

THE CANADIAN COURIER



A NEW VIEW OF A WARSHIP
 The French floating fortress and arsenal, Henry IV., at the Dardanelles; sand-bag breastworks above, sides as grim as the Bastille. —Medem Photo Service

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A GREAT TRAGIC SPECTACLE OF WAR

The Sinking of the Majestic by a German Submarine at the Dardanelles; a Remarkable Photograph



ONLY one picture has been caught by the camera in this war more thrillingly dramatic than sinking the Majestic. That was the going down of the upturned Bluecher off the Dogger Banks. This photograph of the Majestic was taken from the deck of a near-by ship just three minutes after the German torpedo struck the battleship. The spectacle is vividly described by a French spectator, who says:

"Four minutes after the explosion the Majestic turned completely over and went down. It was a terrible moment, but it was also sublime, when six hundred men, facing death, mute and strong, were thrown into the sea, covered and caught in the torpedo nets which ensnared them among the gigantic eddies and the profound sobs of their dear annihilated ship." The Majestic and the Triumph were both sunk by the German submarine which traveled from Wilhelmshaven, past Gibraltar and through the Mediterranean a little over a month ago. That trip was fully described by the submarine commander; just as the daredevil exploits of the E-11 British submarine in the Sea of Marmora, last week, were told by Lieut. Nasmith.

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE FIRING LINE

SO little of the romantic or spectacular exists in this mad war, so little to recall the panoramic campaigns of Marlborough and Wellington, and such a wholesale obliteration of those picturesque accessories that were fatuously supposed to be the very essence of things martial, that artists are in despair, poets are dumb and war correspondents nearly bereft of their senses. So we are told.

This lament is based largely upon such altered factors as the elimination of bright colours in the uniform and equipment of the modern soldier, the relative disuse of cavalry, the hugely extended battle lines, and, of course, the suppressive influence of the Censor.

On the other hand, if we were able to remain mere interested spectators, and were content to visualize the innumerable heroic scenes and incidents of which we read, not striving for a continuity that only history can yield a decade or more after the war is fought and finished, we should soon perceive that all the elements that have contributed to the glory (and the horror) of past campaigns are here reproduced on such a lavish scale that attempting to view too much we achieve little more than a blur. Let us rather be content with snap-shots, relegating all cinematographic effects to the retrospective days of peace.

Here, then, are a few snapshots of my own, of incidents that seem far from hum-drum. They were taken through that rather imperfect lens—the eye and intellect of those simple-minded heroes from the front who have faced danger and death as a matter of course, and to whom taking a trench, sorting supplies at the base or surveying a peaceful countryside for foraging purposes are all alike in a day's work. They naively supply the facts: let us adjust the focus.

S. M. Advises Brown Not to Go Scouting

"SERGEANT-MAJOR," said I, to one of my N. C. O. friends at Pleasant Vale Camp, "I've done a little exploring in my life and I'm 'fed up' with this office work—isn't there any chance of my getting a scouting appointment at the front?"

"Don't you try that game," quoth the S. M., "I've been through it and know."

"Have a cigarette," I interposed, which in this (and I suppose any) army is the invariable open sesame to a confab.

"It's a fact, Brown"—puff, puff—"artillery scouting is the next meanest job to getting hung. You catch hell if your information's wrong, and they forget all about you if it's right."

"Of course, while the armies are standing still, scouting proper doesn't exist; they've got signal stations now, about the same as on a railway—but you said scouting—"

Puff, puff!

"They made me scout at the battle of Mons (meaning the retreat from Mons), and I'll never forget shoving off one day to try and spot the enemy's field batteries. After riding some two or three miles, I comes up with some French cavalry moving over a rise in the ground, and thinks I, I'll just keep on their flank and mebbe I'll see something. Well, I goes along a few hundred yards when suddenly a whole hill-side started spitting at us—machine-guns, they was, with a nice, clean range, and me a mounted target, like the rest. Of course the Frenchies spurred off—what was left of them—but my mare didn't need any extra urging—a bullet in her flank was hint enough for her.

"Well, I streaks it for a couple of miles and what should I run into but a R. A. M. C. man bandaging some wounded troopers.

"Have you seen the M. O.?" he asks me—"I've got half a dozen cases for him in that barn over there."

"No," says I. "Have you seen my battery?"

"I seen a battery moving off on the double about an hour since," says he, "but I don't know its number."

"Well, I shoves off again, and presently I runs into one of our garrison artillery guns, with two or three officers and about a score of gunners and drivers.



BROWN takes a new tack in this budget of impressions from as near the front as possible. Not being able to go and see things for himself, he browses round among those who have been in the fighting, some of it as far back as last September, and uses his journalistic proclivities to get the snapshot sketch stories that make up the following breezy, personal collection of narratives. We have followed Brown from the time he "enlisted" in New York and started on his combination career of soldiering and correspondence. He has described camps and armies and conditions as he has seen them. He has touched up with his illuminating humoresques many a thing which, if told too seriously, would be unpleasant reading. In these snapshots he gets the life and the vernacular of the man from the front, and does it with the personal, colloquial style that makes easy reading for warm weather.

By G. M. L. BROWN

"Do you know where the enemy's field batteries are placed?" says the Captain.

"I know whereabouts their machine guns are," says I, "and I suspect their field pieces ain't very far in the rear," and with that I points out the lay of the land to him.

"Then," says the Captain, "I suspect it's time for us to do a move."

"Captain," says a dapper little Lieutenant, "just suppose we drop a few shells over there to stir things up."

"Just suppose I put another hill behind me," says I to myself, "before they stir up that wasps' nest!"

"And did you find your battery?" I asked.

"Yes, next morning about eight o'clock—they'd had orders to move to the rear, and there was me hunting for them all night, and nearly getting potted a dozen times."

"They didn't pin a note for you on some tree, I suppose," I grinned.

"What, for a scout? No bloody fear, Brown, no bloody fear!"

Disobeyed Orders and Saved the Guns

"ON August 26th last," reminisced the same Sergeant-Major, "we held the village of Ligny in France, but only to protect our infantry, which was ground-slogging to the west as hard as they could step it. I was still supposed to be scouting, but that day they grabbed me for dispatch rider and everything else that was likely to make life unhealthy. Ligny, you know, is kind of curved on one side, not so much as a horse-shoe, but—in a crescent, the Sergeant-Major wanted to say, but the word evaded him—"more like the rim of your cap, with plenty of hedges and trees. Well, the Major planted three batteries along that curve, one at each end and one in the middle, so that we could concentrate our fire on the slope of the next hill. We concentrated all right, too, and a shocking lot of havoc we made with their infantry; but God save me, it was like trying to wipe out a garden of ants.

"The enemy's batteries tried to spot us, of course, but they always just missed our guns—a little too high, or too low, or too much to one side, and us all the time planting shells as fast as we could work the guns.

"My business was to ride around that lovely curve, taking orders to the three batteries, with the shrapnel bursting around me and cutting branches off the trees over my head, and ripping up the dust almost under my horse's hoofs. Once a chimney nearly tumbled on me, and another time a shell sung right past



my ear, a fine, soothing melody—eh, what?"

"Hot work," I commented.

"You're right it was hot work—so d—d hot that on one of my rounds I stops at a house for a drink. A little old lady comes to the door—funny, isn't it,

how them people will stick to their homes—and seeing what I was, she brings out a mug of wine—white wine, and very refreshing, too—and when I finishes, she signals that I could keep the mug. Do you know, Brown, I had that little mug for four months; but what I was going to tell you was that I hadn't ridden to the corner of the poor old dame's garden when a shell falls right on her door-step and kills her. Blew her to pieces, Brown, and me riding off with her mug as a kind of keep-sake!

"Well, when the old Major was tired giving orders, I thinks I'll have a rest, so I dismounts and gets behind a big tree for a smoke, and I'd hardly struck a match before a dozen bullets hits that very tree, only on the other side.

"This is a good place to stay awhile," thinks I, when blame if the Major doesn't pipe up: 'Corporal, it's coming up rain—ride back like a good fellow and fetch my mackintosh. Blame my blinkers! Ride through a storm of lead to fetch his mackintosh just to keep off a few rain-drops.'

"Did you get it?"

"Yes, I got it all right; but things warmed up so, I was a half hour making the return trip.

"Well, when I gets back and the Major puts on his mackintosh, up rides the General.

"They're advancing on the other side, Major," he says—"abandon your guns, and get your men away as quick as you can."

"Very good, Sir," says the Major, and as soon as the General disappears, he sends me around to the Batteries with orders to remove their guns by hand—the horses had been taken away from us—with sufficient ammunition for a dignified retreat.

"And did you save them?"

"You're bally well right we did. Let's see your Army List."

I handed him the ponderous volume (it happened to be the January number), and after much thumbing he found the following entry under "Companions of the Distinguished Service Order":

"Major Charles Hawker Liveing, 135th Battery, Royal Field Artillery. Bravery and devotion in withdrawing guns by hand under a heavy fire near Ligny, France, on 26th August, 1914."

"But he really disobeyed orders, didn't he?" I asked.

"Yes," mused the S. M., "he disobeyed orders, but you see he saved the guns. There were eight promotions among those three batteries over that affair, but I'm d—d if I got so much as 'thank you'—not even for fetching the Major's mackintosh 'under a heavy fire, near Ligny, France!'"

The Day His Two Years' Drill Faded to a Phantom

NEAR the city of "Lighton," which at this late date I might as well be frank enough to call by its right name—Brighton—is a famous hill overlooking the Weald known from time immemorial as the Devil's Dyke. Thither one afternoon I



journeyed with three companions across the Downs, and arriving hot and dusty, essayed to quench my thirst in the inviting hostelry that decorates the summit. The bar was deserted except for one lone gunner, who proved to be an R. F. A. man invalided from the front.

"When did you come over?" I asked.

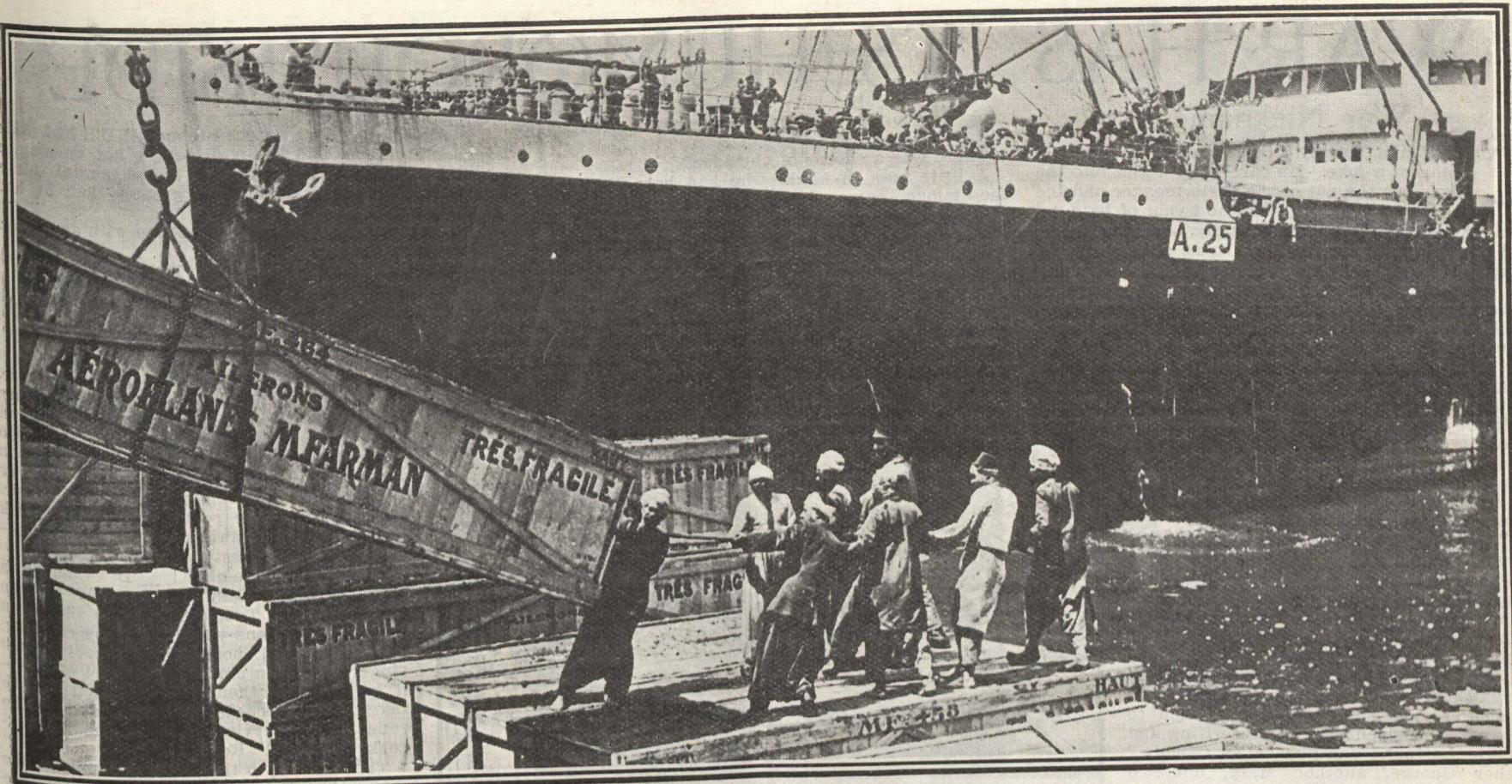
"Away back last autumn."

"Badly wounded?"

"Rather."

"What happened?" I ventured.

"Well, it isn't anything to boast about," he replied; "it was last September, and our battery had been sent to the rear to cover the retreat of the main body (up to this point, the same old story—one I've



SHIPPING THE CARRIER PIGEONS OF MODERN WARFARE.

Carloads of Aeroplanes being loaded at Alexandria for use in the Dardanelles, where, according to a recent descriptive despatch, there are all sorts of concealed surprises that even the air-man is unable to locate.

heard half a hundred times.) We planted our guns all right, and were all ready for action when something went wrong with the ammunition supply. I don't know whether some of the horses went down or the drivers funked, but there we stood around our gun with nothing to do but gape at a wall of infantry moving across the open before us. And I'll tell you it made us stare, for there must have been tens of thousands. But what we didn't see was a sudden rush on our flank, and almost before I could crouch they were on us with their bayonets.

"Say, mate, just you imagine standing like a fool beside a gun that hasn't fired a shell, with two years' gun drill floating about in your cocoanut and not a bally bit of use to you."

"Hadn't you rifles?"

"Not a rifle; and just to reverse the joke, our bandoliers were stuffed with cartridges!"

"What did you do?"

"What could we do? We ducked and got bayoneted. Me, I got a bayonet right through my bowels, and even when I imagined myself oozing off into eternity all I could think of was those gun drills floating around and around in my head like bits of flotsam and jetsam."

He didn't use quite that expression, but the import was the same.

"Going back?" I asked, presently.

"I hope so," he drawled, and then with a final tilt of his pewter pot, "you know I haven't forgotten those gun drills yet, and the next time they may come in useful."

Jack Johnson, the Evangelist

PROFANITY and other outlandish talk has swept through the new army like a flood. As Germany's method of warfare grows more in many's method to reflect itself upon Britain's speech; and the anomaly is that some of my comrades who use language that five years ago would have been considered vile even in the slums of London or Birmingham, are frequently polite to the point of chivalry in the presence of a lady, and quite as decent in everything but expletives as they were before the war.

Sergeant-Major C—, with whom I come hourly in contact (not the S. M. previously mentioned in this article) is an example. Though not a man of broad education or refinement, he is much higher than the old-time Tommy Atkins, and has a record of service in France (including one wound) that could only have been built upon the finest courage and integrity.

From the outbreak of the war to the battle of Ypres (which most of the boys from the front pronounce Yi-press) he did his "bit," and fifty times more than his "bit," and he emerged from it the most blankety-blank-languaged man I have ever met in half a life-time of travel. In the dialogue that follows, please don't expect me to quote my friend verbatim—an editor's morals, at least, must be considered!

The Sergeant-Major was telling of a terrific bombardment at "Yi-press."

"I don't know whether you ever heard tell of that place?" he remarked, interrogatively.

"Oh, yes, I have," I assured him, restraining a smile.

"Just ——— imagine," he remarked, "living in a ——— slimy ——— trench, up to your ——— neck in ——— mud, and the ——— days ——— lengthening into ——— weeks without anything ——— happening but the ——— roar and smash of ——— shells from a ——— Jack Johnson hidden a dozen ——— miles away in the ——— sand banks.

"'Boo-oo-oo-oo-m-m-m,' it would go, with a ——— of a sickening thud and a crash, and then half a dozen ——— suckers would ——— find themselves in hell, and the rest of us, ——— wishing we were ——— there too."

"Weren't you really afraid to die?" I asked, leaving the inference to his intelligence.

shots at anything that seemed like a German eye or elbow or even a finger-tip. We were shelled pretty badly twice, but I didn't get a puncture, and then all of a sudden we saw that diabolical cloud of gas blowing towards us. Me, I didn't know what it was at first, but when it reached my trench a few sniffs told me it wasn't ozone."

"Have a cigarette?" I interjected.

"No thanks, it only makes me cough."

"What did your Company do?"

"Really I can only tell you what the boys told me afterwards. We kept on firing—perhaps forty rounds—and then I remember stumbling back into another trench and then into another.

"You know those little green places in the desert—my memory seems to have slipped a cog—"

"Oasis," I suggested.

"Exactly. Well, I stumbled into a kind of fresh-air oasis, and God, it was good! And then I found I was standing on someone, and I tried to pick him up, but another chap did that.

"By this time my lungs were burning like blue blazes, and I felt as if I'd give a year's pay for one good breath; but what seemed to worry me most was that the Germans were doing everything to us, and we weren't getting back at them.

"But they say we made one ripping charge before we retreated. I wouldn't swear that I was in it, but the boys tell me I was, and I certainly recall wiping ooze off my bayonet—German blood, most likely."

"And then I thought I was in the King Edward Hotel, in Toronto, ordering a gin fizz, only the waiter couldn't find any ice and the place seemed to be on fire, and I began to choke, and next thing I knew I was in the base hospital with a pain in my chest that brought tears to my eyes."

Life on a Warship

SINCE warfare on land has become dehumanized, and warfare in the air superhumanized, what shall we say of the conflict at sea? I spent part of my recent furlough at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where I put up at a lodging house much frequented by sailors, and there I had the pleasure of hearing some disconnected accounts of that weird vigil upon the water called naval warfare.

