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# CANADIAN COUPLER

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JUNE 22, 1918



*Au Revoir to Democracy*  
By THE EDITOR

*A Congress of Canada-Slavs*  
By W. W. SWANSON

*Embargoing Our Outgoing Dollars*  
By INVESTICUS

*Bringing Up My Boys*  
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By THE MUSIC EDITOR



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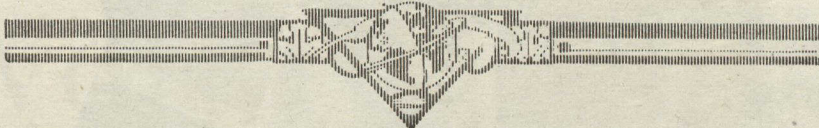
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**CANADIAN COURIER**

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**W**E do not forget that before we go to press again the birthday of Canada will have come and gone. Our next issue is July 6. In that issue we propose to give readers of the Canadian Courier a brief but convincing resume of how this country looks to us as a United Canada, occupying her place in the Empire as a league of nations. We believe that the Canadian Courier is entitled to some convictions on this anniversary subject, because we have consistently stood for a real, practical unity growing out of a mutual understanding. Even The Veteran, organ of the G. W. V. A., and the Toronto News admit that the situation in Quebec has improved, and that we seem to be on the road to a national unity of action. We have always believed that more could be accomplished by each side getting over to the other as much as possible, and we shall never believe that a real national unity can ever be got by any other method. Neither shall we be able to meet the difficulties still bound to confront us in the racial problem, unless we put the accent always on where we can agree and try to be as sensible as we can in the controversies.

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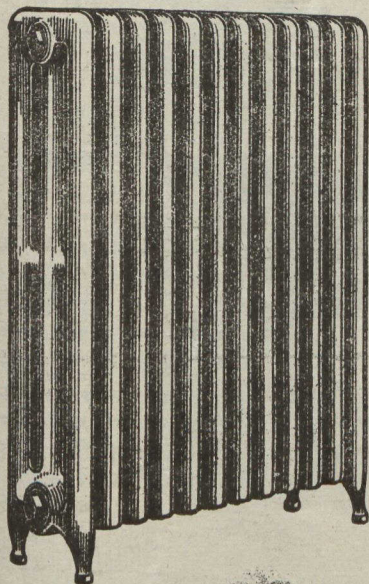
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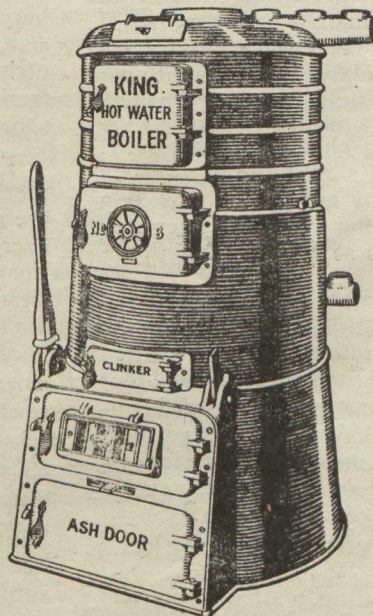


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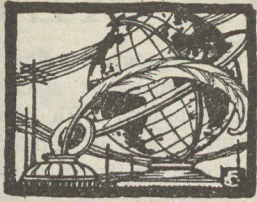


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# CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 19

JUNE 22, 1918

## AU REVOIR TO DEMOCRACY

By THE EDITOR

**G**OVERNMENT is business. War is business. As a general thing democracy is not business. Therefore democracy in wartime has proved to be more or less a delusion in government. The very thing we have been told a million times we are fighting for, we can't use in the business of fighting; or if we do we lose.

Democracy as we knew him before the war is a sick man. He may get better. But before he does he is going to get worse. "Demos" the people and "krao" I rule—we shall have to redefine the word and say that democracy means not the rule of the people, but "I rule the people." Which is the way they get despotism and slaves in Germany, so we draw the line at that and ask ourselves—what then?

