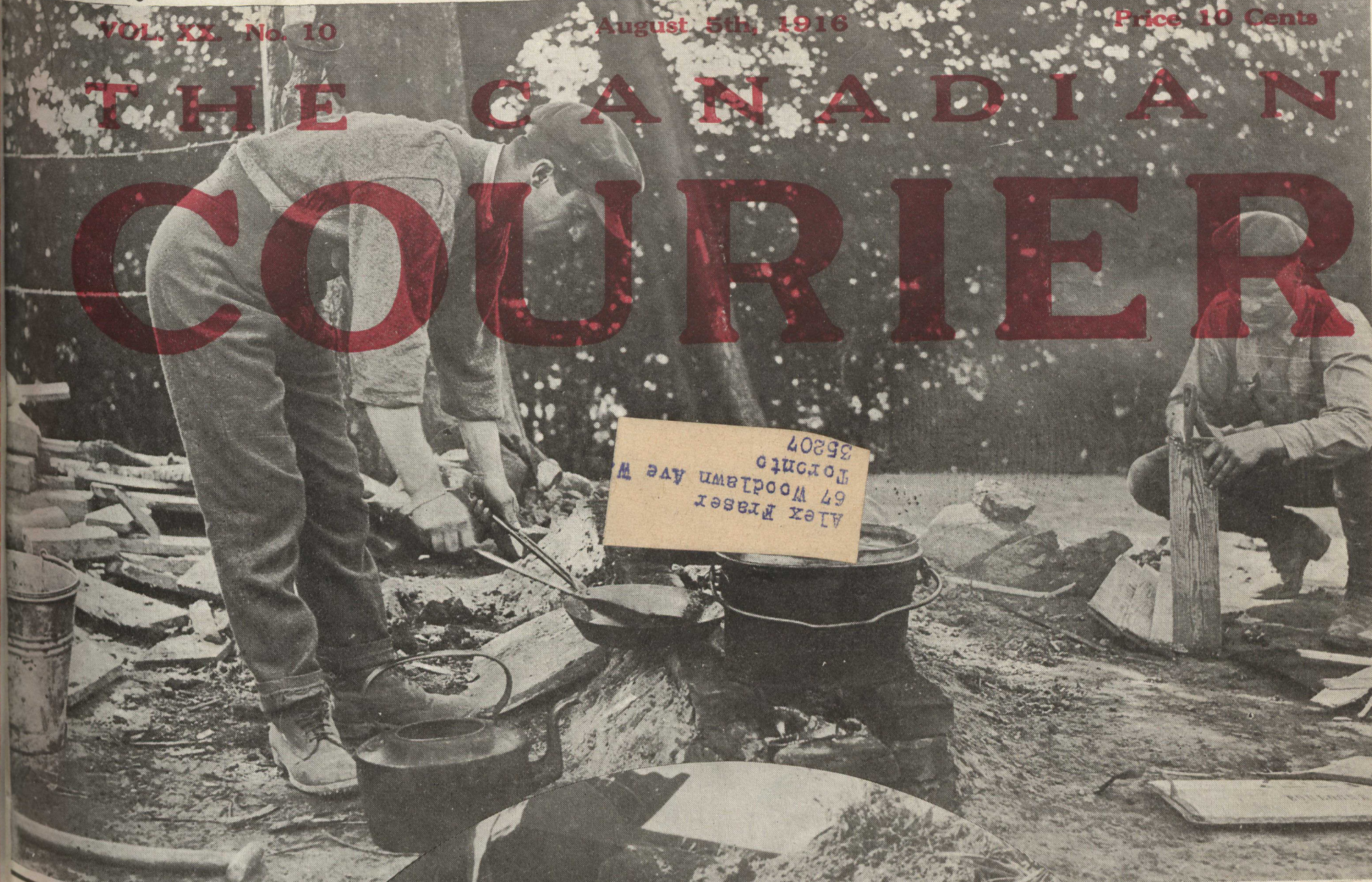


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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XX.

August 5th, 1916

No. 10

TWO YEARS AGO YESTERDAY

Canada Elected to Go to War With the Enemy of Free Peoples!

And This The Epic

THE stories of our Canadian Heroes, collected in this War Anniversary Issue of the CANADIAN COURIER, are the

Her Sons Have Written

WITH 350,000 men under arms at home and abroad, two years after Canada was asked for 20,000 men as a voluntary contribution to the army of the Empire, it is the biggest single problem of this country to understand the significance of our army. We are confronted by two sets of extremists. One set claims that Canada is not doing enough, and should adopt conscription; the other, that we are doing precisely 100 per cent. too much, and never should have gone to war at all. The sensible truth lies in what Canada has already done of her own free will, without conscription and without putting anti-enlisters into internment camps. Four and a half per cent. of our total population is under arms. Our original force of 20,000 effectives has multiplied itself by 17½ in two years. But that original 20,000 was not a standing army. It was part of our non-professional militia, which numbered all told 45,000 men. When the war broke out, Great Britain had a regular army, stationed in England, of about 175,000 men. In addition she had the Territorials. By the raising of Kitchener's army to 5,000,000 men, that force has multiplied itself by about 28. As a mere matter of comparison, therefore, Canada's is a good showing. Geographically, we are a mean average of more than 4,000 miles from the nearest battle-front. England is a mean average of about three times the effective range of the biggest gun in the army or navy. On land we were less prepared for war than England; on water not at all. Logically, our preparation against Germany should have been naval defence. England expected invasion. An invasion of England would have been an invasion of Canada. Had London been as far from Berlin as Montreal is, perhaps the army organized by Kitchener would not have reached more than 175,000 times 18, or about 3,000,000; which was just about what the army would have been without national registration. On a purely voluntary basis, 4,000 miles from the nearest battle-front, we have done as well in army-

priceless heritage which this war has given Canada. Every day adds its horror, yet a horror crowned with glorious episodes. What the war has cost Canada is greater in money than the total capitalization of our greatest transportation system. In death and disablement it has doubled, trebled and quadrupled all the national calamities we ever had. But what the war has gained for Canada in the inspiring of a free people, in discovering to ourselves the high quality of our common clay, is greater than all the cost, whether of treasure or of human lives. In no decade of our history, not even the fabulous epoch between 1900 and 1910, did this country achieve so much real human progress, as in the two years between August 4, 1914, and August 4, 1916. And the little stories of great actions recorded in the following pages are to Canada what Homer's Iliad was to the Ancient Greeks.

have compelled the independent democracy of this country to raise even a single brigade in response to a command. England had the good sense to demand nothing. She only intimated, in response to our offer, that if we felt like doing it, a force of 20,000—which was all Generals French and Hamilton credited us with, in their tours of overseas inspection—would be very acceptable.

That superb "please yourself" attitude made Canada and all parts of the Empire leap to please England. The response, as we know, was absolutely spontaneous. The act was spiritual. The organization of our army, so far as its men are concerned, was a thing of the imagination and the spirit. Therefore, the conduct of that army abroad, no matter what its temperamental peculiarities before it goes into deadly action, was that of an heroic force. Men left homes, incomes, directorships, business prospects, all their share in a great and prosperous young country, for the sake of proving that they had it in them to suffer, to dare, to die for a principle inherent in a free people.

raising as England—thanks, largely, to the inspiring example of England, and the fact that British-descended and British-born citizens of Canada have never made their loyalty to the government of Great Britain a matter of mere economics, geography, or argument. It was a matter of spiritual decision of character. We had borrowed from England money, taken from her citizens, accepted from her protection of our coasts, copied from her institutions of government, and imbibed from her the innate love of Freedom, that makes a country get saved, or go to the devil, in its own way, without compulsion or advice from Potsdam, or any other kind of "dam" headquarters.

But the great thing this war has done for Canada is to furnish it with Canadian traditions. It has given the word Canadian a new meaning, one that will inspire future generations of Canadians. Bill MacTaggart—that wasn't his name, but what matter?—used to hang round the livery stable at —ville. He was in a fair way to becoming a no-good when the war broke out. He was rough and boisterous. He hated churches and stiff collars and he liked beer. The town regarded him askance.

Had England demanded of Canada an army of 50,000, she would have been replied to by no army; and no government or Canadian war-office ever could

Bill MacTaggart joined. Bill MacTaggart died in France and—well, some hero ancestor of Bill MacTaggart got the better of him before he died. . . . How he died!

Now his name is an inspiration to the whole village. The stories that follow (taken from Sir Max Aitken's official records, "Canada in Flanders,") should be told in every Canadian nursery.

MAJOR NORSWORTHY (Montreal 13th Battalion) was in the reserve trenches (at Ypres), half a mile in the rear of the firing line, when he was killed in his attempt to reach Major McCuaig (13th Batt.) with reinforcements; and Captain Guy Drummond (13th Batt.) fell in attempting to rally French troops. This was on the afternoon of April 22nd, and the whole responsibility for coping with the crisis fell upon the shoulders of Major McCuaig until he was relieved early on the morning of the 23rd.

the Germans. They might have overwhelmed him, but they feared the supports, which did not in reality exist. It was not in the enemy's psychology to understand that the sheer and unaided valour of McCuaig and his little force would hold the position. But with a small and dwindling force he did hold it, until daylight revealed to the enemy the naked deception of the defence.

In case the necessity for retreat developed, the wounded had been moved to the trenches on the right; and, under the cover of machine gun fire, Major McCuaig withdrew his men just as Major Buchanan came up with reinforcements.

All through the afternoon and evening of the 22nd, and all through the night which followed, McCuaig had to meet and grapple with difficulties which might have borne down a far more experienced officer. His communications had been cut by shell fire, and he was, therefore, left to decide for himself whether he should retire or whether he should hold on. He decided to hold on, although he knew that he was without artillery support and could not hope for any until, at the earliest, the morning of the 23rd. The decision was a very bold one. By all the rules of war McCuaig was a beaten man. But the very fact that he remained appears to have deceived

The sorely tried Battalion held on for a time in dug-outs, and, under cover of darkness, retired again to a new line being formed by reinforcements. The rearguard was under Lieut. (now Captain) Green-shields. But Major McCuaig remained to see that the wounded were removed. It was then, after having escaped a thousand deaths through the long battle of the night, that he was shot down and made a prisoner.

The 7th Battalion (British Columbia Regiment) was attached to the 3rd Brigade (this was at Ypres),

and occupied a position on the forward crest of a ridge, with its left flank near St. Julien. This position was severely shelled during the day. In the course of the afternoon the Battalion received an order to make its position secure that night. At half-past four Colonel Hart-McHarg, a lawyer from Vancouver, Major Odum (who is now Lieut.-Colonel commanding the Battalion), and Lieut. Mathewson, of the Canadian Engineers, went out to reconnoitre the ground and decide upon the position of the new trenches to be dug under cover of darkness. The exact location of the German troops immediately opposed to their position was not known to them. The reconnoitring party moved down the slope to the wrecked houses and shattered walls of the village of Keerselaere—a distance of about 300 yards—in broad daylight without drawing a shot; but, when they looked through a window in the rear wall, they saw masses of Germans lining hedges not 100 yards away, and watching them intently. The three Canadian officers began to retire. They were followed by rapid fire the moment they cleared shelter. They threw themselves flat on the ground. Colonel Hart-

OFFICIAL VIEWS OF CANADIANS IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND



Back from the fury of Ypres under bombardment, to the quiet of English lanes, this party of Canadians is out for a constitutional. Their wounds are numerous, but they are all happy. They helped hold Ypres against recent Hun assaults.

•••••

McHarg and Major Odium rolled into a shell-hole near by, and Lieut. Mathewson took cover in a ditch close at hand. It was then that Major Odium learned that his Commanding Officer was seriously wounded. Major Odium raced up the hill under fire in search of surgical aid, leaving Lieut. Mathewson with the wounded officer. He found Captain George Gibson, medical officer of the 7th Battalion, who, accompanied by Sergt. J. Dryden, went down to the shell-hole immediately. Captain Gibson and the sergeant reached the cramped shelter in safety in the face of a heavy fire. They moved Colonel Hart-McHarg into the ditch where Mathewson had first taken shelter, and there dressed his wound. They remained with him until after dark, when the stretcher-bearers arrived and carried him back to Battalion Headquarters; but the devotion and heroism of his friends could not save his life. The day after he passed away in a hospital at Poperinghe.

It is a fitting climax to the story of the Canadians at Ypres that the last blows were struck by one who had borne himself throughout gallantly and resourcefully. Lieut.-Colonel Watson, on the evening of Wednesday, April 28th, was ordered to advance with his Battalion and dig a line of trenches which were to link up the French on the left and a battalion of the Rifle Brigade on the right. It was both a difficult and a dangerous task, and Lieut.-Colonel Watson could only employ two companies to dig, while two companies acted as cover.

They started out at 7 o'clock in the evening from the field in which they had bivouacked all day west of Brielen, and made north, towards St. Julien. And, even as they started, there was such a hail of shrapnel, intended either for the farm which served as the Battalion's Headquarters, or for the road junction which they would have to cross, that they were compelled to stand fast.

At 8 o'clock, however, Colonel Watson was able



In the circle below is a Canadian army "post-master and his post-office." Observe where the letters are posted—and the rifles stacked against the wheels.

•••••

Own Scottish Borderers. Through this line Colonel Watson and his men had to pass, and on every side were strewn the bodies of scores of Ghurkas, the gallant little soldiers who had that morning perished while attempting the almost impossible task of advancing to the assault over nearly 700 yards of open ground.

When the Battalion reached the place where the trenches were to be dug, two companies were led out by Colonel Watson himself, to act as cover to the other two companies, which then began digging along the line marked by the Engineers. And if ever men worked with nervous energy, these men did that night. From enemy rifles on the ridge came the ping of bullets, which mercifully passed overhead, although, judging from the persistency and multitude of their flares, the enemy must have known that work was being done.

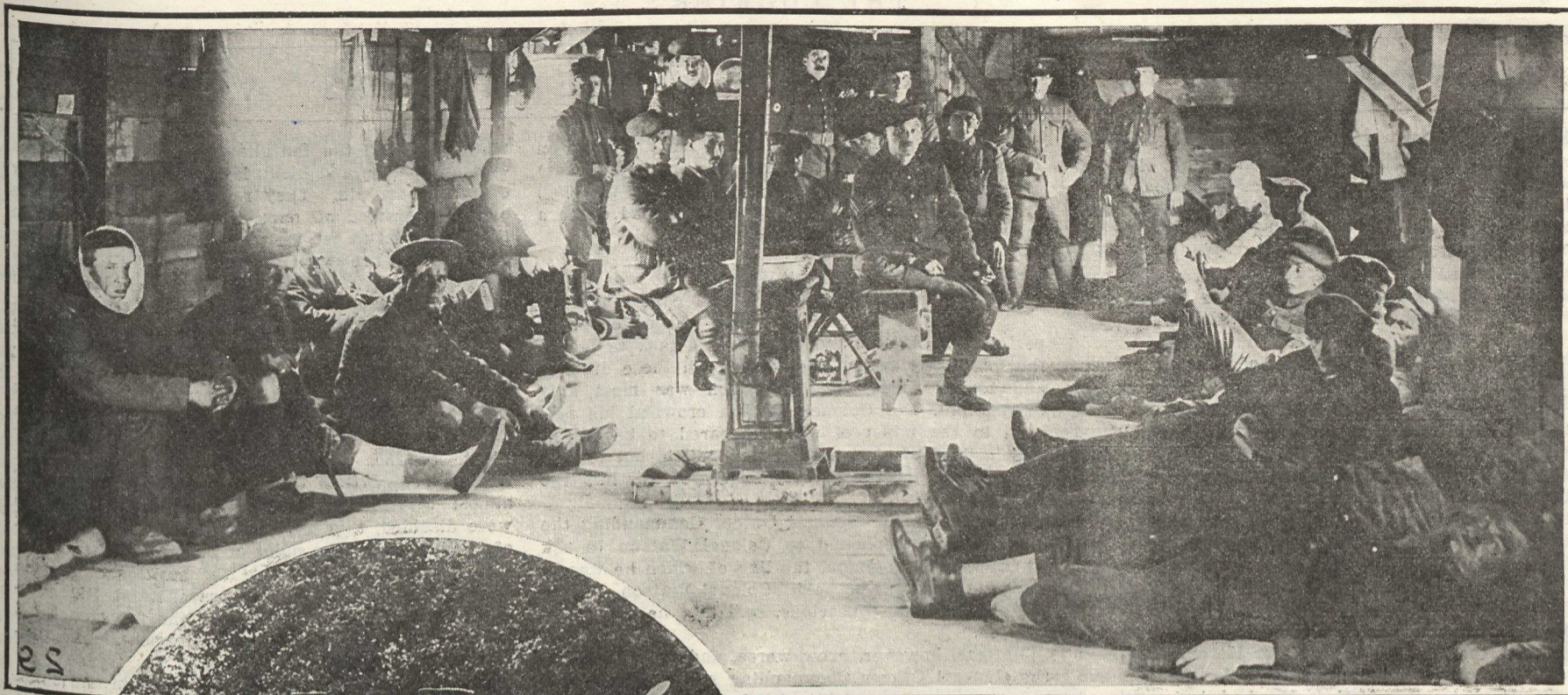
It was two o'clock in the morning before the work was finished, and the Battalion turned its back upon about as bad a situation as men have ever worked in.

to move on again; and, as the men marched north, terrible scenes en route showed the fury of the artillery duel which had been in progress since the Battalion had moved out of the firing line on the morning of the 26th.

At the bridge crossing Ypres Canal, guides met the Regiment, and the extraordinary precautions which were taken to hide its movements indicated the seriousness of its errand.

The Battalion had suffered heavy losses at this very spot only a few days before, and a draft of five officers and 112 men from England had reinforced it only that morning. And the officers and men of this draft received an awful baptism of fire within practically a few hours of their arrival at the front. High explosives were bursting and thundering; there were shells searching hedgerows and the avenue of trees between which the Battalion marched, and falling in dozens into every scrap of shelter where the enemy imagined horses or wagons might be hidden. Slowly and cautiously, the march continued until the Battalion arrived behind the first line trench held by a battalion of the King's

In the days before the battle (Ypres), when the Canadians lived for the most part in and about Saily, whence one saw, as I have already written, the German trench-flares like Northern Lights on the horizon, Honorary Captain C. T. Costigan, of Calgary, was the paymaster, and lived, as the paymaster must, decently remote from the firing line. Then came the attack that proved Canada; and the German flares advanced, and advanced, till they no longer resembled flickering auroras, but the sizzling electric arc-lights of a great city. Captain Costigan locked up his pay-chest and abolished his office with the words: "There is no paymaster." Next, sinking his rank as honorary captain, he applied for work in the trenches, and went off, a second lieutenant of the 10th Canadians, who needed officers. He was seen no more until Monday morning, when he returned to search for his office, which had been moved to a cellar at the rear and was, at the moment, in charge of a sergeant. But he had only returned to inveigle some officer with a gift for accounts into



A ward in a Canadian field ambulance. Some of our men who had worked in our north country felt cheered at once by the sight of the red-hot stove in the middle of the room, just like "old times" in a Canadian lumber camp.



Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders hold a rifle match near Ypres.



Football out of sight—but not out of range—of the German artillery observers.

“Grenadiers” of the hand-grenade section of a Winnipeg battalion resting.



OUR MEN
are
as “at home”
in
EUROPE
as in the
BLEACHERS
at a
BALL GAME

UNDYING STORIES OF OUR "DEATHLESS ARMY"

the paymastership. This arranged, he sped back to his adopted Battalion. He was not the only one of his department who served as a combatant on that day. Honorary Captain McGregor, of British Columbia, for example, had been paymaster in the Canadian Scottish, 16th Battalion. He, too, armed with a cane and a revolver, went forward at his own desire to hand-to-hand fighting in the wood where he was killed, fighting gallantly to the last.

THE case of Major Guthrie, of New Brunswick, is somewhat similar. He was Major of the 12th Battalion, still in England, but was then at the front in some legal-military capacity connected with courts-martial. He, like Captain Costigan, had asked the General that Friday morning for a commission in the sorely tried 10th. There was some hesitation, since Guthrie as a major might quite possibly find himself in command of what was left of the 10th if, and when, he found it. "I'll go as a lieutenant, of course," said he.

THE grim practical joking of Fate is illustrated by the adventures of Major Hercule Barre—a young French-Canadian who fought well and spoke English imperfectly. He had been ordered to get to his company in haste, and on the way (it was dark) met some British officers, who promptly declared him a spy. The more he protested, the more certain they were that his speech betrayed him. So they had him back to the nearest Headquarters, where he was identified by a brother officer, and started off afresh—only to be held up a second time by some cyclists, who treated him precisely as the British officers had done. Once again he reached Headquarters; once more the officer, who had identified him before, guaranteed his good faith; and for the third time Barre set out. This time it was a bullet that stopped him. He dragged himself to the side of the road and waited for help. Someone came at last, and he hailed. "Who is it?" said a voice. "I, Barre!" he cried. "What, you, Barre? What do you want this time?" It was the officer who had twice identified him within the last hour. "Stretcher-bearers," said Barre. His friend in need summoned a stretcher-bearer, and Barre was borne off.