One of the Jackies belonged to a Coast Guard that helped in the defence of Hartlepool during that memorable bombardment; another was a member of the crew of the "Birmingham" (if I am not mistaken), and had much to say of the "Saucy Arcthusa," who, according to his wrathful account, achieved most of her victories in the newspapers, leaving to her more modest consorts the real business of harassing and destroying the enemy. A third disputant had been with the "Lion" at the time of her splendid dash against the German Battleship Squadron, when the "Bluecher" was sunk, and the remainder of the battered fleet just able to creep behind their defensive mine area.

"What an awful pity that the 'Lion' should get hit just as she was in a fair way to bag the lot," he mourned. "But I'll tell you one thing, I saw the 'Seidlitz' and the 'Mannheim' spouting flame and smoke like volcanoes. I'll lay a quid they are tinkering with them yet."



"You're ——— right we were—that is, when the ——— shell was coming. 'Oh God have mercy upon us,' we'd mumble. But when she'd landed, ——— it but we would curse. Phew!"

Sergt.-Major C—, it will be conceded, is a brave and an honest man, whose lurid language must be taken in lieu of a British hymn of hate.

A Victim of the New Horror

IT was at the Union Jack Club, in London. I had fallen in with a Canadian from Uckfield—the "Duckfield" of a previous narrative—and he introduced me to Private J—, of the First Canadian Contingent, back on a sick furlough of indefinite duration, a victim of the battle of Langemarck.

"Got a few breaths of gas," he whispered, "and here I am practically done for."

"Would you care to tell me about it?" I asked, rather apologetically.

"Oh, there isn't much to tell. It was my third turn in the trenches, and all I had to do was take pot

WAR HAS ITS HUMOROUS SIDE

War Nicknames

CHEERFUL Tommy Atkins goes to war with a song or a joke. He carries with him into the trenches the wit of the costermonger and the London caddy. He has no hymn of hate, no grim obsession, no national insanity. War to him is part of the great game of life. Some of the wittiest things said by the British soldier in this war take the form of nicknames. Months ago the German shells were dubbed "coal boxes," "Black Marias," and "Jack Johnsons." Canadians in their letters home have used these names as naturally as the British. One of the most puzzling nicknames was the word "Asquiths," used in descriptive letters. It took the public some time to discover that it was the name given to French matches, which make it necessary to "wait and see" what happens when they are struck. The body belt has been happily described as "the dado round the dining-room." The Kaiser was dubbed "Crazy Bill," the Crown Prince, "Five Bob Bit," Gen. von Kluck, "Old von o'clock," and German snipers, "little Willies."

When the Prince of Wales visited the firing lines, not long ago, he inspected some of the big guns which have been doing great damage to the Germans. And though Napoleon was the first great soldier who actually petted and patted cannons as though they were favourite horses, the British soldier went him one better, when to the great amusement of the future King and Emperor he found one gun called "Teddy," another "George," another "Mary," and two more respectively "Mother" and "Baby." King George himself has been tersely summed up as G. 5, out of respect to the method of naming submarines. Sir John French is called "Father." "One section of the trenches," says a private in the London Rifle Brigade, "is called the House of Commons, because the men in it spend most of their time arguing." The outer line of trenches, where the men are posted at first to draw the German fire, is known as the "drawing-room," and the inner line, where the attacks are really met, is called the "reception-room."

Asking for a sausage roll, "Tommy" will call for a "torpedo"; a twopenny meat pie is known as a "shell," and a currant cake is a "fly cemetery." If the cake happens to be smaller than usual, the khaki customer remarks, "This is not up to chest measurement," or "This is below standard height."

In many places, where the windings and turnings in the trenches are most intricate, and a stranger is liable to lose his way, signposts are placed at the points of junction, and each passage and section of a trench is given a name, probably taken from the battalion which dug it or the officer who was in charge of the work. Very often the names selected are more pretentious. A plank pathway through a muddy wood will in all probability go by the title of "Piccadilly" or "The Strand."

All these nicknames are a form of humour which in the case of Tommy Atkins take the place of ordinary slang. Calling a thing an apt name is one of the peculiarities of British humour.

Mullins

A WRITER in Punch has the following sketch, which in the form of serious humour, hits off the subject of recruiting:

"This 'ere war," began Bill Corrigan, and the opening was so familiar that the line of men leaning against the factory-wall scarcely looked up from their pipes and papers, "may be right enough for them as was born with the martial instink, but for them as wasn't, it's jest silly!"

They agreed with him, though languidly. The sentiment was in entire accordance with their mood; the sole objection to it was that they had heard it expressed by Bill many times before.

"Slackers?" he had echoed amiably, in reply to a persistent recruiting-sergeant in the early days, "oo's denyin' of it, mate? No, we ain't reg'lars, nor territorial, nor nash'nal volunteers, nor yet speshuls, an' we don't manufacture as much as a bootlace for the bloomin' troops, an' we're about the only crowd in England as ain't ashamed to say so!"

And the rest, following Bill's heroic lead, were quite remarkably proud of the fact that they also weren't ashamed to say so. The thing had become a cult, a sort of fetish. They regarded each new recruiting-poster with amused interest; passed the barracks at the corner with light and careless steps, and made a decent bit overtime.

"Eard yest'day," said Alf Chettle, "that they've got a noo recruiting-sergeant, name o' Cheem, at the barracks. Reckons 'e's goin' to wake us up. Got an idee that the other fellers that tried to make

rookies o' me an' Bill didn't understand our temp'ryments."

There was a chorus of chuckles. A little man in khaki who had been listening to the dialogue came nearer hesitatingly.

"Any o' you chaps live in Ponter Street?"

"I do," said Bill, suspiciously. "Why?"

"Met a feller at the Front that used to live in this neighbourhood, an' 'e sent a message. Larky sort o' boy, 'e was, not more than sixteen, though 'e wouldn't own it. 'E was wounded in the ankle while we was retreatin', an' the Huns got 'im before we could carry 'im off. Late that night 'e crawled into camp, an' the things 'e told us before 'e died—"

"What name?" asked Alf, sharply.

"Mullins—Tim Mullins."

"THE POPULAR PLACE FOR BILL"



Writers in the Press are continually suggesting what shall be done to the Kaiser after the war. Isn't it possible that the treatment depicted above will be required for him?

—London Daily Sketch.

"Recollect 'im skylarkin' with my lads," said an older man. "Game little beggar, all freckles an' grin."

"'E was. 'Remember me to the old crowd in Ponter Street, if ever you're down that way,' 'e says; 'I bet the Factory's workin' short-anded just now. I ain't done 'alf what I meant to,' 'e says, catchin' 'is breath, but there's plenty more, thank Gawd, to carry on. Guess there won't be many slackers in England when they reads the papers—only poor beggars as ain't got strength enough to fire a rifle or dig a trench."

There was a short silence while the man in khaki filled his pipe.

"I can see all the fightin' I wants at a picture palace," said Bill, gruffly.

"Maybe," said the man in khaki. "But I'm goin' out again soon's I get the chance. . . . Can't forget the look on young Mullins' face when 'e died. No, 'e wasn't no bloomin' martyr. But 'e'd done 'is bit, an' that was all that mattered."

"Last I saw o' the beggar," said the older man, "'e was playin' marbles with my Tom. 'When I grows up,' 'e says, 'I'm goin' to buy a farm, an' grow apples.'"

"An' now—'e won't never grow up," said Alf.

"No," said the man in khaki, "nor won't die, neither. There's life, mate, an' there's death, an' there's another thing they calls immortality, an' that's what Mullins found."

The hoarse roar of the factory hooter filled the air, and the men began to drift towards the entrance. Within the yard Bill came to a sudden halt.

"Anyone care to look in at the barracks to-night?" he demanded, huskily.

"Don't mind if I do," said Alf.

A dozen others straggled across and said they felt like coming to join them.

The man in khaki watched them. If Bill had made a discovery, so had he—a discovery not uncommon among those whose talk is of the elemental things of life. His subject had been greater than he had suspected.

Turning away, he came face-to-face with an officer. He saluted briskly.

"Well," said the officer, "any luck?"

"Pretty fair, Sir," said Cheem.

Musical Moments

MUSIC goes with the British soldier everywhere. The bugle and the band and the drum may not be so useful in this war as they have been in the wars of the past, and even the banjo immortalized by Kipling has a hard time in the trenches. But Tommy at the front or in the training camp will have his music. Here is a sample poster which was stuck on the wall of a canteen—a large marquee—in one of the largest camps in England:

"To-night! To-night! 'D' Company's Grand Free-and-Easy will be held in the canteen (Wet) To-night. All the singers in camp—and dozens who think they can sing, but can't—will positively appear! Each singer will get a pint and a packet of fags—if he pays for them. A collection will be taken, the proceeds to be devoted to the relief of the starving family of the sergeant-cook. Roll up! Roll up!"

The allusion to the starving family of the sergeant-cook arose from a legend that the cook's young son had been seen leaving camp with a large joint of beef under his arm.

Classical music makes no great hit in the camps. The Russians may be fonder of that. When any performer asks, "Wot'll I give yer this time?" the British soldier frankly admits that he prefers "any old thing with a swing."

"But the old and imperishable songs that 'mother used to sing,' and which mostly have no 'swing' to speak of, also have an unfeeling appeal for him," says a writer in a London daily. "He always refuses to countenance anything 'too blinkin' classy.' 'The Soldiers' Chorus,' and 'Drinking' are all of grand opera that he will 'stomach' at one sitting. 'Asleep in the Deep' is always a prime favourite, and not infrequently does the one-song man, encouraged by the success which attended the earlier rendering, 'oblige' for a second time with 'Stormee thee night and thee waves roll 'igh,' to the immense satisfaction of all present, which includes, of course, the singer.

"Other songs which have a great vogue with sing-song audiences are 'The Poor Blind Boy,' 'Don't Go Down in the Mine, Daddy,' and 'When the Fields Are White with Daisies.' The well-known music hall artiste, 'The White-Eyed Kaffir,' whose song it is, has never succeeded in scaling the height of realism reached by the canteen songster when singing 'Hi ham bee-ut a pee-oor blee-ind boy.' Imagine the singer, his pint standing, untasted and for the moment forgotten, on the piano-top; his eyes rolling heavenward, the whites alone visible; while his anguished lips proclaim, in accents to melt a mummy, the sightless orphan's travail—and all around him—on wooden forms and upturned ginger beer cases, the boys of the regiment, their hearts nigh to bursting with emotion at the splendour of the singer's presentment of the song's pathos.

"Or, if one pictures these ardent music lovers, with glasses raised on high, and loose heel-plates on ammunition boots clanking a not unmusical accompaniment, as they bellow 'W'en the fields are w'ite wif d'isies an' the roses bloom agine,' one beholds a spectacle of utter abandonment.

A Bubble Burst

A MAN in Chicago has been admiring the fine literary style of Gen. French's war reports, who is considered by this critic to be a really great war correspondent. Which of course is not altogether a new thing in history. Caesar was the first great war correspondent, and his "Veni, Vidi, Vici" is the world's model for trenchant brevity and egotism combined. Gen. French is less laconic, not at all egotistical, and delights to praise other men. His despatches are so lucid and fair-minded that they must please even the critical sense of Lord Kitchener, who has no great affection for war scribes. The only objection anybody can possibly have to Gen. French as a war writer is—that he isn't. That he is a great soldier nobody doubts. But in the more fanciful matter of writing, it is regrettable to confess that those fine despatches which have so often cheered the British and Canadian heart during the past ten months were written by Col. Edward D. Swinton.

MAINLY PERSONAL

The Man and the Office

HIS HONOUR GEORGE WILLIAM BROWN, of Saskatchewan, is usually to the front when it comes to a public piece of work for which there is no sort of pay. The latest public courtesy from the Lieut.-Governor of Saskatchewan is the presentation by himself of a portrait of himself to the Province. The portrait was done in England by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, whose portraits are known in this country mainly through the pages of art magazines. It was done in 1914, the last painting done by von Herkomer, who considered it the best portrait he had ever painted. It is done in the grand manner, with plenty of that impressive detail which captivates the average imagination. It may be supposed that the artist painted the office along with the man. But Hon. Mr. Brown calculates that he was not so far astray on the man either. So impressed was the artist with his picture of the man and the office, that he had a special frame designed and built under his own supervision, before the picture was sent out.

The picture now hangs in the legislative buildings of Saskatchewan, and is probably the finest portrait on view anywhere in Regina. The practice of putting up oil paintings and statues of public men is only just beginning in that country, but is making some very hopeful headway, of which this portrait of the Lieut.-Governor is one of the best examples. His Honour deserves to be allowed to do these little things for his country; for he has the interests of his country at heart—and especially the Province of Saskatchewan, where he has been a successful lawyer, rancher and administrator for many years. Most of our Canadian Lieutenant-Governors are pretty public-spirited citizens. Hon. Brown is one of the best of them. And his portrait will become one of the landmarks of Saskatchewan.

A Smiling Judge

ARM-IN-ARM with the Admiral goes Lord Mersey, the eminent presiding judge at the Lusitania inquiry. The learned judge is once more off his guard and down to the common affabilities of living. Any photograph of Lord Mersey taken on the street looks as though he were about to tell some funny story, or had just told one, or was listening to one and had a better. On the bench he is not usually funny; though his caustic wit and his immense knowledge of marine matters, as well as of common law, has caused many otherwise audacious witnesses to feel very humble. Lord Mersey looks as though he were born to occupy the woolsack. He is the kind of Englishman that takes to law as naturally as a duck takes to water. In private life he is used to be John Charles Bigham, son of a Liverpool merchant. He has been a baron since 1910, a year after he was made President of the Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice. Why is divorce mixed up with the Admiralty? Ask Lord Mersey. It may be because people who get divorces find they can no longer sail in the same boat. Were Dickens living, or even Boswell, the noble Lord might furnish many an entertaining page of character-study for great books. He is versatile with comedies and tragedies—since 1912 the chief inquisitor into the three greatest marine tragedies ever known, the Titanic, the Empress, and the Lusitania. His knowledge of marine law is as deep as the Atlantic. His acquaintance with human nature is almost as profound. Lord Mersey has been a public man almost ever since he was called to the bar—after finishing his book lore in Berlin. He has served on all several sorts of committees and commissions, always trying to adjudicate on behalf of the Crown and as far as possible the people also. And when the marine history of the great war comes to be written, Lord Mersey should be the historian.

A Tory Radical

SOME Englishmen in public life seem as though they had just stepped out of Oxford to become famous. They are the brilliant irrepressibles who have radical temperaments, incline to eat fire and swallow swords and agitate for anything that looks like a wholesome, popular sensation. Such a man—or somewhat—is Sir Frederick E. Smith, recently appointed Solicitor-General for Great Britain, and therefore a prominent figure in the conduct of the Lusitania inquiry before Lord Mersey. As the loss of the Lusitania was an international affair, the official legal talent of the Cabinet represented by Sir Edward Carson, Attorney-General, and Sir Frederick Smith became part of the machinery.

England has had only a taste of Sir Fred. as a Solicitor-General. He is better known over there as the late chief censor of the news that Lord Northcliffe and other editor-proprietors wanted about the war. When he was appointed the question was asked—Why not make a newspaper-man the chief censor? The answer was Sir Fred. Smith, who is a good maker



How a British artist saw His Honour Lieut.-Governor Brown, of Saskatchewan.

of copy, but knows very little about news. He is a brilliant young man—born in 1872; an able lawyer, and since 1906 an M.P. He has lectured on history at Oxford, written books about international law, literature and travel, and has always been fond of

TWO LUSITANIA CAMEROGRAPHS.



Lord Mersey swaps stories with Admiral Englefield.



Sir Frederick Smith, Solicitor-General.

the fact that people might get to know him bye and bye. He is, of course, a Tory—as many a brilliant man is. During the fight to put a crimp in the House of Lords, F. E. Smith—he was not Sir'd then—came out as a frenzied last-ditcher in defence of privilege. He has military proclivities, is a subaltern in the Oxford Hussars, and knows how to make brilliant speeches.

Sir Frederick's removal from the office of Censor-in-Chief was part of the work done by the fine Italian hand of Lord Northcliffe, when the Harmsworth

Press discovered that to have a military autocrat in the War Office and a non-newspaperman as chief censor was a bad combination for getting news to its millions of readers.

Lords in the War

ALL the talk about the decadence of the House of Lords is now itself decadent. The aristocracy, whether hereditary or acquired, has proved that it knows how to take a bull by the horns in a great national crisis. Lord Kitchener's army was raised by a lord. Kitchener himself was put into the war office and afterwards pretty nearly criticized out of it by a lord whose name is Northcliffe. And Lord Curzon has lately been doing as much plain speaking as any labour leader ever did about conditions that must be remedied before the full united weight of Great Britain is flung on the enemy.

Nobody doubts the value of Lord Kitchener. Lately a great many people have ceased to criticize Lord Northcliffe because they believe he brought the deadlock of the censorship and the lack of high explosives to an end. And a large number, a good few of them in Canada, are now finding fault with the Keeper of the Privy Seal, because he complains of the way munitions are produced, handled and delivered. Lord Curzon's worst critics are in Canada, which he happens to know less about than any other part of the Empire. Had Lord Curzon been Governor-General of Canada instead of India, he might have spoken more discreetly about industrial conditions in this country. Or if he had even consulted Earl Grey, he might have been better informed. At the same time, Curzon's criticisms of conditions in England are part of the new movement in complete democracy shaking things up.

Personal Brevities

SIR CHARLES TUPPER celebrated his 96th birthday last week, two days after he helped to celebrate Dominion Day. Of all living statesmen, or any other kind of men, Sir Charles knows most about Confederation. He was one of the arch-Confederators. The Canada that is working for the Empire in this war is the boy that was an infant when Sir Charles began to boost for the Confederation idea down in the Maritime Provinces. It is to be hoped that on the occasion of his 96th birthday this G. O. M. got from that other G. O. M. in Belleville at the age of 93 a cablegram signed, "Mackenzie Bowell." These two nonagenarians have no equals in the British Empire for their age. Longer life to them both!

