, with plenary powers, to hold sittings in every province "to take evidence and receive complaints from representative organizations on which to base a finding . . . of absolute equity" as to the racial problems which the said newspaper alleges to be threatening our national unity.

Such a proposal is absolutely impractical and nonsensical. It is the result of too much introspection and too little perspective. Some people are built that way. Also it is the result of that dense, home-brewed egotism which is invariably convinced that others are interested in one's personal ailments, grudges and grouches. The fact is that the West has no racial troubles or complaints just now; nor has it time to fool around any straw commission. When the West has any kick coming, the said kick will be made where it ought to be made—in the courts or in parliament.

Impractical as the suggestion is, however, a

HAD this article been written in Ontario we should very likely not have printed it. Because it comes from the West it has more in it than the customary divergence between Quebec and Ontario. It expresses the western view of Quebec's place and business in our national unity. It ignores the Quebec-Ontario antagonism and says nothing about the Ottawa. It comes from a country where from a certain section there have been for some time more hints about the wisdom of annexation than could be found in Quebec. But according to Mr. Chisholm there is no real annexation sentiment in the West. The West as he sees it stands for national unity. So does Quebec.—The Editor.

By A. M. CHISHOLM

striking feature of its details is that the commission be representative of law, religion and education. Therefore presumably the racial problems said to threaten our unity are to be found in Quebec's legal, religious and educational questions. "Language" is not mentioned by name, but it might as well be, because that is what is meant by "education." Language, religion and education are all tied up in a hard knot in Quebec. They form a troublous trinity.

These things may be problems in Quebec. But as the West looks at them they are Quebec's domestic problems. They are not problems in the West. As Quebec has all the rights in these matters which any other province has, it will be very difficult to make the West understand why they should fairly be regarded as racial problems and forced on the consideration of other people. In fact it will be so difficult that it can't be done.

The West, though far removed from Quebec, knows that the latter has absolute freedom of religion and language, regulates her own school system, makes her own civil laws and her own whiskey and smokes her own tabac—the Criminal Code as existing apparently overlooking the two latter items—and generally holds the same cards as other provinces.

Apart altogether from any ideas Quebec may have as to language, education and religion, the West holds fairly well-fixed definite ideas of her own.

THE West speaks her various brands of English, and has no intention of speaking anything else to oblige anybody; and regards it as a matter of plain, ordinary justice that future citizens of the West should learn English by being taught in English. It is the working language of the country—and it is going to continue to be. On this point the West is not open to argument.

With religion the West is not specially concerned. The average westerner is not religious, in the sense the word carried in the East forty or so years ago. He is not a confirmed church-goer. Rightly or

wrongly the average head of a western family holds the opinion that there is nothing irreligious—and in fact that there is considerable real religion—in affording himself and his family a change of scene and a little enjoyment on Sunday. He contributes to the church if he can afford it, attends it when it comes handy, and otherwise lets it go at that, without checking up his attendance against the hereafter or any idea that it is being so checked. In most cases he doesn't know, and certainly he doesn't care to what church his acquaintances belong. He makes no distinction between an Orangeman and a Knight of Columbus. Religion is not an issue with him. Nor can he be made to believe that it is a fair issue in any province where its exercise is as free as in his own.

As to religion in schools, he is of the opinion that it is outside their function. The idea that certain children should attend a certain school because their parents are of a certain religion, is repugnant to him. He sees little or no connection between religion and education. He has no objection to the teaching of the basic principles of Christianity as a part of the general knowledge which a child should have, but he does not care about the teacher's religion so long as he or she is competent otherwise. He is strongly and definitely of the opinion that a child's secular education should not include or be tangled with the tenets of any particular church or creed.

But when you come to consider the broader national questions, which involve Quebec and the West as political entities which are parts of one nation, it is another matter entirely. Then the attitude of the one is very much the business of the other. They act and re-act inevitably upon each other. In what I have to say on these points I wish to draw a distinction, to be kept in mind, between the people of Quebec in the mass, and the group of politicians who are their leaders.

The people of Quebec are good people. They are essentially law-abiding, kindly, hospitable, and courageous. But in the mass they are also credulous, easily led by a few men, as their political history shows. There has never been a time when one or two men have not been heroes to them, and they have followed where these men led. The fact that the mass is a stay-at-home mass, not conversant with the English language, makes it absolutely dependent on its local press and men for information.

For many years everybody who has known beans about Quebec has known that should Canada ever be called upon in the Empire's hour of need, Quebec would not respond as would the rest of Canada. I am not imputing disloyalty; I am merely stating a fact, now proven.

It has been understood that whoso talked to Quebec must say acceptable things or be politically doomed and damned. Quebec was a political keystone. It was solid as no other province, its Dominion vote pivoting on its local affairs as in no other province. Its parliamentary representation was a formidable proportion. The political party which could swing Quebec was practically certain of success. Quebec's political highbinders knew their strong position and they exploited it. They insulated the isolation of their province. They used many tricks. Gradually there grew up in Quebec a group of professional politicians whose entire stock-in-trade, plant and working capital is the Grievance—spelt with a lower-case G.

THE theory of the Grievance is very simple—just as simple as the modus operandi of gentlemen who used to collect tribute from small Italian merchants by professing ability to protect the latter from the Black Hand; just as simple as that the bogey-man will get you if you don't obey. If you believe in the bogey-man obedience follows, naturally. All that is required for a groundwork is a credulous public. The grievance fakers have convinced their public that their grievances are real.

Passing from the modus operandi of a certain



type of Quebec politician, we come to the recent election, in which politician-taught Quebec came into collision with the West, which has the rude habit of teaching politicians. It was a head-on collision; and nobody need think that it is a case of the immovable body and the irresistible force.

There are things which are dear to the hearts of every people. Peculiarly dear to the West is the blood of its sons spilt prodigally, not for the West alone but for all Canada and the Empire, and above even that for the right of future generations to live in a world of freemen such as their fathers lived in. Equally dear are the lives of those other sons in the West who are fighting the good fight. At first, in the early days of the war, when no man knew its magnitude, the West was carelessly proud of her contribution of men; but there came a time when, prouder than ever, she was no longer care-

less. She became insistent that, for the sake of her boys' lives those who had not done their share should do it.

As the war jogged along, year after year, and more good western boys streamed across, and remarks such as, "Well, I see by the last lists poor old Bill's got his," became ordinary, the West began to compare her own man contribution to the common defence with that of Quebec.

About the same time some politicians made speeches in Quebec. The West read them and thought the men who made them would look well inside wire. The Canadian government was cursed for permitting such speech. And the West concluded that if that sort of stuff went in Quebec it must be a very different place from any other white man's country.

Here I am going to say, choosing my words care-

fully, that in no other country on earth, at war, would such speech be permitted as has been permitted without even an attempt at restraint in Quebec. Talk about disrupting national unity! The people who do most talking of that are the very ones who have handled a high explosive carelessly, because of a silly belief that they held a monopoly in T.N.T. They didn't and they don't. National unity is going to be preserved. Every man in Canada should understand that. It does not lie within the competence of any section of the nation to destroy it.

It may be news to Quebec politicians that they themselves are largely responsible for election results in the West. By their own actions they deliberately invited and made union imperative elsewhere. For the sake of its own flesh and blood the
(Concluded on page 23.)

RACIAL or national—which of these, or both—is the French question in Canada? Religious, it certainly is not, much as some might like to make it so, and were it not for the always conservative, usually reactionary influence of the great Roman Catholic church, the situation in Quebec would probably be a great deal more critical than it is today.

Perhaps, one has thought it to be a chiefly racial issue. Then, to be quickly disillusioned, let him visit a certain thriving town (Richmond) of about 7,000 inhabitants in the famous eastern townships. But to explain, or give some inkling of what one is driving at, let it be said that bilingualism is a misnomer when used in connection with Canadian problems. The difficulty of framing a common language in which men may fully understand each other is what leads to, has always led to war. Says Horace Traubel, the last survivor of that great triumvirate of friends and comrades, Traubel, Whitman and Richard Maurice Bucke, "When men and children all understand each other, each in all, Oh that will be Heaven indeed; there is nothing more."

"Blood is thicker than water," a certain type of thinker often remarks, and on this presumption builds up the theory that his loyalty to Westminster or his good feeling towards Washington is a far more sacred thing than his bond of brotherhood towards the original Canadian on the Oneida reserve or the habitant farmer of Quebec province. It is natural for him to look with stronger bonds of relationship to the immigrant of Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Celtic race than to the native born Canadian of Romanic blood. Imperialism opposes race divergencies and perpetuation of race and language differences, because imperialism depends on sameness and uniformity. The British Empire developed before imperialism was invented and the British Empire may yet survive despite all the inroads of imperialism.

Geography cannot be left entirely out of the count, and association, custom and habit forge strong chains that it takes hot blood to break. To stir up this hot blood a certain class of jingoistic journals in the "blue" regions of Ontario have been zealously striving. But in a certain section at least of the eastern townships of Ontario, the unity and harmony between the English-speaking and the French-speaking Canadians has only been cemented all the more strongly.

A few hours from Quebec, if one takes a certain train from Levis, he must stay over night at a certain junction point en route to Montreal. When he is greeted by porters, cabmen and hotel clerks in plain English, instead of softly, quaintly, musical French punctuated by deferential but inoffensive "M'sieurs," he feels that he has returned to the United States or Ontario or the West. And yet the population is already more than half French and the French race is steadily increasing its proportion.

There is a large and up-to-date hotel here, the proprietor of which is an old settler of Anglo-Saxon



The East to the West

*THE French-Canadians are Canadians first, French afterwards.
The English-Canadians of the Eastern Townships are Canadians first; English, Irish, Scotch or American afterwards.*

By VERNE DEWITT ROWELL

stock. One ventures an inquiry relative to the common report that the English settlers are being driven out. Instantly the old-timer is all resentment.

"Never heard of an English-speaking farmer being driven out of the district," is the reply, now calmer. "Of course there's a certain class of English-speaking people who ask a Frenchman \$100 more for a farm than they would sell it for to an Irishman, and then they expect the Frenchman not to farm it. The French-Canadians are the best people we have here. They are the only ones you can get to do any work, and you never see them parading around for three years in officers' uniforms without going overseas. No, there's no race problem down here at all. I never even heard of it except through the Toronto papers."

Next door is a quick lunch counter kept by a tall Vermont Yankee, who came up here on a two-weeks' visit and liked the French-Canadians, the English-Canadians and the town in general so well that he went into business and has already stayed two years.

PASSING a grocery store one glimpses the venerable long-bearded proprietor, kindness and good nature radiating from his frank eyes and thoughtful countenance. One classifies him at once as a Scotch Presbyterian and feigns a desire to purchase something in order to see the interior of his old-time village store. Here, at least, one can surely get the truth about the dark connivances of the French-Canadian to oust his English-speaking neighbors. Alas, alas, the village trader who has spent all his life in the town and district, speaks the most highly of all towards his French customers and fellow townspeople, and the most bitterly of all against

The Scotch-Presbyterian village trader who has spent all his life in the town speaks the most highly of all towards his French customers.

the Toronto newspapers who malign Quebec and the Quebecois.

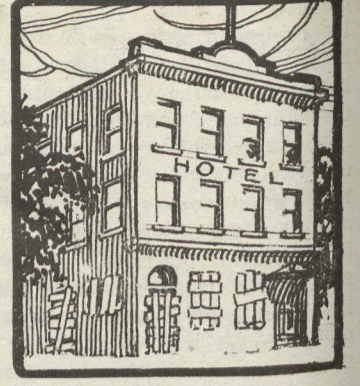
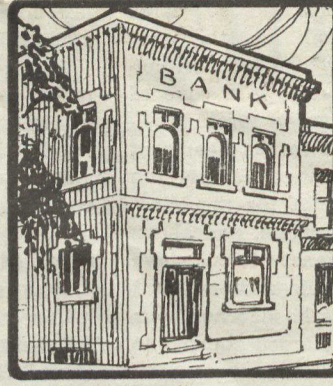
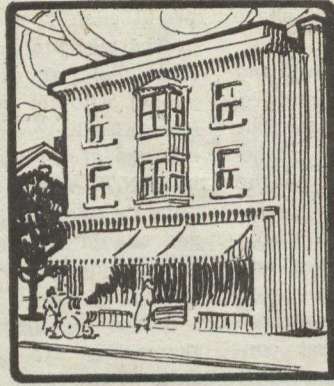
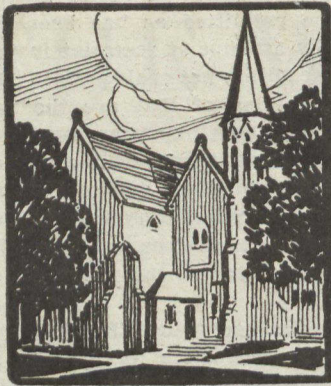
Perhaps you say, "But why didn't you interview the leading banker or the biggest mill proprietor?" True, they might have told a different story, but then for truly representative viewpoints may not one go to the more common people, whom Lincoln says God must have loved, "because he made so many of them"?

THE French-Canadian native of whom one asked directions could not understand the question in English and kindly answered that he could not. But when it was asked in French, he answered partly in English and continued to make observations about the weather in English, as he walked along with the newcomer. Often one involuntarily makes an observation in complicated English or asks a complicated round-about question, and is told by the Quebecois that the latter does not speak English. But when the question is put in simple French (simple English would often do as well), nine times out of ten the answer is given in English.

A little give and take is all the French-Canadian demands and he won't worry over the "nicely calculated less or more" of balance, no matter on whose side or in whose favor it may fall. Nothing pleases the French-Canadian more when he asks if one is English than to be told, "No, I am a Canadian, but I speak English." The French-Canadians are Canadians first, French afterwards. The English-Canadians of the eastern townships are Canadian first, English or Irish, or Scotch or American afterwards. And this solution, happy as it is, which prevails in the eastern townships, is not by any means the Nationalism of Henri Bourassa. One must go to Quebec to find out how really small a following Bourassa has. One hears far more of Bourassa in Ontario than one does in Quebec.

Quebec City offers an exception to the simple, unaffected Canadianism of other parts of the province. A little, but only a little, of the same exception may be found in Montreal. The people in the Canadian metropolis who call themselves English are usually immigrants from England. But everybody who speaks English as his native tongue in Quebec calls himself English, although his ancestors may have lived under Canadian skies for four or five generations.

One might as well throw delicacy to the winds and call a spade a spade. It is sheer snobbishness on the part of the Anglo-Saxon element in Quebec City that creates the disunity between the two races and the mistrust in which the "English" are held by the French. The Anglo-Saxon Quebecer insists upon living too much in the shadow of Wolfe's monument. He refuses to forget for a moment that
(Concluded on page 22.)



THE MENACE OF THE MOVIES

ONE town in Ontario of more than a thousand inhabitants has no moving-picture house. The town is Bradford, quite accessible to concert companies, but as yet never introduced to the film as a regular medium of entertainment. The case of Bradford is cited as a remarkable instance for Ontario. Such a thing might not be at all peculiar in Quebec, where very likely a majority of communities of 500 and upwards are as yet without film houses. It might not be quite so remarkable in some parts of the West or the Maritime Provinces. A few years ago it would not have been remarkable anywhere.

But the world do move—and all the world's a movie.

Ontario has 387 film houses of all sizes, characters and conditions from the \$250,000 palace of pictures with its large orchestra, mezzanine floor and pipe organ to the low-ceilinged dive with a film at one end, a wicket at the other and bad air everywhere between, with or without a fiddle or a piano. Figures for other Provinces are not available for purposes of this article. But Ontario stands at the top. And the tendency in all other parts of the country is to get as near the moving-picture census of Ontario as possible. Some day a film house may be found in any Quebec town or village. But the church may have something to say about that.

Our youthful experience with pictures was confined to once-a-week going through the family album. Once a year we got a chance at a magic lantern show when a couple of gipsying farmers with a lantern and a set of slides went round to school-houses giving what they called illustrated lectures. Those shows were popular. So were the albums. So were the pictures in the magazines—whenever we saw any. We were hungry, thirsty, nervous for pictures; never could get enough of them; never outgrew them. The passion for pictures is as deep as life; as deep now as in the days of our youth.