We all believe in the rights of free speech; in parliamentary censure of ministers or of the whole executive by the opposite party; in hue and cry if the administration's methods don't suit a majority of the people and turning the rascals out when they become either inefficient or corrupt. That is democracy as expressed by the curious survival known as Parliament. England knew how to put a crimp in Cabinets when she put the beggars right in the front benches of the House where they simply could not escape; and if a minister preferred to be off fishing on the day when the affairs of his department were to be put under the searchlight, with a microscope on the end of the lens, we had the Habeas Corpus Act or something like it to hale him in again. And what England has in large we have in ten parliaments and legislatures of all sizes in Canada. Since we were school-boys we have taken off our hats to this as the highest form of responsible government; of down with tyrants, death to star chambers, away with King George Thirds and Charles Firsts and King Johns.

Take the wings of the morning into the uttermost parts of the earth wherever the government by the people is said to belong, and see what has become of it. In the words of some poet, "there ain't no sich animile." Democracy definable by that standard has folded her tents like the Arabs. We said long ago that it never could be; that we would win this war by just being ourselves and put despotism forever on the scaffold. Demos must be respected. Parliament must be upheld. Everything done by the nation behind the lines until the point where the army machine was handed over to the commander-in-chief must originate from the free-will of the people and be scrutinized by the people, through their representatives in Parliament; because the whole story of how responsible government came to be on the earth is the story of how England became the mother of self-governing nations of which Canada is the greatest example in the world.

The President of the United States is an autocrat compared with the Premier of Canada or the King of England. He is not elected to Congress, has nothing to do with Congress, picks out his own Cabinet, who may never have seen the inside of Congress and never will, and goes about the business of running the nation at one end of the town while Congress away up at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue goes on talking. The Overman Bill gives this autocrat of democracy still more power to prose-



Who's Steering This Ship Anyway?

cute the war without the aid or hindrance of Congress.

But look at Ottawa. A Union Government has pulled most of the teeth of virile Opposition. We are being governed, not by acts of responsible ministers, but by Orders in Council enacted by the Executive who go through some of the motions of being responsible to Parliament, but know jolly well in Council that Parliament has become mainly an Amen corner. So we have the budget and its new direct taxes, without a murmur from Parliament; two weeks later a list of embargoes making some things unimportable, and again Parliament has no objection; so why should the people? One month the farmers are told to produce; the next to shoulder arms; reason—exigency at the front, imperative, absolute, unconditional. Premier Borden tells Parliament that if it doesn't like his handling of the democracy and titles problem it may get another leader. And Parliament doesn't get another leader. In all these things we acquiesce, because we say the times call for action and there is no time to debate. To establish democracy, we must put democratic methods on the shelf, because they only give the lawyers in Parliament a chance to waste the country's time and money.

**G**LANCE across at England. Parliament there long ago became a mere Greek chorus chanting the responses. Even the greatest of all Cabinets, the 23, found its main business—war—confined to a junta of five picked by the Premier. And whenever things at the front get into a muddle, it is not Parliament that straightens them out, but the Premier and his junta in co-operation with the War Office; and if the War Office doesn't march to the music why the W. O. must be reformed—which it was. Parliament rises en masse to support Lloyd George, and it knows why. And all the Ramsay

Macdonalds and Philip Snowdens and John Dillons know the reason also.

In France President Poincare long ago retired to the wings. The centre of the stage is held by the Premier who, the fourth since the war, has become next thing to an autocrat; and if he were to have been anything else the Tiger Clemenceau would not have taken the job.

All the world knows what unrestrained democracy has done, is now doing for poor old glorious, God-forsaken Russia, who was far better off under the decadent autocrat Nicholas than she is under the foaming, state-disrupting, capital-destroying Trotzky.