REV. HENRY HALLAM SAUNDERSON, who has resigned from the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church, in Toronto, says he is going on a long journey. He will go on a good many long journeys before he forgets one of the most interesting little churches in Canada; the church that has had a succession of able preachers who preached to small congregations made up of a large number of people from eminent collegians and musicians down to the street-corner man with a red-rag idea about social reform. Mr. Saunderson is an American and a graduate of Harvard. Now that he has been two years in the First Unitarian Church, Toronto, he has become a cosmopolitan, and must needs go on a long journey.

SO the Crown Prince is not dead—only in trouble with the Crown Princess and trying to forget it by staying with his army in the Argonne. Well, if all stories are true about that interesting wife of his, he might as well be dead as be in unpopular with her. The Kaiser himself had his troubles breaking in the Crown Princess, who broke all the rules of the German court when she got into it, and set Berlin by the ears. He afterwards made shrewd use of her when he wanted to get his daughter married to the Duke of Brunswick, and was at his wits' end to know how to do it till he got the Crown Princess to act as a subtle manageress and go-between. Perhaps the Kaiser will ask the lady to help him out of the greater problem of how to square himself with the rest of Europe.

ONE man the Kaiser would perhaps be very glad to "get" is Dr. Charles Sarolea, who was ticketed to sail on the Adriatic in company with Premier Borden. Sarolea's opinions of Germany and the Kaiser are now being published broadcast in a French translation of his "Anglo-German Problem," written before the war. And Sarolea has raised a mint of money by his lectures for suffering Belgium.

ROBBING THE CAMP THIEVES

A Case of Trail Law Getting In its Work With a Vengeance

By J. HARMON PATTERSON

SINCE men began following and blazing trails there has been an unwritten law that it is no crime to hang or shoot the robber that rifles a cache or a camp. The trailman in the north has no trading post near his camp. He must depend for his daily life on the food that he has packed into the wilderness or that which he brings down with his rifle. Cache and camp thieves have been strung up when the law of the land made no interference. The law has its limits. The north country policeman leaves it to the prospector and the trailman to make and carry out his own laws, which are well understood in the commonwealth and are based upon absolute man-to-man justice.

For two years, Tom Forest, Indian Charlie and myself had been prospecting for syndicates. They had the money; we had the experience, which we used to get mining areas for the syndicate people who never saw the north, and men who were never so much as bitten by black flies.

This year we decided to take up the work on our own account, and we had mapped out for ourselves a hitherto unexplored area. It looked good to us, as all unknown and unexplored areas do. With three months' supplies we set out at the very opening of navigation. Many of the lakes were still covered with ice and much snow lay in the bush.

Tom Forest, my companion, was about twenty-two years of age, an expert with the paddle, a good packer, and with great powers of endurance. Charlie, the Indian, had been with us two years. He knew the country well and a better guide or more faithful friend would be impossible to secure.

After a rapid and arduous trip of about seventy miles, we arrived at a lake, where we decided to establish our camp. This lake, which we named Trout Lake, was very picturesque, being surrounded by high, wooded hills, and dotted with small, but beautiful islands. It is needless to make any special description of the lakes in this country. They are all beautiful, and rarely will you find one which does not show some special point of interest.

We pitched our tent on a point wooded with jack-pine. It was some twenty feet above the lake, and our white tent was visible for a long distance. Having settled down, as it were, we set about our work in earnest. We would be the sole owners of any property discovered, as formerly we held a small interest.

Day after day we made long excursions east or west, north or south. Occasionally we used the canoe, but more often we did not.

One morning, about six weeks after our arrival, we decided to make a long journey to some hills which were plainly visible about five miles to the eastward, and packing a generous lunch, we set out. The country which lay between proved to be more difficult than we had supposed, and it was about two o'clock when we reached a point sufficiently elevated to show us the lake. Great was our surprise on looking back to see columns of smoke rising from our camp. We looked at each other in silence as we well knew what such a tragedy meant.

"Caught this time all right," said Tom, turning to Charlie. "You couldn't have put the fire out when we left this morning."

"Put it out sure," was the reply. "Didn't leave a spark."

"What's the chance of saving our canoe?" I asked. It had been drawn up on the shore.

"Not much," said Charlie, "by the look of that fire I guess everything will be gone by the time we get back. The wind is blowing down the point, so not much chance for the canoe."

WE made a quick trip back to the lake. The whole point had been swept by the fire. Where our tent had stood there was a smouldering heap. The canoe was absolutely ruined. We soon extinguished the fire, which was not making much progress against the wind. When this was done we turned our attention to the remains of our supplies. There was nothing left except a small heap of scorched flour and a can of salt.

Charlie poked around carefully and scraped away all the ashes.

"Very strange fire, this," he said at last.

"How?" I inquired.

"Well," he replied, "one bottle fly-dope, glass all burned up not here at all, one can coffee, can all burned, two buckles on one pack strap burned, must be pretty hot fire."

Tom and I looked at each other as the truth began to dawn upon us. Further investigation showed

that Charlie was correct. Our camp had been robbed and then burned to hide evidence of the crime. We could not imagine who would do such a dastardly trick.

"Indians," said Tom.

"Don't think so," was Charlie's reply. "Indians would not take fly oil or anything that would not burn." He was on his way to the lake as he spoke and we saw him carefully examine the shores.

"I guess we're up against it now all right," said Tom. "No canoe, no tent, no blankets, no provisions, no fly-screen, and seventy miles from nowhere. We will have some pleasant trip out of this—if we get



"The whole joint had been swept by the fire. Where our tent had stood was a smouldering heap."

out at all," he added, later.

We saw Charlie beckoning to us from the other side of the point and we went over. He found where the canoe had landed. They had left a little pile of flour in the tent to deceive us and in carrying the rest to the shore spilt a small quantity on the beach. There was nothing to show their number or who they might be.

"Well, what next?" I inquired of Charlie.

"Catch the thieves," he replied. "We have some tea, a little flour, one small axe, and one revolver." The latter I had in my belt and fortunately it was loaded. Charlie always carried a small axe wherever he went.

"That will be impossible," I replied; "how do we know which way they have gone, besides, they have six or eight hours start of us and can travel with a canoe, while we will have to take the bush."

"If there's any chance at all," said Tom, bitterly, "we'll get them, if it takes all summer, and I know what we'll do when we catch them, that is," he added, "if they have any rope in their outfit."

"All right, then," remarked Charlie, "we'll catch them, but it will be a hard, hard trip, little sleep and not much to eat."

"I guess we're game," I replied, "and you take charge from now on."

We gathered up the little flour in a handkerchief, mixed with pine needles and ashes as it was, took a little salt and set out for the lower end of the lake.

We reached the portage, but there was no sign that it had been used, however, by skirting along the shore

we found their landing. It was evident that there were two men in the party. They had kept parallel to the portage and landed in the river a short distance down.

"Got him sure now," remarked Charlie, "about sixty miles down to Transcontinental Railway and only two or three portage routes leading off."

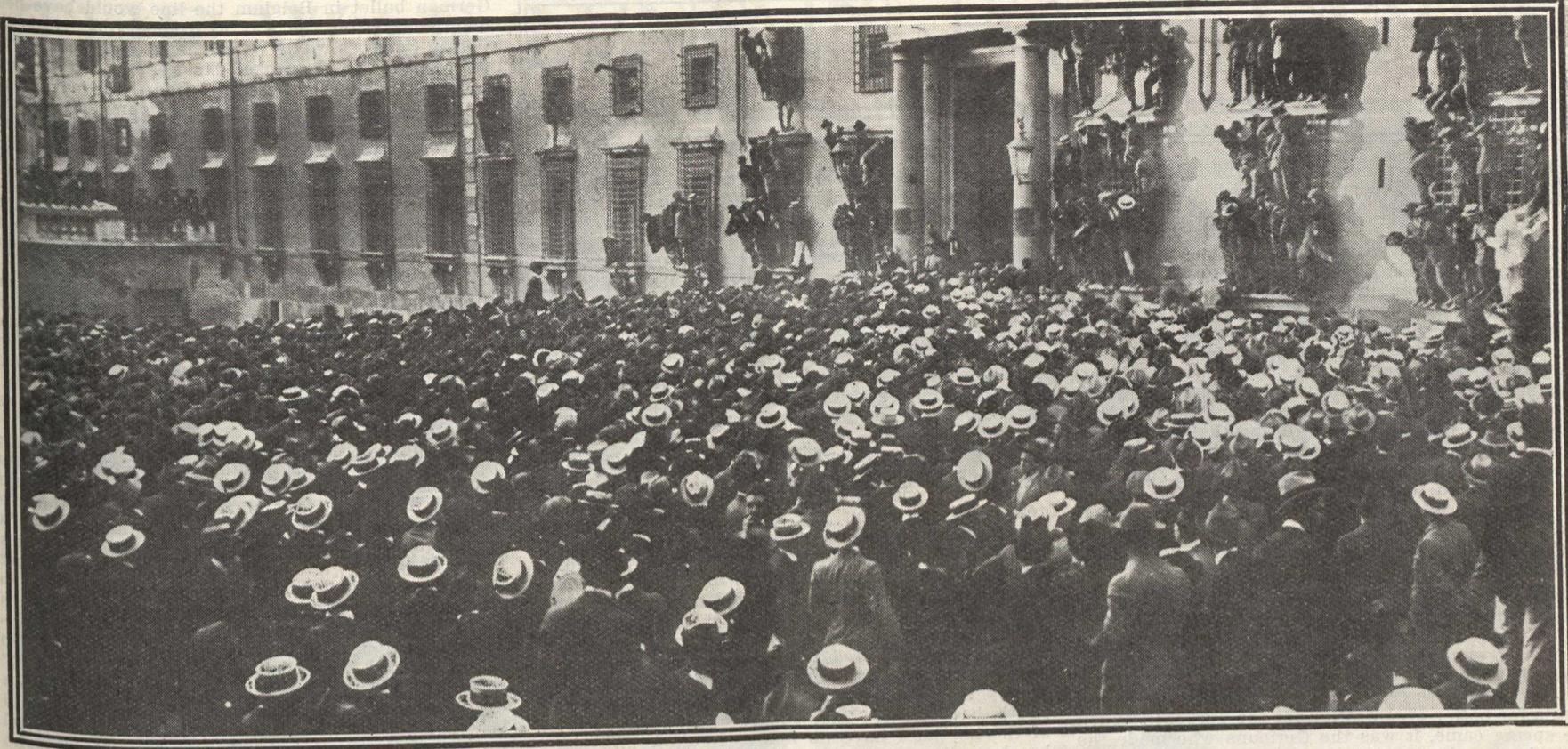
We hurried on down the river. The walking could not be much worse. Thick underbrush, fallen trees, varied with heavy swamps or soft, wet muskeg, but without a word we plunged on, Charlie in the lead, and in spite of our best efforts we could not keep up with him. Darkness came on, but he showed no signs of stopping. The river widened out and became quite shallow, so we got in and waded. The water did not reach above our knees, but occasionally a log would trip one of us and we would recover after a plunge.

SEVERAL hours passed, and just as I was beginning to think that I had reached the limit of endurance, the river narrowed and was too deep for wading. We crawled up on the bank more dead than alive. Charlie lit a fire, which helped to warm us and dry our clothes. Fortunately, we had a tea-pail, and a drink of hot tea gave us new life. Out of the knap-sack Charlie then drew a flat stone, some ten inches in diameter, which he placed in the fire. He next spread out the handkerchief containing the flour, and we spent some time in picking out the most prominent cinders and pine needles. Then a portion of the flour was mixed with water and put on the stone facing the fire, where it soon cooked. It was not particularly palatable, as the flavour from the burnt tent and blankets was rather too pronounced, but we were not in a position to criticize. Charlie then produced the hind quarters of three large frogs, which he had captured earlier in the evening. These, fried on the stone, were very delicious, and Tom remarked that no more frogs would escape next day, as he would sure fill his pockets with them. The mosquitoes were very troublesome, and only close to the fire could we escape their attention. Tired as we were, sleep was out of the question, although we occasionally fell into a dose and would fall over to wake up with a sudden start. At the earliest light we were on our way again. Charlie had cooked the rest of the flour, but no breakfast was allowed, as he remarked that later we would get some more frogs. About nine o'clock we came to a back-water, where we had no trouble in securing a dozen fat croakers, which made us a good meal.

The country was now nearly all swamp and flooded for a considerable distance on each side of the river. It was nothing but wade, wade, wade. We had passed the portage leading to the west, but Charlie was confident that they had not taken this route. Late in the afternoon we saw a poplar ridge running parallel to the river about a half mile to the east, and Charlie advised us to follow it as far as possible and then return to the river. We found the walking on this ridge to be good, although considerably obstructed by underbrush. Later in the afternoon the ridge terminated in a bluff, on which grew a large poplar tree. At my suggestion, Tom climbed into this to spy out the country ahead. He had no more than reached the topmost branches when he called for me to come up, as he could see a thin haze in the distance which looked very much like smoke. As we watched it grew in volume. It was perfectly clear that there was a fire beside the river about five miles further down, and we had no doubt that the thieves had camped there for the night.

A FRINGE of poplar, shown by the lighter green crossed the river just in front of the smoke. We made our way quickly to the river. Tom blew a sharp call, which was quickly answered by Charlie. We told him what we had seen and proceeded to lay our plans while Charlie made the fire, from which, however, there was no smoke, and cooked the frogs we had gathered. These we ate with the last of our bread. Charlie suggested that we push on as far as possible while the day-light lasted and catch our friends at the earliest dawn, when they would likely be sound asleep. He knew the place well and informed us that there was a portage at the point where we could see the poplar grove, and as the smoke rose from beyond this, they were evidently camped at the lower end. We made about three miles before dark, but it was nearly mid-night before we reached the portage. Here Tom and I waited while Charlie went ahead to reconnoiter. After a long time he returned and told us that he had been

(Concluded on page 18.)



POPULAR ENTHUSIASM FOR THE WAR IN ROME.

Fifty thousand civilians in front of the Italian Chamber of Deputies demonstrate that war has taken hold, not merely of the Army—but the People.

A UNITED NATION GOES TO WAR

Now that Italy is at war, it is worth while to remember that she took plenty of time to do it—but more important to reflect that when she did the whole nation went in with a united plunge. England, Russia and France were forced into the war before any of them were ready. Italy waited until the whole nation was roused. The Triple Alliance had the tremendous task of organizing the three nations on a war basis, a task which is now only just getting well under way. Italy had ten months in which to make herself ready. The army that was a nation and the nation that was an army—in Germany—was met ten months ago by three nations which were not armies ready to take the field, and three armies which were not nations. Italy goes into the war with one united national purpose. The war party worked its way into the ascendancy against the intrigues of the neutralists manipulated from Berlin. There is now no peace party in Italy. There is no room for more than one opinion about the war. There is not, as yet, a necessity of a reorganized administration, such as took place in England, France and Russia; in England a coalition cabinet; in France a ministry reorganized during the first month of war; in Russia a new war minister appointed only last week.

When the first flush of national purpose has had time to spend itself in the grand frontal advance against Austria there may be time and place for new men and fresh measures at home. Up to the



AND THE KAISER IS STARTLED.

German Emperor with his war lords scanning the map of Europe, perhaps to see what changes Italy may make in the final result.

present, the kingdom south of the Alps and along the Adriatic has suffered no severe setback in the grand programme of getting from Austria what is Italy's by right. But the war as engineered from inside the Teutonic ring has forced all the nations to adopt new tactics, to wait and retire and reorganize. Italy may have her share of this. She will not decline it. There will never be any divided councils in that country as to the necessity of working shoulder to shoulder with the other members of the Quadruple Alliance to defeat Germany and Austria. And while the first impact of Italy may be followed by a reaction, and that again by a new plan of campaign, the entire weight of Italy's army and nation will not be flung against the enemy for some time to come; and when it is, with the unified co-operation of the three other great Powers, the strangle-hold on the Teutonic monster will begin to have its effect.

Meanwhile, we must permit the people of Victor Emmanuel and the soldiers of Cadorna to have their fling in Vive Italias and any other form of national enthusiasm to which the Latin temperament feels disposed. Italy may not march on Vienna much faster than Russian marched on Berlin. But knowing better what to expect, being better prepared and with her men and munitions of war concentrated within easy distance of the offensive front, the Italian army will probably be in no danger of even a temporary retreat.



THE ITALIAN RED CROSS OFF TO THE FRONT.

Italy went into the war with every part of her machine ready for action.



ITALIAN MILITARY MOTOR-CYCLIST.

Fully equipped with everything, including the rifle.

The Duration of the War

By THE MONOCLE MAN

A LOT of us thought that Lord Kitchener was pessimistic when he talked about a three years' war. We are now more inclined to wonder if the remark he added to that prediction was not even more prophetic—that, if the war went more than three years, it would be necessary for other men to take up the task and carry it on. He and his army would be worn out. I fancy that the Germans were first among those who thought the iron Kitchener pessimistic. They expected a short war—and a glorious one. Their whole military organization, to begin with, was keyed up to the tune of a short and smashing campaign. Von Kluck's army, which raced for Paris during the retreat from Mons, threw away its haversacks and blankets and all impedimenta which might retard its rush, and dashed forward to clinch victory before the autumn rains began. Well, it failed. The brilliant French and British rally at the Marne drove the invaders back to the first entrenchments, where they could hope to hold.

IT now looks as if they promptly accepted the verdict—the failure—and set to work to prepare for a new war beginning some time this last spring. While Kitchener was collecting and drilling his army, the Germans were creating a new army of their own, with a far better organization for the purpose. When the spring came, it was the Germans who made the "drive"—not the British. It was the Germans who had a superabundance of war munitions—not the Allies. The Germans were undoubtedly disappointed that they did not finish the war with one swift "punch" in the first round; but, having failed in that, they did not waste a minute in vain regrets, but prepared at once for a gruelling battle. It was clearly to be a long war; and they promptly organized their great nation to the last baby to see it through.

LATELY, they have done more. They have begun the organization of Austro-Hungary. The much better showing made by the Austro-Hungarian armies during this last "drive" through Galicia, has not been without its cause. It would have been more reasonable to expect the Austrians to lose morale—not gain it. So astonishing a miracle has not happened by accident. I fancy that the cause of it will be found to be German organization, officering and even drilling. Another evidence of German control at Vienna appears in the fact that the successes of the Italian armies in the south did not result in hurrying Austrian armies from Galicia to the Trentino and Trieste. They stayed with the German battering-ram, and let the Italians over-run Austrian territory and capture Austrian strongholds. That ability to endure punishment with a calm countenance was far more like Berlin than Vienna.