I am trying to think what would have happened in the jog-road school where Bill Hay and Jim Stover gave their opening and closing magic lantern every season. It wasn't more than 30 years ago. Suppose, as we sat next the stove near the door, with just the edges of a mob of woolly heads showing in the track of the lantern; in one of those heavy moments when Bill couldn't find the next word in his lecture—suppose the human beings shown in one of the slides had suddenly begun to move—what would have happened in that school-house?

The world do move. All the world's a movie.

I recollect another primitive entertainment. It was a harvest home crowd at a concert in the cheese factory—days when cheese was seven cents a pound. Johnnie and Tilda, two young folks, were on the platform having a dialogue. They quarrelled. I became very much excited and implored someone in authority back where I was to go up and separate them before they came to blows.

It took me until the dialogue was over to size myself up to the idea—that these people were only putting up a show. I had been at a play and at first didn't know it. And there was nothing more unusual than a family spat to excite me.

These two simple recollections illustrate the enormous power of the youthful imagination. I don't know whether that power is bigger now than it was then or less. It makes no difference. The fact is, that the passion for a picture and the passion for a

THE combination of Picture and Play that camps on a suburban street is capable of giving 1000 separate scenes in half an evening's performance. Power for good if the films are right—immense. For evil if the films are wrong—unlimited.

By THEATRICUS

play are the two greatest powers that operate in and upon the brain of the young person from childhood up. In our early days we were sufficiently safeguarded against the play. We never went to a theatre. The church saw to that. We knew why. Plays were said to be bad.

But the church put no restrictions on our looking at pictures. And if a magic lantern in those days had taken a notion to move, while at first a few people would have said it was a work of the evil one, in a very little while we should all have been encouraged to go and see it.

Now where are we? Almost when we were not looking the two most powerful brain passions we know have come together on the screen, and we have the moving picture which is also a play. How powerful the combination, may be judged by the popularity of the film, by the money spent on it, the millions who go to it, the lavishly illustrated magazines that deal with it, the thousands upon thousands of actors, new and old, good, bad and indifferent, all the way up to the highest legitimate actors in the world who have been drafted into film service.

In the city of Toronto there are 79 film houses. The aggregate seating capacity of these at one sitting as 38,000. Some of these have four, some of them two performances a day. Suppose we average them at three, which is low; and allow for a two-thirds seating capacity audience at each, which is not high. Then we have every day of the week in Toronto 76,000 people in attendance at the movies. These calculations are rough. But even with a liberal discount they are effective for the purpose. Suppose we reduce the aggregate in one day to 50,000. That gives us 300,000 for a week.

TORONTO was used to be called the City of Churches. The present number of churches in that city is somewhere around 300. That includes scores of little places not much bigger than country churches. But while the seating capacity of the churches is far greater than that of the film houses the church gets but one day a week while the movie house gets the other six. So that it is not far from a conservative estimate to say that,

As Many People Attend Movies in the City of Toronto As Attend Church.

One thing appears on the surface, and it applies to even a small-sized town as well as to a big city. The number of people who attend the movies never would get there if they had to do all the going. If the screen houses were all massed down town like the theatres are, the street-car service would never be adequate for the traffic. Hence the screen being an adaptable thing, moves itself as nearly as possible next door. Like a store, or a railway, it follows the people. It must be where people can get to it easily and without extra expense. There must be no transportation tax. Besides frontage values are lower away from downtown, rentals are lighter and the overhead expense is thereby reduced, mak-

ing it possible to pay for the pianist, and the chap who scrapes on the fiddle—if any. One of the largest houses in Toronto is just over the county line; pays a county tax and draws a city audience.

Theatres can't follow the crowd. The crowd must follow the theatre. Even a third-class company of burlesquers would refuse to trail three miles across town to get to a theatre in the factory suburbs. The film has no objections.

It can set up shop in any shebang on any corner. You may find a movie house after you have passed the last branch bank and not long before you get to the last drug store. No city ever gets too big to keep the movies from camping on the doorstep. The bigger the town the more the film houses crawl out among the people.

Now we have always encouraged churches, stores, banks and public libraries to follow the postman's trail, because we believe these are needful agencies in civilization. But there was once another place of mingled business and entertainment which had a habit of locating itself upon corners convenient to the household. And during the past two or three years provincial legislators have shut up all the bars. The bar was creeping out after the home. The Government shut up the bar.

The movie belongs as a human agency, either to the church class, or the bank and store or the bar class. Which is it? Not bank and store, because it does not facilitate either money or business. Then it must belong either to the church category or the bar class. Which is it?

In the old days when Bill Hay and Bob Storer showed their magic lantern in the school-houses we used to get about 64 slides, in an hour and three-quarters. And we thought it was enough.

How many separate pictures do you think occur in an average run of a half-evening's film performance? On the surface you might guess 200 or 300, and think you were high. Next time you go to a movie count them. In 25 minutes of one average film the writer counted 350 distinct changes of scene, not counting the sub-titles. A number of these were repeats; but they all involved a readjustment of the eyes. For the whole half-evening performance the number of separate scenes on the screen would run easily 1,000.

The human eye is a marvellous mechanism. But no eye can thrive under a possible 2,000 film scenes all intensely lighted in a single evening. Did you ever try to see how long you could stand looking out of a train window when the train is going at 40 miles an hour? Perhaps this is not an exact parallel. But it is very similar. The film does not as a rule move in that way. Sometimes it does, as when the landscape is visibly made to race in one direction while the motor-car rushes in the other. The film conveys these thousands of impressions to the eye with an incredible ease. It is so designed. To comprehend even a hundred different scenes on stage in an evening would be a tiresome thing. The film gives 1,000. In the case of *Intolerance*, while the actual number of scenes might not reach 1,000, the scenes themselves were so prodigious that the eye and the brain were fagged out by the stupendous complexity, the enormous number of figures and the tremendous movements.

When you add to this high-powered picturization the melodramatic element of a play which is usually violent if it is not either dramatic or funny, you have reached the limit of human endurance

WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

By THOMAS TOPLEY

DR. HEINFELDT had a shrewd talk with his boss, Mr. Markham, at the Ward for Nerve Cases. Or rather Markham cross-examined Heinfeldt.

"What do you call this—malady?" pointing towards the room in which Hoag was the occupant.

"I—call it detached identity," said the doctor. "He is not dead—"

"Not yet," added Markham. "But he won't recover?"

"I do not know that. He has a peculiar tenacity. It is not easy to know when a man of that kind is really dead."

"If his heart stops—?"

"Ah! It has already—but goes again. The heart is an evasive thing. He has even ceased breathing for much of the time—so far as I can find out. But even the stetho is baffled sometimes by his remarkable pectoral control. I have sat for an hour, off and on, trying to be sure, and though his breathing varied in intensity many times I could not always be sure that he was breathing at all. Which?"—Heinfeldt lighted a cigarette—"which is not conducive to peace of mind, I assure you."

Markham crossed his knees impatiently and smoked hard, looking out of the window.

"It was in fact uncanny."

"What have you to do with feeling uncanny, Heiny? You are a medical machine. To you a man is a set of mechanism all cunningly correlated as you say for the doing of work. Why should the antics of this detached identity, as you call it, bother you? In fact, Heiny, I don't want it to bother you. I hired you not to be bothered by things of this kind. See?"

"Hmh-hmh!" Heiny nodded in the smoke and felt his stomach. "I understand that. But you gave me a very queer subject to start upon. Hoag. Mein Gott! He is a psychic experimentation."

"That's right. Stick to the laboratory lingo. Don't say he bothers you or makes you get gooseflesh and palpitations. Leave that to ordinary folks like me."

"Oh no, not you, Mr. Markham. You are a genius of controlling other people—and yourself. But be patient when I tell you that in order to test out the value of Hoag's case for the cause of science I must observe not only phenomena as they recur, but also the effect of the phenomena upon myself as representing the common people. That is where the German scientist perhaps differs from others. We make phenomena of ourselves. We investigate our feelings. And I have been—"

Markham gave him a mad look.

"Go on. You're off to a good start."

"Have been powerfully affected by the unusual recurrences of degrees of animation in that case. Sometimes I believe the degree of light has much to do with it. There are moments in the twilight when I am almost certain by the sounds and the feeling of his body that his coma is about to leave him—that the incomprehensible something of personality, or soul, or super-ego or what you may call it, is about to return to the body from which it has been wandering—"

Markham faced him frowningly.

"Wandering—where?"

"How should I know. I am not a psychist by transference. I observe only what confronts me. And there are times in the dark when he is to all appearances dead; times in the gradual returning of light when his animation—of the corpus I mean—revives. I cannot explain that. No."

"Look here, Heiny—cutting out the spook stuff—what are the probabilities of his pulling together?"

Heiny rubbed his hands. "Ah! I know you are anxious—to see that friend of yours able to resume his work among other people. And I should like to comfort you. But I cannot predict. No. All I can promise you is that until I have completed my investigations, what is tangible of him—tactual, ponderable, you understand—will not escape from this room."

"This room? My heavens, man! He's not in here—in the office?"

WHAT Dr. Heinfeldt called detached identity may have various names to various people. In this concluding instalment—this time without pictures—we see how a man who lived by the power of material organization was influenced by a spectacle.

THE MOVIE IN THE TOWER

"Ah! pardon me. I was so intent upon seeing him in my mind that I was in that room of his—with you."

"Well, don't do it. Heiny, you don't investigate this case to suit me. You're too infernally personal."

"Subjective? Perhaps. But come with me to his room and see for yourself. He will not hurt you. He will not see you. He will not hear you. Come?"

Markham sprang to the door. He was breathing in an uphill way.

"Don't be a psychopathic fool, Heiny!"

He rushed for his hat and stick and in a minute was into his limousine.

MARKHAM'S conversation with Helen at the office was no less disturbing. He admitted that he had been to the Ward and that there seemed to be no change in the patient.

"But I don't propose to answer any catechism about him," he said abruptly. "You understand why."

"I wish I did," she said. "If you won't there is a very simple way out of it."

They were on the top floor; after the staff had gone. The offices had shifted since the time when she was his secretary. Markham's private office was now immediately under the tower which lately he had got built there, and on which he had a wireless station.

"You mean, let you go to see him. On no account whatever. Don't refer to that again—if you please. You do him no good. You disturb him."

"Henry, you are babbling. If a man is unconscious how could I disturb him?"

He waved a hand. "Makes no difference. You and he have some way of getting across to each other and Heiny knows it. So that's settled, my dear. You are too agreeable to bother me about it again."

There was a rumbling and scuffling in the hallway as though some heavy thing was being hauled up the elevator. Heavy feet seemed to be thudding upon the floor directly above.

"Henry," she said, looking at the ceiling, "what's up there?"

"Oh, the tower I had built. My retiring room when I want to shake the office. Just a big room with a lot of windows all round. Lots of light. I can see the whole city from there."

"What's in it?"

He laughed in a chuckling way.

"One thing—a moving picture machine. On the roof a wireless station. I operate both myself, just for pleasure."

"Spooky sort of place I should think."

"Sometimes. Then I don't stay in it. Not when it makes me uncomfortable. But sometimes it is spooky and I like it. I am not a materialist. You know that. I believe the world is a vast intelligence bureau. Just beginning to be so. Before I am dead I shall be able to send and get messages in that tower from across the Atlantic. Wireless is only in its childhood. In fact, I hope that some day in that very room I shall be able to see by wireless a moving picture of what is actually happening in—"

"Where did you say, Henry?" she asked suddenly.

"I did not say. I was trying to decide what city would be then the centre of the world's eyes and ears and psychic vibrations."

"Not Paris—no. London?"

He laughed heartily and touched her on the shoulder.

"No, no. I will say—Berlin. Eh?"

They were both silent. She looked at him hard and he had his mask on. Strange cross-lights flickered in his eyes. He was seeing thing of which he had never told her more than the suggestion.

"When we are married, my dear, I shall tell you many things," he said slowly. "When—we are married. Soon perhaps. But things may happen before then. May happen. Who knows?"

COULD Helen Munro have seen a letter written in Markham's own hand without the intrusion of a typewriter, to the Chief of the Intelligence Bureau in Berlin, that world-spying organization then near the end of about half a century of world-scrutiny, she might better have understood the reason for Henry Markham's delay in setting the date of his marriage. Suddenly, perhaps, he had come to realize that his marriage, though the one greatest event in the life of the woman he had chosen, was comparatively a small matter. Other and greater events, events unbelievably momentous, were shaping up—elsewhere. Almost before he was ready he felt himself becoming the tool of this world-wide organization of great forces. The area of big business of which he had worked for years to make himself a worthy item, was about to become something else.

When scores of English and other travelers in Europe—even some Canadians—had been coming back from Germany convinced that a great world-conflict was about to be perpetuated by the powers at Berlin, it was not remarkable that Henry Markham should know what was coming. For years he had known it, but not the day when it might be. For years as an ironmaster in Canada he had dreamed of the day when the vast super-intensified concentration of State-controlled energy in one country represented by a State-dominated nation in every department from the last cog in a wheel to the plume in a Field-Marshal's hat, would be converted into a terribly organized nation at war with the rest of mankind.

To him the transition was no marvel. He saw a world-war as the logical extension of great world-business and industry itself at war for the domination of the world. Merchant ships racing to capture the world's markets under various flags were only another form of great navies battling to smash each the other. Huge factories, rumbling and straining to turn out goods for the world's consumption were only a symbol for great factories concentrated upon the business of the one necessary thing in a world war—munitions. Railways skilfully co-ordinated as they were in Germany for the reduction of haulage cost by cutting out useless competition were easily convertible in his imagination to a system of land transports carrying only armies and the sinews of war. Newspapers state-controlled for state reasons in times of peace were but the prelude to a press rigidly organized to keep a nation in a state of war until victory was finally achieved. World-knowledge of industries and commerce and geography compiled for ostensible purposes of trade were but an omen of universal knowledge of other countries for purposes of invasion and conquest. A nation of obedient serfs subject to a kaiser was but a nation which by a touching of the button should be transferred into a vast national army knowing, expecting, feeling nothing but war for the aggrandizement of that people by the conquest of others. And the mighty head of all this, the man who in times of peace was made the symbol of abject worship for the sake of what he alone could do for the nation, was to become the author of such a war as never was known in the world before on behalf of purposes never before enunciated even by Caesar, Charlemagne or Napoleon.

HENRY MARKHAM could see all this because he had made himself one small cog in the great machine which was soon to disrupt the world. He had built up his industries in this coun-

try under cover of patriotic consecration to the land of his birth, when he was a mere agent of the land which his father had come from. Willing to be a rich man, he was quite as willing to become suddenly poor, for the sake of helping along the convulsion which was to rip the world to pieces that it might be put together again by Germany. He foresaw that a nation which could conquer and consolidate Europe could yet more easily conquer America. And he foresaw also that Canada was the part of America where Germanism would find most room and greatest resources for the pan-Germanism that had already penetrated all countries.

As a Canadian-born he knew this, because he had brought his industries up to a point where they could be of service to the Fatherland whenever the war should strike. Those iron and steel industries strategically located in this country for purposes of trade would be even more of a strategy for purposes of war. At a day's notice they could be turned into munitions plants and handed over to the invader who might prefer to conquer Canada up the St. Lawrence, while a fleet was bombarding half the United States massed in the cities of the eastern seaboard.

It was all very simple to Henry Markham; so simple that he set it down in a letter following scores of other secret letters which he had sent to the chief of the Espionage department in Berlin. What was not simple to him was the time when this great change would be suddenly needed in the world's work. He knew not the day. He wanted to.

In the blind desire of his subjugated soul he almost cried out for enlightenment. His marriage which was to have been, could be deferred until after the Day. Perhaps not for long. The great machine when it should start would move with terrible speed. The vision which he had seen in the Siegfried drama, when he rose in the opera box to applaud the smashing of the anvil by the super-sword might become a realization before the sleepy, good-natured and trustful world of democracy could awaken to the fact.

He wanted to tell all this to Helen. He had never dared to. He knew she would expose him to his adopted country and become his enemy forever. But when the vision was a reality, when Germany had the world under her iron feet, she would come to him as the man who in his humble but amazing way had become an instrument of the conqueror and who would be decorated by the Lord of Mankind for his services.

