

CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 16

FIVE CENTS

September 15, 1917

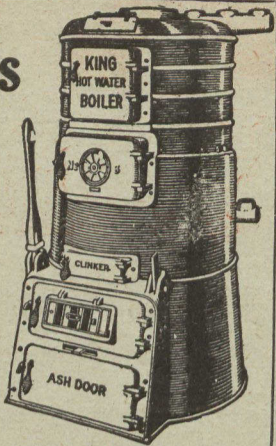


Photograph by Edith S. Watson

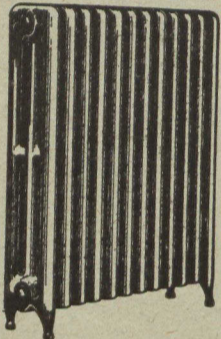
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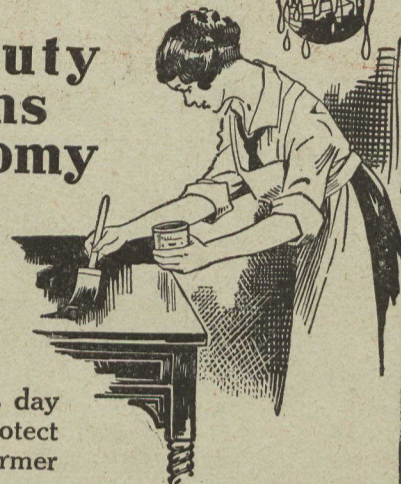
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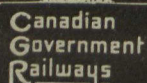
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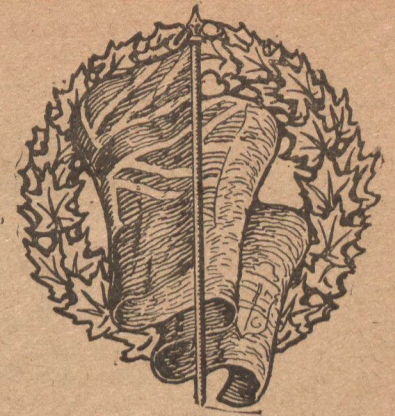
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CANADIAN COURIER



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Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. **IMPORTANT:** Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. **CANCELLATIONS** We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

THE GRUB AND THE PRICE

THERE are two distinct things about food to-day: First, there is not enough of it; second, what there is is unpleasantly high in price. Neither of these things is an original discovery; and neither is the form of statement.

The first proposition we must accept on the strength of the statements of men who presumably know what they are talking about; also because common sense tells us, or should tell us, that millions of men cannot be withdrawn from production without affecting the production of food. That is elementary. If we agree that there is not enough food we should get together in an earnest and united attempt to make what there is go as far as possible. That is elementary, too. But before looking at a few angles of the first proposition let us consider the second, not because that is the logical method, but because we are so constituted that we consider high prices, which we feel, more important than shortage, which we do not feel—yet.

The truth of the second needs no argument. High prices are within the personal knowledge of everybody. But we differ as to the reason for them. Some people of a fatalistic turn of mind class them with various unavoidable acts of God and the King's enemies, and let it go at that; others repeat some economic dogma learned by rote, and let it go at that; while still others are of the opinion that Barabbas, Claude Duval, the James Boys, et hoc genus omne, were mere dilettante amateurs as compared with some of our leading citizens. But every man thinks prices are too high—except the price of the particular thing he has to sell.

Take wheat. In a normal world wheat is about the best illustration you can find of a staple, mobile, not specially perishable world-wide product on which the law of supply and demand gets action. The price is supposed to be set by the world demand and supply. Heretofore Providence has usually arranged that when there was a poor wheat crop in one part of the world there should be at least an average crop in another. Famine became less and less possible with the increase of world wheat area as civilization extended. Now and then somebody tried to corner wheat, but as often as not wheat cornered him. The large fluctuations of price in the past have been in the main speculative.

SPECULATION has been recognized as part of the game. It has been permitted exactly as gambling and other things are permitted in a wide-open town, because public sentiment has not reached a point where they become a nuisance. But, sooner or later, if you let them have full swing, gambling and other things, and gamblers and other undesirable characters, do become a nuisance. They think they own the town. They affect the ordinary citizen in his everyday life. When that happens sentiment against them grows, and finally it reaches a point where the lid is clamped down and the town cleaned up.

Reforms of all kinds—constitutional, temperance, moral, and all the rest of them—are really due not to reformers and cranks, but to the fact that one way or another people make hogs of themselves. If old-time monarchs, ruling by divine right, had shown ordinary horse-sense there would have been no revo-

THE man from Windermere packs a peak load of common sense into this article. He conveys it to you in language which puts a new aspect on what some people consider an old argument. Reforms of all kinds, he says, speaking of speculation, are really due not to reformers and cranks, but to the fact that one way or another people make hogs of themselves.

The second article on the Hen and the Egg, will appear next week.—Editor.

By A. M. CHISHOLM

lutions; if booze sellers and booze fighters had exercised ordinary modesty and moderation there would have been nothing for temperance sentiment to work on; if vice wouldn't insist on riding with its feet out of the window of the sea going hack nobody would bother about it. And so speculators and other hogs are at last arousing public sentiment against themselves.

Speculation is gambling. Speculation in wheat—in all necessities—is gambling with the resources of the nation. When the price goes up to enable the speculator to cover—which is to pay a bet—every family in the land has to pay more for its bread. Flour jumps or drops from week to week, almost from day to day, but it has always jumped a little more than it has dropped back. There is no longer any relation between the price of wheat and its growing cost. Nor is there more than a step-motherly relation between the prices of wheat and flour. And there is a growing conviction in the public mind that everybody who has anything to do with either is hogging.

Grant that wheat is scarce; but consider these fitful fluctuations in the price of it. Do they occur because there is from day to day less or more wheat in the world? or even because there is a greater or less demand for what there is? Certainly not. Do any words of a German politician, or any words of anybody at all, add to or diminish the wheat supply? Of course they don't. They merely influence the betting odds. And so we have allowed the price of a prime necessity of life, which we all must have, to depend upon betting. Now, honestly, isn't that a devil of a state of affairs? Are we sane or otherwise, that in times like these we have permitted such a condition? Why did we permit it? From mere force of habit, and because gambling had not got to the point of being an intolerable nuisance.

For a long time it was said to be impossible to fix prices. No particular reason why, except that it would be sacrilege to monkey with the sacred joss of supply and demand. But finally, it had to come, because otherwise descendants of the Gadarene herd would have put bread upon a par with humming-birds' tongues, and the public simply would not stand for it. The moral is, that if the price of wheat can be fixed, so can the price of anything else. It is mere custom-bound insanity to let people boost the price of any article whose growth, manufacture and export we can control, at their own sweet will.

The average citizen would like to know where he is at in prices. High, middle or low, he would like to see some stability about them. The only way to

secure stability is to stop speculation. The only way to stop speculation is to fix prices. The only fair fixed price is one which includes a fair profit and no more from the producer onward, and eliminates all unfair and excess profit. It is quite possible to ascertain that price in any product, and that is what should be done and done at once, all along the line, without the least regard for the walls of individuals and corporations who may lose speculative profits thereby. In fixing the price of wheat the Government expressly stated that the time had come to consider the public interest above the speculative interest of the individual, or the interest of the speculative individual. So it has. It is refreshing to find a statement of that kind.

Most people know that the Canadian wheat price is now fixed at \$2.40 for last year's wheat, and that export, save by the individual farmer, has been prohibited in order to make the first regulation effective. Otherwise, the speculator would have sent all the wheat out of the country to get a higher price, without any regard whatever for the food needs of his fellow-countrymen. That very fact is enough to kill any sympathy for him. My personal opinion is that the fixed wheat price is too high, but I make no claim to an understanding of all the fine points of the wheat game. But I do know that three years ago no wheat grower even dreamed of such a price; and I know, further, that the cost of growing wheat has not increased at all in proportion. Hence I have no sympathy with people who want to play a sure thing by having this or some other terrific price guaranteed as a minimum. The wheat grower would still make money if a dollar were lopped off that price. The average wheat grower grows besides wheat, meat and vegetables, and pays out little for actual subsistence in comparison with other classes of citizens, and is in much better case. There are other people besides the wheat grower who desire to live. However, the fixation of a wheat price, high or low, will stabilize, and that is a move in the right direction. But it should have been done long ago, and it should be done in all staple necessities.

THE public puts the job up to the Food Controller. It is no job for a standpatter. It is a new job, and a big one. The idea is new, utterly opposed to the old idea—which used to be called the modern idea—that competition would regulate prices fairly. It used to—until competition became a race to raise prices. Prices are as high as they are, partly at least because everyone who produces or deals in anything is endeavouring to get the very last cent of maximum profit out of such production or dealing. That is the naked truth with the last frilly stripped off. To hear some people talk you would think that war profiteering was confined to the munition man and the manufacturer. Bosh! If war profiteering consists in selling at a tremendous increase over cost, then every grain grower in the land is war profiteering for all he is worth. So is everybody else. It is a case of everybody doing it. In every line men are afraid they have overlooked a bet, that they are selling too cheaply, that the traffic will bear more. The thing is in the air. We are doing exactly as the cats and rats did—eating each other by high prices.

The public expects two things of the Food Controller: First, to cut down extravagance in food;

second, to fix prices lower than they now are. Miracles or not, that is what the public expects. In my humble opinion, formed from some years' observation of myself and my fellow-man, the way to regulate food consumption and food prices is to regulate 'em.

Consider that for a long time our most eminent public men have preached private economy, personal denials of sorts. Do we economize or deny ourselves? We do not—except as we may lack the price of indulgence. That is the cold fact. Advice slides off us as water from the proverbial duck. Not one Canadian in ten has given up a single thing he can afford to pay for. Nor will he until he is made to do it. All kid-glove methods are breaking down nowadays. The world is a grim, serious place to live in, quite different from the world of July, 1914. We should recognize it. If not we must be made to recognize it.

I do not want to be misunderstood. I am no advocate of closing places of amusement, abolition of games and of pleasures generally. I believe these things are good for us. I believe in rational pleasure, games, good air in the lungs and good food in the stomach. I do not believe that short rations are necessary. But that they may not be necessary I believe on going lighter than of old on certain food-stuffs and in plugging the aching void with the more perishable kinds when they may be had. Also, I believe in cutting waste down and out.

Again, I do not wish to be misunderstood. Prices have reached a point which already necessitates rigid economy in many homes. Many people could not

economize further without actual privation, which should not be necessary. That is an enforced condition which a reduction of prices to a sane level would relieve, and which should be relieved. My remarks are not directed to the many people who find a bare living a problem, but to those who go along much as they used to in the old days when the world's food was no problem at all.

Many of us are wasteful from habit in spite of high prices; and we are wasteful in some instances from the best of motives plus habit. Here is an illustration:

One of our favourite ways of raising local funds in peace-time, especially in country districts, was to buy food, cook it, and sell it to ourselves. It was the old village church, strawberry festival, ice cream social idea. The Ladies' Aid and the Missionary Society raised funds that way. When war came we took this system holus bolus and applied it to local war funds. We use it still; and it is all wrong.

I allude specifically to dances, and what are known as "teas" with various prefixes, at which refreshments are sold or provided in return for an admission price, and of which the proceeds go to some excellent war fund. I admit that it is an easy way of raising money. But it means that we eat more than we otherwise would. We buy and eat patriotically, whether we are hungry or not, satisfied that we are helping the good cause. But we quite lose sight of the fact that we have needlessly consumed food which may be urgently needed later on.

A short time ago I was at a reception with dancing

annexed for one of the Princess Pat's boys, wounded and home on leave. The gathering had a further worthy object of raising funds to buy Christmas gifts for the boys at the front, for which purpose an admission price was charged which covered a free twelve o'clock supper. The supper consisted of all sorts of good sandwiches and 'steen kinds of cake. After supper there were a few little speeches, and one of the speakers talked food economy most earnestly. He was quite serious about it, too. But every mouthful of food eaten there represented unnecessary consumption. Oh, yes, I ate my share.

THE other day there was a Red Cross "Tea" in my vicinity. An American visitor said to me, "They call it a 'tea,' but I'd call it a square meal." Then everybody went home and ate the usual evening meal. That isn't food economy; it isn't even common sense.

The foods consumed at these shines are made from staples—flour, sugar, butter, eggs, meat—which are exactly those which should be conserved as much as possible. The single instance is unimportant, but the mass is highly important from a standpoint of national economy; because, in every few miles of territory there is some local branch of some war organization, and these all play much the same system of unnecessary eats.

There is some excuse for these affairs, because they do raise money, and they do accomplish things. But there is no excuse at all for elaborate social between-meals feeds. The idea that elaborate grub is essential to hospitality is silly. People would feel just as well or better if they wiggled along on three meals. There is no privation involved in that. We don't have to coal our bunkers every couple of hours. Unnecessary feeding in the name of patriotism has little excuse; other unnecessary feeding has none at all.

Unless the men who ought to know are monumental liars, and as well in a conspiracy to deceive us, we have to take this food question seriously, apart from the price, which so far has seemed the only serious feature. The latter is serious enough, but the former—or even the possibility of the former—is much more so. America, under normal conditions, is a land of plenty; America to-day, under abnormal conditions, seems a land of plenty. There is no visible scarcity of food if you have the price. Consequently, food shortage, let alone famine, seems as far off, and unreal, and impossible and mythical as war seemed four years ago when it was merely a word to millions whom it has since slain. Nobody paid any attention to alarmists, and so, when it came, we were unprepared.

But if short rations come on the world we shall be almost equally unprepared. For, if they come, they will come quickly, with little warning, as a hailstorm turns a promising grain field to beaten, tangled ruin.

Let us suppose, just to see what it feels like, that this year's crop in America had failed. Suppose we had to feed ourselves and our men overseas, and a large proportion of the population of Britain and France until the summer of 1918. We should have to do it on the surplus of our 1916 crop. Well, then, what sort of raft-in-the-ocean, desert-isle rations should we have to go on? It is well worth thinking about.

Did you ever think what a crop failure on this continent would mean just now, not to the abstract idea of victory or the cause of civilization or to some one somewhere else; but to us, here, individually, in our own personal stomachs? We have never had a real crop failure, but the only reason we haven't is that the country isn't old enough. All other countries have had them. The possibility exists; indeed, the the practical certainty of it some time exists. The cause might be continental rain or the lack of it, heat or cold. But a few weeks would settle the matter. From a confident anticipation of the usual renewal of food by the usual harvest we should have to face a year without either, that is, on our surplus. But we annually export our surplus, or most of it, before the next crop, and we simply have to do it now; so that when we realized the failure we should have no surplus to fall back on. Where could we buy food? Nowhere, for nobody has any surplus. Then—famine!

Sounds like a silly improbability, doesn't it? So did war. A year ago American editors referred loftily to "the madmen of Europe." Even the Chal-

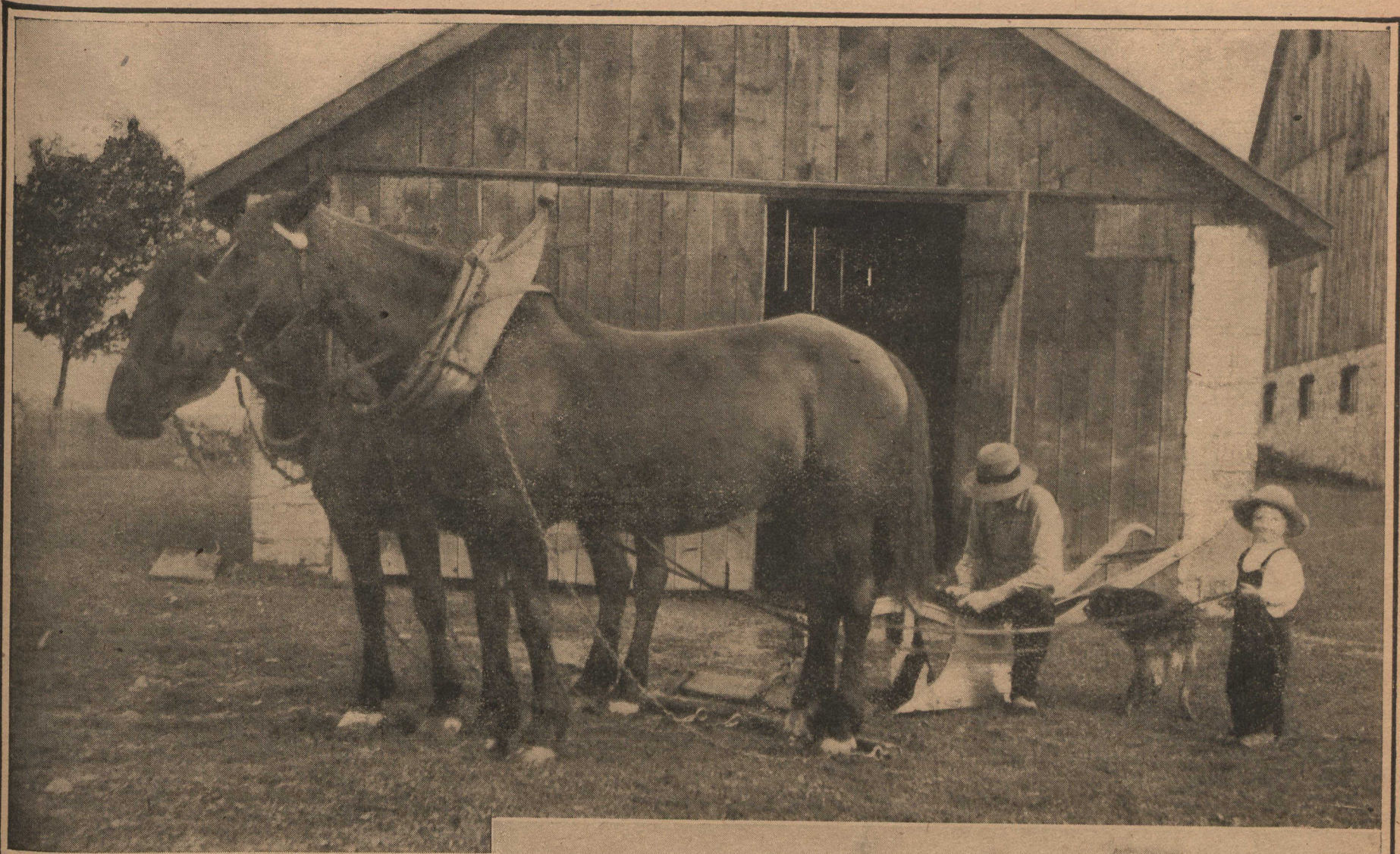
(Continued on page 24.)

WILL HUNGER STOP THE WAR?



50,000 Swedes, expecting hunger, recently massed in Malmo, Sweden, to protest against food shortage. The American embargo to keep neutrals from supplying Germany with food may have had some effect. Europe's pantry is in America—including Canada. Sweden is suffering more from food shortage than half the nations at war. Hunger, the great leveller of mankind, may do more to put an end to the war than fighting or Socialist protests. A great strike mass-meeting was recently called in Stockholm as a protest against any more war. Similar outbreaks—so-called a hand-bill—were being organized in many German cities. World-hunger—climaxing in Germany and Austria—may yet end the world war.

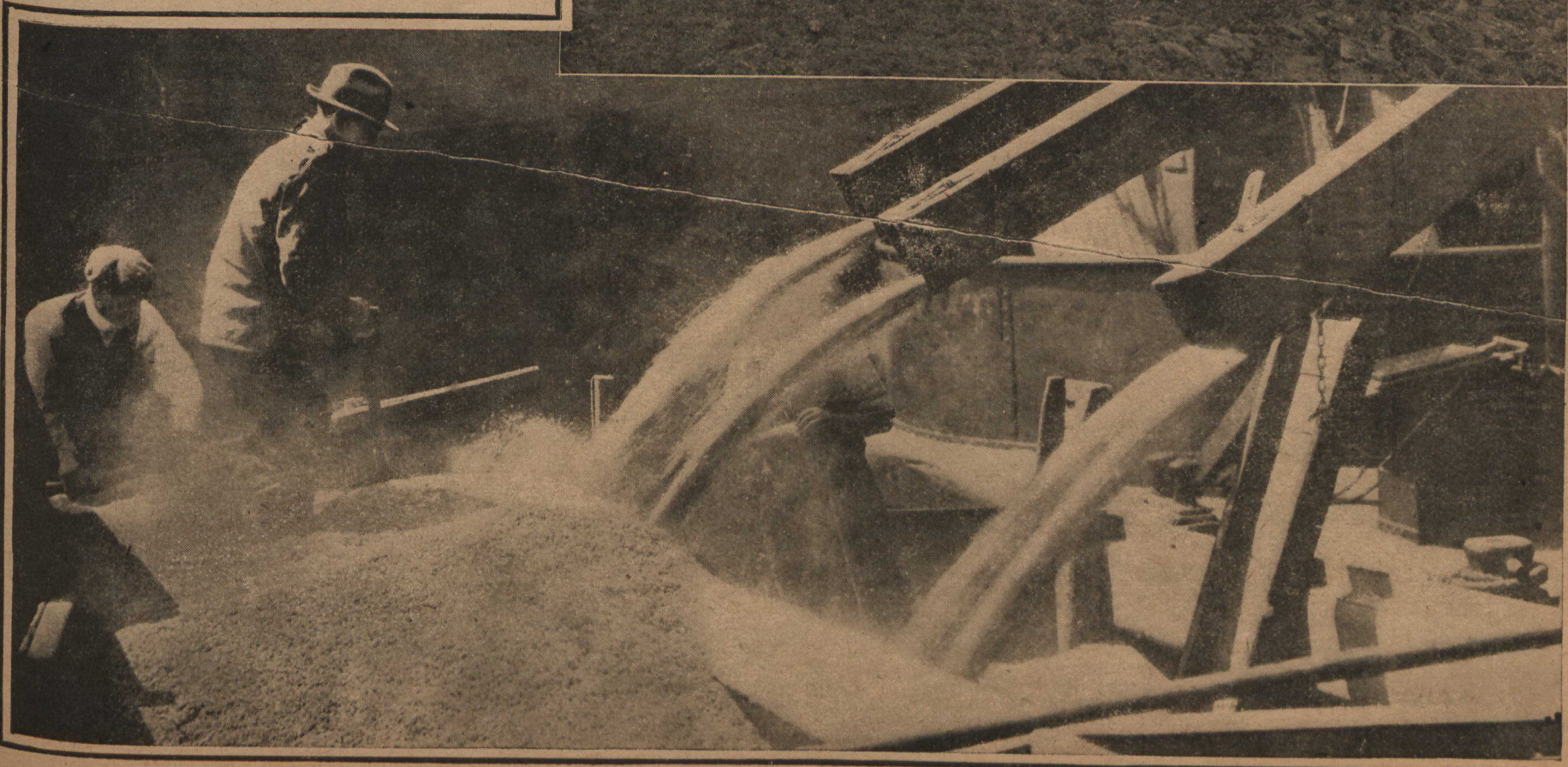
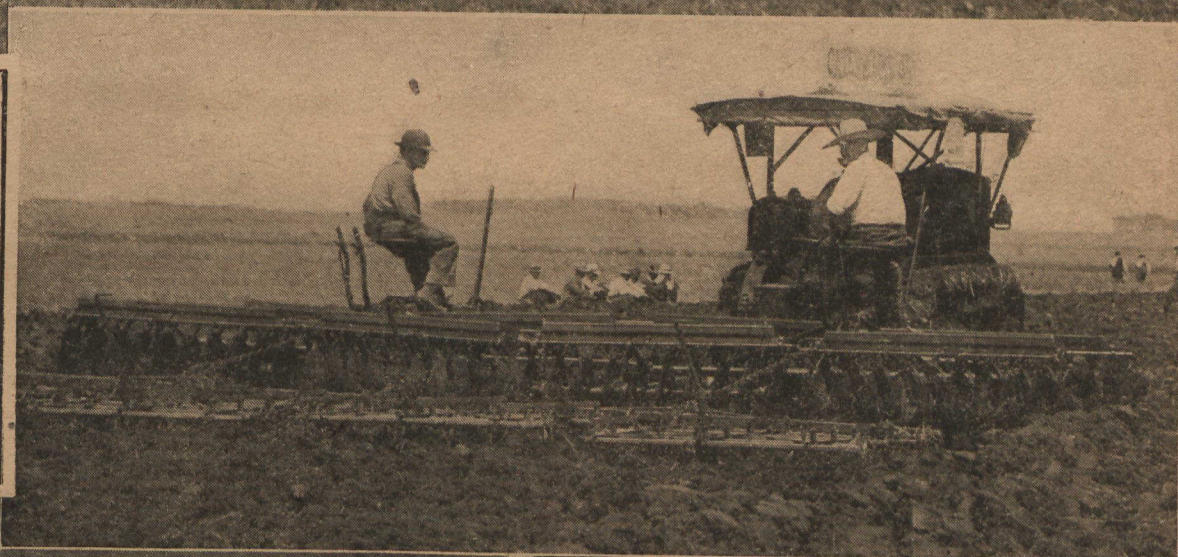
THE WORLD *and the* WHEAT-FIELD



WHEN an acre of winter wheat in Canada is worth \$90—as in 1917—it is time to snatch a moist day on the farm when it's too wet for hauling in grain, to go ploughing for wheat.