Germany shows all the signs of tightening the ropes. When the war began there was a phantom Reichstag that made some show of criticizing the war lords. Now Germany has centred her real worship of despotism in one Ludendorff, who has even greater power, even if less authority, than the Kaiser.

**A**ND if we look at the armies for a sign, we find that at last democracy has vanished from our front, about two years later than it should have done, putting the armies of five nations under the absolute control of one generalissimo who is a despot if there ever was one, or he may as well resign.

Thus as the war reaches further and further back, as the people at home are conscripted and mobilized and taxed and food-regulated and embargoed, the function of democracy in wartime vanishes. Responsible government was all right in war for just about as long as Business as Usual was all right—and that was long ago. Now that war has become everybody's business in the pocketbook and the kitchen and the factory and the camp, it is everybody's business to get along without what we call democratic methods in government. And if we don't real democracy may yet vanish from the earth.

Democracy is the carrying out of the people's will. If the people will to win a war by means of a useful despot whom they can replace with another when he falls down—that is democracy, and a much more workable kind than a lot of wrangling members of Parliament who don't know any more about the war than the people who elected them. Roosevelt may argue that the administration is the servant of the people. So it is in peace; not in war.

Two things remain: If a democracy is to be governed by enlightened despotism, democracy has a right to as much of the truth about the war as it can get. Censorship and anti-sedition laws should be reduced to a minimum; because democracy loves to talk. The other thing that sticks out plainly is—that if it was can make government so important that it drafts the biggest-business experts of the nation into public service, then after the war, unless we let government slide back into its old disreputable methods, we shall be rid of the bogey that big men absolutely won't go into politics because politics is a waste of time. Government is business. Politics should be the greatest pursuit of big men. And democracy must either get rid of the idea that government is a party debate or get rid of itself; because the business of government won't have that kind of democracy.



## TAKE HIM FOR ALL IN ALL



**A** LOT of people wait until they are dead to be appreciated. Other people insist upon being appreciated on earth. The late John Ross Robertson, founder and proprietor of the Toronto Evening Telegram, belonged to neither of these categories. He did what he set out to do, much of it in the interests of other people, got his reward of gratitude without asking for it and would have kept on doing what he did whether he was appreciated or not, because he believed in being benevolent, in having his own way, in being himself—and at that one of the most uncommon, unconventional and uncontrollable of men. Once upon a time when he started the paper which preceded the Toronto Telegram he sold the papers himself and carried the coppers to the bank in a patent pail every day. No man ever combined the ethics of the penny and the bigness of benevolence better than John Ross Robertson. His paper, The Telegram, represents the power of the cent; the fact that if a mistress wants a maid or a man a job or an owner a lost article, there are so many chances in so many that what is wanted may be got at a cent a word on one of the five or six pages of liners that make the front door to the oddest great newspaper in Canada.

Wise writers talk about publishers who understand this newfangled thing known as mass psychology. They say Northcliffe has that bump in an ultimate degree. Well, when Robertson started the Telegram mass psychology was like appendicitis—it was there but nobody knew anything about it. The Telegram has been a good example of how a pennywise idea can become big enough to dominate a big city. There have been times when the Mayor's office was an annex to the head office of the Telegram, because the near to a hundred thousand people who bought the Telegram represented enough votes one way, but as a rule not another, to put any man in the Mayor's chair that the boss of the Telegram wanted.

With that kind of paper the owner could carry almost any programme he wanted inside his own constituency. The Telegram has never pretended to have more than a dribble of circulation outside of Toronto. Therefore whatever the Telegram told Toronto it wanted, Toronto might be counted on to want whether it suited the rest of the country or not. And as a rule there was no other

part of the country to be considered. The Telegram could whack a Liberal government or a Conservative opposition or a Union Government with absolute impunity, because it had a constituency of opinion and sentiment which it had carved out for itself.