In the contemplation of this Markham was a spiritual being, unconscious of ordinary needs, capable of any degree of sacrifice, or even suffering for the sake of the Power and the great world Will. He was, as he flattered himself secretly, as spiritual a man in this as the man Hoag was in his strange absorption in the affairs of other people and in other worlds than ours. Hoag was where he had planned to get him. He could not escape. Any day he might be dead. And dead men do no damage. He had prevented Helen from seeing the man, even in his state of detached identity, whatever that was. She should never see him again. When the man's hour came he would be buried quietly and she would not be permitted to attend the funeral. Gretchen, his sister, could see to that. Helen was still under Gretchen's roof. There she would have to remain until bigger matters had begun to swing to a focus.

And it was Henry Markham's most fervent desire that Martin Hoag's body should be undeniably dead before the coming of the great Day of Reckoning for all nations.

ON a summer evening Markham was up in his tower theatre alone with his film. The weather was hot. But he had no sense of heat. For the best part of an hour he looked first at the moving picture of his own iron works. This had almost a morbid concentration of interest for him. On the film he could behold at once all the activities which for years he had built up in Canada; the industries of which he considered himself the creator and which now employed thousands of people working in the great basic metal of civilization in many parts of the country; mines and railway lines and docks, ships and smelters and traveling cranes and great foundries. In such company he needed no human being. He was alone with the great work he had accomplished and with the purpose to which he hoped some day to be able to devote it.

He had never told a soul just what passed through

A CASE OF NERVES

his mind as he contemplated the film. Only his sister Gretchen knew in a vague way what it was. She knew that he had also another film which no eyes in Canada had yet seen. In a general way she knew also what it was, for he had told her. But she had never seen it, and she was not to see it until after Henry himself had first turned it out in solitude up in that tower where as near to the sky as possible he could be alone with the drama. In the unrolling of this miracle film he was to be the only spectator, free from any disturbing tongue or even the suggestion of any other world than the world on the film.

In the darkness of blinded windows, when only the faint rumble and clack of looping street-cars below disturbed the silence of a feverishly hot night, Markham saw this film. On so hot a night with stifling humidity that made the city swelter and suffocated sickly fumes at the breast, perhaps one body he knew about might cease to operate. He had almost forgotten that when he came to the tower this was his one thought. In the adjustment of his machine and the turning on of the power the thought of any one being to whom he had ever talked faded away. The miracle came. The pictures came racing on the screen which was feebly blown by a breeze from the tower-windows.

And what was that film? A pageant. In itself as a set of pictures not so wonderful as some films that have been since seen by millions of eyes, but to Henry Markham a million times more wonderful than anything he had dreamed a film would ever become. It was the city of Berlin, on a fete day; the pageant of an army at manoeuvres on the field; of the great Emperor riding down from his palace to review the great army; of the populace overawed by some lurking spectacular Zeppelin, looking up at the mighty lord on his white horse as to the passing of a god.

A MORE powerful brain than Markham's might have reeled at the spectacle whose inward spirit he so intimately understood. He had not only been in Berlin, and had seen this pageant, but he had the idea of it in his blood. For years he had prayed in his clumsy way for some such dream. He had seen the pageant on the Plains of Abraham in 1908, with a smile of silent derision at its symbol of a united Canada. He had seen the Coronation spectacle of King George with another smile at the fiction of a united Empire. Here was a pageant at which he could only uncover his head and bow in abject reverence, the homage of a sentimental and passionate slave. Here was a picture of a nation truly united, the panorama of an Empire knit together by the force of arms and the power of world-intelligence; a nation and an Empire that should shake the world and make the mighty British conglomerate of nations under one flag as vain as the imperium of the ancient Roman. Here was a king who was Emperor and autocrat indeed; a real ruler, high above all democracies of government and assemblies of free wills.

Cowed into a sweat of worshipful adoration Henry Markham fell upon his knees and cried out to the riding figure of the monarch on the horse to stay that he might come near to him. Alone in the tower room, he forgot where he was; forgot whether it was night or day, as he fell prostrate in the light of the film and the worship of the Ultimate World-Conquering Idea.

The film—he forgot that too. He was no longer at a play. He was in Berlin. The intelligence vibrations of the world as summed up on the screen transported this ironmaster's soul thousands of miles. He could hear the clank of sabres and the clatter of the guns; the trample of hoofs and the thundering salvos of applause, the mighty hohs of the populace.

Then it was silence, the film passed. The place was dark, all but the light spot on the screen. He heard the faint clack of the turning trolleys far below as one in a dream hears the sounds of day. A warm breeze flapped the blind, lifted it and he felt it in the heat. Perhaps there was some suspicion of soft thunder somewhere. Or was it the boom of the big tower hall clock striking—one—two—three—on up till twelve strokes he seemed to count, and then a hint of the thunder again.

S UDDENLY he felt his skin begin to creep. The roots of his hair went like the thrill of an electric shock. He believed he was dreaming, and tried to cry aloud in his sleep, but his voice clogged in his throat and he made no sound except that of a man being choked to death. His breath came and went in shocks. He shivered in his clothes, as though his very skin was tightening over his body and squeezing the soul out of it. And as he crawled away to the other side of the round room that had no corners, he still looked at that spot on the screen—which was no longer a spot, because it was alive again.

In the sort of paralyzed super-emotional fear that only the German soul feels the best, he managed to articulate just one hoarse monosyllable—Hoag!

The man whom above all else in the world he feared was in the room. The accusing conscience which he had trailed for months, and thought he had corraled was there in person. The soul whose body had been for days asleep in the Ward within barred doors and windows, was there in the tower. It was no ghost; no fabric of the imagination. The real personal Hoag was on the screen as clear as the figure of the Emperor had been a while before and in the very same circle of light.

And it moved! It came towards him. It spoke. He saw the lips go. It seemed to say the one word, "Traitor!"

And then the eyes of it blazed into the mask of Markham, the mask he had taken off when he watched the pageant and had tried to put back when fear took hold of him. The last words he was conscious of uttering were three: "Damn—your—eyes!"

The sound became a shriek.

The shriek died to a whisper.

The room seemed to reel in a dance.

Something snapped in Henry Markham's brain. Then to him it was all dark, and for all he personally knew there was nothing—except that in a delirious moment he seemed to himself to be praying that the body of Martin Hoag would be raised up, that he might not meet the soul of Martin Hoag in the world where emperors and armies are unknown.

AND Dr. Heinfeldt was awake all that night. His foxy eyes and ears were all alert in the white room at the Ward. What did he see? He never told it if he knew.

It was creeping dawn in a heavy rain when he heard the bell and went below.

HELEN MUNRO also was awake that night. So also Mrs. Bartop in her lodging house, several times up in the room where Mr. Hoag had once prowled among his books.

It was an hour before dawn when in a heavy rain and a pelting simoon of a wind, Helen wrapped herself in a raincoat and went out. It was three miles to the hospital and she walked. Why, she scarcely knew.

And when bedraggled and wet and almost breathless she got to the door the dawn was just creeping through the webs of the rain.

"Mein Gott!" whispered Heinfeldt when he saw her. "Mademoiselle!"

Without another word he pointed the way to the white room. She went. He heard the rustle of her wet clothes along the hall and went into the office to light a cigarette.

The next he knew at all clearly was the sound of feet in the hallway, the closing of the street door—and the voice of a newsboy in a foggy drizzle of rain—perhaps hours later—calling Special Extra!

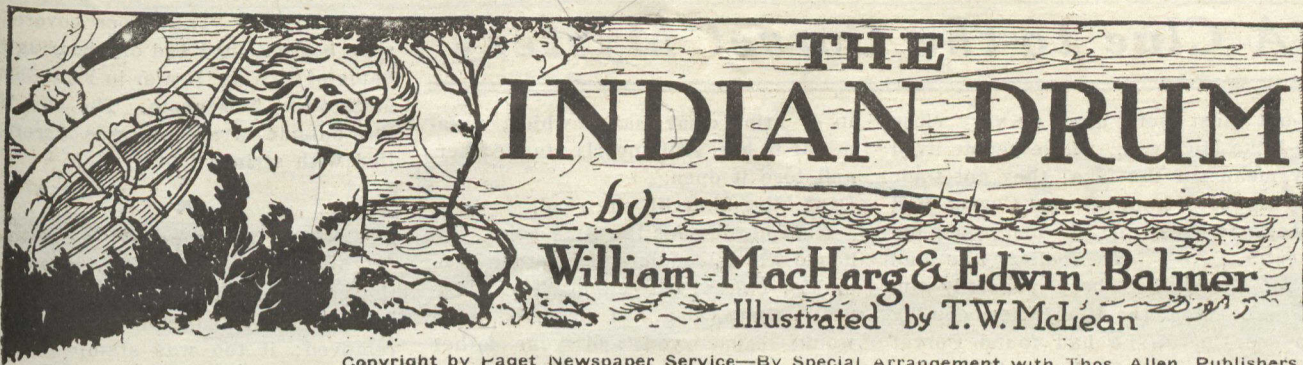
He went out and bought a paper. On the front page he read the bold headline—

"Tragedy in a Tower. Noted Financier found dead in his office. Mr. Henry Markham believed to have been struck by lightning in the storm."

The article went briefly on to say that the deceased had been addicted to overwork at his office and had probably gone to the tower to sleep.

"Bah!" muttered the specialist as he took out another cigarette. "There was no lightning. And if they want a complete story they will come to me to find out—what happened to Hoag when his body got up and walked away, and the woman in the case went with him."

The End.



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CHAPTER XII.

The Land of the Drum.

ALAN went with Wassaquam into the front library, after the Indian had shown Spearman out.

"This was the man, Judah, who came for Mr. Corvet that night I was hurt?"

"Yes, Alan," Wassaquam said.

"He was the man, then, who came here twice a year, at least, to see Mr. Corvet."

"Yes."

"I was sure of it," Alan said. Wassaquam had made no demonstration of any sort since he had snatched at Spearman's wrist to hold him back when Alan had bent to the drawer. Alan could define no real change now in the Indian's manner; but he knew that, since Wassaquam had found him quarreling with Spearman, the Indian somehow had "placed" him more satisfactorily. The reserve, bordering upon distrust, with which Wassaquam had observed Alan, certainly was lessened. It was in recognition of this that Alan now asked, "Can you tell me now why he came here, Judah?"

"I have told you I do not know," Wassaquam replied. "Ben always saw him; Ben gave him money. I do not know why."

Alan had been holding his hand over the papers which he had thrust into his pocket; he went back into the smaller library and spread them under the reading lamp to examine them. Sherrill had assumed that Corvet had left in the house a record which would fully explain what had thwarted his life, and would shed light upon what had happened to Corvet, and why he had disappeared; Alan had accepted this assumption. The careful and secret manner in which these pages had been kept, and the importance which Wassaquam plainly had attached to them—and which must have been a result of his knowing that Corvet regarded them of the utmost importance—made Alan certain that he had found the record which Sherrill had believed must be there. Spearman's manner, at the moment of discovery, showed too that this had been what he had been searching for in his secret visit to the house.

But, as Alan looked the pages over now, he felt a chill of disappointment and chagrin. They did not contain any narrative concerning Benjamin Corvet's life; they did not even relate to a single event. They were no narrative at all. They were—in his first examination of them, he could not tell what they were.

They consisted in all of some dozen sheets of irregular size, some of which had been kept much longer than others, a few of which even appeared fresh and new. The three pages which Alan thought, from their yellowed and worn look, must be the oldest, and which must have been kept for many

ALAN CONRAD, of mysterious origin, at his foster home in Kansas, receives a letter enclosing money with instructions to go to Chicago and look up certain people. Old Ben Corvet, head of Corvet, Sherrill & Spearman, great lake shippers of Chicago, and the party who sent the money to Conrad has mysteriously disappeared. Conrad becomes convinced that he is Corvet's son. Searching his father's house for evidence he comes upon an intruder who is trying to find something and who thinks Conrad is the ghost of somebody connected with the "Miwaka." Conrad makes a secret enemy of Spearman, who is in love with Constance Sherrill. He identifies Spearman as the one who attacked him in his father's house. An old drunken character named Luke calls at Conrad's house, demanding blackmail for something he knows, and while in a delirium dies there. Spearman calls and has an argument with Conrad. Old Ben's Indian servant Wassaquam shows Conrad the secret drawer containing the long-sought-for papers. Spearman makes an effort to snatch them but is frustrated by the Indian.

years, contained only a list of names and addresses. Having assured himself that there was nothing else on them, he laid them aside. The remaining pages, which he counted as ten in number, contained nearly a hundred brief clippings from newspapers; the clippings had been very carefully cut out, they had been pasted with painful regularity on the sheets, and each had been dated across its face—dates made with many different pens and with many different inks, but all in the same irregular handwriting as the letter which Alan had received from Benjamin Corvet.

Alan, his fingers numb in his disappointment, turned and examined all these pages; but they contained nothing else. He read one of the clippings, which was dated "Feb., 1912."

The passing away of one of the oldest residents of Emmet county occurred at the poor farm on Thursday of last week. Mr. Fred Westhouse was one of four brothers brought by their parents into Emmet county in 1846. He established himself here as a farmer and was well known among our people for many years. He was nearly the last of his family, which was quite well off at one time, Mr. Westhouse's three brothers and his father having perished in various disasters upon the lake. His wife died two years ago. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Arthur Pearl, of Flint.

He read another:
Hallford-Spens. On Tuesday last Miss Audrey Hallford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hallford, of this place, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Mr. Robert Spens, of Escanaba. Miss Audrey is one of our most popular young ladies and was valedictorian of her class at the high school graduation last year. All wish the young couple well.

He read another:
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hal French, a daughter, Saturday afternoon last. Miss Vera Arabella French, at her arrival weighed seven and one-half pounds.

THIS clipping was dated, in Benjamin Corvet's hand, "Sturgeon Bay, Wis., Aug., 1914." Alan put it aside in bewilderment and amaze and took up again the sheets he first had looked at. The names and addresses

on these oldest, yellowed pages had been first written, it was plain, all at the same time and with the same pen and ink, and each sheet in the beginning had contained seven or eight names. Some of these original names and even the addresses had been left unchanged, but most of them had been scratched out and altered many times—other and quite different names had been substituted; the pages had become finally almost illegible, crowded scrawls, rewritten again and again in Corvet's cramped hand. Alan strained forward, holding the first sheet to the light.

Alan seized the clippings he had looked at before and compared them swiftly with the page he had just read; two of the names—Westhouse and

- ~~Franklin Elliott, Keweenaw, Wis~~
- ~~James Elliott, Keweenaw~~
- ~~Wassaquam, Marquette, Lake Superior~~
- ~~Mrs. Henry Shors~~
- M. Bartholter, St. Ignace, Mich.
- James Westhouse, Conway, Emmet Co., Mich.
- ~~John Westhouse, Marquette, Mich.~~
- ~~Mrs. Arthur Pearl, Flint, Mich.~~
- George Sanders, Iron Station, Mich.
- ~~Sherrill, Ben's, Sturgeon Bay, Mich.~~
- ~~John Hadden, Marquette High School.~~
- Thomas Vapo, Escanaba, Mich.
- Son Skiving Eagle
- James Burr, near Corby Pt., Ontario, Can.
- all disappeared no trace
- Alfred French, ?
- Hal French, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

French—were the same as those upon this list. Suddenly he grasped the other pages of the list and looked them through for his own name; but it was not there. He dropped the sheets upon the table and got up and began to stride about the room.

He felt that in this list and in these clippings there must be, somehow, some one general meaning—they must relate in some way to one thing; they must have deeply, intensely concerned Benjamin Corvet's disappearance and his present fate, whatever that might be, and they must concern Alan's fate as well. But in their disconnection, their incoherence, he could discern no common thread. What conceivable bond could there have been uniting Benjamin Corvet at once with an old man dying upon a poor farm in Emmet County, wherever that might be, and with a baby girl, now some two years old, in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin? He bent suddenly and swept the pages into the drawer of the table and re-closed the drawer, as he heard the doorbell ring and Wassaquam went to answer it. It was the police, Wassaquam came to tell him, who had come for Luke's body.