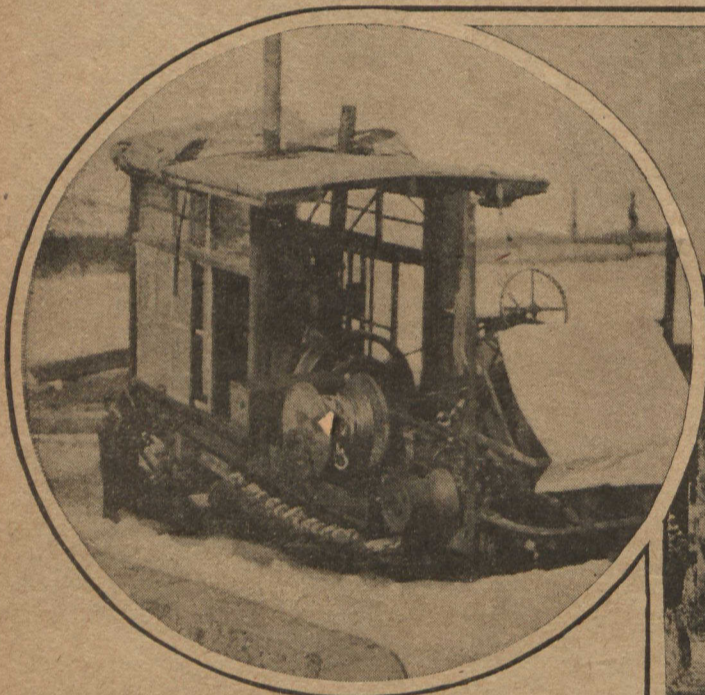
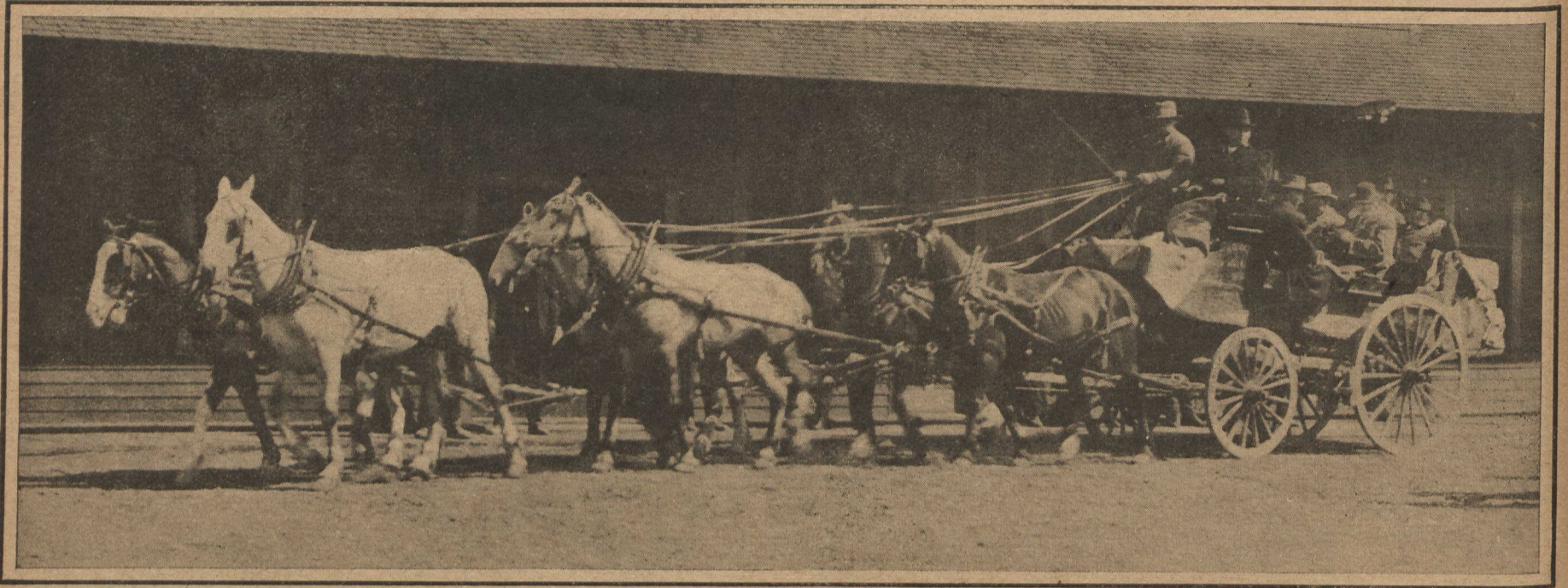
BUT the tractor is the great wholesale method of getting the ground ready for crop. At a demonstration recently held in Nebraska, one tractor pulled three ploughs, another disked and drilled a field.

BUT if, as Chisholm points out in his article, America while the war lasts should pull off one poor crop, how long would the spout last at Liverpool?



WHERE *is* WHITE HORSE ANYWAY?

On July 28th we published a letter from White Horse, and in an article written round the letter, imagined what the Editor's sensations would be aboard a Pacific liner, looking for White Horse through a pair of field glasses. Our correspondent sends the answer along with the photographs



White Horse Station, Y. T.

Dear Sir,—If you will spin your atlas around, look for the North Pacific Coast, follow it up to Skagway, then follow the W. P. & Y. Route in to White Horse, you will note that both your eyesight and your field glasses would have to be very strong to see White Horse from the deck of a Pacific steamer. You will also note, that on this occasion your vision would cross Alaska, a strip of British Columbia and a part of the Yukon Territory, travelling in all one hundred and eleven miles.

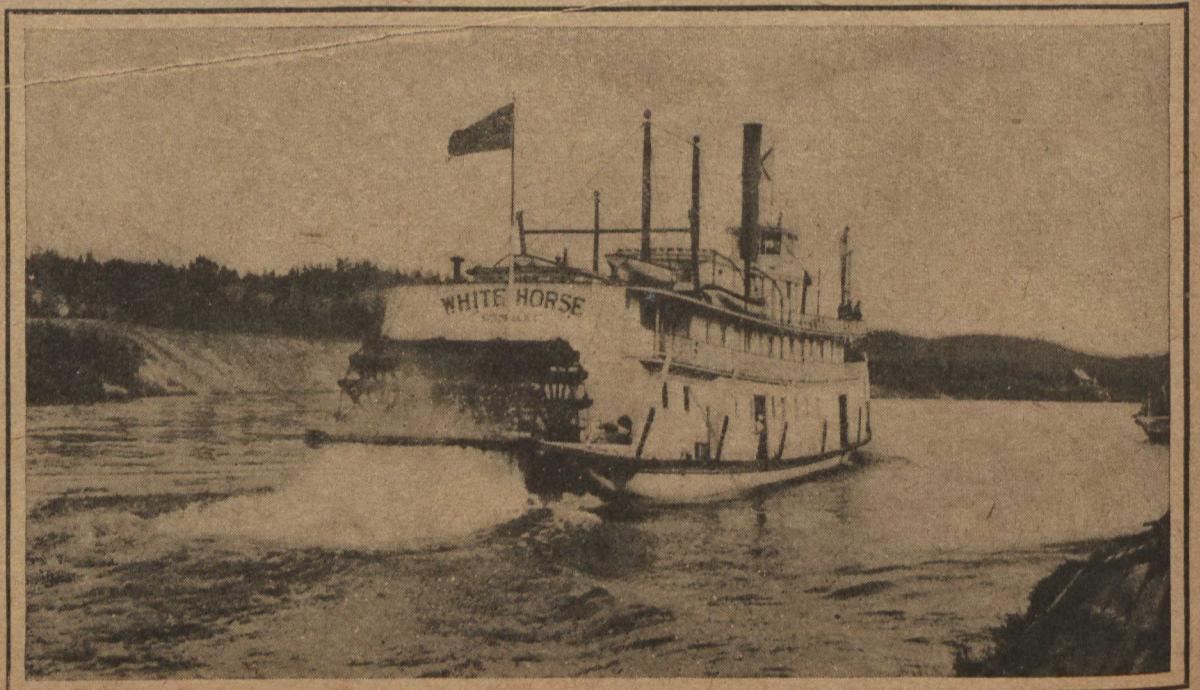
In the year 1915, White Horse had a fire which burned out a good part of the town. The "Vancouver World," then under the able pen of Louis D. Taylor, reported that the W. P. & Y. Route were sending their steamers from Skagway to White Horse to house and feed the unhappy populace of White Horse. "Louis D." was sending those steamers over that same one hundred and eleven miles of high, dry and rocky land.

Then, again, when Uncle Sam was deciding on a new capital for Alaska, the "Seattle Star" rose to remark that White Horse would be the better point, as it was situated inland and therefore more central. Whether the "Star" intended moving White Horse over the U. S. boundary, or moving the boundary "over" White Horse, is yet open to debate.

BUT for real travel sensation, beating Dickens' stage coaches all hollow, commend us to the King's six-horse mail coach leaving White Horse for Dawson, on one of the last trips of the season.

And the caterpillar tractor hauling freight on the ice of Lake Atlin, B.C., was a veteran in that line of transportation long before the "tank."

Again—just to be unusual—note that a camera used the light of the midnight sun some time in the last week of June to take the picture of the rotary plough slamming way the snowdrifts.



Also, the steamer that runs from White Horse to Dawson must be going either up or down the Yukon; which we can't say for sure till we get the next letter from our correspondent.

CELEBRITIES *and* OTHERS



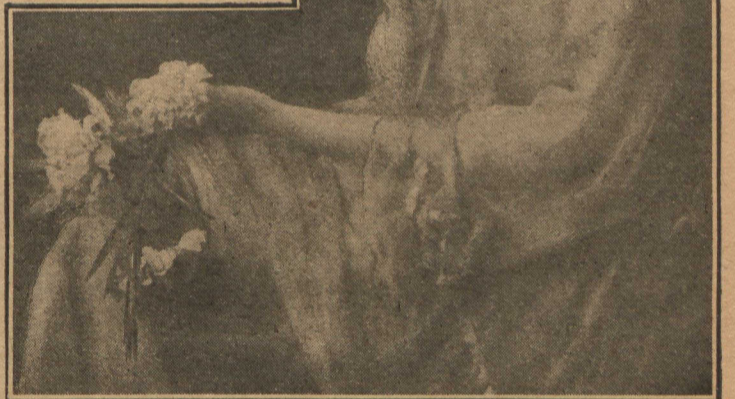
THAT critic who in a recent magazine took such a crack at the Mona Lisa smile never imagined it would come to life again on the face of the beautiful Princess Iolanda of Italy. Here she is—smiling over the way her father's subjects are rolling the Austrians back lately on the Isonzo.

ANY wild horses—and the foothills are full of these manless bronchos—that Uncle Sam wants broken in and trained for the army, had better apply to James "Pink" Arlington, who is as much at home on a bucking broncho as a baby in a cradle. Here he is on the job at Ft. Sheridan, Ill.



IF you didn't know Sir Douglas Haig to be a natural alien to the camera you might think he was posing for this picture. As a matter of fact, he is just telling Lloyd George what he knows about the way the war is going on the western front. And the British Premier keeps it pretty quiet. Neither does Gen. Joffre think that Haig is playing the loud pedal too much, considering all the British have done lately. As for Mons. Thomas, French Minister of Munitions, off to the left—remember that he has been munition-ministering longer than anybody else on that job in the world.

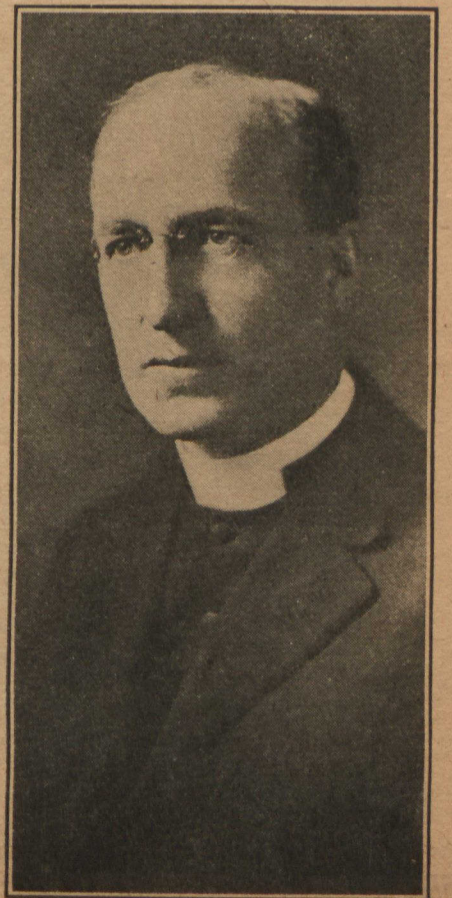
LADY MAUDE CAVENDISH, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, is engaged to be married to Capt. Angus Mackintosh, A.D.C., of the Royal Horse Guards. The photograph of her ladyship below is a delicate, almost impalpable creation of the camera. It might be called almost a moonlight nocturne in photography. Lady Maude has already been snapshotted a number of times in a very realistic way by Canadian cameras; never so dreamily as here.



AMONG clerical gentlemen who roll up their sleeves and go in for winning the war, count Rev. Principal Vance, of Vancouver, as one of the first rank. Not long ago there was a monster win-the-war meeting in Vancouver. It was never organized by Act of Parliament. That it was possible to get 5,000 people in that city to give a roar for every Canadian putting his shoulder to the wheel is very largely due to Principal Vance, who is now President of the Win-the-War League of British Columbia. What the League stands for is the immediate conscription of men and money.

This is what a Vancouver paper says of Rev. Mr. Vance:

"Meanwhile here is Rev. Principal Vance, fresh from the win-the-war convention at Montreal, building up by three strategic stages the biggest horse-show meeting on record. He called together the first twenty bi-party and no party men. That meeting produced a second conference of a hundred and twenty and this seminal meeting organized the great demonstration of Tuesday evening. Mr. Vance presided over all three. The last and biggest went through without a break under his guiding hand. He was even able to calm down a lady in the audience who, like the chieftains in Gaul, 'devised new things.'



RIGA A Political VICTORY

WE have reached a point where battles must be considered not so much for their effect upon the purely military situation as for their influence upon the disposition of the belligerent governments. The victory of the Italians, for example, is important as marking a further invasion of Austria-Hungary, and a successful blow at the Austro-Hungarian armies, but it is much more important as an additional proof to the Austro-Hungarian government that it has lost the war and that nothing but further ruin can follow its continuation. If there had been such a victory as this a year ago, it would have presented itself as a military problem and nothing more. It would have been a question of remedies, reinforcements, and new dispositions of troops. It would have been a matter for the military commanders rather than for the statesmen. But its military importance has now been submerged by the political. We no longer ask ourselves what Austria can do to ward off the blows of General Cadorna, but rather to what extent will this fresh calamity intensify the despair of the Austrian government, and hasten its steps toward some definite peace proposal. Austria would, of course, have relinquished the war long ago but for the compulsion of Germany, whose avowed domination of the Austrian armies is scarcely less real than her domination of Austrian politics. It is hardly a speculation to say that the Papal proposals are an expression of the Austrian mind, and perhaps of the German mind, too. Certainly those proposals would not have been made without some reasonable certainty that they would be acceptable to the Central Powers, at least as a basis for discussion. But the situation has substantially changed since those proposals were made, and General Cadorna has changed it. He has broken the Austrian armies on the east bank of the Isonzo. He has pushed his own forces more deeply into Austrian territory. He has established the fact of Italian superiority. He has brushed away whatever supposition of a deadlock may have existed. Austrian defeat has been made more unmistakable by what he has done. And so we may reasonably ask ourselves, not what Austrian generals will do, but what Austrian statesmen will do, and what effect the Italian victory must have upon the approach of peace and upon the attitude of the various belligerent governments. This is not the place where such questions should be answered, but that they are now the most important of all questions is significant of the new phase into which the war as a whole has entered.

THE last great Italian offensive brought the Italian armies within twelve miles of Trieste and to the northern waters of the Gulf of Trieste. The reason for the arrest of the Italian armies at a point so close to their goal is visible enough. They are stretched out in long undulating formation running north and south like a ribbon, and immediately to their east were the masses of the Austrian forces. The Italian armies were already extended almost to the danger point, since extension means also a thinning of the lines. It was impossible still further to extend, and therefore to thin, those lines by advancing on Trieste until the threat to the flank had been removed by a sweeping back of the Austrian armies. It is still by no means certain that the Austrians have been pushed back far enough to enable the Italians to advance on Trieste in entire security. The average retirement at the moment of writing is about three miles over a length of about twenty miles, and this would be little enough but for evidences of Austrian demoralization, and a possibility that the retirement may be turned into a rout. It is to be remembered that all Austrian troops of Slav origin are unreliable. When opposed to Russians or Serbians they are a source of positive danger, since they are always ready to desert and to join the enemy. They are somewhat less unreliable when pitted against Italians, but they have little or no feelings of patriotism for Austria. Their sympathies are nearly unanimously with the Allies, and this is especially true of the Czechs, who have been steadily alienated by misgovernment, oppression,

GERMANY must get so-called successes just where they are easiest in order to keep her own people bulldozed. The only place to get these grandstand victories is along the weak Russian front. Victories of this kind are not military, but political, successes. The war bosses are fighting, not to win the war, but to avoid being beaten by forces inside Germany.

This article was written before the capture of Riga. But you'll find that it carries on the Coryn common-sense size-up of the struggle with remarkable consistency. You may not agree with all the details of Coryn's war comment. But you can't get away from the big sane outlines of his main ideas.

By SIDNEY CORYN

and cruelty. So far as Austria has been able to do so she has withdrawn her Slav troops from the eastern front and employed them against the Italians, but even here they are a source of profound anxiety to her. They are not likely to bear up in the face of defeat. If we find now that the Italians are making a definite move southward toward Trieste it will be evidence of a final Italian victory over the Austrians to the east of their line. But it may still be necessary to do a good deal of hard fighting before the head of the Italian line can move southward. Moreover, there would be no definite military advantage in the capture of Trieste, which is said already to have been evacuated. On the other hand the moral advantage would be very considerable. It would be the passing of a milestone. It would be an Italian grasp of a position that Austria has never intended to relinquish.

The announcement of the capture of Riga was premature, although the defending Russian force has admittedly fallen back a little. The advance of the Germans in the south seems to have been stopped, or nearly so, by the energies of the Russians and Roumanians, and also by the difficulty of still further extending a German line in the face of the imminent needs of the western front. The Russian situation is so obscure that it is by no means easy to interpret its military aspects. Undoubtedly it would be of enormous advantage to Germany either to seize the wheat stores at Odessa, or so to discourage the Russians as to compel a separate peace. But Odessa is a long way off, and the chances of a separate peace are even farther off. We can hardly suppose that Germany is counting very confidently either upon the one or the other. The probable solution of the whole problem is to be found in the fact that Germany must win victories somewhere, or at least the semblance of victories, in order to stimulate the hopes of her own people. This view is somewhat confirmed by the preposterous bulletins that are issued day by day, bulletins that admit the most serious reverses while proudly labelling them as triumphs. It looks very much as though the German advance at the southern end of the eastern line was at an end, seeing that large numbers of her troops are being switched from there to the western front. At the same time she snatches at an opportunity to employ her northern garrison in an advance upon Riga and so to find some basis for a claim of victory.

The French success at Verdun was of so definite a nature that it is conceded by the German bulletins, but with the announcement that the position was very lightly garrisoned. Why a position of such dominating importance should be lightly garrisoned we are not told, and we may doubt the truth of the statement, unless it may be explained by a diminution of the German forces to meet the greater emergencies to the west and to the north. But at least we may regard this French victory as putting a definite end to the pretense that Verdun is still besieged, and that its reduction is "following its normal course," which was still being offered for the consideration of the German public as lately

as two months ago. Verdun is now largely freed from a directed artillery fire, and its defenders may enjoy a greater security than has been their lot for two years. We may also note that the French forces are not showing any of that exhaustion that has been so graphically depicted by those to whom the wish was doubtless father to the thought.

