

# THE CANADIAN COURIER



### WAR MAKES STRANGE COMRADES

A British soldier in Gallipoli shares his water-bottle with a wounded Turk, who is probably more of a gentleman than his German master.



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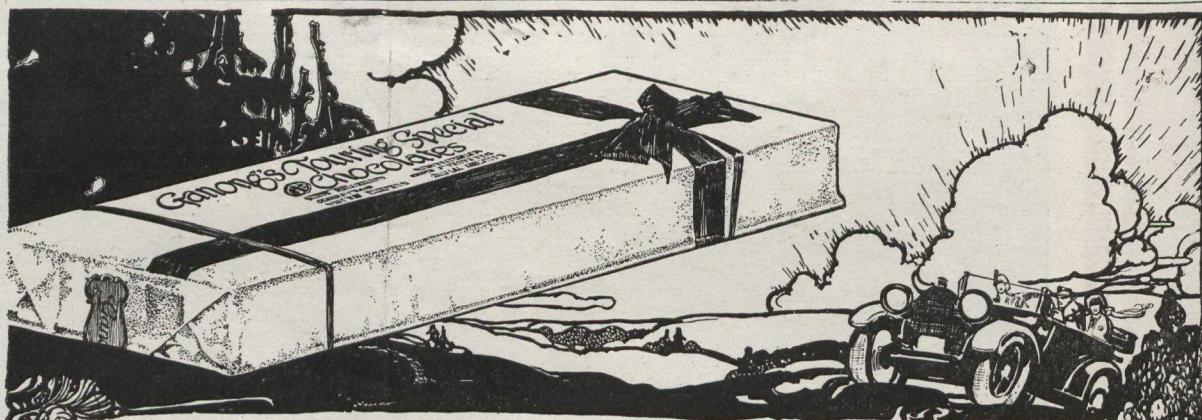
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## 10,000 MILES FROM JELlicOE



The only photograph taken since the war began of the officers and men of H. M. S. Rainbow, stationed at Esquimalt, B.C. Commander Hose is seated in the centre. The photograph was taken especially by Mr. C. H. Lugin, of Victoria, well-known as a writer in both Eastern and Western Canada.

## WAR MAKES A NEW ENGLAND

*The Mother of Nations is Still in Process of Social Evolution*

By JAMES JOHNSTON

PEOPLE who think they believe that England before the war was a tired nation need to be reminded that the mother of nations is still in process of almost primitive evolution. The war has not galvanized a weary people into an outburst of unusual life to be succeeded by national torpor when the war is over. At every great turn in world events England becomes a new nation. The change she is undergoing now is only a phase of the transformation that began within the memory of living men. And the difference between the England of 1914 before the war and the England of the first half of the 19th century during and after the wars with Napoleon is a greater transformation than can be traced in Germany or Russia or France or any of the other nations at war.

What England was during the last great continental war in which she was the leading belligerent against a would-be despot is graphically pictured by Mr. Arthur Mee, in an article in "My Magazine." The picture he draws is one of tremendous gloom, compared to which the worst picture of modern England is a dream of optimism and social evolution. The writer says:

"We talk proudly of how England beat Napoleon

long ago, and how she will beat the imitation Napoleon who stalks across the Belgian wilderness. But how many of us know how England really beat Napoleon? A proud story it is as we read it in the history books; as it will read in the Book of Judgment there is nothing more terrible in the story of the human race.

"Those who have read Mr. Thomas Hardy's great poem on 'The Dynasts' will remember the fear of the English mothers that the Corsican Conqueror lived on human flesh. It was not literally true, but it is morally true that Napoleon consumed the lives of, countless little children in these islands.

"We are not slow, I hope, to realize the amazing effort of the people of those days, who poured out their money for freedom in a way that surprises us even now. But the time came when the burden was too grievous to be borne, and at last the employers complained that the high wages for men and women made it impossible to pay the heavy taxes.

"Then it was that those who should have known better, those who held in their trust the future life of this land, encouraged the manufacturers to use

the children. It seemed, an old writer said, as if there fell upon the manufacturers the terrible words —Take the children. They seemed to fall upon England like the voice of Doom, and the masters listened to them. They took the children. They crammed the factories with machines so close that there was just room for the little bodies to slip in and out of the belts and wheels and spinning shafts. They took them at nine years old, they took them at six, they took them at four; and they kept them in the factories thirteen hours a day. They kept overseers to whip them if, after ten hours of work, their little bodies became drowsy or slow; they kept blacksmiths to rivet and chain them if they tried to run away. They made them clean the machinery while they ate their poor meals of porridge made with water; they made them walk as much as thirty miles a day about their work; they killed and maimed them in thousands; in some factories one child in four was crippled or injured, and few of the younger children lived more than three or four years after entering the mills.

"Down the mines, too, these little children went. How many of us have been into the bowels of the earth? Perhaps we should be afraid to go even



now, when most mines are healthy and safe. But these little children stood fifteen hours without a stop in the cold, dark mine, opening and shutting trapdoors, or harnessed to heavy trucks, or standing in black slime from five in the morning till six at night, pumping water at the bottom of the shaft."

#### PUBLIC INDIFFERENCE.

THE writer goes on to say that none of the great popular reformers seemed really to care about these terrible conditions enough to change them. There was then no voice of labour that must be respected. In those days it was not possible that a Lloyd George could go and address the miners, asking them in the name of their country to go back to work that the British might win the war through the abundant supply of coal. In fact, English labour in those days was more under the iron hand of government and economic usage than modern labour in Germany is under the bossism of the war lords. Apparently Gladstone did not care, neither John Bright, who declared that the Ten Hour Bill was one of the worst measures passed through Parliament, and proposed an amendment that the hours of labour should be from 5.30 in the morning till 8.30 at night.

"Southey, it is true, wrote that the slave trade was mercy compared with the child trade in the factories; but the first interest of Parliament was aroused, not by shame or sympathy or sorrow, but by fear. The children were dying so fast that there was no room in the churchyards, and an Act was passed limiting the work of children to twelve hours a day."

#### AN ARISTOCRAT REFORMER.

ACCORDING to Mr. Mee, it was an aristocrat that reformed the conditions of child labour in England. Lord Shaftesbury was the man who, in his day, did a work as great as that of Robert Raikes in his foundation of Sunday-schools, or Howard in his prison reforms, or John Wesley in his evangelization work among the masses. This man succeeded in a democratic reform where the great tribunes of the people made little or no effort.

"Lord Shaftesbury," writes Mr. Mee, "was more powerful than John Bright. Parliament rose to the mighty height of forbidding night work for children and limiting their Saturday work to nine hours, and in 1842 little girls were saved from the slavery of the mine and only men of ten years old were allowed to go down. In that year one-third of all the workers in our mines were children; for every two men who went down, one child went with them. The battle is not yet won, for there are still 40,000 little boys toiling in the mines of England when they should be at school, and Parliament will not stop this shameful scandal until we make it.

"But the days when Lord Shaftesbury could plead in Parliament for the child slaves of England, and

have an audience of two, have gone for ever. He saved the children who were being slowly murdered in our mills and factories; he saved the children whose eyes were hardly ever allowed to see the sun. He saved the little chimney-sweeps who were forced up chimneys from three in the morning till ten at night, and allowed to sleep the other five hours on a sack of soot in a cellar.

#### THE SOLDIER'S LOT.

MR. MEE goes on to describe the average British soldier who broke the power of Napoleon at Waterloo; such a man as Wellington himself fourteen years after the Battle of Waterloo, described as "the worst drunkard and probably the worst workman in his town," and less than fifty years ago, the Minister for War told the House of Commons that it had come to be a question whether the British Army should collapse or not. We could not get men.

"After the French wars were over, when huge sums of money were being voted to Wellington and the officers, it was proposed to reward the men, too, and what do you think was to be their reward for Waterloo? It was proposed to reward them by limiting their flogging to a hundred lashes! The flogging of soldiers was so bad that the floggers would take it in shifts, and a doctor would stand by to say how much a man could stand without dying. Well, you may not believe it, but it is true, that Lord Palmerston opposed this concession to the men who beat Napoleon. It was rejected, and the flogging went on; sometimes a man would get a thousand lashes.

"At last, when the Victorian Era was well on its way, a soldier was flogged to death, and Parliament then reduced the flogging to fifty lashes. And when do you think this barbarism was stopped by the Mother of Parliaments? With a woman on the throne such things could hardly last long. Well, I am not forty years old, and I was a boy at school when the British Government proposed to abolish this flogging of soldiers. Through all the years till then the men of our Army were treated like dogs, or worse than the law would allow any man to treat his dog now. Yet, when the end of this cruelty came, Queen Victoria wrote to Mr. Gladstone earnestly begging him not to stop flogging, as it would deprive the officers of the only power they had of keeping young troops in order.

"It is to the everlasting honour of the British Government that it replied to Queen Victoria by abolishing flogging, and the abolition was followed by a rush to the colours.

"Only nine years before, again in the teeth of Queen Victoria and the House of Lords, the Government had deprived rich men of the control of the Army by abolishing the purchase of commissions. 'The Nation,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'must buy back its own army from its own officers.' But for this Sir

John French could never have been the commander of our troops in France.

Similar conditions, or worse, were rife in the Navy. Jails were deprived of criminals that the Navy might be supplied with men. The men that won the Battle of Trafalgar would never be tolerated in the Navy that now serves under Jellicoe in the North Sea. The British Navy has been transformed even more than the Army or the conditions of the workers in England. In the days of Nelson and Wellington it would have been a chimerical dream to imagine any Cabinet Minister or parliamentary orator addressing the workers of England as though they were free men and soldiers upon whom the saving of the nation depended as much as upon the men in the trenches.

#### THE COMING YEARS.

THAT was the world that the fathers of living Britons remembered; almost recent history in the minds of living men. And the great social evolution is still going on.

"Fifty years ago," said Mr. Mee, "the cause of disease was as unknown to men as it was 5,000 years ago; now we are conquering disease by conquering the cause. Plague, which in one year sent half the people of England to their graves, has disappeared; small-pox and leprosy have followed it; diphtheria can be cured wherever it is found in time; and—whatever ignorant people may tell you—a guarantee against typhoid fever is offered to every Allied soldier fighting in France.

"And of course we are going to stop alcohol, the enemy of every land and every man within it. We are going to stop drinking it and make it drive our engines; we shall make it build up instead of pulling down. Perhaps the greatest moral service that science has rendered the world in these last ten years has been to prove that the teetotallers have always been right. There is no doubt about it at all, and only ignorance and interest can now defend this social use of a poison which consumes the strength of men and women, robs children of their birthright, and strikes through the normal life of a people as the German army strikes through Belgium. "And poverty will go. Our children will be ashamed of it. Parliament is beginning to put on the Statute Book the old-fashioned gospel that the labourer is worthy of his hire.

"This shame is passing away. We are all agreed that the smallest wages must be high enough to keep human beings in comfort. The principle has passed beyond controversy, and only the details have to be arranged. Already every miner in this country has a legal minimum wage, as every factory worker in Australia has; and four other trades in England have wages fixed by Government, which can fix all wages when it considers it necessary."

# TO THE SOLDIERS OF FRANCE

The following eloquent article by M. Anatole France celebrating the festival of the 14th of July appeared in the "Petit-Parisien," and is here reprinted from the London Daily Chronicle:

ONE hundred and twenty-six years ago to-day the people of Paris, armed with pikes and guns, to the beating of drums and the ringing of the tocsin, pressed in a long line down the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, attacked the Bastille, and, after five hours' conflict beneath deadly fire, took possession of the hated fortress. A symbolical victory won over tyranny and despotism, a victory by which the French people inaugurated a new regime.

The sovereignty of law! Therein lies the significance of the Bastille, taken by the people and razed to its foundations. The coming of justice! For that reason patriots wearing the tricolour cockade in their hats, and citizenesses in frocks striped with the nation's colours, danced all night long to the accompaniment of violins, in the gay brilliance of the illuminations, on the levelled site of the Bastille.

Hour of confidence in human goodness, of faith in a future of concord and of peace! Then did France reveal her true place among men; then did she show with what hopes the Revolution swelled the hearts of Europe. The fall of the Bastille resounded throughout the whole world.

To Russia the good tidings came like the bright flame of a bonfire on some day of public rejoicing. In the proud city of Peter and of Catherine nobles and serfs, with tears and cries of gladness, embraced one another on the public squares. The French Ambassador at the Court of the Empress bears witness to this rapture: "It is impossible," he writes, "to describe the enthusiasm excited among tradesmen, merchants, citizens, and the young men of the upper classes by this fall of a State prison, and this first triumph of tempestuous liberty—French, Russians, Danes, Germans, Dutchmen were all congratulating and embracing one another in the streets as if they had been liberated from some onerous bondage."

In England, working men, the middle-classes and

By ANATOLE FRANCE

Translated by Winifred Stephens. Editor of "The Book of France"

the generous minded among the aristocracy all rejoiced over the victory of right won by the people of Paris. Neither did their enthusiasm flag despite all the efforts of a Government strenuously hostile to the new principles of France. In 1790, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille was celebrated in London by an immense banquet, presided over by Lord Stanhope, one of the wisest statesmen of the United Kingdom.

These are the memories we recall and the events we celebrate to-day.

#### THE RIGHT TO SPEAK.

DEAR soldiers, dear fellow-citizens, I address you on this grave festival because I love you and honour you and think of you unceasingly.

I am entitled to speak to you heart to heart because I have a right to speak for France, being one of those who have ever sought, in freedom of judgment and uprightness of conscience, the best means of making their country strong. I am entitled to speak to you because, not having desired war, but being compelled to suffer it, I, like you, like all Frenchmen, am resolved to wage it till the end, until justice shall have conquered iniquity, civilization barbarism, and the nations are delivered from the monstrous menace of an oppressive militarism. I have a right to speak to you because I am one of the few who have never deceived you, and who have never believed that you needed lies for the maintenance of your courage; one of the few who, rejecting as unworthy of you deceptive fictions and misleading silence, have told you the truth.

I told you in December last year: "This war will be cruel and long." I tell you now: You have done much, but all is not over. The end of your labours approaches, but is not yet. You are fighting against an enemy fortified by long preparation and immense material. Your foe is unscrupulous. He has learned from his leaders that inhumanity is the soldier's first virtue. Arming himself in a manner undreamed of hitherto by the most formidable of conquerors, he

causes rivers of blood to flow and breathes forth vapours charged with torpor and with death. Endure, preserve, dare. Remain what you are and none shall prevail against you.

#### PRO PATRIA.

YOU are fighting for your native land, that laughing, fertile land, the most beautiful in the world; for your fields and your meadows. For the august mother, who, crowned with vine-leaves and with ears of corn, waits to welcome you and to feed you with all the inexhaustible treasures of her breast. You are fighting for your village belfry, your roofs of slate or tile, with wreaths of smoke curling up into the serene sky. For your fathers' graves, your children's cradles.

You are fighting for our august cities, on the banks of whose rivers rise the monuments of generations—romanesque churches, cathedrals, minsters, abbeys, palaces, triumphal arches, columns of bronze, theatres, museums, town halls, hospitals, statues of sages and of heroes—whose walls, whether modest or magnificent, shelter alike commerce, industry, science and the arts, all that constitutes the beauty of life.

You are fighting for our moral heritage, our manners, our uses, our laws, our customs, our beliefs, our traditions. For the works of our sculptors, our architects, our painters, our engravers, our goldsmiths, our enamellers, our glass-cutters, our weavers. For the songs of our musicians. For our mother tongue which, with ineffable sweetness, for eight centuries has flowed from the lips of our poets, our orators, our historians, our philosophers. For the knowledge of man and of nature. For that encyclopaedic learning which attained among us the high-water mark of precision and lucidity. You are fighting for the genius of France, which enlightened the world and gave freedom to the nations. By this noble spirit bastilles are overthrown. And lastly, you are fighting for the homes of Belgians, English, Russians, Italians, Serbians, not for France merely, but for Europe, ceaselessly disturbed and furiously threatened by Germany's devouring ambition.



# A REAL SUMMER HOME

Where the President of the Canadian Car and Foundry may be Thinking About His War Contracts



Senator Curry's Summer Residence at Bay Verte.



In the foreground, a glimpse of a great garden; in the background, Bay Verte.



Dining-room in Senator Curry's Summer Home, at Bay Verte.



Some of the relics and curios in Mrs. Curry's Indian Room.



The Hall and Living Room in the Curry Summer Residence.

A NUMBER of wealthy Canadians may be seeing less of their summer homes this year than usual. Hon. Senator Curry is probably one of them. He has been too busy for summer holidays. In fact, since the war began the giant of Amherst has been one of the busiest men in this part of the world. His regular home is in Montreal, where the head offices of the Canadian Car and Foundry Co. have been since the amalgamation from the Dominion Car and Foundry Co. and the Canada Car Co. The summer home is at Tidnish, on Bay Verte, not far from Amherst, where the Rhodes-Curry Car Co. started in a carriage shop. Has the Hon. Senator been there lately to hear from the moan of the sounding sea and fish from the rocks beyond his enchanted garden? Perhaps not.

It is more important to know that Senator Curry, of Nova Scotia, has

been able to nab from the British and the Russian governments just about half the war contracts so far placed in Canada by these two countries. He has done in Canada what Schwab did in the United States. Schwab was not allowed to build submarines at Bethlehem Steel Co. for shipment to England. He is building them at the Vickers-Maxim Co. plant in Montreal. Senator Curry hadn't factories and foundries enough in his concern to fill all the orders he got from the belligerent nations. He farmed millions of them out in the United States. In the meantime, while the back-wash foams up in the rear of his great garden on Bay Verte, the price of Canada Car and Foundry stock is jumping like a thermometer on a hot day in the sub-Arctic. And if any day the Senator should take a day off to loaf on Bay Verte, he has the satisfaction to know that he is helping to win this war.