Once upon a time that organized constituency worked out into an unconscious but imperishable monument to Robertson. The Home for Sick Children is one of the finest benevolences in the world. It was made possible by the Telegram, which was sometimes the house organ of the Sick Children's Home. The Telegram also originated the Landmarks of Toronto, a series of papers written by the owner to trace what he knew of the old city that was evolving a new one. "With a fresh black Panatella in his teeth," says a recent writer, "the proprietor of the Telegram sticks his thumbs in his waistcoat and remembers that on yonder corner, now a hole in the ground full of teams and picks and shovels, there was once a family by the name of X—, a grand-aunt of somebody, in which was married to the half-brother of the man whose uncle was chief of police in the year that the old brewery was pulled down to make room for an orphans' home, which would be somewhere about half-way between the year that Mackenzie's rebels marched to Montgomery's Tavern and the year that Col. Denison's father originated the militia of Toronto."

What Robertson has been able to do by way of historical pictures, of which he accumulated and donated to the city a remarkable collection, arose out of the Landmarks. What he did to make himself the apex of the Masonic Order in America, and to further the interests of the Orange Order, was as natural to him as the Telegram or the Landmarks or the Sick Children's Home. In his long, self-centred career he once refused a Senatorship, once a knighthood, and once a public funeral when he might have had a procession that would have made an Orange Walk in the city of Toronto look like a very small thing. Now that he is gone we remember Robertson as one of the last characters in journalism in a class with Horace Greeley, Charles Dana and Gordon Bennett, men who founded bigger newspapers than the Toronto Telegram, but none with a more distinctive character or more unmistakable originality.

## THE GERMAN PROPAGANDA MUST GO

**W**HEN editors and speakers are clamoring for the abolition of the German language, we must remember that the German language press, the German societies, etc., on this continent were not agents of the German Government prior to the twentieth century. Most of the "old-timers" among the German settlers, including the revolutionists of 1848, clung to their native language, supported German schools and churches and featured things German rather than Canadian, or American, but their alienism was peculiarly one of convenience, just as that of aliens of other nationalities. In all fairness we must admit that these people were loyal to their adopted countries, and that they proved their loyalty by rising like one man in defence of the American Union during the Civil War.

These intellectual "Old-Timers" form a sharp contrast to the educated Kaiserites of our day. For one thing, they used English as their language of intercourse. Rudolph Blankenburg, ex-Mayor of Philadelphia, steadily refused to deliver public addresses in German, and more than once he declared: "I like to remember the land of my birth, but I do not intend to conserve, much less to foster, German customs and institutions." As to Carl Schurz, one of Abraham Lincoln's intimate friends, it is known that he was defeated in his candidacy for the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Wisconsin a little over five years after his arrival in the United States owing to the votes of many of his former countrymen, stirred up by political agitators who accused him of being ashamed of his native land, because he used English and resorted to German only when he could not make himself understood otherwise in his speeches.

The German propaganda started as a dream with

*Short personal story of how the German language has been perverted on this Continent and why the Press is clamoring for its abolition.*

By PROF. RIETHDORF

the coronation of William II, in 1888, and it did not develop into reality until the jovial Prince Henry of Prussia visited the U. S. A. in February, 1902. I saw Prince Henry in Philadelphia with his staff. I saw Admiral Tirpitz, of frightfulness fame, grinning while chatting with American naval officers. Turning to a German next to me I remarked: "Do you not think that they have come to take in something else but the sights?" "Yes," he replied, "That's right." And then addressing another who vociferously applauded the passing show, I asked: "What do you think of that?" "Well," replied he, "they know what they want." I agreed with him; but there was this difference; he felt delighted and I felt sad. I could not get rid of the expression in Tirpitz's face. "Oh, you American fools!" it read.

But whenever I expressed my well-grounded fears and suspicions to Americans, they would say something like this: "You silly boy, get that out of your system, or you will not succeed in this country." That there was some truth in these words I found when I realized that no stone was left unturned, no matter of what despicable means, for the undoing of myself or anyone else hostile to Kaiserism. However, I deliberately preferred to remain on the thorny road which was to separate me more and more from everything German, and lead me to take immediate steps to secure my denationalization.