THE changed attitude toward the United States is also a danger signal. It means that Germany thinks victory sufficiently possible not to be indifferent to the arrival of a new enemy in the field—an enemy which is impotent now, but which could make great efforts if the war went on. If Germany foresaw defeat, she would be very likely to provoke American intervention for two reasons—one to "save her face" and the other to bring the less concerned American Government into the Peace Conference. The Americans could not do her any great damage if the war were to end, say, by the autumn; so American intervention would not seriously hurt her, but would let down the Hohenzollern regime more easily in the eyes of its own people and would possibly moderate the demands of the Allies when they came to dictate peace. But if the war is to go on for a term of years, then American neutrality is most desirable from a German point of view. They do not want an American Kitchener to be busy making a great army; and they do not want American factories to be mobilized for the making of munitions of war.

THIS all must mean a grim settling down on the part of the Allies for a long struggle. The Russian strategists have been looking well ahead all through this campaign in Galicia. They have been saving their armies while inflicting as much punishment as possible upon the Germans. Territory is nothing to them—especially Austrian territory. They have the greater part of two Continents behind them over which to manoeuvre. They could lose Moscow without losing the war. The German theory that they could be discouraged by driving them steadily back was most fallacious. Russia is more concerned in the outcome of this war than any of her Allies, and can be depended upon to fight to the last. It is, in essence, a tussel between the Teuton and the Slav for the mastery of Eastern Europe; and the Slav will not stop fighting until his banners fly from the minarets of St. Sophia.

FRANCE has saved the western campaign all through the winter and up to this writing. On that murderously pounded "front" of well over 400 miles, the British hold only thirty—the Belgians about fifteen, magnificently much for their shattered army—and the gallant French the rest. Their army was never better. It is the finest army in the world to-day, for its numerical strength. Italy has taken eight months to get into fighting trim, and has succeeded in forcing the enemy to fight on their own territory. So much for our Allies. But what of us? Are we doing our best? Well, the case for Canada is soon stated. They have found in the Mother Country that their volunteer system is not likely to produce enough men to win the war. They are talking of "national service"—which is a euphemism for "draft" or "conscription." Yet their volunteer system has brought out just about four times as large a proportion of their population as have volunteered in Canada. Do you get that? Out of every hundred Britons in the United Kingdom, four times as many have volunteered as have enlisted out of every hundred in Canada. And that is less than half the story. For when we look at the places of birth of the men who have volunteered in Canada—especially in the first contingents—the number of British-born is simply staggering. Our English, Irish and Scotch youth have gone. The country has been denuded of them. But I have no figures to show how small has been the proportion of the Canadian-born to the volunteers in Britain—and I am glad of it. I do not think we should like to see them in print. Counting in our British-born, we are only one-fourth as good as the Britons at home; and they are now found not good enough. What do you think WE ought to do about it?

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Why Smith Changed His Job

BY JAMES SHERLIKER.

Mr. James Sherliker is a well-known writer on the life of the workers in Lancashire, and, as is shown in the following article from the London Daily Mail, has a remarkable and sympathetic understanding of its varied shades of character.

A WONDERFUL thing has happened. "up north." Mr. Bill Smith, grinder in a Lancashire cotton mill, has changed his job. His father was a grinder, and his grandfather; and but for a

German bullet in Belgium the line would have been lengthened after the war by young Tom. It is the Cotton County's way. When the telegram came from the War Office he stroked his weeping wife's cheek and felt broken-hearted and proud. The neighbours poured into the cottage. Smith strummed the tune of the boy's favourite hymn on the family harmonium and went out to get his photograph enlarged.

"No use cryin'," he muttered bravely. "We're waddin' an' we must paay t' price o' vict'ry. . . . Write 'E did 'is bit' under 'is picture. I'll do mine. I'll keep on at mi job till one o' t' younger end o' t' family's owd enough to tek mi place like Tom would 'ave done."

But a few days later Smith learned the truth from The Daily Mail and Mr. Lloyd George. He gazed at the enlargement, and swore, and saw red. We were not winning. There was no unlimited supply of high-explosive shells. Tom might have been saved if there had been. A mist came over his eyes.

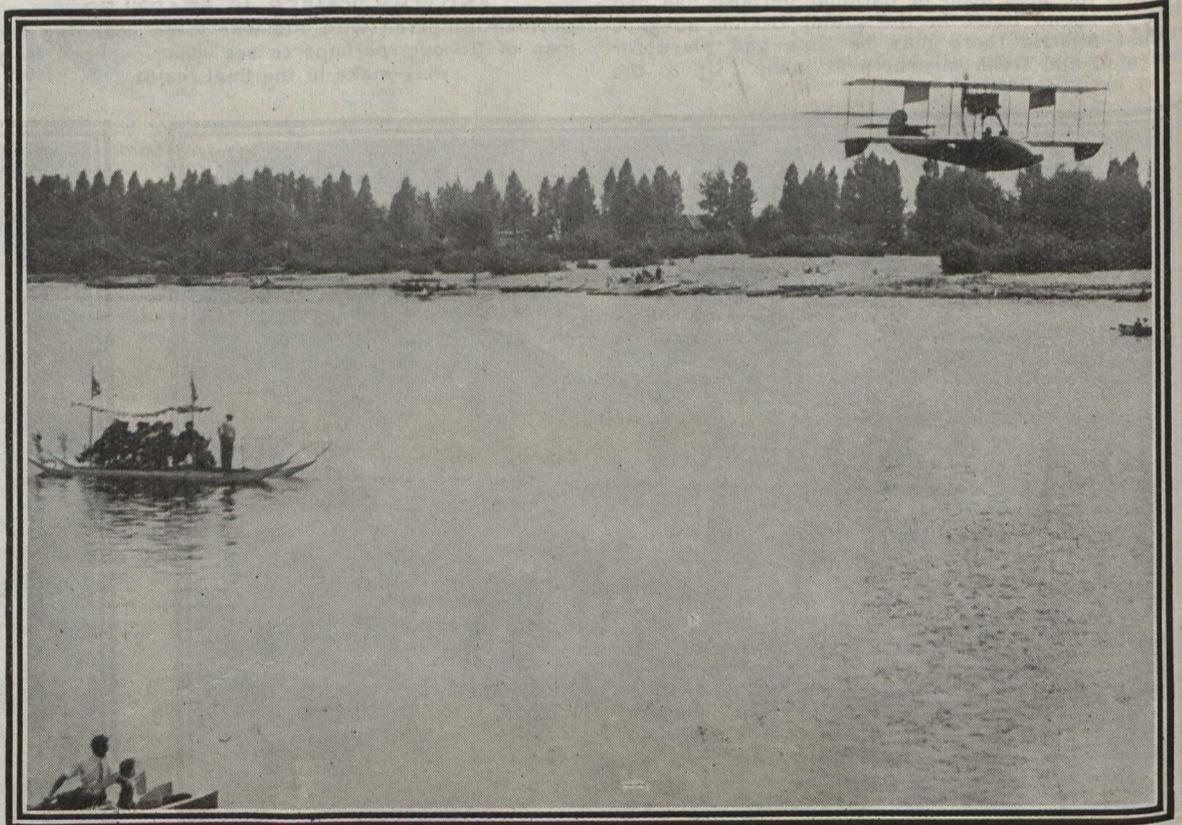
"W'y the blazes," he cried, "didn't they tell us sooner?"

He changed his job next day. Now he is making shells. He stands for a million or so North-country workers who, now the truth has been told, are figuring in the greatest industrial transformation the nation has ever known. The truth has worked a grand quick change. The weaver is deserting his looms in order to help make munitions. The spinner is leaving his mules in order to give more food to the Flanders batteries. The old bobbin-carrier is telling his wife how many dead Germans "is represented by a bust o' high explosive," and adding, "So ye see w'y ah threw mi job oop to go an' 'elp. Engineering works are taking on a new face and a new meaning. Implements of peace must wait until peace prevails. The truth is out, and the wonderful worker of the north, who does not get drunk, who does not slack, is toiling like a slave at the task which means the downfall of the Potsdam murderer.

The women want to help as well. "Ah've given mi ladd," the grey-haired mother of a fallen young hero told me, "an' ah'll give misel'. Ah'l work till ah drop. . . . But (gripping my wrist) w'y didn't they saay they wer' short o' these things sooner?"

The cry was echoed about the vacant chairs and about the caps and clogs that will never be worn again. It has given life to the letters of those gallant Lancashires who were first in with the bayonet before the retreat from Mons. It has echoed along the miles and miles of denuded mill land where in place of brave boys there are memory-raising postcards reading, "Tell the lads to join up," and "They came up in thousands, but we sang 'God save the King' and then shook them on our bayonets like harvesters shake their hay." It has echoed in the churches, among the red-eyed mothers and the sobbing girls. I trust it will not reach the trenches. I want to tell the North-country boys at the front that their fathers and elder brothers at home are rolling their shirt-sleeves higher as they go forth to make the death-dealers. We shall get the munitions. Mr. Bill Smith, formerly anything-you-like in a factory, now a maker of shells, is the hardest worker in the world. He is giving up his holidays, he says, but (and he pounds the air fiercely with his blackened clay), "W'y the etc. didn't they tell us afore?"

THE HYDROPLANE IN MANOEUVRES



The McCurdy hydro-plane from the Toronto Island School of Aviation hovering over the regatta on Dominion Day.

THE WAR LENS IN FOUR LANDS



AND AFTER ALL—THE BAYONET.

Part of Kitchener's army rehearsing the kind of warfare that doesn't happen often enough to suit the British soldiers.



THE PETROL RIDER IN FRANCE.

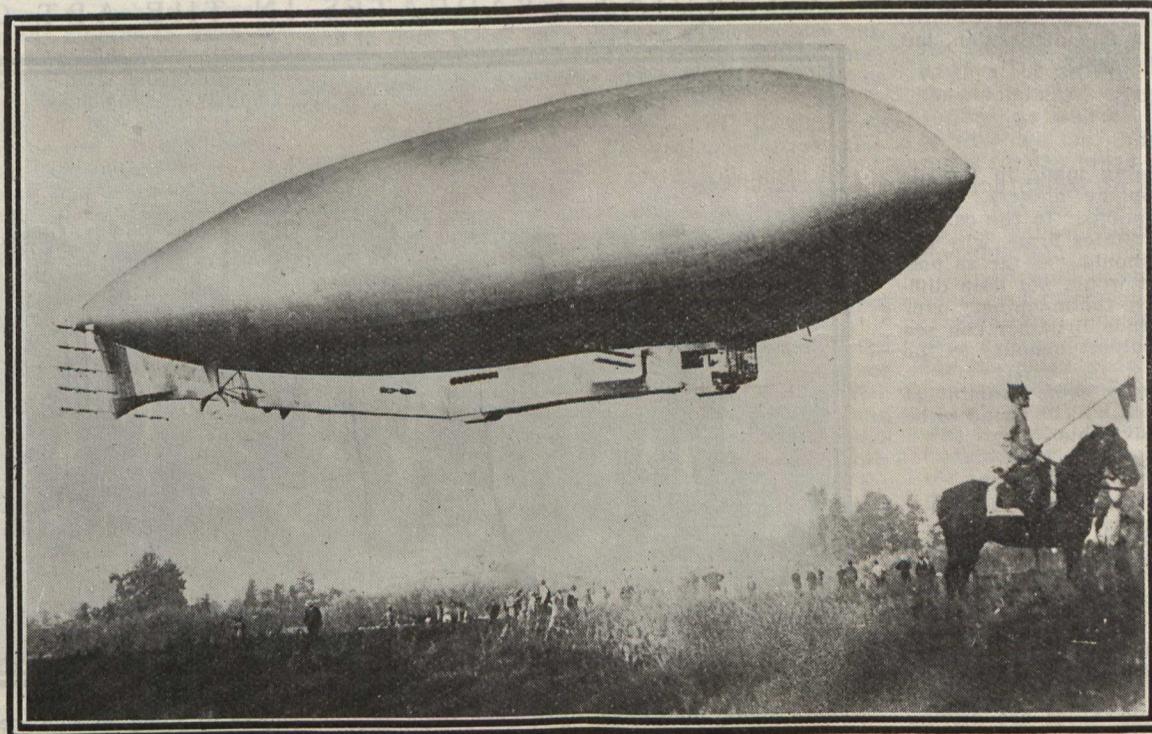
Dispatch couriers in actual business near the firing line where the cavalry horse is still a thing of the past.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH FROM URUMISH.

The Russian Consul in Persia and his wife getting out of Urumish on a boat formerly operated by Germany.

KEEPING track of the war now makes it necessary for the average man to have a geography globe at his breakfast table and a small atlas in his pocket. The world is being rediscovered a hundred times faster by war than Columbus and Champlain and Capt. Cook discovered it before modern navigation was invented. Englishmen used to say at the time of the Seven Years War, that it was necessary to read the despatches every morning in the newspapers for fear of missing the report of some British victory. It is more necessary now to read the newspapers in order to be sure just what countries are at war, where their armies are fighting, and what other countries neutral to-day may be fighting next week. Keeping track of victories and defeats is only a small part of the daily grind. This is a war, not of victories and defeats, but of wearing out armies, piling up war loans, entangling alliances



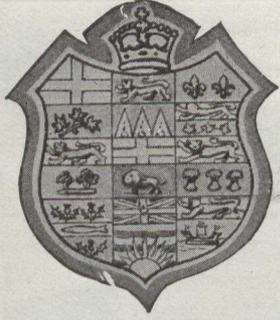
NOT A ZEPPELIN—BUT AN ITALIAN DIRIGIBLE.

The air-craft that recently bombarded the Austrian naval base at Pola.

and huge statistics of casualties on all sides running into the millions. Arnold Bennett should write a book on—How to live twenty-four hours a day when the world is at war; and another for distribution in the trenches on—How people who are not fighting manage to keep out of it.

Reference to Kitchener's army frequently emphasizes the fact that the men are all trained more than they are merely drilled; trained by gymnastic methods to make every man as a unit more capable than he would be as a smart, well-drilled soldier of the guardsman variety. This is the first great war in which individual athletics has ever been regarded as a first essential of soldiering after the ability to shoot. Canadians who have gone to the front bank on their individual fitness for trench warfare, for hardships that are more frequent than sudden death or even war epidemics.

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Superior resources in metals and metal manufacturing more than make up for inferiority in numbers.

A Coalition

COMMENTING on some remarks in this journal concerning a coalition at Ottawa, the St. John "Times" says Sir Wilfrid Laurier has a standing offer to join Sir Robert Borden in putting a stop to all partisan activity until after the war. Perhaps both leaders would like a coalition, but the rank and file do not yet see the necessity for it. Canada is still politics-mad, still worshipping politicians, still unwilling to put the interests of the nation before those of the party.

God-Sent Profits

A PUBLIC man, and a Conservative, remarked the other day that Canadian manufacturers should regard the tariff profits as God-sent profits. He thought the manufacturer should try to arrange his costs so as to be able to make goods if the protection were removed.

There are a heap of other God-sent profits which people regard as permanent until suddenly they fly away, no one knows whither.

Our Neighbour's Food.

WHAT food a workingman in the United States could buy in 1907 for \$280, cost him \$334 in 1913 and \$340 in 1914. This includes a list of fifteen articles, which represent about two-thirds of the expenditure for food made by the average workingman's family. The Federal Bureau of Labour Statistics have compiled the figures.

The producers of food have been getting higher prices and in turn have been paying higher wages. It is hard to tell who is the gainer. Certainly the man whose salary or wages or income is stationary is the loser.

Artillery Kills

A FRENCH despatch states that seven-tenths of all casualties are caused by artillery fire. This simple fact, if it is a fact, explains all the fuss about supplies of shells.

The first ineffective in the war was the Dreadnaught; the second, the cavalry; third, the magazine rifle. The weapons which have taken their place are the submarine, the scouting aeroplane, and the machine gun. The old field gun is now the fourth ineffective, its place being taken by the high-powered, low-trajectory 75 or 77 mm. field gun, such as those used by the French and Italian armies.

The new high-powered artillery is a great consumer of explosive shells, and hence the excitement over the supply for each of the contesting armies. Since December the French have been manufacturing 100,000 shells a day more than they consume, and Germany probably the same. The other nations are in arrears.

Weary of Long Ballots

NEW YORK STATE is growing weary of its long ballot. In Ontario the voter marks a ballot for one man—his representative in the Legislature. One hundred odd of these men get together and elect a Premier who chooses a Cabinet. The Cabinet appoints every official in the Parliament Buildings and every provincial official.

In New York the voter elects his local representative to the Assembly, the Governor, the Lieutenant-

Governor, the sheriff, and for about forty other individuals. The New York State ballot is worse than the longest laundry list ever printed. Because of this long ballot, the voter is confused; therefore he votes as a "boss" tells him. Abolish the long ballot and the boss's job is gone.

Instead of a Cabinet of six to ten members as in Ontario and the other provinces, there are at Albany, N.Y., 169 boards, bureaus and commissions, each having power over something and each having "patronage." It is now proposed by certain reformers, led by the experts of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, to abolish these 169 boards and substitute 11 departments. This would make the New York system approximate to that of the Canadian provinces.

When one reads of this agitation, one appreciates the excellent system of provincial government in vogue here, even though it does disgrace us occasionally—as at present in Manitoba.

When the People Arise

PUBLIC opinion is always at work, but it seldom strikes trip-hammer blows. In Manitoba, the people are thoroughly aroused over the political scandal and the Kellys, the contractors who were in the deal, are said to have left the country.

There is little doubt in any one's mind that the politicians of Manitoba intended to call off the investigation in part after the change in government. The bargain was never carried out because public opinion was too strong. All over Canada there arose an outcry which frightened cabinet ministers and judges, and the investigation goes on.

This should teach us all a lesson. If there is crookedness in public life it exists because of apathy on the part of citizens who should be alert. When politicians know that the people are alert, they will observe higher standards. Or, to put it another way, the best men in a party can retain control only so long as they are supported by an alert public opinion.

Montreal to Winnipeg

FOR thirty years it has been possible to travel between Montreal and Winnipeg only by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Now for the first time there is a choice of rail routes. Three times a week a train will run from Montreal and Toronto via North Bay, Cochrane and the new National Transcontinental to Winnipeg. Thus is history made.

The length of the new route is 1,257 miles, and the trip will be made from Toronto to Winnipeg in forty-two hours, which is satisfactory. The great attraction of the trip for a few years is that it will enable many people to see a portion of Canada which has been hitherto inaccessible. The Grand Trunk and the Canadian Government have combined in making this new service, and their efforts will no doubt be appreciated by the country.