THERE were many others who fell by the way in the discharge of their duty. Lieut.-Colonel Currie, commanding the 48th Highlanders, 15th Battalion, had his telephone communication with his men in the trenches cut by shrapnel. He therefore moved his Battalion Headquarters into the reserve trenches, and took with him there a little band of "runners" to keep him in touch with the Brigade Headquarters, a couple of miles in the rear. A "runner" is a man on foot who, at every risk, must bear the message entrusted to him to its destination over ground cross-harrowed by shellfire and, possibly, in the enemy's occupation. One such runner was despatched, and was no more heard of until, days after the battle, the Lieut.-Colonel received a note from him in hospital. It ran: "My dear Colonel Currie,—I am so sorry that you will be annoyed with me for not bringing back a receipt for the message which you sent to Headquarters by me. I delivered the message all right, but on the way back with a receipt, I was hurt by a shell, and I am taking this first opportunity of letting you know that the message was delivered. I am afraid that you will be angry with me. I am now in hospital.—Yours truly, (Sgd.) M. K. Kerr." It is characteristic of the Colonel, and our country, that he should always refer to the private as M. K. Kerr; and, from the English point of view, equally characteristic that M. K. Kerr's report should begin: "My dear Colonel Currie."

AND here is a story of a Brigade Headquarters that lived in a house surrounded by a moat over which there was only one road. On Thursday the enemy's artillery found the house, and later on, as the rush came, their rifle fire found it also. The staff went on with its work till the end of the week, when incendiary shells set the place alight and they were forced to move. The road being impassable on account of shrapnel, they swam the moat, but one of them was badly wounded, and for him swimming was out of the question. Captain Scrimger (now a V. C.), medical officer attached to the Royal Montreal Regiment, protected the wounded man with his own body against the shrapnel that was coming through the naked rafters, and carried him out of the blazing house into the open. Two of the staff, Brig.-General Hughes (then Brigade Major

of the 3rd Infantry Brigade) and Lieut. Thompson (then Assistant Adjutant, Royal Montreal Regiment) re-swam the moat and, waiting for a lull in the shell fire, got the wounded man across the road on to a stretcher and into a dressing station.

ON April 24th Colonel Watson, who was editor of the Quebec Chronicle before he took command of the 2nd Battalion, was called on to perform as difficult and dangerous a task as fell to the lot of any commander during all these difficult and bloody days. The operation was most ably carried out, and Colonel Watson crowned his success, in the midst of what appeared to be defeat, with a deed of personal heroism which, but for his rank, would most assuredly have won for him the Victoria Cross.

About noon, the General Officer Commanding the 3rd Brigade telephoned to Colonel Watson to ask whether, in his opinion, the line of which he was in charge, could still be held. Colonel Watson, though the position was precarious, said that he could still hold on.

Matters, however, grew worse, and at two o'clock the General Officer Commanding sent Colonel Watson a peremptory order to fall back at once. Unfortunately, this message was not received until about three, when the position had become desperate.

The Battalion, apart from many dead, had by this time upwards of 150 wounded, and the Colonel first saw to the removal of all these. Then, leaving his Battalion Headquarters, he went up to the front line, in order that he might give, in person, his instructions to his company commanders to retire. When he reached the front line, Colonel Watson made the most careful dispositions so as to avoid, even at that terrible moment, any excuse for disorder and undue haste in the course of the most perilous and intricate manoeuvre which had now to be carried out. He began by sending back all details, such as signallers and pioneers, and then proceeded to get the companies out of the trenches, one by one—first the company on the left, then the centre, and, lastly, the company on the right.

It was from the angle of a shattered house, which had been used as a dressing station, that Colonel Watson and Colonel Rogers, the second in command of the Battalion, watched the retirement of the three companies, together with details of the 14th Battalion, which had been attached to them since the morning. The men were in extended order, and as they passed the officers the enemy's fire was very heavy, and men fell like wheat before a scythe.

When the last company was well on its way to safety, the two officers, after a brief consultation, decided that it would be best for them to take separate routes back to the Battalion Headquarters line. The reason for this was simple and poignant—it increased the chances of one of them getting through; not, for that matter, that either had very much hope of escaping the enemy's pitiless fire. They never expected to see each other again, and they shook hands in farewell before they dashed out on their separate ways, which lay through a spray of bullets and flying shrapnel. When he had gone about 300 yards, Colonel Watson paused for a moment under the cover of a tree to watch the further retirement of the company he was following. It was at this moment that he noticed one of his officers, Lieut. A. H. Hugill, lying on the ground about sixty yards to the left, in the direction of the enemy's attack. Without a moment's hesitation, Colonel Watson went back to him, thinking that he was wounded; but on asking him what was the matter, Lieut. Hugill told him that he had simply been compelled to rest and recover his breath before he could make another rush.

Almost at the same moment, Private Wilson, also of the 2nd Battalion, was passing near by when he was shot through the leg. The man was so close at hand that Colonel Watson felt impelled to endeavour to rescue him, and suggested to Lieut. Hugill that, between them, they might be able to carry the wounded man back over the eight or nine hundred yards—nearly half a mile—which still separated them from a place of comparative safety. Lieut. Hugill immediately agreed, whereupon Colonel Watson knelt down, and got Wilson on to his back, and carried him several hundred yards until the original Battalion Headquarters was reached; and all the time that Colonel Watson staggered along with his load the air was alive with bullets, which grew thicker and thicker, as the enemy was now rapidly advancing.

The various companies had already retired beyond

what had been the Battalion Headquarters, so that Colonel Watson and Lieut. Hugill had no opportunity of calling for aid. They rested for a few minutes and then started off once more, and between them they managed to get the wounded private across the 700 yards of fire-swept ground which still had to be covered. But, in spite of the fact that the ground was ploughed up with shells all round them during their desperate and heroic retreat, Colonel Watson and Lieutenant Hugill retrieved their man in safety.

WHAT, again, could be more thrilling than the story of the dash of Major H. M. Dyer, a farmer from Manitoba, and Captain (now Lieut.-Col. 25th Battalion) Edward Hilliam, a fruit farmer from British Columbia, when in the face of almost certain death, after the trench telephones were disabled, they set out to order the retirement of a battalion on the point of being overwhelmed!

It was on April 25th that the position of the 5th Canadian Battalion on the Gravenstafel Ridge became untenable; but the men in the fire trench did not entertain any thought of retirement. The telephones between Headquarters and the trench were disabled, the wires having been cut again and again by the enemy's shell fire. General Currie saw the immediate need of sending a positive order to the Battalion to fall back, and Major Dyer and Captain Hilliam, both of the 5th Battalion, undertook to carry up the word to the fire trench. Each received a copy of the order, for nothing but a written order signed by their Brigade Commander would bring the men out. The two officers advanced with an interval of about twenty yards between them, for one or other of them had to get through. They were soon on the bald hilltop, where there were no trenches and no cover of any description. Machine gun and rifle fire swept the ground. They reached a little patch of mustard, and laughed to each other at the thought of using these frail plants as cover. Still unhit, they reached a region of shell holes, great and small. These holes pitted the ground, irregularly, some being only five yards apart, others ten or twelve; but to the officers, each hole in their line of advance meant a little haven of dead ground, and a brief breathing space. So they went forward, scrambling and dodging in and out of the pits. When within 100 yards of our trench, Captain Hilliam fell, shot through the side, and rolled into a ditch. Major Dyer went on, and was shot through the chest when within a few yards of the trench. He delivered the message, and what was left of the Battalion fell back. Men who went to the ditch to assist Captain Hilliam, found only a piece of board, on which he had written with clay, "I have crawled home."

THE men of No. 2 Company of the 14th Battalion assisted Major (now Lieut.-Colonel) W. B. M. King, of the Canadian Field Artillery, to perform one of the most astonishing and daring feats of the campaign. With superb audacity Major King kept his guns in an advanced position, where he deliberately awaited the approach of the Germans till they were within 200 yards. Then, after he had fired his guns into the massed ranks of the enemy, he succeeded, with the assistance of the infantry, in getting the guns away. It was during the course of this part of the action that Lance-Corporal Fred Fisher, of the 13th Battalion, won his V.C., but lost his life. Being in charge of a machine gun, he took it forward to cover the extrication of Major King's battery. All the four men of his gun crew were shot down, but he obtained the services of four men of the 14th Battalion, and continued to work his gun until the battery was clear.

No sooner were Major King's men in safety than Fisher pushed still further forward to reinforce our front line, but while getting his men into position he was shot dead.

TAKE the story of Sergeant J. Richardson, of the 2nd Canadian Battalion. It is a tale of how shrewd common sense defeated the wiles of the enemy. On April 23rd Richardson was on the extreme left of our line in command of a half-platoon, when the words, "Lieutenant Scott orders you to surrender," were passed to him. He knew that there were three company commanders in the line between himself and Lieutenant Scott, and, therefore, correctly concluded that the order had nothing to do with any officer of his regiment, but was of German origin. He not only ignored the order, but discredited it with his men by passing back "No surrender!" It is impossible to say how much ground, and how many lives, the sergeant saved that day by his lively

TALES OF MEN WHO DID NOT DIE IN VAIN:

suspicion of German methods, his quick thought, and his absolute faith in the sense and courage of his officers. Sergeant Richardson belongs to Cobourg, Ontario.

OF a different order of courage was Corporal H. Baker, of the 10th Battalion. After the attack on the Wood and the occupation of a part of the German trench by the 10th Canadian Battalion, on the night of April 22nd-23rd, Corporal Baker, with sixteen bomb-throwers, moved to the left along the German line, bombing the enemy out of the trench. The Germans checked Baker's advance with bombs and rifle fire and put nine of his men out of action during the night. The enemy then established a redoubt by digging a cross-trench. Corporal Baker and the six other survivors of his party maintained a position within ten yards of the redoubt throughout the remaining hours of the night. Early in the morning of the 23rd the Germans received a fresh supply of bombs and renewed their efforts to dislodge the little party of Canadians. They threw over Baker, who was closer in to their position than the others of his party, and killed his six companions. Alone among the dead, with the menace of death hemming him in, Baker collected bombs from the still shapes behind him, and threw them into the enemy's redoubt. He threw with coolness and accuracy, and slackened the German fire. He held his position within ten yards of the cross-trench all day and all night, and returned to his Battalion just before the dawn of the 24th, over the bodies of dead and wounded men who had fallen before the rain of bombs and rifle grenades.

CONSIDER the case of Company Sergeant-Major F. W. Hall, V.C. During the night of April 23rd-24th the 8th Battalion took over a line of trenches from the 15th Battalion. Close in rear of the Canadian position at this point ran a high bank fully exposed to the fire of the enemy; and while crossing this bank to occupy the trench, several men of the 8th Battalion were wounded. During the early morning of Saturday, the 24th, Company Sergeant-Major F. W. Hall brought two of these wounded into the trench. A few hours later, at about 9 a.m., groans of suffering drew attention to another wounded man in the high ground behind the position. Corporal Payne went back for him, but was wounded. Private Rogerson next attempted the rescue, and was also wounded. Then Sergeant-Major Hall made the attempt. He reached his objective without accident, though under heavy fire from the German trenches in front. This was deliberate, aimed fire, delivered in broad daylight. He managed to get his helpless comrade into position on his back, but in raising himself a little to survey the ground over which he had to return to shelter, he was shot fairly through the head and instantly killed. The man for whom he had given his life was also killed. For this gallant deed Sergeant-Major Hall was awarded a posthumous V.C. He was originally from Belfast, but his Canadian home was in Winnipeg. He joined the 8th Battalion at Valcartier, Quebec, in August, 1914, as a private.

SERGEANT C. B. FERRIS, of the 2nd Field Company of the Canadian Engineers, proved in the face of the enemy that he could keep a road repaired faster than they could destroy it by shell fire. From April 25th to the 29th, the road between Portuain and the Yser Canal was under the constant hammer of German shells. It was of vital importance to the Canadian and British troops in the neighbourhood that this road should be kept open for all manner of transportation, and Captain Irving, commanding the 2nd Field Company, Canadian Engineers, sent a party under Sergeant Ferris and Corporal Rhodes to keep the highway in repair. Every shell-hole in the road-bed had to be filled with bricks brought up in waggons from the nearest ruined houses; and at times it seemed as if the German artillery would succeed in making new holes faster than the little party of Canadian Engineers could fill in the old ones. Sergeant Ferris and his men stuck to their task day and night, amid the dust and splinters and shock of bursting shells, and their work of reconstruction was more rapid than the enemy's work of destruction. They kept the road open.

On a moonlight night, a month later, the Road-mender developed the talents of a Pathfinder, when the 2nd Field Company of the Canadian Engineers was ordered to link up a trench in the Canadian front line with the attempted advance of a British division on our left, and establish a defensive flank

advance had reached, and was holding, a point where the connection was to be made. In response, Sapper Quin attempted to carry through the tape, to mark the line for digging the linking trench, under a heavy fire of shells, machine guns, and rifles. He did not return, and Sapper Connan went out and failed to come back; and neither of these men has been seen or heard of since. Then Sapper Low made an attempt to carry the tape across, and failed to return. Without a moment's hesitation, Sergeant Ferris sprang over the parapet in the face of the most severe fire, and, with the tape in one hand and revolver in the other, cautiously crawled in the direction of the flaring signal.

Midway, he stumbled upon the wire entanglements of a German redoubt fairly on the line which this section had thought to dig. He followed the wire entanglements of this redoubt completely round, and for a time was exposed to rifle and machine gun fire from three sides. At this moment he was severely wounded through the lungs, but he persisted in his effort. He found out that a mistake had been made

up! General Turner, who appreciated the gallant work Irving had set out to do, himself had all the lists of the Field Force checked over to see if he had been brought in wounded. But Irving was never traced. He is missing to this day—a strange and brave little mystery of this great war.

CORPORAL PYM (at Festubert), Royal Canadian Dragoons, exhibited a self-sacrifice and contempt for danger which can seldom have been excelled on any battlefield. Hearing cries for help in English between the British and German lines, which were only sixty yards apart, he resolved to go in search of the sufferer. The space between the lines was swept with incessant rifle and machine gun fire, but Pym crept out and found the man, who had been wounded in both thigh-bones and had been lying there for three days and nights. Pym was unable to move him without causing him pain which he was not in a state to bear. Pym therefore called back to the trench for help, and Sergeant Hollowell, Royal Canadian Dragoons, crept out and joined him, but was shot dead just as he reached Pym and the wounded man.

Pym thereupon crept back across the fire-swept space to see if he could get a stretcher, but having regained the trench he came to the conclusion that the ground was too rough to drag the stretcher across it.

Once more, therefore, he recrossed the deadly space between the trenches, and at last, with the utmost difficulty, brought the wounded man in alive.

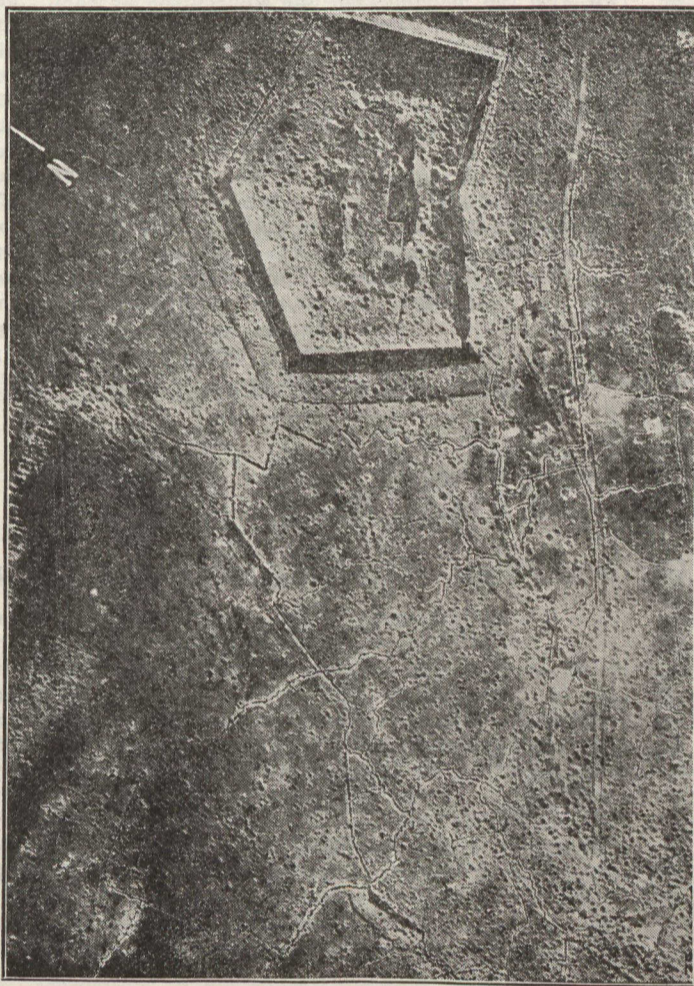
THOSE were days of splendid deeds, and this chapter cannot be closed without recording the most splendid of all—that of Sergeant Hickey, of the 4th Canadian Battalion, which won for him the recommendation for the Victoria Cross. Hickey had joined the Battalion at Valcartier from the 36th Peel Regiment, and on May 24th he volunteered to go out and recover two trench mortars belonging to the Battalion which had been abandoned in a ditch the previous day. The excursion promised Hickey certain death, but he seemed to consider that rather an inducement than a deterrent. After perilous adventures under hells of fire he found the mortars and brought them in. But he also found what was of infinitely greater value—the shortest and safest route by which to bring up men from the reserve trenches to the firing line. It was a discovery which saved many lives at a moment when every life was of the greatest value, and time and time again, at the risk of his own as he went back and forth, he guided party after party up to the trenches by this route.

Hickey's devotion to duty had been remarkable throughout, and at Pilckem Ridge, on April 23rd, he had voluntarily run forward in front of the line to assist five wounded comrades. How he survived the shell and rifle fire which the enemy, who had an uninterrupted view of his heroic efforts, did not scruple to turn upon him, it is impossible to say; but he succeeded in dressing the wounds of all the five and conveying them back to cover.

Hickey, who was a cheery and a modest soul, and as brave as any of our brave Canadians, did not live to receive the honour for which he had been recommended. On May 30th a stray bullet hit him in the neck and killed him.

LIEUT. F. W. CAMPBELL, with two machine-guns, had advanced (this was at Givenchy) in the rear of Captain Wilkinson's company. The entire crew of one gun was killed or wounded in the advance, but a portion of the other crew gained the enemy's front trench, and then advanced along the trench in the direction of "Stony Mountain." The advance was most difficult, and, although subjected to constant heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, the bombers led the way until further advance was impossible owing to a barricade across the trench which had been hurriedly erected by the enemy. The bomb and the machine-gun bear the brunt of the day's work more and more as time goes on, till one almost begins to think that the rifle may come to be superseded by the shot-gun. The machine-gun crew which reached the trench was reduced to Lieut. Campbell and Private Vincent (a lumberjack from Bracebridge, Ontario), the machine-gun and the tripod. In default of a base, Lieut. Campbell set up the machine-gun on the broad back of Private Vincent and fired continuously. Afterwards, during the retreat, German bombers entered the trench, and Lieut. Campbell fell wounded. Private Vincent then cut away the cartridge belt, and, abandoning the

AFTER A RAIN OF SHELLS



This remarkable photograph was taken recently by a French airman while flying over Fort Douaumont. The thread-like lines are the remains of trenches. The innumerable dots are in reality shell-holes, some of them craters. Of the original "fort" little is left but the foundation lines.

and that the attack had not reached the point indicated, and staggered back to make his report, bringing Sapper Low with him. Sergeant Ferris's information was eagerly listened to by Lieut. Matthewson and Sergeant-Major Chetwynd, who was present as a volunteer. Sergeant-Major Chetwynd quickly realized the nature of the difficulty, and, encouraged by Lieut. Matthewson, he rallied the detachment and led it to another point from which he successfully laid the line under very heavy fire from the German trenches.

NOW we come to the story of Private Irving, one of General Turner's subordinate staff, who went out to do as brave a deed as a man might endeavour, but never returned. Irving had been up for forty-eight hours helping to feed the wounded as they were brought in to Brigade Headquarters, which had been turned into a temporary dressing station, when he heard that a huge poplar tree had fallen across the road and was holding up the ambulance waggons.

Irving set forth with the ambulance, but, on nearing the place of which he was in search, left it, and went forward on foot along the road, which was being swept by heavy artillery fire and a cross rifle fire. And then, even as, axe in hand, he tramped up this road, with shells bursting all around him and bullets whistling past him, he disappeared as

was too hot to handle. Lieut. Campbell crawled out of the enemy trench, and was carried into our trench in a dying condition by Company-Sergeant-Major Owen. In the words of Kinglake, "And no man died that night with more glory, yet many died and there was much glory."