THAT the German forces around Verdun should be depleted for use elsewhere is likely enough. The German armies around Moronvilliers, along the Chemin des Dames and toward Rheims have now been trying to dispossess the French from their elevated plateau positions for many months, and practically without any success whatever. The German losses in this field have been staggering. The Crown Prince has been employing his forces in a relentless and nearly continuous attack upon the French lines, and the importance of the operation from the German point of view may be measured, not only by the ferocity of the assaults, but by the prodigal expenditure of lives in their support. An occasional trench line has been the only German reward.

The strategy of these unavailing attacks upon the French entrenchments to the west of Moronvilliers seems obvious enough. So long as the French are able to hold these positions it will be impossible for the German forces holding the Hindenburg line to fall back toward the Belgian frontier. Place a rule along that line, say from the North Sea to Laon or Rheims. It is a curved line, and the rule will not fully cover it, but it will do so sufficiently for illustration. Now move the rule eastward in the direction of the Belgian frontier and note the position that its southern extremity will occupy toward the French forces running from Rheims eastward toward Verdun. It is evident that the southern extremity of the line would be exposed to damaging attack from the south, that is to say from the French positions that the Crown Prince has been assaulting so ceaselessly. Moreover, that line would be extraordinarily vulnerable. It would be in the open. It would be encumbered with its heavy artillery, munitions, wounded, and hospital equipment. It would move very slowly, and it would be in the worst possible position for defence. It is true that the armies of the Crown Prince would to a certain extent cover the flank of that moving line if they were then strong enough to resist a French attack, but it is by no means certain that they would be. If the Hindenburg line should now begin to move eastward we may be sure that the French would instantly make a tremendous effort to break through the lines of the Crown Prince and to attack the retreating forces to their north.

THAT there is an intention to withdraw the Hindenburg line as soon as the Crown Prince shall make it safe to do so is likely enough. It would be a repetition of that same withdrawal that created the Hindenburg line, a withdrawal necessitated by the British pressure during the battle of the Somme. There is good reason to believe that Hindenburg intended at that time to withdraw his forces still further eastward, but that he was prevented by the rapidity of the pursuit, and so entrenched himself where he is now. But the British pressure is even more severe now than it was during the Somme fighting. German retirements at the northern end of the line are of almost daily occurrence. The Allied artillery is proving itself to be irresistible, and is in fact much more powerful than during the earlier battles of the campaign. If the former Hindenburg retirement was necessitated by direct pressure we may be reasonably certain that the present fighting is compelling still another withdrawal, and that it can not for very long be delayed. It would be a repetition of the previous movement, but upon a somewhat larger scale. German armies are therefore in a peculiarly difficult position. They are rapidly approaching the point where a retirement can no longer be delayed, and at the same time they are unable to force the French from the positions that would so gravely imperil that retirement.

PRISONERS OF THE TERAJ

Taking you on a Mystic Jaunt to a Land of Whences and Hereafters

"JUST to that clump of trees . . . we mustn't camp in the open . . . can you . . . steady, old chap, you're running . . ."

"It's that or nothing," gasped Driscoll. "If I go slowly I'll fall . . . if I fall once that's the end of me."

Both men laughed, but it was a laugh that broke hoarsely in their throats. They were nearly at the end of their tether.

"Fifty yards more!" cried Polgarthen—"forty-nine—forty-eight—that's the style—now then."

Driscoll staggered on a few steps and fell heavily. Polgarthen, himself weak and exhausted, picked up his friend and walked stolidly forward to the camping place he had marked.

Twelve months ago Polgarthen and Driscoll and four others had set out to explore the Teraj, the vast No Man's Land at the base of the Himalayan Mountains. They had ridden and tramped and cut their way through great labyrinthine forests where the trees, interlacing overhead, shut out the sunlight all the year. They had crossed swamps where plague and pestilence had brooded undisturbed for centuries, perhaps since the creation of the world. They had fought for their right of passage with monstrous animals and lizards that civilization supposed to be extinct.

But they had not found the mysterious city which tradition places in some inner depth of the Teraj, whose people are said to have lived apart from all other human-kind from time immemorial.

So far the only result of their search had been a series of disasters. Their route was marked by small crosses, each roughly carved with a name and a date. Polgarthen's jaw set more rigidly as he thought of those lonely graves. He turned to look at his sleeping friend.

Driscoll lay with his eyes closed, scarcely breathing. The passivity of his attitude began to play tricks with Polgarthen's nerves. He wished that Driscoll's face had not been so expressionless or his limbs so rigid. He was more than glad when the sleeping man stirred and presently opened his eyes.

"I dreamed you had gone away," said Driscoll, faintly. "It would be—it would be pretty rotten—to die alone."

Polgarthen shook his head. He was staring un- easily at something that looked like a moving light far away to the East. Driscoll raised himself on one elbow and gave a long, contemptuous look at the Teraj. Then he fell back. His hand clutched that of his friend.

"I'm through. Go back now—never mind that rule we made—you've stuck it—"

"Sorry to leave you," he said, suddenly.

Polgarthen felt as though the darkness had engulfed him like a sea, and then the unconquerable spirit of him rose stubbornly. He sprang to his feet and shook his fist at the surrounding gloom. "I'm damned if I'll go back," he cried, furiously.

After that he lay down by the side of his dead friend. Sleep was impossible. He lay with his elbow fixed in a soft bed of grass and stared at the camp-fire and let his thoughts wander where they would—

A man's mind travels swift and far under those circumstances. Time and space are all annihilated for him. Polgarthen saw the farmstead in New Brunswick, where he had lived as a boy. He saw the later building with which his parents replaced it when they had the money—an exact model of the old English farmhouse where his family had lived for three centuries. He saw himself prospecting for tin in Africa, trading copra and rubber in the Pacific, joining in the rush to the Yukon, hunting concessions

By FRANK WALL

on all the frontiers of civilization. And finally, having made a little money, and with the wanderlust still unexorcised, he had taken up this Teraj expedition through his friend, Hugh Driscoll.

From time to time he thought he saw lights moving around, but he supposed they must be some kind of fireflies. At any rate, to extinguish his camp-fire would have merely invited danger from wild beasts. He flung on another log and another, until the blaze danced in the gloom.

And so the night drowsed slowly by, and the moon rose and peopled the Teraj with all manner of fantastic shapes and shadows. Sometimes the



shadows moved. They were like men creeping. One of them sprang to life just behind Polgarthen. It rose and stooped swiftly. Polgarthen was conscious of a faint sickly smell, reminiscent of an operation he had once undergone in Johannesburg. He struggled wildly for a moment and then lay still. The shadowy figure sprang upright and flashed a signal that was answered by lights appearing from all directions, all converging towards the spot where Polgarthen lay.

"I DON'T know what it is," said the little brown-faced man; "it's everything. The lawn is so velvety and the old house is so quaint. When a fellow has spent thirty years in India, with its barbaric splendour and squalor, it teaches him to appreciate a place like this."

"Canadian sunshine plus Atlantic breezes. That's the best of this side of Canada," chuckled Colonel Colverton. "But you ought to see Polgarthen's."

"It can't beat this," said the little man, stubbornly. It did beat it, though, as he admitted later. Perhaps Joan Polgarthen influenced his decision.

"By the bye," said the Colonel, "Mr. Blundell knows more about the Indian hinterlands than any other man in this country."

"Do you know the Northern part?" said Joan, slowly. "The Teraj?"

"To some extent. It has never been really explored."

"My brother went there with some friends to explore it a year ago. Nobody has had news of them."

"And you fear he's stranded?"

"I know he is. Jack and I are twins and we have a kind of mental sympathy with each other. I'm always dreaming of him. Last night I saw him by a camp fire. There was one man lying beside him, but I could not see any of the others."

"No news is good news," suggested the little man, but Joan shook her head.

"I think he was alone. He had covered the face of the other man and he lay there thinking. And all the time there was some danger approaching him. I couldn't warn him."

"This was in the Teraj?"

"Yes. He began to struggle as though someone had seized him from behind, and then he fell back. He isn't dead. They've imprisoned him in some way I can't understand. They've done something to him, something horrible."

Vague rumours he had heard about the people of the Teraj recurred to Blundell with disquieting insistence. He stammered out some optimism or other, scarcely conscious of what he was saying. But the girl shook her head again.

"You don't believe that yourself," she said, wistfully. "Tell me what you really think."

"I don't know what has happened," he said, quietly, "but I'll go to the Teraj, Miss Polgarthen, and try to find him for you."

"I propose an amendment," urged Colonel Colverton. "Everybody is talking of this wonderful airship your cousin has built. He thinks of taking it on a long trial trip. We could ship it from Vancouver to Yokohama and then send it by rail to India."

"That was the idea I had," admitted Blundell. "In fact, he offered to take me across the Pacific with it when I told him I had to return to duty."

"That's all right," said the Colonel. "I'll pack up to-day."

"And I also," said Joan.

JACK POLGARTHEN came back to consciousness in the Temple of the Sacred City, whither his captors had carried him. It was a huge building, painted with a splendour of colouring he had never seen, even in India. The roof was of burnished

copper, rising to a dome in the centre. The walls were covered with allegorical pictures whose meaning he could not understand. All of them seemed to vary the same idea, but the only part he could understand was that spirits seemed to be rising from the bodies of living men. "Which is impossible," he thought, grimly.

But it was the lower walls of the Temple, below the allegorical pictures, that fascinated him. All round the building there were niches, a few feet from the ground. They were occupied by an extraordinary assortment of figures, soldiers, sailors and adventurers of all kinds, covering every nationality and century.

There was a British infantryman of the Indian Mutiny period and next to him two sailors of Nelson's time with their hair plaited in pigtail fashion. Then came the flat-crowned hat and short jacket of the Calcutta Militia of a hundred years ago and beyond this an officer in a cocked hat and a gorgeously embroidered coat and knee breeches. There were French and Dutch and Portuguese soldiers and sailors, flanked by half a dozen English soldiers of fortune of Shakespeare's time. The furthest niche was occupied by a figure of a twelfth-century Crusader in complete armour, carrying a huge two-handed sword. The visor was open and the eyes stared intently at Polgarthen as though they were watching him.

He turned away nervously and found the priests were gathering in a half-circle at the back of him. One of them began a long address entirely in

gestures. He touched Polgarthen lightly and pointed to the South. Then he picked up a bundle and indicated a man setting out on a long journey. He seemed to be talking to others as he went.

"It's a kind of expedition," thought Polgarthen, uneasily, "and by Jove, they're having a rough time. There's a man down—down and out, poor devil. They're burying him just as we—. They're off again—there's a smash, something has fallen on the fellow in front—they're burying him—that's two—"

His thoughts stopped with a sudden jar as he realized that he was being taken step by step through his own ill-fated expedition. The people of the Terai must have followed them ever since they left civilization a year ago. Polgarthen stared at the circle of impassive faces and for the first time felt fear knocking at his heart.

The priest took no notice of his agitation. He went on picturing the expedition until there were only two men left. He showed how Driscoll fell in his tracks and how he died by the camp-fire the same night. And finally Polgarthen was shown lying beside the dead body of his friend with the Teraians creeping up to surround him.

Then the priest shed his impassivity like a garment. He shook his forefinger threateningly at Polgarthen and pointed to the sky, indicating how an all-powerful hand had stooped to punish the man who had dared to approach the Sacred City. Then he pointed to the sky again and to the strange figures standing silently in their niches. He took Polgarthen by the sleeve and urged him to go closer.

Polgarthen looked at him grimly and then shrugged his shoulders and walked across the hall, his head erect. He had given up hope now; all he could do was to die bravely. But at that moment, as luck would have it, the sunlight slanted across his face through a loophole in the wall. His thoughts flew back to the old homestead in New Brunswick with its red-tiled roof and the birds nesting in the eaves—he saw his sister—and then he saw that the priests were watching him.

His fist clenched swiftly and crashed into the face of the nearest one, who dropped like a log. Pol-

garthen turned to the others. They stared at him without abating one jot of their impassivity and he swung on his heel and strode up to the nearest niche. It was occupied by an Elizabethan bravo, a big man with a shabby doublet and patched hosen, upon which the wine stains of three centuries ago were still visible.

He wondered what pitiful story this figure represented. He thought they had killed the man and then embalmed him in some way that preserved the appearance of life. The bravo's hand hung loosely by his side. Polgarthen took it in his own, but dropped it with a cry of horror. It was a hand of a living man. For the second time a great tide of fear broke in his heart.

He felt his self-control was going. There was a roaring in his ears as though the world was falling to fragments about him. He stretched out his hands but nobody moved. One of the priests pointed to the sacrificial altar at the end of the Temple and then looked at Polgarthen with a singular intentness.

The latter returned the look disdainfully and thereby lost his last chance. The eyes that were fixed upon him assumed a steady hypnotic stare until his will weakened and his bodily strength seemed to be draining away. He swayed slightly from side to side. Then his body tumbled like an empty suit of clothes.

At that sight the priests and people of the Terai found their voices at last. They broke into a long swelling song of triumph that rolled up to the burnished dome of the Temple.

FOR nearly a month the A. S. "Indomitable" had been cruising over the lonely swamps and forests of the Terai, searching for the Sacred City.

The "Indomitable" was a novelty in airship construction. Balloons are lighter than air, aeroplanes are heavier. The "Indomitable" was either at the will of its engineer. It was driven by motors, but it could be surrounded by a kind of atmosphere of electricity that made it independent of the Law of Gravitation and enabled it to float in mid-air for any length of time.

In addition to the crew and four passengers, the "Indomitable" carried a well-armed force of a hundred men. Blundell and Colonel Colverton and Joan Polgarthen were there and the fourth passenger was a Monsieur Salpetriere, the object of whose presence was known only to two persons on board.

On the sixth day of the voyage, Joan took up her usual position on deck immediately after breakfast, and was presently joined by the others. The little brown-faced man had a curiously intent look this morning as he searched the empty landscape.

"You have some news?" said Joan, quietly.

"I think so. I hope so. Lal Chunda recognizes something in the scene this morning. He thinks we are near the Sacred City."

The conversation became general. Everybody was excited. Joan slipped away from the others. Blundell urged Monsieur Salpetriere to go and have some breakfast.

"Better not," said the Frenchman, seriously. "Everything may depend on the next few hours. I want us to have success, and the subjective faculties are stronger when one is fasting."

At this time the airship was beating up West against a stiff breeze. Just as Blundell turned to acquiesce in his friend's remark, the course was changed several points. A strange, expectant silence fell upon everybody.

"It is there," said the Indian guide, suddenly. "Beyond the valley. More to the right."

The airship turned again and shot forward so swiftly that they were over the Sacred City almost immediately. It was a medley of palaces and hovels with the Temple in the centre, its burnished dome glittering in the sunshine like a ball of fire.

"That will be the Temple?" muttered Blundell.

"An important place to capture?" suggested the Colonel.

Lal Chunda whispered to Blundell: "They must not. The Temple must not be hurt. The Sahib knows what I fear."

The little man nodded reassuringly. The airship was steered swiftly round the Temple and brought down right in front of the gateway, upon which a machine gun was promptly trained. The great doors opened and a long procession of priests came forth, with arms lifted appealingly.

"That will do," said Blundell, "they are badly scared and it's our business to keep them so. Are you ready to descend, Monsieur Salpetriere?"

"Quite ready," said the Frenchman, gravely.

Blundell took with him fifty men, in addition to his two friends. At the last moment, Joan climbed down and joined them.

"I can't wait there," she said, resolutely. "I want to know what there is to know, good or bad."

Blundell became extraordinarily distressed. He begged the girl to return.

"It may be well that Mademoiselle should accompany us," said Salpetriere, suddenly. "She can help us greatly. There will be terrible things to see and to do. Mademoiselle will be brave."

Joan stared at the impassive faces of the priests and then at the more kindly sunlight overhead. But priests and sunlight were as one to her. She saw nothing. The voice that had whispered in her dreams was crying to her again and she was slowly drifting into a state of semi-consciousness.

Her face became white and rigid, her eyes were like those of a woman who walks in her sleep. She began to move towards the open door of the Temple. Colonel Colverton and Blundell looked grimly at each other and followed. The guard from the airship hesitated for a moment and then at a signal from their officer strode after them.

Still walking in the same fashion the girl made her way into the Temple. She passed one niche after another until she reached the last. Colverton felt his knees weaken. A deadly sickness overcame him. He pointed to the niched figure, but could not speak.

Joan stopped opposite the silent figure of her brother and looked up at it. The rigid expression in her eyes gradually softened. She lifted her hands.

Salpetriere made a gesture for absolute silence. This was the work he had come to do, but there were reasons why the girl could do it far better.

The silence remained unbroken. The tears were
(Concluded on page 16.)

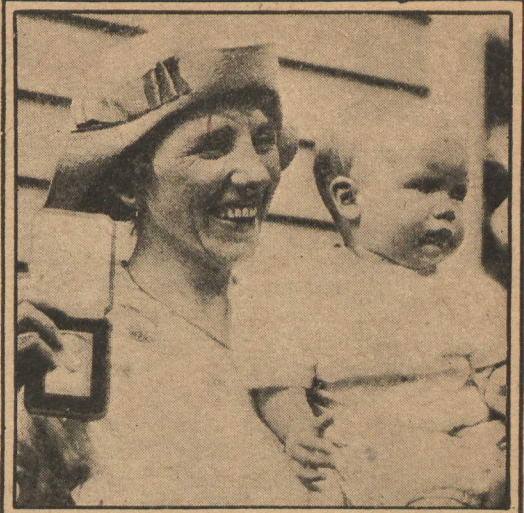
NO HUN BOMB HAS YET HIT THESE



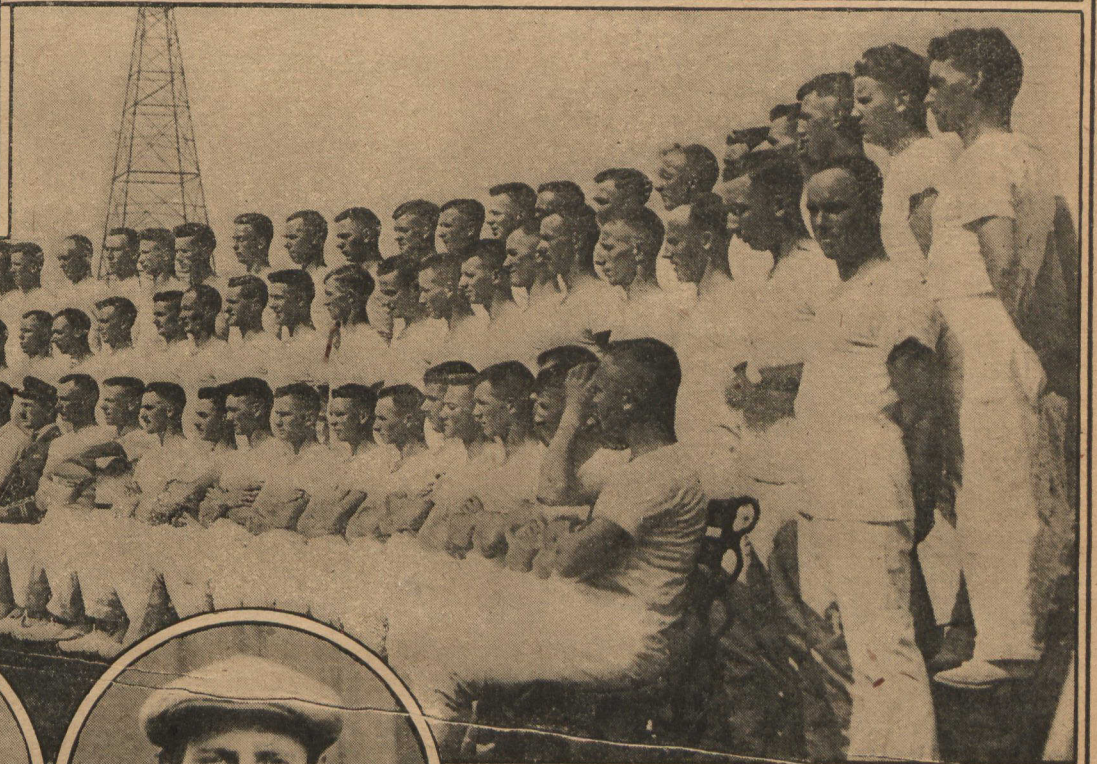
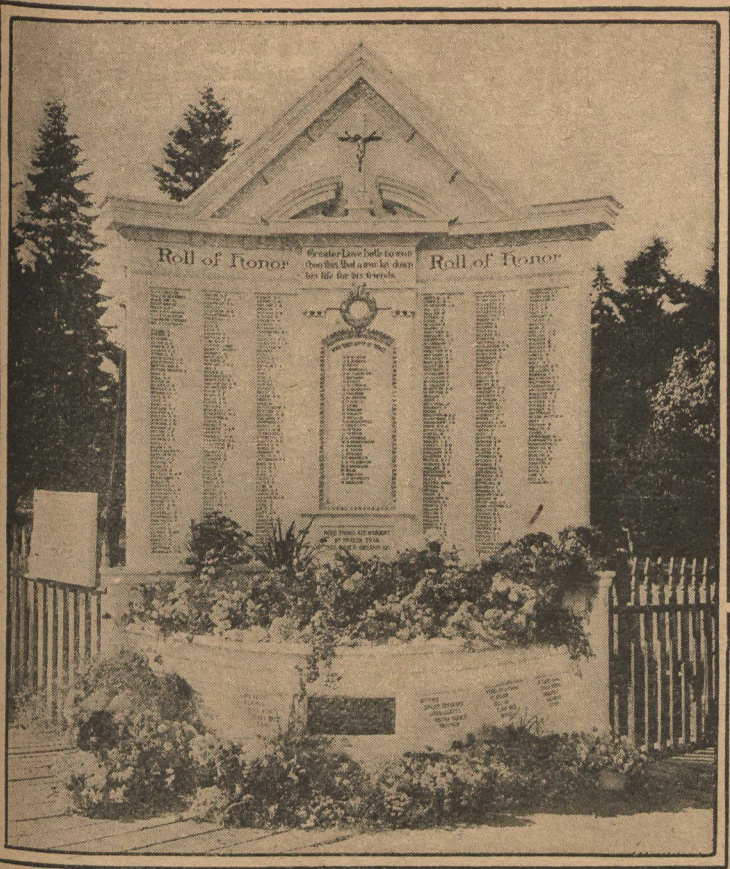
AMONG so many aerial bombardments of London it is one of the many wonders of the world that the great Westminster group of buildings has never been hit. More great administrative buildings are grouped together here over a radius of a mile or less than in any other similar area in the world. Even the old Abbey has never been struck—thank Heaven! And the greatest Parliament in the world continues to sit regardless of German bombs. This picture shows the American Legion marching over Westminster Bridge during the recent triumphal procession of Gen. Pershing's army through London.