# THE AWAKENING OF ALDEN

*A Story of How War Reached Out and Took Hold of the Four Erlan Brothers*

By BRITTON B. COOKE

(Drawings by Arthur Lismer.)

FROM Toronto, which is a great city, you reach Alden by a swift flight, a jog trot and a limp, which is to say, by a series of trains, of which the latter two are the worse. You leave Toronto early in the morning, about the time that Jimmy Beck gets down to the station platform to walk around with hands behind his back and see that things are moving all right in the depot. You reach London about the time the farmers from Port Stanley way have sold out their beans and potatoes and are shopping on Dundas Street, and you leave London when the crowd at the Tecumseh House have all flocked in to dinner, leaving the bar deserted. About three in the afternoon the sober, but self-respecting train that enticed you from the G. T. R. station at London abandons you at a junction in a reformed swamp which is still fertile in mosquitoes. At four the most abject train in the world, the most hang-dog, down-at-the-heel, shame-faced engine and string of cars, sneaks, as it were, out of hiding from behind distant hay-stacks, and sidles furtively alongside the platform in the swamp. It invites you aboard to the tune of milk "empties" being rattled on or off the freight car ahead.

This train, that has a congenital weakness in one cylinder, causing it to lisp painfully at every step, draws you through a rural paradise, through fat,

boots, Mabee said it couldn't be done. So it can't, and the flight, the jog and the limp are as necessary to-day as they will be twenty years from now, when a trust has gobbled up the shoddy mill and the last *raison d'être* for Alden shall have been removed.

But even so, it is worth going. Personally, I love Alden, for it has a charming something about it like those old-fashioned women that came to visit our grandmothers when we were young and wore mitts that had been scented with strange gardenish odours; and it lives gently and soberly—very soberly since local option triumphed—and grows strange flowers, and sheds an occasional weak tear over sad bits of gossip that melt into its ears like balm. It worships with great belief on Sunday mornings, and with a comfortable sense of its own righteousness under the patent oil lamps and tin reflectors Sunday nights. Let the great train and the great commercial travelers with cigars and silk socks go whisking by in the distant as aloof as they may. Alden has its own affairs, and I have just seen in Alden what I am moved to write about, including the Reverend Jones, and the Widow Erlan, that grows dutch-sets for a living, and the Hoover girl.

WHEN I came down to Alden, I thought that I could surely leave behind me the war and the seven-column headlines about nothing whatever. I said to myself as I threw the usual items into the bottom of the shabby club bag, which is the custodian of happiest memories, "I shall go down to Alden and forget about wars and tax-bills and putting the milk ticket out at night and fishing the paper in in the mornings from the front verandah without letting the neighbours see the colour of one's dressing-gown. I shall get the front room to the left of the canaries in the hotel at Alden, and I'll sit by the east window in the mite of a dining-room downstairs and I'll hear nothing all day long but the squeak of the Alden Imperial chop mills machinery. The pigeons on the roof of the shoddy mill, the bawl of far-off cattle, or the cry of a small boy driving the mayor's stately cow down the main street under the trees to be milked, or the sonorous groaning of the Hoover girl's reed organ down under yonder big locust tree that makes such a sweet smell in the spring." Thus did I plan. There should be no more war and I would make a treaty of peace with the whole world by buying a ticket thither. But it was not so. I am here and I have found the war here also. I think I see it very much better from Alden than would have been possible from any place else.

You knew Alden three years ago. It carried its stomach well forward and its shoulder well back in those days. So did we all. There was prosperity everywhere. The mayor—he has been mayor for thirteen years on end—was buying a Ford. The Hoover girl's mother was figuring on a piano instead of an organ, and the seed of ambition was sprouting in the head of every infant in arms under the humble trees of isolated Alden. Jonas Tomkinson, the lumber and coal dealer, persuaded the council that it needed cement sidewalks in place of the loose boards that grumbled peculiarly under the slow feet of people going to church and that were continually threatening if stepped on carelessly to fly up in the face. Alden accepted cement side-walks and paid for them by floating strange things called debentures.

AFTER a time the doctor—Doctor Phippen—conceived the brilliant idea of putting in a small second-hand electric generator to use up some of the head of water from the shoddy mill's dam, and supply light to the town. This he executed, and forthwith Alden turned its light off and on with a key instead of blowing down the lamp chimney or applying matches to wicks. Doc. Phippen's boy, Roland, the big, handsome fellow who played centre on the lacrosse team, finished his medical course in Toronto and came back to Alden—where the Hoover

girl was secretly eating her heart out about him—and took over his father's practice while his father went to the Riviera to spend the money he had made on a western land deal.

The two old maids in the town, the Miss' Parsons, blossomed on their increased mortgage interest and bought fine lace trimmings for the cuffs and yokes of their old gowns, and had hardwood flooring laid in their sitting room in place of the worn six-inch planks that had done duty in the days of their father the Drover. The Widow Erlan, whose four reckless



The Rev. Peabody Jones.

boys were the shame of the industrious community, and who, while her sons were at large somewhere on the continent, grew onion sets and did a little millinery and dress-making for a living—even she prospered a little so that she was known to have increased her givings in the missionary envelope of the church—Alden is Presbyterian. The Pastor, Reverend Peabody Jones, subscribed for a two hundred dollar encyclopaedia. Alden grew fat and rich, and at least seven families went every year all the way to Toronto, either to the large fair, which is there to be found, or to the Mendelssohn Choir concerts, both of which events furnished topics of conversation for a great part of the year and were considered part of the education of the best people.

Sleek and comfortable grew Alden. Kind-hearted and dreamy-eyed it lay under the trees sucking its daily modicum of gossip, excited by the once-a-day arrival of the train, lulled to sleep by the musical trickle of the water from the tail race of the mill and the music which the Hoover girl squeezed out of the reed organ by dint of foot work and finger work of the first order.

When war came Alden was so comfortably settled in its place that it merely blinked and said "sorry," and went to sleep again. If Roland Phippen had been home it would have expected Roland to do something about it, for Roland, by reason of his father's innocent but persistent advertising of the lad and by reason also of his renown as a lacrosse player and as the handsome, good-natured, fun-loving hero, a

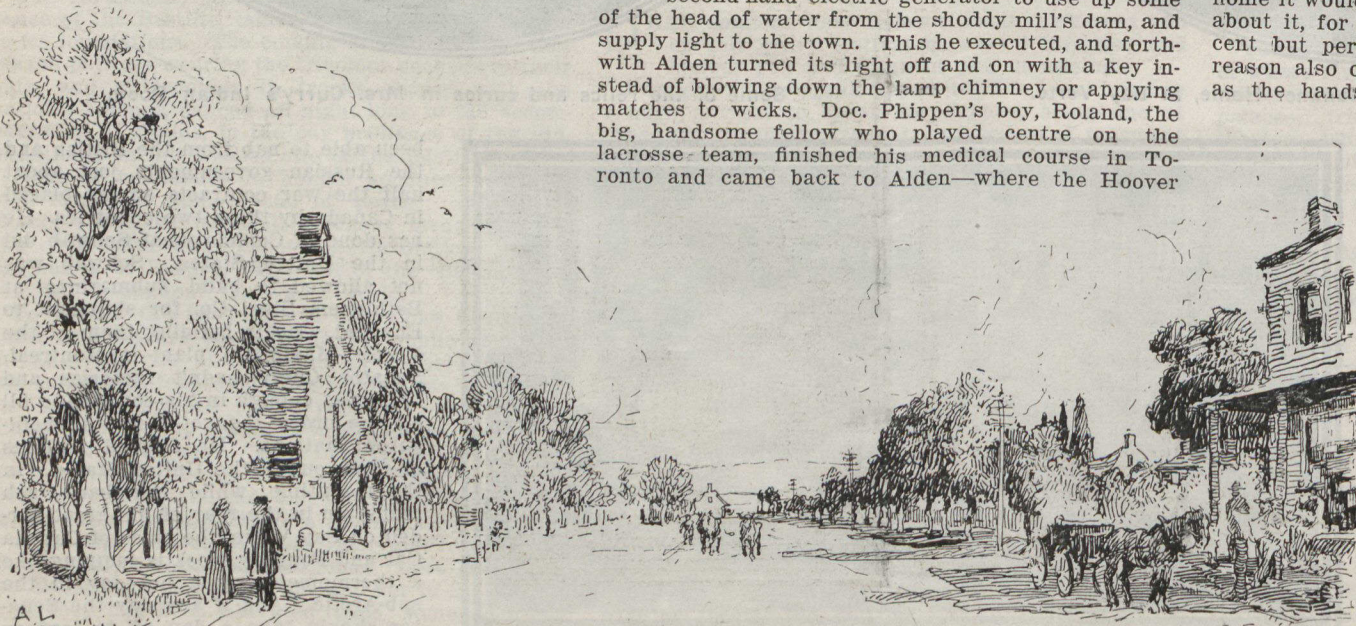
sort of public property, loved by every one, including the Hoover girl, to whom it was whispered he was secretly "engaged." But Roland was in the West making money, it was said, hand over fist in real estate, and driving around the prairie in large automobiles and doing so well that the doctor, his father, intimated that it was an honour to be allowed even to get one letter a month from the boy, so busy was he. War, therefore, found Alden without a hero to lead it, and it settled back to depend upon the newspapers. It took greater imagination than Alden cared to exercise to suppose that a war so far from Ontario could touch Alden. It dug out its flags and rested confident in the supreme power of the British Navy. When socks and cholera belts were called for, it responded with a will. When volunteers for the First Contingent were asked, it counted



The Hoover Girl.

warm fields and over snug, sleepy rivers meant for boys to swim in, and around plump little hills that hold up great trees on their backs so that the trees may see you coming. Presently you fear that your ticket may be good for no more of it, and you descend somewhere—wherever you were aiming to go—into a country-side full of soft gloaming and hay-scented winds, and terrible stars that come out early and stare into the top of your head fixedly.

That is how you get to Alden though, if a certain train to Chicago from Montreal would only pause one moment you could step right off within quarter of a mile of the Alden post-office. But that train has a horrible pride and a mean eye that at night is fixed always on something very remote from Alden, and though Alden once sent a deputation to ask the great Mabee, before he died, to stop this train so as to let off empty egg-crates and old ladies with elastic-sided



"The cry of a small boy driving the Mayor's stately cow down the main street."



heads—and had to refuse. Most of its young men seemed to be elsewhere in Canada. The West had claimed many. But Alden was not ashamed. It was certain things would be "all right," and though it felt the compliment of being asked to send its men, it refused graciously. The school-teacher in these days—he was an elderly fellow near the retiring age—brought distinction upon himself by discovering in the Mechanics Institute Library—open three nights a week—a copy of an almanac giving the strength of the British Navy in 1903. This was final reassurance to Alden. Its women, including the widow and the Hoover girl, went on knitting socks and cholera belts, and the Reverend Jones prayed in his best tremulo for the quick ending of the war and the descent of the old, complete Peace that Alden had enjoyed so thoroughly. The Hoover girl at the church organ played the most soothing of overtures and the choir sang, once a Sunday, "Peace, Perfect Peace"—with a double meaning. News of the fall of Liege and Namur was received with quiet, dignified indifference to anything the Germans might do. Accounts of atrocities in Belgium moved the Reverend Jones only to further applications for Peace and harmony. Alden still slept well at nights and had a cheery, innocent air in the mornings. It had a good conscience and a faith so great in the supremacy of His Majesty the King that it scarcely felt it.

**D**OC. PHIPPEN had a letter one day. It was from Roland Phippen, in Saskatoon. Roland wanted money on which to come home. Real estate had taken a drop! The doctor drew on the local bank and replied promptly. Roland arrived home seven days later in fashionable clothing, but somewhat out of press. He had forgotten to ask for enough to include his sleeper. He had sat up in the day coaches of various trains that had brought him East. Before Alden could recover from the surprise, Roland Phippen announced that he was going to the war.

"What?" said the Doctor.

"War," said Roland.

"To war? Why, my boy?"

"Because," said Roland, "there's a lot of good fellows over in France there—and they need backing up."

"I see," said his father, thoughtfully. "I see, boy."

Well . . . I guess you'll have to go then."

"Sure," said Roland. "I'm going down to Toronto to train for a lieutenant."

"All right," assented the doctor. "You know best, boy."

So Roland went.

The Hoover girl, who was not unlovely, heard these things with her great eyes still more solemn and her fine mouth held in a slightly braver curve than ever, from Roland himself.

"Of course," she said, when he had finished. "I suppose one ought to go in a case like that. And of course you must do your duty. But is there any danger—Rolly?"

"Not a bit," he said, jovially, and whether he gathered the Hoover girl—whose name was Lois—into his arms or not and kissed her—is not known and should not be known.

At all events he went away with all the marks of a lieutenant on his uniform and the bearing of a major-general inside, and Alden waved him goodbye with the first touch of real feeling it had had since the war began. Old Jones gave Roland a testament. The doctor gave him a picture of his mother, and the Hoover girl gave him a lock of something tied with a ribbon, wrapped in white tissue paper and sealed.

The second shock to Alden came next day. The four sons of the Widow Erlan had enlisted at various points in the North-West—they still call it the North-West in Alden. Tom, that had run away with a circus; Billy, that had gone West with a harvesters' excursion and never come back; Jim, that stammered and could throw a quoit farther than anybody else in Alden; and little Hal, the spitfire of the family, whose tongue had had to defend him against the superior physical resources of his brothers—all had gone; joined in one regiment, the "Little Black Devils" of Winnipeg.

And still Alden dreamed along and still old Jones prayed for Peace, and though prosperity was somewhat abated, there were still luxuries and comforts to be found in Alden, and Spanish cakes with chocolate icings to be had on Sunday tea-tables.

**T**HERE are three kind and elderly hills round about Alden that seem to stand between Alden and the rest of the world. They are not high hills nor rugged, in fact every inch of them, except

where the trees still stand valiantly against the weather, is under cultivation by the wise and diligent farmers who live in this vicinity. Between two of the hills the river insinuates itself and escapes on the side of the town where there is no hill at all, but only a clear view over the hot, shimmering country-side toward Lake Erie, whose presence is indicated by the way the clouds arrange themselves on that side of the sky. Few people in Alden know anything about the river farther than two miles above the old covered-in bridge that helps the road over. Although the ticket agent at the station is intimate with such worldly people as the engineer of the daily train and the conductor, even he hasn't been far from Alden since he was appointed here fifteen years ago. Newspapers reach Alden always a day late, so that Alden, even if all the rest of the world came to an end to-night, would have an extra day of happiness. It is a shielded and protected place.

**O**NE April night came news of Langemarck. Alden, as it were, sat suddenly up in its chair and stared. There had been a great battle. Heroic things had been done. Great sacrifices had been made. Great losses had been sustained. But—and this was the point—it was not the old, old story of English or Scotch or Irish or French heroism—it was Canadian! Alden had never given much thought to the term Canadian before. It had always considered itself British and been content with that, realizing no particular relationship—except a geographical or an investment relationship—with the far ends of the Dominion. This was suddenly changed. Then came the second thought, second because Alden was not accustomed to think of itself as having any close business with great events. Was Doc Phippen's boy all right? And the four sons of the Widow Erlan?

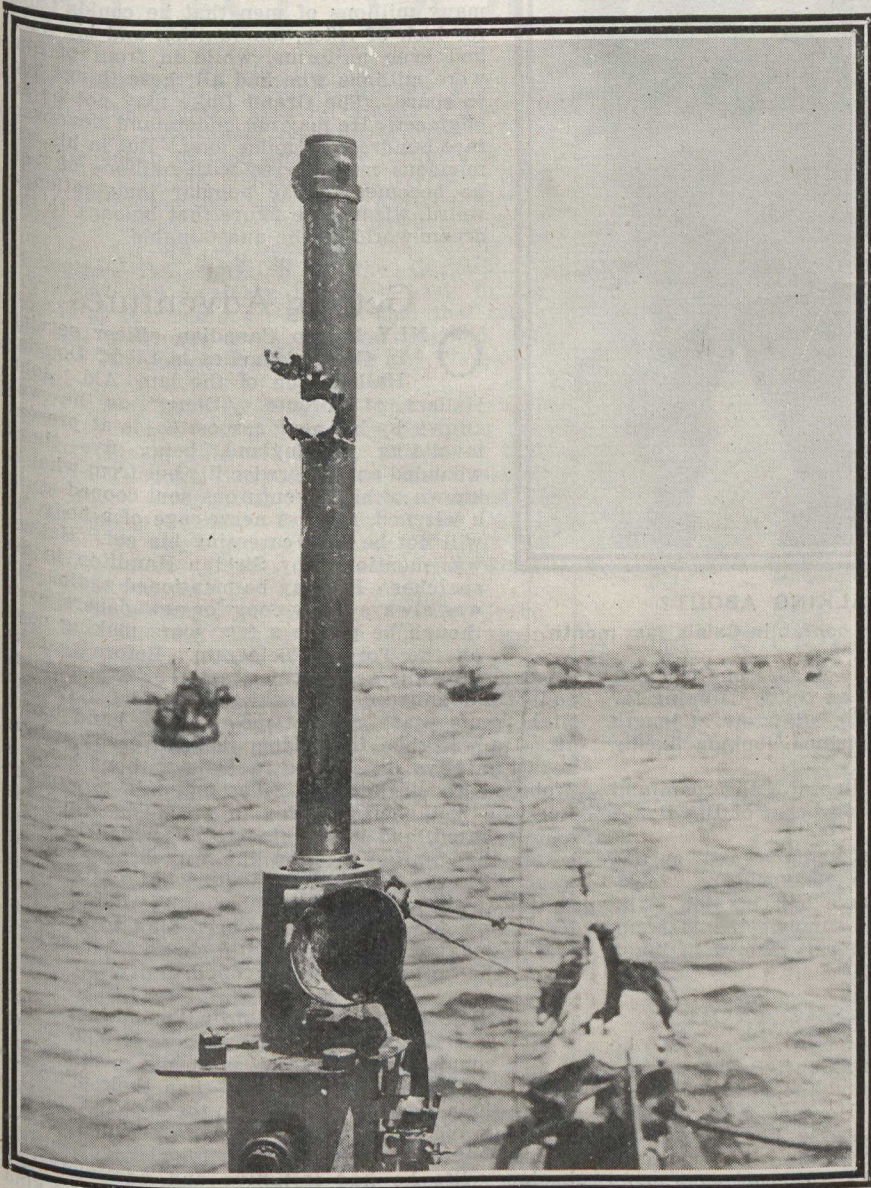
On a night early in May came a letter from a surgeon in a Boulogne hospital. It was not addressed to the Doctor, as might have been supposed. It came to the Mayor, who at the time was milking in his own back-yard.