THE supply of bombs ran short (Givenchy), and Private Smith, of Southampton, Ontario, son of a Methodist Minister, and not much more than nineteen, was almost the only source of replenishment. He was, till Armageddon, a student at the Listowell Business College. History relates he was singing the trench version of "I wonder how the old folks are at home," when the mine exploded and he was buried. By the time he had dug himself out he discovered that all his world, including his rifle, had disappeared. But his business training told him that there was an active demand for bombs for the German trenches a few score yards away. So Private Smith festooned himself with bombs from dead and wounded bomb-throwers around him, and set out, mainly on all-fours, to supply that demand. He did it five times. He was not himself a bomb-thrower, but a mere middleman. Twice he went up to the trenches and handed over his load to the busy men. Thrice, so hot was the fire, that he had to lie down and toss the bombs (they do not explode till the safety pin is withdrawn) into the trench to the men who needed them most. His clothes were literally shot into rags and ravelled, but he himself was untouched in all his hazardous speculations, and he explains his escape by saying, "I kept moving."

But, after all, the supply of bombs ran out, and the casualties resulting from heavy machine-gun and rifle fire from "Stony Mountain" considerably increased the difficulties of holding the line. The bombers could fight no more. One unknown wounded man was seen standing on the parapet of the German front-line trench. He had thrown every bomb he carried, and, weeping with rage, continued to hurl bricks at the advancing enemy till his end came.

Every effort was made to clear out the wounded, and reinforcements from the 3rd Battalion were sent

forward. But still no work could be done, and a further supply of bombs was not yet available. Bombs were absolutely necessary. At one point four volunteers who went to get more were killed, one after the other; upon that, Sergeant Kranz, of London, England, by way of Vermillion, Alberta, and at one time a private of the Argyll and Sutherland Regiment, went back, and, fortunately, returned with a load. He was followed by Sergeant Newell, a cheese-maker from Watford, near Sarnia, and Sergeant-Major Cuddy, a druggist from Strathroy. Gradually our men in the second German line were forced back along the German communication trench, and the loss of practically all of our officers hampered the fight. The volunteers bringing bombs were nearly all killed, and the supply with them.

ONE splendid incident among many (at Givenchy). Private Gledhill is eighteen years of age. His grandfather owns a woollen mill in Ben Miller, near Goderich, Ontario. Ben Miller was, till lately, celebrated as the home of the fattest man in the world, for there lived Mr. Jonathan Miller, who weighed 400 lbs., and moved about in a special carriage of his own. Private Gledhill, destined perhaps to confer fresh fame to Ben Miller, saw Germans advancing down the trench; saw also that only three Canadians were left in the trench, two with the machine-gun, and himself, as he said, "running a rifle." Before he had time to observe more, an invader's bomb most literally gave him a lift home, and landed him uninjured outside the trench with his rifle broken. He found another rifle and fired awhile from the knee till it became necessary to join the retreat. During that manoeuvre, which required caution, he fell over Lieut. Brown wounded, and offered to convoy him home. "Thanks, no," said the lieutenant, "I can crawl." Then Private Frank Ullock, late a livery stable keeper at Chatham, New Brunswick, but now with one leg missing, said, "Will you take me?" "Sure," replied Gledhill. But Frank Ullock is a heavy man and could not well be lifted. So Gledhill got down on hands and knees, and Ullock took good hold of his web equipment

and was hauled gingerly along the ground towards the home trench. Presently Gledhill left Ullock under some cover while he crawled forward, cut a strand of wire from our entanglements, and threw the looped end back, lasso fashion, to Ullock, who wrapped it round his body. Gledhill then hauled him to the parapet, where the stretcher-bearers came out and took charge. All this, of course, from first to last and at every pace, under a tempest of fire. It is pleasant to think that Frank Ullock fell to the charge of Dr. Murray Maclaren, also of New Brunswick, who watched over him with tender care in a hospital under canvas, of 1,080 beds—a hospital that is larger than the General, the Royal Victoria, and the Western of Montreal combined. Gledhill was not touched, and in spite of his experiences prefers life at the front to work in his grandfather's woollen mills at Ben Miller, near Goderich, Ontario.

ABOUT midday, in the neighbourhood of "Duck's Bill" (Givenchy), Lieut. E. H. Houghton, of Winnipeg, machine-gun officer of the 8th Battalion, saw a wounded British soldier lying near the German trench. As soon as dusk fell he and Private Clark, of the machine-gun section, dug a hole in the parapet, through which Clark went out and brought in the wounded man, who proved to be a private of the East Yorks. The trenches at this point were only thirty-five yards apart. Private Clark had received a bullet through his cap during his rescue of the wounded Englishman, but he crawled through the hole in the parapet again and went after a Canadian machine-gun which had been abandoned within a few yards of the German trench during the recent attack. He brought the gun safely into our trench, and the tripod to within a few feet of our parapet. He wished to keep the gun to add to the battery of his own section, but the General Officer Commanding ruled that it was to be returned to its original battalion, and promised Clark something in its place which he would find less awkward to carry. Private Clark comes from Port Arthur, Ontario, and, before the war, earned his living by working in the lumber woods.

The Merry Mania of Miss Merrie Holt

A Tale of a Charming Young Woman and the Movies

By ED. CAHN

MOSQUITOES can thrive in water; the bubonic plague does not disdain rodents for carriers; diphtheria nestles in puss's caress, and the most deadly microbe of any yet invented needs only a screen, a reel of pictured film and an audience, to get in its fatal work.

The haunts of this terror are legion. Before each lair there is a box with a glass front lettered "HOW MANY?" and, sooner or later, everyone who answers that insidious question, who parts with his piece of silver, clutches the limp ADMIT ONE which he receives in exchange for it and passes into the Movie Maw, will fall victim to movie-mania.

The first stage of this dread disease is an insatiable desire to go to a picture show—any show—and the victim is only happy as long as the pictures keep fitting before him.

Stage two. He develops a liking for certain sorts; weepy tales of sacrifice or marshmallowy romances or the gentle exploits of rough-riding cowboys; and he sits up in his ten cent seat as a critic of sorts.

The third stage is beatific. He learns to know the silent stars. He has favourites; falls in love with some petulant beauty and follows her adventures with feverish interest. He discovers that there are magazines which tell all about the movie maids and men, and he bankrupts himself buying them in order to read of the intimate family concerns of T. Twinklyng Starr, somebody's hundred dollar a minute comedian.

He soon knows how old everyone in the business is rumoured to be, how many rooms they have in their bungalows, how many real automobiles they own—whether they are guilty at present, or ever have been in the past, or are endeavouring to afford to be guilty in the future of owning one of the merry little tin lizzies which have made the once respectable city of Detroit not beery, like famous Milwaukee, but, alas, notorious. He knows who is married to whom and what they divorced their first partners for, and he can say to a cent just what every star earns in real money.

Horrible as is this phase of movi-mania, it is as glowing health compared to the final one. In it, the unhappy sufferer is seized with the dreadful hallucination that he can act. He believes with all the firmness of delirium that if only he had a chance

he would be the finest, most fascinating actor who ever faced a camera.

When the patient reaches this point it is best to give him up as beyond cure. He has gone to swell the ranks of the millions of picture bugs and he will never be sane again.

Perchance "he" happens to be a she, in which case multiply the virulence of the attack and vehement enthusiasm of the symptoms by ten and divide by the same. As for yourself, dear reader, shun these dime picture palaces. If your path takes you past a movie museum cross to the other side of the street, and if there is one on that side, as there is apt to be, walk in the middle of the street with your eyes closed and your fingers in your ears that you may neither see nor hear the luring lithographs beside and above and all about the portal, for, verily, it is better to be killed outright by a jingled jitney, than to suffer the lingering pains of movi-mania.

These violent germs are neither particular nor respectful; they will bite anybody. And what they do to the moral fibre of quite respectable people is certainly sufficient. Witness the case of one Mr. Bruce Archer, attorney at law, and of Miss Merrie Holt, gentlewoman.

MERRIE was alone in the world. She was nineteen, and she had big, wondering eyes, and the exquisitely perfect figure of a Dresden statuette for all her five feet four inches. She also had a job, being stenographer number forty-three in the white tower of the very insurance company which had paid her the thousand dollars insurance her father had left her. Merrie had been in High School when he died; somebody had been a rascal and the thousand dollars had melted away without any help from Merrie; so that all there was between her and nothing at all was her salary of eleven dollars a week.

And she hated her job, for it wasn't half as much fun as High School. She took to the movies for relief from it, and her fate was forever hermetically sealed, of course.

She went from stage to stage of the disease with unusual rapidity, for she had good, rich blood, and the microbes fastened themselves to her and bored

in, as fleas attach themselves to a fat puppy. Merrie was lost—she wanted to be a movie actress.

Bruce Archer sat in his father's law office and hoped that no cases would fall to him. He was twenty-five, with a face that just missed being too handsome for his soul's good, and a dislike for law which amounted to loathing.

He went to picture shows, too, the fifty cent kind, so he and Merrie, who had to be content with the five and ten cent ones, never met in the temples of their desires.

Bruce was an incurable also. He was positive that he could act so well that beside him the finest artist in filmdom would look like a one-legged Romeo.

But how? Ah, there was the question and the rub in one. He had just been admitted to the bar, having, so to speak, been kicked through a hole in the legal fence by his ambitious but irate father when no one was looking. He was now a member of the firm because his dad had a bulldog jaw and had decided before Bruce had his first tooth that he must be, and because there was not another law office in the world where Bruce Archer would not be taken for just what he was, namely, a joke lawyer.

On the morning in which Merrie, in her white tower, made three mistakes in a single letter, because she could not get the thrills of her last night's picture orgy out of her mind, Bruce sat in his office with Somebody Something's fourteen inch tome on wills propped up before him on his desk. This was for effect in case Pater or any of the young idiots who were reading law in the outer office because they actually liked it, should come in.

Behind the work on wills Bruce had a thin volume with dekeled edges and purple covers called "Pantomimic Art." It had cost four dollars and he believed in it as he believed in his own artistic ability and disbelieved in his future as a lawyer.

At the moment he was not reading. He had given himself up to concentrated woe, woe with a bloated w. The Governor would perish in a fit if he were told that the son he had spent so many years and so much money upon and finally made a lawyer by main strength, wanted to toss all to the zephyrs and be a movie man. He hated to disappoint the old chap, especially, since in spite of some bad faults he was quite a satisfactory first paternal ancestor.

"It's tough on him," muttered Bruce, aloud, "dashed tough."

He had been so absorbed in feeling sorry for his father that he neglected to keep watch. The result was that a hand reached over his head and Pantomimic Art was lifted out of his guilty fingers.

"What's this putrid trash?" demanded the Old Man. "Is this the way you read up a case? Tough? I should say so! Now, young man, out with it! What ails you?"

A very bad half hour for the Archers, senior and junior, ensued. And, just a few blocks away the head of the office was treating stenographer number forty-three to a dissertation on mistakes that stung like a swarm of outraged wasps.

But even disagreeable things have their uses. Bruce got his confession over and Merrie definitely made up her mind.

She was going to hie herself to California, where the darling movies are made, and when she got there she'd apply for a place, and she'd work hard and be successful and go up the ladder three rungs at a time and get to be a star and have a cinnamon-coloured automotorobile and her pictures in all the magazines.

While Merrie was pinning on her last year's hat, made over, Bruce was trying to forget the verbal drubbing he had got.

Son polished the nails of his right hand upon the palm of his left to show himself that he wasn't angry, no, not even disturbed. Then he put on his hat and went to a twenty-five cent movie.

Sunday, Merrie spent largely in ratifying her determination about California, and in trying to evolve ways and means of getting there, which was no kindergarten problem.

In the evening she went to church. On the way her thoughts strayed to worldly matters.

"Merrie, dreams are cheap, but tickets to California cost money. It can't be begged, borrowed nor stolen. Neither is it likely to be picked off a park bush. You'll have to use your wits as other people do. Oh, for an inspiration turnable into cash."

On Monday morning, Bruce was still polishing his

finger-nails. He was up early and he determined henceforth to be the first one at the office and the last one to leave until he—well, until—. How long would he have to wait for a case absolutely his own? Where could he find one? How was he to show the Governor?

And then it happened. Two street cars and a beer waggon had been trying to expedite their individual affairs by rushing each other. People were scattered about like clothespins in a basket, but no one was hurt except an old plasterer who had been rather badly cut by glass, and a young lady who had fainted.

Young Archer knelt on the floor beside her and began to administer first aid of his own invention with one hand, while he fished a card out of his pocket and gave it to the plasterer with the other.

"I'm a lawyer," said the junior partner of Archer, Featherstone and Archer, "you have got a very good case against the Company. Come to see me and I'll look after your interests."

The plasterer grinned craftily. "Watch for me," said he, and held his streaming hand over the seat next to him while he fumbled for his bandanna.

Merrie did not open her eyes the moment she regained her senses, which rarely left her, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. Her ears were always open. As she let her eyelids flutter apart she thought she recognized her longed-for inspiration.

"Get his name and some witnesses," she advised her rescuer in a weak whisper; "I'm all right here for a minute."

She remained where she had been flung in the aisle and her head drooped until her cheek was resting on the seat beside the man with the bandanna.

The lawyer used his pencil freely among the crowd. In no time he had the back of an envelope full of names and addresses and had cautioned his humble client against claim agents and company doctors. Then he hastened back to Merrie.

"Here is an ambulance coming," he said to her. "I think you ought to go to a hospital."

"I prefer my own doctor. I want to go home."

"Sure she does," interposed an enterprising taxicab driver, "don't send her to none of them butcher shops, Mister, take her home in my taxi."

"Perhaps I had better call to see you about the business end of this lamentable affair after you have had a little rest," suggested Archer after he had made her as comfortable as he could at her home.

"I don't feel exactly well," she answered, in a weak voice, "but I can listen anyway. Please go on."

So Bruce outlined his plan of action, finishing, "Now, if I don't get you at least five hundred dollars damages I'm not—" he laughed, "well, I'm not a man with my mind made up."

"Oh! Mr. Archer! Please do! That much would be—" She broke off suddenly and then continued, "would be little enough. The shock I've suffered. I'm lame and—"

"Good!" applauded Bruce. "You have the idea." Merrie flushed. "I don't understand what you mean by that, sir, but I have the evidence."

In due course of time the Street Car Company's beaten and despairing claim agent recommended that the case of Merrie Holt be settled out of court with her lawyer.

On the day following receipt of her blood money, as she called it, Merrie departed for sunny California and the case of the injured plasterer came to trial, Bruce Archer, attorney, with the old and respected firm of Archer, Featherstone and Archer, bitterly gnashing its teeth. Oh, dismal disgrace!

Miss Holt decided that nothing was too good for a future star of picturedom, and she did herself well. She travelled luxuriously, and she did not stint herself en route. She enjoyed herself prodigiously in spite of the voice within her which told her that a girl who faked ought to be killed in a real accident just to pay her. Each night, when she snapped down her berth light, she told herself that she didn't deserve to wake up alive in the morning. A joyful refrain echoed through her dreams, nevertheless, "For I'm to be Queen of the Movies, Merrie; I'm to be Queen of the Films."

Early on the fifth day Merrie's train came to a
(Concluded on page 18.)

The Folly of Discussing Peace Terms As Seen Through a Monocle

THERE always will be men, I imagine, who will not recognize that the existence of a state of war changes the conditions which obtain in peace times. They seem ever to be saying: "We do business thus-and-so in peacetime. Why not do it the same way in war-time?" These are the people who to-day want the British Government to declare "what it is fighting for"—in other words, to state in detail on what terms it will make peace. They have the logical notion that, if both groups of belligerents would only put in writing right now the conditions on which they would be willing to stop the war and make peace, we should all find that the differences between us were not really worth the continued slaughter of hundreds of thousands of our best men, and that we would easily agree upon a compromise peace settlement. We could do that in peace time. We do do it in compromising law suits. Why not do it now?—they ingenuously enquire.

OF course, the first answer is: "We are not fighting for peace-terms. We never have been fighting for peace-terms. We are fighting for victory." Peace-terms are largely a matter of commercial or territorial arrangement; and there is no commercial or territorial justification for war at all. There is no nation involved in this present war which could have said before the war in cold blood: "Give me so much territory; and I will line up one million of my finest sons against a river bank and shoot them dead." Yet such a proposal must be not only possible, but acceptable to our ordinary moral sense, if we can now think of the war in terms simply of territory or finance or commerce. When we compromise a law suit, we do it on conditions which would be quite thinkable before we went to law. But we could not compromise a murder trial in that way. A priceless element has been injected into the calculation. A million-multiplication of this priceless element has been injected into the terrible arbitrament of war.

Here lay one of the many mistakes of our young friend, Norman Angell. He was under the im-

pression that the objects of war could be stated in terms of territorial or commercial advantage. With that as the basis of his thesis, he was quite easily able to show that some wars at all events did not "pay." If he had waited for this frightful super-war, he could have made his case even more convincing to the real estate and cash-down school of publicists; for it would be simply impossible to imagine any gain in land or trade which would be worth what this war has cost either side already—and the end is not yet in sight. But what price shall a man set on his soul—on his liberty—on his ideals? What could Germany give to France that would be regarded as a fair quid pro quo for the permanent occupation of her northern provinces down to the present German battle-front? What would Belgium take and let the Germans stay where they are? What would Russia ask for the row of fine provinces from Courland to Volhynia?

EVEN if Germany were quite willing to evacuate all these ravished and dominated provinces, but to do so under conditions which made it look like a gratuitous concession on her part to our weakness—a movement of pity of which she might repent to-morrow—a gift which she might re-take to-morrow—could we accept that as a satisfactory peace? Most assuredly not. The truth undoubtedly is that we should have to drive a much harder bargain with Germany in the mere matter of mechanical peace terms if we made peace with her to-day than would be necessary if we postponed the writing of peace terms until after we had conspicuously and admittedly smashed her military power. To-day we must insist on peace terms so abject and crushing on her side as to leave no doubt that she regards her complete defeat as ultimately certain. But when our soldiers shall have inflicted that defeat in the eyes of the whole world, then we can afford to write peace terms which will consider the future only and are not compelled to look back on an unsatisfactory war.

THERE is absolutely nothing to be gained and much to be lost by discussing peace terms to-day. For instance, other nations may yet enter the war. If they do so, they will change conditions in a way to affect the peace terms. Again, it is not to be expected that every proposal which every Allied nation could put forward in a tentative outline of its extremest demands in case of victory, would be perfectly agreeable to every neutral nation. That could only happen in heaven. So if the Allies were to formulate their peace terms, they might poison the friendly feeling for their cause in some neutral Capitals, and so play the German game. The enemy are very careful on this point. Their peace terms are most vague.

THE peace terms will be written with bayonets—not with pens. Strength will be served. They will grow out of the military conditions that obtain on the various fronts when the war closes. They will not be bargained for—they will be battled for. The only gain to be made by publishing possible peace terms to-day is to neutralize Teuton attempts to sow discord between the Allies and to inspire fighting peoples to supreme efforts. Thus it was prudent for the Allies to wait upon King Albert during a period of Prussian lying and insinuation and pledge themselves to entirely restore his Kingdom before laying down arms. Again, it is good business for the Western Allies to assure the Russians that they intend to help them obtain full control of the Dardanelles. These are tactical parries of German sword thrusts. But it would be quite a different thing to lay down complete terms of peace with the hope of being able to trade and compromise with the enemy and so bring a speedy end to the slaughter of war.

THERE is no short cut to peace. The only path to it leads by the dazzling highway of victory. We must disarm our enemy before we disengage our swords. If we leave him under the impression that he can soon renew the conflict with good hopes of reversing the verdict, he will infallibly do it. What we have to do is not so much to dismember his country or try to dictate his form of government as to convince him that war cannot pay him. This means keeping up the Entente, and keeping it armed to the teeth. Let no pacifist dream of beating swords into ploughshares after this pseudo-Armageddon.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

ANCASTER'S CLICKING SPHERES

Its Friends Call it "The Finest Golf Links in Canada"

By S. M. M. CULP

IMAGINE that at Ancaster, sleepy, dreamy, conservative old Ancaster!

Six years ago, when there was such a boom, Ancaster being so near Hamilton on the B. & H. line, looked "good" to the speculator and homeseeker. Ancaster with possibilities!

The boom went, but interest in Ancaster still remains.

Two years ago the Hamilton Golf Club bought a property of 200 acres for \$40,000. This property was known as "The Grange," and is situated south-west of the village, and a five-minute walk from the B. & H. electric line station.

Among Ancaster's many pretty spots, none is prettier than the golf links, which were formally opened in May.

Many times coming up on the car I'd catch glimpses of rolling land being mowed, and all the spring, saw many plumbers come and go; later the light suits of the golfers dotted the greens.

To the uninitiated, golfing spells leisure, money and more or less care-free days.

People of means it certainly does require, to belong to such a club, and so far as the writer can see they are wise in so spending their money. Such a game brings splendid exercise; health ensues; and what so satisfactory as to enter one's club, loaf, dream, chat, forgetting the rush of business, be amused at the boredom of fashion's decrees, and if one is idea-independent to let that comfortable sort of "let the age be damned" feeling creep over one's consciousness.

On the last day of June—a rarely perfect day for that delectable month, and especially so this rainy season—an artist and myself were piloted to the links by a caddy devoted to the artist and her cause.