PICTURES OF WAR AND PEACE

ESQUIMALT, B.C., has the first war shrine erected in any overseas dominion. This famous war-post shrine contains the names of British Columbia's dead who died that a nation might live. It was unveiled a few days ago by Brigadier-General Leckie, D.S.O.



CANADIAN National Exhibition's prize baby, seven months old.



PHYSICAL instructors forming the Model Camp at the Canadian National.



WAR Prisoners escape from Germany. Pte. Dusenberg, of Brighton, Ont.; Pte. Weatherhead, Philadelphia, (Royal Scots); and Pte. W. Henderson, C.M.R., from Toronto.



THE Governor-General at the Canadian National Exhibition presents Mr. J. J. Sifton with the Victoria Cross won by his son, the late Sergeant Sifton, of the 18th Battalion.



ONCE more university girls (Toronto) out in the school of nature down on the fruits farms of Grimsby, Ont. One "scuffles," the other hoes. All's right with the world.

EDITORIAL

CIVILIZATION needs a Society of Kings. For thousands of years Europe has been governed by monarchs. If the custom is to continue, the kings themselves must see to it. Consider the Kings of Europe, what percentage of them could pass an examination by democracy. For it is democracy only that can pass upon kings. To George V. we give a clean sheet. He is a man, and a royal democrat. The war has made his kingship even more secure. To King Albert of Belgium also—long life! He is the great-hearted son of a miserable father. And the war has given Albert the halo of great kingship in suffering. To King Victor Emmanuel also—hail! He stands and works for the liberation of his country, and he is a war king as it was in the days of old.

But—when you have added to these a few of the neutrals, such as Alfonso and Haakon and Gustavus, not being enthusiastic about some of these; when you have commiserated with poor Peter of Servia and look over the map to make up the best of the honour roll of kings—where are they?

We know that the late Nicholas of all the Russias is a chattering wretch who should have been deposed before the Russo-Japanese war. In spite of his dreams of peace and the Palace at the Hague, he was never a king. His connivances with Kaiser Wilhelm in 1905 to break the Triple Entente in secret were alone sufficient to depose him. His conduct in the present war has been even worse. He has been the misguided tool of the mad monarch on the Rhine. The late Emperor Franz Josef was another wretched dupe of the Kaiser. His miserable career was cursed by its great length and redeemed only by its tragedy. Ferdinand of Bulgaria may join his crooked hands with those of Constantine of Greece; both slaves of the Kaiser.

These monarchs sold their people in weakness in order to aggrandize a mad man who sought to be king of kings. And in this maniac of Potsdam we see revealed all the malevolence that has made kingship an inherited and traditional curse to the most of Europe. In beginning to comprehend the relation of "Willie" to the other kings of continental Europe, the world is beginning to realize the inherent curse of kingship that takes no account of the welfare of the people, but all of the State, the Crown and personal, bombastic ambition. Some day, soon, there will be a new Book of Kings in the world's Bible. And those that are mentioned therein as fit to retain their sceptres and their crowns will be only such as have taken account of the fact that all kingship is like true government—of the people.

WHO shall tell us whither we are drifting in politics? Are we to have an election?

If so, what are the issues? Since Sir Wilfrid Laurier has manfully recorded himself as a supporter of the law in the enforcement of conscription to which he is openly opposed in principle, what platform of win-the-war can he adopt in opposition to that law? If the leader is to help enforce the law, then the leader cannot head a party whose object is to repeal or to nullify the law, or even to change it in any important particular. If we are to elect or re-elect anybody in this country we must have a clear idea of what the issues are. We are all agreed on the necessity for winning the war—somehow. We can't do anything else. The war must be either won or lost. If we lose, the enemy wins. That is fatal. Any election in this country must be conducted with one sole purpose, to keep the enemy from winning. We are part of the great movement afoot in the world to make the world fit to live in. Any man, leader or party that fails to recognize this is an enemy of his country without proof or need of proof. No party, call it what you will, can be elected to power in this country without an express intention of winning the war. We assume that in order to win the war we must observe the laws set forth in the Military Service

Act. The Liberal leader has pledged himself to support that law. His purpose is to help win the war. The Premier has made it equally clear that he intends to form a national government. He has even offered to take a minor position in such a government under the leadership of one of his present lieutenants for the purpose of winning the war.

Both sides are committed to winning the war. What we want to know is, how any election held in this country, with a national government under any leader of either political stripe, can help us to accomplish that object. The immediate object in view is not to win any election, but to win the war. Any election that fails to help carrying out that national purpose, or that fails to make the public mind clear on the issues involved had better be postponed till we get more national sense.

THE NEW CANADIAN SAYS:

BECAUSE this country has all the charm of youth and beauty I have the foolish notion that it exists to charm me and others like me whom I know. I realize how beautiful Canada is, especially at this time of crop and harvest. When I see a crowd of people on a fine day I imagine they are all as much intoxicated with the magic of the country as I am. I feel like trying to translate their sensations into my own. The crowd—it may be at the Fair, or on the street, or in a church—seems to have about it just the same old ecstasy that crowd used to have when my Canadian experience was just beginning to have any outlines at all. It's a Canadian crowd, a Canadian occasion. It makes an impression on me that no other crowd or occasion could—though I hold myself open to get as much mentally interested in a crowd on Piccadilly or Broadway or the Nevsky Prospect. This is my own crowd. I suppose it feels like I do about this country. I daresay that thousands upon thousands of these people who clap and cheer at the flags and the music and the marching will remember this particular occasion in 1917, just as I do. But suppose they don't—does it matter? Suppose that none of us behold this country in the future as we thought it used to be in the past; what difference? Somebody will behold it perhaps even more beautiful. Canada survives for the world when the Canadians that now are—are gone. The biggest and most inspiring thing we can do is to help in making that survival worth while for the fellows that follow after.

FIREBRANDS are sometimes useful. The energy contained in fireworks is a very intense form of energy, and if allowed to explode in an open field does no harm. It is better to have fireworks in a field than a smouldering fire in the grandstand that may put the audience in a panic.

The recent eruptions in Quebec are a species of fireworks. We have known for some time that certain inflammable people and conditions existed in more than one section of this country. We may as well remind ourselves also that a large percentage of the inflammatory business is outside of Quebec. Certain misguided and un-national forces in various parts of the country have set themselves to the business of making things worse than they really are. These forces refuse to recognize that the moderate, which is the general, element in Quebec is inclined to obey and not to defy the law. It is only the inflammatory element there which feeds upon the fuel furnished by the firebrand element opposed to it that makes the trouble, and the sensational stories in the newspapers. When a law-defying element

allies itself with professional criminals it is time to remember that the better element which respects the national interests of the country has no sympathy, with this kind of thing. We believe that the best elements in Canada are everywhere in sympathy with the law. And the worst enemies of law sometimes are those who make the law the occasion of strife where there is none.

WHETHER has come to the end of a Canadian summer in 1917 and has not smelled the crops of Canada has missed more than he knows. For the first time in our history governments, corporations, municipalities, boards of trade and resources committees conspired to get as many as possible of townsmen away from the town to help gather in the harvests of the country. Many were called. Comparatively few went—except westward. The big towns of Ontario did not send out an army to harvest one of the greatest crops ever known in that part of Canada. More crop is grown in Ontario on the same area than in any part of the West. More people are massed in Ontario towns and cities than in any province on the prairies. But the town did not move to the country en masse. The telephone gangs did not rush to the pitchforks. Men went, but more were needed. The farmer will get his crop in without a doubt. In spite of a bewildering and often discouraging variety of weather his barns are being filled and threshed out and filled again. And the average townsman knows nothing about it except what he reads in the newspapers. The average townsman is, therefore, to be pitied. He has not known the smell of the crop and the sweat of his neck running down into his chest. He knows nothing of the creaking load of sheaves, the long lines of stooks, the clattering wagon and the dusty mow. He has gone to his customary censored meals in town thinking he was hungry when he might have been on a farm feeling that the only thing in creation at 12 a.m. is to eat and the only thing worth while at 1 p.m. is to hurl himself into the sheaf lines that at 6 or 7 p.m. he may presently go to the house and eat more than he ate at noon, eat till his jaws ache, till the bread and meat and potatoes and applesauce and pies are all mowed down, and the milk jug is empty, and when he has finished he wishes he had it all to do over again.

Such are the primitive joys of the harvest which the polite townsman does not feel. They are such joys, that if the town comes to get a foretaste of what it really means we fear the country next year will be flooded with seekers after real hunger from the towns.

MY neighbour sitting on his verandah one evening lately counted 200 of them in 20 minutes. A neighbour of his on the next street over might have counted as many more. The hundreds ran into thousands before the last glaring, throbbing phantom went by and the streets were abandoned only to the street car and a few casual about-town rigs.

It was a sort of generous plague the neighbours saw—somewhat akin to that of the locusts in the Bible and the army warriors in Ontario two years ago. They shook their heads, these careful folk, and said the country was surely going mad when such a Fifth Avenue river of motors could run nightly for twelve nights on the streets of one Canadian city, to say nothing of the afternoons. It was a phase of the Great Fair, the annual glorification of the great motor-car, the little one, the runabout, the limousine, the anything that-carried gasoline in her tanks and ran by cylinders. The cost of these road-machines, who could estimate? It ran into millions. The cost was staggering. All the neighbours—motorless—agreed that it was so. This country was at war, now the fourth year; and never had been known such a parade of motors. The country must be mad. We have preached economy and practised everything else. We are burning up, not only our own money, but the gasoline needed by the motor-trucks and the air ships at the front.

Even so. We agree with our neighbours. But we shall never abolish the motor-car. At the same time a ration of gasoline might be a good thing. No man has any right to squander gasoline on joy-rides when the world needs it for war and industry—any more than he has a right to waste the world's food.

Liberalism at Its Best

By A WINNIPEG CONSERVATIVE

THREE weeks ago a Winnipeg Conservative wrote for The Canadian Courier his impressions of the Western Liberal Convention. It was a very candid but appreciative criticism of a strange event. The same writer afterwards attended the Reform meeting in South Winnipeg. During the editor's absence at the pitchfork he wrote and hastily sent his impressions of this second convention. Because of the lapse of time since the actual event the original article had lost some of its novelty, but the writer's point of view was so hopefully national that we have decided to adapt the best part of what he said to the present state of affairs. The original convention he describes as Liberalism at its worst; the second as the same thing at its best. He commends the second convention because it repudiated the "machine" tactics of the first. In so doing he incidentally endorses the second convention's criticism of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Since that convention, however, Sir Wilfrid has placed himself in Parliament openly on record as prepared to help enforce a conscription measure to which he was just as openly opposed—because it is now the law of the land. We imagine that even our Winnipeg Conservative will admit that an action of this kind has nothing to do with any sort of machine, and that he will give Sir Wilfrid credit for patriotic conduct of a peculiarly intensified character.

Undoubtedly, says our correspondent, the leaders of both parties in Winnipeg believe in conscription. A really national Government with an out-and-out, win-the-war policy is what the vast majority of Winnipeg people want. South Winnipeg's delegates at the convention had failed to represent South Winnipeg's views. South Winnipeg Liberals were meeting to endorse conscription and to call for Union Government. Winnipeg Conservatives were ready to meet them half way.

In the chair at the South Winnipeg convention was ex-Mayor R. D. Waugh, while the secretary's place was taken by an old friend of mine, whom I had never thought to see in disagreement with the silver-plumed leader, whom he has idealized for so long.

Be it recorded here that this meeting passed several resolutions of unmistakable meaning, by unanimous vote. One resolution endorsed conscription in downright, plain and unequivocal fashion. Another repudiated the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, although, as was fit and proper, it referred to him in kindly terms. Another resolution endorsed the National Government plan, while still another provided for a committee to meet with South Winnipeg Conservatives to arrange, if possible, for united action in the selection of a win-the-war candidate.

Hon. T. C. Norris, Hon. A. B. Hudson, and Isaac Pitblado probably read The Canadian Courier. Knowing what the editor expected of them, they were determined that he should not be disappointed with their behaviour on this occasion. After ex-Mayor Waugh had declared in ringing tones, musical despite—or because of—the Scotch burr that still adheres to his tongue, that he was for the boys at the front and against Sir Wilfrid, Isaac Pitblado started the real business of the meeting.

Now, Winnipeg is proud of Isaac Pitblado, perhaps it is not too much to say that it loves him for his real worth and downright sincerity of character, and admires him for his unusual abilities. But Winnipeg had been sorely disappointed in Isaac. It believed that at the meetings of the Resolutions Committee he had probably waged a strong fight against the machines from the West. It was grieved, however, that for the sake of an apparent but unreal party unity he had failed to carry the battle to the floor of the convention.

It takes a big man to admit his mistakes in public. In a clear cut speech Mr. Pitblado advocated an out-and-out declaration for conscription, the formation and support of a National Win-the-War Government, a repudiation of the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and united action with South Winnipeg Conservatives if that could be arranged.

Then came the Hon. A. B. Hudson in his confession of his political faith. If Winnipeg had been disappointed in Mr. Pitblado, it had been still more disappointed in Mr. Hudson's apparent surrender

to the Western machine element. Mr. Hudson's conscience had troubled him, and he had given out a signed "explanation" that had failed to explain. The futile attempt had done him great injury. Nevertheless, he was given a very cordial reception. In less than five minutes he made a clear-out declaration of his beliefs. He advocated conscription of men, contributions of wealth, the formation of a National Government and a union of forces in the coming elections of all those who believe in a win-the-war policy.

Then came Hon. T. C. Norris, who had to face considerable heckling. There were those who wanted to know why he had failed to stand his ground in the convention. They were insistent, but the Premier wasn't answering questions! His confession of faith was similar to that of Hon. A. B. Hudson. He would support a National Government with Sir Robert Borden at its head—but he would prefer a change in Premiers. He suggested the name of Sir Adam Back. As for Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he could no longer support him.

This was a South Winnipeg meeting only, but assuredly it voiced the sentiments of true Liberalism in Manitoba. I am greatly mistaken if it does not also represent the opinions of most of the rank and file of Liberalism in the three provinces farther West. Before this appears in print, it may be that a National Government satisfactory to both conscriptionist-Conservatives and conscriptionist-Liberals will be announced from Ottawa. In that case, there can be little doubt of a victory in the West for the win-the-war policy. It is the Premier's opportunity, it is the opportunity of the prominent Liberals with whom he is negotiating to rise above party considerations, give and take a little on either side, and unite to support the policy which they have at heart.

There was a time when we had statesmen in Canada who would have measured up to this opportunity. I am not saying that we have not got them to-day. Certain it is, that Sir John A. Macdonald would very soon have taken advantage of such an opportunity as this to unite with him political opponents in order to assure the success of a policy of vital importance. I left the hall with a sincere admiration for the patriotic spirit of Liberalism at its best.

Criticizing Chisholm

Victoria, B. C.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

The "Man from Windermere" has said his say. He has filled several pages with his own opinions and apparently is thoroughly convinced that he has voiced the sentiments of the West.

But he has another "think" coming to him. Any man who starts out with the idea that by making an assertion, and making it very boldly, he thereby proves it to be a fact, is away off his base.

Who gave him authority to say that the West "is practically a unit of approval on conscription?" The suggestion that anyone who doubts his statement will soon be convinced by offering to bet money on an election is no evidence. This could only prove that there were fewer "antis" than "pros"—not that there were none.

With equal arrogance he states that "nobody wants an election." Doubtless "nobody" is his authority for this. Thousands of somebodies would tell him differently.

His statement that there is every "constitutional" and no "common sense" argument for an election is pretty rough on the framers of the constitution. His ideas on common sense, and mine, evidently differ.

He acknowledges that the Parliament was elected when nobody thought of war. That in itself is sufficient evidence that we need an election when everybody is thinking of war—that is, if it is the intention to give the people any say in the matter.

He says "it is a thousand pities that Sir Wilfrid could not hear the voice of Canada calling him." There is not the slightest reason in the world for imagining that Sir Wilfrid has not heard the call, and that he is answering. The man from Windermere simply happens to be one of those who fail to recognize that a man may differ from him in opinion and still be a genuine patriot.

It is evident that he has arrived at the same

mental location as thousands of others in both East and West, and gone absolutely "war mad." He sees no other way out of the world catastrophe, than by raising the "Win-the-War" cry, a cry that bids fair to ruin the whole country and Empire.

Instead of using his undoubted ability in the forming of a sane judgment during the present crisis, he deliberately sets himself to fan all the baser elements in a man's nature in a wild enthusiasm for an impossible proposition; viz., "a decision by force of arms." The cost in blood and manhood is not to be considered. Millions of men are to be sent to be slaughtered in defence of a freedom which is taken from them before they go.

Mr. C.'s remarkable simile of the "froth that is making all the noise" acts like a boomerang. His article contains not a single argument that could not be torn in shreds in half the space it occupies.

It is the difference of a man who has come to his own conclusions and absolutely refuses to entertain the idea that anyone who opposes him can possibly be right. If he will eliminate his superabundance of slang and verbosity and get down to plain, dignified English, what he has to say might carry more weight.

H. E. PEIRCE.

H. G. Fricker, Organist

We may as well admit that the British have all other nations musically beaten in playing the pipe organ. (We persist in saying pipe organ, even though we are assured by one of these British masters that we should simply say "organ" and let it go at that.)

More great organists nowadays come from the British Isles than from all other countries combined. France used to thrill us with Guilman. The United States gave us cold creeps years ago with Frederic Archer—who was probably a Britisher in the first place. Germany, Italy, Austria, any other country in Europe may have great organists, but we never hear them and as a rule their names don't get into print. Russia has no organists whatever, because Russia has no organs.

And last week one of the greatest English organists broke the musical ice in Canada by giving his first recital in this country. Mr. Fricker, late of Leeds, England, now organist and choirmaster of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, and new conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, has already established himself as a master at the art of making a big organ act like an orchestra and a choir in one.

It is a coincidence that a generation ago the leading choral organization of Canada was also conducted from the console of the Metropolitan organ, in the days when F. H. Torrington was our first conductor and organist. Things have changed since then. There is a difference between the old Philharmonic Society and the Mendelssohn Choir; and a vast difference between the old maiden lady of an organ that used to discourse so sedately to big congregations in the 70's, 80's, and 90's, and the solemn

(Continued on page 25.)

The Canadian Language

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

A FRENCH SCHOLAR, who made and published a study of French as it is spoken in Quebec was, in consequence, practically expelled from the Royal Society of Canada. He was condemned unheard, but the incident is probably the most exciting in the annals of that august but somewhat somnolent body. No similar penalty can befall the penman who ventures to take up the other, or English, side of the question; for the results can only be flattering to our national pride. English, as she is spoken in Canada, is so far superior to all other varieties that it is astonishing no one has remarked the fact.

A short argument will convince any doubter. Our American cousins speak with a "Yankee twang." The Irish have a "brogue," the Scotch are noted for their "burr." But the funniest of all are the English. They speak "with an English accent," a manifestly

(Concluded on page 22.)

HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

A TIDY little transportation problem is involved in the mobilizing of half a million or more troops and moving them to the eastern sea-board for embarkation on a fleet of troopships and, of course, the brunt of the burden must fall on the railways, and it is for just such a job that Uncle Sam has accepted the services of the best men on the American Railway Association. The task set these men was to co-ordinate the vast railway system of the United States with the military machine and, according to John W. Russell, who writes on the subject in the *Railroad Man's Magazine*, they have gone far on the way towards accomplishing that objective. "The Association has, in effect," says Mr. Russell, "become a part of the armed forces of the United States, ready, on receiving orders from Washington, to take the responsibility of carrying those orders into effect by transportation activities similar to those included in the plans of the army staffs of Continental Europe, and by providing, as far as possible, the railway units of special trained men corresponding to the railway arm of the military services abroad."

Coal and iron ore have been given the right of way in order to supply New England and the manufacturing districts; duplicate passenger services either have been, or are about to be, abolished, and the freighting facilities of the roads have been pooled.

They are prepared, so Mr. Russell declares, to mobilize 80,000 men a day at New York. In other words, they can move a field army—the highest definite unit of American army organization—from Chicago to the gangways of troopships in New York harbour within 24 hours of receiving the command. To move a field army of 80,000 troops they would require 6,229 cars made up into 366 trains, with as many locomotives, each train having 17 cars. Transportation for the soldiers requires 2,115 passenger cars, while the animals, military vehicles, guns, supplies, et cetera, are distributed among 1,899 stock-cars, 775 flat cars, 1,055 box cars, and 385 baggage-cars.

"These figures, after all," comments Mr. Russell, "represent but an insignificant fraction of Uncle Sam's railroad resources. They account for only .7 of one per cent. of the locomotives, 4.2 per cent. of the passenger-cars, and .2 of one per cent. of the freight equipment."

The field army of 80,000 taken as our hypothesis, when entrained and equipment and supplies loaded, proceeds in an assigned order in 366 trainloads. In Chicago at the station chosen, the schedule is fixed; the train-despatcher and the yardmaster see that it is kept by departing trains; the division superintendents along the route, assisted by the despatchers, maintain the rate of movement, and the trains arrive in New York on time.

Speed and the intervals between outgoing trains might depend, nevertheless, upon military and naval arrangements made in New York. If a fleet of allied transport ships, strongly convoyed, had been made ready to take the army aboard, a speed equal to that made in the transportation of European armies by rail could be attained.

Big as the American Railway Association's wartime job sounds, it shrinks into almost negligible quantities when compared with the task of handling the military masses of Europe.

During the German drive for Calais, the French railroad service sent over 3,000 trainloads of poilus in a little over a day and a half. On August 4, 1914, the day of the British declaration of war against Germany, the general manager of one railroad, on opening sealed government orders, began to send out trains which within seven days amounted to ninety in number; each train on fixed schedule, made up of the extra number of cars assigned, and



This Week's Bill of Fare

Rails and Moving Armies

(Railroad Magazine.)

The Actor and His Tricks

(American Magazine.)