"Open it, Lizzie," he said to his wife, who had brought the missive from the Post Office. "See what it is. Is it a bill?"

"A bill? From France?"

(Concluded on page 18.)

THE MODERN PERIL ON THE SEA



Periscope of a submarine badly damaged by shell-fire from destroyers and gunboats. The submarine has poked its periscope into the danger zone in many waters from the Marmora to the North Sea. It sometimes gets battered.



Canadian troops on board a transport don their life-preservers ready for any swift bolt from the blue. Every Canadian troop transport is so well conveyed by gunboats and destroyers that as yet not a single casualty has been reported.



# MAINLY PERSONAL

## Conversations in Camera

WHAT Kitchener said to Joffre at the time the accompanying snapshot was taken would have been worth more to newspaper reporters than what Mephisto thinks about the Kaiser. Some weeks ago these two famous generalissimos met in Calais. They knew then, as they know now, that several hundred millions of people all over the world, not excluding Germany, want to know why the Allies don't make that great drive to smash through the German lines. They know that Russia was asking the question as never she did in the early part of the war when she flung her army into East Prussia to relieve pressure on the West. They knew that the Allied armies in the West are more than twice as great as they were at the Battle of the Marne, and that Russia is facing a bigger army than she did in October, when she drove the Germans back in Poland.

But these great generalissimos, who between them share the secrets of the Allied armies in the West, seem to have said nothing to relieve public anxiety on these points. What they said nobody knows; whether Kitchener spoke to Joffre in French, which he knows very well, or whether Joffre returned the compliment in English. For months now Joffre has been nibbling. For months Kitchener has been massing one of the greatest armies in Europe. Why don't the great armies of the West smash their way through?

It's not for the average man to know; but we suspect that these generalissimos were talking some of the time about a thing of which Napoleon had never dreamed. That one thing was probably concrete. It takes thousands of shells every hour or so to make any impression on those lines of concrete and steel dug-ins that house the western armies. And the greatest past master of manoeuvres in the world, whoever he may be, has to learn the A B C of steel and concrete and shells. No doubt Kitchener and Joffre are as eager to break through the German lines as any cross-road critic in Canada. But until there is weight enough on those trenches to do it at a time and a place where the air-eyes of the enemy are not suspecting it—that breakthrough probably won't be accomplished. All the same, the world at large would be glad to know just what these two great generals were talking about in Calais.

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## Steel Talks

MR. W. E. COREY, who used to be president of the U. S. Steel Corporation, said on his return from Europe the other day, that the Allies expect the war to last about three years longer. He also thinks the United States should keep out of the war, because it would take two years to get the United States ready to be of much use. He admits that America might "lick" Spain or Portugal. And he also thinks the Grand Duke Nicholas is the greatest military leader in Europe. It's quite easy to see where Mr. Corey's sympathies lie. United States Steel may have produced the most consequential peace advocate in the world outside of Mr. Bryan; but his name, although it begins with C, doesn't happen to be Corey. Anyway, he is not saying much now—that steel man who built the plants that are now making munitions of war for Europe, and also the Peace Palace at The Hague.

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## Holbrooke Abroad

JOSEF HOLBROOKE is now in the United States. Let not the spelling of his front name mislead you. Josef is an Englishman. He does not make sauces, either; that man in his namesake. Josef Holbrooke makes modern English music, and he is interested just now in getting some of it performed this side of the Atlantic. If all goes well, one of his ballet operas, *The Enchanted Garden*, will be heard in Canada next October. He was the first English composer to write music that people could see in pictures while the orchestra played. He is fond of gloomy and weird things, in which respect he has caught most of the modern idea in music. He looks the part. Snapshotted as he left the steamer, he closely resembled the late Frank Bullen, who used to write weird things about the sea. As he stood on the dock, his quick eye caught sight of a well-known Canadian composer among the maze of traffic that sounds like modern music.

"Ah!" he said to his companion, "there is a fellow-criminal, another composer."

The "criminal" was the Canadian Clarence Lucas.

"I am looking for surprises," he said. Whereat the customs inspector promptly charged him \$10 duty on his modern music.

In one thing Holbrooke greatly deserves admiration: he has never done much musical delving in Germany. Whatever weird things he may write, he is pure English.

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## Hall Caine's "Curtain"

HALL CAINE always thinks he is super-dramatic. The Manxman novelist has been about as mum as Kipling of late, so far as fetching out new works is concerned; but the way he hit off that fanciful anniversary description of how one year ago four Cabinet Ministers sat in the Premier's house waiting for Germany's reply, is a glorious piece of solemn "bunk." The novelist asks people's pardon for lifting the curtain on this memorable meeting. Here is a sample of one of the curtains he lifted:

"As they sit there the electric wires may be flashing the awful tidings like a flying angel of life or death through the dark air all over Europe.

"The four men are waiting for the telephone to

real. It is said that these insane persons went in a body to the office of Le Devoir, on St. James St., to tell Mr. Bourassa that he was on the right track in denouncing British navalism as being no better than German militarism.

Be sure Mr. Bourassa received those people cordially. He is always cordial. Personally, he could not make enemies. The worst he can do in private is to frighten anybody who tries to talk to him across that big long table of his in the office of Le Devoir. But when he gets hold of his pen, his eyes snap fury, and when he rises before an audience they flame with insane, unreasoning fires. Henri Bourassa was unsatisfied when the world was right side up. He is just as unsatisfied now, when it is upside down. The world will never be right to Henri Bourassa until it is a museum. But if Mr. Bryan would only offer Mr. Bourassa a nice salary to go over and help him stump for peace without honour, or dignity, or anything worth while, he would be conferring a great favour on this country. We know Mr. Bourassa is a brilliant man. We also know that he has used his brilliance to magnify Mr. Bourassa and to injure the land of his birth.

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## The Gamy Grand Duke

TAKE him all in all for every inch of his six feet three, we must admit that the Grand Duke Nicholas is a pretty game kind of warrior. No other general in the world's history had to move so many armies and men and guns and horses and munitions of war, and even populations of towns and cities over such vast areas in so brief a space of time. No general ever fought so many rearguard actions so magnificently. No leader ever got his armies out of an abandoned fortress leaving less for the besieger and suffering less damage to his own lines. No master of strategy ever had to resign himself to taking great fortresses against heavy odds, scaling great mountains against worse odds, only to retire and let the forts go back to the enemy, and the mountain passes glide away from under the feet of his armies, and still keep his lines intact ready for action somewhere else. No generalissimo ever had at his back so many millions of men that he couldn't use for lack of rifles, ammunition and big guns and even uniforms, while in front of him were millions who had all these things and to spare. The Grand Duke may not be an engineer. He may not understand siege warfare hundreds of miles long. But in his tremendous manoeuvres with millions of men he becomes to the popular imagination a weird, wizard-like figure that belongs to the dream-world of the unattainable.

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## Getting Adventures

ONLY known Canadian officer serving in the Dardanelles is Lieut. Douglas Hallam, son of the late Ald. John Hallam, of Toronto. "Doug," as he was known by his near associates, is at present invaliding in England, being five times wounded and otherwise ill; but from what is known of his adventurous soul cooped up in a wizened, restless nerve-cage of a body, he will not be long caressing his cot. Hallam was mentioned by Sir Ian Hamilton in despatches. He may be mentioned again. He was always likely copy for newspapers, even though he put in a few years making copy on the Toronto Telegram. Before that he spent some while as an expert amateur camera-man, and while engaged in flash-lighting for Saturday Night some years ago got most of one hand blown off. He was then fresh from the University, where he was always one of the radicals without being a firebrand revolutionary. Since he quit newspaper work he had been engaged in business—which he mainly hated, and in learning to fly, which he liked better than eating. When the war broke out, he went with the First Contingent, but afterwards shifted to the navy as a member of the flying corps. He is now for the first time, according to his idea, really engaged in living—with death somewhere round the corner waiting an opportunity.

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A UNIFORM has a lot to do with making a man feel like a soldier. But there are a lot of young men in officers' uniforms in this country who will have to get bigger than their uniforms before their togs are much use to them. What makes a man an officer instead of a private? Not the price of his commission. More likely it's the fact that in business life he had initiative and administrative ability; which in a war of applied science is the kind of man that is most needed to tell other men what to do. Brains are as important in soldiering as they are in any other kind of business.



WHAT WERE THEY TALKING ABOUT?

Kitchener and Joffre holding a secret confab in Calais last month.

ring. It does not ring, and the fingers of the clock are moving. The world seems on tiptoe listening for the thunder stroke of fate. The Ministers at length sit silent and rigid, almost petrified, looking fixedly at the floor or ceiling.

"Then through the awful stillness of the room and the park outside comes the deep boom of Big Ben—boom—boom—boom!"

Seriously, that curtain looks about as real as one of Mantell's stage settings to Shakespeare. Any ordinary city-editor would have lost his job if he had managed to let a reporter smuggle that description past as a specimen of literary art in lifting a curtain.

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## Bourassa His Bete Noir

THERE is a university professor in Toronto who reads almost everything Henri Bourassa says in print or in public, and the more he reads the more disgusted he gets. He can't help it. For years now he has made Bourassa his bete noir. Bourassa's latest utterances regarding the war make him grievously ill in his mind. And they have made a number of people ill in their minds, to judge by the actions of those French-Canadians—not the true kind, but the bogus variety—who had been trying to break up a recruiting revival in the east end of Mont-





WHAT THE TEUTONS ARE GETTING.

This Polish village, with Russian prisoners in it, is a sample of what the Germans are getting now that they have captured Warsaw.

# WHAT DOES WARSAW MEAN TO US?

WHAT does the fall of Warsaw mean to the average man in Canada? Most of us have never been in Warsaw. Last fall we began to read about the struggle of the Slavs to keep the Teutons out of Warsaw; how they succeeded and drove the Austro-Germans back. Afterwards we became more interested in the capture of Lemberg, the taking of Przemysl, the storming of the Carpathians. Przemysl and Lemberg are both back in the hands of the Teutons. But we said that made no real difference to Canada and England, and France and Italy. Wait till they get Warsaw—then!

Well, they have got Warsaw—and now what? Is it any worse than getting back the other two strongholds in Galicia? Much. We knew that was bad enough, because when the Russians took those strongholds we hurraed about it clean across Canada. Bravo the Grand Duke! We said he was a great conqueror. He was the operator of the great steam roller that would crush its way into Berlin and Vienna.

But the steam roller didn't do it. The Grand Duke let the two Galician cities slip back again to the Germans, who went into tantrums of joy—and well they might. Then came the bigger struggle to get Warsaw, which the Kaiser intended to have last fall because he had failed to get Paris and to hack his way through to Calais for the purpose of shooting 42-cm. shells across the Channel into England. Paris could wait. Calais could wait—but not so long. Meanwhile, paralyze the Russians, who were strong on men and weak on munitions; drive them back and back and then again—so far into Russia that, though they should save their armies, they would be a long while getting back to their old magnificent offensive.

SO back the Russians went—still going back. The Warsaw "salient" was given up. The strategists said that triangle was impossible to hold anyway with Hindenburg and Mackensen and Von Buelow hammering at it from north, west and south. The Russians would have an easier job when the lines were straightened. Since they couldn't do it by holding on to Lemberg and Przemysl, they must do it by letting go of Warsaw. All the military critics said so. The civilian agreed. We must let Warsaw go—if we must.

Odd that Canadians should use the word "we" in talking about Warsaw. Why a year ago the



WHAT WE ARE LOSING.

The web of forts, cities and railroads which the Germans are getting with the capture of Warsaw.

most we knew about it was that its first syllable was war. But we are beginning to understand that until the British and Canadians and French and Russians and Italians and Serbians and Montenegrins get to the point where they can say "we" as well as the Germans and Austrians and Turks are doing it, there is not much use wasting wind trying to show how to win this war.

The loss of Warsaw has begun to affect—Us. When we let the Germans get Warsaw we let them get the biggest prize they have got in their whole programme of failures on one front and successes on the other. We did our best to keep them out of it. We landed huge armies in France and Belgium. The land behind the British lines in Belgium and France is teeming with British soldiers who have never yet seen a trench. Why? Because we are determined that the Germans shan't break through to Calais. If they get Calais we know what they might begin to do to England. The harder we made it for them to break through to Calais, the harder it would be for the Germans to get Warsaw. We began to realize that Warsaw and Calais were two points which it was our business to defend.

WE have kept Calais—and Canadians well know how it was done. We have lost Warsaw; and we are just beginning to realize what that means to the business of holding Calais. We have no doubt about being able to do it. But with the Russians driven back from Warsaw, over the three railway lines to Petrograd and Moscow and Odessa, back nearer the headquarters of the Grand Duke, we begin to get it hammered into our heads that the Germans may now be able to release an extra million men to swing them back over to their busy lines of steel to the frontier where the holding of Calais is the main British business.

Of course all these tremendous struggles are wearing the Teuton armies down. Months of nibbling by Joffre has worn them down as months of magnificent manoeuvres by the Grand Duke have worn them down. But they are not yet worn out. The blond beast from Berlin is still in the ring, and he intends to make at least one more cosmic struggle to get Calais. Then we shall know how the Russians felt when he was closing the gigantic pincers on Warsaw.

The great drive which the Allies were to make may now resolve itself into a terrific defensive to hold Calais—and at the same time to wear the German armies out on the western front.



# PUBLIC OPINION

## Is Bourassaism Dangerous?

SOME comment in this journal on Bourassaism has called forth comment from readers. Two or three interpret the Courier's remarks as being disparaging to the French-Canadians, which is manifestly ridiculous. Bourassaism is not confined to French-Canadians. Others place the blame of the recent anti-enlistment disturbances in Montreal on the military officials.

That Bourassa and the Nationalists are doing everything they can to prevent enlistment is clear. They do not believe in war, and they object to seeing Canadians fighting on behalf of France and Great Britain. They object to the Union Jack and the Canadian Ensign, but consent to wave the tricolour while refusing to fight for it.

There are men without nationality and without any sympathy for those who are fighting valiantly for liberty of faith, conscience, and national development. They are even without sympathy for blighted Belgium.

That our readers may have both sides of the question, two letters are attached:

Montreal, July 30th, 1915.

Editor Courier:

Sir:—Because some people resent threats, it is hardly fair to blame all the people. Des Ormeaux and his brave companions said their prayers, made their wills and bravely gave their lives for their country and saved their country from the Iroquois. Many a brave, young Canadian speaking French as his mother tongue, has already left to fight in France and Flanders, and many, many more are ready and willing to go, and I venture to prophesy some of them will bring undying glory to this good, old Province of Quebec and the Empire to which we all belong.

Yours truly,

SAM. J. MATHEWSON.

Montreal, August 5th, 1915.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir:—I am a new subscriber to your paper. In the number that I have just received, that of July 31st, I read a short editorial note under the title "Bourassism." Allow me to make the remark that it is difficult, in so few lines, to be more unfair, unjust, untrue and malicious towards M. Bourassa and his political principles and utterances.

Evidently you are wrongly informed. You do not read, or cannot read, M. Bourassa's, or you read him through some of your too numerous English organs who systematically and deliberately distort or falsify what he writes or says. I concede to you the right of your opinion with regard to this gentleman or to what you call "Bourassism"; but, what I have the right to claim in your editorials, as a subscriber to your paper, is sincerity, truth and fairness.

With regard to these manifestations in this city against conscription, which were regrettable, the real responsible parties were Messrs. Ballantyne, Dawson and Colonel Wilson, Commanding Officer of this district, who previously in public speeches threatened the workmen and declared that "men should enlist more quickly, and that if they didn't voluntarily, they would have to in some other way."

I want to believe that the spirit that prevails in your paper is one of sincere good faith, justice and truth with regard to religious and political opinions; otherwise I would ask you to immediately cancel my subscription.

Sincerely yours,

A. J. LAURENCE.

## The Balance of Trade

ONE of our readers, at least, keeps trying to prove that the Courier is advocating certain doctrines concerning the "Balance of Trade," which he thinks vicious. He reads into certain comments meanings which are not intended. The Courier's position is that if our exports do not equal our imports, then we must borrow from abroad to pay for the adverse balance. If Canada's exports exceed her imports, then this surplus will help pay our interest bills abroad. Of these two situations, we prefer the latter. We do not maintain that one is bad and the other good. Both may be good, but they are different.

Perhaps the following letter from this particular critic will help to make the issue between him and us clearer. If any other reader would like to get into the fight, let him come on. This is a fair field and no favours. Here is the letter:

Montreal, Aug. 4th, 1915.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir:—

"There is none so blind as he who will not see."