ALAN went out into the hall to meet them. The coroner's man either had come with them or had arrived at the same time; he introduced himself to Alan, and his inquiries made plain that the young doctor whom Alan had called for Luke had fully carried out his offer to look after these things, for the coroner was already supplied with an account of what had taken place. A sailor formerly employed on the Corvet ships, the coroner's office had been told, had come to the Corvet house, ill and seeking aid; Mr. Corvet not being at home, the people of the house had taken the man in and called the doctor; but the man had been already beyond doctors' help and had died in a few hours of pneumonia and alcoholism; in Mr. Corvet's absence it had been impossible to learn the sailor's full name.

Alan left corroboration of this story, mostly to Wassaquam, the servant's position in the house being more easily explicable than his own; but he found that his right there was not questioned, and that the police accepted him as a member of the household. He suspected that they did not think it necessary to push inquiry very actively in such a home as this.

After the police had gone, he called Wassaquam into the library and brought the lists and clippings out again.

"Do you know at all what these are, Judah?" he asked.

"No, Alan. I have seen Ben have them, and take them out and put them back. That is all I know."

"My father never spoke to you about them?"

"Once he spoke to me; he said I was not to tell or speak of them to any one, or even to him."

"Do you know any of these people?"

He gave the lists to Wassaquam, who studied them through attentively, holding them to the lamp.

"No, Alan."

"Have you ever heard any of their names before?"

"That may be. I do not know. They are common names."

"Do you know the places?"

"Yes—the places. They are lake ports or little villages on the lakes. I have been in most of them, Alan. Emmet County, Alan, I came from there. Henry comes from there, too."

"Henry Spearman?"

"Yes."

"Then that is where they hear the Drum."

"Yes, Alan."

"My father took newspapers from those places, did he not?"

WASSAQUAM looked over the addresses again. "Yes; from all. He took them for the shipping news, he said. And sometimes he cut pieces out of them—these pieces, I see now; and afterwards I burned the papers; he would not let me only throw them away."

"That's all you know about them, Judah?"

"Yes, Alan; that is all."

Alan dismissed the Indian, who, stolidly methodical in the midst of these events, went down-stairs and commenced to prepare a dinner which Alan knew he could not eat. Alan got up and moved about the rooms; he went back and looked over the lists and clippings once more; then he moved about again. How strange a picture of his father did these things call up to him! When he had thought of Benjamin Corvet before, it had been as Sherrill had described him, pursued by some thought he could not conquer, seeking relief in study, in correspondence with scientific societies, in anything which could engross him and shut out memory. But now he must think of him, not merely as one trying to forget; what had thwarted Corvet's life was not only in the past; it was something still going on. It had amazed Sherrill to learn that Corvet, for twenty years, had kept trace of Alan; but Corvet had kept trace in the same way and with the same secrecy of many other people—of about a score of people. When Alan thought of Corvet, alone here in his silent house, he must think of him as solicitous about these people; as seeking for their names in the newspapers which he took for that purpose, and as recording the changes in their lives. The deaths, the births, the marriages among these people had been of the intensest interest to Corvet.

It was possible that none of these people knew about Corvet; Alan had not known about him in Kansas, but had known only that some unknown person had sent money for his support. But he appreciated that it did not matter whether they knew about him or not; for at some point common to all of them, the lives of these people must have touched Corvet's life. When Alan knew what had been that point of contact, he would know about Corvet; he would know about himself.

Alan had seen among Corvet's books a set of charts of the Great Lakes. He went and got that now and an atlas. Opening them upon the table, he looked up the addresses given on Corvet's list. They were most of them, he found, towns about the northern end of the lake; a very few were upon other lakes—Superior and Huron

A Clue to the Corvet Mystery

—but most were upon or very close to Lake Michigan. These people lived by means of the lake; they got their sustenance from it, as Corvet had lived, and as Corvet had got his wealth. Alan was feeling like one who, bound, has been suddenly unloosed. From the time when, coming to see Corvet, he had found Corvet gone until now, he had felt the impossibility of explaining from anything he knew or seemed likely to learn the mystery which had surrounded himself and which had surrounded Corvet. But these names and addresses. They indeed offered something to go upon, though Luke now was forever still, and his pockets had told Alan nothing.

He found Emmet County on the map and put his finger on it. Spearman, Wassaquam had said came from there. "The Land of the Drum!" he said aloud. Deep and sudden feeling stirred in him as he traced out this land on the chart—the little towns and villages, the islands and headlands, their lights and their uneven shores. A feeling of "home" had come to him, a feeling he had not had on coming to Chicago. There were Indian names and French up there about the meetings of the great waters. Beaver Island! He thought of Michabou and the raft. The sense that he was of these lakes, that surge of feeling which he had felt first in conversation with Constance Sherrill was strengthened an hundredfold; he found himself humming a tune. He did not know where he had heard it; indeed, it was not the sort of tune which one knows from having heard; it was the sort which one just knows. A rhyme fitted itself to the hum.

"Seagull, seagull sit on the sand,

It's never fair weather when you're on the land."

HE gazed down at the lists of names which Benjamin Corvet had kept so carefully and so secretly; these were his father's people too; these ragged shores and the islands studing the channels were the lands where his father had spent the most active part of his life. There, then—these lists now made it certain—that event had happened by which that life had been blighted. Chicago and this house here had been for his father only the abode of memory and retribution. North, there by the meeting of the waters, was the region of the wrong which was done.

"That's where I must go!" he said aloud. "That's where I must go!"

Constance Sherrill, on the following afternoon, received a telephone call from her father; he was coming home earlier than usual, he said; if she had planned to go out, would she wait until after he got there? She had, indeed, just come in and had been intending to go out again at once; but she took off her wraps and waited for him. The afternoon's mail was upon a stand in the hall. She turned it over, looking through it—invitations, social notes. She picked from among them an envelope addressed to herself

in a firm, clear hand, which, unfamiliar to her, still queerly startled her, and tore it open.

Dear Miss Sherrill, she read,

I am closing for the time being, the house which, for default of other ownership, I must call mine. The possibility that what has occurred here would cause you and your father anxiety about me in case I went away without telling you of my intention is the reason for this note. But it is not the only reason. I could not go away without telling you how deeply I appreciate the generosity and delicacy you and your father have shown to me in spite of my position here and of the fact that I had no claim at all upon you. I shall not forget those even though what happened here last night makes it impossible for me to try to see you again or even to write to you.

Alan Conrad.

She heard her father's motor enter the drive and ran to him with the letter in her hand.

"He's written to you then," he said, at sight of it.

"Yes."

"I had a note from him this afternoon at the office, asking me to hold in abeyance for the time being the trust that Ben had left me and returning the key of the house to me for safekeeping."

"Has he already gone?"

"I suppose so; I don't know."

"We must find out." She caught up her wraps and began to put them on. Sherrill hesitated, then assented; and they went round the block together to the Corvet house. The shades, Constance saw as they approached, were drawn; their rings at the door-bell brought no response. Sherrill, after a few instants' hesitation, took the key from his pocket and unlocked the door and they went in. The rooms, she saw, were all in perfect order; summer covers had been put upon the furniture; protecting cloths had been spread over the beds up-stairs. Her father tried the water and the gas, and found they had been turned off. After their inspection, they came out again at the front door, and her father closed it with a snapping of the spring lock.

Constance, as they walked away, turned and looked back at the old house, gloomy and dark among its newer, fresher-looking neighbors; and suddenly she choked, and her eyes grew wet. That feeling was not for Uncle Benny; the drain of days past had exhausted such a surge of feeling for him. That which she could not wink away was for the boy who had come to that house a few weeks ago and for the man who just now had gone.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Things From Corvet's Pockets

"Miss Constance Sherrill,

Harbor Springs, Michigan."

THE address, in large scrawling letters, was written across the brown paper of the package which had been brought from the post office in the

little resort village only a few moments before. The paper covered a shoe box, crushed and old, bearing the name of S. Klug, Dealer in Fine Shoes, Manitowoc, Wisconsin. The box, like the outside wrapping, was carefully tied with string.

CONSTANCE, knowing no one there and surprised at the nature of the package, glanced at the postmark on the brown paper which she had removed; it too was stamped Manitowoc. She cut the strings about the box and took off the cover. A black and brown dotted silk cloth filled the box; and, seeing it, Constance caught her breath. It was—at least it was very like—the muffler which Uncle Benny used to wear in winter. Remembering him most vividly as she had seen him last, that stormy afternoon when he had wandered beside the lake, carrying his coat until she made him put it on, she recalled this silk cloth, or one just like it, in his coat pocket; she had taken it from his pocket and put it around his neck.

She started with trembling fingers to take it from the box; then, realizing from the weight of the package that the cloth was only a wrapping or, at least, that other things were in the box, she hesitated and looked around for her mother. But her mother had gone out; her father and Henry both were in Chicago; she was alone in the big summer "cottage," except for servants. Constance picked up box and wrapping and ran up to her room. She locked the door and put the box upon the bed; now she lifted out the cloth. It was a wrapping, for the heavier things came with it; and now, also, it revealed itself plainly as the scarf—Uncle Benny's scarf! A paper fluttered out as she began to unroll it—a little cross-lined leaf evidently torn from a pocket memorandum book. It had been folded and rolled up. She spread it out; writing was upon it, the small irregular letters of Uncle Benny's hand.

"Send to Alan Conrad," she read; there followed a Chicago address—the number of Uncle Benny's house on Astor Street. Below this was another line:

"Better care of Constance Sherrill (Miss)." There followed the Sherrills' address upon the Drive. And to this was another correction:

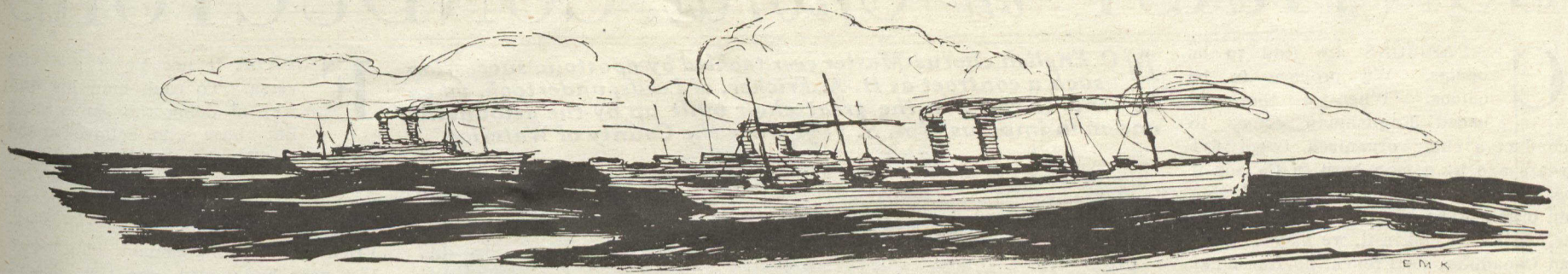
"Not after June 12th; then to Harbor Springs, Mich. Ask some one of that; be sure the date; after June 12th."

Constance, trembling, unrolled the scarf; now coins showed from a fold, next a pocket knife, ruined and rusty, next a watch—a man's large gold watch with the case queerly pitted and worn completely through in places and last a plain little band of gold of the size for a woman's finger—a wedding ring. Constance, gasping and with fingers shaking so from excitement that she could scarcely hold these objects, picked them up and examined them—the ring first.

It very evidently was, as she had immediately thought, a wedding ring once fitted for a finger only a trifle less slender than her own. One side of the gold band was very much worn, not with the sort of wear which a ring gets on a hand, but by some different sort of abrasion. The other side of the band was roughened and pitted but not so much worn; the in-

(Continued on page 25.)

Conrad Traces the Story of the Miwaka



THROUGH THE DANGER ZONE

OUR Women's Page Editor wrote last as she was going aboard ship. Here she writes in her own charmingly illustrated way of experiences in the submarine zone. Next issue she may have something about V. A. D. experiences.

By ESTELLE M. KERR

IT is not half as thrilling as one imagines it will be—this trip through the danger zone—we feel horribly safe—at least, I do—with not the slightest hint of a tremor, that something might happen, and it is so funny to see everyone carrying life-belts. Only during the last three days of the voyage are we obliged to do so, and I am constantly mislaying mine. When I go to the dining saloon and I see them hanging on the back of each chair, I remember that mine is in the cabin. Usually I can't be bothered returning for it, but if I do it is only to discover that it is not there, but on deck, in my steamer chair.

The children were quite proud of their life-belts for the first few hours, but now they are beginning to complain of their weight, and, indeed, they seem to be unnecessarily large for the little tots. My room-mate has ceased to undress at night, and sleeps with her life-belt across her chest in a most uncomfortable position, but she is an exception. The general feeling is one of perfect security, and we laugh at the tales the passengers, who have crossed the ocean recently, tell of the people who stayed in the companion-way during the entire trip, and slept there, sitting up with their life-belts tied securely around them. Others, who crossed in warmer weather, say that many of the women slept on deck for safety, and that one lady kept an extra belt fastened to her suit case. This may explain the strange looking box we saw in the ocean to-day with life-preservers fastened to its side and a man's hat floating near, but possibly it was a mine in disguise. We like to think so; it gives us the pleasant thrill of an escape from danger.

Yesterday the life-boats were lowered to deck level, and by each boat dangles two hatchets, tied with those wonderful knots which are so secure and yet so easily undone. I suppose there is food and water in those unattractive dark tins, but the idea of taking a voyage on the open sea in Life Boat No. 1 with 70 other passengers, does not appeal to me.

We never see the captain now. He does not leave the bridge as long as we are in the danger zone, and the ship zig-zags across the sea in the most peculiar manner, sometimes it looks as if we were trying to run into one of the other ships, but it is designed to keep the submarines from guessing our course. There are eight ships in our convoy, including an American battle cruiser and a British armed escort, and this morning a fleet of eight destroyers met us to conduct us the rest of the way. They dart about like gnats, and are so low in the water that they are not readily seen at a distance. They convey an impression of efficiency and we feel sure that no mine or submarine would escape their notice. Cheers for the British navy!

Some of the boats travelling with us are plain gray, two are camouflaged with large bars and curves of black, gray, white and a little color; another has the upper part of its side painted in checks—pink and blue—and below it is painted to resemble dark blue waves. I have observed the ships under various atmospheric conditions, and think the camouflaged vessels are quite as easily seen as those that are plain gray, for in a distance the smoke-stacks and masts are the most visible objects, and from their slant and relative positions one can easily determine the direction in which they are moving even when the eccentric painting makes the outline deceptive.

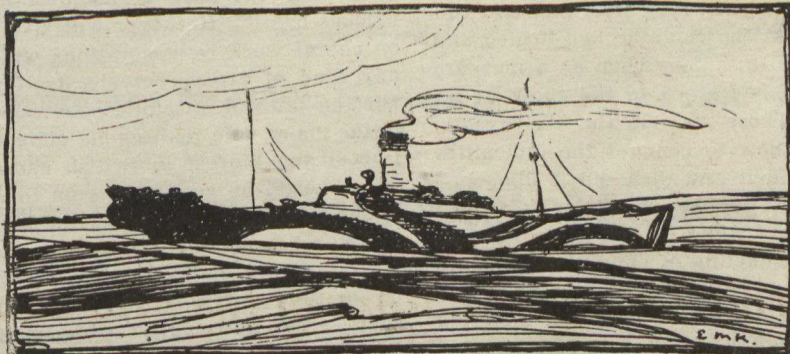
On my previous trips across the ocean it was a great event to see a passing ship, and I find it so jolly to have a number of them always in sight to be able to watch them each day and compare their movements to ours. The first day out of Halifax we were able to count six, then a large freighter caught up to us, but the next day we were left behind and felt very lonely until they were in sight once more. We have had a very heavy sea most of the time, and the chief engineer says he never knew the boat to roll so much, but she is not heavily laden. Some of the other ships seem steadier, but one or two bob around even more than we.

For two days I felt very antipathetic to this roll and pitch motion, but I usually managed to go on deck, and even with a dizzy head, I could not help admiring the wonderful waves—quite the largest I have ever seen—that rose behind us like blue snow-capped hills, and threatened to break over our decks. Fortunately the wind was with us and we floated like a cork over the crest of the wave, then down into the valley till only the top masts of the ship near us were visible. Yesterday the sea was calmer, the sun came out and we felt the balmy air of the Gulf Stream. It was a joy to be on deck, a pleasure to walk about, and only the knowledge that tea was being served in the lounge took us indoors. It was nice to have the tea served in pots once more. The tables were set, when a sudden lurch set the china spinning, while chairs skidded across the floor. It was not a mammoth wave but a sudden swerve as the ship's course was altered. We looked out and saw, to our consternation, that the battle cruiser was heading away from us towards a strange craft that could be dimly seen on the horizon. "German raider" was our first thought, and we were able to keep up quite a little excitement, so welcome on the tedious voyage, till the battle cruiser, apparently satisfied as to the nationality of the strange craft, returned.