As we went up the well-graded driveway, asphalted and stoned—saw the square stone house renewed by the broadest of verandahs on the south side, a sun room on the east; saw the huge water tower, the neat little power house hiding behind willows in the valley and the acres of well mowed glades, it wasn't a far stretch of the imagination to see where

We crossed the valley with its tiny rushing stream and up the other side of a high hill near the top of which was a fountain. Caddy got the water for the artist, then we wandered part way down to a wide-spreading chestnut. From here an idyllic view was obtained. In the distance peeped the tower of the Anglican Church—what a charming addition to any landscape a church is, whatever else it may stand for!—farther north the blue-hazed mountains

above lowly Dundas; nearer cultivated fields with their beautiful elms, oaks, maples and chestnuts; nearer us, the smooth sward of the links, to the left the wee power house, with a stretch of sunny buttercups winking, willy-nilly if you will, right midway the golf valley, and the stream backing them with osiers and sedges.

The artist had caught all this and more, and ever and anon I noted her progress and regarded it with that mixture of awe and wonder always educed by the mystic association with an artist.

I lolled there under the tree, listening with more or less understanding to the shrill voice of the caddy guide and occasionally looking toward the south across a park-like land ending in a

wood with murky undergrowth and low-lying ground.

Primarily these acres are for links, but I cannot help thinking what an admirable spot for winter sports—bobbing, tobogganing, skiing from the hills, skating, hockey and curling in the valley. It would make a close run with Banff, as a centre in America for winter sports. So much for theorizing; everything is possible on a day like this.

The click of the balls came and went; figures (Concluded on page 21.)



Saved from the real estate speculators, this is now the joy of golfers.

\$30,000 had been spent. One side of the driveway is lined with maples—the other, near the club building with an apple orchard—a fine row of spruce forms a finishing background to the building.

The driveway gradually rises to the knoll on which is situated the club house which in turn commands a fine view of the eastern and southern part of the links.

Going down the hill we noticed settees with occupants no doubt enjoying the view—and in many places cross the greens these settees are to be found.

LORD RHONDA ON THE PEACE

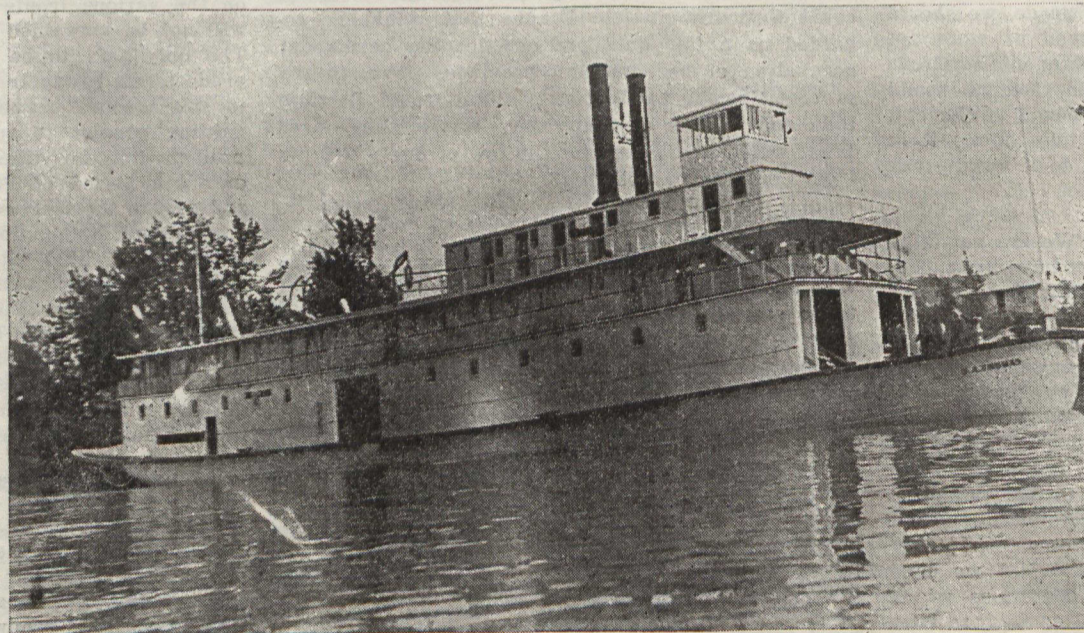
By AUBREY FULLERTON

WHILE Lord Rhonda is doing his best to keep the North Sea fleet of the British navy supplied with coal, according to his contract with the Admiralty, he is keeping a business eye on the Canadian Northwest, where he has important interests and some notably big development plans. A first token of the seriousness of his intentions in the north country is the fine new steamboat recently placed in commission on the Peace River, bearing his own plain-clothes name, D. A. Thomas. When a solid, big-gauge captain of industry builds a ship of really pretentious proportions, and puts it in service on a route that till a short time ago was reserved for fur-traders and Indians, expecting doubtless to make it pay, it is a sign of the times; and out in the West business men are taking notice of what this far-seeing Britisher is doing notwithstanding the war.

The D. A. Thomas is the largest steamer on any of the northern rivers. She was built at Peace River Crossing, and launched in May, making her first full trip late in June. In every respect she is a record-breaker for those parts, and it isn't a bit of wonder that the folks up north are proud of her. Like all the Peace River boats, she is a stern-wheeler, but with a keel length of 160 feet, full-size freight and passenger decks, powerful machinery, electric lights, and everything else to cor-

respond, she makes as good a showing as one would expect to see on the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi. On her maiden trip she tried out her machinery at

that would meanwhile help to pay expenses. It is primarily the oil possibilities of the north country that have attracted the Thomas interests there, and boring operations are already well under way at Vermilion Chutes, some 240 miles north of Peace



Naval architects might not call this vessel beautiful, but she is efficient.

seventy pounds of steam, and went through a stiff five-mile current as though without effort.

What D. A. Thomas built this boat for was to carry his own freight up and down the river, in the prosecution of his other enterprises, and incidentally to develop a general freight and passenger traffic

River Crossing, where there are very hopeful indications of a big strike of high-grade oil. It is expected that if oil is found at that or other points it will eventually be used as fuel for the British navy, Lord Rhonda then changing his contract with the Admiralty from coal to oil. The desire to locate an adequate oil supply, in readiness for the approaching time when the Admiralty will substitute liquid fuel for coal on all its ships, is, in fact, believed to have a great deal to do with his lordship's present activity in the Peace River country. At any rate, the boring is going on, and the new steamer is making two trips a week, down the river to the Chutes and up the river to Hudson's Hope, a total stretch of nearly 500 miles of clear, unbroken waterway.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the inauguration of a fine-up-to-date steamship service like this is going to do away yet a while with all those picturesque phases of northern river traffic that we have heard about for the past decade or so. Clumsy scows, makeshift rafts, Indian canoes, and the like, (Concluded on page 21.)

IN EXILE — — HERE AT HOME

The Plight of a Misguided Canadian and a Conversation With a Real Englishman, Transcribed by

BRITTON B. COOKE

MY dear good man—since you ask me—yes; I am an Imperialist. Since you really cannot restrain your somewhat vulgar curiosity I assure you at once I am an Englishman first; I am a Canadian second. I am Imperial! And I am the only true kind of Imperialist. Those who are not with me—are against me! There is only one Imperialism. It is the kind I believe in.

Eh, what? Where was I born?

I was born in a beastly little hole up near London—London, Ontario. You know the place? Of course by birth I'm a Canadian, but it was really accidental,

you understand. You see, my people came to Canada a generation or two before-hand. . . . Oh, no! They weren't immigrants. Quite not! I think, as a matter of fact, they came over on account of my—er—my great-grandmother's health. They took up a bit of land near London, as I said before, and my great-grandfather farmed it—but purely for his health, you understand. Yes, he liked messing about with ploughs and things.

So, you see, I'm not really Canadian. I even learned, when I was in England, to overcome my Canadian accent. At least, I hope I have. My great-great-grandfather was closely related to the Duke of Buckingham. At all events, my grandfather used to mumble something to that effect—when he got old. They say I look quite like the famous Duke. . . . Aha!

Flattery, of course. He was a bit of a dog, the old Duke. Yes . . . that is the crest on my ring. I had it looked up by the jewellers. Awfully obliging chaps, jewellers. . . . So, of course, I've made it quite clear, haven't I—I'm not really a Canadian.

Living? Do I make my living here? Why, of course—my father made a fairly decent little fortune out West, in real estate, and then there was a bit left us by my grandfather,

a trifle he made out of farming (only for his health, of course) about the time of the Crimean War. Yet what's my living got to do with my being a Canadian? My money may be Canadian, but I tell you—I am an Englishman. As I told you, it was only an accident of birth that I was born in this country. I love—England! Canada? Oh—y'know—very crude! Very crude! Between ourselves . . . man t' man . . . I was never so bored as that first summer after I got back from Oxford. It was really rather dreadful just mucking around . . . with Canadians. Y'know, even one's own people get to be—er—a bit crude. My father always called himself a Canadian, but then—he hadn't been to Oxford! I never noticed our crudities till I got back from Oxford. . . . Knew such a lot of decent people there. Awf'ly good sorts. . . .

WHAT am I doing now? . . . The university, of course. Yes. Lecturing on economics. . . . One has to do it. Keeps one from thinking about the war too much. You see, I couldn't go myself on account of my eye-sight. Anyhow, I'm not a soldiering sort. I'm a bit bookish. I never could abide mucking about with a lot of sweaty men. But it would be glorious to die for one's country. Ah! What is it the poet says: "England, my England—" How I wish I were there! I love poetry—don't you? Oh, of course, I forget . . . Canadians seem to find so little time for the delicate and exquisite side of life! Take for example "The Maple Leaf" and "O Canada!" Frightfully bad lyrics. Jolly rotten, I call them. . . . But we were talking about Imperialism. It is really the only decent doctrine to subscribe to. All the good people are in it in England, y'know. All

the people really worth while.

"Monied people chiefly?"

Well, I suppose it is true that they are mostly persons of means. But then, of course, it is only that kind of person and educated persons who can appreciate the real meaning of Empire. My dear fellow—do you realize what Empire is! Empire! Empire. . . . Or will you never have a larger vision than a vision of Canada! . . . Horribilic dictu! . . . I assure you it is Canada's glorious

colony, not an ally. If we were to try any judging-for-ourselves business we should be jolly well rebuked for it! And smartly, too!

"You speak more like a Prussian than a Britisher. There are other Imperialisms."

WHO said there was another kind of Imperialism? Whoever says that . . . is quite in error. Some ignorant person. Centralization of the Empire is the only salvation of the British Empire. Whoever says it means the end of the British Empire is thoroughly wrong. By pooling its resources the

Empire will be so strong—

"So strong it will be a lasting temptation to ambitious rulers to use it aggressively?"

Never!

"So strong it will be a perpetual menace to other nations and will practically compel them to build great defences against it."

Preposterous!

"So strong, lofty, and remote that the common voters will feel out of touch and out of sympathy with that central government, so remote and controlled by so many scattered constituencies that the meaning of responsible government will be empty."

Impudent twaddle!

"To preserve real harmony in the debates of such a central parliament the trade interests of various sections of the Empire—bound to conflict—must be compromised. And such compromises will lead ultimately to discontent and friction—and the disruption of the Empire."

My dear good sir—you are hopelessly lost—muddled. You don't understand how glorious is our project of Imperial Federation. Why—who, what could you have in place of it?

"Self-contained colonies, linked by sentiment."

But how could we be sure—how could we be sure they would stand by the old coun-

try? They might break off.

"Were they bound to join this war?" . . . N—no. . . . "Yet they joined?" . . . Y—yes.

"So that by your own argument Imperial Federation is a scheme of coercion to force the loyalty of the colonies in the face of the independent spirit the so-called Imperialists fear will grow up."

But how will Canada share in Egypt?

CANADA has problems bigger than the problems of Egypt or India, and quite as important in the development of world conditions.

You—you are a traitor!

"No. Only a new-ish Canadian."

But my dear sir, the word Canadian means nothing. It is a mere geographical term.

"It means—when applied to a man (not a sentimentalist)—that that man, by his own act in accepting the enlarged opportunities which Canada offers him, has accepted also a duty to that country: the duty to share in its responsibilities to help solve its problems, to ensure that here, as no where else, manhood (and therefore statehood) can ultimately reach its highest fruition. And this duty of his means that he will stand by that country through the crude stages that are bound to last many generations, and that through all its evil times and wrong conditions he will continue to see the ideal ahead, the ideal toward which Canadians must strive to lift their state."

I say—who are you, anyway?

"An Englishman in Canada—discharged from the army after Ypres but fit enough to know that true Imperialism depends on true Nationalism, and that your so-called Imperialism by killing Nationalism menaces the Empire. It is a disease."



WHY GERMANY AVOIDS WAR WITH ITALY.

No declaration of war has been issued between Germany and Italy because, on the Italian side, public opinion has been skillfully moulded by German agents, and because, on Germany's side, such a declaration would result in the placing of Italian troops on the west front in France, while a purely defensive war would be waged against Austria on the present Italian front. This picture, from the Italian War Exhibition in London indicates why, though the Italians make good progress, a really decisive result cannot be achieved on this front except at prohibitive cost.

duty to take her share of the burden of the backward races! To tackle the problems of India! And our position in Persia! And Egypt! . . .

Eh, what? Local Canadian problems! Oh, yes, I suppose there are such things, though one loathes the thought. Dirty game, Canadian politics! Poor lot of men in 'em, but when the Imperial Parliament is formed the better class of men will have to turn out at election time. We'll send really top-hole people to London. It would never do to send people to London who weren't top-hole.

"But what class would be left for politics in Ottawa?"

Ottawa! I really don't know. Ottawa wouldn't really matter so much then. But London . . . my word, wouldn't it be ripping to be sent there as a member of the Imperial Parliament. That would be playing the BIG game of politics. No fussing around with mere Canadian local problems.

"But must a Canadian accept centralization of the Empire? Is it the only salvation for the Empire? Plenty of people don't believe in it."

Eh? What? You mean they don't believe in Imperial centralization! They would actually decline representation in an Imperial Parliament! Good heavens, that is treachery! That is treachery, not only to England, but to Canada. For Imperial centralization is to be Canada's reward for her services to the Empire! . . . You—you say Canada doesn't want any reward! Well, of course, of course, of course—ahem—but she must be fighting for something! And as she is fighting just for love of old England, why she should allow old England to reward her. . . . You say she is fighting for CANADA. Fighting for what Canada believes to be right. . . . My word! This is indeed treachery. Canada is a

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A Parallel

WHAT WAR IS TO man, child-bearing is to women. Both provide the great test-by-pain of the soul's authority over the body. What the man is who shirks enlistment—that is the woman who shirks marriage. What the man is who, facing the fear of death, retreats—that is the wife who deliberately shirks her function. No good soldier allows himself to be persuaded out of his duty either by fear or the sophistries of a craven companion. So with the woman.

And as fighting is a duty to the state, undertaken in the face of personal peril, in order to ensure the state against the immediate enemy, so is the bringing of children into the world; an equal duty, undertaken in the face of personal peril in order to ensure the State's future.

Educational Inefficiency

FRENCH, SAYS A SPEAKER at an Orange dinner in Toronto, is taught in Ontario high schools. Then he pauses for applause. By this one statement does he not—he seems to say—prove the liberal-mindedness of Ontario and the efficiency of Ontario's educational system?

He does not.

There is no liberality in teaching French in our high schools. If we did not teach it in some grade lower than the university we should be behind the times. In all English-speaking communities the importance of instruction in the French language is recognized in a practical way.

And it does not prove that the Ontario educational system is effective. For since we recognize the need to teach pupils French sometime or other, we choose apparently the most unfavourable period: the high school period. French to be taught successfully, should be taught in the public schools. If that were the case how different would the situation soon be. In place of turning out prim school girls and awkward boys with a "crammed" acquaintance with a Moliere play, and sufficient working knowledge of the language to read a menu card—accomplishments that nine out of ten graduates have lost within two years of their graduation—we might have a widespread knowledge of French that would lead, in time, to a better understanding of the French-Canadians by the English-speaking Canadians. High school French indicates neither liberality nor efficiency. Public school French would advertise both.

Enough

THE CONTROVERSIES ABOUT French-Canadian enlistment grow more and more wearisome and more and more mischievous. The Toronto News condemns the French-Canadian and the Toronto Star would fain excuse him, with becoming condescension. Let us refrain from reprimanding French-Canadians. Sir John Willison's scorn will not make him enlist, nor Mr. Joseph Atkinson's kindly admonitions bring him in line with Ontario. And if scorn and condescension are not to achieve this end, they must be abandoned. Otherwise they only make a sore. How pleased we should feel if the London Times began scathing Ontario and the other English-speaking Provinces for failing to send more Canadian-born soldiers. We should be hurt and indignant. Yet the London papers have as much right to scorn us as the News and the Star have to attack or admonish the habitant. Our boasted Canadian regiments are still manned with British-born Canadians. Let the News and Star study the official lists of our various battalions and then, if they must show their verbal prowess somehow, turn their guns on the native English-speaking Canadian.

Papers like the News are, by the way, somewhat to blame for French Canada's attitude. The fault lies at the door of men like Sir John Willison—men of good intention but failing discretion. The French-Canadian's interest in old France is a pretty

fiction. He hasn't any. The one country he knows and loves with a simple sincerity that shames our London-hungry jingoes—is Canada. He may be short-sighted in his love of his native soil, but at least he will not stumble as our jingoes stumble by watching always the far-off eastern horizon. Between the two, there is undoubtedly a happy medium, but the extremes of papers like the News have intensified French-Canadian misunderstanding. He has been led to believe that Canada is fighting this fight out of love of England, devotion to the British Crown, and so on. These may be our own private Anglo-Saxon reasons, but as Canadians, irrespective of origin, we have only one reason for being in the war: it is a war of right against wrong. Let the News stop its elegant abuse. It is futile and mischievous. Let us prove to the French-Canadian that we are quite as Canadian as he is—and that there are a jolly lot better reasons for fighting the Germans than our mere relationship to England.

A Letter of Protest

A MR. AUSTIN USHER, apparently an Englishman travelling in Canada on official business, writes us an interesting—if somewhat incoherent and abusive letter apropos our comment on England's treatment of Ireland. We were tempted at first glance to lay aside Mr. Usher's letter as one of those crank epistles that come to every editorial office, but on further examination it appeared that this would have been an injustice and that our correspondent was indeed a responsible person with a right to be given space in these columns. His letter follows:

Editor Canadian Courier,—Sir: My attention has been called by a number of Englishmen in Toronto to your very unfair and one-sided article re the Irish question in your last issue.

It seems so strange to those of us who, like myself, are but visitors for a few months to this Colony, to find among so many pro-Irish, an utter inability to do England any sort of justice whatever. You make mention (damning us with faint praise), of British Justice—we do not need self-interested Colonists to tell us that. Even our enemies pay us that tribute. But did it ever strike you, if you are a Britisher, how in the nature of things, we should be just as likely, and a little more so, for obvious reasons, to do justice to Ireland as well as all other countries we deal with?

Sir, the bitter thing, as an Englishman, in your contemptible one-sided article is, the evident malice and jealous dislike for England, and all things English, in this half-bastard-French, half-Yankee seduced, and wholly given-up-to-graft, corruption-and-bluff country. England is the stool-pigeon. Nothing has revealed your Yellowness and Yankee-seduced spirit like the present war. 1st—By careful study of statistics (we find that) "The Sparrows and Bronchos" formed the majority of Canadians. 2nd—Fully ten thousand of your army has come from English-born boys, who have come from the United States, as I can prove. Canada never mentions them. They are not to be confused with the medley of thugs, thieves, and adventurers, called the "American Legion." 3rd—By statistics, we know how many young men born in Canada are actually in the fighting line, with guns and rifles. It is less than 3%, if you exclude their officers, walking up and down Toronto, drawing their pay, through political influence—and silly swankers they are. If you could spend one day, just one, going among Canadian-born boys, I would show you a state of yellowness and cowardice that would shock you.

There are fully half a million prosperous, contented, honourable and reputed Englishmen, who started in Canada, but who were driven out by the unjust treatment meted out by bigoted and intolerant Irish, and close-fisted, blood-squeezing Scotch—to the United States, where they get fair play.

After nine months of doing business for the British Government in Canada, I can assure you humbly, I think you a bunch of grafters and political crooks. I think Canada is in the Empire only for self-interest, and I have my proofs.

I think it shameful the way Sir Sam Hughes attacked my Chief over the munitions scandal—when he only told the truth about the pay you wanted (and got). And in all the British Empire alone, this lovely land of bluff and shoddy parvenu gentlemen, has the honour of robbing the mother land in her hour of need. And you write of injustice to Ireland.

You Big Four-flusher... as are the majority of men out here.

The writer of these lines has visited Australia, and New Zealand, and there is as much difference between the two people. Australia, New Zealand and Canada, as there is between Tammany Hall politics and the British Cabinet.