1917 Millionaires in Japan

(Munsey's.)

Warfield's First Cue

(McClure's.)

Opulent Negroes in Gotham

(New York Times.)

Russia's Industrial Terror

(The Outlook.)

carrying the exact number of troops.

In eleven days the whole of the British expeditionary force of about 120,000 men was on French soil. The trains sent from London and other British cities ran at twelve-minute intervals; at Paris the intervals were probably less.

"ONE of the keenest pleasures the theatre affords," says Walter Prichard Eaton, in the *American Magazine*, "is to watch the players and discriminate, or try to discriminate, between what is an imaginative and unique creation in their impersonations, and what is a mere trick of acting, a conventional short cut. If more people in the playhouse made the effort thus to discriminate, there would be a much wider appreciation of the actor's art, and a better understanding. What are really the tricks in acting are those things a player does in a given situation to create a dramatic effect, to achieve illusion, to make the artificial seem natural, and which he can use in any other similar situation; which are, in short, a sort of stock in trade, or, rather, a machine-made tool employed by his head rather than his heart or his imagination. What are the true creative things in acting are those effects the actor achieves by a deep imaginative realization of the particular character he is playing, which he uses in that play and that play alone, which would fit nowhere else, and die with the part.

"In the last act of Jane Cowl's new play, 'Lilac Time,' as it was originally played, there is a good illustration of what is trickery and what is creative artistry in acting. The scene begins in a subdued and sombre key, because Miss Cowl's soldier lover has been away for a year, and his fate is uncertain. Then comes a letter from him, seized upon with happy and tearful excitement, then the news that his regiment is arriving that very morning. The excitement increases, the action grows faster, until finally, when the major of the regiment enters the room, the actress rushes to him like a young whirlwind. His face is very grave, and into this speed, this excitement, he drops the word that the lover has been killed. So far there is nothing here which isn't an ancient trick alike of acting and stage management, based, of course, on the fact that men and

women do speak louder, and faster in joy than in grief, and at the approach of some long looked-for and greatly desired event do become sometimes almost hysterical. The stage manager and actress, knowing this, 'work up' the scene accordingly. But after the sad news, which, of course, breaks her down into tragic weeping, the soldiers are heard marching by outside. Miss Cowl is supposed to be a brave French girl. She springs to the window, and mastering her sobs,

she waves to the troops and cries, "Vive la France! Vive l'Angleterre!" In that cry is the courage of the self-sacrificing patriot. In it, too, she puts her grief. In it, too, she puts a certain blind resentment against fate, a tragic defiance, almost. It is a thrilling moment, finely and imaginatively conceived, belonging to that particular character in that special situation, and to no other. It is a bit of real creative acting.

"So far as acting is a matter of calculated convention, a studied and almost systematized method of making what is artificial seem natural enough to cause illusion, it may be said to be, in the words of Mr. Arliss, 'a bag of tricks.' It becomes creative art at the point where it ceases to be systematized, where it ceases to have a method, and what the actor does or says, how he does or says it, impresses us as belonging to that one character in that one play and to no other character or play whatsoever. Here is where imagination, inspiration—call it what you will—enters in. Here is where we begin to see the difference between the great actor and the routine performer. Here is where the critic has to cease analyzing, and sits back to enjoy."

TAKE up any book, says Charles H. Thurber, in the *Canadian Magazine*, and you will find it offers as many as or more varieties in materials than the dinner-table. The first thing you see is the cloth on the cover, which can be followed a long way to the fields where the plant was grown, through the mills where the cloth was manufactured, and then to the special book-cloth mill where the cloths are put through a secret process. There is the dye which must have been used in colouring the cloth. There is, perhaps, gold on the cover, real gold, which leads us to consideration of the ancient art of the gold-beater. Without opening the book you see that it is composed of a great mass of paper. What is the paper made of? Rags from a Mediterranean port, or pulp, the ignoble end of some monarch of the forest?

What Makes a Book Anyhow?

Here is a whole vast industry with all its ramifications, from the materials and chemicals used to the nations that contribute them, an enormous industry with many picturesque features. There is glue; there are bits of cloth to hold the book into the binding; there is thread used to sew the leaves together; there is ink on the pages. How did the ink get on the pages in the form which makes an intelligible, readable document? It was put there by pressing the paper against metal—metal type, or more likely in these days, metal plates. Where did the metal come from? How many different kinds of metals are used? How are they arranged in just this particular way? There may be pictures. How did they come into being? If all the materials that go into a book were merely thrown together we should no more have a book than we should have a dinner if the materials on the dinner-table were thrown together. It is the cook who takes the materials for the dinner-table, arranges them properly, saves them from becoming a mess and makes them a dinner. So there must be some agency to perform a like function for the materials which go into a book. There must be, to carry out the figure, a book cook. That, for many years, has been my job.

Men have recorded their thoughts and achieve-

ments from prehistoric times, so that books in one form or another are among the most ancient possessions of the human race. Hammurabi published his wonderful code, which has been preserved to us these thousands of years to be discovered again only in the present generation, by means of baking it in bricks. The commandments were graven on stone; many ancient records have been discovered graven on stone. Books were written on papyrus, on tablets of wood or ivory, and later, writing on parchment until the discovery of printing was the only method generally practised for producing books in the European civilizations.

The parties involved in the production of the book are the author, the publisher, the printer or manufacturer, and the buyer or public. These different parties to the transaction are generally all different individuals. A few large publishers are also printers or manufacturers, and occasionally an author undertakes to be his own publisher.

Authors often have the feeling that their work is not given careful consideration by publishers. They should remember that the publisher has no other way of making his living except by selling books and that he can't sell books unless he gets saleable books on his list. The foundation of every publishing house is the securing of good books, and it must continue to secure a constant stream of such good books or it will fail. Mistakes of judgment are made, of course. "Ben Hur" sought a publisher for some ten years, and "David Harum" was rejected by most of the great publishing houses in the United States before one editor saw its possibilities and opened the way to its enormous sales. On the other hand, great sums of money have been lost on books which never returned the cost of their printing. Most people can hide a fair share of their mistakes, and generally do. The publisher must flaunt his mistakes in the eyes of all the world. When he has cooked his intellectual dinner he invites every one to partake of it and he is seldom so fortunate as to please all of his guests. He often has the experience of being commended and condemned for precisely the same thing and occasionally in the same mail.

WHEN David Warfield was a youngster nothing could rid him of the happy habit of making other folk laugh nor could parental opposition stay his ambition to become an actor. In the telling of his own story in McClure's magazine, he explains this irrepressible urge to make mirth which marked him as "the bad boy" of his class when he was attending public school as being nothing less than the waking of those instincts which later made him an actor. "I got a lot of fun out of upsetting things," he says, "anything I could reach that could be tipped over I tipped over, with a pretext or without one. It made my schoolmates laugh. I found I could make them laugh still more by asking the teacher absurd questions, and if I could manage to upset her by making her forget her dignity and laugh, too, I thought I had scored a triumph."

At fourteen he was selling programmes. It was the first step towards the goal he had set for himself when, as a small boy, he first felt the fascination of everything connected with the theatre. His father ridiculed his ambition to become an actor and her

boy's hankering for the stage sorely distressed his mother, who could see nothing behind the footlights more enticing than a tilted trail to vagabondage.

"This opposition at home taught me one thing," he remarks, "and I want to say right here that if I had a boy he could try being what he wanted to be without my trying to dissuade him, even if he picked out being a street-car conductor or a locomotive engineer. He might turn out in the end to be a great transportation king! I had my lesson when I was a boy—I wanted to be an actor, though there may not have been any particular manifestation of talent in me to justify it. But it was my ambition, and my experience has convinced me that any normal ambition that a child has should be encouraged, instead of opposed, by his parents"

Warfield's First Appearance on the Stage

It is characteristic of Mr. Warfield that he should recount only the funny side of his first two failures. His mimicry of dialects made a place for him as Meltzer Moss, a Jew in "The Ticket of Leave Man," in a repertory company playing on a tour of the smaller California towns. He knew absolutely nothing of the business of make-up and made an awful mess of the false nose with which he attempted to change his nationality for the part. "I knew false noses were made of putty," he says, "but never having heard of theatrical putty, I went to a glazier's and bought some of the ordinary kind. I made up for the performance with it, after a lot of trouble, and borrowed some grease paint from one of the actors. Then I put on my beard. The string of it stuck out, but that was the least of my worries. As soon as the stage began to get warm in the course of the first act my nose began to slip. I kept trying to push it back into place, but the putty kept melting and touching it only smeared up my face. Altogether my first professional appearance was like nothing in the world so much as a child playing at acting in a cellar."

He made a second attempt to catch public favour a year later. This time with a specialty which included German, Irish and Italian dialect stories with burlesque imitations of Bernhardt, Irving and Salvini. "It was an exhibition without any question at all," he says. Stifling an impulse to run and act some other day he got onto the stage somehow. "I put on a smile and tried to speak, but there was something the matter with my voice. I began a story, but the thread of it got lost—my Italian was speaking German and my Irishman was trying to



talk with an Italian accent. People in the audience began to look at each other and grin.

"Try a song!" someone shouted, and there were other suggestions from the audience—less pleasant ones. I began my story all over again.

"I had good material to work with if I could get it over—I knew that. But I didn't know how to get it over. I didn't even know how to make myself heard. There was a lot of noise in the theatre at best, and as I struggled on with my story it increased to an uproar. The stage manager beckoned to me from the wings. The curtain was coming down, but not soon enough for the audience. I heard a hissing as if ten thousand steam pipes had suddenly burst. I bowed, tried to smile, and walked off—a failure. The manager, disgusted, told me to wash up and go home."

After that he decided to leave San Francisco and come back again only as a star—a resolution made in a spirit of youthful bravado mixed with disappointment. "And, just as it might happen in a story, that is the way I did return," says Mr. Warfield. "I did not go back to San Francisco till thirteen years later, when I was playing in 'The Auctioneer,'

My mother had never seen me act till then, and she sat through the first act of the play amazed, unable to realize it all. She could see only a great big house where the people almost hung on the rafters. She did not really enjoy the play till she had seen it about six times."

NO one can give an inclusive and entirely accurate picture of Russia to-day, says Gregory Mason, in The Outlook; the country is too large and too varied for that. A good deal of evidence can be found to support either a pessimistic or an optimistic view of Russia's future.

There is much that is amusingly childish in the present conduct of the Russian people—and here I

use the word people as it is used in Russia, not as we use it in America. When an educated and well-to-do American refers to "the American people," he includes himself. But when an educated and well-to-do

Russia's Terror— The Industrials

Russian speaks of "the Russian people," he does not mean himself. He is a member of the *obshchestvo*—of society, as we might say. By "the people"—that is, *narod*—he means persons far less fortunate than himself in the possession of education, culture, rank, and wealth. Such is the vast gulf between the upper and the lower classes in Russia. But to-day it is the *narod* which has come into its own. The phrase "the people" is approaching the meaning which it has in America.

Naturally the *narod* is sometimes amusing in its determination to extend democracy. The red flag flies everywhere in Russian cities—on buildings which never flew any flag before and on the front of every street car in Petrograd. The great stone figure of Catherine the Great, who looks out onto the Nevsky Prospect from a park near the centre of that long avenue of commerce and society, holds an absurd little red flag in her massive hand. The Imperial eagles have been ripped off the facades of all Government buildings in Russia, and in one city the American eagle before the American Consulate was draped in red to save him from the zealous *narod*, to whom all eagles look alike just now.

Russia is filled with *tavarischi* in uniform who are rambling through the country on a grand national picnic. They seem to have a passion for travel, and the trains, street cars, and river steamers are so monopolized by these *tavarischi* that civilians travel now only under the most extreme necessity. The soldiers never pay any fare, even when riding first class. The cabman, who now charges tremendous prices to civilians, drives his soldier *tavarisch* about town for a pittance.

The train on which I came through Siberia was stopped frequently by soldiers, who insisted that the famous weekly Trans-Siberian express be held while the troop trains on which they were going—not to the front, but home—went ahead. They were also constantly trying to board our train and ride there. But mark this, for it throws an important light on Russian character: each time that the soldiers tried to come aboard, one of the trainmen would stand at each platform entrance and hold the *tavarischi* in argument until the train was ready to start. After it had begun to move he would leap aboard, and by that time it would be going so fast that only five or six soldiers would manage to reach each platform. Apparently it never occurred to the big bearded *muzhiks* to brush the trainmen aside and force their way onto the train. Now I venture to say that if to-day there were in France, England, America, or almost any country but Russia, such a situation as exists in Russia, the soldiers would not argue about riding on the trains, they would simply take possession of them. And, what is more, they would ride in the sleeping and dining cars, instead of meekly remaining on the platforms, as these Russians did. A very happy and a very tame anarchy is this Russian variety—as usually exemplified thus far.

Nevertheless, the whole recent tendency in Russia has been a movement towards a social revolution. Every one can call himself a *tavarisch*, but not every one can be regarded as such by the real elect.

War to the knife has been declared against capital, and the authorized Anarchists carry papers as proof of their authority. There you have Russia reversed again.

The Czar and Empress are less unpopular in Russia to-day than almost any capitalist. In fact, nearly every one has forgotten that his late rulers are alive, whereas all of the *narod* are only too keenly aware of the existence of the capitalists, whom many of them believe ought to be killed or exiled.

If there is bloodshed, it will probably be the workmen who will cause it. They are parading the streets constantly, armed with the military rifles which they captured in the Revolution, and the use of which they understand only enough to endanger the lives of all within range when they begin shooting. The red flag is prominent in all these parades, emblazoned with such slogans as "Down with Capitalism!" but lately the red flag has become "too tame," as a workingman said to me, and now the black flag is frequently seen.

I shall never forget the first procession of this sort which I saw on the Nevsky Prospect. It was the funeral of a *tavarisch* supposed to have been "killed by capitalism," and the marchers were in a sullen mood. They marched slowly, dragging their rifles in the most unmilitary manner. They were smallish men, stooped and twisted, their faces pinched and bearing an expression which was partly hang-dog, partly malignant, and wholly irresponsible; a tremendous contrast to the healthy, boyish faces of the young soldiers and peasants from the country who watched them pass. They looked fit for any kind of mad, destructive orgy. Yet they seemed, somehow, not to blame for their appearance, which excited pity as well as fear in the onlooker. For the look which made them fearful was the stamp of industrialism, the mark of the beast which the factory had put upon their brows.

If there is a Terror, these industrialists are the men who will make it, and the industrial situation is the weakest spot in weak Russia to-day; it is far worse than the demoralized military situation. All over Russia the workers are striking for impossible demands. Given one hundred or two hundred per cent. increase in wages, they have frequently asked for as much as five or six hundred. The result is that many factories have closed up; but sometimes the workers have forbidden this and tried to run the plants on a co-operative basis. Some Englishmen who announced that they would close their factories and return to England because the demands of the workers were so ruinous to business were told:

"Oh, no, you won't. You'll stay here and run these factories for us, the workers."

JAPAN'S position in the great world struggle seems to be somewhere near the tip-most top of a pinnacle of dazzling prosperity—a regular Fujiyama of net profits, so to speak. A flood of gold has set towards the inland empire from the coffers of her allies and great rivers of merchandise and munitions go down to the seven seas from Nippon and

such like centres of Japanese industry to displace German trade and all the gaps left open by the closing of so many factories in France and the disruption of industry generally throughout Europe.

The result has been the creation of a new army of little brown millionaires, or, as a writer in *Munsey's Magazine* puts it, "Japan is almost as full of millionaires these days as a cherry tree is of blossoms in the spring." There is no lack of lavish living in the re-distribution of this newly acquired wealth, but in the main the successful merchants and promoters of Nippon are enjoying their money with calmness and discretion. As to the manner of their spending the writer in *Munsey's* says: They of the land of the Mikado, simply as they often live when they must, have the ability to spend more money with less ostentation than any race, except perhaps New Yorkers of the true Knickerbocker strain.

"To spread open your books under the light of your lamp," wrote a sage of old Nippon, "and hold com-

munion with men of bygone ages, is surpassingly comfortable."

It is the height of luxury for a Japanese; however, to be able to say that he is reading the words of a philosopher in the original manuscript; and he is willing to pay enormously for that satisfaction. Ancient scripts have risen remarkably in price during the last two years. It is nothing unusual these days for a wealthy collector to pay twenty or thirty thousand dollars for a little scrap of classic poetry.

In bidding for antique works of art, the newly rich of Japan regard no limit but the snow-cap of Fuji. Tiny vases covered with glorious glaze, the work of long-dead poets of the clay, are being sold for sums which would stagger Fifth Avenue.

Some of the new millionaires of Japan have taken up golf, which they play on links maintained in the most approved style. They are building country houses like castles of old in splendour. They are following many American and European ways, and yet, lavishly as they are scattering large incomes in air, they are wonderfully influenced by subtle refinements inherited from their ancestors.

For the pleasures of the table they care little. Any one who has seen a Japanese sipping a cocktail



throughout an entire meal, and bestowing more thought on the bouquet of champagne than on its effect, will realize that there is a vast difference between the standards of the Occident and those of the Island Kingdom, even in treading the wisteria path of gastronomic dalliance. Mostly the extravagance of the newly rich of Japan finds vent in endowing colleges, assembling treasures of literature and art, and ministering to those senses and desires through which men nourish the soul.

IN uptown New York, occupying a section which a decade ago included one of the city's best residential districts, flourishes the wealthiest negro colony in the world, says one of the staff writers on the *New York Times*. There are those among its members who count their fortunes in six figures.

The colony extends roughly from 131st Street to 144th Street, and from Seventh Avenue to the Harlem River. It is, however, constantly lengthening and widening, and in two years' time the negro population has swelled from 50,000 to 70,000.

More than 500 negroes in the district occupy private houses which rent from \$720 to \$1,200 a year. More than 250 own their own homes. A pioneer negro real estate man in Harlem, estimates that about one-third of the real estate in the section is owned by negroes.

The colony has a dozen churches. The largest, St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church, is in 134th Street, near Seventh Avenue. It was designed by a firm of negro architects and was built at a cost of \$250,000 a few years ago. In the rear is a large

parish house. St. Philip's has 1,900 communicants, and a choir of forty voices.

The Metropolitan Baptist Church, at 120 West 138th Street, runs a grocery and butcher store and a real estate business for the benefit of its congregation. It recently started to purchase for investment purposes a house a month. In addition to the churches, there are countless religious missions. The colony supports three weekly newspapers and a fraternal paper devoted to negro affairs. Social life in the colony finds its expression in church festivals and clubs. The principal war topic, it may be remarked, is the Fifteenth Regiment, N.G.N.Y., of which the colony is tremendously proud. It will tell you that the regiment was the first in the State to receive its full military quota, and that when it gets to the front and into the fighting it will do the same valiant deeds as a certain other negro regiment did at San Juan Hill, Santiago, Cuba, back in 1898.

Prisoners of the Terai

(Concluded from page 10.)

rolling down Joan's cheeks now. Her eyes yearned towards her brother like those of a mother who sees her child in danger. And then the most extraordinary thing happened. The apparently lifeless figure of Jack Polgarthen stirred slowly. The light crept back to his eyes. He lifted his arms a little. And at last he caught hold of a friendly hand and stepped to the ground. He clung to his sister like a child.

Colverton and Blundell were crying like children. Salpetriere was crying and laughing and dancing all at once. But Joan led her brother quietly away from them all and made him lie down. She pillowed his head on her lap. Her hands were stroking his face, and sometimes she whispered to him, little piteous bits of tenderness.

MEANWHILE the Chief Priest, anxious to conciliate, had ranged his assistants opposite the other niches, where they were employing their powers to bring back the prisoners to life.

The result was beginning to show itself as Blundell and Colverton and the others turned away from the Polgarthens. All round the Temple the figures in the niches were stepping and stumbling to the ground. Some crumbled to dust even as they stirred. Others staggered a few steps. The infantryman of the Mutiny period, who had seemed to be a mere boy, grew old and grey before the very eyes of those who watched him. His face shrivelled into the lines of old age. His eyes lost their freshness. He became an old, old man in a few minutes.

"I be one o' Havelock's men," he whispered, hoarsely, and then collapsed. When they picked him up he was already dead.

"There were so many of us," said Polgarthen, afterwards. "We were shadows in a world of shadows. We were separated from the living and the dead. Some had been so for centuries. Our world was without sight or sound. Space did not exist or time or matter. We were not properly conscious of each other. Yet, when Joan tried to draw me back to the world, I was conscious of an atmosphere of hostility. Then suddenly I escaped and the other world went right away."

Then he himself went off into a long, easy sleep, which Salpetriere declared was the best thing he could do. The others delayed their departure long enough to set the Temple blazing and then the airship climbed swiftly into the sky, leaving the Teraians standing helplessly round the wreckage.

Just to Read Aloud

A WELL-KNOWN business man, who was lately married, took out some life assurance last Thursday. Coming up-town Monday morning, he was accosted by one of his friends with the salutation: "What's the matter, old man, you look worried?" "Well, to be honest with you I am. You know, I took out some life assurance last Thursday." "Yes," replied the sympathetic friend, "but what has that to do with the woe-begone expression on your face?" "Well, the very next day after I had it written my wife bought a new cook-book. Possibly it's all right, but it certainly looks suspicious." —Kansas City Star.

(Continued on page 27.)

Rimrock Jones

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Desert Trail"

RIMROCK JONES, prospector, discovers the Tecolote copper mine in Arizona. The mine is rich in ore, but Rimrock is "broke." He gets \$10 from Lockhart, a local banker. With it he plays Faro and wins thousands. Another throw and he loses all. While searching for "Apex" McBain, his chief enemy, he meets Mary Fortune, McBain's typist. To her he explains how McBain euchred him out of the mine that put Gunsight on the map. She lends him \$400 on the security of an un-named share in the Tecolote. Rimrock comes back later with a bag of gold ore on which he gets \$2,000 loan from Lockhart. The ore was borrowed from a Mexican; whereby Rimrock begins to get even with a man who had previously robbed him. Rimrock goes down to New York and floats a company. He comes back, repays Lockhart, and tries to pay Mary Fortune her \$400. Mary insists on the "share" he had promised her. She names one per cent. Rimrock is trapped. That one per cent. throws the casting vote to Mary. The New York man has 49; Rimrock 51. It takes Rimrock's 50 and Mary's 1, to control the mine.