At night the windows of the saloon are draped with dark blankets, the portholes covered with circles of cardboard, and if one has been overlooked by a careless steward the news is signalled from one of the other vessels. The passengers are not supposed to go on deck after dark, and to smoke there or make a noise is a serious offence.

MONDAY.

To-day we received the news that a large liner has



been sunk off the coast of Ireland. Perhaps we have felt too secure, but soon we shall be in port—surely it is unnecessary to carry our life-belts now! Yet, was it not here only two months ago that a boat was sunk while waiting for her pilot? Sunk in sight of land after she had come all the way from Africa, and 78 lives were lost! We could not breathe easily yet.

It was while we were at dinner that rockets went up from one of our liners, and search-lights flashed from the battle cruiser. We heard that one of the largest boats had sent an S. O. S. call, that she was torpedoed, or thought she was. She had collided with an outward-bound vessel: no details were given, but the news did not lessen the nervous tension we all felt for a time. Then the dark clouds lifted, and the water shone like silver in the moonlight. We could see the intermittent beacon of a light-house, and our boat came to a standstill as the pilot ship, with a string of colored lights hanging from its masts like a Christmas tree, drew near us. It took some time to distribute pilots to all the vessels, but finally ours put off in a little row-boat and climbed on board, then the engines started again and soon we were safe in port.

TUESDAY.

This morning we found ourselves anchored in the river, though some of the other boats in our convoy found dock space. We were put on a miserable little tender, blown about and spattered with steam and cinders. The baby who had been so good during the long voyage, howled with fright when the whistle blew in his ears and greeted the young father he had never seen with dismal wails. The prospective brides who had taken great pains with their toilets were sadly dishevelled, but all were glad to be on the firm earth after 20 days of ocean, including the St. John docks and Halifax harbor.

THE vessel that had been in the collision docked first, as a small hole had been made in her bow, and an American soldier, who had been on board, told us there was a panic on the other ship, and twenty people jumped overboard; he thought they had picked everyone up, but could not be sure. The vessel was evidently unharmed, for she proceeded on her solitary journey to America. He also told us that an officer on board the damaged vessel jumped into a life-boat and refused to leave it until he was forced to do so at the point of a gun and placed under arrest. I do not believe this story, but a British officer, wearing the striped ribbon of the M. C., says it is quite possible for our nerves to play us strange tricks sometimes, and a man who seems to be a coward to-day may play a hero's part to-morrow.

Then came the customs ordeal; had we tea, sugar butter, jam? It seems that all the things that England wants most are prohibited from entering the country as the property of an individual, and it did not take long to get practical evidence of the food shortage when with appetites, whetted with a long sea voyage, we lunched at one of the largest hotels in Liverpool—a table d'hôte lunch at 2 shillings 6 pence, which was well patronized by officers, both naval and military, and near us sat a girl in a very smartly cut uniform of khaki, a judge and many very prosperous-looking citizens. The waitresses were particularly attractive looking in their neat blue cloth dresses and frilled caps, but they acted as if life lay before them and trains

CONTRAST in Choral CONDUCTORS

COMPARISONS are said to be odious. We propose to be odious. When a thorough-paced Englishman comes to conduct a choir organized twenty-five years ago by a man born in Canada it is a far different matter from playing an organ. The choir Mr. H. A. Fricker left in Leeds had in it, we may be sure, no Canadians, no French, no Russians; nothing but people born quite likely within a few miles of Leeds. The choir he has in the city of Toronto were born—half of them—more than a thousand miles from the place where they sing, and a good many of them in quite other countries.

The man who organized and for twenty odd seasons conducted this choir was born in Canada. He succeeded in putting his own personality into the choir. His programmes used to be as conglomerate as the country. A casual glimpse of almost any of his programmes for the past ten years was something like a Cook's tour; foreign trunk labels all over it. Had there been any national music worth while in Bulgaria he would have had it on a programme. He ransacked Europe from the top of the Gulf of Riga to the tip of Gibraltar. He included British composers—Elgar, Bantock, Percy Pitt, Pearsall, Parry and a dozen more. But the big things outside of Elgar were French, Italian, German, Russian.

Somebody rises to remark that Mendelssohn Choir audiences have been fed upon polished and exquisite miniatures. No doubt. Gems from every clime. But some of them have been the size of the two great Requiems, of Verdi and Brahms; Beethoven's Choral Symphony; Pierne's Children's Crusade, and Wolf-Ferrari's New Life. And whenever the polished miniature choir tackled a big thing it was produced in sensational dimensions.

Vogt had an uncanny genius for tone. He was haunted. Pure choral tone—at first. He listened to a thing phrase by phrase. What it might be about—never mind; it was tone, as soft and beautiful as the wordless dawn. Presently he lighted on a fortissimo. Bye-and-bye he wove them together, crescendo, decrescendo, climax. After which he began to interpret. But he had an instrument of interpretation. Oh, ye angels!

Year by year this Canadian-born, German-descended choirmaster, discovered that to him a choir was a collection of instruments which must be trained to the technical virtuosity of a symphony orchestra; must have all the tone-color variety—if possible—of an orchestra; must have finer tone-color sometimes; must when silence was smothering the watch-ticks in the hall begin on a psychic phantom of tone that came from nowhere or everywhere and weave it and build it and color it till by crescendo it became a noontide climax of glorious full-blooded tone. And what was that but playing upon a great choral orchestra, minus the battery and the brass, plus everything else, but the piccolo, and sometimes including even that? And sometimes when that choir oped its lips let no dog orchestra bark. But at other times it became necessary for the choir to rise and smite the orchestra or be smitten by it. And it was not as a rule smitten. No doubt the average orchestra claqueur is a camouflageur who, without information, could not tell you whether it was any one of five great orchestras playing unless it might be on some piece where he knew the Boston's or the Chicago's or the New York Symphony's tricks. But when Vogt's Mendelssohn Choir got on to a climax or a decrescendo, personally I think, camouflageur as I sometimes am, that I could know blindfolded for a certainty it was his choir and nobody else's. He had that absolute mastery of tone in all its dimensions and in all sections of his choir; which, heaven knows, he labored like a Trojan to get, year by year, weed by weed to come out, section by section to build up with a marvellous patience known as a most uncomfortable virtue by those who survive it.

And the growth of that choir was measured by the evolution of the man. He began as a pugilistic drillmaster with a baton doing part songs in 1894. He ended in 1916 by conducting a great choral orchestra that could sing anything but never would do an oratorio, not even on a bet. The way was long and full of pitfalls; times when Vogt was in straits betwixt the choir he had drilled and the orchestra handed over to him by somebody else; times when as a measure of safety first he let the orchestra shift for itself and stuck to the choir, or let go of the choir and went after the orchestra. Those were in the early years. In the conquest of big works Vogt learned also how to conquer the difficulties of an orchestra. He observed how other men did it and then did it himself—differently. And when he laid down the baton he had learned how to project his personality into all the sections of an orchestra while he lost not a fraction of a beat on the choir; such sure climactic conducting of enormous forces in sound as in my humble opinion never has been equalled on this continent or any other. If I speak with enthusiasm it must be set down to a long and inspiring acquaintance with what A. S. Vogt did to build up this great choral orchestra.

NO English chorus-Master ever tackled by apostolic succession such a contract as H. A. Fricker, of Leeds, undertook, when he came to carry on the great choir built up by the astounding one-man impetus of A. S. Vogt from the County of Waterloo.



By THE MUSIC EDITOR

song and verse were one and the same. Tradition had been handed down in all those shires, of song and oratorio, catch and glee, madrigal and roundelay. Fricker knew them all. He was fed upon them. Choral music—whatever his passion for the organ which was big, or for the orchestra which must have been very conventional—caged this enthusiast just as it has done scores of choir-building Englishmen. No doubt, when a lad, he knew seven oratorios by heart in the treble score. No doubt he could conduct the Messiah and the Elijah without a score. He knows all the intricate literature of choral music as she is done in England where great choirs are more numerous than in any other country.

Now, the man who conducted the Leeds Festival and the Leeds Philharmonic was expected by custom and prompted by instinct to keep on doing the things that Englishmen knew most about. And right inside those things there was a big free-masonry of choral devices that sometimes make an English chorister furious when he comes to Canada and finds that some conductor here doesn't seem to care a rap for half of them.

In Mr. Fricker's evangelical method of conducting the Mendelssohn Choir you observe how a real Englishman dared to tackle an un-English job and how he carried it through successfully without yielding one iota of his English ways. To him there is no choral orchestra. The people on the gallery were a singing organization, meant to stay within its own peculiar bailiwick, and never on any account to do the work of an orchestra. Beauty of tone he had, but it was not sheer ecstatic beauty; decrescendoes he knows to the last shaving of a breath, but they were never shuddering phantoms; climaxes he built up, but they never became the crushing, we-over-all prodigious things that used to happen when Vogt had the baton. And that was why, on the Aida finale from Act II., and in the "God Thor" chorus from King Olaf, there was not the emotional and stupendous thrill such as belongs to the grand opera stage. It was an Englishman's idea of a climax, where there was no struggle between choir and orchestra, but only a mutual agreement to get a fortissimo.

Now, I am a lover of purely choral music; but like many another I have had my ideas of choral climaxes warped by the Vogt method. I sometimes get lonesome for one or two of those all-conquering apocalypses of sound, and those night-creeping witcheries of decrescendo and pianissimo—ppp and decrescendo that again until nothing but the ghost of a tone is left like the magic of the ashes after the glory of the fire.

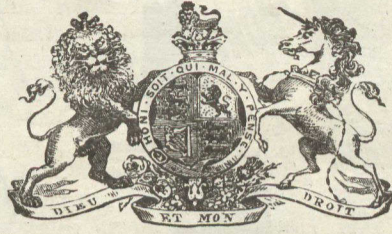
Then again I come out of it and reflect that Mr. Fricker is here to conduct a chorus. I know what he is after when he fondly dandles a choral passage and strokes it and whacks it a bit if it doesn't behave, and compels it to act like it used to in the days of his own grandfather. That is the choral idiom and Fricker has it. He never will give it up. And nobody who believes in carrying on choral work by generations will ever want him to give it up. What makes any kind of art perpetuate itself is not the astounding impetus of one man, but the faithful apostolic succession of many. Fricker is one of the big ones in the many. He realizes his obligations to musical ancestry. He knows all that is best and biggest in British choral art. He is a grand votary of Elgar. He also knows the good things on the continent. But he moves and has his being in the British things, and in the biggest ways they have ever been done.

In rehearsals he is a singing-master. He wants his choir to sing and not to work too hard at the creation of tone. He wants them to love the things they do for their own sake and never for his. He is an evangel of choral song. As such he can and will do a big work in this country. On one condition mainly: that he does not always and in all places insist upon being just English.

FRICKER is not Vogt; and vice versa. To each man his own way of doing the same thing. But those who believe in the art of Canadian choral music may thank their stars it was a man of Fricker's kind that came over on the recommendation of Vogt to carry on the work. Fricker is an Englishman who before last year had never seen this side of the Atlantic. Here is his life story as compacted into the programme:

Born in 1868, at Canterbury; at the age of ten he became a chorister at the Cathedral, and commenced the study of the violin; at fifteen he began the study of the piano and organ, and in the following year was deputy organist of the Cathedral. From 1886 to 1890, he conducted a choral and orchestral society in Canterbury; becoming in 1891 organist and choirmaster of Holy Trinity, Folkestone. In 1898, after open competition, he was appointed organist to the Corporation of Leeds; was organist at the Leeds Musical Festivals, in 1898 and 1901; chorus master of the Leeds Festivals from 1904 to 1913; conductor of the Leeds Philharmonic Society, and in 1902 founded the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, which he conducted from 1902 to 1917.

Fricker grew up in a place where for generations and away back into the centuries there had been "quires and places where they sing." Old Canterbury Cathedral! Think of the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer; at a time when



The Dominion Income War Tax

Its Meaning and Application

THE Dominion Income War Tax Act, passed at the last session of Parliament is now in force and all those liable to taxation under the provisions of the Act must file the required returns for the year 1917, on or before 31st March, 1918.

The Act provides that there shall be assessed, levied, and paid upon the 1917 income of every person residing or ordinarily resident in Canada, a tax upon income exceeding \$1,500 in the case of unmarried persons and widows or widowers without dependent children, and upon income exceeding \$3,000 in the case of all other persons.

Corporations and joint stock companies carrying on business in Canada, no matter how created or organized, shall pay the normal tax upon income over \$3,000. The fiscal year of corporations and joint stock companies may be adopted if desired.

YOUR IMMEDIATE OBLIGATION.—You are now required by law to fill out in triplicate, one or more of the five special forms enumerated below. Read the particulars about the forms provided, then note the form or forms that fit your case. Don't forget to make three copies. You keep one copy, and in the case of Forms T1 and T2, deliver two to the Inspector of Taxation for your district. In the case of Forms T3, T4 and T5, two copies must be filed with the Commissioner of Taxation at Ottawa.

PENALTIES.—Default in filing returns renders the person or persons liable on summary conviction to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each day during which the default continues. Any person making a false statement in any return or in any information required by the Minister of Finance shall be liable on summary conviction to a penalty not exceeding ten thousand dollars or to six months' imprisonment, or to both fine and imprisonment.

Forms to be Filled in and Filed

INDIVIDUALS.—Form T1 is for all individuals having the requisite income. Fill in pages 1, 2 and 3, make no marks on page 4.

In giving particulars of dividends received, state amount received from each company, listing Canadian and Foreign Companies separately.

Partnerships as such need not file returns, but the individuals forming the partnerships must.

CORPORATIONS AND JOINT STOCK COMPANIES must fill in Form T2, showing total income. Amount paid during the year to Patriotic and Canadian Red Cross Funds, and other approved war funds, should be shown under Exemptions and Deductions. A financial statement should also be attached. In giving particulars of dividends received, state amount received from each Company, listing Canadian and Foreign Companies separately.

TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS OF ESTATES AND ASSIGNEES use Form T3, to state particulars of the distribution of income from estates they are handling. A separate form is required for each estate and total incomes must be given as well as distribution thereof.

EMPLOYERS.—On Form T4 employers shall make a list of the names of employees and amounts paid to each in salaries, bonuses, commission, or other remuneration wherever the combined sum of such remuneration for the calendar year 1917 amounted to \$1,000 or more. This applies to all classes, regardless of number of such employees.

CORPORATIONS LISTING SHAREHOLDERS.—Corporations and Joint Stock Companies shall list on Form T5 Shareholders residing in Canada to whom Dividends were paid during the calendar year 1917, stating the amounts of dividends and bonuses paid to each.

Don't wait till the last minute. Get the necessary forms now, and make your information accurate and complete.

Forms may be obtained from the District Inspectors of Taxation and from the Postmasters at all leading centres.

Postage must be paid on all letters and documents forwarded by mail to Inspector of Taxation.

Department of Finance, Ottawa, Can.

THROUGH THE DANGER ZONE

All women with brains can get good positions in England just now and only the very dull remain waitresses. It takes a certain amount of intelligence to provide the right implements and the English waitress of the present day is apt to vanish into the kitchen, leaving you to wrestle with the problem of eating soup with a fork. Our waitress piled all the "hors d'oeuvres" in a heap, so that only a fishy taste remained distinct, the small portions of soup which followed a quarter of an hour later, also tasted of fish, and after another long interval came an infinitesimal portion of salmon and mashed potato, served in a sea-shell, and lastly a hard-boiled egg, surrounded by a few grains of rice. When the meal was half over the waitress gave us each a small roll of grayish bread; there was no margarine (of course we did not dream of getting butter); no milk for the babies, no sugar, and the anxious mother who had brought her first-born across the water, felt that she should sail directly back to Canada! Anxiety lest we should miss our train put the final damper on the meal, which was the farewell gathering of a little crowd that had been so jolly on ship-board! And shipboard sensations are always so vividly colorful.