The stage being set, Prince Henry raised the curtain and acted as toastmaster to celebrate the birth

of that propaganda in dozens upon dozens of German societies all over the United States. Henceforth ex-officers with Hohenzollern aspirations took charge of and began to dominate these clubs. The German Alliance became one of their bulwarks. Organizations of former German soldiers sprang up everywhere, almost as if overnight. Annually they sent deputations to Potsdam to pay homage to the German Emperor as "unsern Abersten Kriegsherrn"—our highest War Lord. Immigration to Canada and the U. S. A. was organized and largely carried on under leaders acceptable to the Wilhelmstrasse. The German churches among us became fascinated by the vision of a new "Deutschland ueber alles." Even the missionary system for the purpose of supplying preachers for the North American continent was reorganized in Germany. Men of the "new school" took the places of "old timers" in the German pulpits. Our German newspaper offices made room for the "new blood," that is, for former German army officers. Thus George von Skal, a Prussian ex-lieutenant, as the editorial writer of the N. Y. Staats-Zeitung, vaccinated its owner, the late Herman Ridder, with the new virus, and duped and won him over to Germandom.

**T**HINGS German thus began to be fostered in earnest everywhere. Systematically, with a definite design, everything was done to turn the Germans away from Canadian or American ideals. Honest alienism made room for dishonest alienism. There was no longer an honest use of the traditions and customs of our Germans. The German language, hitherto used innocently, was turned into a hostile instrument of the German press and pulpit. No wonder a hatred of that language is found everywhere in America now.



# CONVERSATION LOZENGES

*EASY-TO-READ extracts from what some people are writing and thinking about the world over.*

## Will It Be So Here ?

**I**N a few light sentences, composed as airily as any of the etchings done by her husband, Elizabeth Robins Pennell has, in the North American Review, limned the difference between the American people of to-day and the American of 33 years ago. Mrs. Pennell finds herself a stranger in her native land. ". . . the people . . . have grown as foreign as the land," she says. "I left them so American that they could assimilate the foreigner who then came to our country to benefit himself and not the capitalist. I find them so foreign that my fear is they will assimilate the American, who, after all, is too fine a type to be sacrificed. To speak of my own immediate experience: In the house where I am staying, I have an Irish chambermaid, a Greek waiter, a Dalmatian handy-man. At the near station my boots are blacked by an Italian, at the near tailor's my gowns are pressed by a Pole. When I go into the shopping streets, every other sign bears a foreign name; when I glance over the list of births and deaths and marriages it seems as if the Boche must be already in possession. Yesterday, music called me to the window and a procession of hundreds passed, each bearing that Russian flag which I, for one, never care to see again—Slavs, I have learned from the morning's paper, making a patriotic demonstration. Why should they make it as Slavs and not as Americans? And it is not Philadelphia alone that has been invaded and conquered. All America during my absence has been turned, not into the melting-pot some call it, but the dumping-ground, the refuse heap of Europe. The longer I am in my native land, the nearer I seem to get to the inevitable day when we real Americans, like the Indians, shall have our reservations and when our successors will come to pay their quarters to stare at us as curiosities."

## Why Can Vegetables ?

**T**HERE isn't much vanity about the appearance of a tomato can but, according to David Fairchild in the National Geographic Magazine, for every dollar spent on this staple grocery ninety cents goes to maintain a food fashion and ten cents for the edible portion. Says Mr. Fairchild:

There are 2 pounds 1 ounce of tomatoes in a can, or a trifle over 1.8 cents' worth, and in a case of 24 cans, which sells for \$4, approximately 43 cents' worth of tomatoes as picked in the field.

One ton of good tomatoes, after peeling, trimming, and packing in cans, will weigh approximately 2,300 pounds when crated for shipment, whereas the same quantity, when dried and boxed, is reduced to only 200 pounds, or about one-twelfth as much. In bulk the saving depends upon whether the slices are compressed or not.