Your article "Better times coming," last issue, page 12, and "Canada trade," page 22, will no doubt bring joy to the hearts of the unsophisticated. As one of your regular readers, I would ask you to not keep us in suspense, but tell us exactly to what point imports must decline and exports increase to have the golden age once more in our midst. The process has been going on steadily for two years, becoming more accentuated as the months go by, but although imports reached the minimum and exports the maximum in the month of July, I am told by trades people all over the Dominion that trade was never so bad as last month. When, oh when, will the good times be here? Will it be when there are no imports and nothing but exports?

Present conditions of export and import trade have

been brought about by the war, and, therefore, Canada should rejoice that the war has brought us such prosperity. There can be no other meaning in your statement. The war has artificially checked imports and brought about the exact conditions for which our protectionist politicians have labored for thirty years or more. The war has done the trick without even their assistance. Let us then glorify war, for it has done for us what a high tariff and the apostles of privilege have been unable to do for us in thirty years. Yea, verily how great and good are the benefits conferred on us by the war.

Has it never occurred to you that no goods would be imported into Canada at any time if Canadians did not want to buy them, and they would not want to buy them if it were not evident that these goods offered the best value for the money spent, and when people are prevented from buying in the cheapest market, their purchasing power is seriously impaired? Did it never occur to you that our excess of imports over exports in our prosperous years merely represented our borrowings in that period, and that interest is payable annually on those borrowings to the tune of 150 to 200 millions a year? Did it ever occur to you that that interest is payable in merchandise, not dollar bills, and that this payment of interest will be counted as an excess of exports and looked up to as a mark of prosperity by pseudo-economists of the protectionist stripe? Has it never occurred to you that our exports must be increased by another two and a quarter millions next year to meet the interest charges on those cheap bonds sold in New York the other day, which, according to your argument, means further prosperity? The more we send out, and the less we bring in, the richer we grow. That argument has the philosophy of Bernhardt and Von Tirpitz beaten by a mile. Has it never occurred to you how silly it is for

our statisticians at Ottawa to include gold and silver in the records of imports and exports? Many millions of dollars in gold have been exported from Canada in the last few weeks, and although it did not even belong to us, it is included in our exports and helped to swell the export figures on which you base the signs of our prosperity. Was there ever such falsity of reasoning outside of the German Empire? Just think of it. Exporting other people's gold, a sign of prosperity! Ye gods, what depths of thought.

Did it never occur to you that a great portion of our exports at present are for destructive and not constructive purposes, and that for every dollar's worth of such that we send our European friends, their purchasing power will be reduced by just that much when the war is over, unless we can persuade them to make it perpetual, so that we shall continue to have piping times of prosperity, such as we are enjoying now, and are going to enjoy when imports cease altogether? Let us hope that the war will cure some of these German egotists, as it is curing many of our jugglers with the balance of trade theory, as is attested by hundreds of protectionist organs and politicians, who have for the past year been telling us about the awful industrial depression, which is steadily growing worse. Wake up to the facts of the situation, my friend, and give your readers something more tangible than your trade balance theory on which to base their hopes for brighter days, otherwise, they will lose confidence in you.

Canada is now feeling some stimulus consequent upon the destruction of property by the war, but in the end she will also feel the depression due to the decreased purchasing power of Europe. Trade in its last analysis is barter and industry (excepting the toll laid on it by monopoly), is conducted on a co-operative basis. Whatever loss falls on any business must ultimately be felt by all the units. Europe is losing what it had. Canada will be deprived of what it otherwise would have won had the war not occurred. To both, the war is and will be an economic evil.

Yours very truly,

JOHN ANDERSON.

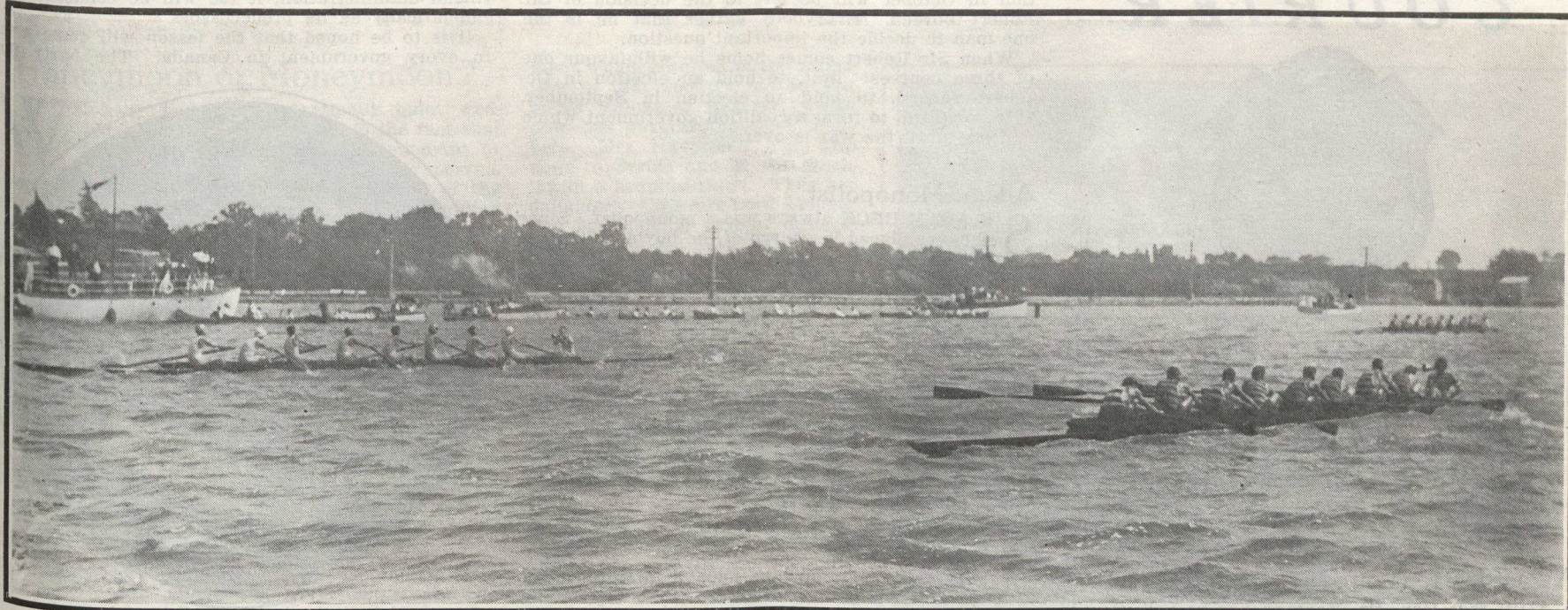
## EVOLVING THE CANADIAN SOLDIER

Cartoon by A. M. Wickson.

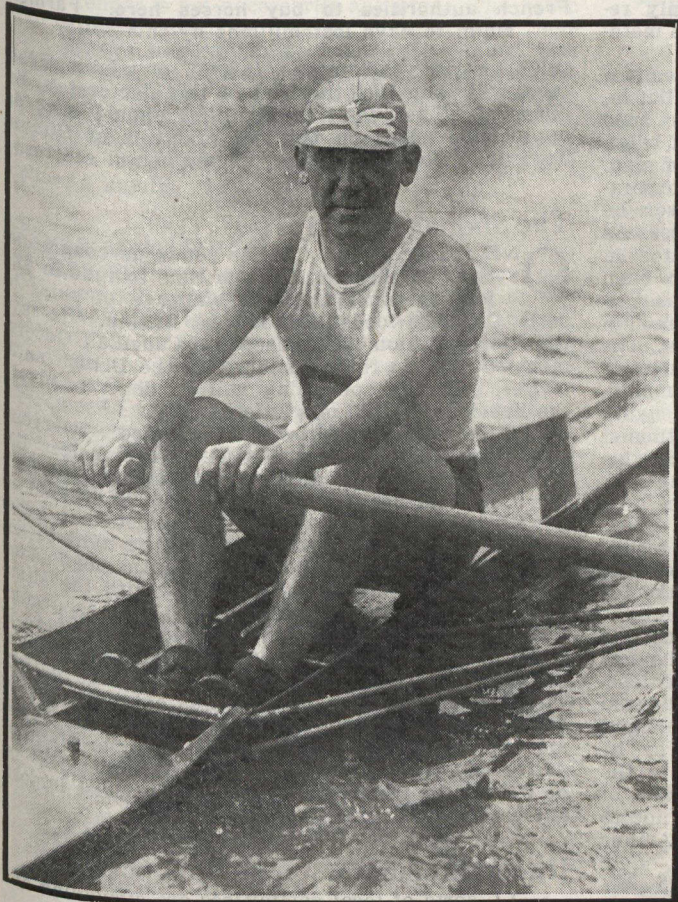




# ROWING AND CANOEING CHAMPIONSHIPS



In the Junior Eights at the Canadian Henley, St. Catharines, Ont., the Toronto Argonauts (Duke) were the winners; Detroit 2nd, the Britannias from Ottawa 3rd, and Argonauts (Martin) 4th. This picture shows the finish of the race.



**CHAMPION BOB DIBBLE.**

Who successfully defended the single scull championship of Canada against Butler and Shean. His brother, Harry Dibble, won the junior singles.

## Last Week's Regattas

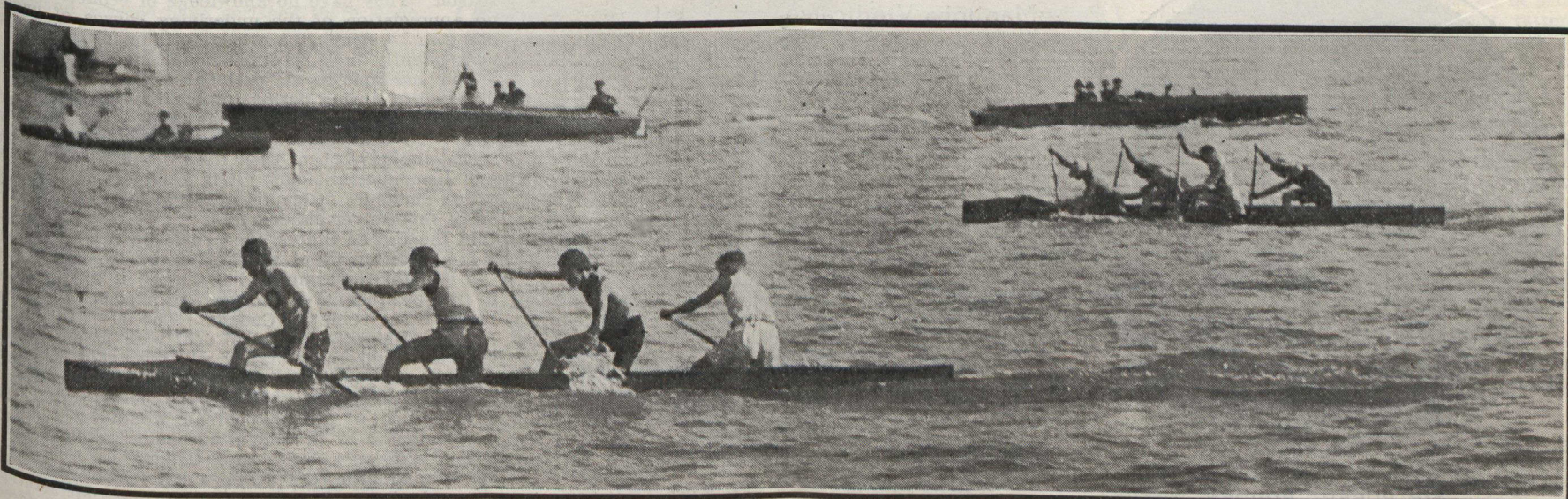
WAR may have lessened popular interest in baseball, but it has not interfered with Canadian professional efficiency in rowing. The Henley Regatta at St. Catharines last week demonstrated that although more than half the members of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen have gone to the front as soldiers, it was possible for two Toronto clubs, on the final day, Saturday, to win seven of the leading events in all classes against not only Canadian clubs, but also competitors from Philadelphia, Buffalo and Detroit. The heroes of the occasion were the Argonauts, who won five of the leading events, with the Dons, also from Toronto, winning two. Toronto seems cut out to retain the rowing prestige which she achieved a generation ago in the world-wide victories of Ned Hanlan. But that prestige is no longer in the production of single scullers, although even that championship at the Canadian Henley this year went to Bob Dibble, the veteran Don oarsman, against Everard Butler, of the Argonauts, and C. Shean, of the Buffalo Celtics. It was in the eights, the fours and the doubles that the Argonauts scored.

At the Canadian Canoe Association meet, on the same day, on Toronto Bay, the Balmy Beach "kids" took over the trophy for points from eight competitors. Chief among their opponents were the Toronto Canoe Club, owners of this trophy since 1906.



**WINNERS SENIOR C. C. TANDEM.**

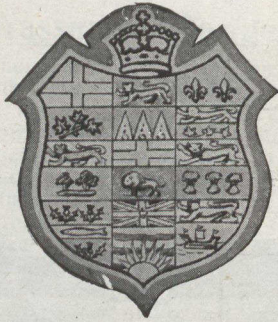
Clements and Laing, of the Grand Trunk Canoe Club, Montreal, won the Canadian championship from a good field, including last year's champions.



Although Balmy Beach won most honours at the Canadian Canoe Association Meet, the Toronto Canoe Club won the Junior Fours, with Parkdale 2nd and Balmy Beach 3rd.



# THE CANADIAN COURIER



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## A Position for Bourassa

NOW that Hon. Dr. Montagu has been "ordered" to the front to join the Army Medical Staff, why not "order" Mr. Henri Bourassa to the front to join the staff of army interpreters? He is a splendid bilinguist and would be a charming acquaintance. Besides he could be of material literary assistance to Sir Max Aitken, while his political knowledge might be helpful to our other leading representative, Hon. Col. J. J. Carrick, M.P.

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## Gambles and Bargains

MEN will have their gamble. It was always so and always will be. Three years ago it was real estate. To-day it is steel stocks.

The gambler is buying and selling common stocks; the investor is buying preferred stocks and bonds. That is a distinction which the observer would do well to keep in mind.

In the meantime there are bargains to be secured in real estate, bonds, and such stocks as are not connected with war orders. The wise man will not overlook them.

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## Machine Guns

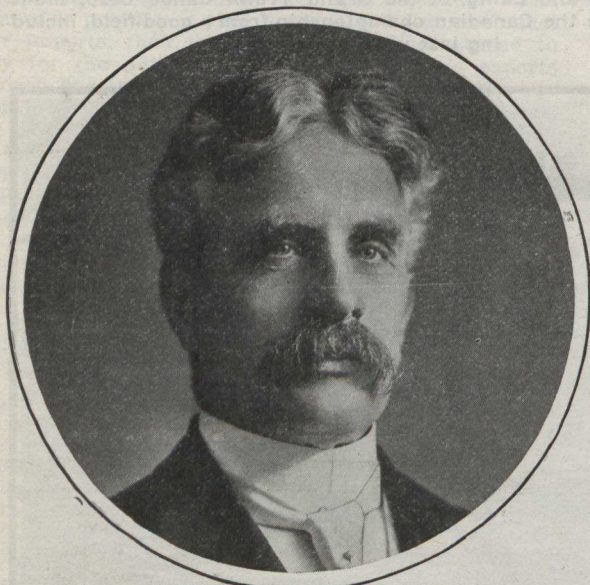
LET us assume that the Canadian army is short of machine guns. Let us also assume that this wave of patriotic buying of machine guns is advisable. But who is to say what kind of machine gun shall be bought and where each machine gun shall be secured?

Until these points are settled, is it not a bit foolish to go on raising money for such purchases? Would it not be well to do this patriotic work in a regular, organized and intelligent manner. Our information is that there are no machine guns for sale, and that none can be secured inside of six months.

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## The Coming of Borden

RUMOUR had it that there would be a general election in October. The powerful elements within the dominant party at Ottawa were determined on it. If Sir Robert Borden objected—well, so much the worse for Sir Robert Borden.



SIR ROBERT BORDEN

Who is being lionized in England. When he returns to Canada he must decide whether there will be a coalition ministry or a general election.

That was previous to August 6th. On that day there was an election in Manitoba. Since then the attitude was changed. Now the question of an election in October will be left to the decision of Sir Robert Borden. Everybody agrees that he is the one man to decide the important question.

When Sir Robert comes home he will favour one of three courses: first, to hold an election in October; second, to hold an election in September, 1916; or third, to form a coalition government which will last until the war is over.

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## Adam, Monopolist

SIR ADAM BECK always was a monopolist. Since he was placed in charge of the buying of horses for the Canadian army he has shown his dominant characteristic. He refuses to allow the British and French authorities to buy horses in Canada. As a consequence, large shipments of horses from the United States are being made into Canada every week for the British and French buyers who have headquarters here.

Up to date, the monetary loss to Canadian farmers by Sir Adam's desire to monopolize the buying in this country, is probably in excess of three million dollars. This is a rather large price to pay for a laurel wreath to adorn the crown of even so eminent a citizen as Sir Adam Beck.

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## Sir James Aikins

AS a leader of a forlorn hope in Manitoba, Sir James Aikins has not added to his reputation.

His political friends may admire his courage in taking hold of a discredited party in Manitoba and trying to save it from extermination. But the people of Manitoba plainly resented his methods.



SIR JAMES AIKINS, K.B.

He would fight for the public and go down to defeat for a principle, if necessary, he had no record whatever. As a leader he was an unfortunate choice, because he had few of the qualities which make for leadership.