You only wrote that silly, half-informed article, to please the Fenian Irish—with whom, with your ignorant and bigoted (word illegible) try to keep Canada in a bitter ferment, driving decent people, one of whom I claim to be, out.

Yours, etc.,

(Signed) AUSTIN USHER.

12 Carmelite Bldgs., London, England.
P.S.—I have forwarded your article as an expression of Canadian to England. John Bull will gloat over it.

Unhappily, we are compelled to admit the justice of some of Mr. Austin's remarks about our country. It is true there has been grafting. It is true that a large percentage of our Canadian troops were British born. The inference, however, that Canadian public opinion endorsed the graft is wrong. The suggestion that our native-born Canadian soldiers are afraid of fire needs no comment. As for disproving our allegations against the British for their treatment of Ireland, Usher is obviously unable to reply. Wise Englishmen admit such charges freely expressing only the hope that England may find

a way to retrieve her old mistakes in Ireland. Our only real excuse for giving space to a letter of this unpleasant sort is to show that a strain of violent and unreasoning arrogance remains in some quarters in England, and that, though such a letter is far from representing the average Englishman in his attitude toward Canadians, this strain must be reckoned with.

The Real Issue

AT THE RISK OF REPEATING ourselves, let us state—not for Mr. Usher's benefit, but for the benefit of any who might be misled by his letter—that the Courier has consistently deplored the acts of the Sinn Feiners, that we recognize that Canadians are indebted to Great Britain for the finest political, martial, and social traditions in the world, and indebted for defences which we should long ago have paid for or assumed ourselves—preferably the latter. But injustice is injustice and he is a poor patriot or a poor friend who condones error such as England's persistent error in Ireland. Ireland is England's "blind spot." When Lloyd George recently seemed to have brought matters near a peaceful settlement, Lord Lansdowne and his Irish-hating associates shattered all hopes by rash interference. The interest of the colonies in Anglo-Irish relations is the interest of detached observers in the cause of justice and right dealing. Ireland, England, the Empire—nothing in this connection matters so much as the matter of justice. It has taken men too long, and cost them too much blood to achieve what measure of justice is now our standard. We cannot afford to see that standard debased by mis-dealings in Ireland, or China, or Limehouse docks.

Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin

RIGHTFUL PENALTIES ACCOMPANY the endowment of knowledge. The more one reads the Toronto Telegram the clearer shines this truth. The Tely has been in the weigh-scale business a long, long time, weighing public men and public policies and finding them, alas, ever wanting. Tory though it be, it weighed Sir Robert Borden and found him light—very light. Orange though it be, it weighed Sam Hughes and found him, alas, how short! And though Borden is no good—neither is Laurier, and though Laurier is devoid of any real ability, Graham is worse—makes too many jokes and trims for the French-Canadian vote.

So in Ottawa all is rotten and we descend to Provincial politics. Was Whitney any good? Not till he died. Is Hearst any good? No. A traitor to the Hydro-Electric scheme and an unworthy successor to the now sainted Whitney. But is Rowell, Hearst's enemy, worth his buttons? Nay, not one, for was he not once a corporation lawyer.

Who, then, is any good? Atkinson, of the Star? No. Maclean, of the World? No! No! Willison, of the News? Again no. The Globe? Who?

Tommy Church, Mayor of Toronto, Sir Adam Beck, the autocrat of electric toasters.

And the Toronto Tely.

What a dread conclusion to be forced to? That "us three and no more" must keep the demned world from going to the demned bow-wows! Atlas was a mere peanut peddler compared to the Tely.

Many a strong man, facing lighter responsibilities, has hanged himself.

Serbia!

ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE appears an advertisement for the Serbian Relief Committee. We recommend our readers to turn to that advertisement, note the appeal—and respond generously. Among so many sufferers Serbia must not be forgotten. She did not hesitate to challenge immensely superior forces. She fought with a heroism that needs no praise of ours. She contributed greatly to our cause by refusing any terms but battle.

Battle she received—and now lies destitute. A nation in exile! Living, God knows how, on the providence of our hands until such time as we win back her soil and restore her children to their hearths.

Their claim meantime is a personal claim on our hearts and our purses. We must not shun this responsibility. Many writers in modern periodicals have tried to describe the retreat of the Serbian army. One we recall, an American woman who led a red cross unit with the skill and courage of a General, told of the amazing patience and endurance of the Serbs under stress that would have shattered less nobly-cradled folk. Ours is the easy part of the war compared to that of the Serbs. We must not forget this.

At the Sign of the Maple

EDITED BY ESTELLE M. KERR
VACATION VAGARIES

THIS is the season for summer holidays, but only the great and powerful may obtain them now. People who draw the largest salaries have first choice and only occasionally does the weatherman mischievously contrive that the customary "dog-days" will be comparatively cool and the newest stenographer, who could not get leave till late September will draw the finest weather. Canada is extraordinarily well supplied with summer resorts, and the wealthy have a wide choice of two seaboard, mountains, rivers and lakes of every imaginable shape, size and temperature, but most of us must frugally select a spot not too far from home. The mother insists that there must be a good safe beach for the children; the school-boys and girls demand canoeing and sailing; and father flatly refuses to exchange his comfortable brick house for a tiny room on the shore of a mosquito-haunted lake, unless the good golf links are very near. Father is rather fond of the tranquil evenings he spends in his shirt-sleeves watering the front lawn while his family are far away.

SPEAKING of shirt-sleeves, isn't it rather pitiful how apologetic men are when 90 deg. in the shade forces them to remove their coats? Yet we unblushingly appear before them in garments so sheer as to leave little to the imagination. The papers are full of seasonable suggestions for women's attire, but surely a hot-weather dress reform is needed by men! The popular young man at the summer-resorts always looked very nice in his sports shirt and white duck trousers, but now he is sweltering in khaki and preparing to face a fiercer fire than even old Sol himself pours upon us, or else he encounters the equally disagreeable fire from the eyes of those who have willingly parted with their nearest and dearest and bitterly resent that others should hold back.

THREE young girls were sitting on a verandah railing swinging their feet. "We have a swell time at our summer place," one of them was saying, "canoeing, swimming, and all that sort of thing—it's simply great!" "I'm not going away this year," said another, "but there's lots of fun in town—movies to go to, tennis and parties nearly every night!" At that moment they noticed a young man who was passing and at once they ceased their chatter and broke into a refrain: "You'd look lovely in khaki. You'd look lovely in khaki. . . ." "I wouldn't have minded it so much if they had been knitting at the time," the young man told me. He happened to be an officer, temporarily in mufti, who was soon to go overseas as a private. "Let him that is without sin amongst you cast the first stone."

FOR every member of a business concern who is holiday-making, there are two working over-time at home, and each of us who does not go to the front has a double duty to perform. We must see that every minute of the time our boys at the front are backed up by the finest possible equipment—munitions, food and hospital supplies—and to do so will take all the effort of which we are capable. Some business concerns shorten their hours of labour during the summer months, but the great business of war is carried on more furiously than ever. A certain amount of relaxation is necessary to keep non-combatants cheerful. There can never be too much cheerfulness, but isn't there apt to be just a little too much relaxation? Are we beginning to lose interest in war work, especially during the hot summer months? Not all of us, by any means. Knitting-needles click steadily on the verandahs of

all Canadian summer hotels and cottages. Red Cross work is organized, and proves to be a very pleasant way of spending rainy days. Patriotic tea-rooms may be found at many of the resorts, jitneys to golf grounds are driven by ladies, in aid of some worthy fund, while bazaars and garden parties, concerts and water fetes, under patriotic stimulus, flourish as they never did before.

A PARTICULARLY attractive fete was given on August 5th, at Centre Island, Toronto, in aid of the 126th Peel Battalion. Every house in Oriole Road, a little grassy street leading from the lake to the bay, was devoted to some form of entertainment—music, bridge, tea, or booths at which various tempting home-made articles were sold. The entire street was decorated with flags and lanterns, and the band played on an awning-covered barge in the lagoon, where the Yacht Club ferry landed patrons and boys in khaki and girls in dainty summer attire assisted them in parting with as much money as possible. An interesting feature of the entertainment was the singing of the patriotic song "Here's Hoping," by Miss Brenda Macrae, the well-known contralto. The words of the song were written by her mother, Mrs. R. S. Smellie, the music by her sister, Mrs. Arthur McMurrich, and copies of the song, which has just been published, were sold to augment the funds of the battalion.

CENTRE ISLAND has a well-organized Red Cross committee, who meet in the rooms of the Island Aquatic Association, and send a large supply of surgical dressings overseas. In the Georgian Bay district patriotic concerts occur very frequently, and that locality seems to attract an unusual number of musicians. At the Madawaska Club, on Go Home Bay, the work of the Toronto University Hospital Supply Association continues. Last year 100 lbs. of wool was knitted into socks by the cottagers, and this year an equal quantity has been taken. The Biological Station is used as a distributing centre for surgical supply materials once a week and the wives, daughters and guests of the members of the University faculty who make their summer homes there, take the keenest interest in the work. The supplies are now sent to the needy hospitals in France, but as soon as the call comes from No. 4 base hospital, at Salonika, the work will be sent to them. Miss Evelyn Henderson, the capable secretary, to whom the credit of this most successful branch is largely due, reports that many of the summer residents of Stoney Lake, Pickering and Deseronto are working for them, while various churches in country districts have increased rather than decreased their demands for supplies. There is still a great need for socks, and wool is the easiest material to take on a summer outing, besides, knitting is said to be good for the nerves and the temper.

EVEN summer resorts are not exempt from flag days, and bathers bravely face the bayonet charge when fluffy femininity takes them unawares—only very frequently the swimmers find they have left their money in the bath house. Is



There is an almost unnecessary economy in bathing suits.

the war responsible, we wonder, for the economy of material in bathing dresses this summer, and for the shortness of skirts? Are even the sharks feeling the effects of the war, since they are attacking neutral bathers on the Atlantic Coast?

DE GRASSI POINT, Lake Simcoe, will be the scene of a very pretty garden party this month, in aid of the Dreadnought and Liege Chapters of the I. O. D. E. Several cottagers will give their houses for tea, dancing, or music, and the lawns will form a pretty background for the booths.

Many interesting people are spending the summer in Canada, partly owing to their inability to travel in Europe. Mr. Owen Wister, whose little volume entitled "The Pentecost of Calamity," has become so famous, has been enjoying a holiday at Banff.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Henry are among those who are finding pleasure fishing in the Bow River, where better sport is being obtained this season than ever before. Mrs. Mitchell Henry has endeared herself to Canadians by her splendid work for hospitals in France, and for our Canadian prisoners of war, and has been untiring in her efforts to raise money for war relief since she came to make a prolonged stay in the Dominion.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Holmes, of world fame in the photographic sphere, are making trips out into some of the wilder parts of the mountains, and will visit the annual camp of the Alpine Club of Canada this month on the slopes of Mount Bourgeau.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by the Princess Patricia, has also been a recent visitor in the Rocky Mountains. Mountains, lakes, rivers, seaside, it is hard to decide which is best, but certainly no one need go out of Canada for the best of summer holidays.

JUST now the temper of the ordinary person is short. Not of those who are in bitter personal trouble, for great troubles swamp little ones, but there are so many conveniences to which we have

grown accustomed that now we must learn to do without. The shortage of labour affects us all in numberless aggravating ways. Goods are promised and not delivered, charwomen fail to appear on the appointed days, prices of food are soaring so that we have to think twice about expenditure, and it is the small worries that keep the bad sleeper awake. Even a good conscience is far dearer than it used to be, and peace of mind is hardly procurable. If we take amusement we feel we must excuse ourselves and good humour is apt to go out of the door when economy comes in by the window. There is the desire to escape to a far part of the country where
(Concluded on page 20.)



Flag Day on the Beach.



Standing Treat: A war time economy.

What's What the World Over

New Phases of the World's Thinking Recorded in Current Periodicals

The Little Sergeant . . . A Novelist's Irony . . . Simon: Parson's Son . . . Grass-Hopper Lovers
. . . Breed—or Die! . . . Toad Wiped His Eye! . . .

THE LITTLE SERGEANT

An Episode of the Serbian Retreat Into Exile

FORTIER JONES was working with a British relief organization in northern Serbia when the Austro-German invasion took place. With a party of nurses whom he had been asked to get safely out of the country he accompanied the Serbians on their march into exile. The following incident he tells in *The Century*: It was at the Mladenovats railway station, late one rainy afternoon in the early days of the great retreat, that we made the acquaintance of the "Little Sergeant," the youngest officer, as well as the youngest soldier, in the Serbian army.

He is—or now, perhaps, was—a real sergeant. On his diminutive soldier's coat he wore three gold stars, and in lieu of a sword he carried an Austrian bayonet, and in lieu of a rifle a Russian cavalry carbine. A full-sized, well-filled cartridge-belt was slung over his shoulders, because it would easily have encircled his baby waist three times. He was ten years old, and had been in the service for "a long time." He had asked and obtained a leave to go home just before all the trouble began, and now he was answering the hurried summons sent out to all soldiers on leave to return to their regiments at once. His home was three days' walk from Valjevo, the nearest railway point, and he had walked the whole way alone; but he was late, and was afraid of exceeding the time allowed for soldiers to return. He said if he reached his station too late, he "would be shot as a deserter, and rightly so." Then his regiment "would be disgraced." He had no money, but did not need any. At the military stations he demanded his loaf of bread as a *Serbski vernik*, and got it. As for sleeping, well, any cafe-owner would not refuse a Serbian soldier the hospitality of his floor.

Every one plied him with questions, which he answered slowly, taking great care as to his words. Whom had he left at home? Why, his mother and little sister, who was five years older than himself. His father and brother were in the army. When he went home on leave he was able to cut wood and bring water, see to the prune-trees and feed the pigs; but most of the time the women had to do this, which was very bad. But what could one do? His country was at war, and that meant that men must fight. Soon, though, when his own regiment, with which none other could compare, had administered

well, and had been cautious in the trenches, and so had been promoted above his father, who now, according to military discipline, had to salute his son. But he never allowed this; he always forestalled his father, and at the same time conserved discipline by seizing the hand that would have saluted and kissing it. His regiment was somewhere near Semendria, but exactly where he did not care to say, because there were spies all about—this with a wary glance at me.

Shortly before our ways parted next day we asked him if he was not afraid to go back to the trenches.

"A man does not die a hundred times," he replied, quietly.

I almost find myself hoping that in the horrible carnage which occurred at Semendria a few days later a bullet found the "Little Sergeant" after some momentary victory, some gallant charge of his beloved regiment. Life had been so simple for him! His country was at war; she could not be wrong; all true men must fight. And he had known her only in glorious victory.

"Sbogum, Americanske braat" (Good-bye, American brother"), he murmured when we separated.

A NOVELIST'S IRONY

Arnold Bennett Takes Sides in British Economic Debate

ARNOLD BENNETT assails the ranks of English "Protectionists." In *Current History* for July he begins by saying: Nothing can be clearer than that before the war Germany was beating us in trade. And she was beating us more and more. And she was beating us, not by reason of any inherent advantages, but by reason of a closer application, a fiercer industry, a keener interest in and appreciation of the commercial value of education—and technical education in particular. We shall, unless sentimentalism gets quite rampant, certainly defeat Germany in war, and the cry naturally and properly came that we must capture Germany's trade. It is true that at present, while instead of capturing foreign trade we are steadily losing our own, such a cry had an odd, wistful sound; but it was a good cry, a cry which rightly appealed to all of us.

Our course, if we had learned the supreme lesson of the war, was evidently to bestir ourselves about education, and especially about technical education, to preach application and close industry and organization and thrift to ourselves. Have we done it? Have we begun to do it? Not at all. On the contrary, we are so far from "realizing" the war (in the deepest sense) that the reactionary and stupid wing of the oligarchy has knocked the other wing all to bits. Education is being starved, and universities which specialized in technical education and organization, instead of being honoured and aggrandized, are fighting for their lives while as little money as might keep the war going for twelve hours would suffice to render them the most potent creators of strength for the future. The fact is that we are not only clinging to luxury and relaxation, but doing much to emphasize the profound defects in ourselves which the war has revealed.

The sentimentalist-protectionists assert that we shall not want to have any relations, even commercial relations, with Germany after the war. There is something in this idea. It calls forth sympathy from every one of us. It is not business, but, after all, business is not the highest good.

And yet I wonder whether, after the war, the instinct not to soil themselves by any contact with Germany will be powerful enough to prevent our sentimentalist-protectionists from endeavouring to sell British goods to Germany in exchange for German goods! I wonder! And I wonder whether, anyhow, the fact of war increases the wisdom of the dodge of cutting off your nose to spite your face. I do not wonder whether protection, instituted on

the plea of patriotism, will enrich the few rich at the expense of the multitudinous poor. I know positively that it will. And I know that protection will foster instead of stamping out inefficiency. And I know, too, that to attempt to settle international relations in the midst of a war, when passion necessarily blinds reason, and when the future cannot be accurately envisaged, is an extreme kind of folly. But the attempt is being made. The campaign is afoot. Much money is being spent on it. Many dinners are being eaten about it. Hope is high in the bosoms of those astute sentimentalists who see



The bankruptcy of a friendly society.
 —From "L'Asino," Rome.

great profit in the too facile exploitation of the baser and more blithering forms of jingoism and chauvinism. For among our sentimentalists are some who know on which side their bread is buttered. The rest do not.

SIMON: PARSON'S SON

Brilliant English Politician's Rise was Easy, Not Hard

TO qualify for a silk gown within nine years of first putting on a wig, to be Solicitor-General while still in the thirties, and to decline the Woolsack at forty-two, is a record which has no parallel in the annals of the English Bar; but it has been achieved by a man whose very name was scarcely known outside the Courts of Law and the House of Commons ten years ago. And when you see the man who has done it, the wonder of it all grows; for he seems to lack almost all the qualities that mark the few who electrify the world by their brilliance and their success.

For most men who win the world's great prizes there is a preliminary period of struggle, long or short, through which nothing but a stout heart, commanding ability and a ruthless resolve can carry them; but Sir John Simon would be the first to admit that he has known no such period. His upward progress has been as smooth as it has been swift; and such obstacles as he has encountered have delayed him as little as they have daunted him. He was born for success; and no one who knew him, even in his obscure years, doubted that he would achieve



Behind the lines: A visit to the loan shark.
 —Forain, Figaro, Paris.

a much-needed thrashing to the Suabas, he would return home and help build up the farm. Yes, his father was a soldier of the line in his regiment, the bravest man in the regiment. He himself had shot

ft. Even during his Oxford days, when the Warden of Wadham was asked, "of all the young men you know, who, in your opinion, will go farthest?" he answered without a moment's hesitation, "J. A. Simon."

It was in a "manse," where so many eminent lawyers and politicians have been cradled, that John Allsebrook Simon first opened his eyes one February day in 1873. Son of the Rev. Edwin Simon, Congregational Minister, he comes of a stock which has sent many of its sons to fill Nonconformist pulpits with distinction. At Fettes College, where he was sent, "a pale-faced slip of a boy, with a serious face and a shy manner," young Simon quickly showed the stuff he was made of. "He pushed into prominence at once," says one who knew him in those early days, "rapidly became head boy; and, apart from other success, became an informal political leader as well. It is one of the legends of the life of that remarkable school that this instinctive orator and politician used to gather meetings of his boy-comrades and harangue them on political questions."

Although Simon had no influence to support him, and counted no solicitor among his friends, he had no long period of waiting for briefs, such as is so often the fate of even the cleverest of young lawyers. Fortune still continued her smiles; briefs began to flow in quite an uncanny way to his chambers in the Temple; and, throwing himself with ardour into his work, he soon had his feet planted firmly on the ladder to leadership.

Before a couple of years had passed he was one of the busiest juniors in town and on the Western Circuit, with an income and a reputation which men who had worn their stuff gowns for a score of years might well envy; and with amazing rapidity he built up an enormous practice in railway work, in large commercial cases, and in other directions of which little is known to the outside world.

To those who knew him and had watched his wonderful career, his elevation to the Solicitor-Generalship at the early age of thirty-seven, and when he had been only four years in the House, came as no surprise, however unexpected it may have been to the outside world; and it was not long before he gave convincing proof that no choice could have been more admirable. His opportunity came when, during the absence of Mr. Lloyd George, the conduct of the Budget Bill devolved on the young lawyer; and how magnificently he acquitted himself cannot better be told than in the words of one who was present. "The intricacies of the Bill were a puzzle to the keenest of lay minds and even to many well-trained legal minds. The language of all Acts of Parliament is obscure, complex and redundant. What are apparently complexities, contradictions, provisos within provisos, parentheses within parentheses, make the ordinary mind reel. And here was a very tranquil, pleasant-spoken young man, speaking the simple language of ordinary life, suddenly making the whole abysmal darkness into gleaming light, and proving that what you thought insoluble gibberish in merely the legal expression of the plain, simple facts of everyday life."

Sir John Simon's reputation at Westminster was made on that memorable evening; and from that day there has been no member to whom the House has listened with greater respect and attention.