In a motor-ride to the Tecolote Rimrock proposes marriage to Mary Fortune. She postpones her decision. Surveyors arrive to line the railroad from Gunsight to Tecolote. "Apex" McBain and his gang undertake to jump Rimrock's claim. Rimrock arrives on the scene single-handed with his gun. In the scrimmage, he shoots McBain. Rimrock is placed under arrest on a charge of murder. Unable to get bail, he also refuses to engage a lawyer, preferring to conduct his own case on a man-justice basis. Meanwhile Mary is made Secretary of the Company. Jepson, manager for the New York interests, arrives. Mary visits Rimrock in jail and urges him to secure counsel. He refuses. Rimrock's trial comes on. He is acquitted, and returns to Gunsight. Mrs. Hardesty, the "Tiger Lady," arrives in Gunsight. She is a friend of the New York interests. Rimrock meets her and takes her up to the hotel balcony, forgetting his appointment with Mary there. Mary sees them and slips away unseen. She later informs Rimrock that she is going to New York to have a long-deferred operation performed. He intuitively perceives that she is jealous. Mary leaves for the East, and Rimrock is in a fix. Somebody should stay and oversee Jepson, and Rimrock has promised Mrs. Hardesty to return to New York. She suggests that Rimrock follow Mary, and explain, which he decides to do.

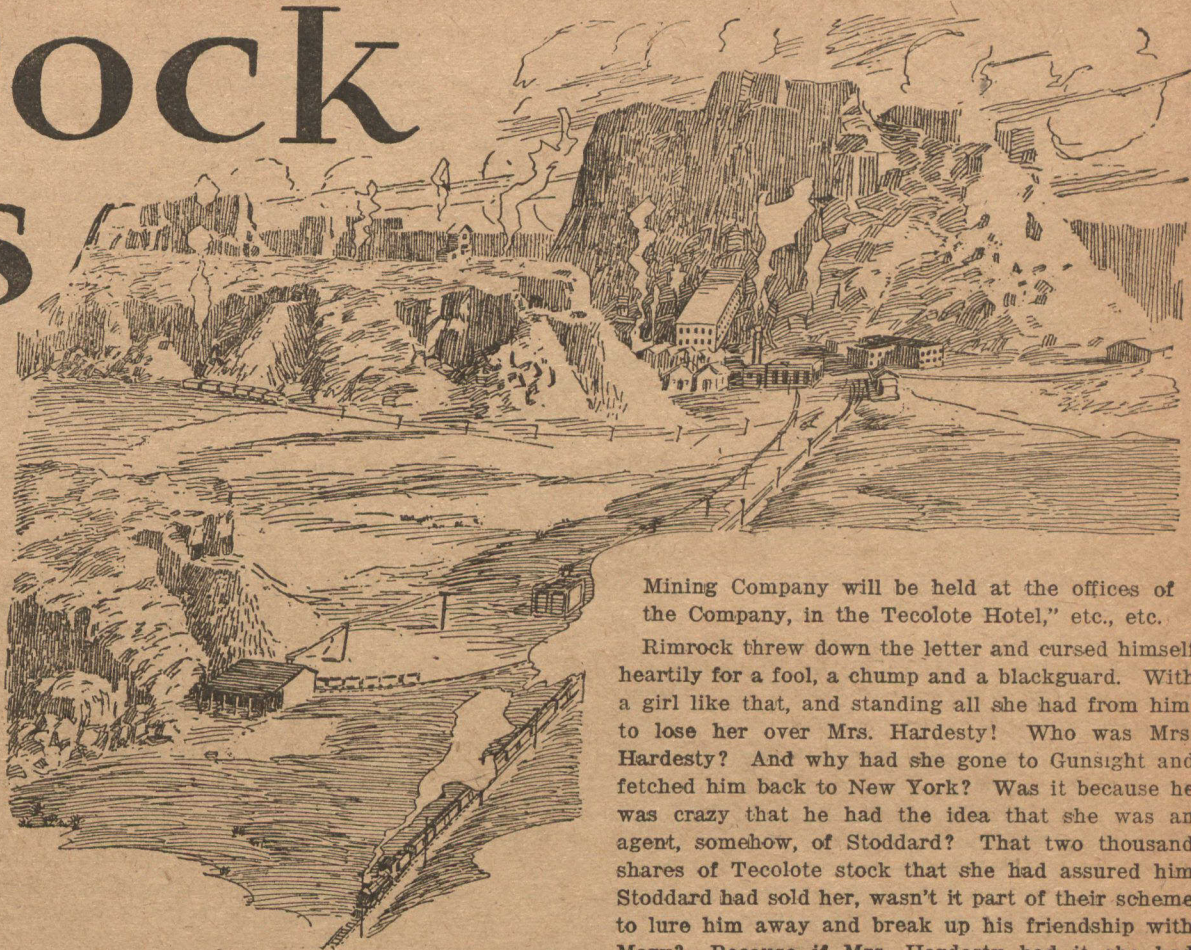
Rimrock searches in New York for months without finding Mary. The "Tiger Lady" gradually weaves a spell of fascination around him. While at the opera with her, he sees Mary. She recognizes Rimrock, but in anger at "the other woman" she passes on. Rimrock tries to overtake her, but is held back by the "Tiger Lady." She asks him to her rooms, but he refuses.

CHAPTER XX.

A Letter From the Secretary.

AS MRS. HARDESTY guessed, Rimrock was hurrying away in order to follow Mary Fortune; and as Rimrock guessed, she had invited him in to keep him from doing just that. She had failed, for once, and it hurt her pride; but Rimrock failed as well. After a swift spin through the streets he returned to his hotel and called up his detective in a rage.

"Say, what kind of an agency are you running, anyhow?" he demanded when he got his man. "Ain't you been working ten months to find Mary Fortune? Well, I met her to-night, on the street. What's that you say? There's three million people! Well, I don't care if there's six—I want you to find that girl! No, stop her nothing! You lay a hand on her and I'll come down to your office and kill you. Just tell me where she is and keep an eye on



ILLUSTRATED BY T. W. McLEAN

her and I don't care what you charge. And paste this in your hat—if you don't find that girl you'll have to sue for your pay!"

The agency had to sue, for ten days later, Rimrock received a letter from her hand. It was mailed from Gunsight, Arizona, and was strictly business throughout. It was, in fact, the legal thirty days' notice of the annual meeting of the Company

"In the town of Gunsight, county of Geronimo, Territory of Arizona, on Tuesday, the 22nd day of December, to transact the following business, viz.:

"1—to elect a Board of Directors.

"2—to transact any other business that may properly come before the meeting."

RIMROCK read it over and his courage failed him—after all he was afraid to face her. He did not flatter himself that she hated him; she despised him, and on account of Mrs. Hardesty. How then could he hasten back to Gunsight and beg for a chance to explain? She had fled from his presence ten months before, on the day after Mrs. Hardesty came; and ten months later, when she met him by accident, he was with Mrs. Hardesty again. As far as he knew Mrs. Hardesty was a perfect lady. She went out everywhere and was received even by millionaires on terms of perfect equality—and yet Mary Fortune scorned her. She scorned her on sight, at a single glance, and would not even argue the matter. Rimrock decided to use "the enclosed proxy."

He made it out in the name of L. W. Lockhart and returned it by the following mail, and then he called up the detective agency and told them to go ahead and sue. He told them further that he was willing to bet that Stoddard knew where she was all the time; and if they were still working for him, as he strongly suspected, they could tell him she was back in Gunsight. Rimrock hung up there and fell to pacing the floor, and for the first time the busy city looked gray. It looked drab and dirty, and he thought longingly of the desert with its miles and miles of clean sand. He thought of his mine and how he had fought for it, and of all his friends in the straggling town; of Old Juan and L. W. and hearty Old Hassayamp with his laugh and his Texas yupe. And of Mary Fortune, the typist, as he had known her at first—but now she was sending letters like this:

"Dear Sir:

"You are hereby notified that the regular Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Tecolote

Mining Company will be held at the offices of the Company, in the Tecolote Hotel," etc., etc.

Rimrock threw down the letter and cursed himself heartily for a fool, a chump and a blackguard. With a girl like that, and standing all she had from him, to lose her over Mrs. Hardesty! Who was Mrs. Hardesty? And why had she gone to Gunsight and fetched him back to New York? Was it because he was crazy that he had the idea that she was an agent, somehow, of Stoddard? That two thousand shares of Tecolote stock that she had assured him Stoddard had sold her, wasn't it part of their scheme to lure him away and break up his friendship with Mary? Because if Mrs. Hardesty had it she had never produced it, and there was no record of the transfer on the books. Rimrock brought down his fist and swore a great oath never to see the woman again. From the day he met her his troubles had begun—and now she claimed she loved him!

Rimrock curled his lip at the very thought of any New York woman in love. There was only one woman who knew what the word meant, and she was in Gunsight, Arizona. He picked up her letter and scanned it again, but his eyes had not learned to look for love. Even the driest formula, sent from one to another, may spell out that magic word; may spell it unconsciously and against the will, if the heart but rules the hand. Mary Fortune had told him in that briefest of messages that she was back in Gunsight again; and furthermore, if he wished to see her, he could do so in thirty days. It told him, in fact, that while their personal relations had been terminated by his own unconsidered acts; as fellow stockholders, perhaps even as partners, they might meet and work together again. But Rimrock was dense, his keen eyes could not see it, nor his torn heart find the peace that he sought. Like a wounded animal he turned on his enemy and fought Stoddard to keep down the pain. And back at Gunsight, trying to forget her hate, Mary Fortune fought her battle alone.

THERE was great excitement—it amounted almost to a panic—when Mary Fortune stepped in on Jepson. During her unexplained absence he had naturally taken charge of things, with L. W., of course, to advise; and to facilitate business he had moved into the main office where he could work with the records at hand. Then, as months went by and neither she nor Rimrock came back to assert their authority, he had rearranged the offices and moved her records away. Behind the main office, with its plate-glass windows and imposing furniture and front, there were two smaller rooms; the Directors' meeting place and another, now filled with Mary's records. A clerk, who did not even know who she was, sat at his ease behind her fine desk; and back in the Directors' room, with its convenient table, L. W. and Jepson were in conference. She could see them plainly through the half-opened door, leaning back and smoking their cigars, and in that first brief interval before they caught sight of her she sensed that something was wrong.

Of course there were apologies, and Jepson insisted upon moving out or giving her any room she chose, but Mary assured him she had not come back permanently and the smaller room would do just as well. Then she set about writing the notices of the annual meeting, which had to be sent out by her

hand, and Jepson recovered from his fright. Perhaps he recovered too much; for Mary Fortune had intuitions, and she remembered that first glimpse of L. W. As the agent of Rimrock and his legal representative, it was desirable, of course, to be friends; but Jepson, it was well known, was the agent of Stoddard, and Stoddard was after their mine. Therefore it ill became Lockhart, with one treachery against him, to be found smoking so comfortably with Jepson.

SO astonished and stunned had she been by the changes and the sudden suspicions that arose that Mary at first had stood startled and silent, and Jepson had raised his voice. At this he remembered that she had gone East for an operation to help restore her hearing and, seeing her now so unresponsive, he immediately assumed the worst. So he shouted his explanations and Mary, flushing, informed him that she could hear very well.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he apologized abjectly; but she noticed that he kept on shouting. And then in a flash of sudden resentment she bit her lips and let him shout. If he still wished to think that she was deaf as a post she would not correct him again. Perhaps if her suspicious should prove to be justified it would help her to discover his plans.

In her room that evening Mary brought from her trunk the ear-phone she had cast aside. She had packed it away with a sigh of relief and yet a lingering fear for the future, and already she was putting it on. At the back of the transmitter there was a mechanical device which regulated the intensity of the sound. When she settled the clasp across her head and hung the 'phone over her ear, she set it at normal and then advanced the dial until she could hear the faintest noise. The roar of the lobby, drifting in through the transom, became separated into its various sounds. She could hear men talking and outbursts of laughter and the scrape of moving chairs. The murmur of conversation in the adjoining room became a spat between husband and wife and, shamed of her eavesdropping, she put down the instrument and looked about, half afraid.

As the doctor through his stethoscope can hear the inrush of air as it is drawn into the patient's lungs, or the surge of blood as it is pumped through the heart with every telltale gurgle of the valves; so with that powerful instrument she could hear through walls and know what was being said. It was a wonderful advantage to have over these men if she discovered that there was treachery afoot, and the following morning, to test it out, she wore her 'phone to the office.

"Mr. Jepson," she said as he rose nervously to meet her, "I'd like to bring my books down to date. Of course it is mostly a matter of form, or I couldn't have been gone for so long, but I want to look over the records of the office and make out my annual report."

"Why, certainly," responded Jepson, still speaking very clearly, and assuming his most placating smile, "I'd be glad to have you check up. With Mr. Jones away I've been so pressed by work I hardly know where we are. Just make yourself at home and anything I can do for you, please feel free to let me know."

She thanked him politely and then, as she ran through the files, she absently removed her ear-phone.

"Just hold out that report of the mining experts," she heard Jepson remark to his clerk; and in an instant her suspicions were confirmed. He had had experts at work, making a report on their property, but he wished to withhold it from her. That report was doubtless for Whitney H. Stoddard, the only man that Jepson really served, the man who actually controlled their mine. But she worked on unheeding and presently, from across the room, she heard him speak again. His voice was low, but the painful operations, the tedious treatments she had endured, had sharpened her hearing until she caught every word except the mumbled assent of the clerk.

"And tell Mr. Lockhart I'll arrange about that rebate. The cheque will go directly to him."

He went on then with some hurried directions about the different accounts to be changed and then, without troubling to shout at her again, he turned and slipped away. She had found him out, then,

the very first day—Mr. Jepson had an understanding with L. W.! She retired to her room to think it over and then went systematically to work on the books, but these seemed scrupulously correct. The influence of Stoddard, that apostle of thoroughness, was apparent throughout the office; for Jepson well knew that the day was coming when he must render an account to his master. The books were correct, yet she could hardly believe the marvellous production they recorded. Her share alone—a poor one per cent. of all that enormous profit—would keep her in comfort for the rest of her life; she need never work again.

But as the days went by and the yearly profit was reduced to dollars and cents; as she looked over the statement from L. W.'s bank and saw the money piling up to their credit; the first thrill of joy gave way to fear—of Stoddard, and what he might do. With interests so vast lying unprotected, what could restrain his ruthless hand? And yet there was Rimrock, wrecking his life in New York and letting her watch their mine alone! A wave of resentment rose up at the thought—it was the old hatred that she tried to fight down—and she clasped her hands and gazed straight ahead as she beheld in a vision, the woman! A lank rag of a woman, Kipling's vampire, who lived by the blood of strong men! And to think that she should have fastened on Rimrock, who was once so faithful and true!

For the thousandth time there rose up in her mind the old Rimrock as she had seen him first—a lean, sunburned man on a buckskin horse with a pistol slung at his hip; a desert miner, clean, laughing, eager, following on after his dreams of riches. But now, soft and fat, in top hat and diamonds, swaggering past with that woman on his arm! It would be a blessing for them both if Stoddard should jump the mine and put them back where they were before—he a hardy prospector; and she a poor typist, with a dream! But the dream was gone, destroyed forever, and all she could do was to fight on.

As she waited for his letter from day to day, Mary Fortune thought incessantly of Rimrock. She went out to the mine and gazed at the great workings

NOW for the first time Rimrock begins to find out that the woman in the case with her one per cent. of Tecolote stock is playing a bigger game than copper.

where men appeared no larger than ants. She watched the ore being scooped up with steam shovels and dropped load by load into cars; she saw it crushed and pulverized and washed and the concentrates dumped into more cars; and then the endless chain of copper going out and the trainloads of supplies coming in. It was his, if he would come to it; every man would obey him; his orders would tear down a mountain; and yet he chose to grow fat and sordid, he preferred that woman to her!

She fought against it, but the anger still raged that had driven her fleeing from New York. How could she endure it, to meet him again? And yet she hoped he would come. She hated him, but still she waited and at last his letter came. She tore it open and drew out his proxy; and then in the quiet of her office she sat silent, while the letter lay trembling in her hands. This was his answer to her, who had endured so much for him, his answer to her invitation to come. He enclosed his proxy for L. W.

She began on a letter, full of passionate reproaches, and tore it up in a rage. Then she wrote another, and tore it up, and burst into a storm of tears. She rose up at last and, dry-eyed and quiet, typed a note and sent it away. It was a formal receipt for his proxy for Lockhart and was signed: Mary R. Fortune, Secretary.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Second Annual Meeting.

SECOND annual meeting of the Tecolote stockholders found Whitney H. Stoddard in the chair. Henry Rimrock Jones was too busy on the stock market to permit of his getting away. He

was perfecting a plan where by throwing in all his money, and all he could borrow at the bank, he hoped to wrest from Stoddard his control of Nava-joa, besides dealing a blow to his pride. But Whitney H. Stoddard, besides running a railroad and a few subsidiary companies as well, was not so busy; he had plenty of time to come to Gunsight and to lay out a carefully planned programme. As his supposed friend, the mysterious Mrs. Hardesty, had remarked once upon a time: he was a very thorough man, and very successful.

He greeted Mary warmly and in a brief personal chat flattered her immensely by forgetting she was deaf. He also found time to express his gratification that she had approved his idea of a temperance camp. In the election that followed, the incumbent Directors were unanimously re-elected, whereupon, having performed their sole function as stockholders, they adjourned and immediately reconvened as Directors. In marked contrast to the last, this meeting of the Directors was characterized by the utmost harmony—only L. W. seemed ill at ease. He had avoided Mary since the day she came back, and even yet seemed to evade her eye; but the reason for that appeared in time.

After the usual reports of the secretary and treasurer, showing a condition of prosperity that made even Stoddard's eyes gleam, Mr. Jepson presented his report. It was a bulky affair, full of technical statistics and elaborate estimates of cost; but there was a recommendation at the end.

"THE report of our treasurer," said Jepson in closing, "shows a net profit of several million dollars, but I wish to point out our losses. Chief of these is the enormous wastage which comes from shipping our concentrates. There is no doubt in my mind that the Tecolote properties contain an inexhaustible supply of ore; nor that that ore, if economically handled, will pay an increasing profit. The principal charges, outside the operating expenses, have been freight and the smelting of our concentrates. As you doubtless know, the long haul to El Paso, and the smelter charges at that end, have materially reduced our net profits. The greater part of this loss is preventable, and I therefore recommend that the Company construct its own smelter."

He went on with estimates of costs and the estimated saving per ton, but Mary Fortune allowed her attention to stray. She was thinking of Rimrock Jones, and she was watching Rimrock's proxy. Like a criminal on trial L. W. sat glowering, his dead cigar still in his teeth; and before the end of the report was reached the sweat was beading his face.

"Well, I, for one," began Stoddard diplomatically, "most heartily approve of this plan. It will necessitate, of course, a postponement of profits, but I think we can all stand that. I therefore suggest that we apply this year's profits to the immediate construction of a smelter and, if I hear a motion, we will consider the question of passing the annual dividend."

He paused, and as Mary went on with her writing a dead silence fell upon the room. L. W. glanced at Jepson and then at Stoddard and at last he cleared his throat.

"Well, Mr. President," he said, half-heartedly, "this is a new proposition to me. I regret very much that Mr. Jones isn't here, but—well, I make a motion that we build the smelter and pass the annual dividend."

He spoke with an effort, his eyes on the table, and at the end he sank back in his chair.

"Did you get that, Miss Fortune?" asked Stoddard solicitously, and Mary nodded her head.

"Yes, I second the motion," she answered sweetly, and an electric thrill passed round the room. It had not been expected by the most optimistic that the vote would be unanimous.

"All in favor, say 'Ay!'" spoke up Stoddard sharply, but L. W. had sprung to his feet.

"Mr. President!" he began, suddenly panting with excitement, and Stoddard fixed him with his steely eyes.

"Very well, Mr. Lockhart," he responded curtly, "what is it you wish to say?"

"Why, I—I didn't know," began L. W. haltingly,

(Continued on page 20.)

FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS

And Others

SEEN AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

By ESTELLE M. KERR

ARTISTS who revelled in the brilliant display of modern French art at last year's C. N. E. are disappointed at the conventional collection which, though excellently representing the art which flourished in Paris many years ago, affords no new inspiration for the student. The places these pictures once occupied on the walls of the Luxembourg gallery have been usurped by more recent acquisitions of the government, and their fate is uncertain. After the hand that painted them has been dead ten years, they may be accorded a permanent home in the Louvre, but if they are not deemed worthy, they will continue to circulate amongst provincial galleries or relapse into still further obscurity.

The casual attendant at an art show prefers this year's display to the more startling canvasses on view last year. There is much nodding of heads and gratified murmurs of, "There's a lot of good work in that!" They are pleased to see the satin on the lady's gown shining like real satin, and every pearl rendered with admirable precision. The Canadian public breathes a sigh of relief and goes home confirmed in its opinion that art has degenerated sadly during the last fifty years. Those who were familiar with the Luxembourg Gallery, in Paris, ten or fifteen years ago, will recognize some old favourites:

Henner's charming portrait of a girl in black against a background of turquoise blue, and others which, if not the identical pictures, are so similar in character as to be easily recognized as coming from the hand of the same artist. Jules Breton, whose favourite theme is of peasants working in the fields, Harpignies, who was considered a fine landscape painter before the modern artists had grappled with the problem of painting sunlight, and Carlos-Duran, the popular portrait painter of the "bustle" period of costume. Canadians who have visited Paris will be pleasantly reminded of the wonderful decorations by Puvis de Chavannes, in the Pantheon, but without this recollection it is difficult to admire his work in the small framed sketches, for he more than any mural decorator that ever lived, has subdued his own art in both line and colour to make it entirely harmonious with the surrounding architecture, and it is impossible to judge his work when separated from its proper surroundings. People who were aghast at the extraordinary oriental subjects shown by Besnard, last year, are quite willing to admit his colossal genius as shown in the portrait of the etcher, Alphonse Legros, which is one of his earlier water-colours. Two paintings of especial interest that formerly hung in the Impressionist room in the Luxembourg are Manet's "The Balcony," and "Raffaelli's "Guests Waiting for the Wedding Party."

When you say that these pictures belong to the "Impressionist" school, people look puzzled, for compared to more recent paintings, they are extremely conservative. Yet Manet was called the Father of the Impressionists, a group of young French painters who, about 1860, broke away from the prevailing traditions of the French Academy, with its classical subjects, black paint and studio arrangements. The works of Manet and his friends were rejected for three years by the jury of the Paris Salon, so in 1863 they exhibited at a Salon des Refuses and the public crowded there to have a good laugh. One of the pictures which caused most derision was a sunset by Claude Monet, entitled "Impressions," and from that the word Impressionist became attached to the



Portrait of Alphonse Legros.