A rush for the booking-office followed. As the officers were obliged to travel first-class, most

(Concluded from page 19.)



of the ladies accompanied them in their crowded and expensive carriages, while I climbed luxuriously into an empty third class compartment. At Crewe the train halted for 10 minutes, and the 3rds and 1sts met for a convivial cup of sugarless tea and icing-less cake made of corn-meal. Two other travellers entered my compartment—an Irish lady who was living in London, and a sandy-haired Tommy, whose high cheekbones betrayed his nationality as much as the thistle on his shoulder-strap.

It was quite dark when we arrived in London; there was no friend to meet me and the dim lights made it difficult to find my luggage, but the omniscient English porters can do anything, and fortun-

ately mine was no war-time substitute. He was of an economical turn of mind, for when he found that I was leaving my heavy luggage at the station, he assured me that the hotel where I had planned to spend the night was very near and I could easily walk there, carrying my bag. The Londoner's idea of easy walking distance is very different from ours, and to a porter's arm my bag seemed but a featherweight, but to me it was a long and wearisome journey, through a strange theatrical blue darkness pierced with soft orange lights. On either side of the road were dark masses of deserted-looking houses. It seemed strange that so many dim phantoms that suddenly appeared before me and then vanished in the darkness should be walking

through a dead city, but horns tooted, omnibuses whisked by and the dark blue phantoms, whom I addressed from time to time to see if I were nearly there, answered with most kindly human voices. Even the name of the large hotel was not visible, but once the dark exterior was passed there was a blaze of light and life and color, also there was no room for me to lay my weary head. I must go on. The next hotel was more hospitable, but it was strange, and I felt very small and very lonely at my journey's end, until I perceived in the corridor a familiar form in khaki, a cap with a bronze maple leaf and beneath it the smiling, unexpected countenance of an old Canadian friend!

REGGIE

(Concluded from page 11.)

the lovely teetering rhythm, like words in a boat—the rising inflection of the last syllable, as if his phrases were riding in a rocking-horse. He poked curiously into "C'n'da's" perforated foundation, and scrutinized keenly the muddy water's surface. Meanwhile, he went on twittering phrases like "Bloomeen' shallah c'ntry, then." "No bottom to it, y'knoh." "Bally watah all und'rit." "A bloomien, blawsted cike of c'ly—flerteen' abah't." "What does 'Ngl'n' want w' such shallah c'lnies?"

On we went; the postholes growing like miniature volcanoes in our wake; mounds of clay discs mounting like ant-heaps on the veldt. The air was sultry, saturated with sweat-vapor, and the rumble of an approaching electric storm rivalled the bass thunder of our harpoons. On we went; our muscles tight as fiddle-strings; the sound of our "exhaust" filling the May morning; on, up the vibrant line. An artillery duel, a glue-factory, a round house full of locomotives, a bakery with clay discs for cakes—yes, and an art-work in clay; we were suggestive of these, and more. The jealous black-browed heavens gave battle, and we sought shelter in the implement-shed.

It was none to my credit as a past master of the posthole art that Reggie won out second. I sustained the honor of the overseas by only two holes, which didn't impress Reggie—none. He held that he "done blawsted well fr' an amacha," and he knew a bloke in "'Ngl'n'" who could "plunge ehls all 'rahnd" me.

"I suppahse I'm plawst'd," he twittered.

"Plawst'd?" I echoed. "Reggie—you're frescoed. You're a work of art; a study in terra cotta."

He started for the watering-trough. "Don't wash it off, Reggie," I pleaded. "Please don't; it's becoming to you. I never knew the English were so interesting. You're picturesque—Reggie. Please."

"I must," said Reggie, "if th' mawstah sees me, he'll plawnt me t' crohp."

Sport is the key to the English soul. Our acquaintance had grown.

One afternoon Reggie forgot his pipe, and I let him think with mine. During these sessions, Reggie often talked of the private and heinous side of the boss's character.

One Saturday, when it was time to plant corn, Young Boss was home from school, and he and Reggie were to mark the ground while Old Boss

went to town for something—booze, Reggie said. The corn-marker was a long cedar pole that nature intended to be a mast in some noble vessel, and it had the entire stock of some bankrupt junk-dealer tied to it, at respectful intervals. Reggie took one end of the pole and Young Boss the other, and they marched together in line formation back and forth across the ten acres.

To Reggie this was primitive. It offended his advanced attitude.

There was a pile of old lumber in a weedy place behind the implement-shed. He suggested to Young Boss an attack on this lumber. He moved about fifteen hundred feet of it and finally selected a basswood board about eighteen feet long; also some nice light short boards. Then he went to the woodhouse and procured a hammer, a variety of crooked nails, and a bucksaw that he had become intimate with during the winter. After sawing a while he discovered that the saw wasn't broadminded enough for the kind of board he was using, so he threw the lumber over again in a search for a board the social equal of the saw. Selecting one, he found it too hard. The saw made no impression on it at all; it was a finicky, cantankerous, eccentric saw.

Reggie determined to set it, and moved much junk in the implement-shed, looking for the saw-set. It didn't appear, so he changed his plan again, and sent Young Boss to a neighbor's for a file. When the filing was nearing a successful climax the boss arrived. His steel-gray eyes were full of disconcerting questions. Reggie made a masterful speech, but his measure never reached a first reading. The boss lifted the board, carried it to the pile, and threw it vulgarly, rudely, upon its mates. He put the short pieces into a fence corner, threw the bucksaw over the gate post, and went to the end of the corn-marker. "Grab this," he growled.

Reggie complied with excessive haste.

I caught a glimpse of Reggie after the ground had been marked. His face was not pale, nor his shirt dry, but the cheery chirp was still in place. It was in place when he died. German shells did not conquer it. He jested of his death-wound in the same irresponsible way as he talked of "'Ngl'n's shallah c'lny."

Reggie and I became friends, a quite impossible feat had either of us followed the leanings of prejudice. Since knowing Reggie I have revised many of my opinions of that much-abused English sparrow, and I no longer sympathize with people who say spiteful things about him

EAST to WEST

(Concluded from page 13.)

the French-Canadians are a conquered race. As a matter of fact the French-Canadians have never been conquered and perhaps never will. Call them "slackers" if you will and say they have never been induced to fight, but they have never been conquered. The French were conquered on the Plains of Abraham.

There were no French-Canadians then. Now there are no French in Quebec; they are all Canadians. And when English-speaking Canadians are satisfied to call themselves Canadians and will extend the hand of equality and brotherhood to every other native born Canadian, no matter what his race may be, then there will only be one race in Canada, the Canadian race.

One need not worry over Quebec City. Some day it will outgrow its provincialism. It is as it were the Toronto of Quebec province. It's a pretty big trial of common sense and humility for a city to be the capital of a province. But some day common sense and an ordinary self-respect will triumph over pig-headed bumptiousness. Unless he is segregated, as in Toronto the Anglo-Saxon from the United States or the British Isles becomes a good Canadian.

The writer has in mind how a Toronto traveller, born in the United States and living in Canada not more than a dozen years, seized the opportunity offered by the knowledge that a fellow passenger in the smoking car was returning from Quebec, to launch into a venomous denunciation of the French-Canadians. He couldn't for a minute realize that Canada with a population of forty per cent, French could develop an Anglo-Saxon viewpoint or nationality divergent in the least from the American viewpoint developed in a country where the big proportion of native population which is not Anglo-Saxon, happens to be of German or Jewish or other races than French.

The fact of the whole issue is that some people want to take the lilies and the fleur-de-lis out of the Canadian ensign, and the French-Canadians venerate old France, lot too much, but just enough to resent it.

Here is the situation in a nutshell: The eastern townships are so finely harmonized that they are the most opposed of all to any attempt to disturb their harmony. Montreal is slightly insurgent with a growing labor movement that is uniting French and English Canadians in a bond of class brotherhood.

No Political Axes to Grind

The Christian Science Monitor—the international daily newspaper—has no political axes to grind. Its concept of its responsibility is not limited by partisan affiliations. Its endeavor is to support and protect every righteous activity expressed individually or nationally. It is also ready to risk the displeasure of even the most humanly powerful interests and systems, in order that the light of publicity shall penetrate their motives and actions.

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON U. S. A.

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SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL

WEST TO THE EAST

(Concluded from page 13.)

West could afford to run no risks. Thus solid Quebec, by virtue of the solidity which was its boast, was largely instrumental in solidifying Western Canada as a matter of self-protection. Certain Quebec papers say that the West voted solidly against Quebec, as Quebec, because the latter was French and Catholic. This is another form of the Grievance. Quebec has been French and Catholic for many years without lining up the West against her. The West voted solidly, because she had to. Any other course meant quitting, abandoning her boys, and disgrace to Canada.

The West holds neither grudge nor ill will toward Quebec. But she is curious to see how Quebec will come through. She hopes it will be willingly, loyally, readily. Then the West will cheer and slap Quebec on the back. But she expects Quebec to come through some way, and the Union Government may paste that statement into its collective hat.

Finally, if I might offer one or two humble but sincerely friendly suggestions to the common citizen of Quebec, who is our brother Canadian and just as vitally concerned in the maintenance of unity and harmony and good-will as the rest of us, they would be these:

For heaven's sake let him get it out of his head that anybody bears him any ill-will; or has any evil designs upon him; or that he is being persecuted; or that anybody cares what religion he has or what language he speaks. But equally let him get it out of his head that he is entitled to any special treatment or privileges; also that he can get them by talking about what will happen if he doesn't. Definitely let him rid himself of the carefully inculcated falsehood that anybody desires to interfere with his language, religion, schools or anything else within the borders of his own province. But let him fully understand that what the inhabitants of other provinces do in the above matters is absolutely none of his business. Let him throw all the old grievances into the discard and a score of old and young politicians after them, and get in and play like a free white man the game the rest of Canada is playing in common with the rest of the white man's world; and he will find that he has no better friends on earth than the very men whom he has been taught for a generation to mistrust. There are times when distrust, like charity, should begin at home—and end there.

INSECT FORESIGHT.

ON a certain evening last autumn a group of farmers sat round the stove in the general store and joined in a general and heartfelt complaint about the ravages of the potato bugs.

"The pests ate my whole potato crop in two weeks," said one farmer.

"They ate my crop in two days," said a second farmer, "and then they roosted on the trees to see if I'd plant more."

A salesman who was traveling for a seed house cleared his throat.

"That's remarkable," he said, "but let me tell you what I saw in our own store. I saw a couple of potato bugs examining the books about a week before planting time to see who had bought seed."

DIARY.

My Tropical Tour

Jan 14th

We put into the most wonderful and picturesque Port this morning - all flowers and sunshine and quaint natives. The ocean trip has given me a new sort of appetite - I eat everything in sight. Tomorrow we go

The Tour of All Tours

SIX weeks of rest and placid pleasure in the British West Indies, far from war's alarms and the irksome routine of home and business. Another climate, another civilization—all at minimum cost.

Royal Mail West Indies Voyages

From Halifax to the Windward Islands and Demerara and return to St. John, twenty-one calls en route, each port with its own individuality. See and know Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica and the rest.

Round trip, passage, including meals and berth, \$125.00 to \$145.00. Write for descriptive booklet.

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Your Wife and Children

As you go to and from business day after day do you feel the reassurance that comes to the man who has made his Will and has provided for a just and equitable distribution of his Estate through an Executor? If not, we suggest that you have your solicitor draw up your Will and name The Toronto General Trusts Corporation as your Executor.

Booklet and Full Particulars Sent on Request

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Capital Paid-up, Limited Reserve,
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Livingston Early Sugar—An early white variety of large size, and grand quality; sweet as sugar.

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FREE: Our illustrated 112-page catalogue of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Garden Implements, Poultry Supplies, Etc., mailed you on application. WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

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SEND FOR CATALOG. Shows many beautiful designs of fencing for lawns, parks, schools, churches, cemeteries, etc. DEALERS NEARLY EVERYWHERE.

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FINANCIAL

Educate in Life Assurance by Advertising

HOW many people regard life assurance as a real investment? How many still regard it as a gamble? The public who place their money by instalments in this form of investment have a right to understand more clearly just how a life assurance policy differs from a stock certificate or a bond or a bank-deposit, or any other form of putting money into a form where it can't be spent now, but will accrue later. They do not understand because all the teaching they have had comes through the agent or the little books which he leaves, most of which are about as clear as mud, because they invite people to the study of higher mathematics.

On the subject of better understanding of life insurance the New York Nation says that almost all things are sold by advertising—sold, that is to say, in that new commercial sense of the word, which comprises a full mental persuasion to buy as well as an active desire for the goods the merits of which have been set forth in the advertisement. But not so life insurance. The goods themselves have never been sold by advertisement. Strangely enough, the companies have always seemed to think that the need of the goods and the goods themselves could never be talked about in the public prints, but must be presented by word of mouth. In lieu of advertising life insurance, the companies have spent large sums in exploiting their name and the size and the amount of their assets and the amount of business "written" and the names of honorable men who filled their directorate; but as for advertising life insurance, the subject has seemed either too sacred or too complicated to be dealt with in print.

Fire insurance is universally recognized as a commodity, and perhaps for the simple reason that it is known for what it is; viz., insurance against the consequences of fire. On the other hand, life insurance is a euphemism for death insurance, or old-age insurance, and a business which must be handled in this delicate fashion from its name up has a hard time coming fully into its own. Of course, it is a well-known fact that were life insurance transacted in ten times the volume that it now is, it would be in no sense overdone. From this we argue that there is needed a great informational campaign of advertising which shall tell the need of insurance, its principles, its adaptation, and its uses.

It follows that if people are to be told the plain facts about life insurance they must be taught by some form of advertising. Since the general principle is the same in all cases, why could the general advertising for instruction purposes not be done by an association of leading companies doing business in any country, leaving the individual companies clear to carry their own special advertising according to the merits of the case? If people are to be educated to the importance of life insurance as they are to that of the motor car or breakfast foods, or victory bonds, the education must come through the public press and not through mystifying booklets crammed with tabular statistics as baffling as the moral law.

TOMMY ATKINS, FATALIST

(Concluded from page 8.)

fourth year of the war, you may expect me to pray for peace," rang the clear voice of this man who had left his pulpit, and spent two years right with the boys in France. "But I don't pray for peace. I pray for war, war, and more war, until we are fit for victory."

Would that his sermon could be written word for word on the minds and hearts of every British subject and the subjects of our allies. That we are but tools in God's hands, carrying out God's work, was his contention. Germany had so philosophied Jesus Christ out of her national and individual life that God had found it necessary to stamp her out, her false creeds and material beliefs, her idea that might is right, and that the weak have no right to exist. But we would never be victorious, we would never win this war, until we ourselves were fit for victory, until we wiped out the same creeds and beliefs which we have been accepting and living by for years; until we went forth a clean, God-fearing army, backed by a powerful God-fearing nation.

Ours was the lot to execute God's commands and punish the nation that, leaving Christ and a real religion out of its life, was responsible for the same attitude to a lesser degree throughout the world. But until we

ourselves are made pure, and in simple faith accept our duty as God's wish, He would not permit us to be victorious.

Truly the sermon had a lasting effect. Every man fortunate enough to hear it, sat in rigid attention, drinking in the words of this spirited Canadian padre. It was no "wishy washy pulpit talk." It was man to man among soldiers who had faced death and God day by day as the enemy shells roared and crashed around them. The speaker was the padre who had seen two years of Canadian fighting in France, who had gone over the top on several occasions with the boys, and who had knelt in prayer with Sir Julian Byng, beloved and respected of commanders, when after all other preparations had been completed, he sent for the padre and spent a half hour in humble petition and prayer for his boys, before he issued the word that would start the roar of the artillery barrage and send the infantry scrambling over the top to the assault.

Truly it was a glorified fatalism that the padre expounded on that anniversary Sunday morning—the belief that we are doing God's work and will not be victorious until we are fit for victory.

Was the padre right?

The Chief Consideration

Is the safety of your money your chief consideration in deciding upon an investment for it?

Then you cannot find a more satisfactory investment than this Corporation's Debentures.

To bring them within the reach of the smallest investor, they are issued for sums as small as one hundred dollars.