GRASS-HOPPER LOVERS Jean Henri Fabre, the Naturalist, Tells of Insect's Amours

JEAN HENRI FABRE, the great naturalist, is also a charming writer and a bit of a humorist. Instead of being dull, dry and technical, his article in the English Review on "The White-Faced Decticus" (a form of grass-hopper that lives chiefly on locusts) is full of dry wit as well as shrewd observation. His description of the love-making of the decticus, and the mating is full of quaint touches. He commences by referring to the insect's strange song, and says: Is he celebrating his wedding? Is his song an epithalamium? I will make no such statement, for his success is poor if he is really making an appeal to his fair neighbours. Not one of his group of hearers gives a sign of attention. Not a female stirs, not one moves from her comfortable place in the sun. Sometimes the solo becomes a concerted piece sung by two or three in chorus. The multiple invitation succeeds no better. True, their impassive ivory faces give no indication of their real feelings. If the suitors' ditty indeed exercises any sort of seduction, no outward sign betrays the fact.

It is a very different matter when, towards the end of August, I witness the commencement of the

wedding. The couple find themselves standing face to face quite casually, without any lyrical prelude whatever. Motionless, as though turned to stone, their foreheads almost touching, they exchange



"Nobody loves me!"

—Sykes, Philadelphia Ledger.

caresses with their long antennae, fine as hairs. The male seems somewhat preoccupied. He washes his tarsi; with the tips of his mandibles he tickles the soles of his feet. From time to time he gives a stroke of the bow: tick; no more. Yet one would think that this was the very moment at which to make the most of his strong points. Why not declare his flame in a fond couplet, instead of standing there, scratching his feet? Not a bit of it. He remains silent in front of the coveted bride, herself impassive.

The interview, a mere exchange of greetings between friends of different sexes, does not last long. What do they say to each other, forehead to forehead? Not much, apparently, for soon they separate with nothing further; and each goes his way where he pleases.

Next day, the same two meet again. This time, the song, though still very brief, is in a louder key than on the day before, while being still very far from the burst of sound to which the decticus will give utterance long before the pairing. For the rest, it is a repetition of what I saw yesterday:



"His Most Vulnerable Spot." (An American conceit.)
—McCutcheon, Chicago Tribune.

mutual caresses with the antennae, which limply pat the well-rounded sides.

The male does not seem greatly enraptured. He again nibbles his foot and seems to be reflecting. Alluring though the enterprise may be, it is perhaps not unattended with danger. Can there be a

nuptial tragedy impending? Can the business be exceptionally grave?

The writer then describes how the male lays a sort of egg which the female consumes.

At first, he continues, I looked upon the horrible banquet as no more than an individual aberration, an accident: the decticus' behaviour was so extraordinary; no other instance of it was known to me. But I have had to yield to the evidence of the facts. Four times in succession I surprised my captives dragging their wallet; and four times I saw them soon tear it, work at it solemnly with their mandibles for hours on end and finally gulp it down.

To return to the male. Limp and exhausted, as though shattered by his exploit, he remains where he is, all shrivelled and shrunk. He is so motionless that I believe him dead. Not a bit of it! The gallant fellow recovers his spirits, picks himself up, polishes himself and goes off. A quarter of an hour later, when he has taken a few mouthfuls, behold him stridulating once more. The tune is certainly lacking in spirit. It is far from being as brilliant or prolonged as it used to be before the wedding; but, after all, the poor old crock is doing his best.

Can he have any further amorous pretensions? It is hardly likely. Affairs of that kind, calling for ruinous expenditure, are not to be repeated: it would be too much for the works of the organism. Nevertheless, next day and every day after, when a diet of locusts has duly renewed his strength, the decticus scrapes his bow as noisily as ever. He might be the novice instead of a gluttoned veteran. His persistence surprises me.

The ditties become fainter from day to day, and occur less frequently. In a fortnight the insect is dumb. The dulcimer no longer sounds for lack of vigour in the player.

At last the decrepit decticus, who now scarcely touches food, seeks a peaceful retreat, sinks to the ground exhausted, stretches out his shanks in a last throe and dies. As it happens, the widow passes that way, sees the deceased and, breathing eternal remembrance, gnaws off one of his thighs.

BREED—OR DIE! Bold but Relentless Facts of Life— A Woman's Challenge

I WAS visiting the north of England in connection with an Industrial Congress, and I called upon a woman whose husband worked in a mine. Thus begins a vitally important article by the Countess of Warwick in the Hibbert Journal; and goes on: Her small house was scrupulously clean; she was young, vigorous, swift in thought and movement, and gave me the impression that nothing came into her life in the form of obstacle and surprise without finding her ready to deal with it effectively. She showed me with a certain pride the small collection of books on social subjects bought in second-hand shops by her and her husband. I remember seeing John Stuart Mill, Ruskin, William Morris, Rowntree, Henry George, and many another familiar name. "We have read them together," she told me; "we have educated one another since the time we first met at evening classes." I remarked that her married life seemed to lack one thing only, and that was a family, and I quoted the Eastern aphorism that a house without children is a garden without flowers. She smiled a little sadly, and then I noted how some faint lines about her mouth tightened and hardened, robbing her of a certain charm. "Lady Warwick," she said, "we earn between us by hard work from day to day between four and five pounds a week. It has taken many years to reach that figure, and there is no chance of passing beyond it. What we have endured on the road to this comparative comfort we alone know, and we don't talk about it. But we both believe that the game is not worth the candle. The conditions of life in England are not worth perpetuating, and neither of us would willingly bring children into the world to take their chance and run their horrible risks as we did." She stopped for a moment in order to be sure of her self-control, and then she told me that in her view, though all her heart cried out for little children, sterility was the only protest that could be made against the cruel conditions of modern life under capitalism. "I know that my husband and I are desirables from the employer's standpoint. We earn far more than we receive, we are temperate, hard-working, punctual, reliable. But when we have settled our rent and rates, clubs and insurances, dressed ourselves, paid tram-fares and bought a few books, there is nothing left but a slender margin that a few months' illness would sweep away. For a week or ten days in the year we may learn that England is not all as hideous as this corner of it, but we shall die without a glimpse of the world beyond and of its treasures that our books tell us about. If we stop

to think, our life is full of unsatisfied longings; and though we don't give them free play, we can't ignore them altogether. So we will not produce any more slaves for the capitalist; and I can tell you that there is not one decently educated young married woman of my acquaintance who is not of the same mind. You could go into a score of houses known to me in this town alone and find strong, vigorous women whose childlessness is their own possible protest against the existing wage slavery."

The birth-rate of England, France, and the United States, associated as it is in all these countries with the death-rate of the newly born, is to me one of the most depressing signs of the times. I cannot help realizing that in many cases sterility is not the deliberate protest of the wage slave; it is the selfish protest of the pleasure-seeker, and in a small minority of cases the genuine yet narrow fear of the theorist and his following, whose enthusiasms have outrun both knowledge and faith. Tolstoy went so far as to say that the man who enjoys association with his wife for any purpose save procreation is guilty of a crime. While many childless women live celibate lives, particularly in America, the great majority do not. In Milton's stately words they "of love and love's delight take freely," as though the Power that rules and guides the world could in the long-run be outwitted by what it has created.

To-day the civilized world is at the parting of the ways. War has riven asunder the ranks of the best and bravest, and has left in the hearts of the survivors so vivid a sense of the horrors of life, that many a man will hesitate to become a father lest his sons have to take their place in time to come on the fields of war, and his daughters, chance to be among the dwellers in a conquered city. All classes have been gathered to battle, one and all will feel the responsibility attending the failure of our civilization. While many will believe they are responding to a high instinct when they elect to follow the line of least resistance and leave the world a little poorer, the cumulative effect of such a decision is positively terrible to contemplate.

This social disease of race suicide has not been long established. It came into France, I believe, as a result of the law that divides the inheritance of the parents among the children equally; it has crept into England and America chiefly as a product of overmuch luxury and wealth. Apart from the calculated protest against social inequalities, it is due to the methods of life that soften women and make child-bearing a terror.

I am afraid that all classes suffer in some measure from what the French call "La peur de Vie." Life tends not only to baffle and confuse, but to terrify.



Somme Fight: The First Round: A Strong Left Lead.
—Horne in "To-day."

Trust in "Providence" is not what it was or what it should be. We lack the wide vision that can comprehend, however vaguely, "the far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." We think of ourselves without realizing that we are units of the Great World Family, and that if we will do our plain duty we may rest well assured it will involve no responsibility too great for us. In short, we lack moral courage. The man at the helm in mid-ocean steers his appointed course, and does not doubt that

he will reach harbour at last. Can we not learn from him?

We cannot tell what the final harvest of war will amount to, but with the dead, the diseased, and the disabled, it will probably run into ten figures—more than five times the measure of human sacrifice demanded by all the great wars that shook the world from Blenheim to Omdurman. Even these monstrous figures do not tell the whole tale, for there will be among the dead thousands of men whose talent might have developed into genius, and there will be hundreds of thousands of widows left in the full flush of womanhood, with all their possibilities unfulfilled and, in countless cases, beyond the reach of fulfilment. To put it brutally, our civilization, that stands in bitter need of its best breeding stock, has deliberately slaughtered a very large percentage of it.

This, indeed, is race suicide in its worst form; and just as woman hopes, by her emancipation to dam the tide of war, so she must step into the breach and dam the tide of loss. Emancipation will do very little for women if when they have obtained it they find the best elements of the white races increasingly unable to stand the strain imposed by war. They will not forget that the black man's women are bought to tend his land and enable him to live in ease, or that the Mohammedan, in the enforced seclusion of the harem, may share his favours among four lawful wives and as many concubines as his purse can furnish. As the standard of civilization declines, woman, by reason of her physical weakness, must pay an ever-increasing penalty; only when it has risen to heights un-reached before the war may she hope to come into her own and to realize ambitions that, dormant or active, have been with her through the centuries. The whole question of her future has been brought by the war outside the domain of personal or even national interest; suddenly it has become racial.

Down to a little while ago the solution was not in woman's hands; to-day it belongs to her, she has to decide not only for herself but for all white mankind. It is not too much to say that civilization as we know it will soon be waiting upon her verdict. If this statement seems too far reaching, if it seems to challenge probability, let those who think so turn to any good history of the world and see for themselves how each civilization has been overwhelmed as soon as it reached the limits of its efficiency and endurance. In the history of this planet, changes no less sweeping than that which I have indicated have been recorded; the Providence that has one race or colour in its special keeping is but the offspring of our own conceit. The real Providence that dominates the universe treats all the races on their merits. If and only if the best types of women will embrace motherhood ardently, bravely content to endure the discomforts and discover for themselves the infinite pleasure, can the world as we know it survive the terrible shock it has received. Even then the recovery will be slow, and the price to be paid will be bitter beyond imagining; but we shall in the end win through, though I who write and you who read may well have settled our account with mortality before the season of full recovery dawns upon a wasted world. Should we fail in our duty, then we must pass as Babylon and Egypt and Rome passed before us, to become no more than mere shadows of a name.

TOAD WIPED HIS EYE!

Many Marvels in the Daily Ablutions
of Lesser Creatures

HOW animals clean themselves may not at first seem a question worth study. But Frances Pitt, in no less a journal than the National Review, insists that the majority of wild creatures rank cleanliness next to life itself. Few, except those who make it their business to watch animals and birds, have any idea of their elaborate toilets, how careful they are over their fur and feathers, and how much time and attention is given to the care of them. Even the smallest things, such as insects, are as particular as the bigger, from the fly which combs and grooms its wings with its legs, to the elephant bathing in a river and with its trunk pouring water over its broad back.

Perhaps the daintiest of mammals are the mice. They all wash frequently, and some of them spend quite half their time in cleaning. It is a treat to see the little harvest mouse, that fairy-like atom of reddish yellow fur, which next to the pigmy shrew is the smallest of European mammals, balance itself upon a straw, making fast by means of its prehensile tail, when it will sit up and proceed to wash its face with lightning speed. First it licks its fore-paws, which are just like tiny pink hands, then it passes them over its head and down its nose; again

they are licked, again they move over the face, but this time they include the ears; and this is repeated again and again until it is satisfied that these parts are clean, when it twists round and licks its back. Next the stomach has to be attended to, then the hind feet have each to be done, and lastly the quaint little sensitive tail is untwisted and brought round to be attended to.

Rabbits and hares are strangely catlike when cleaning themselves. I have seen a rabbit—who



War Time Punishment: "If you're going to be naughty, you can't spit on William."

—H. Gerbault, in Le Rire, Paris

little suspected that he was being watched—stop eating the grass, sit up, and lick his paws, and then rub them over his nose, afterwards passing them behind first one ear and then the other, so as to pull them forward and down over the eyes. I had a tame hare who was a great pet, and I noticed that he always washed his face after a nap, also after a romp (he would play wildly when in the right humour) or any extra excitement. I also noticed that he often stopped to shake his forepaws and flip his hind ones, exactly as if they were damp, though this was impossible considering that he was running about indoors on carpeted floors! Wild hares and rabbits do this at every few steps, especially if the grass is damp, and by this means keep their feet wonderfully clean. Like a cat they seldom, unless hunted, get their feet dirty.

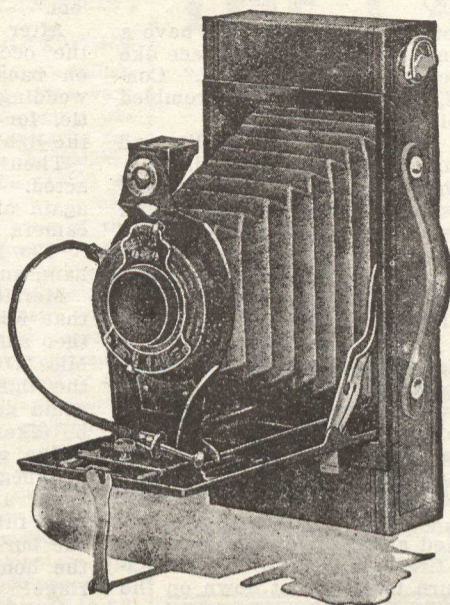
To go to very different creatures, I doubt if it is generally realized that even cattle and horses spend a good deal of time attending to their person. Cattle especially take a great deal of trouble, licking their coats most carefully, and a cow will often do for a neighbour the parts the latter cannot reach herself. I have often seen them standing face to face, or side by side, licking each other's heads and necks. And, of course, they do the same for their calves, indeed I do not know of any prettier sight than to see an old cow affectionately going over the coat of her calf.

By the way, there is one domestic animal which has a reputation for dirt which it really does not deserve, though I cannot say that it makes any elaborate toilet—that is the pig. The average pig, confined in a narrow sty, has little room in which to practise the virtue of cleanliness, but a pig that is at liberty is by no means such a dirty animal, and if it can get plenty of straw it will take the greatest care arranging its bed, gathering up the straw in mouthfuls and placing it carefully here and there. Pigs certainly like in hot weather to wallow in muddy places, but a coating of soil serves to keep the skin cool and supple.

To go to "lower creatures," such as frogs, toads, and snakes, their "clothing" is not of the type to need much attention, but I have seen a toad wipe its eye with its paw, and have also seen a lizard rub her nose—after eating a slimy worm—from side to side on some ferns in the same way a bird cleans its bill when it has finished feeding.

The conclusion that one is forced to come to after even a hurried survey like this of the manner in which our common animals and birds clean themselves, is that the majority of wild creatures are so particular as to put to shame the human race with its much-vaunted cleanliness, but while they divide their time between finding food, cleaning, and resting—we have other things to do! Still it is better not to boast; a man would think he had done well if he washed his face three or four times in a day, but a mere mouse would, as a matter of course, do the same a score of times.

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Music and Plays

Stifling Native Genius.

HERE is a superb touch of typical Toronto irony as expressed by the actions of the Toronto police force. We reprint this musical item just as it appeared in a Toronto newspaper:

"When the first breath of Spring was wafted on the still, chilly air there appeared a new musician on the city streets. He appeared to be a venerable old man, very feeble and stooped with age. His trembling fingers and grey locks made him an object of general compassion, and his daily concerts on the street corners in the downtown district invariably attracted a large crowd.

"Interest in this odd and almost pitiful figure of a street musician was heightened by the unusual instrument on which he earned his livelihood. Like himself it spoke eloquently of poverty. An ordinary cigar-box, nailed across a long stick and strung by one piece of catgut, was the instrument he used, and yet he played it skilfully. And the crowds who gathered about him daily on the street corners always paid well when his trembling hand passed around the hat.

"Recently this street musician has been seen regularly in the vicinity of Queen and Bay streets, and among those who watched him daily was Constable Marshall. In some manner the constable became suspicious of the genuineness of the aged musician and on Saturday afternoon took him in custody on a charge of vagrancy. The man walked with faltering steps into Agnes Street Station, and then in a second became transformed. The constable reached out and in a twinkling his grey locks and beard were snatched away and a man about 32 years of age, with red hair, stood in the place of the elderly musician. Although he protested vigorously against his arrest he was detained as a vagrant.

"To the police he gave his name as Lawrence B. Horlock, of stop 22, Lake Shore Road. When searched over \$9 in silver was found."

Horlock, we may add, was released by the magistrate after playing for that tender-hearted worthy the Chopin Nocturne in E Flat—on his one-string fiddle.

If anything had ever been lacking to prove the total absence of dramatic imagination prevalent in prosaic Toronto, this story supplies it. Here we are bemoaning the lack of a national theatre, of good resident Canadian actors and of musical inertia and lack of musical instinct among the masses of the people. And because one man has the courage and the genius to impersonate an aged and decrepit musician, a Toronto policeman arrests him and marches him to a police station on a suspicion of vagrancy. Was there ever anything more stupid even in stupid, inartistic Toronto? This man should be subsidized by the City of Toronto to found a school of music and acting. Under the tutelage of such a near genius in the two arts of music and drama we should be able to evolve a school of grand opera. A great opportunity has been missed. Lawrence E. Horlock may turn out a first-class vagrant, once he is dubbed such by the Toronto police system. But we have hopes that the humanizing genius of Magistrate Denison will recognize in Mr. Horlock a genius whom we should do our best to encourage along right lines in music and drama.

Once More.

Take up your newspaper just for a glance (Doesn't it rather give you a pain?) This is the stuff that they pass for romance:

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Money and Magnates

Big Bank's View of the Future

THE monthly letter of the Canadian Bank of Commerce says that very great difficulty is still being experienced in obtaining raw material for the manufacture of articles in general demand. In many cases the failure of normal sources of supply is a very serious drawback, especially in view of the large orders now being placed by domestic buyers, and in some lines manufacturers have been forced to ask all their customers to reduce their orders or to specify the articles most urgently needed. In volume orders are very much in excess of last year, but in view of the lesser rate of consumption, this is ascribed to speculative buying in anticipation of higher prices.

Another reference to the subject of economy is made, when the Bank states that it is no longer necessary to import costly tools for munition manufacture, and that of the material that enters into the making of a shell it is not necessary to import more than 5%, although to fill other orders placed in Canada it may be essential to import raw material on a limited scale. Allowing generously for all requirements that urgency justifies, however, there still remains a large volume of our imports that come within the non-essential or undesirable class, a fact which indicates that national economy is not as great as it ought to be.

We are assured, however, that the Canadian West is in a splendid position. George Munro, president of the western section of the Canadian Bankers' Association, says that business of the banks with the farmers in the West was never in better shape. Loans are lower and deposits higher than ever before in history.

Scheme to Transfer Our Debts to New York

IT is not believed here that any material advantage will come from the plans to float loans in New York and with the proceeds pay off the Canadian municipal and provincial indebtedness in London. In fact some bankers incline to the belief that the scheme will not be gone on with, as the outcome would be to "lose" the London market and at the same time compete with new issues which are to be made in New York from time to time by the Canadian municipalities. It is even doubted that New York bankers would consider taking so large an amount of Canadian securities at the present time.

What the Canadian municipalities can do is buy sterling at a discount of 2½% from the par of exchange, and so, theoretically, profit to that extent. In the meantime the loans in New York will have to be placed at a rate of interest at least 1% higher than issues were made in London in pre-war times.

New York bankers in touch with Canadian financing discredit the report that \$70,000,000 will be loaned to Winnipeg and the provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan to pay off British bondholders. A refunding loan for Winnipeg water works district may be arranged, but it is not likely to run anywhere near 30 millions as reported. It is not believed that there are any further provincial loans in prospect here.

Diamonds Increasing in Value

DIAMONDS are increasing in value again and are now commanding higher prices than they were before war commenced, according to trade advices to-day. Meantime the world demand is not nearly so great as it was in normal times, due to the removal of France, Belgium, Britain, Germany and Austria from the market. The United States is buying more heavily than usual as a result of the big profits made on war orders. It had been anticipated that precious stones would depreciate in value materially as a result of war conditions, and there is in some quarters a disposition to attribute the present trend to the depreciation in the value of money. In Canada the jewellers report heavy sales of diamonds and other jewels and expensive ornaments from time to time. This, too, is probably to be accounted for by the profits on munitions.