Sir James broke into politics late in life—too late to make any impression at Ottawa, where he has served for some years. His only notable achievement since he secured a seat among the two hundred and twenty-one gentlemen who make up the present House was the securing of Knighthood. Why he was so honoured has never been explained to the satisfaction of the public. Certainly his grasp of public questions and his debating ability is not to be compared with that of men like Hon. Arthur Meighen or Dr. Michael Clark.

The disappearance of Sir James Aikins from public life, now that he has been rejected by the people of Manitoba, would not create any aching void. This is not said to be unkind. Sir James has not the equipment to make him an indispensable leader in the public life of the Dominion.

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## Manitoba Vindicated

CORRUPTION in the government of Manitoba has been condemned by the people of Manitoba. The corruption was in the politicians, not in the people. The results of the elections held on Friday of last week are clear proof of that.

Canada has this to its credit—no government, federal or provincial, was ever shown clearly to be corrupt, without adequate punishment being meted out at the polls at the first opportunity. The Pacific scandal put the Conservatives out of power at Ottawa in 1894. The proved delinquencies of the Ross Government in Ontario was followed by its immediate defeat in 1905. Other instances might be quoted. The people may be slow to anger, but once fully convinced, their revenge on those who have fallen from grace is absolutely certain.

The Roblin Government was corrupt. It had grown so blind that it could not distinguish between right and wrong. Its leaders were men who thought all the public could be fooled all the time, and who came to regard public office not as a trust but as an opportunity to misuse public funds for private and party advantage.

The Roblin Government is out and the Norris Government is in. Both Liberals and Conservatives voted to wipe out the stain which the Roblin Cabinet had put upon public life in the Province of Manitoba.

It is not a victory for Liberalism so much as a victory for clean administration. If the Norris Government does not introduce new ideals into the provincial administration, it too will be condemned as emphatically as its predecessors.

It is to be hoped that the lesson will come home to every government in Canada. The party that



SIR ADAM BECK

Who is arousing much discontent through the country because he refuses to allow the British and French authorities to buy horses here. Farmers claim to have lost millions by this policy.

rules for party advantage, instead of public advantage, will soon feel the heel of the electorate's disapproval. The result in Manitoba should have an appreciable effect on political practices at Ottawa, Toronto, Victoria and other governmental centres.

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## The Shortage of Ships

ONE reader of the Courier sends us congratulations on the articles from time to time in this journal concerning the shortage of ships to carry Canada's foodstuffs to Great Britain. He says that our agitation has caused the Canadian Government to take up the question with the British authorities, and that something will be done to supply the deficiency which now exists.

This gentleman may be well informed. Everyone will hope what he says is true. Nevertheless the desired improvement is not yet in sight. The British Columbia people complain that it is difficult to get vessels in which to ship coal and lumber. The manufacturers of war munitions find it hard to get space in the vessels on both the Atlantic and Pacific.

Sir George Foster may be dealing with the situation, but there is no evidence that he has accomplished much. He should not forget that if there is a shortage of vessels in September and October that he will be held strictly to account by the nation. The task is not easy, but the onus of proof that he did everything possible will be on him. His splendid recruiting speeches and the multitude of other duties devolving on him as acting Premier will be no excuse for the neglect to solve this most important problem.

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## Unemployment

ALL sorts of local committees are struggling and will continue to struggle with the question of unemployment. These earnest, would-like-to-be-useful citizens make as fine showing in their efforts as a highly popular Mayor does when he throws the first ball at the opening game of the season. They have no knowledge of economic laws, no appreciation of the underlying causes of unemployment, a slender knowledge of human nature, and consequently they accomplish nothing.

The unemployment problem which bothers all large cities during periods of economic readjustment cannot be wholly solved by any one. The only persons who can come near to offering remedies are those who have spent their lives in studying theories and economic problems. It is a subject for experts. When amateurs attempt to deal with it, they simply make themselves ridiculous.

In the United States, the people have learned that it is a question which must be solved by experts and the Federal Government has turned it over largely to trained students of economic problems. The same result must come in Canada. The Mayors of Toronto and Montreal tried to deal with it last winter and failed miserably. They will try again this winter and they will fail again. A national bureau, manned by expert economists, not politicians, would help. Such a national bureau would need to be supplemented by provincial bureaus working in harmony with it. But before Canada can begin to reach a solution, the people must realize that it is as much the work of an expert to find that solution as it is the work of an expert to run a chartered bank, build a railway bridge, or invent a new aeroplane.



# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## Honeymoon or Moneymoon?

**W**E have had such pathetically quiet weddings this year, all owing to the fact that the bridegroom is a young lieutenant or captain, ready for departure for service overseas, that it is almost a relief to read of the absurdly elaborate nuptials of the thirty million dollar young person who became the wife of Mr. Spaulding, of Chicago, or some place like that. The wildest rumours were rampant, that the bride received one hundred threatening letters, of which the most terrifying insisted that seventy-five thousand dollars must be paid to a needy citizen or the bridegroom would be abducted. The bejewelled guests, and numerous and costly presents had to be protected by a special force of officers of the law, and, altogether, Mr. Forgan, the guardian of the opulent bride, must have heaved a sigh of relief when the last sparkle of diamond dust confetti shone on the rear platform of the car which bore the happy though wealthy couple off for a lune de miel journey.

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## Salaries and Sentiment

**S**PEAKING of weddings, there was a paragraph in the Toronto papers last week concerning two young girls of that city who have joined a club at Harvard, the members of which refuse to consider any proposals of marriage until they have reached the mature age of twenty-five. Even then, the lowest or any tender is not necessarily accepted. The youth who proposes must be making, at least, two thousand dollars a year, or he will not be taken into consideration as a possible husband. These are remarkably sensible conditions, but we question the stability of the club. The president will, no doubt, become engaged at the age of twenty to a young man in a bank who is passing rich on seventy-five dollars a month.

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## Drama and Danger

**A**FRENCHMAN, visiting recently in London, was amazed at the light-hearted audience at the Coliseum, applauding the clever performance of Mr. Charles Hawtrey and apparently forgetting the tragedy of the trenches not very far away. If the Englishman takes his pleasures sadly, it must be remembered that he takes his dangers cheerily—and the very fact that he is able to keep the theatres open goes far towards explaining the difficulty of reducing him to despair. It is not recklessness, but a curious coolness of head which enables him to sit tight and even applaud the comedian, while the very Empire is a-quivering. He is not callous—merely collected.

ERIN.

## Record of Splendid Service

**A**CANADIAN woman who has responded to the call which has come from stricken Serbia is Dr. the Hon. Ella Scarlett-Synge, of Vancouver, who sailed from New York on July 31 for Messina, from which point she will journey to Salonika, thence to Nish, Serbia, where she will offer her services to the unfortunate country which has been so terribly ravaged by war and pestilence.

Of all the people who have made sacrifices in this war, it is doubtful if there are any who have shown greater heroism than the men and women who are fighting the dreaded typhus and its accompanying ills in that country. The American Red Cross Magazine makes the statement that as a result of famine and disease, fully one hundred thousand persons have perished there since the war began, and of these the great majority have been victims of typhus, and it has issued an urgent appeal for more workers.

Dr. Scarlett-Synge knows the difficulties and the dangers which she will have to face in the perilous mission which she has undertaken, and the work in which she will engage will not be altogether new to her. She saw active service with the British Army Medical Corps in South Africa, and for a time was in charge of one of the refuge camps in that country, and afterward served as a member of the Concentration Camps Commission. On her return to Europe, at the close of the war, she took a special course in Sanitation at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Dublin, and is therefore well qualified for the work upon which she is about to enter.

It was Dr. Scarlett-Synge who formed the Women's Volunteer Reserve in Vancouver, the first organization of its kind in Canada. It was her sister, the Hon. Evelina Haverfield, who was the leader of the movement to organize the women of England for defence in the event of emergency, a move-

ment which resulted in the formation in that country of the Women's Volunteer Reserve, which now has several thousand members. Mrs. Haverfield has also gone to Serbia and is now working in a hospital there. They are daughters of the late Lord Abinger and descendants of that General Scarlett who led the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava.

On her way across the continent, Dr. Scarlett-Synge made short stops at Winnipeg and Montreal for the purpose of assisting in the formation of Women's Volunteer Reserves in those cities. At Winnipeg, she was one of the speakers at a great mass-meeting held for the purpose of stimulating recruiting, at which six thousand persons were present. She is taking with her a large shipment of hospital supplies donated by Serbian sympathizers in Vancouver.

## Demanding Their Right to Serve

**"T**HE women of this country can help, and help enormously. I believe they can help us through to victory. Without them victory will tarry, and victory which tarries means victory whose footprints are the footprints of blood."

So Mr. Lloyd George spoke to the body of 50,000 women who last month marched through the streets of London, led by a white-clad figure bearing the banner of Britain—fifty thousand women joined in procession as a declaration to the world of their willingness, their eagerness, their determination to serve their country. There was no order of womanhood—high and low were represented in their ranks. A Princess walked with them, as did a peeress and a prima donna. There were shop girls, factory girls, and women whose work lay in their homes. There were young girls, strong and bright cheeked, and old women, trembling and infirm. There were suffragettes and anti-suffragettes; women of one political view, and women of another. But in the great essential they were one. Every woman was a patriot. When the flag bearing the simple words, "WE DEMAND THE RIGHT TO SERVE" came into view,

## THE TRAGEDY OF BELGIUM.

The figure that typified a mourning though unconquered Belgium in the great parade of women that took place in London recently, demanding their right to serve their country.



the spectators who lined the streets hailed it with a cheer.

A Pageant of the Allies gave the picturesque side to the great spectacle. France, Belgium, Russia, Japan, Italy, Serbia, Montenegro—each was represented by a woman in national dress. Of these, the most striking and dramatic was the Madonna-like figure of the woman who typified Belgium, whose picture we publish on this page. The London Daily Chronicle describes her in these words:

"It is with almost a sense of sudden shock that one comes upon an interval in a great march, an interruption and open space in a great army. It was in the midst of such a space, in a solitude that seemed like a silence, that one saw the first desolate figure in the Pageant of the Allies. She walked regally but sorrowfully, with an air of proud humility. She was clad in a long, tattered robe of mourning purple; in her hands she bore aloft a torn and tattered flag; and her feet, notwithstanding the rain-swept streets, were humbly bare. Nevertheless, she walked with faith and courage, her head and heart high with the hope of to-morrow. She was the spirit and symbol of bereaved but unbroken Belgium."

## Odds and Ends of News

**T**HE Municipal Chapter I. O. D. E., of Hamilton, is to assist the Canadian Club in its effort to make a huge success of the Fete Day to take place in the H. A. A. A. grounds on Sept. 8th. The Chapter will contribute as its share of the entertainment a pageant of "Homage to Belgium from the Allies."

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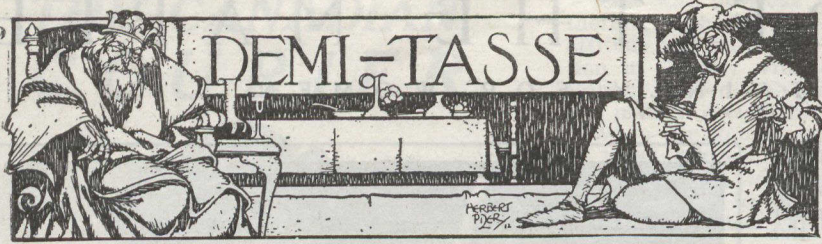
The Montreal Women's Military and Rifle Association, whose membership rose to two hundred and sixty in less than a month from its organization, has come a cropper. Trouble began over a proposed change of name and the question of a woman colonel. Many of its leading members have resigned.



DR. THE HON. ELLA SCARLETT-SYNGE

Of Vancouver, who has left for Serbia to assist in the work of fighting the typhus scourge which has swept over that country and claimed thousands of victims.





### Courierettes.

**HENRY FORD** has begun a campaign against gluttony. The more money you save on luxuries like food the more you have to spend on necessities like gasoline.

National Plumbers' Association protests against the old joke about plumbers' bills. They're right — a plumber's bill is no joke.

Turkey seems to be a tough target for the allies, but the Sick Man was an easy mark for Germany.

Georgia Legislature enacts that no member shall enter the chamber while intoxicated. Quite appropriate, as Georgia is a dry state.

Jitneys have done one thing—made it easier for the motorman to see a prospective passenger.

Mexico has been raising Cain so long that it neglected to raise corn, and now its people are starving.

The American dollar is now declared to be worth \$1.02%, and Uncle Sam's foreign policy seems to rank it above the value of the lives of some Americans.

That Chicago convention of advertisers talked so much of their "Truth" slogan that it reminded us of Shakespeare's lady who protested too much.

Alfred Noyes, the English poet, was arrested in Boston, after reading one of his poems publicly. Perhaps the policeman lacked literary appreciation.

Unlike his predecessor, Secretary of State Lansing seems to have a hobby for attending to business.

That plowman who turned up an old can with \$159 in it must be a booster for the back-to-the-farm movement.

It may not be wise to sneer at San Marino, the little republic with the army of 900. Corsica produced Napoleon.

The U. S. seems to be bound to hold the record of being the biggest neutral nation on earth, anyway.

A St. Louis policeman leaves the force to become a dentist. He should know something about pull anyway.

Treating may become treason in Britain. Will the offender be shot or just half-shot is now the momentous query.

They talk of the gift of the gab—but it isn't always a gift. Often it's an affliction.

It would be just like a woman to want a set of furs to match her coat of tan.

**A Good Idea.**—There may not be any war profits, so it might be wise to tax the war prophets.

**The Reason.**—The trenches are veritable health resorts, declares a German doctor who has been in them. Perhaps he thinks so because of the heavy charges made there.

**Regarding Names.**—The latest musical revue in Britain is called "More." What will the next be? "Enough" or "Too Much"?

### A Song of Sorrow.

I sowed some radish seeds in spring,  
I'm now inclined to use words bad-  
dish;  
My radishes are full of worms—  
Also the worms are full of radish.

**Not Likely.**—There be folks who predict that after the war there will be

a revival of polygamy in Europe, so that the population may be built up. We don't see it that way. We think the men of Europe will be so enamored of peace that they will shy from polygamy.

**Which?**—Col. Roosevelt thinks the United States may soon become Chinafied if it does not wake up. There are others who fear that the country may be Japanned.

**Which Explains It.**—We see in the papers where a man has just completed half a century of service as engineer on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railway. Some chaps live a charmed life.

### War Notes.

Canada sent a dental corps to the front. Possibly to fill up the gaps.

The wooden cross and the double cross and the iron cross seem to be all associated somehow.

Yaqui Indians declared war against the United States and Germany. Can Uncle Sam remain neutral in the face of that?

Turks are said to be using wooden shells. But what will they do when they have all lost their heads?

Woodrow Wilson seems to be conducting a correspondence school in international law, with Kaiser Wilhelm as the dunce in the class.

Turkey is more worried over the problem of its war widows than over that of war babies.

In his next note the Kaiser might tell Uncle Sam whether he proposes to let Americans use the ocean for bathing.

One of the humours of this grim war is to see the Balkans one of the few peaceful spots in Europe.

After watching our neighbors to the south we are forced to the conclusion that war is one thing that should be taken out of politics.

### Clever People.

Mulrooney is  
A clever chap;  
He understands  
The weather map.  
—Youngstown Telegram.

Mulrooney has  
Nothing on James;  
He can pronounce  
Those Polish names.  
—Sharon Herald.

McFadden is  
A chap more able;  
He understands  
A R. R. table.  
—Warren Tribune.

McGinnis goes  
'Em all one better;  
He understands  
A carbureter.  
—Detroit Free Press.

McKenna is  
The man we choose;  
He comprehends  
The war reviews.

**The Usual Thing.**—Newspaper victories continue to enthuse the German people. The allies are always being crushed—in the Teuton press.

**Early Indications.**—“A great religious revival will be the result of the

war,” says the Bishop of Durham. Probably. We note in the financial pages how consols are being converted.

**Looks Dark.**—A battalion of colored men has been formed in Wales. More war clouds. Looks black for the foe.

**Described.**—A Berlin journal describes Woodrow Wilson as a man of straw. But perhaps the straw has been showing too plainly which way the wind is blowing.

**Of Course.**—“Why are your children like your religion?” “Because no kind is as good as your own.”

**Too True.**—In the midst of a down-pour of rain we are led to reflect that there is one crop the weather can't spoil—the fool crop.

**Defined.**—Matrimony is the fiery furnace of love, and it takes pure gold to stand the test.

**Not So Easy.**—John Wanamaker's idea of having the United States scrape together \$100,000,000 and buy Belgium, to restore it to the Belgians later, has one or two flaws in it. Who is to give the title to the ravaged land? And, once bought, how is the U. S. going to hold it?

**Right Place.**—If a man's home is to be reckoned as the place where he sleeps, many a pious chap would have to register from the church.

**A Good Idea.**—“What are you going to name your new boat?”  
“The Rumour.”  
“What's the idea?”  
“She's sure to stay afloat.”

**What's Wrong With Jane?**—Jane Addams, of Chicago, formerly reputed to be one of America's brainiest women, came back from The Hague peace conference to say that she could not find out who started the war, and she had found out that soldiers were doped with drink to give them the courage to charge. It seems to us that as a finder Jane is a distinct failure. We know without crossing the Atlantic what she failed to find, and we also know that what she says she found she must have dreamed. Who carries the keg before the charge is made, anyway?

### The Style.

Mary bought a bonnet,  
So tiny, but so nice;  
The only big thing on it  
Was the price.

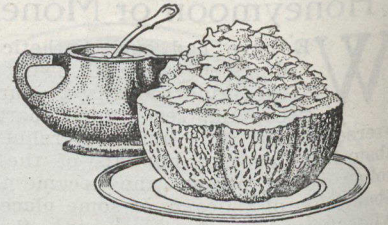
**Irish v. German.**—The Irish Tommy, prisoner, was feeling very wrath with the destroyers of Louvain, when a German officer dashed by on what Paddy termed “a rare bit of horse-flesh.”