Losses to Date

CANADA has had a list of casualties totalling ten thousand, of which about fifteen hundred were killed. Britain had losses of 258,000 up to May 31st, including Canadian, Australian and Indian. Of the 10,955 officers, 3,327 were killed, 6,498 were wounded, and 1,130 are missing. The total of officers and men killed is 50,000.

These losses are probably equal to all the losses in battle by the British army in all the wars that have been waged since Waterloo. And yet this war is far from being finished.

This Freak Year

DESPITE the fact that the water in the lakes and rivers is three feet lower than the average, the land is moist and crops are abundant. The continent seems to have arrived at its record point in regard to abundant crops of flowers, fruit and grain. Your grandfather's harvest rules have all gone to smash in this freak year of 1915.

This is also the year when every business man wishes he were a farmer, and when the farmer himself is almost half-convinced that circumstances of birth and upbringing did not play him a scurvy trick.

A Fishing Debate

WHEN, in a few days, you begin to think of using small green frogs as bait for the wary bass, be careful that some one does not accuse you of using reptile bait. If it should happen, do not make any wagers without carefully deciding what a reptile is. Is a frog a fish because it has gills when in the tadpole stage? Is it a mammal because it has a brain and a spinal cord similar to a man's? Or is it a reptile because it has cold blood and does not suckle its young?

Retreat and Advance

ONE must remember that the Russians are retreating TOWARDS their supplies of ammunition while the Germans are advancing AWAY FROM their supplies. In the end geography must have its way.

A Fine Distinction

WHEN the United States comes to complain to Germany of the American citizens killed in the sinking of the "Armenian," they must make a fine distinction. Any men killed on the vessel before it surrendered were "legally" killed; any men shot or drowned after the ship surrendered were "illegally" killed. It is a fine distinction, but international rules make it necessary.

Making Aeroplanes Here

AEROPLANES are now being made in Canada by United States aeroplane makers. This arouses a host of suggestions. In the case of British orders given to United States firms, why not insert a clause that all these should, "as far as possible," be made in Canada? It would not be a difficult or expensive matter to move the machinery over here, and surely even a free trade Britisher can see that there would be great resultant benefits to the Empire.

This particular suggestion may seem fanciful at first, but on closer examination it will be found to be economically and financially advisable.

Not by Numbers Only

HILAIRE BELLOC may figure and figure, but this war will not be settled by the number of men only. If it were, Russia would now have the German and Austrian armies in full retreat. Russia has fifty million people more than Germany and Austria combined. If bulk counted, the bulky Russian forces must have crushed the enemy ere this.

On the contrary, the Teutonic Allies are driving the Russians back because their national efficiency is greater. The Germans and Austrians have more guns and more ammunition. They have enough for themselves and apparently enough for the Turks.

CANADIAN GRADUATES IN THE ART OF AVIATION



These young men have all finished their aviation course at Long Branch, near Toronto. From left to right they are: Lt. D. A. Hay, Toronto; Capt. E. A. MacLachlan, Ottawa; A. S. Ince, Toronto; G. A. Gooderham, Toronto; Lt. Homer Smith, Toronto; C. A. MacLaurin, Lachine; Lt. C. A. Van Nostrand, Toronto; C. N. Geale, Peterboro'; D. G. Joy, Toronto; W. H. Peberdy, Rugby, Eng.; Pilot V. Carlstron, and Mechanician, J. Honor.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

As We See Others

Fashions and Fights

PERHAPS we have said before that many fashions and certain styles of garments could be traced to military influence over the caprice of Madame La Mode. All women have noticed—most of them with relief—the widening of the skirt—and now we fear that an extreme will be upon us again and the skirts will be billowing around the hem to the extent of five yards and more. "Crimoline" is whispered, and already queer, skeletony affairs are casting a shadow in the show-rooms of fashionable shops, while ladies of the old school murmur "hoops."

The wide skirts, so it is alleged, are the direct consequence of the war stringency. The merchants and manufacturers need to dispose of more material, and times are not quite so bright as they were in the days when the Kaiser behaved like a semi-rational monarch; and so Fashion kindly turns her attention to making us buy yards and yards more than we need for our garments. The sleeves, also, are going to swell to balloon dimensions, and our arms will return to the puffy appearance of twenty years ago or thereabouts. There is method in the modistical madness, and we feel more kindly to the widening skirts and distending sleeves when we remember that they are intended to keep business as it used to be. During the panic of 1907, the French makers of the modes put their wise Gallic heads together and devised the Empire styles which demanded more yards and richer materials—partly, in order to help the merchants and factories. Those who decree our fashions are not entirely without regard to the needs and emergencies of political life, and there is a certain philosophy, even with regard to the many changes in modern days.

But is fashion going too far, in the present stern conditions, in assuming that the public will obey the wave of wideness which has swept over the costumes in the magazines devoted to frills and furbelows? There are a few who may resist its mandates, even at the risk of having last year's skirts described as "slinky," but most of us will buy or "charge" the needed material and have the very latest thing we can discover in a wide skirt and frilly sleeves.

An observer of matters sartorial has been noticing the "depth" of mourning worn in Paris. This seems out of harmony with the traditional gayety of France, but it is in keeping, no doubt, with an emotional tendency to symbolize elaborately the prevailing sentiment. But Paris is bravest in black array.

In the Course of the Conflict

THE recent anniversary of the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria and his wife reminds the world of the havoc which followed the attack by the Bosnian youth, Gavrilo Princip, who is now serving a sentence in an Austrian prison. The swiftness with which ultimatum followed ultimatum, while ambassadors were given their passports before the month of August was well on its way, seems bewildering now to recall. We have had a new world and lived a whole lifetime since July, 1914, and yet we are looking forward with a certain confidence to the months to come, in spite of a lack of ammunition and a realization of how deep-seated is German hate and how thorough has been the preparation of the Teutons. Canada has amply proved the courage of her sons and the devotion of her daughters since the war declaration was made, and we cannot but believe that the voluntary service of a free people will triumph, in the end, over the machine efficiency of a hate-made campaign. We are not going to deny that we have many lessons to learn from the same efficiency and thoroughness of the German spirit. We realize now how little initiative we have shown in certain forms of scientific research, especially as it relates to the utilization of waste products.

We are not disposed to be too sanguine, as to when it will all be over; but we adopt the unfailing British policy of "sitting tight." One thing we should be wise enough to do—face the situation and endeavour to realize the need of year-long patience and toil. As an editorial remarked in this journal some time ago—we want no more "baby's jam," in the form of withheld information as to actual disaster. Those who are invalids or in special distress may well be shielded from all the facts, but most British subjects are willing, as Browning said in his "Prospice"—to "know the whole of it." This does not mean that we desire to magnify atrocities or dwell upon horrors—such a course is manifestly unwise. We do not wish to eat, sleep, drink and wear the most horrible details of war; but we do wish to know the facts and then go ahead. We want no useless dwelling on how this or that might have been done, no morbid lamenting over the inevitable. If, after the day's work, the twilight or the dark should bring bitter regret for the sacrifices made, there is only one thing

to turn to—the great belief that in some brighter world are those brave souls "who thank our God for that they served His world."

A Khaki Quarrel

THERE has been something resembling a tempest in a teapot over the khaki servant movement, started by several well-meaning but ill-advised English women. The new military garb of footmen, scullery boys and others has aroused a protest from Tommy Atkins, which has reached no less a personage than Lord Kitchener. Tommy is naturally anxious to preserve a certain dignity for his uniform and resents its "menial" use. The Countess of Powis and the Duchess of Marlborough are said to have cast oil on the troubled waters by a new domestic ruling. For



MRS. ALICE MEADOWS,
of St. Thomas, Ont., first Grand Worthy Matron of
the Grand Chapter of Ontario Order of the Eastern
Star.

some months, these two fair ladies have been keeping in their service only men who promise to enlist. Such servants are accordingly provided with regulation uniforms and given six hours daily drilling for the army. Their expenses during training are paid by their employers and when they are called for active service, they are provided with complete outfits.

The Duchess of Marlborough (who was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt) has sent eight of her men to the front, and a second octette are in training under orders. Mrs. John Astor and Lady Cheylesmore have persuaded their men servants to enlist and go north, and in their places have engaged women whose husbands are at the front. All these measures meet with Tommy's approval—which is greatly to be desired.

ERIN.

WHAT IS A COUNTESS?

London, June 23rd.

IN British military hospitals one hears the volunteer worker referred to as a V. A. D. (Voluntary Aid Detachment). In an American hospital in France, therefore, the introduction.

"This is Miss Smith, my countess," was anything but self-explanatory.

In time, however, the explanation came. In the first flush of enthusiasm the American Ambulance at Neuilly, just outside of Paris, was deluged with volunteer effort, both masculine and feminine, and often a gentleman of ancient lineage devoted himself to the humble duties of stretcher-bearer, while his patrician sister agreed to fetch and carry for the plain American hospital nurse. Apparently the noble ladies—and others—sometimes dreamt that they dwelt in marble halls and their duties suffered by their mental absences.

To the patients it sometimes seemed that the hospital was peopled with personages of rank. It was an English Tommy who voiced a complaint. Beckoning an attendant to his side, he pointed to the ward's voluntary assistant, who, looking very smart in her pretty uniform, was gazing idly out of the window.

"Say," he begged, "I wish you'd tell that there countess that I want my soup. Should have had it an hour ago."

The story went the rounds and was picked up by the staff of Mrs. Harvey Payne Whitney's hospital,

who were helping in the bandage room until their place at Juilly should be ready for them. And, though the nurses at Juilly each vied with the other in praise of her particular "Countess," the name stuck. Every vestige of irony had been extracted and the term had grown to be one of affectionate banter. Hence the introduction.

"This is my countess!" MONA CLEAVER.

Supreme Head, Ontario Order

DURING the spring of this year, the third Canadian Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star was organized in Ontario, the first having come into existence in Alberta in 1912, and being closely followed by British Columbia in the same year. The Grand Chapter of Ontario, which was granted supreme jurisdiction in its province, starts off with the promise of a very bright future and every prospect of growth and success. The first officers placed in charge of affairs show wise and careful selection. The supreme head of the Order in this jurisdiction is Mrs. Alice S. Meadows, of St. Thomas, who was elected Grand Worthy Matron of the Grand Chapter of Ontario. Mrs. Meadows is a woman of charming personality, with a fine, dignified presence, and possessing to a marked degree a talent for leadership. A thorough Canadian, born at Rice Lake and educated at Port Hope, moving to St. Thomas in 1881, she became the bride of David Meadows, Assistant Master Mechanic and full inspector of the Michigan Central Railway in that division. Mrs. Meadows has always been keenly interested in all movements having for their object the uplift of womanhood, and has been a leading figure in St. Thomas in all philanthropic work, holding important offices in the W. C. T. U., the Elgin Humane Society, and the Y. M. C. A. Auxiliary. Mrs. Meadows is a prominent worker in the Presbyterian Church and an active worker in all its branches of Christian endeavour.

Western Economising

Saskatoon, June 20th.

HOW do people live in the West now, since times are so hard, and how do the poor girls manage when they are out of work? Serious questions truly to have hurled at one's head, "sudden, and frequent, and hard," but while the West is hard hit, it is not so generally disabled as its Eastern sympathizers fear.

One aid in the solution of the unemployment problem was the going back to the farms of many families who had moved to the towns for a little gamble in lots. When the fairy tales of frenzied finance ceased to be true, paterfamilias was glad to hie him back to the broad acres that had not been inflated, and were consequently less liable to collapse. Frequently there were daughters in the family who held positions in offices and stores, and when it was necessary they also could return. The wives of unemployed labouring men were obliged to leave their children to go out to try to get any kind of work. The employment agencies were thronged with these women before daylight of the short days of fall and winter, and many of them walked miles to be there first. Sometimes there was work for all! When their husbands enlisted, they exchanged the anxiety of whether he had found work, for the fear that he had found a soldier's grave. Always the anxiety or the fear, but with the latter the soldiers' pay and the guardianship of the patriotic society, as well as the chance of staying at home to care for the children. It is far easier to raise funds for the bread-winner who is far away, "bleeding and dying" to uphold the standard of the Empire, than for one who is frayed and worn holding up the wall of the nearest building or looking for a invisible job.

Experienced housekeepers, cooks and general servants had to accept \$10 to \$15 a month less, as employers could not afford expensive help. When business quieted down rather suddenly, it looked serious for the many girls employed in real estate offices and businesses of that sort, but fortunately they did not all go out of business at once. Last in first out, was the rule, and many reliable firms are still in it. Considerate employers advised their assistants to try to get permanent positions, and kept them on, though often at reduced wages, until they could secure other positions. Some went home to the East, some to the country, some back to school to get a better education, some into domestic service, and some into the hospitals to train as nurses. The women of the churches, the Y. W. C. A., the Travelers' Aid, the W. C. T. U., and other philanthropic organizations, tried to keep in touch with the unemployed girls who had not homes of their own to go to. They arranged with responsible women in city and country, to give such girls a home and some wages at least, in return for help with the work of the household, until they could secure more profitable employment. One factory worker who offered

(Concluded on page 16.)



Courierettes.

IT'S deuced hard for the printers to remain at their machines instead of taking to machine guns when they're constantly changing the names of those war zone cities.

Some paper says the U. S. has a new Mexican policy. We did not know it had an old one.

Bryan cannot hope to get the German vote on a "peace and prohibition" platform. They want peace now, no doubt, but —

Mexico seems to be so busy fighting that she doesn't get time to eat.

German torpedoes make a lot of "mistakes," considering that the Teutons take pride in their scientific precision.

So long as the Vatican keeps its Swiss Guards it should be able to remain neutral.

An American Baptist journal excused the Lusitania murder. The editor must favor wholesale and total immersion.

The Huns have been shelling Dunkirk again. They seem to have an attraction for any town with a kirk in it.

When a woman weds it's a sure sign that some man's troubles are beginning.

President Chazaro of Mexico has issued a statement. We never knew there was such a chap. He slid into the presidential chair, probably, when nobody was watching.

Woman suffragists talk of marching from New York to Buffalo in silence. If the suffs do that they will deserve the vote.

France has now called her citizens of 200 pounds and over to the front. That should give the allies' line the needed weight.

We note in the American papers a lot of stuff about the Morgan-Converse wedding. Why not make it the "Money-Talks" nuptials?

A mountain near the 'Frisco Fair is in eruption for the hundredth time. The managers of the Panama Ex. are mighty men.

Life seems to be just one retreat after another for poor Pancho Villa these days.

No sooner does Uncle Sam get the Frank case out of the way than the Thaw case bobs up again.

The Explanation.—There's a man in California who says he is 100 years old and has never sworn. We are confident that he never struck his thumb with a hammer nor was forced to listen to one of Bryan's lectures.

The Price of Flour.—The price of flour is dropping. It was outrageous. Now it is just unreasonable.

The Way It Works.—The more stories they get going about the Ford car the more factories is Henry Ford enabled to build. The man who makes up those yarns is Ford's best friend.

The Probability.—Harry Thaw is now 45 years old. It is more than possible that his case may outlive him.

The Usual Way.—They were asking the weary mother how she was going to spend her holidays.

"Oh, pa'll get a summer cottage beside some lake, and I'll stay in the kitchen cooking the fish he catches

for the city folks who visit us to eat," she said.

Those Straw Hats.

The new straw hats, says Farmer Brown, seem silly things to him— With their two dollars' worth of crown And ten cents' worth of brim.

War Notes.

In the official reports there is no such word as "retreat." It is simply a "readjustment of our lines."

The Germans nearly blew up the Nebraskan. A little later on the other Nebraskan blew up —unaided.

The Teutons asked America for time to consider its demand. How much time did the torpedo give the Lusitania?

How can they talk of New York being defenceless when we read so much in the press about gunmen in Gotham?

It seems to be generally agreed now that Bryan's greatest service to his country was his resignation.

Von Bulow says he tried hard to bring Italy and Austria together. They're fairly close together now.

It is said that Germans stain their hands, faces and clothes green to hide in the trees. A sort of horti-kultur?

Reports say that Italian crowds shouted "Long live the war!" when Italy declared war. But they didn't just mean it that way.

The hesitation of those Balkan states for these many months makes it clear that somebody put a "balk" in the Balkans.

It Pays.—A farmer near Indianapolis, while plowing an extra deep furrow in his field, turned up a tin can containing 318 silver half dollars. Yes, boys, it pays to plow deep.

Agreed.—Dr. Wiley, the health and food authority, declares that woman's best profession is marriage. The fact that, like other professions, marriage has its failures does not prove the old doctor to be mistaken.

The Lie-Detector.—Prof. Munsterberg of Harvard has invented a machine to detect a lie. Fine. Now let the Teuton professor try it on the remarks and writings of himself and his fellow-countrymen in the colleges.

A Sure Cure.—We note in the news that a New Jersey man alleges the nagging of his wife to have caused him to lose 105 pounds in one year. Here's an idea for fat men. Marry a nagging woman. It will either kill or cure.

Some Skipper.—Miss Zenobia Leaster, of Baltimore, aged 80, boasts that she is able to use a skipping rope with ease. The rising generation must look to its laurels. There's no holding these people at the prime of life.

It Doesn't Matter.—It is said the second contingent of Canadians may go to the Dardanelles. Well, all roads lead to Berlin in this war.

Reversed.—That famous Russian steam roller was going full speed

ahead for a while, till something happened and the reverse lever was pulled.

Supply and Demand.—Two women in New York claim the same man as husband. Somehow, the demand for husbands always seems greater than the supply.

Of Course He Is.—Judge Elbert H. Gary says: "The mentally ablest men I know are between 55 and 65 years old."

And we are forced to the conclusion that the learned Judge's age, if looked up, would be found to be somewhere between 55 and 65.

The Logic Of It.—A liquor man in West Virginia offered to pay off the State debt of \$17,000,000 in ten years if he were given the sole right to sell liquor in the State. That offer may set West Virginians thinking that by cutting off the traffic they might themselves clear off the State debt and stay sober into the bargain.

Sized Up.—William Jennings Bryan says that international law is intended for war and not for peace. And we rise to remark that similarly Mr. Bryan seems to have been intended for speech and not for action.

Health Hint.—Never interfere with a woman who is beating her husband.

The Recipe.—It is easy to make people laugh—just let them say something funny.