By A. Besnard.



The Balcony.

By Manet.

whole group, which included Whistler, Fantin-Latour, Renoir, Legros and many others who have since become known to fame. The memory of this ridicule has made it possible for the futurists, cubists and post-impressionists of modern times to be respectfully received. We are afraid to laugh for fear history may prove that we did wrong.

CLAUDE MONET was perhaps the first to make use of prismatic colour juxtaposed in such a manner that at a certain distance it produces the

effect of the actual colouring, with a freshness and delicacy that cannot be obtained by colours mixed on a palette. This introduces the principle of the study of optics and is scientific rather than impressionistic. The search after a new technique and the expression of a modern reality were the chief aim of the impressionists. They protested against the dirty, dark colouring used to represent nature and also against every literary, psychologic or symbolical element in painting. This caused the young painters to draw inspiration from their own epoch instead of imitating the style of the past. They began also to substitute character for beauty and to apply their art in depicting rough peasants and scenes from everyday life, rather than virgins and nymphs. They no longer regulated their compositions according to the ideas contained in their pictures. For example, if the orthodox painters composed a picture representing the death of Agamemnon, they would subordinate the whole composition to the figure of Agamemnon, then to Clytemnestra, then to the witness of the murder, graduating the moral and literary interest according to the different persons, and sacrificing everything to this interest. The Impressionist picked out first the strongest note in the picture, say a red dress, and distributed the other values according to a harmonious arrangement of colour.

"The principal person in a picture is the light," said Manet.

THEY substituted, when possible, the natural model, seen in the exercise of his occupation, for the professional model, the light from out of doors for the top light of a studio, and held that the study of light and shadow on a landscape or a human face was of far greater importance than the delineations of the grass or the curve of an eyebrow. With the Impressionists came a new interest in painting out of doors. Monet and his followers showed new possibilities in rendering atmospheric conditions and effects of light, and the period of painting which followed the acceptance of the Impressionist school in France is more interesting to Canadian artists who are more largely devoted to landscape.

Most of the paintings shown in the Canadian Section have been previously shown in large exhibitions held during the year in Toronto and Montreal. "The Strollers," which won for Arthur Crisp a medal at the Spring Academy in New York, is shown for the first time in this country. Frederick Challenger's "Vacation Time" is both brilliant and charming, a joyous rendering of wind and sunshine. Laura Muntz Lyall shows a charming portrait of a small boy, worthy of Romney, and Mabel H. May has a landscape, very beautiful in colour. Carton Moorepark is a recent acquisition to Canada and through his work is well known both in London and New York. He exhibits both in the Fine and in the Applied Arts Sections, and his work has a decorative quality that makes it popular for magazine covers. Considerable interest is attached to a group of pictures by Tom Thomson, one of our very best landscape painters, whose work gave promise of even better things to come, who was recently drowned. Two very charming paintings by Florence Carlyle were sold for Red Cross purposes, the sum going to the work she is engaged upon in England.

The standard of Canadian illustrations shown is

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RIMROCK JONES

(Continued from page 18.)

"that she was going to vote—that way."

"Well, you know it now," answered Stoddard freezingly, "does that conclude your remarks?"

"Oh, no!" burst out L. W., his drawn face twitching. "I—in that case, I change my vote. I don't think Mr. Jones—"

"You haven't voted yet," corrected Stoddard shortly, "all in favor please say: 'Ay!'"

"Ay!" said Mary and as Stoddard echoed it he cast a sneering glance at L. W.

"DO I understand, Mr. Lockhart," he enquired pointedly, "that you wish to go on record as voting 'No'?"

"Yes, put me down 'No!'" directed L. W. feverishly. "I don't approve of this at all. Rimrock needs the money—he wrote me particularly—I wouldn't put him out for the world." He straightened the stoop from his long, bent back and his eyes opened up appealingly. "Put me down for a 'No,' he repeated wildly. "My God, he'll kill me for this. I wouldn't cross that boy for anything in the world—he's the best friend a man ever had. But put me down 'No'—you will, won't you, Miss? I don't want Rimrock to know."

"Mr. Lockhart votes 'No,'" broke in Stoddard peremptorily, "the 'Ayes' have it and the motion is carried. Is there any other business?"

His cold, incisive words seemed almost to stab, but L. W. still swayed on his feet.

"I'd like to explain," he went on brokenly. "I never go back on a friend. But Rimrock, he's wasting his money back there—I thought it would be a kindness."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Lockhart," interrupted Stoddard impatiently, "we all know the goodness of your heart. Do I hear a motion to adjourn?"

He shifted his keen, commanding eyes to Mary, who nodded her head in return. She was watching L. W. as he stood there sweating, with the anguish of that Judas-like thought. He had betrayed his friend, he had sold him for gold; and, already, he was sorry.

"Second the motion," said Stoddard. "All in favor say 'Ay!' The meeting stands adjourned."

He rose up quickly and gathering up his papers, abruptly left the room. Jepson followed as quickly and L. W., still talking, found himself alone with the girl. She was gazing at him strangely and as he paused enquiringly she went over and held out her hand.

"I understand, Mr. Lockhart," she said, smiling comfortingly. "I understand just how you feel. It was a kindness—I felt so myself—and that's why I voted as I did."

The staring eyes of L. W. suddenly focused and then he seized her hand. "God bless you," he cried, crushing her fingers in his grip. "You'll make it right on the books? God bless you, then; I wouldn't sell out that boy for all the money in the world."

He broke off suddenly and dashed from the room while Mary gazed pensively after him. She too, in a way, had betrayed her friend; but she had not done it for gold.

As secretary of the Company and

the Board of Directors it developed upon Mary Fortune to notify Rimrock of the passed dividend. She knew as well as L. W. knew that it would be a bitter blow to him, but she felt no pity or regret. The money that would otherwise be wasted in New York would be diverted to the construction of the smelter, and if he found the loss a hardship he had only himself to thank. She went into her office and shut the door, but, simple as the letter seemed, she was unable to put it on paper. Three times she tried, but at each attempt her pent-up anger burst forth and the coldest and most business-like words she could summon seemed packed with hate and resentment. She gave up at last and was sitting listlessly when she heard voices in the outer room. It was Jepson and Stoddard, and as she listened closer she could make out what they said.

"I've got a report here," said the voice of Jepson, "that I'd like to show you—alone."

There was an impatient slamming of desk drawers and then the clerk spoke up—the young man who had taken Mary's place.

"That report of the experts? I put it in here. You remember, on account of Miss Fortune."

"Oh, yes," answered Jepson, "and by the way, where is she?"

And then suddenly his voice was dropped. Mary reached for her ear-phone and slipped it on and listened to catch every word. If Jepson saw fit to practise deceit she had no compunction in listening in.

"Well, that's all right," he was saying, "she can't hear what we say. You go on out for your lunch."

THERE was a scuffling of feet and then, still talking, Jepson led the way to the Directors' room.

"Yes, she reads your lips—she's really quite clever at it—that's her, running the typewriter, now."

He shut the door and for several minutes Mary played a tattoo on her machine. Then she keyed down quietly and, setting her transmitter at its maximum, she turned it towards the wall.

"This is that report," the voice of Jepson was saying, "that you spoke to me about in the spring. It gives the geology of the whole Tecolote properties, by the very best experts in the field—three independent reports, made in advance of litigation, and each comes to the same conclusion. If we accept the ore-body as a single low-grade deposit instead of a series of high-grade parallel veins—and each of these experts does—the crest of that dome, the Old Juan claim, is the apex of the whole. In other words, according to the apex law, the possession of the Old Juan claim will give us indisputable right to the whole property. You can look over that yourself."

There was a period of silence, broken only by the rattling of Mary Fortune's machine, and then they began again.

"Very well," said Stoddard, "this seems satisfactory. Now what about this L. W. Lockhart? In our meeting this morning he showed such a contemptible weakness that—now Jepson,

that was very careless of you! Why didn't you find out before that fiasco how Miss Fortune intended to vote? It must have been perfectly evident to her, from the way Mr. Lockhart talked, that he had been—well, over-persuaded, to say the least. It was very awkward, and if I hadn't rushed it she might have reconsidered her vote. But never mind that—I suppose you did your best—now who is to re-locate this claim?"

"WELL, that's the question," began Jepson. "There's a man here named Bray, who used to keep a saloon—"

"No, no," broke in Stoddard, "no disreputable characters! Now, Jepson, this is up to you! You're the only man we can trust in an extremity—"

"Positively—no!" exclaimed Jepson firmly. "I absolutely refuse to touch it. I'll arrange the preliminaries, but after it's started you must look to your attorneys for the rest."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Stoddard, "isn't it perfectly legal? Won't the claim be open to location? Well, then, why this sudden resort to evasion and hairsplitting, and all over a mere detail?"

"I have told you before," answered Jepson impatiently, "that it's against the ethics of my profession. I am a mining engineer and if you want this claim jumped—"

"Oh, yes, yes! We won't argue the matter! Who is this Mr. Bray?"

"He's a man with nerve—about the only one in the country that will stand up to Rimrock Jones. It seems that Jones won his saloon away from him and gave it to one of his friends. Some gambling feud they've had on for years, but now Mr. Bray is broke. I haven't sounded him, but for a thousand dollars—"

"Five hundred!"

"Now, Mr. Stoddard!" burst out Jepson complainingly, "you don't understand the gravity of this case. Do you realize that already one man has been killed in trying to jump that claim? And Rimrock Jones has made the threat openly that he will kill any man who does it!"

"He's a blusterer—a braggart—a criminal, through and through! Well, make it a thousand dollars. Now one thing more—is there any chance that Mr. Lockhart may still break up all our plans? As I understand it, Jones gave him his orders to see that the assessment work was done. There are still nine days before the first of January, and it struck me that he was repenting of his bargain. You must watch him carefully—he doesn't seem trustworthy—and positively we must have no slip-up now. Does he actually know that this work has been neglected—and that, if not performed, it will invalidate the claim?"

"Yes, he knows it," answered Jepson wearily. "I've been stuffing money into his bank until he has over a million in deposits, and still the old screw isn't satisfied. He's crazy over money—and yet he's just as crazy over standing Al with Jones. You don't realize, Mr. Stoddard, what a strain I've been under in trying to make that man run true."

"Well, give him anything. We must win at all hazards before this thing gets back to Jones. We have cut off his money by the construction of this smelter, but that can't be done again;



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and, once he begins to accumulate his profits, we'll find him a dangerous man. But we have passed this dividend and before I get through with him he'll be stripped of every dollar he has won. I'm going to break that man, Jepson, if only as an example to these upstarts who are hounding Navajoa. I've got him by the heels and—but never mind that, let's see if our plans are air-tight. Now, this man Lockhart!"

"He's drunk!" answered Jepson. "I'll arrange it to keep him soaked."

"Very well—now Bray!"

"He's drinking, too. I'll wait till the last day, and probably send him out with a guard."

"Yes, make sure of that. Better send two guards. They can sign their names as witnesses, in case Bray should leave the Territory. And now, this girl!" went on Stoddard, lowering his voice instinctively, "is she really as deaf as she seems? Remember, you can never depend on a woman!"

"Yes, she's deaf!" replied Jepson. "And you don't need to worry—she hates Rimrock Jones like poison. Did you notice the way she passed that dividend, to cut off his supply of slush? Just as sweet and smiling! When they take it like that—well, we can forget about her!"

He paused and in the silence a typewriter began to clack with a fierce, staccato note. It was Mary Fortune, writing her letter to Rimrock Jones.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Fool.

THE big day came for which Rimrock had waited, the day when he could strike his first blow. In his room at the Waldorf he had installed special telephone connections, with a clerk to answer his calls; and close by the table, where he could follow his campaign, a stock ticker stamped away at its tape. It was the morning of the twenty-third of December, and he had wired L. W. for his money. All was ready now for the first raid on Navajoa and he went down to see Buckbee, the broker.

"Mr. Buckbee," he said when he had him by himself, "I just want to find where you're at. You introduced me to Stoddard and, as it turned out, we all of us made on the deal. But here's the question—if it came to a showdown, would you be for Stoddard, or me?"

"Why, my dear friend Rimrock," answered Buckbee jovially, "I'm afraid you don't get me right. That little deal with Stoddard was strictly on the side—my business is to buy and sell stock. An order from you will look just as good to me as one from Whitney H. Stoddard, and it will be executed just as carefully. But if it's Navajoa you have on your mind my advice is positively to lay off. I'll buy or sell as much Navajoa as you want for the regular brokerage fee, but get this straight—when you go up against Stoddard you stand to lose your whole roll. Now shoot, and I give you my word of honour to execute your orders to the letter."

"All right," said Rimrock, "sell ten thousand shares short. Dump 'em over—want Navajoa to go down."

"It'll go down," answered Buckbee as he scribbled out the order. "At what point do you want me to buy?"

"Don't want to buy," replied Rim-

rock grimly and Buckbee shook his head.

"All right, my boy," he said debonairly, "there'll be wild doings this day in Navajoa. But it's people like you that makes the likes of me rich, so divvel another word will I say."

Rimrock returned to his room and sat watching the tape as the ticker champed it out and soon he saw Navajoa. It had been quoted at thirty-two and a half, but this sale was made at thirty. He watched it decline to twenty-eight, and twenty-five, and soon it was down to twenty. He called up Buckbee.

"Sell ten thousand more," he ordered and Buckbee went on with the slaughter. Navajoa went down to eighteen and sixteen and then it jumped back to twenty. Big buying developed but still Rimrock sold short and again Navajoa slumped. At the end of the day it stood at twenty and he prepared for the next step in his campaign. He had beaten Navajoa down to nearly half its former price and without parting with a single share. He had at that moment, in stock bought and paid for, enough to cover all his short selling—this raid was to call out more. When stock is going up the people cling to it, but when it drops they rush to sell. Already he could see the small sales of the pikers as they were shaken down for their shares. The next thing to do, as he had learned the game, was to buy in; and then hammer it again.

On the twenty-fourth, the day before Christmas, he bought till he could buy no more; and still the price stayed down. It was the holiday slump, so the brokers said, but it suited him to a nicety. The next day was Christmas and he wired once more for his money, for L. W. had not answered his first telegram; and then he went out with the boys. Since his break with Mrs. Hardesty he had taken to dodging into the bar, where he could be safe from her subtle advances; but on Christmas eve he went too far. They all went too far, in the matter of drinking, but Rimrock went too far with Buckbee. He told him just exactly what he intended to do to Stoddard; which was indiscreet, to say the least. But Buckbee, who was likewise in an expansive mood, told in turn everything he knew; and the following day, as Rimrock thought it over, he wondered if he had not been wrong.

BUCKBEE had assured him that the stock on the market represented less than half of the Navajoa capitalization; and if that was the case it was hopeless, of course, to try to break Stoddard's control. But, strictly as a friend and for old time's sake, Buckbee had offered to sell Rimrock's stock at a profit; he had even gone further and promised to pass it on to Stoddard who was in the market to protect his holdings. At twenty-four, which was where it was selling, Rimrock would clean up a tidy sum; and every cent of that absolute velvet would come out of Stoddard's pocket. It was a great temptation, but as Rimrock sobered he remembered that it was a fight to a finish. He had set out to break Whitney Stoddard.

The next morning at ten he sat at his desk waiting expectantly for the Stock Exchange to open. It was to have been his big day when, with over a million dollars from his dividends,

he had intended to buy in Navajoa. But there was one thing that left him uneasy—his money had not come. If it had been sent by registered mail the Christmas glut would easily account for the delay, but three telegrams had remained also unanswered. He pondered for a moment, whether to wire to Mary or not and then the telephone rang.

"Hello?" said a voice, "this is Buckbee speaking. What do you think about the proposition I made?"

"What proposition?" demanded Rimrock and then grunted intolerantly as Buckbee renewed his offer for the stocks. "You must be drunk!" he said at the end and a merry laugh came back over the 'phone.

"No, all joking aside—I'm sober now. What do you say to twenty-four?"

"TOO little!" bluffed Rimrock.

"I want at least thirty."

"Will you take that?"

"No!" replied Rimrock, "nor thirty-five. I'm in the market to buy!"

"Well, how much do you want, then?" began Buckbee eagerly, "it's all the same to me. As long as it moves and I get my commission I don't care who buys the stock. But I'll tell you one thing—you'll have to put up more margin if you start to bidding it up. Twenty per cent., at the least, and if it goes above thirty I'll demand a full fifty per cent. You want to remember, Old Scout, that every time you buy on a margin the bank puts up the rest; and if that stock goes down they'll call your loan and you're legally liable for the loss. You'll have to step lively if you buck Whitney H. Stoddard—he's liable to smash the price down to nothing."

"I'll show him!" gritted Rimrock, "but I'll call up that bank first and find out just how far I can go. A man like me, worth fifty millions at least—"

"Ye-es!" jeered Buckbee, and as the broker hung up Rimrock called the president of the bank. It took time to get him, but when Rimrock stated his case he promised an immediate report. The answer came within half an hour—he could borrow up to five hundred thousand.

"All right," said Rimrock, and calling up Buckbee he told him to go ahead and buy.

"How much?" enquired Buckbee.

"Buy all you can get," answered Rimrock briefly and hurried off to the bank.

"Now about this loan," said the president pleasantly, "I find we have already given you money on your note up to nearly the entire five hundred thousand. Of course there's no question of your ability to pay, but wouldn't it be more businesslike if you could put up a little collateral?"

"For instance?" said Rimrock and at the note of antagonism the president was quick to explain.

"Of course you understand," he went on cordially, "you are good, as far as I'm concerned. But we have such troublesome things as bank examiners, and the law is very strict. In fact, a loan of half a million dollars on the unendorsed note of one man—"

"How much do you want?" asked Rimrock and fetched out a great sheaf of Navajoa.

"Well—not Navajoa," said the banker uneasily, "we have quite a lot of

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that already, on brokers' loans. Mr. Buckbee, you know. But if you would just put up, say two thousand shares of Tecolote—"

"No!"

"We could loan you up to two million."

(Continued on page 23.)



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The Canadian Language

(Concluded from page 13.)

absurd thing to do, when they might speak with a Swahili, or a Kamskatchan accent. The English do not know how to speak their own language; but there is always hope that they may emigrate to Canada and have the errors of their early training eradicated. Canadians are free from "twang" and "brogue," and "burr," and "English accent" (which is "affected"); therefore, they must be right. The claim of the Bostonese, and the Australians, and the people of South Eastern Ohio (according to W. Dean Howells) to speaking pure English may be at once set aside as unworthy notice. Canadians, and Canadians alone, speak English as it should be spoken.

In the first place we have got rid of "Yes" and "No." Practically these particles of affirmation and negation are never heard. The proper (Canadian) pronunciation of "Yes" is "Yep," or "Yap," or "Ya," (due to German influence, no doubt) or "Mnya," shading off into a finely inarticulate grunt. Similarly "No" is to be pronounced "Naw," or "Nope," or "Mnow." In fact, an affirmative or a negative grunt (as in Zulu) has replaced these troublesome particles, in Canadian English.

The first vowel in the alphabet presents certain peculiarities. The so called "broad sound" of "a" does not occur in spoken Canadian. No one pronounced "law" otherwise than "lah," with a flattening of the tongue at the sides and most of the sound coming through the nose. It is a decided improvement on the old-fashioned mode. Similarly, "ball" is pronounced "bahl," as in "ba" when uttered by the common sheep. It is, in fact, a kind of bleat.

The silly English way of pronouncing "calm," "palm," "psalm," etc., has been tackled in proper fashion by the Ontario school-teachers. Any English children that fall into their hands are taught to say "cam," "pam," "sam," or else they learn to conjugate the verb, "I am."

The favourite exclamation of agreement, or approval, "All right," has been modified by journalistic practice to "Alright," and is to be pronounced "Achrite," with the back passage of the nostrils closed.

In fact, the general rule for pronouncing Canadian is to close the nasal apertures as far as possible, and also the lips. Never open the lips, as then, possibly, the words uttered might be enunciated distinctly and clearly. Cut off the end syllables. It saves time and trouble. Life is short. In fact, the more you can reduce all vowel sounds to the same level, an indeterminate, "uh," (never forgetting to pronounce "r" as "urr" in medial and final positions), the nearer you can come to the porcine grunt and the ovine bleat, the more correctly you are pronouncing Canadian English.

The mining stock promoter dashed into his office and locked the door.

"Where can I hide?" he cried. "The police are coming."

"Get into the simplified card index case," said the head clerk. "I defy any one to find anything there."

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Rimrock Jones

(Continued from page 21.)

The president paused and glanced at him mildly, but Rimrock had thrown down his stock.

"No," he said, "you can take this Navajoa or I'll quit and go somewhere else. I wouldn't put up a single share of Tecolote if you'd give me your whole, danged bank."

"Very well," said the president with a fleeting smile, "we'll accept your Navajoa. My secretary will arrange it—but mind this is on a call loan! Give him credit for five hundred more," he added and the clerk showed Rimrock out.

THERE are certain formalities that the richest must observe before they can borrow half a million and it was nearly noon before Rimrock was free and on his way to the hotel. He was just leaping out of his taxicab when he saw Mrs. Hardesty reeling towards him.

"Oh, Rimrock!" she gasped, "I've had such a blow—won't you take me back to my rooms? Oh, I can't explain it, but Whitney H. Stoddard is trying to force me to give up my stock! That Tecolote stock—"

"Here, get into this taxi!" said Rimrock on the instant, "now where do you want to go?"

"To the St. Cyngia on Ninety-fifth Street—and hurry!" she commanded; and the chauffeur slammed the door.

"Now what's the matter?" demanded Rimrock hurriedly. "I haven't got a minute to spare. Did you notice Navajoa? Well, I've got a buy order in—"

"Oh, no! I've seen nothing—not since he sent me that message! It seems he's back in town."

"Who? Whitney Stoddard? Well, let me get out then—I've got to get back to that tape!"

"Oh, no!" she murmured sinking against him with a shudder, "don't go and leave me alone. I need your help, Rimrock! My whole fortune is involved. It's either that or give back the stock."

"What stock?" asked Rimrock, "that two thousand Tecolote? Well, you just give that to me! Have you really got it, or are you just stalling? Let me look at it and I'll see you through hell!"

"It's in my apartment," she answered weakly. "I'll show it to you when we are there. Ah, Rimrock, something told me you would come to save me. But—oh, I'm ready to fall."

She dropped against him and the startled Rimrock took her quickly within his arm.