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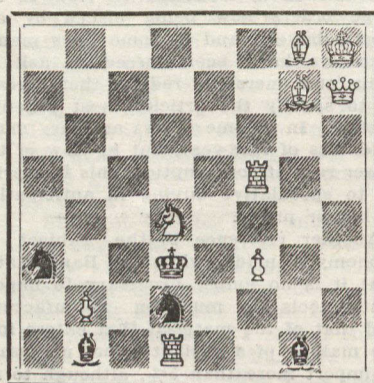
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CHESS

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Address all correspondence to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 63, by Gunner C. Mansfield, B.E.F.
(From "Somewhere in France.")
British Chess Magazine, July, 1916.
Black—Five Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.
White to play and mate in two.
Problem No. 64, by I. S. Loyd.
1876.

White: K at KKt8, R at KB2; Bs at QR4 and K5; Kts at QKt7 and QB6; P at Q2.
Black: K at Q4.

White mates in three.
SOLUTIONS.
Problem No. 58, by W. J. Faulkner.
1. B—Q4; 2. B—Kt5q; 3. Kt—Kt3; 4. Kt—Bsq; 5. R—Q2; 6. Bx Q at KBsq; 7. Q—Kt2, BxR mate.

Problem No. 59, by A. Ursic.
1. Kt—B8, QxR; 2. Kt—Q3 mate.
1. PxR; 2. Q—B7 mate.
1. KxR; 2. Q—K7 mate.
1. K—B5; 2. Kt—Kt6 mate.

Problem No. 60, by J. Scheel.
1. Kt—B5, RxB; 2. Kt—K7ch, K moves; 3. B—B5 or Q—Kt5q mate.
1. KtxB; 2. Q—KB7ch, K moves; 3. BxP or Q—QKt7 mate.
(Concluded on page 23.)

At the Sign of the Maple

(Concluded from page 13.)


"you would not think there was any war," but such places do not exist and the thought intervenes to cloud our enjoyment. "How many people are suffering while we are amusing ourselves?"

"I worried myself sick over the war until I put on khaki. Now I never think about it," said a young soldier. That is the compensation for the hardships they endure. For the greater number of these men there will be no summer holidays; and the munition workers will have very few. A letter from General Sir Douglas Haig to Edwin Samuel Montagu, the new munitions minister, says:

"At this moment we are engaged in the greatest battle the British army ever fought. I feel confident if the workmen could see their comrades fighting here, both night and day, with heroism beyond all praise, they would not hesitate to surrender their two days' August holiday.

"A two-days' cessation of work in the munition factories must have a most serious effect on our operations. It might even mean an addition of many months to the war. The army in France looks to the munitions workers to enable it to complete its task, and I feel sure that this appeal will not be in vain. Let the whole British nation forego any idea of a general holiday until our goal is reached. A speedy and decisive victory will then be ours."

Their two days' August holiday! It doesn't seem much unless you have been making munitions day by day and month by month, then this two-day holiday seems very important. Especially when you consider that most of these workers are women—many of them ladies who have never before done manual work—and the hours for munition work in England are very, very long. The women of Canada are responding nobly to the belated call for munition workers. Will we be willing, I wonder, to sacrifice our holidays as well?



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Ancaster's Clicking Spheres

(Concluded from page 10.)

passed, muscles taut, faces stern with a determined purpose in pursuing that, that ball as it fell into a bunker.

A stout, perspiring man wielded his way up on a hill, and the caddy whispered the name of a well-known reverend doctor. A slight, well-knit, youthful figure accompanied the clergyman—and we were informed—a returned soldier. What a far cry these quiet, Elysian links to the uproar of war and fierce, bloody attacks in the trenches!

Again and again I meant to get up energy enough to go to the club house—while the picture was advancing—to gain information regarding the transposing of the links from western Hamilton to dreamy Ancaster—its president, etc., etc., but statistics—well, they're one of the three forms of lies, and don't mean much after all. At any rate, on such a day as this such a prosaic proceeding seemed a species of vandalism, and so I continued on my vantage ground—a sort of Parnassus—where, like a god, I viewed the lowly beings of earth follow their perspiring way.

Least by any chance such calm surroundings should tire, the whistle of the trolley and the turtle-shaped top of the car heaving into sight, are a constant reminder that within a few minutes we may be conveyed to the rush and gaiety only a city can give. Such an assurance of such easy and quick conveyance, somehow, always has a reassuring effect—golfers don't need to remain lotus eaters, though the spell is hard to break. The trolley shrieks the city, the motor toot dispels the golfer's maze and man, maid or dowager is whirled to activity, stern realities, or the deepest of frivols once more.

The sun began to look under our tree, a trolley beckoned us, and we arrived minutes later at the station with that elated feeling that golfers air when their opponents are—low, very low—and themselves up—I don't know where—a golfer may fit in the phrase. And golfers are there, too.

Dreamy, conservative Ancaster, with its little rounds of daily doings is left behind—the golfer oblivious to its existence, with the exception that it's a caddy supply—Ancaster but mildly interested in him just so far as caddies are concerned. Ancaster to the golfer means the finest links in Canada.

Nuff said. The last word.

Lord Rhonda on the Peace

(Concluded from page 10.)

still come and go, and the majestic Peace, of all rivers, retains its busy primitiveness, despite the modern innovations. In proof thereof look at this other picture, a raft loaded to the hilt—if rafts have hilts—with the kind of cargo that one often sees in the West and North. A short way up the shore from the dock where the stately D. A. Thomas was making ready for her weekly trip, an ingoing homesteader was preparing for a trip over a part of the same route, in a craft all his own. He had his family, his live stock, his household belongings, and a stock of provisions on board that primitive craft, and the contrast between it and the spick-and-span steamboat did not bother him in the slightest. There have been scores of pictures like that on Peace River, and there will be more, till the country has filled up. The steamer is a prophecy of coming industry and prosperity for the new North, of course; but so is the homesteader's old raft, with its jumbled load of miscellaneous truck.

The Query.—Adam and Eve were merely myths, according to a religious paper published across the line.

Well, what we want to know is this—who on earth started all this?

Revised.—Had he been living now, Shakespeare might have written it—“All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely movie players.”

King Hot Water Boiler

Get the Best! Look around and examine other Hot Water Boilers, all you like. The more of them you see, and really understand, the more you will be convinced that the King Hot Water Boiler has the best points. Take the “water-way” for example. In the King Boiler, there is about half the quantity of water and it heats twice as quick and circulates twice as fast. This heats the house in a much shorter time. The “water-way” also gets better contact with the fire by means of genuine corrugated fire pot and staggered water sections. In the King Boiler, the doors fit practically air tight, enabling accurate control of drafts. There is a double shaker, which is operated on either side by a person standing upright. The King Boiler actually does save fuel and save money. It heats a house quicker, steadier (and hotter if desired) than same number cubic feet of air can be heated by same radiator specifications with any other Boiler or radiator. “Get the Best”—means get a King. Ask your Architect or Sanitary Engineer—he knows and approves the King Boiler.

King Radiators

To get full advantage of the Boiler, the Radiators also must be right. The King Radiators are made on a certain principle which makes them doubly capable of giving heat. They fit any shape or size of space required and never leak. You should insist on King Radiators. We will give estimates of cost if desired.

Our illustrated booklet, “Comfortable Homes,” FREE on Request.

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Our Debt of Honour to Serbia

THIS PICTURE SHOWS ALL THAT IS LEFT OF TWO SERBIAN FAMILIES.

Thousands of pathetic groups like this wandered for months through Greece and Montenegro, driven from their country—despairing. Thousands died by the way—old men, women and little children. Of those who are left many are now in refugee camps, and need our care till they can be restored to their country.

We appeal to your generosity. In the name of Humanity—do your share.

THE CANADIAN SERBIAN RELIEF COMMITTEE

(WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED MONTENEGRIN RELIEF)

Honorary President, PRESIDENT R. A. FALCONER, University of Toronto. DR. W. D. SHARPE, Late Commandant, British Naval Mission Hospital, Belgrade, Serbia.
President,
First Vice-President, MRS. L. A. HAMILTON, Toronto, Ont.
Local Vice-President and Treasurer, A. H. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Please send your contribution to-day. The Canadian Serbian Relief Committee transmits funds to the British Serbian Relief Committee, through which they are distributed to the sufferers. Contributions may be sent to your Local Treasurer, or to MR. A. H. CAMPBELL, 4 WELLINGTON ST. E., TORONTO, ONT.

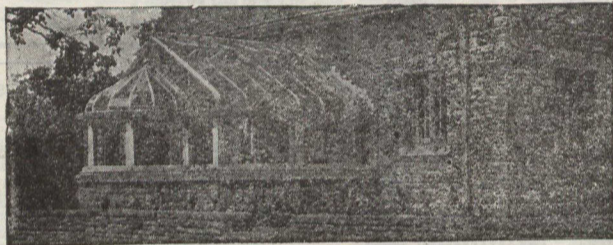
The Shoes I Can't Wear Because of a "TOUCHY" CORN

BUT you can wear them, Madam—and now. Simply place on that corn a little Blue-jay plaster, and never again will you feel it. In two days there will be no corn. It will disappear for good.

Millions of women know that. They don't pare corns. They don't use old-time methods. And they don't suffer. When a corn appears they end it. We are urging you to join them. Corns are needless since Blue-jay was invented. So they are absurd. You can prove in one minute that Blue-jay stops corn aches. You can prove in two days that it ends them forever.

Won't you?

15c and 25c at Druggists
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Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



If This Was Your Greenhouse —

Think of the happy hours spent tending the flowers—of the delight of growing unusual plants and flowers—of keeping the home supplied with table decoration and green stuff. Imagine yourself comfortably working amidst your flowers while snow is falling thick outside. Think, too, of the spot in your grounds that would be graced by one of our beautiful greenhouses. We have issued a book showing Glass Gardens we have erected, and would be pleased to send you a copy. Write to Dept. C.

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Factory, Georgetown, Ont.



Courierettes.

SKATING on real ice is a feature of several big musical shows. Some of them have long skated on very thin ice.

Sole leather cards are now issued in Germany—sort of tough chewing, eh?

There are two kinds of neutrality—Greek neutrality and just plain neutrality.

A man who wouldn't wait to let a motor car go by was taken to the hospital later. In other words, the impatient became an in-patient.

Harry Lauder was told by a phrenologist that one of his chief characteristics was generosity. Was this chap a diplomat or just a plain prevaricator?

What is it that is strongest at its birth? That's easy. A good resolution.

This is a terribly trying war on some of our society leaders—they have to attend so many Red Cross dances.

A British magistrate says an idle man is a nuisance to his country in war time. Not if he's a magistrate.

"Money matters in war time" runs a head line in a daily paper. We do not doubt it at all.

Belgian artist says it is impossible to paint in London now. Yet some ladies seems to be succeeding fairly well.

Conscripts are not given their choice of a regiment. They have no pick, but no doubt they'll be provided with spades.

"Cunningham doped to open final game for Tigers" runs a heading in a Detroit paper. Now we know why the team can't win.

Lettuce green hats are a recent innovation from Paris. Associated with them also is "long green."

"You can choose these shirts with your eyes shut" runs a haberdashery advertisement. If that's the kind they are we don't want 'em.

Not a Bit.—Austria finds it increasingly hard to control her starving peasantry. And the Austrian aristocrats cannot even put a bit in the mouths of the peasants.

The Limit.—A British soldier, who won the Victoria Cross, was kissed by chorus girls when he arrived back in "Blighty" on leave. That chap has now gone the limit of human daring—having faced powder both at home and abroad.

Dreadful.—There is said to be a shortage of metal dress-fasteners. Our feminine friends are undone!

Tennyson Up-to-date.

Half a leg, half a leg,
Half a leg shows now,
Brief are the summer skirts,
Daring the hose now;
Saucy her summer rig,
She is no prudish prig,
She doesn't care a fig—
Anything goes now!

The Worst of War.—Even the children in lands far from the scene of conflict cannot escape the effects of this war.

"Maw," said little Johnny, "we won't have to learn German any more at school, will we?"

"No, my son," said his ma, "but

you will have to take up French, Russian, Latin, Serbian, Flemish, Hindustani and Portuguese. We must be grateful to our allies."

Growing.—A man in Binghamton, N.Y., has pieced twenty quilts. You can't stop the spread of this feminist movement.

Speeders' Strategy.

Lives of motorists remind us,
Leave a cloud of dust behind
And no summons blue can find us
For we made the "copper" blind.

"Some" Hand.

If I might hold that hand again
Clasped lovingly in mine,
I'd little care what others sought—
That hand I held lang syne!
That hand! So warm it was and soft!
Ne'er was so soft a thing!
Alas, I'll hold it ne'er again—
Ace, ten, knave, queen and king.

Reversed.—Some men, we hear, have a hobby of collecting recruiting posters. That is not as it should be. The posters should collect the men.

Appropriate.—University professors are being used in the old land as railway porters. They should be accustomed to platform work.

Careful.—"May I kiss you before I go?" he pleaded.

"Have you a cold?" the hygienic miss queried.

"No."

"Or hay fever?"

"No."

"Have you a sanitary gauze with you?"

"Yes, dear."

"And an antiseptic spray?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, I suppose there must be passion, but don't muss my hair."

War Notes.

Bavaria announces that it does not desire tourist traffic just now. That will not deter the Allies from their projected trip.

A Michigan woman, having no sons, offered her horse for the army. At that she has outdone many statesmen, who so far have merely given tongue.

Germany is using a lot of tear-producing shells, but the British shells will produce tears in another way.

Tommy Atkins' favourite savings bank just now is the parapet of the trench.

There is to be no patched-up peace, but it is a certainty that there will be some patched-up nations.

The Huns say the Allies do not know they are beaten. This is the first point on which we agree with the foe.

Germany now controls the consumption of cheese. A sort of watch on the rind?

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For Social Play: Art backs of unusual beauty. Use them at your next card party. They match with fine furnishings. Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes.
For General Play: In all countries "Bicycle" means the best of popular-price playing cards. All nations use them. Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish.



New Prices, August 1st, 1916

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916

Chassis	\$450.00
Runabout	475.00
Touring Car	495.00
Coupelet	695.00
Town Car	780.00
Sedan	890.00

f.o.b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

Ford Motor Company of Canada Limited

Ford, Ont.

C H E S S

(Concluded from page 20.)

Solver's Ladder.

	No. 56.	No. 57.	Total.
W. J. Faulkner	2	3	37
J. R. Ballantyne	2	2	30
R. G. Hunter	2	0	26
P. A. Leduc	2	0	21
J. W. Pearson	2	3	15
P. Kay	2	3	15

Solutions of Nos. 49 and 50 also received from "Yukon," Dawson City=15

To Correspondents.

(J. R. E.) In No. 57, if 1. K-R6, P=mate. In No. 59, if 1. Kt-QB5, KxR. No mate. (W. J. F.) Thanks for problem and interesting letters. Doubt if you saw Tod's sacrificial two-er before, but one similar by Laws. (W. W.) Guess small chance. Morrison is in Calgary!

Pickanninies.

The following problems are two remarkable achievements along The Pickanny line. The five-mover, indeed, ranks as one of the finest contributions to the problem art.

By W. J. Wood.
Morning Post, 1916.

White: K at Kt7; Q at QKtsq; Bs at K5 and KB3; Ps at Q3, Q4, K6, K7, KKt6 and KR5. Black: K at KR8; Kts at KKt7 and KKt8; Ps at Q4, KB2, KR3, KR6 and KR7. Mate in four. 1. B-Kt3! PxKP; 2. P=R; 3. BxQP; 4. R-K4 etc. 1., P-B3; 2. P=Kt; 3. Kt-Q6; 4. Kt-B5, etc. 1., P-B4; 2. P=B; 3. B-R4; 4. B(R4)-Qsq, etc. 1., PxKtP; 2. P=Q; 3. Q(K8)-QKt8; 4. BxRP, etc.

By J. C. J. Wainwright.

White: K at Ksq; R at K3; Bs at Q8 and KR7; Kt at KR3; Ps at Q5, KB4, KB6 and KR6. Black: K at KKt5; Ps at Q3, K7, KKt2, KR4 and KR5. Mate in three. 1. B-B2, PxRP; 2. R-Q3, etc. 1., PxBP; 2. B-Q3, etc. 1., P-Kt3; 2. P-R4, etc. 1., P-Kt4; 2. P-B7, etc.

Recent Master Play.

The match of ten games up between Marshall and Janowski at the Manhattan Chess Club, resulted in a victory for Marshall by 4 games to 1, with 3 drawn. The full complement of the games were not contested as the result of the eighth decided the issue.

Complete returns of the extensive tour of Capablanca through the United States elicited a record of 419 games played. The Cuban won 404, lost 5 and drew 10. A fine performance.

A match between Whitaker and Showalter, the Kentucky lion, ended in a victory for Showalter by 6 games to 1. The one-sided result hardly augurs well for Whitaker in his forthcoming match with Marshall for the United States Championship.

A two-round tournament, recently held in Warsaw, resulted in the two well-known Russian Masters, Rubinstein and Lowtzky, tying for first place. A deciding match, between them went in favour of Rubinstein, who won 2 and drew 1 out of the 3 games contested.

Marshall vs. Janowski.
Sixth Game of the Match.
Irregular Opening.

White.	Black.
Marshall.	Janowski.
1. P-Q4	1. Kt-KB3
2. Kt-KB3	2. P-Q3
3. B-Kt5	3. B-B4?
4. P-K3	4. QKt-Q2
5. B-Q3	5. B-Kt3

6. Kt-B3	6. P-K4
7. BxB	7. RPxB
8. Q-Q3	8. P-B3
9. Castles QR	9. Q-R4
10. PxP	10. PxP
11. BxKt	11. KtxB
12. Kt-K4	12. Kt-Q4
13. Q-Kt3!	13. Q-B2
14. KtxP!	14. Castles
15. Kt-Kt5!	15. R-Ksq
16. Kt(Kt5)xP	16. R-R5
17. P-KB4	17. B-B4
18. P-Kt3	18. R-R4
19. P-K4	19. Kt-B3
20. Q-B4	20. B-Bsq
21. R-Q3	21. B-K2
22. Q-K6ch	22. K-Ktsq
23. Kt-Q7ch	23. KtxKt
24. RxKt	24. Q-Bsq
25. Kt-Q6	25. BxKt
26. QxBch	26. K-Rsq
27. KR-Ksq	27. KR-Rsq
28. P-K5	28. P-B3
29. P-K6	29. Q-Ktsq
30. RxKKtP	30. Q-R2

31. RxKKtP and Black shortly resigned. An interesting example of Marshall's attacking style. Janowski's opening strategy was obviously faulty and the fall of the King's Pawn was decisive. The game came to hand too late for annotation in this issue.

THE LADY OF THE TOWER

A Continued Story of Romantic Adventure

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

By HEADON HILL

LANCE squared his broad shoulders, then with a queer laugh sat down rather heavily. "A good many things happened," he said in a voice which his hearers hardly recognized. "First I got the sack, in a letter from the firm handed me directly I dropped anchor. The chap from the office who came aboard with it—a new man I didn't know—looked at me as if I'd got the plague. No reasons given, or anything. I got myself put ashore and made for the office to demand explanations, though, of course, I guessed that the arms shipment was at the bottom of it. I hadn't gone three steps when I met Jones, the skipper of the 'Orinoco,' who told me that old Jacob was dead—murdered on the day we sailed."

"You had not heard of it at Santa Barbara, by cable?" asked Mrs. Pengarvan.

"I had heard nothing. The agents had not been notified. Well, I went along to the office, intending to have it out with that bright beauty, Wilson—now, God save us, head of the firm. I hardly knew the place. The old loft is fitted up with mahogany desks, and there were three clerks at work. But Wilson Polgleaze wasn't there. The clerks told me that he had started off in his car an hour before, and wasn't expected back during business hours. In the shop below, on my way out, I had a few words with Isaacs, the salesman. We have always been friendly, and he showed me the quarter where the wind sits. I am suspected of having murdered the old man."

"Not generally, I hope, dear," Mrs. Pengarvan interposed. "Not by those who know you. But Wilson Polgleaze for his own ends insinuates—"

"What ends?" Lance cut her short. "He has had the presumption to raise his eyes to Hilda, and has been seeking to frighten us into a bargain—her hand as the price of your safety. Needless to say we scorned his suggestions."

"I should think so indeed," Lance gritted his teeth.

"We were sure that when you returned you would be able to refute his vile calumnies."

But for all her brave words the mother glanced at her son with a covert anxiety which his answer failed to dispel.

"I am not sure myself," he laughed scornfully. "I am a plain sailor-man and no match for land-sharks. Ever since that blackguard turned up here at The Tower the night we shipped the arms I've been feeling that he had it up for me somehow. And when that ridiculous gunboat overhauled us I was sure of it. Poor old Tony Diaz! He took his gruel like a gentleman, and went to his death—a certainty, mind you, without the guns we had to throw overboard—with a smile. But after all it's better to be shot than to be hanged."

"Senor Diaz dead?" cried Mrs. Pengarvan and Hilda in unison, forgetting for the moment their own troubles in this news of one with whom they had been so pleasantly associated.

"Killed in battle. The intelligence only reached Santa Barbara after the mail had left. What is it? What's wrong?" Lance broke off.