Collected. The red-headed collector collected The powder mill rent as directed, But he paused there to scratch His head with a match— The collector was later collected.

Ornamental.—"I see that Smith has fitted his car with a new siren." "Yes; isn't she good-looking?"

A Pressing Affair. "May I print a kiss on your cheek?" I said; She nodded her sweet permission, So we went to press and I rather guess We printed a large edition.

"But one edition is not enough," She said, with a charming pout, So again in the press the form was placed And we got some "extras" out.

Police! Police!—This is from the ad. columns of the Hamilton Spectator: "For Sale.—A splendid baby and folding cot, all in good condition."

What's the matter with the Hamilton police? Do they permit a trade in helpless infants to be so openly carried on?

A High Price Per Acre.—Hon. Sir William Mulock has never posed as an authority on art, but he enjoys pictures and stories about artists. He is responsible for a story concerning the late owner of a very beautiful wooded estate of nearly a hundred acres in the north part of Toronto. A few years ago a Canadian artist painted a picture from a scene in this sylvan wilderness and asked the owner of the estate what he thought about buying it to hang in his home.

"How much do you want for it?" asked the owner. The artist mentioned the price—a good one.

"Poh!" said the owner. "Quite impossible, sir! Why that's more than I paid for the whole estate when I came here."

Uncle Sam's Condition.—Julian Street, the writer, says that Uncle Sam is in no condition to fight. Possibly. The old chap's flesh may be a bit soft, but we fancy there's nothing wrong with his wind.



Gouraud's Oriental Cream

renders to the skin a beautiful, soft, pearly white appearance. Its consistent use purifies the complexion and is of great assistance in the treatment of "complexion ills".

We will send a complexion chamois and a book of powder leaves for 15c. to cover the cost of mailing and wrapping.

At Druggists and Department Stores
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, 474 St. Paul Street, Montreal



St. Lawrence Sugar

Home Jam-Makers

This hint may Save your Jam!

No matter how fresh your berries, nor how thoroughly the jam is cooked, nor how clean the jars are, preserves are absolutely sure to spoil if the sugar used contains organic matter,—impurities—and many sugars do—

Home jam makers should profit by the experience of others and insist on being supplied with

St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar

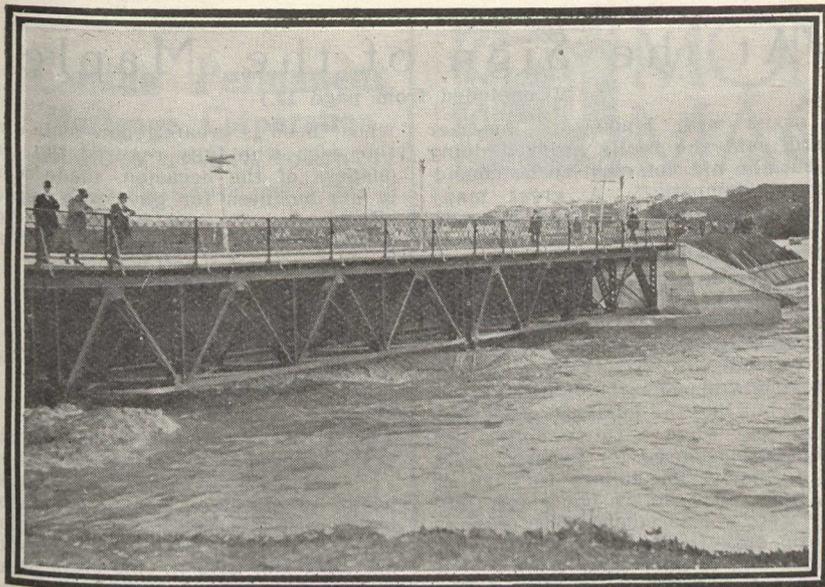
which has always, and for many years, given satisfaction.

It tests over 99.99 per cent pure and is refined exclusively from cane sugar.—

Buy in refinery sealed packages to avoid mistakes and assure absolute cleanliness and correct weights—2 lb. and 5 lb. cartons; 10, 20, 25 and 100 lb. bags, and your choice of three sizes of grain: fine, medium, or coarse.

—Any good dealer can fill your order.
ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES, LIMITED, Montreal.





THE RAGING BOW AT CALGARY.

This picture shows the water of the Bow River up to the top of the piers at the C.N.R. bridge. In the distance, the rails and ties were moved down on to the embankment to help protect it.

Floods in the West

FOR the second time in sixteen years Edmonton has been visited by a flood; and for the first time on record Calgary had a flood at about the same time as Edmonton. Usually these two western cities near the Rockies do things as far differently as possible.

There is, however, no direct connection between the flood at Calgary and the flood at Edmonton. Calgary's flood comes from the Bow River, which rises up among the glacial regions of the south Canadian Rockies and flows into the south Saskatchewan hundreds of miles below Edmonton. The flood at Edmonton is directly due to the north Saskatchewan, which is one of the most variable rivers in Canada for average depth.

The flood that came on Saturday night, June 26, was caused by a cloud burst and melting snows in the "Rockies." It sent the river forty-five feet and two inches above the low water mark; a seething, swirling flood, carrying shacks, houses, barns and all manner of debris on its crest.

The total damage and destruction both to homes and manufacturing plants is variously estimated at from three-quarters to a million dollars. Some eight hundred families, representing two thousand people, were driven from their homes. The city damages, fortunately, were not heavy, though several of the bridges were seriously threatened, and were long in danger. One of them, long the chief medium of connection between Edmonton and Strathcona, would have assuredly gone but for two long trains of freight cars heavily ballasted with sand standing upon it for a good twenty-four hours with powerful en-

gines attached to drag them off at the first sign of collapse. Up the river several hundred yards stood the \$2,500,000 high level bridge, looking down with indifference upon the raging flood, and with lofty pride at the traffic from the other bridges diverted over its spacious roads. In striking contrast, too, from the little buildings swirled in the flats below or filled with water to all depths were the \$3,000,000 Parliament Buildings and the \$2,000,000 Grand Trunk Pacific Chateau.

The second highest flood at Edmonton came in 1899, when the river suddenly jumped—almost in a single night—nearly 40 feet above low water mark. That flood was said to have been caused by a cloudburst in the Rockies, accompanied by very hot weather in the glacier-land where the Saskatchewan rises. It was accompanied by no heavy rains in the Saskatchewan valley. In fact for some years following, when heavy rains for months at a stretch made the trails impassable and all the creeks into rivers, the big river rose less than half the height it reached in the glacial flood of 1899.

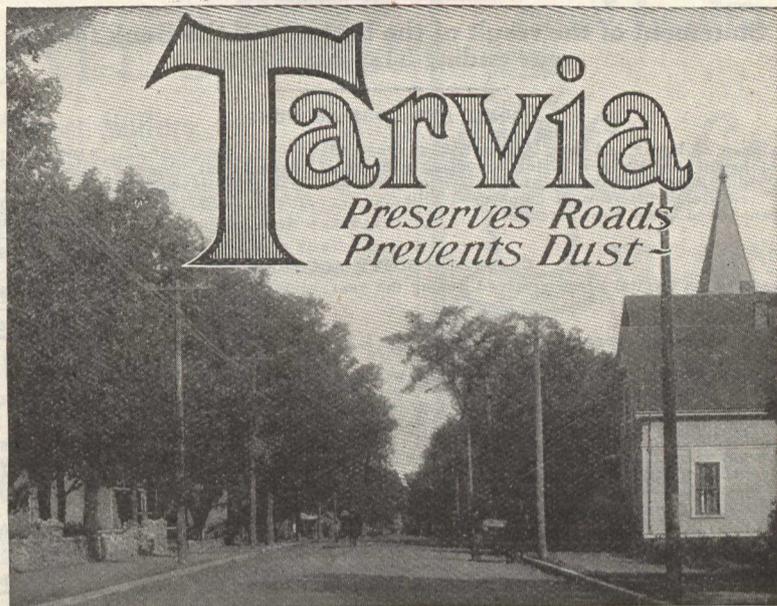
Travellers down the Saskatchewan two years later saw the marks of that flood; thickets of shore willows beaten down flat, debris lodged in the crotches of poplar and spruce and heaped up on the juts of the islands. One of the most interesting relics of that outburst was part of the old Saskatchewan steamer, The Northwest, which was carried down from Edmonton and smashed up on the journey, the wreckage strewn at various places along the bank as far as 200 miles below Edmonton.



SASKATCHEWAN IN FLOOD AT EDMONTON.

When the Saskatchewan rose 45 feet at Edmonton, an area of some two square miles in the milling and residential districts along the river was flooded with water as shown here.

Made in Canada



Main Street, Wolfville, N.S.

A tarviated road invariably means—
increased property values and lower road taxes

MODERN engineers recognize that the automobile has come to stay and they built roads accordingly.

Experience has taught them that ordinary macadam cannot resist modern traffic. The rear wheels tear the fine stone loose and the surface blows away in the form of dust.

You have often seen this process of road disintegration, but the probabilities are you never fully realized that a dusty road meant the road was wasting away.

The way to build macadam roads to-day is to use a powerful binder, such as Tarvia, which not only adds greatly to the life of the roadway by making it automobile-proof, but also makes it dustless and mudless.

And of great importance to taxpayers, the reduction in maintenance expenses made possible by this treatment more than pays for the cost of the Tarvia.

Tarvia is made in three grades, to meet varying road conditions.

The illustration above shows the "Tarvia X" construction.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Paterson Manufacturing Company, Limited, has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to

nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking.

If you want better roads and lower taxes, this Department can greatly assist you.

THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

THE CARRITTE-PATERSON MANUFACTURING Co., LIMITED
ST. JOHN, N.B. HALIFAX, N.S. SYDNEY, N.S.

"Made in Canada"

Drink COSGRAVES XXX PORTER



The ONLY
Chill-Proof Beer

The purest Porter in the world.
Absolutely pure. Sparkles with life and health.

In pint and quart bottles for family use.

On sale at all dealers.

For over half a Century the Cosgrave label
has meant the best in hop and
malt beverages.

V-85

Fine Union Jack 51 Cents

Canadian Ensign Same Size, 5 Cents Extra—Mailed Postage Prepaid

A Good Strong Flag 32 x 48 Inches, Will Keep its Colour

CANADIAN COURIER, TORONTO

The Home Bank of Canada

Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending 31st May, 1915.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Cr.	Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st May, 1914.....	\$107,266 10
	Net profits for the year after deducting charges of management, interest due depositors, payment of all Provincial and Municipal taxes, and rebate of interest on unmatured bills.....	163,929 13
	Transferred from Rest Account.....	266,666 68
		<u>\$537,861 89</u>

CAPITAL PROFIT ACCOUNT.

Premium on Capital Stock received during the year.....	459 38
	<u>\$538,321 27</u>

Which has been appropriated as follows:—

Dr.	Dividend No. 31, quarterly, at rate of 7% per annum.....	\$34,022 28
	Dividend No. 32, quarterly, at rate of 7% per annum.....	34,030 40
	Dividend No. 33, quarterly, at rate of 7% per annum.....	34,036 81
	Dividend No. 34, quarterly, at rate of 7% per annum.....	34,040 19
		<u>136,129 68</u>
	Appropriation for Bad and Doubtful debts and depreciation in Securities.....	296,276 93
	Reduction of Bank Premises.....	71,836 39
	Government War Tax on note circulation (5 months).....	5,988 00
	Payments on account of special subscriptions to Red Cross, Patriotic, and other funds.....	1,800 00
	Balance.....	26,290 27
		<u>\$538,321 27</u>

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES.

TO THE PUBLIC.		
Notes of the Bank in Circulation.....	\$1,244,280 00	
Deposits not bearing interest.....	\$1,197,230 14	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement.....	8,357,638 44	
		<u>9,554,868 58</u>
Balance due to Dominion Government.....	364,625 00	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	6,153 78	
Balances due Banks and Banking Correspondents in United Kingdom and Foreign Countries.....	280,198 74	
		<u>\$11,450,126 10</u>

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

Capital (Subscribed, \$2,000,000) Paid up.....	\$1,945,376 59
Rest.....	400,000 00
Dividends Unclaimed.....	2,669 95
Dividend No. 34 (Quarterly), being at the rate of 7% per annum, payable June 1st, 1915.....	34,040 19
Balance of Profit and Loss Account.....	26,290 27
	<u>2,408,377 00</u>
	<u>\$13,858,503 10</u>

ASSETS.

Gold and other current coin.....	\$ 129,245 61
Dominion Government Notes.....	1,451,708 25
	<u>\$1,580,953 86</u>
Deposit with the Minister of Finance as security for note circulation.....	89,600 00
Notes of other Banks.....	127,478 00
Cheques on other Banks.....	319,208 17
Balances due by other Banks in Canada.....	4,057 49
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	126,942 01
Canadian Municipal Securities.....	33,055 76
Railway and other Bonds, not exceeding market value.....	269,421 53
Call and Short (not exceeding 30 days) loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks.....	2,384,226 27
	<u>\$4,934,943 09</u>
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada, less rebate of interest.....	\$8,124,243 68
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada, less rebate of interest.....	32,713 76
Overdue debts, estimated loss provided for.....	20,953 83
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.....	19,787 76
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	650,916 02
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank.....	68,206 91
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	6,738 05
	<u>8,923,560 01</u>
	<u>\$13,858,503 10</u>

THOS. FLYNN, Vice-President.

JAMES MASON, General Manager.

AUDITOR'S REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

In accordance with sub-sections 19 and 20 of Section 56 of the Bank Act, 1913, I beg to report as follows: The above balance sheet has been examined with the books and vouchers at the Head Office, and with the certified returns from the Branches, and is in accordance therewith. I have obtained all needed information from the Officers of the Bank, and in my opinion the transactions coming under my notice have been within the powers of the Bank.

I have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at its chief Office, both on the 31st May, 1915, and also at another time during the year; the cash and securities of one of the Branches have also been checked, and in each case they have agreed with the entries in the books of the Bank with regard thereto.

In my opinion the above balance sheet is properly drawn up so as to show a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, according to the best of my information and the explanations given to me, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

SYDNEY H. JONES, Auditor.

At the Sign of the Maple

(Concluded from page 13.)

to assist with housework for her board, said she really enjoyed doing it, but she did not want to be considered a "demostic." A great many girls retained their positions, but with salaries reduced from \$70 or \$80 to \$60 or \$65, but thankful to accept a cut rather than be cut off. Some offices had help for the half-day only. Some girls attended to the duties of a number of offices, giving a few hours a day to each.

Teachers also had their salaries reduced, but like the business girls, they found that when a thirty dollar suit could be purchased for twenty, and a hat formerly ten dollars for five or six, and seven dollar boots for four, they were not so much worse off than before, only they had less money to handle and it hurt their feelings. It always does. Then, too, board and room rent descended from their former high altitude, which helped to reduce the cost of high living. It meant to many of the girls the giving up of music lessons, physical culture classes, membership in social clubs,

whose need is greater than their own. One man who fully realized the seriousness of the occasion, made work in his business for girls who especially needed it, and he helped tide many a girl over the critical time until she found a better position.

Elizabeth Becker.

The Fairy Tale of the "War Baby"

WHEN the shocking stories of the imminent birth of some thousands of so-called "war babies" began to circulate, people demanded to know just what England was going to do about it—if she intended to shut her eyes and ears to this state of affairs that existed under her irreproachably respectable nose! Her apparent calm in the matter was an irritation to many who would have liked nothing better than to have seen the muddy waters of the scandal stirred to their dregs. But England was



CHILDREN OF MEN AT THE FRONT MARCH IN MONTREAL.

Over two thousand children, of all the allied nationalities, but with the single bond of having their fathers fighting in Europe, marched through the city of Montreal on Dominion Day under the auspices of the Speakers' Patriotic League. The object of the parade was to encourage recruiting among the young men, and, also, to celebrate Dominion Day, the first Dominion Day which has seen Canada involved in a great war.

and those recreational agencies which are such a great help to those working in offices and schools, but they realized that in times of financial distress, the lopping off of such things is not to be thought a hardship.

The western girl is fonder, if possible, of maintaining a smart and up-to-date appearance than is her sister of the east, and so with surprising skill she does it, expending more brains and less money than formerly, which is really an advantage to her, though she may not enjoy the process. To many of them economy was little known, and that little abhorred, for they were earning high wages and were going to enjoy it. But they are now well acquainted with the stern face of Economy (with a capital E), and find her not nearly so disagreeable as they feared, and they cultivate her friendship with their usual whole-souled interest.

One husband and wife, past their youth, accustomed to the best of everything, found themselves with no income but taxes, when the war accentuated the sufficiently serious financial depression. They faced the music, he in the soldier's ranks, she on a farm, though she knew little of farming, bending every energy of an alert mind to her problem. May the fates reward them according to their spirit! Another husband and wife in like circumstances are solving the problem by the husband finding a position in a distant city, and the wife taking up the work she was trained for in girlhood, to keep things going until better times come, and may it be soon! The employment problem has shown anew the great heart of the true westerner. Many men and women who are not wealthy are finding or making work for those

not ignoring the matter. The N. S. P. C. C. was quietly going about the work of investigation, with the result that their report, recently made public, shows that a gross exaggeration of cases of illegitimacy has been made and that the rumours are practically baseless.

The reports of many inspectors shows that not a single case has occurred in their district. Many of the statements have arisen because the influx of women of a low type to districts in which soldiers have been stationed has made things look bad, and because a general rumour that girls have met soldiers, and, with the consent of their parents, invited them home, has made people suspicious.

Inquiries at workhouses disclosed the fact that cases were below the normal number for the period. A story which has obtained credence in a number of districts is that of a woman with three daughters awaiting confinement. In no place has this rumour been verified. A nurse was reported to have 60 cases awaiting attention. When seen she said, "I have heard of six."

At a town in Suffolk it was said there were 200 cases at a stay factory where from 800 to 1,000 women are employed. Similar statements were made in Reading and at Bristol. There has not been any foundation for them.

The grant of more liberal separation allowances has induced many people to marry who would not otherwise have done so. The report in conclusion says that the inquiry proves that the aspersions cast on the character of women and on the conduct of the soldiers are unwarranted and have no foundation in fact.

Trust Company Charges

Charges for Trust Company service are usually the same as would be allowed for similar service by an individual. They are never more. Unless otherwise arranged, the Trust Company has its fees fixed by the Court, and accepts whatever compensation the Surrogate Judge may set. Trust Company service excels that rendered by individuals, not in expense, but in effectiveness.