“Faith! that's an Irish horse,” said Paddy, and his eyes glinted maliciously at the Teutonic soldier, who had a fair knowledge of English, and at once took up the glove. They would probably have come to blows, in spite of Paddy's precarious position, had not a compatriot of his proposed that whoever could tell the biggest lie might claim the horse for his country. Paddy forthwith began a tale which was one lie from beginning to end, and stopped triumphantly. Then his Teutonic opponent began, in slow, but correct, English:

“There was once a German gentleman—”  
“That settles it,” said Paddy, with a sigh of resignation; “the horse is a German one!”

**A Word for Uncle Sam.**—Old Uncle Sam may not be ready for war, but he can write diplomatic notes with any other nation on earth, by heck!

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63



# Our Wonderful British Airmen

*What the Royal Flying Corps Means to the British Army*

THE advent of the aeroplane and the dirigible balloon has changed the whole course of modern warfare. An army is no longer able to screen its movements; the day of the surprise attack is lost in the memory of past campaigns. Reconnaissance is the chief duty of the airman of to-day. Modern engineering has provided us with machines capable of dropping bombs on the enemy's troops and fortifications, but such measures are of secondary importance. Our airmen are "the eyes of the army." The air scout enables a Commander-in-Chief to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy within a range of a hundred miles in less than four hours. Nothing can be hidden from an opposing force.

The duty of the scout is, of course, one of extreme danger; high-angle artillery is now able to hurl a shell 10,000 feet into the air; they burst below his machine; it may be that shrapnel bullets reach the airman himself. But in order to make an accurate reconnaissance, the pilot, unless he be accompanied by a passenger, must not only be a man of unbounded courage, he must also be a clever strategist. From the great height at which he travels masses of troops appear as

after the Franco-Prussian War that military ballooning was introduced into the army and a school opened near Chatham. A few years later a balloon section accompanied our expedition to Egypt, when its work proved of great service to the forces engaged. The valuable assistance rendered by our captive balloons at the time of the Boer War is still fresh in our memories. Time and again our aerial observers disclosed the enemy's positions and intentions, and though they were constantly fired at they often remained afloat for several days at a stretch.

But the coming of the aeroplane created a new situation in military aeronautics. In 1904 the balloon section was removed to Aldershot, where experiments were conducted until 1911, when the Army Air Battalion sprang into existence largely owing to the efforts of Sir Alexander Bannerman. The great strides in aviation made in France at the time created a profound impression in this country. Army officers were eager to learn to fly, and many did so at their own expense.

But the Army Air Battalion did not continue to control military aviation for very long. In 1912 the Royal Fly-

SCHMIDT THE SPY



"In order to avoid capture they are now taking London down and removing it to some secret destination."

[The English people do much joking about the German spies. This is a typical cartoon in a series which has been very popular. Drawn by Alfred Leete for "London Opinion."]

mere specks, all sense of colour has faded from the objects on the earth, but even these exceptional circumstances seldom baffle the skilled observer.

Sir John French paid a glowing tribute to the skill of British airmen in the early days of the war, when he wrote: "They have furnished me with the most complete and accurate information which has been of incalculable value in the conduct of the operations. Fired at constantly by friend and foe, and not hesitating to fly in all weather, they have remained undaunted throughout."

### A Surprise of the War.

MANY people were unaware before the outbreak of war of the wonderful state of efficiency which the Royal Flying Corps had attained. Not a few imagined that we were far behind other Powers in this respect, but our airmen have since proved their ascendancy over those of the enemy, and their skill at least equals that of our Allies.

Military aeronautics was taken up somewhat late in this country. It is little more than half a century ago since experiments were conducted with balloons by an engineer named Cox-

ing Corps was instituted, when both naval and military wings were established. Only a few months before the outbreak of war the naval wing relieved the military wing of the work connected with the dirigible balloon section.

Our dirigibles are intended to cooperate with the Fleet, and it is probably largely due to the fact that the military wing was relieved of this work that it was enabled to attain such a state of efficiency in the few months which preceded the war. Britain is exceptionally well provided with service flying grounds and schools. The naval school is at Eastchurch, and there is a military training establishment at Aldershot.

### Bullet-Proof Armour.

SINCE the outbreak of war the military wing of the Royal Flying Corps in France has been under the direction of Brigadier-General Sir David Henderson. No transports were required to conduct our airmen to Flanders; they accomplished the journey by air, and that without a single casualty. The Government has up to the present adopted no special type of machine. The best British and French makes are being used by our pilots. The air scout requires the most trust-

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## CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

AUG. 28

TORONTO

SEPT. 13

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been rather eclipsed by the thrilling deeds of our airmen in Flanders. The Admiralty, doubtless for the best of reasons, has refrained from telling us much about the North Sea air scouts. We know that our seaplanes facilitated the action of the Allied Fleet in the Dardanelles, both in directing the fire of the warships engaged and in locating submarine mines. But when the history of the war comes to be written we shall hear a great deal about the men who, in fair weather and foul, have maintained a constant vigilance over the North Sea, searching for enemy ships and helping to keep the seas clear for Britain and her Allies. In the sphere of activity the work of our hydro-aeroplanes has been largely supplemented by the Dirigible Balloon Section of the Royal Flying Corps. The principal type of dirigible employed by the Admiralty is the Astra-Torres, a small semi-rigid airship.

Since the opening of hostilities our Naval airships have been constantly cruising over the North Sea, making observations which the seaplane, owing to its limited sphere of action, could not possibly perform. The dangers to be encountered on these voyages and the wonderful spirit of the crews was aptly shown by the accident which occurred to one of our airships last autumn. The captain of the dirigible feared that it would be necessary to descend in order to replace a broken propeller blade, but two of the crew volunteered to perform the operation in mid-air, and climbing out on to the stays, fitted a new blade at a height of 2,000 feet above the sea!

## War Boosts Prosperity—Pro Tem

English People Recently "Hand-to-mouth" Now in Luxury

By BASIL CLARKE

MANCHESTER CITY is thought to be hard hit by the war. So it is in one way. The thousands of foreign agents, shippers, buyers, salesmen, and others, middlemen through whom Manchester's cotton and iron and steel in the peace days reached the farthest ends of the world, sit now almost alone in their little offices.

For the trade of Manchester needs but few middlemen now. There is in the main but one great consumer to be reached—the fighting man and his guns—and a Government or two are all the middlemen necessary to put Manchester mills and works in touch with the trenches.

Yet what a trade this Manchester war trade is! Clayton, Gorton, Trafford Park, and other Manchester suburbs are black with the smoke of it. The nights are alive with the lights and rumble and the hammerings of it. Every available man, woman, and child is at work on it. And the Labour Exchanges' window cards still appeal piteously in pink and blue and white and red for yet more of them. There are no more.

There is one old labourer at a repair shop near Gorton who trudges slowly in at his yard gates at 7 p.m. every night, his supper in a basin tied in a red handkerchief. He comes out at six o'clock in the morning, having during the night had his supper and then half an hour's nap under the red handkerchief. His former wage, whenever he could find work—which was not often, poor old soul—was 18s. a week; his wage now is 17s. 6d. a night! He works alongside younger men who are making £8 a week and more—men who in the past earned 50s.

There is a big works on the banks of Manchester's River Irwell where they are making copper bands. I was told that earnings here were on the average three times more than in normal times. At the big armament firms a week's earnings of £7 by men who till now have never earned £3 are quite common, and men of special skill are drawing £11 and £14 for a week's work.

The clothing makers of Manchester are paying out such wages as were never known in the trade before. A girl who was machining bright red trouser braces for the troops of some nation told me without stopping in

her work that she and her sister had taken home for the previous week's work 57s., which was more than they had ever earned in their lives before, her normal earnings being about 14s.

There are girls earning 20s. to 24s. a week in shell making who never were away from home before. They are for the most part daughters of workmen in the same works—a colossal place with several thousand men—and a contribution from them to the family income is quite an exceptional thing, due not so much to a need of the money as to a wish to do "war work."

More girls in Manchester have learned in a few weeks the work of making cartridge belts for maxim guns, and are earning their £1 or more a week. In the case of large working families, these extraordinarily increased earnings and additional earnings may mount up to a remarkable figure. The earnings of some of the old cotton mill families of Lancashire, who found £10 a week not at all an unusual family income—though they lived in a cottage rented at 5s. 6d. a week—are quite eclipsed just now in the war contracts suburbs of Manchester.

There is one Gorton family's weekly revenue account, which cannot be very exceptional either in that district or in other ironworks areas:—

Father, a fitter .....	£6 18s. 9d.
Son, a fitter .....	£7 2s. 9d.
Son, a collier .....	£3 11s. 0d.
Daughter, a machinist .....	£1 0s. 7d.
Daughter, apprentice to dressmaking .....	£0 17s. 0d.
Total family income .....	£19 9s. 4d.
Rent of house .....	8s. 3d. a week.

Is there saving? There is, but not nearly enough, seeing the illusory nature of this "war prosperity" and the hard times that must come. The father is paying 10s. and the two sons 5s. a week each to war loan; there are the usual "club" money subscriptions of a few shillings a week. Apart from that, the money with this family, as with many other Manchester families, is really leaking away.

The sons buy new clothes and new bicycles, the daughter purchases a gold ring for her soldier lad in France, there is the gift of a new cape and black sequin to the mother, and mother's greatly increased domestic outlay in delicacies for her "man" and her boys who are working so hard.



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# MONEY AND MAGNATES



## The Harvest of 1915

DESPITE excessive rains in certain parts of Ontario, and despite the fact that Canada has not had as much sunshine as was desirable, the Canadian harvest of 1915 promises well. Last week chronicled a considerable improvement all over the country, with the exception of the district around Toronto, where a windstorm levelled about forty per cent. of wheat, oats, and corn. Harvest dates in the West advanced about five days.

A business man who toured the West recently described the situation of the past month by saying that Canada was standing on the edge of a precipice. Good weather, with plenty of sunshine, meant a bumper harvest; bad weather meant a harvest without profit. Since his report was made the weather has been almost ideal.

Whether a new record in agricultural production will be marked up remains undecided. What is practically certain at the moment is that the harvest will be greater than last year. Given ordinary luck in the next four weeks, the increase will be about twenty-five per cent.

The improved prospects are shown in the wheat quotations, which are steadily falling, and in improved business conditions everywhere. The only danger not yet averted is a shortage of ships to carry Canada's exports to Liverpool. Sir Robert Borden has taken up this matter with the British authorities, who have more than a half interest in the situation, and undoubtedly something will be done.

"BETTER TIMES" are close at hand.

### Profits of Bread

BREAD is a staple, and people must buy it in bad times as well as good. It is the last item in the householder's expense to be cut down for economy sake. Therefore, bread-making should be a profitable business when the management is sound.

The day of the small baker has gone, so far as the large cities are concerned. This is the era of the big bread company, the big milk company, the big meat company. In these commodities the cost of delivery is a large item, and the big company delivering to ten houses on a street, instead of one or two, has a supreme advantage.

The Canada Bread Company, with its head office in Toronto, is one of the largest, if not the largest, in Canada. Its capitalization is as follows:

First mortgage bonds .....	\$1,209,000	paying 6 per cent.
Preferred stock .....	1,250,000	paying 7 per cent.
Common stock .....	2,500,000	paying -- per cent.
Total .....	\$4,659,000	

During the year closing June 30, 1915, this company earned enough to pay interest on bonds and preference stock and leave a balance of \$140,000. This is computed after providing for all repairs and maintenance, but allows nothing for depreciation. The latter item will not be large, if repairs are well kept up, which they seem to be. The company itself seems to think \$50,000 sufficient for the year, and this leaves a surplus of \$88,990, or more than three per cent. on the common stock, which is nominally quoted in the exchanges at \$30 a share.

As the surplus last year was \$56,000, the preference stock can be highly recommended as an investment. At its present selling price of 90, it will yield nearly eight per cent.

### This Is the Day of Steel Stocks

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the investing public has awakened to the fact that this is the day of steel stocks. Bethlehem Steel, Mr. Schwab's company, has big war orders, and the shares have risen from \$40 to \$300. The profits of this company on its war orders in the twelve months are expected to be sufficient to pay a 25 per cent. dividend for four years. If the war should last through 1916, the company would have an enormous cash surplus.

The story of Bethlehem is the story of all steel-working companies that are getting orders for munitions of war. Europe's necessities are America's opportunities. United States Steel, with a capitalization of \$500,000,000, is getting its portion. The stock has advanced about \$30 a share, or a total gain in market value of \$150,000,000. This is an enormous rise, and means huge profits for speculators who went in at the bottom and got out at the top. It means pleasant thoughts for investors who bought the stock before its recent rise, even though they do not intend to sell.

So in Canada the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, Canada Car and Foundry Company, National Steel Car, Steel Company of Canada, and other large concerns are getting big orders and are probably making large profits. Some of these concerns were in arrears in dividends on their preferred stocks, and owed the banks large balances. The latter are being paid off first. Then will come declaration of accrued dividends. Then will follow an accumulation of profits and dividends on the common stocks.

There is no guarantee that all this will be accomplished. Nevertheless the prospects are good. The war seems likely to drag on for another year at least, perhaps two years. Orders are still being placed by European countries, and all the factories are working night and day. Hence the speculation in the stock market, where prospects are always discounted.

Canadian Car and Foundry Company stock has risen above par. In this case the prospects are excellent, because Senator Curry has been lucky in securing large contracts from Russia. Nova Scotia Steel is almost as certain to show large profits. Just how far Dominion Steel will benefit is not so clear, but its mills are busy. National Steel Car of Hamilton is said to have more orders than it can fill itself, and is having some work done by the Otis-Fensom Company and Sawyer-Massey. Hence the rapid rise in the quotations for both preferred and common stocks of all these companies.

No one dreamed a year ago that Canada Car common would be quoted at 106, Dominion Steel common at 40, Steel of Canada at 30, National Steel Car at 50, Canada Locomotive at 54, Nova Scotia Steel at 85, and so on through the list. The average rise in the common stock of all these companies is over \$20 a share, which means considerable profit for somebody. That there will be a further rise of \$20 a share seems quite within the range of possibility.

While the speculators are making money in the common stocks of the steel companies, the wise investor will pay more attention to the preferred stocks. There will be less immediate profit for the amount invested, but there is also less risk.



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## FIGURES ON POPULATION AND RESOURCES FAVOUR THE ALLIES

Mr. P. W. WILSON, in the London Daily News and Leader, in forecasting the inevitable outcome of the war, directs attention to the population and resources of the belligerents, as follows:

Nation.	Population.	Resources.
British Empire .....	439,000,000	\$2,245,000,000
Russia .....	174,000,000	1,700,000,000
France (with colonies) .....	80,000,000	1,100,000,000
Italy .....	38,000,000	565,000,000
Japan .....	53,000,000	325,000,000
Belgium (including Congo) .....	7,566,000	(unstated)
Servia .....	3,000,000	42,500,000
Montenegro .....	500,000	2,500,000
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>795,000,000</b>	<b>\$5,980,000,000</b>

Against these forces and resources are aligned:

Nation.	Population.	Resources.
Germany .....	65,000,000	\$875,000,000
Austria .....	29,000,000	700,000,000
Hungary .....	21,000,000	470,000,000
Turkey .....	21,000,000	85,000,000
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>136,000,000</b>	<b>\$2,130,000,000</b>

Mr. Wilson's conclusions are that the figures given sum up only one result, and that is final, overwhelming triumph of the Allies.

## The Awakening of Alden

(Concluded from page 7.)

"France! What's France to Alden?" The milking was not finished that night, and the Mayor's cow lowed pitifully in the morning. For the Mayor read now the greatest letter that had ever come to Alden, not excepting letters from Members of Parliament or Postmasters-General or Prime Ministers of Province or Dominion.

"Dear Sir,—I have been charged to send this information to you and to ask you to make it known to the parties concerned. Four brothers by the name of Erlan from your town were killed in the recent fighting at St. Julien, under peculiarly noteworthy circumstances. Telephone communications having been severed with an advanced trench, orders to the commander of that section of the Canadian line had to be carried by hand. The first man, known to his fellows as Stuttering Erlan, got only forty yards across the open when he met his fate. The second and third brothers failed in the same way. The message was finally carried across by the fourth, a former circus worker, whose first name I am unable to obtain. But he was wounded in the advance trench and left behind, by mistake, when the occupants withdrew. It was then that a fifth townsman of yours, Lieutenant Phippen, went forward under the hottest of fire and by a miracle was able to drag the Erlan man back to our lines. Both men have just died here in this hospital. I have the honour to communicate to you the praise of very high officers for the heroism shown by your fellow townsmen. There can be at least one comfort to those immediately bereaved; and it lies in the manner of the death of these men."

The Mayor's hands trembled as he read and his wife, reading over his shoulder, wept into her blue apron. "Lizzie," he said, "Who's to tell it?" "You," she said. "You got to tell it."

The old mayor straightened his shoulders and pushed the milking stool from under his feet. He went into his house and dressed in his black coat and a white shirt, without a collar. He had forgotten the collar. With slow steps and halting accents he told first the doctor, then the widow, and then, remembering something, he whispered it to the Hoover girl, who was running scales on the church organ preparatory to choir practice. There was no choir practice that night, but the next night there was a prayer meeting to which, by special orders from the Reverend Jones, everybody but the sick came. There the news was finally published and the letter read. For the first time in many months Jones failed to pray for Peace. It was a fighting sermon. Alden had been robbed.