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They are a legal investment for Trust Funds, and many Executors and Trustees save themselves worry and anxiety by investing in them.

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

THE INDIAN DRUM

(Continued from page 18.)

side still bore the traces of an inscription. "As long as we bo . . . all live," Constance could read, and the date "June 2, 1891."

It was in January, 1896, Constance remembered, that Alan Conrad had been brought to the people in Kansas; he then was "about three years old." If this wedding ring was his mother's, the date would be about right; it was a date probably something more than a year before Alan was born. Constance put down the ring and picked up the watch. Wherever it had lain, it had been less protected than the ring; the covers of the case had been almost eroded away, and whatever initialing or other marks there might have been upon the outside were gone. But it was like Uncle Benny's watch—or like one of his watches. He had several, she knew, presented to him at various times—watches almost always were the testimonials given to seamen for acts of sacrifice and bravery. She remembered finding some of those testimonials in a drawer at his house once where she was rummaging, when she was a child. One of them had been a watch just like this, large and heavy. The spring which operated the cover would not work, but Constance forced the cover open.

There, inside the cover as she had thought it would be, was engraved writing. Sand had seeped into the case; the inscription was obliterated in part.

"For his courage and skill in seam . . . master of . . . which he brought to the rescue of the passengers and crew of the steamer Winnebago foundering . . . Point, Lake Erie, November 26th, 1890, this watch is donated by the Buffalo Merchants' Exchange."

UNCLE Benny's name, evidently, had been engraved upon the outside. Constance could not particularly remember the rescue of the people of the Winnebago; 1890 was years before she was born, and Uncle Benny did not tell her that sort of thing about himself.

The watch, she saw now, must have lain in water, for the hands under the crystal were rusted away and the face was all streaked and cracked. She opened the back of the watch and exposed the works; they too were rusted and filled with sand. Constance left the watch open and, shivering a little, she gently laid it down upon her bed. The pocket knife had no distinguishing mark of any sort; it was just a man's ordinary knife with the steel turned to rust and with sand in it too. The coins were abraded and pitted discs—a silver dollar, a half dollar and three quarters, not so much abraded, three nickels, and two pennies.

Constance choked, and her eyes filled with tears. These things—plainly they were the things found in Uncle Benny's pockets—corroborated only too fully what Wassaquam believed and what her father had been coming to believe—that Uncle Benny was dead. The muffler and the scrap of paper had not been in water or in sand. The paper was written in pencil; it had not even been moistened or it would have blurred. There was nothing upon it to tell how long ago it had been written; but it had been written certainly before June twelfth.

"After June 12th," it said.

That day was August the eighteenth. It was seven months since Uncle Benny had gone away. After his strange interview with her that day and his going home, had Uncle Benny gone out directly to his death? There was nothing to show that he had not; the watch and coins must have lain for many weeks, for months, in water and in sand to become eroded in this way. But, aside from this, there was nothing that could be inferred regarding the time or place of Uncle Benny's death. That the package had been mailed from Manitowoc meant nothing definite. Some one—Constance could not know whom—had had the muffler and the scrawled leaf of directions; later, after lying in water and in sand, the things which were to be "sent" had come to that some one's hand. Most probably this some one had been one who was going about on ships; when his ship had touched at Manitowoc, he had executed his charge.

Constance left the articles upon the bed and threw the window more widely open. She trembled and felt stirred and faint, as she leaned against the window, breathing deeply the warm air, full of life and with the scent of the evergreen trees about the house.

The "cottage" of some twenty rooms stood among the pines and hemlocks interspersed with hardwood on "the Point," where were the great fine summer homes of the wealthier "resorters." White, narrow roads, just wide enough for two automobiles to pass abreast, wound like a labyrinth among the tree trunks; and the sound of the wind among the pine needles was mingled with the soft lapping of water. To south and east from her stretched Little Traverse—one of the most beautiful bits of water of the lakes; across from her, beyond the wrinkling water of the bay, the larger town—Petoskey—with its hilly streets pitching down steeply to the water's edge and the docks, and with its great resort hotels, was plainly visible. To westward, from the white life-saving station and the lighthouse, the point ran out in shingle, bone white, outcropping above the water; then for miles away the shallow water was treacherous green and white to where at the north, around the bend of the shore, it deepened and grew blue again, and a single white tower—*Ile-aux-Galets*. Light—kept watch above it.

THIS was Uncle Benny's country. Here, twenty-five years before, he had first met Henry, whose birthplace—a farm, deserted now—was only a few miles back among the hills. Here, before that, Uncle Benny had been a young man, active, vigorous, ambitious. He had loved this country for itself and for its traditions, its Indian legends and fantastic stories. Half her own love for it—and, since her childhood, it had been to her a region of delight—was due to him and to the things he had told her about it. Distinct and definite memories of that companionship came to her. This little bay, which had become now for the most part only a summer playground for such as she, had been once a place where he and other men had struggled to grow rich swiftly; he had outlined

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Any doctor will tell you that the natural clothing which should be worn next the body is wool, because in all seasons it keeps the temperature of the body uniform—warm in winter and cool in summer. Jaeger Underwear is made in all weights for Men, Ladies and Children, to suit all seasons.

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Prizes each
a Fountain Pen

Also a Great Many Consolation Prizes
All you have to do to win one of these splendid prizes is to re-arrange, the above letters so that they spell the names of five Canadian cities and fulfil one simple condition.

There are No Entrance Fees
Every person sending in a correct solution will be awarded a prize if they fulfil one simple condition. This need not cost you one cent of your money. All replies will be judged with the utmost care and the prizes will be awarded according to merit. Neatness will be considered, so be sure to write plainly. This contest will close very shortly. Send in your answer at once and win one of these handsome prizes.

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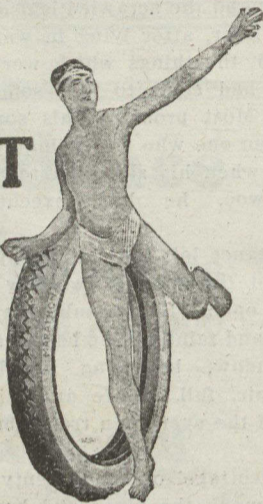
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

WISE WALTER.
"I gave Walter a beautiful necktie of my own make for a Christmas present," said Mabel.

"Was he pleased?"
"Oh, yes; he said its beauty shall be for no other eyes than his own. Wasn't that lovely of him?"

The ARISTOCRAT Among Tires

MARATHON Tires are different. They are built by hand of the finest fabrics and the purest rubber, one layer on another, overlapping like finely developed muscles. Every step in the production is rigidly inspected to ensure perfect craftsmanship. The final result is the utmost in graceful perfection—no excess bulk to give thickness instead of strength and toughness. No finer tire is made than the handbuilt



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ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Toronto Office - 608 Yonge Street

AMERICAN PLANT AT CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO

for her the ruined lumber docks and pointed out to her the locations of the dismantled sawmills. It was he who had told her the names of the freighters passing far out, and the names of the lighthouses, and something about each. He had told her too about the Indians. She remembered one starry night when he had pointed out to her in the sky the Indian "Way of Ghosts," the Milky Way, along which, by ancient Indian belief, the souls of Indians traveled up to heaven; and how, later, lying on the recessed seat beside the fireplace where she could touch the dogs upon the hearth, he had pointed out to her through the window the Indian "Way of Dogs" among the constellations, by which the dogs too could make that journey. It was he who had told her about Michabou and the animals; and he had been the first to tell her of the Drum.

The disgrace, unhappiness, the threat of something worse, which must have made death a relief to Uncle Benny, she had seen passed on now to Alan. What more had come to Alan since she had last heard of him? Some terrible substance to his fancies which would assail him again as she had seen him assailed after Luke had come? Might another attack have been made upon him similar to that which he had met in Chicago?

Word had reached her father through shipping circles in May and again in July which told of inquiries regarding Uncle Benny which made her and her father believe that Alan was searching for his father upon the lakes. Now these articles which had arrived made plain to her that he would never find Uncle Benny; he would learn, through others or through themselves, that Uncle Benny was dead. Would he believe then that there was no longer any chance of learning what his father had done? Would he remain away because of that, not letting her see or hear from him again?

SHE went back and picked up the wedding ring. The thought which had come to her that this was Alan's mother's wedding ring, had fastened itself upon her with a sense of certainty. It defied that unknown mother; it freed her, at least, from the stigma which Constance's own mother had been so ready to cast. Constance could not yet begin to place Uncle Benny in relation to that ring but she was beginning to be able to think of Alan and his mother. She held the little band of gold very tenderly in her hand; she was glad that, as the accusation against his mother had come through her people, she could tell him soon of this. She could not send the ring to him, not knowing where he was; that was too much risk. But she could ask him to come to her; this gave that right.

She sat thoughtful for several minutes, the ring clasped warmly in her hand; then she went to her desk and wrote:

Mr. John Welton,
Blue Rapids, Kansas.
Dear Mr. Welton:

It is possible that Alan Conrad has mentioned me—or at least told you of my father—in connection with his stay in Chicago. After Alan left Chicago, my father wrote twice to his Blue Rapids address, but evidently he had instructed the postmaster there to forward his mail and had not made any change in those instructions; for the letters were returned to Alan's ad-

—how Mrs. Knox has made delicious dishes from "left-overs" that used to be thrown away.

DON'T throw away those odds and ends, those little dabs of left-overs—save them! You can use them to make many truly appetizing dishes by combining them with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Mrs. Knox has devoted a great deal of time to working out dozens of attractive recipes for made-over dishes with the chief idea of helping you to save the left-overs that would ordinarily be thrown away.

The results of her work are contained in her new book, "Food Economy"—a book that contains 138 recipes and many suggestions for worth-while household economies that will help patriotic housewives to practice real war-time economy.

Do not fail to send for this book. It is free. A post card request will bring it to you if you mention your dealer's name and address.



Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
Dept. B, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, Que.

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Earn money knitting at home

Many women using Auto-Knitters at home can earn \$1 or \$2 per day, knitting hosiery. The work is pleasant and easily learned, and gives one steady employment the year round. Write to-day to Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd., Desk 327 D, 257 College Street, Toronto and enclose a 3c stamp for particulars as more workers are needed at once.

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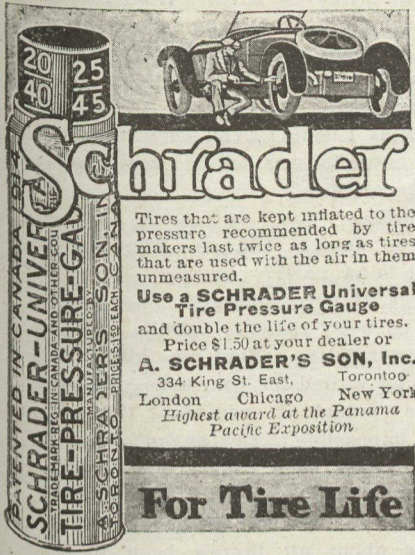
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dress and in that way came back to us. We did not like to press inquiries further than that, as of course he could have communicated with us if he had not felt that there was some reason for not doing so. Now, however, something of such supreme importance to him has come to us that it is necessary for us to get word to him at once. If you can tell me any address at which he can be reached by telegraph or mail—or where a messenger can find him—it will oblige us very much.

She hesitated, about to sign it; then, impulsively, she added:
I trust you know that we have Alan's interest at heart and that you can safely tell us anything you may know as to where he is or what he may be doing. We all liked him here so very much. . . .

She signed her name. There were still two other letters to write. Only the handwriting of the address upon the package, the Manitowoc postmark and the shoe box furnished clue to the sender of the ring and the watch and the other things. Constance herself could not trace those clues, but Henry or her father could. She wrote to both of them, therefore, describing the articles which had come and relating what she had done. Then she rang for a servant and sent the letters to the post. They were in time to catch the "dummy" train around the bay and, at Petoskey, would get into the afternoon mail. The two for Chicago would be delivered early the next morning, so she could expect replies from Henry and her father on the second day; the letter to Kansas, of course, would take much longer than that.

But the next noon she received a wire from Henry that he was "coming up." It did not surprise her, as she had expected him the end of the week.

THAT evening, she sat with her mother on the wide, screened veranda. The breeze among the pines had died away; the lake was calm. A half moon hung midway in the sky, making plain the hills about the bay and casting a broadening way of silver on the mirror surface of the water. The lights of some boat turning in between the points and moving swiftly caught her attention. As it entered the path of the moonlight, its look was so like that of Henry's power yacht that she arose. She had not expected him until morning; but now the boat was so near that she could no longer doubt that it was his. He must have started within an hour of the receipt of her letter and had been forcing his engines to their fastest all the way up.

He had done that partly, perhaps, for the sheer sport of speed; but partly also for the sake of being sooner with her. It was his way, as soon as he had decided to leave business again and go to her, to arrive as soon as possible; that had been his way recently, particularly. So the sight of the yacht stirred her warmly and she watched while it ran in close, stopped and instantly dropped a dingy from the davits. She saw Henry in the stern of the little boat; it disappeared in the shadow of a pier. . . . she heard, presently, the gravel of the walk crunch under his quick steps, and then she saw him in the moonlight among the trees. The impetuosity, almost the violence of his hurry to reach her, sent its thrill through her. She went down on the path to meet him.

"How quickly you came!"

Meet Spring Half Way With Hot Beds



DON'T wait for lagging spring. Sow your vegetable seeds in Hot Beds NOW.

We make "Sash That Last" for Hot Beds. Strong and solid. Durable. All joints blind mortised. High grade cypress used, 1 1/2 in. thick. Standard Sash measures 3 x 6 feet.

Prices on Standard Hot Bed Sash

5 for.....	\$6.90	10 for.....	\$13.40
25 for.....	\$33		

Prices f.o.b. Factory

We build every kind of glass enclosed structure, and carry a full line of greenhouse supplies.

Lord & Burnham Co. Limited, of Canada
Toronto: Royal Bank Bldg Montreal: Transportation Bldg.
Factory: St. Catharines, Ontario

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(Government Standard)

For All Your Baking

15 MANUFACTURED BY **Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited**

NO more reason for wash-day bringing back-aches, headaches and other troubles. No more need to bend over a hot, steamy wash-tub. Let the Maxwell "Home" Washer supplant old-time methods in your home as it has in others all over Canada. Maybe you don't know how good a washing-machine really can be? Then it's time you looked thoroughly into this one. It actually does better than hand-work in half the time! Washes anything.



Maxwell "Home" Washer
—is made in Canada, of best cypress, and is superior to any imported washer. High-speed, noiseless, easy-running—enclosed gears. Can be operated by hand or water-motor. See it at your dealer's to-day.
MAXWELLS LIMITED - Dept. L St. Marys, Ont. 37
Write us for Booklet: "If John had to do the Washing."

RENNIE'S War Time Production Seeds

THERE must be no "slackers" this year, either among the seeds or the growers. Every man and woman with garden space, must produce to the limit of his or her ability. And that is why Rennie's seeds are so essential—live, vigorous seeds from tested stock, to ensure record crops.

	Pkt.	¼ Oz.	Oz.	½ lb.
BRUSSELS SPROUTS — Amager				
Market	.10		.90	2.75
CABBAGE —Rennie's First Crop	.10		.75	2.25
CABBAGE —Early Jersey Wakefield (Improved)	.05		.60	1.75
CAULIFLOWER —Rennie's Danish Drouth-Resisting	.15 & .25	1.00	3.50	10.00
CELERY —Paris Golden Yellow, Extra Select	.15	.60	2.00	
TOMATO —Bonny Best (Original)	.10		.60	1.75
Rennie's Improved Beefsteak	.10		.75	2.50
FLOWER SEEDS				
				Pkt.
New Giant Asterum—Mixed Colors				.15
Rennie's XXX Giant Comet Asters—Mixed				.10
Dreer's Peerless Pink Aster				.15
Early Blooming Cosmos—Mixed				.10
Rennie's XXX Exhibition Mixture Pansy				.25
Rennie's XXX Prize Ruffled Giant Single Petunia—Mixture				.25
Rennie's XXX Large Flowering Globe Stocks—Mixture				.20
Rennie's XXX Mammoth Verbena—Mixture				.10
Giant Zinnia—Mixed				.15

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TODAY
For Planting
Up to April 15th**

LOOK FOR THE STARS

Turn the pages of your Rennie catalogue. You will notice a great many paragraphs with stars at the corners. These are extra special values that defy competition. When buying from dealers insist on RENNIE'S.