Write for Folder:—"By Way of Comparison."

National Trust Company Limited

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

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation
 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.
 Established 1855.

President—W. G. Gooderham.
 First Vice-President—W. D. Matthews.
 Second Vice-President—G. W. Monk.
 Joint General Managers—R. S. Hudson, John Massey.
 Superintendent of Branches and Secretary—George H. Smith.

Paid-up Capital \$6,000,000.00
 Reserve Fund (earned) 4,500,000.00
 Investments 32,496,750.55

Debentures

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

Legal Investment for Trust Funds

We own and offer a wide range of Canadian City Bonds to Yield 5% to 6%.

Particulars Upon Request

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED
 ESTABLISHED 1901
 HEAD OFFICE: 26 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO
 MONTREAL LONDON, E.C., ENG.

Corrosion-Resisting

Put a piece of metal in acid, and see the tiny bubbles stream upward. That's corrosion you can see. Dip an ordinary pen in ink (ink contains acid) and the same thing takes place, only so gradually that you can't see it. The corrosion-resisting metal of all Esterbrook Pens is the result of 50 years exhaustive metallurgical and chemical research. Esterbrook pens LAST.

If you like a smooth, easy-writing pen that makes a fine quick-drying line, try this Esterbrook Inflexible No. 322.

SEND 10c for useful metal box containing this and eleven other most popular pens, including the famous 948 Falcon.

Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.
 46 to 70 Cooper Street,
 Camden, N.J.

Esterbrook Inflexible No. 322



KEEP COOL WEAR

King

COATLESS SUMMER SUSPENDERS

ALWAYS OUT-O-SITE

LOOK FOR King ON THE BUCKLES

MADE IN CANADA



MONEY AND MAGNATES

Why the Stock Market Suffers

SO long as war loans are coming on the market and paying 4½ and 5 per cent., the prices of international securities must tend to decline. People are selling their old investments to take slices of the new loans. When international stocks go down, it is hard to hold up local stock. For example, Brazilian, C.P.R., and MacKay are international, and are selling lower than they were a year ago; this affects all other stocks on the Canadian exchanges by sympathy, aside from any reference to earnings assured or prospective.

Canada's Financial Opportunity

MUCH loose talk has been made to explain why the United States got war orders from the British Government which should have come to Canada. It is commonly said that the reasons were "financial." Some people seem to think that the United States manufacturers are sending munitions of war to the allies "on tick." The truth is, that much of it is paid for in advance and all the rest of it on delivery.

Instead of there being "financial" reasons why orders should be placed there, the opposite is true. The large size of the allied orders placed in the United States has created an unsound "financial" condition. The allies will shortly be forced by "financial" reasons to cut down the supplies they are getting from the United States. The Americans will not take the paper money of Great Britain or France or Russia. They will not take war loan issues except in a limited way. They demand gold, and the supply of gold available for this purpose is almost exhausted. Already some supplies for Russia have been held up on this account.

Plainly, then, the "financial" reasons do not exist. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy gives the real reason: "Because there were greater facilities there for making shells and ammunition." Canada got less than her share of these orders because it was not thought that Canada could fill them. If it had been realized that Canada had the machinery, or could secure it on short notice, and the mechanics, there were "financial" reasons why more orders would have been placed in this country. It has only recently been forced upon the notice of Great Britain that Canada could supply more of the required material if given an opportunity.

What of the future? There are "financial" reasons which will compel Great Britain to place more orders here in future. There is a surplus of money here and Canada can finance the making of supplies. To accomplish this it will be necessary for the public to subscribe to the "war loans." Already the banks and big financial companies are considering this. These institutions will be willing to take "war loan" securities if, in case of necessity, the Dominion Government will advance Dominion notes on such securities, as was done on other stocks and bonds last autumn. No doubt this can be arranged.

Under such a system, Canada can supply munitions without asking for British gold. Canada should be able to take, say, two hundred million dollars of British war loan securities in exchange for two hundred millions of war munitions. These securities could be distributed among moneyed men and moneyed institutions stimulated by patriotic impulses.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy informs us on his return from London, has arranged to turn their huge car shops into shell factories. No doubt Sir Thomas has provided for his financing in some such way as outlined above, the Bank of Montreal taking British war loan securities and advancing money to the C. P. R. to pay for the labour and materials. Other companies should be able to do the same, with the assistance of the banks and the Government. This will be advantageous to Great Britain and advantageous to Canada.

The Canadian people have nearly a thousand million dollars on deposit in the chartered banks and other savings institutions. In ordinary times, all this money is employed in financing the business of the country. Just now there is an idle surplus, because there is less manufacturing, less railway construction, less building of houses and factories, and so on. Canada has more idle capital to-day than at any time in its history. It will be easy to turn this surplus capital into the manufacture of munitions of war.

There are two dangers in all this which must be carefully considered. First, it would increase the amount of paper money afloat in Canada. This is not serious, because there is less currency in circulation to-day than there was last autumn. Secondly, the manufacturers might be in a serious position if they turned their factories into munition works and then found themselves without orders by a sudden stoppage of the war. This is a danger which cannot be avoided, and is shared in common by manufacturers in Great Britain and the United States. Yet it is a danger which can be minimized by foresight and conservative management.

The conclusion is, then, that Canadian financiers should arrange to place British war loan securities here on the condition that these be paid for in munitions of war to be manufactured in this country. We have most of the raw material, much of the necessary machinery, and an abundance of skilled machinists. All that is needed is a bold and courageous financial policy.

A Rigorous Bank Statement

ALL the bank statements which have appeared this year have reflected both a conservative policy and war conditions. Whether Canada had been affected by war or not the banks would probably have been pursuing the same conservative policy that they are to-day. Some critics of the situation are attributing everything to the war and forgetting that Canada had entered upon a period of retrenchment and readjustment of values long before the war broke out.

The Home Bank report which covers the year ending May 31st, displays the same rigorous attitude on the part of its management as preceding reports. Nearly three hundred thousand dollars were appropriated to meet bad and doubtful debts, and to provide for depreciation in securities. In addition nearly double as much was written off bank premises account as in the previous year. With this explanation it is easy to understand that the profits for the year were lower than during the previous year. These profits amounted to \$163,929.44, as compared with \$167,125.00 in the previous year. This is a very small reduction, and if the aforesaid rigorous treatment had not been adopted, profits would have shown a considerable increase. This should make the stockholder feel highly pleased.

The deposits not bearing interest amount to \$1,197,230, a decrease of about \$125,000. The deposits bearing interest stand at \$8,357,638, an increase of \$500,000. The total increase in deposits is thus \$375,000. This is another reason why the shareholders are entitled to feel pleased.

Here's to your good health

Keefe's PILSENER LAGER

Is good for your health.
 Brewed only from pure barley Malt, choicest hops and filtered water. 279

The beer that is always

OX



Established 1864.

The Merchants Bank OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.

Paid-up Capital - - \$7,000,000
 Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - \$7,245,140

209 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

General Banking Business Transacted.

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frequently receives from a certain citizen. They are always pertinent and worthy of publication, but they are punctuated in a most peculiar way.

Meeting his correspondent one evening at a friend's house, the editor said: "That was an excellent letter I got from you this morning, and I am going to print it Saturday. But tell me, what rule do you follow for punctuation?"

"Why," said the gentleman, "the same rule that I learned when I was a boy. I put a semicolon every twelve words, and two commas between each pair of semicolons."—Youth's Companion.

Sounding the Hero.—Among the stories told by Mr. Harvey in his book, "Irish Life and Humour," there is one relating to Lord Wolseley after his return to England from service in India.

Wolseley, who was fond of children, was once introduced to a boy four years old. The child gazed at the General with an expression half incredulous, and then said:—

"Are you the Wolseley that fought in the battles?"

"Yes, I was in a good many battles," said the noble lord.

The youngster looked at him in wondering silence, and then said, "Let's hear you holler!"

Same Thing.—Willis: "Here's an account of the bombardment of the Dardanelles. It says the fleet's guns roared continuously and the Turkish fort made only a feeble effort in response. Can you imagine it?"

Gillis: "Yes, it must be something like a conversation between my wife and me."—Life.

The Bright Side.—The pessimist was suffering from rheumatism.

"Every bone in my body aches," he complained.

"You ought to be glad you are not a herring," said the optimist.—Tit-Bits.

Preparedness.—Baker: "Your parade of soldiers and sailors is gigantic and inspiring, but why are there no civilians in the street to witness it?"

Utopian: "Ours is an up-to-date nation. We have no civilians."—Life.

Signs.—"How do you know that Blinks has had a raise in salary?"

"He argues that the world is getting better; that the danger from monopolies has been greatly magnified, and that human nature isn't so bad, after all."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Canny.—Friend—"There's your friend, Miss MacGregor, over there. Why don't you go over and speak to her?"

Scot—"Wheest, mon; she has na paid her fare yet."—Judge.

A Berlin Problem.—Wife—"Otto, where are we going for our holidays this summer?"

Otto—"Well—er—there's Turkey."—Punch.

He Was "It."—It is told of an artist of some reputation who was reproached by a volunteer for not enlisting that he gazed a while at the younger man with impenetrable calm; then slowly and with grave dignity, he said:—

"I am that civilization you are fighting for."

Reversed.—"How long have they been married?"

"About five years."

"Did she make him a good wife?"

"No; but she made him an awfully good husband."—Judge.

Emancipated.—"Why didn't you laugh at the boss' joke, Bill?"

"Don't have to; I quit Saturday."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The War Explained.—"Ah, madame, La Bella Italia! Wiv' 1,000,000 experts to dig ze ditch, how then can we lose? It must!"—Columbia University Jester.

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CHAPTER IV.
The Factory.

By MRS. HARCOURT-ROE!

Author of "A Man of Mystery," "The Silent Room," Etc.

"SO you wish to see the works!" said the foreman. "It ain't usual you know before a hand commences."

"I must obey Mr. Westlake's orders," said Mary with a smile; "I did not ask to see the factory."

Like all men who had dealings with her, the foreman felt an instinctive desire to protect her, although she had no lack of force of character.

"I'm afraid, my dear," he said, "that you have been putting the master's back up somehow. Since I have been here I never heard him speak so sharp about one of the girls that work. Take my advice, don't do so again, for he is a good master and a kind one."

"He made me angry," said Mary laughing, "he thought I could not do the work, and I feel sure I can. You will help me, won't you?"

"That I will, you'll learn fast enough; there ain't no difficulty in it. My two girls worked here until they married. Now these are the unwashed and unsorted rags."

The spectacle was not beautiful; the work would be most unsavoury.

"Surely it is not men's work to pick and sort these!" she exclaimed ruefully, adding in her own mind, "and he so fastidious!"

"It ain't skilled work; as to who sorts 'em that's as the master chooses. But look at the difference when they're washed."

He showed her the great troughs where the rags were washed again and again, and prepared with lime until they assumed the appearance of cakes of whitening; when, after being dried, they were torn apart, again washed, and rolled out into long sheets. The watermark impressed her more than the whole of the rest of the processes.

"How clever!" she exclaimed, as she watched the various devices being indelibly stamped amidst running water, and then saw the long sheets passed over many rollers until dry, when they were pressed and cut into square sheets.

A number of women and girls were at work in this part of the factory. They handed the square sheets of paper to companions who placed each separately between sheets of metal. When a sufficient number had been piled one on another a man removed them for further pressure.

"That will be your work," said the foreman.

"That is easy enough," said Mary. "Very likely, but see how quick they are. How exactly they place the metal on the paper. You must learn to be quick and exact."

"I will," she replied firmly.

He spoke to an older woman who assigned her a place, she began her factory work forthwith. In one way it was easy enough, but, as the man had said, it required quickness and exactitude, and to keep up with the rate at which the paper was handed to her she had to put forth her utmost powers. The standing too she found very trying, being totally unaccustomed to it, and before an hour was over she felt her shoulders and limbs ache. But she continued her work bravely, although she was thankful when the dinner bell rang and she was at liberty to rest.

"You are to go to the master's office," said the foreman. "I've been telling him you'll do. Now be a good girl and don't be saucy to him, for he won't stand it from anyone."

Ronald was standing up, his face was very grave.

"I have ventured to ask you to come here again," he said, speaking in low tones, "to beg you to forgive me for my conduct and words to you. I have never spoken so roughly before to the lowest mill-hand amongst the women. Pray pardon me. My only excuse is that I was nearly driven beside myself by anxiety on your behalf. You know as well as I do that you are my master, not I yours."

"Pray say no more, Mr. Westlake," said Mary in a tone of deep feeling;

MARY WILLIAMS comes to the

office of Ronald Westlake, paper manufacturer, to ask for work. He hesitates to employ her, because she looks too genteel for mill work. There is a special mysterious reason for her wanting employment for herself, and also for her lover. Westlake really falls in love with her. Mary Williams starts a long journey on foot back across Dartmoor — to Plymouth. Riding out, Westlake meets her and tries to induce her not to sleep on the moor. Mary Williams goes on her way. Along the road she leaves a parcel with a cottager which she pays him to keep till it is called for by a man; afterwards a bicycle which she buys on the road. At Princetown she visited the gaol — and watched the convicts on the plantation; afterwards returned to Willowbridge and the paper mill.

"you have been all that is kind and good. I don't wonder at your feeling momentarily irritated, for the mystery I am compelled to observe gives you every reason for vexation. I know that you must treat me as one of the mill-hands, but I know also that you are my true friend. Did you suppose I really thought you would be harsh and cruel to me? I knew you would not."

"I assure you I was very angry with you."

"I know you were, and I daresay I shall make you very angry with me again."

"I must beg that you will not. You have the power of making me feel so intensely that I scarcely know what I am about; you stir depths in my nature that I did not know I possessed."

"I must ask you not to speak to me like this," she said gravely. "I am sorry I made you so angry. I will try not to do so again." She had chosen to refer to his anger, but she knew well enough that it was not to this he had alluded. "And I must also ask you not to send for me again unless really necessary. It will excite remark. As your servant you know that I am obliged to come."

"I wish you would not speak of yourself as my 'servant'; it hurts me more than I can tell you. But you are right, I must not send for you for some time. Surely though I can see you somehow."

SHE shook her head. "I am afraid not. If I am in any difficulty I will appeal to you; perhaps by letter."

"Ah!" he exclaimed joyfully, "the very thing. Yes, you must write to me, and I may surely write to you sometimes."

"Only if necessary."

"By the way, I have not yet asked you how you like your lodgings?"

"At present fairly well: they are far better than I have any right to expect."

"Do you like a farm?"

"I scarcely know yet; I have been there so short a time."

"I do not myself care for pigs squeaking and wandering beneath your windows, and chickens running under your feet as you enter the house, and cows lowing at all hours of the night, accompanied by the crowing of cocks and other hideous noises, neither do I think you enjoy the cream and butter so much when you have too intimate an acquaintance with the dairy—but it is purely a matter of taste."

"Ah," she replied somewhat sadly, "no doubt your place of residence is a matter of taste."

He again felt that he had been a brute; how was it possible for anyone with a weekly income that could be counted by shillings to be fastidious and exacting.

"At all events," he continued, "you will be far quieter than in the noisy street, and I daresay you prefer the society of animals to that of factory hands and small shopkeepers."

He looked at the clock. "Good graci-

ous, what a selfish brute I am!" he exclaimed with enormous compunction. You will have no time for your lunch, for I dare not let you begin by being unpunctual. Please oblige me by taking a glass of wine now and a biscuit."

He produced a pint bottle of champagne from a cupboard and opened it. "You look pale and as if you wanted something to eat. It is all my fault and you must show your forgiveness once more by drinking the wine."

She complied with his request. "Now go home quickly," he said, "you will still have time to reach home and eat something before joining the hands."

He watched the path anxiously and was relieved to find that no one was about.

"I must not send for her," he repeated more than once. "I thought myself a strong man, and I am proving myself a weak fool."

A week elapsed during which Mary kept steadily to her work. It was very trying; the long hours in the heat, the perpetual standing, the common companionship were all irksome, but she bore up bravely and the foreman told her she had been a good girl and done her work well. At first the hands assailed her with rude speeches, but, finding she smiled and looked at them with good-tempered curiosity as if she had been studying the manners and customs of the inhabitants of another world, they soon discontinued this amusement, and contented themselves with mocking her manner and gait, speaking of her as My Lady.

ON the first day they gave her a valuable hint. The principal part of her dress was of studied plainness, but she had not deemed it necessary to alter her footgear and was wearing expensive French shoes and embroidered stockings. Her eyes were quickly opened to her mistake by remarks which savoured more of plainness than politeness.

"Who gave you your shoes my dear? Did you buy them out of your wages? What a thing it must be to have good friends!" and so on.

She went to the village shoemaker's as soon as the day's work was over and purchased the clumsiest pair of boots she could find; she had great difficulty in finding any to fit her at all. Her face wore a rueful expression as she put them on, but she said to herself resolutely: "It is only another small sacrifice to make for his sake."

She had seen Ronald Westlake passing through the mill, as was his daily custom, but he had not spoken to her, and on Sunday, although he looked in her direction at church several times, she resolutely avoided meeting his eye. She spent her evenings at the farmhouse, generally in the quiet orchard, or sometimes she would ramble by the river and watch the water rushing over the boulders beneath overarching trees, but when out of doors she dreaded lest some factory young man should come up and ask her to "keep company" with him, or make some equally dreadful remark, therefore did not feel safe. She would occasionally wander on to the Moorland. Once she saw him in the distance and forthwith turned into the road towards Harford Bridge. His society would have been a great solace in her desolation but she knew that she must not indulge in it, not only for her own sake but for his.

She was aware that it was as he had said, that she was his master, nor he hers, that if she chose she could obtain unlimited power over him, and yet at the same time that he held some strange mystery over her which she was by no means minded to encourage.

"My whole heart is another man's," she said; "oh that he had had the strength of Mr. Westlake."

Ronald was chafing inwardly. He had never been so restless before. He went into the mill on every excuse, he wandered past the farm gates, he took long rambles after dinner, but speech with Mary Williams he did not ob-



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tain. He could not fail to remember how, when he was in London society girls sought his company, how he was overpowered with invitations; knowing, as people did, that he was a wealthy man; he had the run of a number of good houses, and he had been callous to the attraction offered him, yet here was this—this factory girl, deliberately shunning him. It need scarcely be added that his ardour for her presence was greatly increased thereby. He had pondered long and earnestly over her journey across the Moor, but finding no solution possible he had resolved to accept quietly her conduct as a mystery.