Mr. Fairchild quotes similar figures covering peas, potatoes, cabbages, carrots and all other vegetables. Fully, fifty per cent. of the food bill, according to his reasoning—and convincing statistics, is money wasted on so much water. "It would be fortunate," he says, "if the time were soon to come when the drying of vegetables by means of drying plants of suitable size, with adequate safeguarding appliances, should be a local industry wherever vegetables are grown. The result would be a stabilizing of prices of those perishables which are so often grown at a loss because of over production or a faulty system of distribution."

UMBER no can get—allege light, call you later."

If you call a number in San Francisco, and a soft-voiced answer like that comes drifting over the wire, says a writer in The Railroad Man's Magazine, don't jump at the conclusion that the operator has fallen for your manly tones and is handing you a line of baby-talk.

Not a bit of it! You've just got on the line of the Chinese Exchange of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. This Chinese exchange, of course, is for the service of San Francisco's world-famed Chinatown.

**A** FRENCH family of 1914 reading about the Battle of the Marne. The painter, Ridgway Knight, does not tell us in what village he got the picture for which a bid of \$25,000 was cabled to New York, where it was sold by auction. Perhaps that village is now off the map, and the family homeless. But wherever they are, they are still reading about the Battle of the Marne in 1918.



**R**OBERT W. CHAMBERS, author of The Restless Sex, interviewed by a writer in The Forum, says: **Chambers Should Know**

There really ought not to be any fuss made over a marriage that has come to the end of its spiritual and physical life. It should not be scandalous to ask for the dissolution of the contract. The time will come, he says, when the matrimonial agreement will have its place in the lawyer's cabinet with other contracts made for a partnership. And it will have no greater significance in its legal bond than a partnership contract. It seems to me that it is the highest form of selfishness for a man or woman to compel the conditions of a marriage contract when those conditions no longer exist. I should say that 95 per cent. of the divorces in this country are because the men wish it. Women are obedient creatures of habit, they are not rebellious, and they prefer the good opinion of their friends and neighbors at any cost, so in most cases it is the women who oppose divorce.

How Robert does like to cultivate the good-will of his habitual readers! And what a splendid philosopher he is!

**P**ROPERLY to enjoy life, says a writer in the Engineering News-Record, one should be part bee and part monkey, collectivist and individualist. The bee is a martyr to a Prussian collective system invented by himself. He works for other people. If he took time to think, he'd immediately tend to become individualistic, and the organization would begin to wobble. The man who took this picture of a swarm of bees had no time to think about that, for he soon had a mask of bees on his face. "Don't do a thing, don't make a sound," implored the beekeeper. The camera man wanted to run, to wave his arms, to scream, to fight. He didn't. One bee crawled up his nose. He wanted to sneeze but dare not. He just backed cautiously away.

**G**REAT motion pictures are scarce, says a writer in a St. Louis paper, who avers that there are moral purposes to be served by a great film drama: First, to enhance our interest in life; second, to enhance our power to divine and discriminate as to what happens in our own environment; third, to enhance our grip and appreciation of ideas. Under the first of these headings movie art confessedly does but little. Our interest in life, this critic maintains, is not increased by seeing it with the color washed out. "Compare your open-eyed recognition of beauty as you walk out of an art gallery into the street, with the absence of any such temporary awakening as you walk out of the movie house." As a means of heightening our discrimination, he finds that the screen play does nothing or worse. "If you have been reading a George Eliot novel (another variety of illustration), you will be aware, as you sit at your dinner table, of those common-place nonentities who make up your household, in quite a new way. The novelist has given vision to your eyes. But after a bout in a movie show do you find your family transfigured?" His answer is "no" and he maintains, furthermore, that with one outstanding exception ("The Birth of a Nation") the photodrama has failed notoriously to enhance our grip of ideas. Here is a chance for some Shakespeare of the screen to arise and give the producers what they want. But whoever he is, he will need to get his plots from somewhere else than the purple patches in the yellow newspapers. The film should be a great moral agent.