So when I come to Alden expecting peace I find a changed village. The faces on the street are different in expression. The topics of conversation on the post office steps or at the gate of the church or in the cemetery where the people walk softly

back and forth plucking here and there a wisp of the luxuriant timothy that rustles over the graves—are different. The doctor has grown old in a night and is selling out his practice. The Hoover girl has a strange sadness about her face and yet a sort of radiance as though something had made her unaccountably proud. She is to be a nurse and to go to the front. The Widow Erlan, she of the onion sets, has changed more than any. She used to be an apologetic sort of woman. Her sons were admitted to have been rolling stones and wasters. They had deserted her when they should have remained to help her. They had shown neither diligence, thrift nor enterprise. But now she is almost arrogant.

"Good," she whispered, when the Mayor told her. "Good!"

The Mayor could only stare in amazement.

"I say 'Good!'" said the widow, still staring far ahead of her. "Because I might have died thinking I had brought nothing more into the world than idle men—and I should have been wrong. War has made me rich while it has robbed me. My sons and his son," nodding toward the part of the town where the Phippen surgery lay, "have brought something to this town that peace could never have brought. There will not be a boy born here but will be more the man for knowing five sons of Alden died at Langemarck."

Then she wept.

But what the widow said was true, and the Mayor, who sells tombstones as a side-line to the chop mill, has given a great marble shaft finer even than the one bought by the rich Brownlees when their father died, and it has been set up in the middle of the piece of grass where the rigs, coming through the town, turn to either side of the road. The names of five men are engraved thereon. But there is room for more, for with the second and with the third contingent more men have enlisted from Alden than Alden dreamed it had. They have come in from farms round about, too. Alden is awake and vigilant.

Close at Hand.—A woman from the South visiting New York for the first time was much agitated when, after being conveyed through the Hudson tube, she found herself in another subway. Rushing up to a knowing-looking individual, she asked, in an agitated tone:

"Sir, do please tell me where is New York?"

"Lady," said he, with the utmost gravity, "it's right at the top of those stairs."—Harper's Magazine.

Far Afield.—"He comes from a good family."

"Well, he must be a long way from Home."—Life.



# The Sacrifice of Enid

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued)

"YOU must know that I have had, and still have, much to see to. This is a matter of the most serious importance, and I was obliged to see Miss Iredale."

"And you have been spending your time with her? I don't seem to care half as much as I did. I don't know that I care about anything much now."

Ronald looked at him and saw that his face had a sunken appearance.

"You are ill!" he said.

"No I'm not. But I'm not well, and I don't think I ever shall be."

"Going abroad may set you up."

"I am not abroad yet. I daresay they'll get me at the last."

"I have been listening to the story of your wonderful escape. Not one prisoner in ten thousand manages to get free. What did you do with your previous clothes?"

"I told the labourer to hide them, and burn them one by one when he could do so safely. For his own sake he daren't speak, besides the fact that Miss Iredale promised him so much money. But he earned it, for the money in the parcel was intact, and the bicycle was in first-rate condition."

"Is the penalty then so heavy for harbouring or hiding a prisoner?"

"It is awfully heavy. You and Miss Iredale are running fearful risks."

"Why do you allow her to run them?" asked Ronald with indignation.

Cornwallis laughed. "Don't you know that she would be far more unhappy if she didn't run them? That she is so fond of me that she would do anything to be with me."

"I know that she is a very noble woman," Ronald replied shortly.

"All women are fond of me."

Ronald went out of the room; this man tried his patience almost beyond endurance. If ever there were a woman utterly and entirely thrown away on a man he thought it was Enid Iredale on Cornwallis.

After dinner the latter complained of feeling tired.

"Why not go to bed?" said Ronald.

"I must go out on business."

"So I will; it is very dull alone."

Ronald made his way at once to a lawyer whose name he had seen printed on a door, a practitioner who he thought would be somewhat low down in the social scale.

Of him he inquired the penalty, (if there were any), for hiding and abetting a convict to escape, and was horrified to learn how heavy this was.

He paid his fee and departed, a tumult in his mind.

Was he, a man whose life had always been above suspicion, to run the risk of imprisonment for a long term for the sake of an unprincipled man?

What would his father say if this came to pass, and as to his mother, it would break her heart.

Then he knew that he was acting for the sake of no man, but for Mary alone, for love of a woman, and he resolved to go on. She did not know the full extent of their risk, she should never know. But if there were the choice between him and her of being apprehended it should be his, he would shield her in every way possible.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## Danger.

RONALD found himself on the Hoe. It was late, though not yet dark.

It was late, though not yet dark. throngs of people were listening to a band at the west end, but the east end was quiet. He looked with interest at the old Eddystone lighthouse, which was removed some years ago, and rebuilt on the Hoe. A tall, sailor-like looking man accosted him.

"Do you wish to see the lighthouse, sir?"

"Thank you, I should like to do so," said Ronald, who was glad to find an escape from harassing thought.

"It's after the usual time, but I am the caretaker, I will open it for you."

"That means a shilling," thought Ronald, "and it will be a shilling well spent."

By MRS. HARCOURT-ROE

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

He inspected minutely the various little round rooms, the kitchen, the sleeping apartment, the lantern, and expressed himself interested in all.

"Do you ever have visitors at the real Eddystone?" he asked, "for the life must be lonely."

"Plenty of visitors."

"To sleep?" For he had an idea that he should like to spend a night in this lonely seagirt spot.

"Oh, no, sir, not to sleep. It wouldn't be allowed unless necessary."

As Ronald was leaving the Hoe he met Hazelfoot.

"Why, dear me!" exclaimed that young officer, "who'd have thought of seeing you? Come back with me, won't you?"

"I can't to-night. But I thought you lived on board a torpedo destroyer."

"I always keep on my lodgings ashore, as I find them so convenient. I've been going about backwards and forwards lately in the destroyer. Well, come and see me soon." He gave his address and went on.

RONALD had no sleep that night.

The flight from Willowbridge had been so hurried, and there had been so much to do that he had had little time for thought. A fresh aspect of the case now appalled him.

Supposing Cornwallis effected his escape to a foreign land in safety he must always remain an outlaw. Return to England, or to any country in which the extradition treaty was in force, would be highly dangerous, he would be cut off from all society, and when his title fell to him he would not dare to claim either that or his estates. And was Enid to share such an existence? Had there ever been from first to last a more mad scheme than their escape? Far better if he had served his term and, if she were still of the same mind, have married her on his release. "Any man of common manliness would have done so!" he exclaimed, "rather than involve any one he loved in such danger. He knew the risk she ran, until to-night I did not."

Then he pictured his own arrest and imprisonment; the public shame, the cutting off of all that made life dear, the coarse food, the terrible garb, and he acknowledged that he felt deep fear of such a fate, but he did not hesitate for a moment in his resolve to go on with his assistance; he could not feel that he was committing any crime in doing so. He was doing it for her, and to save her he would, if necessary, go to the scaffold itself.

But as hour after hour wore on the fate that threatened her appeared even more dreadful. As soon as it was morning he wrote her an impassioned appeal not to marry Cornwallis, pointing out how henceforth she would be an outcast, and promising, if she gave up the idea, to befriend her lover, to the end of his life, with money, with advice, with personal assistance, and of course in any case he would go to Spain with him.

He sent the letter by a boy, and waited for an answer. This came at once, and consisted of a line only:

"I thank you, but I am going to marry him this evening; I have fully counted the cost."

On receipt of this letter he went to Cornwallis.

"Do you know what I should do if I were in your place?" he asked.

"You would probably do the same as I am doing."

"I should not," said Ronald sternly; "I should go at once to the police and give myself up. I would not subject a girl I loved to a life of shame and secrecy," and, in glowing words, he made a strong appeal to him. He might as well have spoken to the wind. Cornwallis smiled; his only thought was, "He wants me to give her up that he can marry her himself."

Ronald had now done his utmost; there was nothing left but to help on this ill-starred marriage. He spent a busy day, quite unaware that every

movement of his was shadowed. Cornwallis sat over the fire in moody solitude until Ronald returned and announced that everything was ready.

"When do we start?" asked Cornwallis listlessly, as if the news barely concerned him.

"In half an hour's time. It will be dark. I would rather have waited until it was quite dark, but this was not possible. Miss Iredale will join us on board at Millbay, and the clergyman will be there also to marry you before the vessel starts."

In half an hour's time a cab came round, and Cornwallis, muffled in a great coat, comforter and cap, left the hotel with Ronald. As the cab drove off some one looked full in Cornwallis's face, but he did not recognize him. But the ex-convict shook like a leaf, and exclaimed, "My God!"

"What is it?" asked Ronald.

"That man was a warder from Princetown."

"Drive as hard as you can go," said Ronald to the cabman, and they went through the crowded streets at a rapid pace.

They got on board quickly, steam was already up, and as soon as the ceremony should be performed the yacht would get under weigh; the clergyman was already on board.

Then Enid appeared, her face as white as her lover's.

"Mr. Westlake," she exclaimed, turning instinctively to him rather than Cornwallis, "that warder I saw before has just got out of a cab. I passed him at the gates. What is to be done?"

"There is only one course open," said Ronald, who had been thinking on the matter during their drive. "You and the clergyman must leave the yacht instantly, the marriage must be deferred until you can join Cornwallis abroad, and we must start at once."

He took out some money. "Take this and go back to your lodgings. Stay there until you hear from me."

He left her to give the necessary orders.

She kissed Cornwallis, who sat like one dazed by a heavy shock, and landed, accompanied by the clergyman. The yacht left the dock as quickly as possible. But as they passed the breakwater it came upon Ronald with a flash that he was the source of danger, that he had been followed and watched, while had Cornwallis been alone he might have escaped easily in his present disguise. What was to be done now?

## CHAPTER XIX.

## Search.

THE yacht was a very fast one. It was now midnight and she was well on her way, when a still faster steam tug overhauled her and demanded that she should stop.

Ronald obeyed instantly; a boat was lowered from the tug, and two men boarded the yacht.

"You have an escaped convict on board," they said, and demanded that he should be given up.

"I have no convict on board," said Ronald. "This is my hired yacht. There is no one on board except the master and the crew."

The men laughed derisively. They had not the slightest doubt that Cornwallis was disguised as one of the seamen, and signified as much.

"Call them up and examine them one by one in the cabin," said Ronald.

He spoke a few words to the master, who summoned the men one by one after he had himself been examined.

They did not waste much time on him, his very strongly marked features precluded the idea of his being Cornwallis, though they pulled at his black beard to make sure it was genuine. But each man's face and hands were scrutinized thoroughly, his hair ascertained to be his own, his figure free from padding.

"Have we seen every man?" they asked.

"Every one. Now examine the ship."

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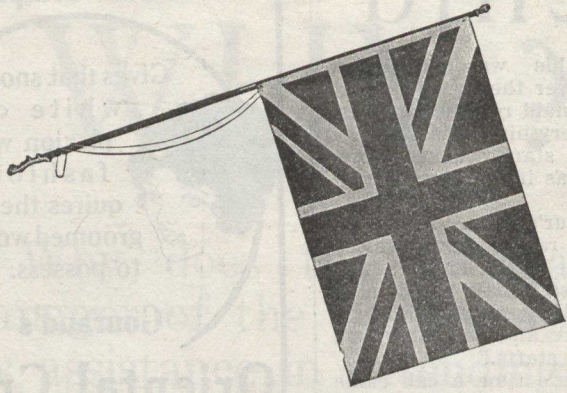
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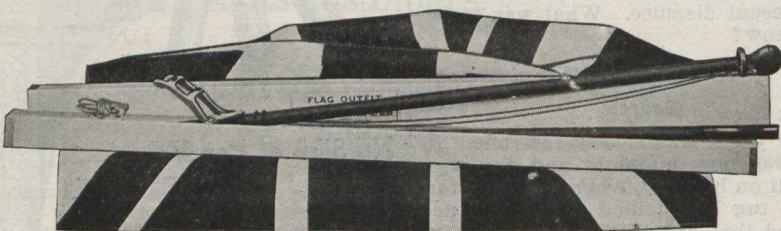
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They did so. Every hole and corner was ransacked, every locker turned out. Then they looked at one another, thoroughly mystified.

"As I hope you have proved to your own satisfaction that I am not harbouring a convict, I will thank you to leave my yacht," said Ronald, haughtily. "You have already delayed me a most unconscionable time. I told you at first that there was no convict on board."

"Where is he, then?" asked the warder.

"Where is who? Leave my yacht at once, and search anyone else's you may meet."

This gave the men a new idea; was it possible that they had mistaken the yacht in the darkness? They could not swear to Ronald himself, for he had put on a rough pilot coat and leggings, borrowed from the master, and looked very unlike himself in a shabby red cap lent by one of the men. They murmured an apology and withdrew from Ronald's yacht, but they cruised about all night, and then returned to Plymouth, thoroughly off their scent. They telegraphed to ports in all directions, but the only result of these messages was an answer, sent after some days, that a yacht answering the description of Ronald's had arrived at one of the southern ports of France, that one gentleman only had landed, and that the yacht, after being thoroughly overhauled by the police, had departed with no one on board save the master and crew.

Meantime Enid remained in her lodgings, a prey to the gravest anxiety. She did not dare to go out lest she should be followed and recognized; she would not sit even near the window. On leaving the yacht she had taken a cab, and bidden the man drive her to the north of Plymouth, dismissing him when it was quite dark, and making her way back to the rooms by a circuitous route.

How hateful all this secrecy seemed. She felt like a criminal herself, and wondered whether she had done either wisely or well in entering into these crooked paths. And she had not only entered into them herself, but, far worse pain, had dragged Ronald into them.

After several days had elapsed, she received a letter from him, bearing a foreign postmark. It was most cautiously worded, and stated only that he was travelling about by himself, that he was quite well and comfortable, and hoped that she was the same, as there was nothing for her to be anxious about now. He would write again soon.

She understood that Cornwallis had escaped, but how? Why was Ronald alone?

The days went by, each one more slowly than the last. Then came a letter written in French, but bearing the Willowbridge postmark. Her heart beat as she opened it; she felt afraid to read the contents.

H. J., it said, was in safe keeping; he was not abroad. At present, he, Ronald could give no particulars, neither could he come and see her this week; it was better not, but would she meet him at seven o'clock on Wednesday evening in next week at the entrance to the pier.

She replied in the affirmative. A load of anxiety was on her, for it was evident Cornwallis was not beyond the reach of his would-be captors. Where could he be, and why had Ronald left him alone?

But she was sure of one thing, and that was that Ronald had acted with the greatest wisdom and judgment; her faith in him was unbounded.

As to her postponed marriage, this fact, alas! did not trouble her. She acknowledged to herself with a sense of shame that when she had been told it could not take place she had experienced a sense of relief.

The weather was stormy and bitterly cold. She sat over a blazing fire hour after hour, holding a book in her lap, but seldom reading. Her thoughts were too harassing to allow her to sleep at night, while her appetite had failed entirely.

"Really, Miss," the landlady remonstrated, "you don't eat enough to keep a fly alive. Why don't you go out to try and get an appetite?"

"I am not well. I shall go out soon, and then perhaps my appetite will return," she replied with a smile and an effort at cheerfulness.

The long dreary days before Wednesday at last came to an end. She was at the entrance to the pier at the appointed time, but did not see Ronald. A man in groom's livery accosted her, saying: "Come into the carriage, Miss."

She hesitated, but he took her hand with a firm grip which seemed strangely familiar, and compelled her to enter a brougham standing near, seating himself beside her.

"Why, Mr. Westlake!" she exclaimed with glad surprise as they drove off. "I did not know you."

"I have taken a leaf out of your friend's book, though I must say I do not like a disguise. I thought it was safer to put on these clothes, which I bought in passing through London, that is to say I ordered my tailor to send them down to me. Now tell me how you have been. It is quite safe to talk, no one can overhear us."

She put aside his question impatiently.

"YOU must know that I am racked with anxiety. Where is Horace? What has become of him?"

"I will not keep you in suspense. When you told me you had seen the warder, I knew of course that we were all in grave danger. I made sure that the police would follow us, and I was at my wit's end to know what to do. No plan suggested itself to my mind until we had passed the breakwater. Then I suddenly remembered having gone over the lighthouse on the Hoe, and an idea occurred to me. I would take him to the Eddystone lighthouse, and ask the men to give him shelter.

"How could you have thought of such a thing?"

"I don't know. It was the only plan. I knew it was possible the men might not take him in, but I thought I would try. I told him of my suggestion, and he at once acceded. I don't think he is well, for he is strangely wanting in energy. I directed the skipper to steer for the Eddystone, and when we were near I had a small boat lowered and rowed him to the lighthouse myself. After some difficulty I succeeded in arousing the men's attention, and Cornwallis and I landed. I told them a gentleman was most anxious to spend a few days there. They said it was against the rules; visitors were allowed in the daytime, but not at night. Then I offered them money."

"How much?"

"Never mind. There were four men, and I offered them what I could well afford, which to them was a handsome sum."

"Well," said one, a handsome, burly man, "I don't call it no harm to have a visitor. If anyone comes, we can get him out of sight easy enough."

"This was just what I wanted; I added a few pounds extra, and the bargain was concluded. If Cornwallis had remained in the yacht he must infallibly have been taken." And he detailed what had occurred on board.

"What did Horace say when you left him?"

"He seemed very much cast down, but I hope he will cheer up. I have now to arrange for getting him away from the Eddystone, for I confess I do not see my way at all. Of course, I left him very hurriedly, and rowed back to the yacht as fast as possible."

"But how was it the men did not give information?"

He smiled, and she forbore to press the question. After a time he said: "The night was very dark; they did not know I went to the Eddystone, any of them. I suppose they thought I had put Cornwallis on board another vessel. But they had no reason for volunteering information, while they had a reason for pleasing me."