HE spent hours of his time in seeking some means by which her position could be improved compatibly with her independence. Turning over an advertisement sheet one day he saw a paragraph which gave him an idea. Without delay he wrote her a note, saying:

"Dear Miss Williams, I am in want of a typist. I believe it is easy to learn to typewrite, and if you would care to accept the post I would send you a machine at once to practise on until you are perfect. If you agree, your hours of work would be considerably shorter, while the salary would be considerably larger. If money is any object to you this might be a consideration. You would work in a room next to mine. I must of course dictate letters or drafts to you, but I should not intrude my society on you more than was necessary. Let me beg of you to consider this proposal seriously. I should much prefer talking the matter over with you, but I know that you object to my sending for you.

"Your sincere friend,
"Ronald Westlake."

The letter was posted and arrived at night. Mary reflected on it for some time. The advantages would be immense. She would be quite independent and yet in a far more advantageous position. She answered the letter that night, posting it before going to work the next morning.

"Dear Mr. Westlake, I thank you for your very kind offer. I believe I could soon learn to typewrite and if you send me a machine I will devote my time in the evening to it. Money is a great consideration to me, and shorter hours of work will be grateful. But I know that I shall not be worth much at first and you must remember this in fixing my salary. I will give you a positive answer when I have seen if I can master the machine.

"Yours truly, M. W."

"Ronald," said Miss Ormonde on the evening on which he had despatched his letter and was waiting for a reply, "you are positively unbearable. You are growing a perfect wretch."

"Dear me! What have I done?" "That is just it. You have done nothing. You never take me out riding, you never play tennis, you never do anything."

"That's right," said Mr. Westlake, "pitch into him, he deserves it. When I was a young man I didn't neglect my duties like that."

"Ronald never neglects a duty," said Mrs. Westlake.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Ormonde, "has it come to this, that paying me any ordinary attention is considered a duty?"

Ronald saw that she was vexed, he endeavoured to laugh the matter off.

"Come now, Louise, you know the tenour of your conversation for some years past has been to the effect that men are useless adjuncts to society, vile, worthless creatures whom women can do much better without, and yet you blame me because I have not been here as much as usual."

"Men make me sick," said Miss Ormonde with considerable temper, moving away as she spoke.

Ronald did not attempt to follow her.

"What's the matter with Louise?" he asked indifferently.

"It's easy enough to see," his father returned: "I must ask you seriously, my boy, if you care at all for her, for if you do you are a precious long time in telling her so, and I don't wonder at her being cross."

"I care for her?" asked Ronald in

amazement. "I never thought of such a thing."

"And I am very glad of it," his mother remarked, "for of late I have seen that she would not suit you. Her temper is really very bad."

"In that case there is no more to be said," Mr. Westlake added, "still, it's getting about time you married, my boy."

"Will you promise to make my bride welcome?" he asked with a laugh.

"Yes," said his mother fervently, "whoever she may be, for I know you would never choose any but a nice girl."

He turned away with a half sigh; he knew that he might as well wish for the moon as for Mary Williams to be his wife. And he was supplanted by a tailor! He could never think of this aspect of the case without rage. I could bear it better if the fellow were a gentleman!" he thought.

"What can such a girl be thinking of?"

"Don't forget, mother," he said after an interval, "that Mr. Haselfoot is coming early to-morrow morning. You must entertain him between you."

"Louise will entertain him."

"Let him go over the mill," said Mr. Westlake; "visitors always like that."

"I don't care for visitors there," returned Ronald. He thought instantly of Mary and her beauty, and he did not wish her to be looked at, and then he considered how unlikely it was that a young man going over the mill should take particular notice of one of the hands amongst so many.

"I suppose if he wishes to go over it he must," he added somewhat ungraciously, "but don't let him interrupt me."

"I like Naval officers," said Mrs. Westlake, "they always appreciate home life so much and are so kind, and Mr. Haselfoot is very nice to me."

MISS ORMONDE now rejoined the party, but she had by no means recovered her equanimity. She had heard the last speech.

"I am thankful some one is coming and that I shan't have to depend on Ronald any longer. As to Mr. Haselfoot being nice to you, I am sure you look after his comforts like a mother. Men always know on which side their bread is buttered."

"Poor men!" exclaimed Ronald laughing, "my dear Louise, in your present frame of mind I should strongly advise you to join a society I believe they have formed in the wilds of America from which all men are excluded. I was about to say enter a Convent, but I remembered you would be obliged to see the priest."

"There are times, Ronald," she replied in a low voice, "when I positively hate you."

"I am sorry to hear it," he rejoined gravely, and during the rest of the evening he did not speak to her except when politeness demanded it.

As he said Good-night she whispered: "I am sorry I said I hated you, Ronald. You know I do not. Please forgive me."

"Oh certainly," he replied and his tone was one of such complete indifference that she would have greatly preferred his resentment. "How could I have been such a fool?" she thought as she paced her own room restlessly; "he will never forget what I said, and I doubt if he will forgive."

In actual fact he had entirely forgotten her; his whole thoughts were occupied in wondering whether Mary would accept his offer.

At breakfast the next morning Miss Ormonde was very charming, while Ronald was pleasant and attentive.

"And you will entertain Haselfoot," he said as he went out.

That young man arrived early, and at once expressed his pleasure at the offer of seeing the mill.

"If you will accompany me," he said to Miss Ormonde, "for I cannot face danger alone."

"Oh, yes, I will accompany you," she replied, "though I did not know Naval officers were troubled with shyness. I am very fond of going over the mill, but young Mr. Westlake scarcely ever lets me do so."

"Very wrong of him."

"He says it takes off the hands' at

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attention to have so many visitors. There is a nice old foreman who calls me 'Miss, my dear,' and I always like seeing the works. Here is the foreman."

"Not a very fascinating man," said Mr. Haselfoot laughing; "Westlake isn't jealous of him, I suppose."

After the usual round they came to the portion of the factory where the women were at work.

Mr. Haselfoot uttered an exclamation of surprise. "By Jove!"

Mary caught sight of him and flushed vivid crimson, continuing her work with averted head. At this moment Ronald appeared from no one knew whence, and said hastily, "Ah, Haselfoot, glad to see you. You have really inspected everything now and I should like to talk to you outside."

In a manner he compelled them to follow him, not speaking again until they had reached the grounds.

"Why are we turned out like this?" asked Miss Ormonde sharply; "there was more to see."

"I do not care to interrupt the work," Ronald returned, looking extremely vexed.

"Did you hear me exclaim, 'By Jove,' for I saw a remarkably pretty girl in a pale blue blouse. She had straight features and bright hair. Never was so surprised in my life," Mr. Haselfoot observed.

"Yes," said Miss Ormonde, "I saw her. Who is she? And why were you surprised?"

"She is one of the mill-hands, newly joined," Ronald said curtly; "her name is Williams."

"Yes, but that's the remarkable fact that she is a mill-hand," said Mr. Haselfoot. "She was for some hours on board a steamer going to the Ed-dystone; I was there with a friend and I could have sworn she was a lady."

"I cannot see that it is any business of ours so long as she does her work," said Ronald struggling hard to repress any sign of his intense vexation but not succeeding so far as Louise was concerned.

"Do you know anything of the young woman's family?" she asked.

"I do not."

"Or where she has previously lived?"

"No."

"Or anything about her?"

Ronald's patience was at an end, "My dear Louise, you must excuse me but I cannot see what business it is of yours, I say again. Pray allow me to conduct the affairs of the mill."

HASELFOOT saw a quarrel was imminent and discreetly sauntered away.

"How dare you insult me?" she asked furiously.

"I insult you?" replied Ronald, who was now very angry. "I have not insulted you. I was obliged to tell you in consequence of your persistent enquiries in the presence of a stranger that I am master of the mill. And I intend to be master."

"You have insulted me, twice over, once in the presence of a stranger, and again now. What is the young woman to you, that you should treat me so?"

"What is this young woman to me?" he repeated. "She is my paid servant as all the other hands are, and I never see her except on business. Not but what," he added, "it would be an honour to anyone to be allowed to enjoy her society. She does not accord me that honour."

"Pray would your mother consider it an honour?" she asked sneeringly.

"My mother is a good woman," he replied gravely; "were she to make the acquaintance of Miss Williams she would recognize her as a good woman also and treat her with every respect."

"I will stay no longer in your father's house to be insulted by you," said Louise with fury; "your conduct to me is shameful. You make me no account, you refuse me any information, and you treat me as a stranger, me—your friend of years."

"If you do not find your visit pleasant it must rest with yourself to end it," returned Ronald, who would never forgive the imputation he fancied she had made on Mary, although he would have freely forgiven any angry words about himself.

"I will certainly go. I will go to-

morrow. I would do so to-day if it were not for the dinner party to-night, and I do not wish to inconvenience your mother by leaving a vacant place."

"Pray consult your own convenience only," said Ronald with such marked coldness that she knew he would have been glad if she had gone then and there.

"I shall stay until to-morrow," and she walked away.

CHAPTER V.

The Typist's Office.

HASELFOOT was engaged in throwing stones into the river, Ronald beckoned to him.

"Haselfoot," he said seriously, "without the least intending it you have done terrible mischief. Because you said that nice looking girl was a lady Miss Ormonde imagines forthwith there is some awful story connected with her. Good heavens! how hard some women are on one another. All I know of her is that she is a lady, but is obliged to earn her own living. I believe her to be as good a girl as ever breathed. All I want to say to you now is that it would be as well not to refer to the subject again. For some unexplained reason Miss Ormonde is furious, and declares she will leave the house to-morrow."

"I certainly shan't refer to it again. I'm awfully sorry I said anything. But I was naturally surprised."

"Of course you were. So was I when she wanted to work in the mill."

"It seems a pity that she can't get anything better to do."

"It does; I am trying to find work more congenial to her, but she is too proud to accept anything she does not earn, and will not take work she cannot accomplish."

"Plucky girl! I admired her immensely the other day. I wouldn't say or do anything that would injure her for the world."

"I know that you are a good fellow. Now do try and smooth Miss Ormonde down, but," he added, "you know she has already paid a very long visit, and if she is determined to go I suppose we must put up with it."

"He wants her to go," thought the lieutenant; "well, I shan't persuade her to stay after her exhibition of temper. There are plenty of girls in these parts."

Ronald went back to his office feeling very much disturbed. It was impossible that Mary should be subject to the annoyance of chance encounters with strangers, and that remarks should afterwards be made about her. She must see for herself how greatly her position would be improved were she in his office. He wrote to her again saying that he had already ordered a typewriter machine, which was easy to learn, from Plymouth, and had engaged a man to give her lessons as long as she required them. If convenient to her the man would bring the machine at eight that evening, and give her an hour's lesson.

She received his letter gladly, for the morning's incident had caused her no small annoyance. She was determined to accept his offer. At any moment strangers might go over the factory, while they were never allowed in Mr. Ronald Westlake's inner office. The money too would add many a comfort to—him, her lover, "the tailor fellow." Perhaps the situation would not be altogether correct, to be shut up for hours of a day with a young and handsome man, but these scruples were absurd after all she had previously gone through. "A man always has a typist in an office, a young woman generally, and I can take care of myself. A girl who works for her living does not follow society etiquette."

Miss Ormonde went away the next morning. Ronald was unfeignedly glad, as matters would now be made considerably easier concerning Mary Williams. He was far more afraid of their guest and her remarks than of his good-hearted father and mother.

"I don't understand you going so suddenly," said Mrs. Westlake.

"I am going," Miss Ormonde returned icily, "because your son signified to me that I had stayed long enough."

"Oh, I am sure he could not have

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been so rude, you must have misunderstood him."

"You mean that I do not speak the truth!" said Louise, who was in the frame of mind which made her anxious to quarrel with everyone. "It is quite time I went."

She had fully expected Ronald to entreat her to remain, but he had not made any allusion to the subject, or offered the smallest apology. She had looked brilliantly handsome, and flirted desperately with a military man of middle age who was present, but Ronald had looked on with utter indifference, and for the first time she saw that she had no influence whatever over him. She deeply regretted having said she would go, it would have been far better, from her point of view, to have remained and seen how things were going on at the mill, (for that some mystery was connected with the strange girl she was certain), but it was now too late for this.

"I meant nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Westlake in response to Louise's angry speech; "it never occurred to me that you were not speaking the truth. I said you must be mistaken."

"My dear," Mr. Westlake remarked, "Louise is in a bit of a temper; she'll soon get over it, and one of these days we shall get a letter from her saying she would like to come down to Willowbridge again."

Louise at once saw the opening, and availed herself of it.

"Dear Mr. Westlake, you are quite right, I was out of temper. Perhaps it is the heat. I should like to come and stay with you again very much."

"That's all right," replied Mr. Westlake, who did not like jars between old friends, "we shall keep you to your word."

Ronald had said good-bye to her at breakfast in a pleasant, friendly manner. He had chosen to ignore totally the scene of the day before. But she had followed him to the door, and this was her parting speech:

"Good-bye, and I hope you will regret your conduct to me."

Seeing he made no reply her temper overcame her; she added viciously, "And I hope that girl will bring you nothing but trouble."

He looked at her with contempt and departed.

"We must get another young lady to stay in the house or you will be dull," said Mr. Westlake to Haselfoot, as both gentlemen returned from seeing Miss Ormonde off.

"I shan't be dull," that cheerful young man replied; "I am going to fish, and I don't want girls hanging about when I'm fishing. By the time you have put on their baits, and taken their fish off the hooks, and heard them scream when it is landed you aren't able to do anything yourself."

BUT he acknowledged to himself that the society of the pretty girl in the factory, mill hand or not, would have been vastly agreeable.

"Besides," he continued, "I can only stay a couple of days, and there will be no end to do here. Your son will ride with me this evening."

"Why stay only a couple of days?" "Because I am appointed to a destroyer, and must be off."

"A destroyer?" repeated Mr. Westlake, much puzzled.

"Yes; a torpedo destroyer. Those little low vessels that run like an express train in the water, in which you get drenched if there is any sea on, as they have no bulwarks."

"Save me from such craft; I do not like getting wet."

"But look at their speed! I could race any steamer in the harbour and beat it hollow."

Mr. Westlake was still sceptical as to their advantages, and replied that he preferred an express train, personally.

That morning the foreman, Simpson, came to Ronald.

"Beg pardon, sir, but here are some written directions of yours, and Brown can't read 'em, no more can't I."

Ronald smiled pleasantly; it was to his mind a Heaven sent opening.

"I do write an atrocious hand, Simpson, when I am in a hurry,—and I nearly always am in a hurry. I have been thinking whether it would not be a good plan to engage a young woman as a typist. What do you think?"

he said with wily intent.

"I think, sir, if you mean a young woman to write your letters, and make them look like print, it would be a blessed thing for the factory. Spiders ain't nothing to your writing sometimes, sir."

Ronald laughed heartily; he was delighted; the onus of the appointment was now thrown on Simpson's shoulders.

"I will certainly engage one," he said. "Ask in the mill whether any of the young women can typewrite, and I will select one of them."

"They typewrite! They can't do it."

"Oh, very well," returned Ronald, with apparent resignation, "but run them over in your mind."

The next moment Simpson exclaimed, "I shouldn't wonder if Mary Williams could. She is a clever girl; seems nothing she can't do. The girls chaff her and call her My Lady."

"I suppose she is thoroughly well conducted?"

"Couldn't be more so, sir."

"And I am sure she is well educated. She would be very useful to me in my correspondence. Just ask if any of them can typewrite, and I will make my own selection."

This double dealing was not at all to his liking, but he was painfully anxious to save any scandal concerning Mary, and considered everything right that would spare her pain. Simpson departed.

"Can any of you young females work a typewriter?" he asked, when there was a cessation of work.

A peal of jeering laughter was his reply; when it was over, Mary replied: "I can."

She imagined he wanted something written for himself, and was always ready to do anyone a service.

"Of course My Lady can do everything," said a strapping girl of twenty; "plays the pianer and violin like a professional, I shouldn't wonder."

Mary smiled; it happened she was an adept at both, but she made no remark.

"You hold your tongue, Jane Matthews," said Simpson, "and Mary Williams you come along with me."

He told her of the proposed appointment as soon as he was out of hearing of the other girls, expatiating on its advantages.

"I shouldn't wonder if the master gave you double wages if you work hard and please him," he said. "And don't forget, my dear, that it's me as has entirely got the situation for you."

"I will not forget," said Mary, greatly amused at this view of the case, and understanding Ronald's motive at once. "You have been very kind to me since I first came, and I shall not forget it. I never forget a kindness. But perhaps my work will not be good enough for the master."

"Come along now, and see him yourself."

(To be continued.)

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Through all the pleasant meadow side
The grass grew shoulder high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide,

And cut it down to dry.
These green and sweetly smelling crops

They led in waggons home;
And they piled them here in mountain tops,

For mountaineers to roam.
O what a joy to clamber there,
O what a place for play,

With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
The happy hills of hay.

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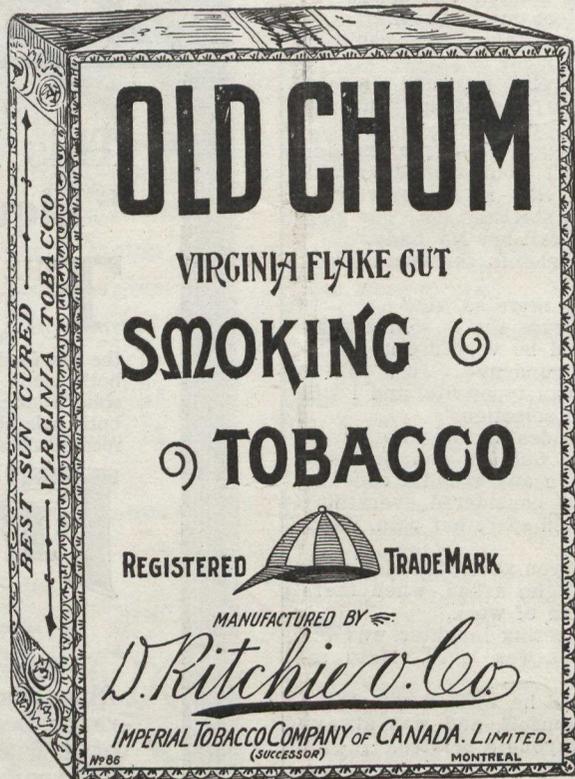
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