"I don't deserve it," she said, "to have you help me, because I started to do you a wrong. I didn't know you then, nor your generous heart—and so I made the agreement with Stoddard. I was to go to Gunsight and get acquainted with you and get you to come back to New York—and for that I was to receive two thousand shares of Tecolote stock. Oh, not as a present—I'd never think of that—but far below what they are worth. It would take all the money I had in the world just to make a part payment on the stock. But I knew how wonderfully valuable they were and so I took the chance."

She sighed and leaned against him

closer while Rimrock listened eagerly for the rest.

"Can you understand now why I've seemed worried and anxious and why I've concealed my affairs? I went there and met you, but when I refused to betray you I found I was caught in a trap. Whitney Stoddard is hounding you in every possible way to make you give up your mine, and after I refused to give back my stock he set out deliberately to ruin me!"

She shuddered and lay silent and Rimrock moved uneasily.

"What was it he wanted you to do?" he asked at last and she tore herself swiftly away.

"I can't tell you—here. But come up to my rooms. I defied him, but I did it for you."

She fell quickly to rearranging her hair and hat in preparation for the short dash past the doorman and at the end she looked at him and smiled.

"I knew you would come," she said; and as he helped her out he thrilled to the touch of her hand. At odd times before she had seemed old and blase, but now she was young and all-alive. He dismissed the taxi without a thought of his business and they hurried up to her apartments. She let herself in and as she locked the door behind them she reached up and took his big hat.

"YOU must stay a while," she said. "The servants are gone and I have no one to protect me if they come to serve the papers. Just start the fire—and if anyone knocks don't let them break down the door."

She smiled again and a sudden giddiness seemed to blind Rimrock and make him doubt where he was. He looked about at the silken rugs and the luxurious hangings on the walls and wondered if it was the same place as before. Even when he lit the laid fire and sank down on a divan he still felt the sweet confusion of a dream; and then she came back, suddenly transformed by a soft house-gown, and looked him questioningly in the face.

(To be continued.)





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The Grub and the Price

(Concluded from page 4.)

deans couldn't interpret the writing on Belshazzar's wall, and they were wise men in their day. Famine sounds possible enough for India, China, or any far-off place, and just about right for Germany. But for America—quit your kidding!

Quite so. Exactly. Atlantis was high and dry once; there used to be good deep-sea fishing in Saskatchewan and the Arizona Desert; Siberia was noted for its tropical growths.

Bear one thing in mind: The luck

of neither man nor country lasts forever. No man is immune from accident and sickness; no man may say confidently that he will be doing business as usual a year from to-day. No land is so favoured that it will produce in abundance invariably. There is no earthly or heavenly guarantee of an average crop on any continent in any year. Most men carry insurance. Our food insurance heretofore has been in the average crop production of the world. But now, even with a

good American crop, the production of the world is below the average. Where can we now insure against a crop failure? Nowhere. We have to insure ourselves. Moreover, we have to insure the people of Britain and France. And so the very least we can do is to cut out waste in food, which includes unnecessary consumption.

I have said that there are many homes where no more economies can be effected without privation, where high prices have already eliminated waste. Nothing makes people, who, doing their best, have a hard time to make both ends meet, more tired and

hostile than to have economy preached at them; especially when it is preached by comfortably-upholstered gentlemen who ride in expensive cars.

For instance, a certain great man, not a Canadian, but a big gun in Canadian affairs and war organization and war effort, came West a year ago. He had a special train, which bore his own conveyances for him to ride in when he descended from it. His train stopped along at little towns in scenic parts of the mountains, whose inhabitants had been adjured to "give till it hurt," and were doing so. Some of the said inhabitants told me that the booze on the table of the great man's diner cost more than their whole town could scare up for war funds in a year. Sore? Of course they were sore. Their comments were scathing and bitter. Naturally they refused to believe one word of slushy press reports of the simplicity of that great man's war-time household.

Now, in all probability this great man was a well-meaning old sport, who had been used to throwing on a good deal of dog and throwing down a good many drinks all his life; and it never occurred to him that he was offending the sensibilities of anybody.

But on the same principle exhortations to war-time economies are offensive to many whose purchasing power has been cut down thirty or forty per cent. They hear such exhortations with about the calm, mental poise with which a man beneath a stalled car receives suggestions. That is an important thing for well-meaning people to get through their heads. They might just as well tell Dives in torment to go light on ice water as to tell some to economize nowadays. A campaign for voluntary thrift should be carefully directed at those whose thrift is not already enforced. An exercise of his power by the Food Controller in the direction of a general and material reduction of food prices would make for a better and happier national frame of mind, and thus for a better voluntary response. Further, such an exercise of his powers is expected. As it is, he seems to be starting well. He cannot do everything at once. It is a new job.

On the whole, when he takes time to use it, the average man's head is pretty level. He has a good deal to occupy it these days, in his ordinary affairs, without bothering about public matters if they would only let him alone. But as they won't he has come to one or two definite conclusions, which I think may be fairly stated in this way:

1. Whether or not there is an actual shortage of food there is the possibility of one, having regard for the fact that it is absolutely necessary to feed our allies as well as ourselves, which involves making good submarine losses. Therefore food economy is as essential as food production, and regulations to that end will be cheerfully obeyed, especially if the plain truth is hammered into us. The method of food economy is up to the Food Controller and is part of his job.

2. Prices have been forced by speculation, greed and panicky emulation to a point in many cases greatly in excess of legitimate profits. Nobody has any business to make excessive profits now from food or anything else. Therefore fair prices should be ascertained by the Food Controller and fixed by him.

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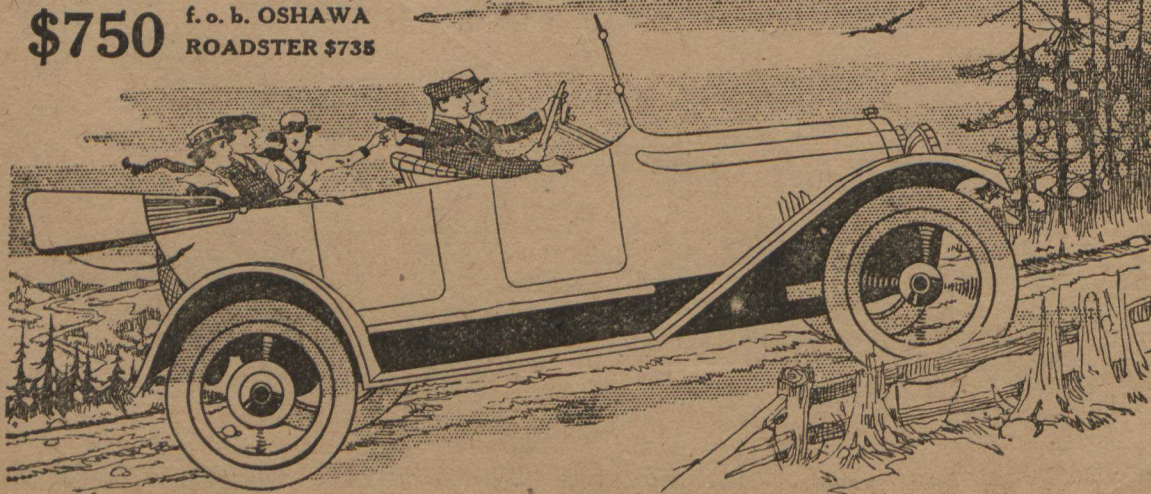
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FINANCIAL

Fortunes in the Saving

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

UNDER the heading "Fortune Knocks," Albert W. Atwood, in September McClure's, hits off the financial situation of the average citizen's pocket. He talks with direct reference to war investments. What he says is, of course, the American point of view about an American problem. But you may read Canada and the November War Loan all through it and feel the same about it as a Canadian investor as the reader of McClure's does who wants to get the common sense of a U. S. war loan.

For a conservative financial article the title of this one may seem a trifle too glowing, says Atwood. Yet soberly viewed the present is a time of unprecedented investment opportunity for the people of this country. Many paths lead to fortune, but one must be trod by all who arrive at that destination—saving. And saving is a sorry practice indeed unless the money is safe—unless sound investments present themselves.

National extravagance combined with national carelessness in the investment of savings and lack of opportunities for the small saver, all these contributed to a most serious and unhappy condition. Old-fashioned thrift had become unfashionable, luxury was the end and all for many, and young men expected to reach the goal of business success at a leap and a bound without any of the privations which had marked the careers of earlier leaders of commerce and industry. More are more men and women too sought to gain riches by the quick and easy route that led nowhere.

But the war has struck a blow at thoughtless luxury and extravagance. The necessity of economy has become apparent to the most careless and callous. The fiscal needs of the nation at war have thrust into the background less worthy financial promotions and the masses of people, although still prosperous enough, are brought up with a jerk to a realization of the seriousness and importance of wise management of their personal affairs, of spending, saving and investing.

Fortunately at this time the multitude have opportunities to save and invest exceeding those ever before conceived of. For years those who have laboured to bring about greater thrift and more extensive property holdings on the part of the masses of the people have beaten their wings, so to speak, against the stone wall of indifference and ignorance. Even where they cared, the majority of people did not know and simply could not be taught anything about investments. But they cannot be indifferent to war and its financial necessities, and they simply cannot help knowing about anything so big, so safe and so widely advertised as the Liberty Loan and its approaching successor.

More and more it becomes apparent that the way for the person of small or moderate earning power to get ahead financially is to save out of his weekly or monthly earnings, preferably in co-operation with others. Millions of people could not invest more

than ten dollars in a period of many months if they had to use up accumulated earnings. But by deducting a regular amount from their weekly wage the same people can save and invest fifty or a hundred dollars in the same time. Just so those of large earning capacity who could not without serious sacrifice invest more than a few hundred dollars at any given moment are able to assume an obligation for several thousand dollars if the payments are spread over a long period.

The principle is merely that which we already know in the building and loan association. The idea is to invest a few cents or a few dollars a week and then in a certain length of time have the deposits, together with interest upon them, equal a round sum. The great advantage of these certificates is the fact that interest payments are not spent and frittered away on trifles, as they would be on most investments, but steadily accumulate and are added to the principal sum. Obviously the interest on a few dollars is so small as to be negligible unless it is allowed to accumulate undisturbed. Moreover it is difficult to find a single investment for a few dollars and even more so for a few cents. But if thousands of persons put their mites together we then have a respectable sum which becomes a working factor just as much as the single investment of the millionaire.

Local committees of representative and responsible persons have been formed throughout England to organize what are known as war savings associations, to which anyone may belong. Certificates for one pound are issued and these are paid for in amounts of as low as fifteen cents a week. Up to March of this year 35,000 such associations had been formed with 4,000,000 members.

Such a method utilizes the daily income of a people to carry on war. It has none of the disadvantages of financing by the banks, which necessitates a shift in the investments which they already have. Enough has already been said to show that the advantages to the individual are fully as great as to the country. There is no reason why the forthcoming government bond issue should not be taken by nearly ten million people if the war savings association plan is adopted.

H. G. Fricker, Organist (Continued from page 13.)

stained-oak Mogul which now makes the big church seem as though the other half of it were organ. We might go further and remark that there is a large difference between the kind of music we used to get on the old organ at the hands of Dr. Torrington, and the programme which little Mr. Fricker of Leeds put over last week. But we make no odious comparisons. Torrington was the real father of modern organ music in Protestant Canada as he was of choral singing. And in his day he was rather a mighty organist. It was Torrington who made the specifications for the pres-

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ent great organ in that church, the greatest Warren organ ever built, at a cost of somewhere near \$50,000. He played it for a couple of years only it was we noted a goodly number of Englishmen, of whom the latest was T. J. Palmer, present at Mr. Fricker's recital last week. If Torrington also could have been present, the historic chain would have been complete. As it was we noted a goodly number of organists, including T. J. Palmer, Healey Willan of St. Paul's, Toronto; Dalton Baker, of the Eaton Memorial; Dr. Anderson, of New St. Andrew's and Dr. A. S. Vogt, who used to play the organ in Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

Had all the organists in creation been there Mr. Fricker would never have cared. He began his own composition sharp at 8 o'clock as announced, and had got clean down through his Wagner and Bach numbers into the fantasia on Hanover hymn by Lemare when we arrived. Lemare himself opened that same organ in 1903. It was Lemare who finally revised the specifications.

What Lemare did originally with the hymn Hanover when he re-created it for the organ was equalled only by what Mr. Fricker of Leeds did to his transcription. Fricker, you note at once, has that curious English combination of authority, sure technic and suavity that combine in the great English organist. Nobody but an Englishman could get such a mountain of variegated joy out of a hymn tune. And Mr. Fricker shuttle-cocked the numerous variations from one part of the great organ to another, from great organ to echo, from choir organ to solo stop, from minor to major with the air of one who doesn't precisely care whether you like it or not, but feels pretty sure you do.

The only big piece the writer heard was Sibelius' Finlandia, which was first introduced to Toronto audiences about eight years ago by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. In this revolutionary piece, handled with such a splendid breadth of orchestral colouring by Mr. Fricker, we were reminded that little "Nicky," late Czar of all the Russians, had the composition suppressed in Finland because it seemed to be the rebellious voice of a crushed people. Well, "Nicky" himself, such is the fate of weak despots, is himself suppressed and in Siberia. Mr. Fricker betrays a fine orchestral familiarity in his organ work. He never allows the organ to choke itself with the clumsiness of its own reverberations. He gets it away clean and crisp to the last decimal point of a dotted note. His mixtures are judiciously made. He seems to have a severely certain knowledge of what any given organ should or should not do. His principal defect is the sostenuto on his last note and the rather uncomfortably long dramatic pause between the various sections of a movement.

French Impressionists

(Concluded from page 19.)

higher than in previous years, and altogether the work of Canadian artists should give satisfaction to the country at large. That at least was the opinion expressed by a visitor from Rome at the opening of the Fine Arts section. Perhaps he did not expect much from Canadian artists, but his surprise and delight seemed genuine.

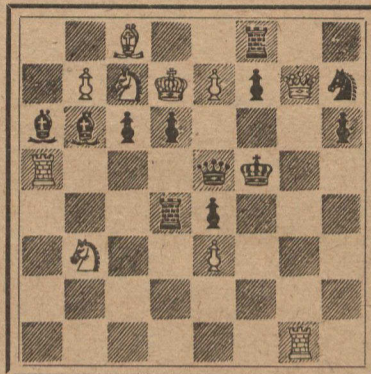
CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

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

PROBLEM NO. 153, by H. W. Bettmann. Pittsburgh Gazette—Times, 1914.

Black.—Twelve Pieces.



White.—Ten Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 151, by H. J. Tucker.

- 1. B—B4, Kt—K5; 2. R—Kt7 mate.
- 1., Kt—R5; 2. R—Kt3 mate.
- 1., Kt—Kt4; 2. Kt—R6 mate.
- 1., QxPch; 2. B—Q6 mate.
- 1., PxB; 2. Q—K7 mate.

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE LEAGUE.

The Canadian Branch of the Chess Amateur Correspondence League has been merged into the amalgamation of the three principal correspondence chess leagues of the United States, namely: the Correspondence League of Greater New York, the National Chess Correspondence Association and the Chess by Mail Correspondence Bureau. The directorship of the Canadian Branch has passed from Mr. C. F. Davie, of Victoria, B. C., into the hands of Mr. R. G. Smellie, of Toronto. Mr. Smellie appeals for increased enrolment of Canadian players, and hopes for a prompt and enthusiastic response. Address R. G. Smellie, 16 King street west, Toronto. Particulars of tournament will appear shortly.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

The following lively game was played a short while back at the Moscow Chess Club. The score and notes are from the "Novoe Vremya."

Vienna Game.

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| White. | Black. |
| A. Rabinovitch. | A. Aljehin. |
| 1. P—K4 | 1. P—K4 |
| 2. Kt—QB3 | 2. Kt—QB3 |
| 3. B—B4 | 3. Kt—B3 |
| 4. P—B4 | 4. B—B4 |
| 5. BxPch (a) | 5. KxB |
| 6. PxB | 6. Kt—Ksq (b) |
| 7. Q—R5ch (c) | 7. K—Ktsq. |
| 8. Kt—B3 | 8. Q—K2 (d) |
| 9. Kt—Q5 | 9. Q—B2 |
| 10. Q—R4 | 10. B—K2 |
| 11. Q—Kt3 (e) | 11. Q—Kt3 |
| 12. Q—B4 | 12. P—KR3 |
| 13. Castles | 13. B—Kt4 |
| 14. KtxB | 14. PxB |
| 15. Q—B3 | 15. P—Q3 |
| 16. PxB | 16. PxB |
| 17. P—Q4 (f) | 17. B—K3 |
| 18. Kt—K7ch (g) | 18. KtxKt |
| 19. Q—B8ch | 19. K—R2 |
| 20. QxKt (K7) | 20. QxP |
| 21. QxP (Kt5) | 21. QxQPch |
| 22. B—K3 | 22. Q—KKt5 |
| 23. Q—Kt5 | 23. Kt—B3 |
| 24. R—B4 | 24. Q—Kt3 |
| 25. R—Qsq | 25. QxBP |
| 26. RxB | 26. Q—Kt8ch |
| 27. R—Bsq | 27. Q—K5 |
| 28. B—Q4 | 28. Kt—Q4 |

(a) So far the players have followed a correspondence game, Brussels v. Paris, Brussels continued 5. Kt—B3, and P—Q3 followed on both sides. With the text-move white institutes a lively attack, which, however, is not sound.

(b) 6., QKtxP; 7. P—Q4, B—Q3 returns the piece, but with a strong game. 6., BxKt is inferior, because of 7. PxB, B—Q5; 8. Q—R5ch.

(c) White's best course seems to be 7. Kt—B3, and if 7., R—Bsq then 8. P—Q4, B—K2; 9. P—Q5, Kt—Ktsq; 10. P—Q6, threatening 11. Q—Q5ch.

(d) Now black begins to drive back the attacking forces.

(e) It appears more promising to capture the Bishop and follow with P—Q4.

(f) P—Q3 is more solid. Or white might anticipate by one move his actual combination.

(g) Ingenious, but it does not save the game.

(h) Immediate loss is threatened by Kt—B5.

Just to Read Aloud

(Continued from page 16.)

SYMPATHETIC OLD LADY (in Harvard Lampoon)—“You must find those soldier suits very hot.”

R.O.T.C.—“I do, but it's a uniform heat.”

COHEN (in Boston Transcript)—“So Sadie has broken der engagement. Did she gif you back der ring?”

Cohenstein—“No; she said diamonds hat gone up, but she would gif me vat I baid for it.”

A KINDERGARTEN teacher entering a street car saw a gentleman whose face seemed familiar, and she said, “Good evening!” He seemed somewhat surprised, and she soon realized that she had spoken to a stranger. Much confused, she explained: “When I first saw you I thought you were the father of two of my children.”—Argonaut.

SANDY, a Scotsman that the Windsor Magazine tells about, had returned to his native village after a visit to London. When some one asked him what he thought of the great city, he said:

“It is a grand place, but the folks there are not honest.”

“How is that?” asked his friend.

“Well, I bought a box of pins labelled ‘a thousand for a penny,’ and coming home in the train I counted them, and I found they were 17 short.”

AMONG the replies received to an advertisement in a Western paper for some one to take charge of a church choir and play the organ was this: “I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services.”

A NEGRO servant, wishing to get married, asked his master to buy him a license in the neighbouring town. The master, being in haste, did not ask the name of the happy woman, but as he drove along he reflected on the many tender attentions that he had seen John lavish upon Euphemia Wilson, the cook, and, concluding that there could be no mistake, had the license made out in her name.

“There's your license to marry Euphemia,” he said to the servant that night. “You're as good as married already, and you owe me only \$2.”

The darky's face fell.

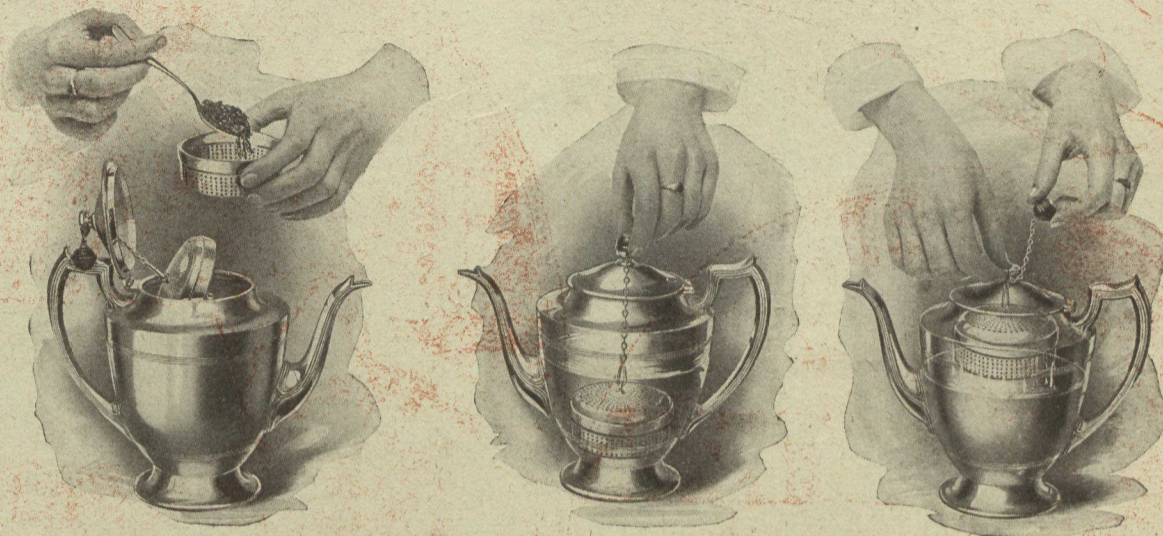
“But, Mass' Tom, Euphemia Wilson ain't de lady I'se gwine to marry. Dat wa'n't nothin' mo'n a little flirtation. Georgiana Thompson, the la'n-dress, is the one I'se gwine to marry.”

“Oh, well, John,” said the master, amused and irritated at the same time, “there's no great harm done. I'll get you another license to-morrow, but it will cost you \$2 more, of course.”

The next morning the darky came out to the carriage as it was starting for town and, leaning confidentially over the wheel, said:

“Mass' Tom, you needn't git me no udder license; I'll use the one I'se got. I'se been t'inkin' it over in de night, an 'to tell you de troof, Mass' Tom, de conclusion o' my judgment is dat dar ain't \$2 worth o' difference between dem two ladies.—Tit-Bits.

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