"What sums of money you are spending for us!"

"I shall probably be repaid some day—if I am not already repaid," he added. "Now you must tell me about yourself."

She told him of her dreary days, and how she had feared to go out. While she was speaking she drew near to him insensibly, and he clasp-



ed her hand within his own; it seemed to him he was justified in doing so; he knew it gave her strength. "After this you may safely go out," he said, "but I would rather you remained here for the present. I only went to Willowbridge for a few hours to see my father and settle some business matters. Directly afterwards I returned to town, ostensibly on business matters. I dread being questioned by those detectives. At present no one has seen me with Jackson, as Jackson appeared at the mill, and they have no grounds for apprehending me." "But what danger you are in! How can I thank you?" "By taking care of yourself." He put her down near her lodgings, and went back by train.

CHAPTER XX.

The Terror That Walketh by Night.

RONALD departed feeling more troubled every day. He abhorred all dissimulation and crooked ways; he had always done so from his earliest boyhood, while here he was launched on a course of deceit which was most repugnant to him. The feeling that he had broken the law was terrible to him; he began to think he was a criminal. And yet he knew that he had acted in the first place from the purest motives, that to save her he would undergo punishment.

Matters at Willowbridge were not going smoothly. Mr. Westlake, who was a man of penetration, was quite at a loss to account for his son's erratic movements, which he did not attribute to the business of the firm, although he accounted for Ronald's absence thus to his wife. She also felt vaguely uneasy, there seemed something wrong in the whole atmosphere, for Louise appeared in a state of suppressed excitement and spoke but little. She spent most of her time in wandering by the river, and as the pretty typist had not reappeared, she came at length to the conclusion that her own action had precipitated matters, and that Ronald had taken the girl away from her previous lover.

"I wish Louise would go," Mrs. Westlake said more than once to her husband; "she makes me feel as if I were living near a volcano which might break out at any moment, and the servants say her temper is unbearable."

But Louise had no intention of going.

Meantime Cornwallis was faring badly. The weather was bitterly cold and stormy. Seas of enormous volume broke right over the lighthouse, communication with land was suspended. He had taken cold in landing from the boat, and he was now very ill. He managed to dress himself, and sat shivering over the small stove, unutterably wretched. The men were very kind, they gave him the best food they had, and, finding he could eat nothing solid, prepared him cocoa and soup, and thought to cheer him with yarns of their previous experiences.

"I tell you what it is, sir," said one of them, "you had better go home as soon as the weather clears. This isn't a fit place for you now."

The wretched man groaned inwardly. Home? Where was it? Was there any place on the face of the earth for a hunted outcast? He ground his teeth and thought that the ways of men were hard. What had he done? He had written another man's name, and he had suffered far more than enough in consequence. He was not penitent, and did not pretend to be even to himself.

Then a strange experience befell him. His past life began to rise before him. At first it was as a faint shadow, and then the recollections grew and grew, and gathered over him as a pall, enveloping him in its thick blackness until he felt he could have shrieked aloud. He could not get away from it, it pursued him, it haunted him, for ever behind it now there was the picture of the grave, and beyond that the judgment to come.

What had his life been? He recalled it as if it belonged to someone else, it was as if some spirit either of good or evil had taken possession of him

and compelled him, for the first time since he had been born, to examine it.

He had lived at a public school, as those boys do live who have no restraining home influence, and then he had entered into the world of fashion. His career had been that of racing, gambling, sport, women. No single good action could he recall—or rather this dominant spirit for him.

"What have you done for others?" said a harsh voice in his ear; "can you remember one act of self-sacrifice, one of evil resisted which might blot out some of your offences?"

Alas! there was not one. He was no atheist in the sense that some of the purest and best people have been atheists, namely, longing to find God but doubting whether He existed, though after long years of trouble they at last have found Him, but he had been an atheist in the sense that he did not like to retain God in his knowledge, and God had given him up to the lust of his heart. And now he saw as he had never seen before that his thoughts had all been grovelling, mean and low, that he had never wished for anything higher. He did not wish for it now, he did not know, or even dimly comprehend, what things high and holy meant, but he trembled because he did believe in the judgment to come.

For in this lonely lighthouse, with the waves roaring around, it was borne in upon him that he must die, and that shortly. The Pale Messenger had beckoned silently, and he knew that he must go. He had never thought of death before except as a remote contingency far, far off, but now every day brought it nearer. What would future life mean to him?

Supposing by some miracle the gates of Heaven were opened to him would he be happy? He would not. What place had another world for his pleasures: was there a single high one among them? The best feeling of his life had been his love for Enid, and he turned to her as a tower of strength. He desired her presence as he had never desired it before: she must come, she must save him from himself.

One night there came a terrible storm, the very foundations of the lighthouse seemed to shake as the water dashed over it, the wind raged and shrieked.

Cornwallis lay in his narrow bunk and shivered with fear, his nerves had departed since his illness, he was a prey to terror both mental and physical.

THE next morning the men found him delirious and in a high fever; he repeated perpetually, "Enid, Enid, Enid; I want her; she must come."

They tended him to the best of their ability, but after an hour or two had elapsed the oldest man, one Bel, said, "That poor chap will drive me frantic soon with his callings for Enid. He can't stay here, mates."

It was decided to write to Ronald, who had left an address that would reach him, and say that as soon as the weather moderated the gentleman must be removed, they could not have him die on their hands without even having seen a doctor.

This letter was despatched as soon as the first craft which passed on her way to Plymouth could take it. By this time Cornwallis was better and could sit up. He also wrote a letter to Enid which he enclosed to Ronald. She must come to him, he said, she must marry him at once, he could no longer be left alone wherever he might be, by day or night. As he sent the letter open, Ronald thought it was intended for him to read.

The appalling selfishness of it overcame him. To call such a feeling love was, he considered, a desecration. This man wished a pure, beautiful girl to link herself to a dying hunted convict. He was a strong man himself, and he did not realize, he could not realize the depth of agony and fear through which Cornwallis had gone—until at length feeling had worn itself out in illness—and he heartily despised him. But none the less it was his duty to send the letter to Enid,



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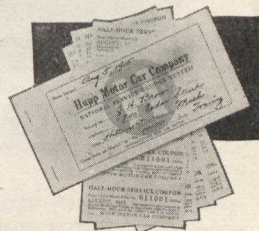
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and hear what she had to say.

She was still living the most solitary of lives, and every sense had become quickened; she saw in the few lines what Ronald could not see, that her lover's need for her was very great, and although love as love had died in her heart, the love of a divine compassion was still there. She did not hesitate a moment; she would accede to his wish and tend him by night and day until he died. She wrote to Ronald to that effect, and he sorely against his will, was constrained to think out some plan for carrying her wishes into effect.

He determined to go down to Plymouth, hire a boat, and go off to the Eddystone, that he might judge for himself of Cornwallis's state. He sailed down the coast, and, the weather being favourable although very cold, shaped a course for the Eddystone after dark.

He held some conversation with the men, to whom he made a further present, and then saw Cornwallis, who, wrapped in rugs and blankets, was sitting up in a chair. By this time the men had come to the conclusion that there was something very queer about their guest. During his delirium he had pushed aside his wig, but on first recovering consciousness had asked for a looking glass and appeared painfully anxious to renovate himself. Ronald saw that he was looking very ill, but otherwise could perceive no particular change in his appearance; once more he wondered why everyone said he was so handsome a man, he, Ronald, did not consider him handsome at all.

He spoke to him very kindly, and promised to bring Enid to him.

Cornwallis's face brightened.

"Bring her at once, and bring a clergyman. I have the license and she can marry me here."

"What?" exclaimed Ronald aghast.

"Why do you say 'WWhat?'" said Cornwallis peevishly. "How else could she be always with me when we land? I want her always, and I can't do without her."

"But supposing I cannot arrange for your removal at once. She cannot stay here."

"I have made up my mind to marry her," said Cornwallis angrily, "and I know she is anxious to marry me. Did she not tell you she would?"

Ronald was constrained to admit that she had done so.

"I know it," the other retorted triumphantly, "there never yet was a woman who did not love me when I chose to make her do so."

The sight of Ronald had brought back, temporarily, some of his old gaiety, his fear had departed for a time. Ronald choked down his disgust, and said that he must now go; he would have to hear what Miss Iredale had to say.

"Get him away soon, sir," said Bell, as Ronald re-entered his boat; "he won't live long. I see it in his face."

Then night deepened, and Cornwallis was once more a prey to terror.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### A Cat's Paw.

IT sometimes happens that when we can see no light, no means of escape from our troubles, that a path is suddenly opened to us.

Ronald felt absolutely hopeless as he went away from the Eddystone lighthouse. He thought and thought, but no safe means for rescuing Cornwallis occurred to him. After having run such terrible risks it seemed hard to look on all his previous trouble as thrown away.

"I cannot disappoint her," he said, mentally, "although for her own sake the best thing that could happen to her would be that Cornwallis should be taken."

With every landing stage closely watched, how could he get him ashore, and yet how could he leave a man so ill without some strong man to look after him. If he took him to a foreign port his, Ronald's, presence would be sufficient to cause an instant arrest. He saw no way.

But on landing he came across Lieutenant Haselfoot.

"Hullo!" exclaimed that young man,

"why, where have you sprung from?"

"Where have you sprung from?" queried Ronald, instead of answering the question.

"I? I have just landed from my vessel. Every night we go cruising about."

"Where? Not near the Eddystone?" asked Ronald, with an anxiety he tried hard to disguise.

"Why, that is just what we are doing. Looking out for an imaginary enemy, and expecting an attack whenever the powers that be choose to give the orders. Why do you want to know?"

"Oh, I was wondering where you went," replied Ronald, vaguely. "And where are you off to now? Come and have supper with me somewhere."

"Very sorry. Can't. Must go on duty again in three hours' time, and I want to go to my diggings just to see if there are any letters for me. Why not come with me and have a snack there?"

"With pleasure," asserted Ronald. Haselfoot's "diggings" were of the most comfortable order, while the supper, hastily ordered and served, was daintily spread.

"I do enjoy a meal ashore," said Haselfoot, as he stretched out his legs luxuriously and lit a cigarette which his guest had refused. "I always fancy the food in the destroyer has a flavour of oil. And my landlady is no end of a good soul, a regular mother to me. I've lodged with her every time I've been down this way."

RONALD was silent for a few moments, thinking hard. He had noticed how dainty the supper had been, and was concocting a plan.

"Does your landlady happen to have any more rooms to let?"

"Well, she is generally full up, but just now I believe her drawing-room floor is to let. Now I come to think of it her lodger went out yesterday. The rooms are never vacant long."

"I wonder if I might see them?"

"Why, of course, you might," said Haselfoot, and rang the bell.

It was not long before the landlady, Mrs. Carter, appeared in person, a pleasant-faced honest-looking woman, who spoke with a Cornish accent.

Ronald made his request known and was shown the vacant apartments, a sitting-room and two bed-rooms. They were of a good size and scrupulously clean. He expressed his satisfaction with them.

"They are just what I am looking out for, for some friends of mine, an invalid gentleman and his wife, and I think I may venture to take them for a week from to-day. Should my friends be satisfied they will no doubt remain on. But I must tell you that the gentleman is really ill, and will require total quiet, also such cooking as will tempt the appetite of an invalid. Of course this will be remembered in the terms."

"I am sure I will do my best to make the lady and gentleman happy and comfortable, sir," replied Mrs. Carter, who was greatly taken with the courtesy of Ronald's manner, and delighted with his liberality and failure to request exact mention to be made of "extras." "There can't be a quieter home than this. Mr. Haselfoot is gone for days together very often, and when he is here he does not have any racketty parties like some young gentlemen. I suppose the lady and gentleman will not keep much company?"

"None at all," returned Ronald, gravely; "he is not in health for society. They will see no one, I imagine. I cannot tell you whether they will come at once, but please have the rooms thoroughly ready."

"Certainly, sir, and if quiet is necessary for the poor gentleman I will wait on them myself, instead of letting Eliza go in, who is a good girl, sir, but clumsy at times."

Ronald returned to Haselfoot, and told him what he had done.

"Are the rooms for friends of yours?"

"Yes, and I want you to do me a good turn."

"With pleasure."

"The man who is coming is an invalid. He has set his heart on being married at once to the girl to whom



he is engaged, but in his state of health absolute quiet and privacy is necessary. Still we want a witness to the ceremony. Will you come?"

"Why, of course I will, though as the poor chap is ill it seems a pity not to put off the wedding."

"He is anxious to get abroad, and says he must have her with him as his wife."

"I see. And where is the wedding to take place?"

"You will no doubt be surprised when I tell you at the Eddystone lighthouse."

"Are they mad?" asked Haselfoot.

"No, not madder than other people," replied Ronald, drily. "But he landed at the Eddystone, and has been ill there. You must understand the whole business must be kept an absolute secret. We don't want to get the lighthouse men into trouble for having harboured him; and they have been very good to him; there are also family reasons."

"All right; I shan't say a word. How and when does the wedding take place?"

"When will you be next off the Eddystone?"

"To-morrow night."

"To-morrow night it shall be. They have a special license and can be married when and where they please."

"It is a very strange place to be pleased with."

"It is. I think you have met the young lady some time ago."

"What is her name?"

"It would not reveal anything to you. I don't think you ever heard it."

"Ah! I meet so many girls and forget all about them afterwards."

"Just so," said Ronald, earnestly hoping that he had forgotten his rencontre with Miss Iredale. He would not have said anything about having met her to Haselfoot, had he not in the first instance thought that no one could forget Enid's face if he had once seen it. And there he was right, for when the time of meeting came, Haselfoot recollected her instantly. Arrangements as to time were then made, after which the naval man announced that time was up, and he must go on board.

"To-morrow night, then," were Ronald's parting words; you will not fail me."

"To-morrow night—Admiralty always permitting. Though why," he added, sotto voce, as he went down the road, "why my presence as a witness should be so desirable, and why the lighthouse men couldn't have been witnesses is more than I know. I suppose it's because they want it to be kept a secret. Rum start anyhow, an invalid in an out-of-the-way lighthouse! but it's no business of mine."

CHAPTER XXII.

A Lonely Bride.

RONALD wrote to Enid that night, making an appointment with her to meet him the next morning in a quiet road out of Plymouth. He thought it impossible that he could be watched now, and, as a matter of fact, on this occasion he was not.

Enid felt sadly lowered in her own eyes as she made her way by a circuitous route to the appointed rendezvous. Was this secrecy never to end? Was she always to go through life ashamed to look anyone in the face? But a voice within her answered that the secrecy would not be for long. As she looked at the throngs of people in the streets she wondered if any one was happy, if everyone did not beneath a calm countenance bear as much care as she was bearing. And then the words that have comforted laden souls for the last two thousand years comforted her also, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." There was no such thing as worldly happiness, she thought, but heavenly happiness was still attainable. Was it possible, she asked herself, that she was the same girl who at Court balls and entertainments innumerable had laughed and danced through life, knowing little of the intolerable anguish of the aching hearts around her. God help them!

God help them every one!" she ejaculated fervently.

It was in the bend of a quiet country lane that she perceived Ronald, who was awaiting her anxiously.

"I had to see you," he exclaimed, "for so much has to be done before to-night," and he told her of his interview with Haselfoot, and what had been arranged.

"Is it to be to-night?" she asked, and turned very white.

"To-night, if you will. It seems too good an opportunity to be lost," and he added a few more words than he had said to Haselfoot.

"I shall be ready at the appointed time. Will Mr. Haselfoot be silent as he does not understand the necessity for silence?"

"He will be silent."

There was a long pause.

"Enid," said Ronald, speaking in tones of intense emotion, and using this name for the first time, "are you sure that you will go through with this? There is time even now to draw back."

BUT she came of a race that would never draw back and would die game; the harder the task the more resolute would she be to fulfil it.

"I will go through with it," she replied, firmly.

"May God be with you," he said, earnestly, and, after a few more words, left her.

She returned to her rooms feeling thoroughly exhausted. She had not one idea of joy or happiness in what was to befall her, nothing but profound compassion for Cornwallis in her heart.

She threw herself on her knees and prayed for guidance. She would subdue her love for Ronald if possible. In marrying Cornwallis she would be sacrificing her own wishes and devices; was not self sacrifice always right?

"He needs me," she thought; "Ronald is strong and does not need me." She remembered when she was first engaged to Cornwallis how eagerly she had looked forward to being married. First there would be the joy of being with him, then the delight of wedding presents, a superb trousseau, all those things which are dear to the heart of a girl. What had she now? What would her mother think if she could only know?

"Do wishes attained always turn to bitterness and sorrow?" she asked herself. "I wanted to marry Horace before anything else in life, and now I am going to marry him, and I am miserable."

But she felt ashamed of herself and her weakness, besides there was much to be done, she resolved not to give way again.

She informed her landlady that she was going away that evening, unexpectedly.

"So soon, Miss?" asked the woman, with suspicion.

"I have to go to a sick friend," she replied, hating herself for these evasions, which, though the truth, were not the whole truth.

Then she began to wonder what she would wear. What bride's circumstances could be more mournful? Was not black the fitting garb? It was; she felt she could not put on a coloured dress. So, instead of being surrounded with admiring relations and bridesmaids, instead of putting on costly array, she prepared herself alone.

She wore her one black dress, but she put on a fichu of filmy beautiful lace, a remnant of former finery, and, knowing Cornwallis's eyes for detail, placed a few white flowers in her bosom.

(To be continued.)

Wise Pittsburg.—Pittsburg chose a minstrel show in preference to W. J. Bryan as an attraction at a charitable entertainment. We have to admit that Pittsburg is fast regaining a reputation for good sense.

It Seems So.—To President Woodrow Wilson, life is just one note after another.



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