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ALSO AT MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

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STOP FORGETTING.—Build a reliable memory—Concentration, self-confidence. System proved by over a quarter of a million students. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Pelman Dept. O., Toronto, Canada.

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YOU CAN MAKE \$25 to \$75 WEEKLY writing show cards at home. Easily learned by our simple method. No canvassing or soliciting. We sell your work. Write for particulars. American Show Card School, 801 Yonge St., Toronto.

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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.

"You let yourself think you needed me, Connie!"
"I did. . . ."

HE had caught her hand in his and he held it while he brought her to the porch and exchanged greetings with her mother. Then he led her on past and into the house.

When she saw his face in the light, there were signs of strain in it; she could feel strain now in his fingers which held hers strongly but tensely too.

"You're tired, Henry!"

He shook his head. "It's been rotten hot in Chicago; then I guess I was mentally stoking all the way up here, Connie. When I got started, I wanted to see you to-night . . . but first, where are the things you wanted me to see?"

She ran up-stairs and brought them down to him. Her hands were shaking now as she gave them to him; she could not exactly understand why; but her tremor increased as she saw his big hands fumbling as he unwrapped the muffler and shook out the things it enclosed. He took them up one by one and looked at them, as she had done. His fingers were steady now but only by mastering of control, the effort for which amazed her.

He had the watch in his hands.

"The inscription is inside the front," she said.

She pried the cover open again and read, with him, the words engraved within.

"As master of . . . What ship was he master of then, Henry, and how did he rescue the Winnebago's people?"

"He never talked to me about things like that, Connie. This is all?"

"Yes."

"And nothing since to show who sent them?"

"No."

"Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman will send some one to Manitowoc to make inquiries." Henry put the things back in the box. "But of course, this is the end of Benjamin Corvet."

"Of course," Constance said. She was shaking again and, without willing

it, she withdrew a little from Henry. He caught her hand again and drew her back toward him. His hand was quite steady.

"You know why I came to you as quick as I could? You know why I—why my mind was behind every thrust of the engines?"

"No."

"You don't? Oh, you know; you must know now!"

"Yes, Henry," she said.

"I've been patient, Connie. Till I got your letter telling me this about Ben, I'd waited for your sake—for our sakes—though it seemed at times it was impossible. You haven't known quite what's been the matter between us these last months, little girl; but I've known. We've been engaged; but that's about all there's been to it. Don't think I make little of that; you know what I mean. You've been mine; but—but you haven't let me realize it, you see. And I've been patient, for I knew the reason. It was Ben poisoning your mind against me."

"No! No, Henry!"

"You've denied it; I've recognized that you've denied it, not only to me and to your people but to yourself. I, of course, knew, as I know that I am here with your hand in mine, and as we will stand before the altar together, that he had no cause to speak against me. I've waited, Connie, to give him a chance to say to you what he had to say; I wanted you to hear it before making you wholly mine. But now there's no need to wait any longer, you and I. Ben's gone, never to come back. I was sure of that by what you wrote me, so this time when I started to you I brought with me—this."

HE felt in his pocket and brought out a ring of plain gold; he held it before her so that she could see within in it her own initials and his and a blank left for the date. Her gaze went from it for an instant to the box where he had put back the other ring—Alan's mother's. Feeling for her long ago gazing thus, as she must have, at that ring, held her for a moment. Was it because of that that Constance found herself cold now?

"You mean you want me to marry you—at once, Henry?"

He drew her to him powerfully; she felt him warm, almost rough with passions. Since that day when, in Alan Conrad's presence, he had grasped and kissed her, she had not let him "realize" their engagement, as he had put it.

"Why not?" he turned her face up to his now. "Your mother's here; your father will follow soon; or, if you will, we'll run away—Constance! You've kept me off so long! You don't believe there's anything against me, dear? Do you? Do you?"

"No; no! Of course not!"

"Then we're going to be married. . . We're going to be married, aren't we? Aren't we, Constance?"

"Yes; yes, of course."

"Right away, we'll have it then; up here, now!"

"No; not now, Henry. Not up here!"

"Not here? Why not?"

She could give no answer. He held her and commanded her again; only when he frightened her, he ceased.

"Why must it be at once, Henry? I don't understand!"

"It's not must, dear," he denied. "It's just that I want you so!"

When would it be, he demanded then; before the spring, she promis-



GOOD form demands that you use refined note paper—your letters should produce a feeling of pleasure even before they are opened.

Among our many lines of papeteries Marie Antoinette stands out prominently as one most suitable for your correspondence.

Supplied in white only.

Ask your stationer for a box.

Marie Antoinette

Papeterie

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ed at last. But that was all he could make her say. And so he let her go.

The next evening, in the moonlight, she drove him to Petoskey. He had messages to send and preferred to trust the telegraph office in the larger town. Returning they swung out along the country roads. The night was cool here on the hills, under the stars; the fan-shaped glare from their headlights, blurring the radiance of the moon, sent dancing before them swiftly-changing, distorted shadows of the dusty bushes beside the road. Topping a rise, they came suddenly

upon his birthplace. She had not designed coming to that place, but she had taken a turn at his direction, and now he asked her to stop the car. He got out and paced about, calling to her and pointing out the desirableness of the spot as the site for their country home. She sat in the motor, watching him and calling back to him.

The house was small, log built, the chinks between the logs stopped with clay. Across the road from it, the silver bark of the birch trees gleamed white among the black-barked timber. Smells of rank vegetation came to her

from these woods and from the weed-grown fields about and beyond the house. There had been a small garden beside the house once; now neglected strawberry vines ran riot among the weed stems, and a clump of sunflowers stood with hanging, full-blown heads under the August moon.

She gazed proudly at Henry's strong, well proportioned figure moving about in the moonlight, and she was glad to think that a boy from this house had become the man that he was. But when she tried to think of him as a child here, her mind some-

how showed her Alan playing about the sunflowers; and the place was not here; it was the brown, Kansas prairie of which he had told her.

"Sunflower houses," she murmured to herself. "Sunflower houses. They used to cut the stalks and build shacks with them."

"What's that?" Henry said; he had come back near her.

The warm blood rushed to her face. "Nothing," she said, a little ashamed. She opened the door beside her. "Come; we'll go back home now."

Coming from that poor little place, and having made of himself what he had, Henry was such a man as she would be ever proud to have for a husband; there was no man whom she had known who had proved himself as much a man as he. Yet now, as she returned to the point, she was thinking of this lake country not only as Henry's land but as Alan Conrad's too. In some such place he also had been born—born by the mother whose ring waited him in the box in her room.

(To be continued.)

NEW ISSUE

Offering of

\$6,900,000

Five Year 6% Refunding Gold Bonds

CITY OF MONTREAL

DATED 1st DECEMBER, 1917 DUE 1st DECEMBER, 1922

Interest payable half-yearly—1st June and December.

Principal and Interest payable in Gold at the City Treasurer's Office, Montreal, or at the Agency of the Bank of Montreal, New York.

Bonds issued in Coupon form in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000.

ISSUE PRICE—PAR.

A full half year's interest will be paid 1st June, 1918.

The bonds therefore give a net yield to the investor of about 6½%.

THE BANK OF MONTREAL, Fiscal Agent of the City of Montreal, is authorized to offer the above-named bonds for public sale on behalf of the City, at par, without accrued interest, payment to be made in full on 8th April, 1918, against delivery of the bonds at any Branch, in Canada, of the BANK OF MONTREAL, or of any bank the applicant may specify, or at the Agency of the BANK OF MONTREAL, New York or Chicago.

The issue is made to refund a like amount of Montreal Three-Year 5% Notes, the original issue having been made for public works, in anticipation of a permanent loan.

Beginning 25th February, 1918, applications for the bonds will be received by the BANK OF MONTREAL, MONTREAL, or any of its branches, from whom application forms and copies of the prospectus giving full particulars of the issue may be obtained on request. The offering is subject to withdrawal on or before the 18th March, 1918.

Applications should be addressed to the

BANK OF MONTREAL, MONTREAL

and should contain full instructions as to place of delivery and payment suitable to the applicant, and the denominations of bonds required.

The issue is made with the approval of the Minister of Finance, Ottawa.



NOTES AND NEWS.

The Handicap Tournament of the Toronto Chess Club has been won by Mr. R. G. Hunter with a clean score of eight wins playing in the scratch class.

Mr. S. E. Gale has taken up his residence in Hamilton, having obtained a position with the Imperial Oil Co.

Mr. J. S. Morrison, Dominion champion, recently visited the Hamilton Chess Club and made a clean score on 7 boards in a simultaneous display.

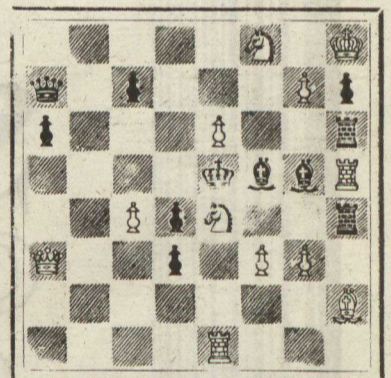
The Toronto Chess League Competition has been won for the second time by the Beaches Club. The Parliament Club held the issue in doubt till the last moment. The completed table will appear later.

PROBLEM No. 175, by G. W. Chandler and Comins Mansfield.

First Prize, Good Companions' Club.

(Black Bishop Tourney.)

Black.—Eleven Pieces.



White.—Twelve Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 176, by A. Ellerman.

First Prize, Good Companions' Club.

(Black Knight Tourney.)

White: K at KR2; Q at QB3; R at Q5; B at KR5; Kt at K3; Ps at QB7, K5, KB5 and KK7.—Black: K at K2; R at QRsq, Bs at QR2 and KB3; Kt at Q2; Ps at QB4 and K5. Mate in two.

Problem No. 177, by W. B. Rice.

First Prize, Good Companions' Club.

(Black Queen Tourney.)

White: K at KR3; Q at QR8; Rs at QB6 and KR5; B at KR7; Kt at QKt5 and KB3; P at K5.—Black: K at Q4; Q at QB4; Ps at QKt5 and QB7. Mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 173, by John McGregor.

1. Q—R8, K—Kt2; 2. Q—R8ch, KxQ; 3. B—K4 mate.

1. K—Q2; 2. Kt—Kt8ch, K—K3; 3. Kt—B7 mate.

1. K—Q4; 2. Q—B6; K—B5; 3. Q—B6 mate.

1. KxKt; 2. Q—QB8, P moves; 3. B—Q3 mate.

1. Threat; 2. Q—R8ch; K any; 3. B mates.

Problem No. 174, by C. W. Sheppard.

1. Q—K7, RxQ; 2. Kt—KB5 mate.

SUN LIFE KEEPS GROWING

THE results of operations for the year 1917 show a continuance of the notable expansion that has marked the career of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. In Assets, Income, Surplus, New Business and Total Business in Force substantial increases are recorded over the corresponding figures for previous years.

RESULTS FOR 1917

Assets at December 31st, 1917.	- - - - -	\$90,160,174.00
Increase	- - - - -	7,211,173.00
Cash Income	- - - - -	19,288,997.00
Increase	- - - - -	789,866.00
New Assurances issued and Paid for in Cash.	- - - - -	47,811,567.00
Increase	- - - - -	5,039,270.00
Assurances in Force at December 31st, 1917.	- - - - -	311,870,945.00
Increase	- - - - -	30,436,245.00
Profits paid or allotted to Policyholders	- - - - -	1,560,389.00
Increase	- - - - -	449,488.00
Profits paid or allotted to Policyholders, in past five years	- - - - -	5,224,963.93
Total Payments to Policyholders, 1917.	- - - - -	8,840,245.00
Payments to Policyholders since organization	\$69,094,316
Assets held for Policyholders	90,160,174
		\$159,254,490
Premiums received since organization.	153,331,226
Payments to Policyholders and Assets held for them exceed the premiums received by:	\$5,893,264
Undivided surplus at December 31st, 1917, over all liabilities including capital	8,550,761.00

THE COMPANY'S GROWTH

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCES IN FORCE
1872	\$ 48,210.73	\$ 96,461.95	\$ 1,064,350.00
1887	477,410.63	1,312,504.48	10,873,777.69
1897	2,238,894.74	7,322,371.44	44,983,796.79
1907	6,249,288.25	26,488,595.15	111,135,694.38
1917	19,268,997.68	90,160,174.24	311,870,945.71

The Company takes this opportunity of thanking its policyholders and the public generally for the continued confidence and good-will of which the above figures give such strong evidence.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

1871

HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL

T. B. MACAULAY, President

1917

1. KtxQ; 2. B-Kt6 mate.
1. Kt-Q6; 2. Kt-B2 mate.
1. threat; 2. Q-QB5 mate.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

A brilliant and instructive game played in one of the Tournaments between interned Russian prisoners at Triberg.

Ruy Lopez.

White.
Flamberg.

1. P-K4
2. Kt-KB3
3. B-Kt5
4. B-R4
5. P-Q4 (a)
6. Castles (c)
7. KtxP
8. PxB
9. PXP e.p.
10. B-Kt3 (f)
11. P-QR4 (h)

Black.
Bogoljuboff.

1. P-K4
2. Kt-QB3
3. P-QR3
4. Kt-B3
5. KtxKP (b)
6. P-QKt4
7. KtxKt (d)
8. P-Q4 (e)
9. BxP
10. B-Kt2 (g)
11. Castles.

12. PXP (i)
13. P-R3
14. RxKt
15. Q-Bsq
16. B-Q2
17. R-R4
18. PXP
19. QxB (m)
20. K-R2
21. Kt-B3 (n)
22. R-B4 (o)
23. Q-Kt5
24. BxR

- (a) Inferior to the usual continuation of 5. Castles.
- (b) The correct move was 5. . . . PXP, upon which might have followed 6. Castles, B-K2, with a safe game for Black. If, instead of castling, White played 6. P-K5, then 6. . . . Kt-K5, followed by Kt-B4.

12. Q-R5
13. KtxP (j)
14. B-B4
15. QR-Ksq (k)
16. R-K4 (l)
17. Q-K2
18. BxRP
19. R-KSch
20. BxR
21. Q-K4ch
22. P-Kt4
23. PXR (p)
24. B-Kt6ch

- (c) White fails to take advantage of his opponent's weak move. He could have obtained the better game by Q-K2, e.g., 6. Q-K2, P-Q4; 7. KtxP, B-K3 (not 7. . . . B-Q2, because of 8. KtxKt, followed by 9. P-KB3); 8. KtxKt, Q-Q2; 9. Kt-Q8, QxB; 10. KtxB, PxB; 11. P-KB3, Kt-B3; 12. QxPch, B-K2; 13. P-B3, with a Pawn more, and at least an equal position.
- (d) If 7. . . . PxB, then 8. KtxKt, PxB; 9. R-Ksq, winning back the piece with the better position.
- (e) And now, if PxB, White's reply is Q-Q5, attacking Rook and Knight.
- (f) Not 10. Q-Q5, because of 10. BxPch, winning the Queen, and if 10. R-Ksq, Black's reply would have been simply 10. . . . Castles, for if 11. RxKt, again BxPch, would win the Queen.
- (g) Black has now manifestly much the superior position.
- (h) There was no time for this. He

- should have played Kt-Q2.
- (i) Again losing time. Kt-Q2 was now essential.
- (j) A bold sacrifice, rendered possible by his great superiority of development.
- (k) Threatening to win the Queen by BxRch, followed, on the Queen retaking by R-KSch.
- (l) Threatening R-KB4, followed, if B-Ksq, by R-Ksq.
- (m) If 19. RxB, then 19. . . . R-K7.
- (n) At last White brings his Knight into the field, but too late to save the game.
- (o) The only move, for if 22. B-B4 instead, he would have been mated in three moves, beginning with R-RSch.
- (p) Threatening B-Kt6 mate.
- (q) Mate could not be avoided. If 25. BxB, then 25. . . . PxBch; 26. K-Ktch, Q-K6ch; 27. K-Rsq, Q-K8ch; 28. Q-Bsq, QxQ, mate. A brilliantly played game by Bogoljuboff.



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