For with a low moan Marigold had suddenly fallen in a swoon across the carved oak centre table, Hilda springing forward in time to break her fall and support her in her arms.

"Senor Diaz was very kind to the child," she explained. "Your news must have been a shock to her. We must have Martha in and carry her up to bed. She has been sorely tried lately."

The Lady of the Tower spoke so

calmly, almost coldly, that Lance and his mother exchanged one inquiring glance before they bestirred themselves. They did not know that this sudden distraction had come as a safety-valve to their loved one, and had probably kept her from a breakdown. She had been on the rack during Lance's narrative, tortured with the question: Where was Wilson Polgleaze? He had started in his car from Falmouth hours ago. What mischief had he wrought before he started? Why had he not arrived? Her odd composure was really the reflex of the control she had put upon herself during the agony of doubt she had been enduring.

When they reassembled, after Marigold had been tended and taken upstairs, Hilda had herself in hand again, and was able to conceal her fears that Wilson Polgleaze might arrive at any moment to claim her surrender. And as time passed her apprehension diminished, for that night at least. If her enemy had started with the intention of coming to The Tower he must have changed his mind, or he would have reached it long ago. What seemed more probable was that he had gone in some other direction before the delivery of her telegram.

SHE was therefore able to bear her part quite naturally in the consultation which lasted long after midnight. Lance had to be informed of all that had occurred in his absence, of the transfer of the mortgage to Simon Trehawke, and of the notice of foreclosure. But the item which had for him the most absorbing interest was Billy Craze's taking refuge at The Tower, and his recent unaccountable disappearance. He spoke of his argument with Antonio Diaz on board "The Lodestar" as to the cabin-boy's desertion being a bad omen for the success of their scheme, and of his suggestion that Billy might have "given the show away" to Wilson Polgleaze on the afternoon of their departure.

"Tony demonstrated clearly by facts and figures, that I was wrong in that supposition," Lance concluded. "The young monkey's subsequent antics tend to show that I was right. He must have bolted from here, when he heard I was on my way home, because he funk'd seeing me."

"I don't agree; he maintained all along that he would explain the mystery of his being left behind as soon as you returned," Mrs. Pengarvan dissented.

They could make nothing of it, and so turned to discussing what course Lance should pursue on the morrow. He had hired a motor-cycle to come out to them, and he was for using it to return to Falmouth after breakfast so as to "have it out" with Wilson Polgleaze at the earliest opportunity. The two women pleaded with him to remain and wait developments at The Tower. If nothing happened quickly, Mrs. Pengarvan insisted, he would be in a much stronger position to take the offensive.

In the end he yielded, and they all went up to bed determined to make the best of the respite while it was accorded to them, though Hilda, with her unshared secret about the dead man's letter of dismissal, could not hope that it would last very long. Whatever had caused Wilson Polgleaze to disregard her summons it was most certain that the quality of mercy had not influenced him.

But in the morning her outlook on the whole situation, and in a lesser degree that of Lance and his mother, was sharply switched into a new direction by one of those swift strokes which Fate, in sheer delight in up-

setting mortal calculations, loves to deal.

Hilda and Lance were loitering in the weed-grown drive, when through the gates came John Pentreath, the ancient postman, who trudged a long round, from the village where the letters were sorted, among the scattered hamlets of the lonely district. The old fellow handed out a couple of circulars, but ignored the friendly greeting of Lance, whom he had known from boyhood. He was evidently bursting to impart information which he was half afraid might have been forestalled.

"I shouldn't have troubled to have come up with that trash," he made naive admission, pointing a scornful finger at the halfpenny wrappers which he had given to Hilda, "if so be as I didn't think you might wish to hear what's happened below yonder on the road to Falmouth. Young Polgleaze, the son of the shipowner what was killed in town a while back, lies by the road-side with his throat cut, and his moty-car in the ditch. Dead as a chunk of stone, he is."

Hilda gave a little cry, but Lance only breathed heavily, scanning the postman's wizened face with sombre eyes.

"'Tis true enough," persisted the weather-beaten figure in the tarnished uniform, scenting incredulity, and proud to be able to defeat it. "Got it first hand, so to speak. The mail-cart driver found him before daybreak, and brought the news on to the post-office at St. Enoch's. With my own ears I heard him tell the tale."

With a chuckle at having clinched his information, the old letter-carrier shuffled away, and Lance and Hilda faced each other with a hundred unspoken questions. But it was no question which Lance voiced at last.

"Can't profess to be sorry," he said dully. "Except that there will be kind folk about who will assert that I killed the black-hearted swab."

Hilda hardly heard him. She was stricken with a terrible dread lest Jacob Polgreaze's letter, with all its suggestion of incriminating motive should have been found on the corpse.

CHAPTER XX.

The Grip of the Law.

MR. Superintendent Grylls sat at the desk in his room at the police-station, poring over the last of a collection of "exhibits" which were likely to figure in the most sensational murder case which had stirred the Delectable Duchy for many a long year.

He had just returned from St. Enoch's, the village near which the mail-cart driver had found the body of Wilson Polgleaze in the small hours. The articles which he had examined with such careful scrutiny were those which he had removed from the dead man's pockets—a number of coins of the realm, a watch and chain, a well-filled cigar case, a whiskey flask and a letter.

One by one he had laid the articles aside till he came to the last item in the list, which with official precision he had already tabulated. But the letter held him spellbound, and he was now reading it for the third time, his grizzled brows puckered in a frown.

"I couldn't have believed it," he said to himself at last. "Such a nice, clean-living, young fellow, with never a word against him. But this doesn't leave much room for doubt. There's the motive right enough—for the old man's murder as well as this. I wonder what line the Major will take. He's about due, if he caught his train."

The officer referred to was the Chief Constable of the county, Major Patrick Considine, a warm-hearted and impulsive Irishman, who had obtained his singularly inappropriate post on the strength of distinguished war ser-



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Schools and Colleges



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ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained. Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination. Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, June 12, 1916.
Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Young Children also received.
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Situated opposite Queen's Park, Bloor Street West
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Calendar mailed on request
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VICES supplemented by a modicum of private influence. He had run up to London for a couple of days at his club, but had been telegraphed for before Mr. Grylls went out to the scene of the crime. He came bustling in a few minutes later.

"Polgleaze the second wiped out, eh, Grylls?" he began noisily. "Good riddance, from all accounts, but none the less it's up to us to catch the chap who did it. Probably the same—what? Just run through the facts like a good fellow, and we'll retrieve the laurels we lost over old Jacob, eh?"

THE Superintendent detailed the facts so far as they were known, repeated the opinion of the doctor that the deceased had been killed by being pulled off his car, and having his throat cut after slowing down to turn a dangerous corner, and finished by half reluctantly passing over the letter which had so interested him.

"That seems to reopen the theory we worked on in the case of Mr. Polgleaze, senior," he said, scanning with respectful scrutiny the face of his superior as he read.

The Chief Constable perused the letter quickly and handed it back. "Take care of that, Grylls," he said. "It's our clue, and a sure one. Lance Pengarvan, eh? But no! 'The Lodestar' isn't due back for a month or two."

"She came in the harbour yesterday, sir," replied Grylls significantly. "I am sorry, but things seem to point to him. I needn't tell you that I've been busy collecting evidence. I find that he was discharged from the service of the firm on arrival, and that after calling at the office, and demanding to see Mr. Polgleaze, who had left for the day, he hired a motor-cycle and went out to The Tower. He must have passed along the road where the body was found, beyond St. Enoch's."

"Have you traced the movements of the deceased?"

"There has been no time to verify statements, but it seems Polgleaze, who was in his car, called at The Turk's Head on his way out of the town, and told several people in the bar that he was bound for St. Runan's. He was a bit lively, and hinted that he was going courting."

"The swine!" was the Chief Constable's comment. "If he meant to insinuate that The Tower was his destination he would have got a cool reception from Miss Carlyon if he had reached it. But that's neither here nor there. Even in these democratic days people must not murder vulgar upstarts, eh, Grylls? Well, there's no doubt, I suppose. Either Polgleaze caught Pengarvan up, or the other way about—that will have to be straightened out later—and then Pengarvan did the trick. Can you make anything else of it?"

Major Considine was well aware of his own limitations and always preferred to rely on the matured judgment of his second in command. But the Superintendent hesitated before committing himself. Unconsciously his pencil traced fantastic shapes on his blotting-pad before he replied, and when he looked up at last his eyes were troubled.

"I am afraid you're right, sir," he said. "But, as I remarked just now, I'm sorry, and I'm sorry for more reasons than one. With a little working up the evidence as it stands will convict Captain Pengarvan of both murders, but it also makes me look a fool."

"Feel one, perhaps, Grylls, but not look one," his chief reassured him. "You couldn't do that under any circumstances. What's your meaning?"

The Superintendent was again slow to reply, but when his answer came it was sufficiently startling.

"The event of last night, Major, knocks the bottom out of a notion that I've been cuddling for the last three months," he said—"a kind of an instinct, not much more, that it was Wilson himself who sent old Jacob where he's gone. My reasons? They ain't reasons such as would stand up for five minutes against a judge and jury. But he fed me with little scraps of information from time to time, some

only the other day, and all pointing to Lance Pengarvan. I formed the suspicion, knocked on the head now, that he might be trying to shunt the guilt on to Pengarvan because the skipper of 'The Lodestar' had punched his head. There isn't any doubt that they fell out at The Tower the night after the steamer left port."

"I know," said Considine. "We came to the conclusion that there had been some hanky-panky over some secret shipment. It didn't seem to bear on Jacob's murder at the time, but this letter over the old man's signature shows we were wrong. Have you seen any of the crew?"

"They are dumb to a man. Not quite that, perhaps, but willing to take their 'davies,' as they call them, that the steamer sailed straight down channel and never stopped off St. Runan's at all. That doesn't count. Lance Pengarvan is a popular captain and they won't give him away."

"I wonder why he did not show you that letter before. Only just found it, I suppose?"

"I am not so sure of that," Grylls replied thoughtfully. "The last time I saw him he hinted that he might have some fresh evidence to give us. It is on the cards that he may have had the letter all the time, and that he has been keeping it back for some purpose of his own. Why was he taking it out to St. Runan's? He wasn't carrying any other letters about with him. Do you see what I mean, Major?"

"Good Lord, yes!" was the disgusted ejaculation. "The sweep must have meant to hold it over Miss Carlyon in his precious courting, save the mark. But blackguarding the dead won't whitewash the living, Grylls. It's a clear case for a warrant. You had better rake up one of the great unpaid to do the needful, while I go and hire a roomy car."

"Shall you make the arrest yourself, sir?" asked the Superintendent with a brisk hope that was doomed to instant disappointment.

"Not for half a year's salary," Major Considine replied firmly. "I couldn't face that proud girl at The Tower on such business, taking her lover, if rumours are true, away to hang him. No, I'm Irish, and by the same token a coward when it comes to ruffling the women, Grylls. It needs a hard, old veteran like yourself to do a job of this kind, and you will have to do it, my friend. I mentioned a roomy car, because you had better take a couple of constables along, and there'll be the prisoner to bring back."

As they separated, each on his own errand, Mr. Grylls wished that he too could plead the same blithe excuse for shirking the most detestable duty that had fallen to him in a long career. Under his bluff exterior he was as soft-hearted as the "cowardly Irishman" who had won his "V.C." at Paardeburg. The prospect of wounding the Lady of The Tower lay on him like lead.

But the kindly officer found his task less irksome than he had expected. When the car swept into the neglected grounds of the old mansion on the cliff, Hilda, Mrs. Pengarvan and Lance were snipping off the dead blooms of the climbing roses that straggled up the grey walls by the front door. Haltingly the Superintendent explained his business, Hilda regarding him gravely but with no enmity. As for Lance, he broke into a cheery laugh.

"Right you are, Grylls," he said. "Don't pull such a long face about it. I'll go quietly, as the saying is, provided you let me pack up a toothbrush and a change of linen."

CHAPTER XXI.

Dark Days.

VANCE was brought before the magistrates on the following day, when only evidence of arrest was given and he was remanded for a week. Mr. Hinton, the family solicitor of the Carlyons, appeared for the defence, but the prisoner being charged with murder he did not even ask for bail.

The inquest was opened on the afternoon of the same day, at the village inn at St. Enoch's, but here again the

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proceedings were little more than formal, the police asking for an adjournment to enable them to complete inquiries. Superintendent Grylls, however, tendered one piece of evidence to the Coroner which excited some remark. A careful examination of the scene of the crime had been made, and on the grass at the roadside distinct signs of a struggle had been found. This did not in the least shake the testimony of the doctor, who held that the deceased had been pulled from his car and then murderously assaulted. It only suggested that the murdered man had put up a more or less vigorous defence before finally succumbing to his assailant.

After the brave show they made during the performance of the Superintendent's uncongenial task there came the inevitable reaction, and Hilda and Mrs. Pengarvan wept in each other's arms. But the blow had been tempered to them by the vague suspense of the past few weeks, and, the first outburst of grief being spent, they bore themselves with outward resignation, seeking solace in forecasts of their loved one's speedy release.

TO the mother, firm in her belief in her son's innocence, there was real comfort in these valiant prophecies. To the girl, equally firm in the same belief, there was no such assurance. For Hilda knew of the incriminating letter which, though not yet made public, would have been found on the dead man's body. If it would have helped her lover she would have told Mrs. Pengarvan of her correspondence with Wilson Polgleaze in respect of it. But so long as there was the merest chance that the letter had not after all been found by the police the secret should remain her own.

And, apart from the anguish she would have caused by imparting this crushing evidence to her companion in sorrow, maidenly shame kept her silent. How could she tell Lance's mother that she had surrendered at the last moment to the threats of the vile wretch who was gone? It would have looked like doubt of Lance's innocence.

To add to Hilda's heavier burden was the knowledge that her act of self-sacrifice had been the direct cause of her persecutor's murder and of her lover's arrest. If she had not telegraphed to Wilson Polgleaze to come to her with the letter he would not have been at the spot where death overtook him. For the same reason the letter, to which alone she attributed the swift action of the police, would not have been found on the body.

They were dark days for Hilda Carlyon, and in a lesser degree for the mother of their loved one.

Fortunately there was a distraction, which to unselfish women came as a welcome though unrecognized relief from their own cares. Marigold Craze did not recover so quickly as they had expected from the shock of hearing that Antonio Diaz was dead. The girl drooped and pined, though insisting that there was nothing the matter with her. Hilda, who had long ago suspected the gallant Tony's infatuation for the fisherman's beautiful daughter, but had no idea that the feeling was reciprocated, guessed the reason, and wisely abstained from mentioning the South American, trusting to time to heal the wound.

And then, by a strange chance, she was herself made the instrument of plunging Marigold into fresh grief. One morning, half way through the week of Lance's remand, she was sitting in the hall alone, when Timothy Pascoe came in, contrary to his usual custom, without knocking.

"Begging your pardon, Miss," he said breathlessly, "but that dirty little lame lawyer, what was here with Wilson Polgleaze a while back, has just gone down to the beach with another man. They came in a fly that's waiting for them at the back of the cove. They've turned along under the cliffs towards Devil's Hole. I happened to sight 'em as I was mowing at cliff edge, and thought you ought

to know. 'Tis no good they're after—that I'll lay."

"Thank you, Timothy," said Hilda rising. "I will go down at once if they are trespassing into the cave. For a week or two longer it is my property, and Mr. Trehawke shall not take possession till he is legally entitled to it."

"Best let me come along, Miss," pleaded the faithful servant. "The other chap looked ugly. We don't want any more inquests hereabouts."

"Very well," Hilda assented with a wan smile. "Though I expect Mr. Trehawke's companion is only a kind of walking stick. He can't get about by himself, you know."

When they got down to the beach there were no signs of the intruders, and it was evident that Pascoe's surmise had been correct. They had disappeared into the mouth of the great cave, or rather network of many caves, that ate into the sheer wall of cliff under The Tower.

"What is to do, Miss?" asked Timothy. "Will you bide here while I go in and rout 'em out and ask their business?"

"That is the programme exactly, except that I am coming with you," rejoined Hilda.

But before the trusty bodyguard could voice the objection clouding his honest, stolid face, the thin, squeaky tones of the attorney told them that the two men were returning. A few moments later they came blinking out into the daylight. Trehawke leaning on the arm of his burly companion. Hilda stepped up to them fearlessly.

"Are you aware that you have been trespassing—are trespassing now for that matter, since the foreshore as well as the cave is my property?" she said quietly.

Mr. Simon Trehawke executed the facial contortion which with him did duty for an ingratiating smile.

"Technically, perhaps, we have been guilty of a trespass, Miss Carlyon," he replied. "For that I must tender an apology. But a young lady of your sense and discernment will not wish to split straws like that with a creditor who desires to make your surrender of the property as easy as possible, and who will raise no objections if you stay a day or two over the date of foreclosure. I was only looking over the little asset I was weak enough to accept in return for the solid cash advanced to my late lamented client, Mr. Wilson Polgleaze."

Hilda laughed—her first genuine laugh for many a day. "You have been prospecting for your future mineral rights, I suppose," she said. "You think that there is copper in the cliff. So many people have held that delusion without finding the copper. But, Mr. Trehawke, you must defer your search for unearned increment till you are legally in possession. I shall treat any further preliminary skirmishes of this sort as trespass, and shall prosecute you with the utmost rigour of your own weapon—the law, to wit."

A SPASM of apelike rage twisted the attorney's horrible features, and he dropped all pretence of civility.

"All right, my lady," he sneered. "If I were you I shouldn't say too much about the law till after next Bodmin jail delivery. There are worse crimes than walking on someone else's land, as you'll find when the judge puts on the black cap and talks straight to that lover of yours."

It was on the tip of Hilda's tongue to retort that, though it might not be so severely punishable as murder, the deception of an innocent maid by performing a bogus marriage was morally as bad, but she restrained herself in time. That was Marigold's secret, and there was no reason now why it should ever be made public—certainly not for the purpose of scoring off such a creature as Mr. Simon Trehawke. She turned with a shrug to Timothy Pascoe.

"We will wait here till these persons have left the beach," she said in the grand manner which, later, Timothy described to his wife as "every inch a Carlyon."

The attorney, declining further



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battle, went mouthing and gibbering away on the arm of his stalwart com-
panion, and presently Hilda and her
servant followed in his wake. By the
time they reached the cluster of cot-
tages in the cove they caught a
glimpse of the unwelcome visitors
getting into their fly on the road be-
hind. With a pleasant sense of hav-
ing routed the invaders, they were
about to climb the steep path back to
The Tower, when a woman came run-
ning to them from one of the cottages.
"What is the matter, Mrs. Penalva?"
Hilda asked her.
"Please, Miss Carlyon, will you
come and have a look at Nathan
Craze?" panted the woman. "He's
look that bad we don't know what to
do wi' un."
"Do you know how long he has been
ill?"
"Not rightly, Miss, we don't. But,
come to think of it, I ain't seen him

about on the beach for some days. Didn't pay any attention, because he's been from home, off and on, a goodish bit lately since Marigold went away.
Hilda accompanied her informant to Nathan Craze's cottage, and on entering the kitchen was shocked at the sight that met her gaze. The gaunt fisherman was stretched on the floor in front of the fireless hearth, babbling incoherently and with the light of fever or worse in his restless eyes.
"Hip and thigh! Smite them hip and thigh!" he was muttering, and then, after a pause: "Agag came to him delicately, but he got hewed in pieces all the same. Ha! Ha! Ha!!!"
"Nathan, old friend, don't you know me?" said Hilda, laying a cool hand on the furrowed brow.
Some chord of memory must have been touched in the clouded brain, for after a glance at the speaker, the sick man essayed to rise, only to fall back

with a groan of agony. Hilda saw that there was physical as well as mental trouble, and bringing her knowledge of "first aid" to bear she discovered two broken ribs.
"It is certainly a case for medical help," she said, and turning to Pascoe she bade him hurry to St. Enoch's and fetch the doctor. In the meantime she and Mrs. Penalva would remain with Craze.
For two long hours she sat in the humble kitchen, listening to the fiercely exultant blasphemies of the disordered brain, hurled in scriptural language at scriptural characters—such as Jezebel, Delilah and Rahab; Judas Iscariot, Herod and Saul.
Only when the doctor had been and the patient had been put to bed did she return to The Tower and gently break the news to Marigold, telling her how her father had met with an accident, in beaching his boat prob-

ably, and that he was also suffering from brain fever. He was too ill to be removed to the hospital at Fal-mouth; but Mrs. Penalva and Mrs. Tresidder, the neighbours, were going to take turns in nursing him.
Marigold went white, but her voice was firm as she answered: "No, Miss Hilda; that's my place. I shall go down and nurse father myself."
Hilda hesitated. Her own sense of duty was in conflict with fears for the girl's safety—alone with a maniac. But the doctor had told her that the patient would be absolutely helpless for a fortnight, in any event. And there were suspicions of internal injuries, not yet fully diagnosed, which made it doubtful if he would recover.
"Very well," she said. "It is the right thing for you to do. I shall come down to the cove and see you every day—dark days for all of us, dear."
(To be continued.)

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