## Film Dramas Wanted



OFFICIAL figures from Washington show that in a year's time our total importation from the United States of what may be classed as luxuries amounted to about forty million dollars. I have delved through "dry as dust" statistics issued by the U. S. Government, which for detail are later than those obtainable at Ottawa. The search reveals that in the twelve months ended June 30th, 1917, which closed the fiscal year for the United States, our total business of swap with the United States, exports and imports is \$1,108,478,000.

Our first "billion dollar trade year, with Uncle Sam! Of chief concern to Canada, in view of recent Government action, is an "unfavorable balance" amounting to \$466,580,000, which has been rolled up in the 12 months under review. Comprising practically 10 per cent. of this "unfavorable balance" are such outstanding "luxuries" as automobiles, furs, phonographs and moving picture films. The blue book figures from Washington contain a complete list of our purchases from Uncle Sam, among which are the following:

Motor-cars, \$12,088,000; paper, books, etc., \$5,735,000; tobacco and tobacco products, \$3,479,000; boots and shoes, \$3,291,000; auto tires, \$1,485,000; furs, \$2,675,000; wearing apparel, \$2,579,000; phonographs, \$2,010,000; clocks and watches, \$1,466,000; moving picture films, \$1,111,000; apples, \$948,000; prunes, \$816,000; canned fruits, \$598,000; apricots, \$86,000; carriages, \$38,000.

Trade between these two friendly neighbors increased \$435,676,000 in a year's time. For the U. S. fiscal year 1916 total trade across our border was \$672,802,000, or 10.3% of the 6½ billion dollar trade done by the United States. In 1917 the total trade between Canada and the United States had expanded 64.7%, passing the billion dollar mark to \$1,108,478,000. Canada is the third best customer the U. S. has. Only the United Kingdom and France purchased more during 1917 in American markets than we did. Canada's figures represent 12.3% of

## OUR BILLION-DOLLAR SWAP

*How the Embargo on Imports Hits Us in the Trade Belt*

By FRANK HODGINS

the \$8,953,155,000 trade turn over in the U. S.

Government books, which present such gloomy exteriors, often reveal interesting and little-dreamed-of facts. Washington official statisticians make it clear that Canada's chief swapping ability comes from her natural resources. For instance, Canada's export of first importance was wood and the manufactures of wood, which in the 12 months ended June, 1917, aggregated \$23,810,000. Of our paper and the manufactures of paper the U. S. took \$23,510,000, and of wood pulp \$22,172,000. In other words almost 70 million dollars' worth of our forest products. Next in importance, \$17,352,000 export of flaxseed.

What of our principal purchases next door? Coal heads the list; \$32,842,000 bituminous and \$25,214,000 anthracite. Nearly 33 millions to keep our mills going; 25 millions to warm our homes in winter.

One of the surprises of the latest trade figures is the grand total of our bacon purchases in the U. S. We are hearing so much of bacon these days. In 1916 Canada bought \$5,342,000 worth of bacon in the American market. In the succeeding 12 months this item had risen to a total of \$21,366,000 or 302.3% more. Old H. C. L. doubtless had much to do with the remarkable increase in values. At the same time, however, there was a huge increase in the actual quantity of bacon brought into this country

from the American markets. In 1916 Canada's importation of bacon was 35½ million pounds; in 1917, nearly 119 million pounds. Contrast this with 10 million pounds, worth \$1,363,000 in 1915.

At this time exception may be taken to a classification of automobiles as luxury imports. It will be argued that these are for commercial or war purposes. But at least 75% of our motor car purchases are of the pleasure type.

That Canada should import from the United States \$2,675,000 worth of furs is somewhat curious, when consideration is given to Canada's rich asset in fur-bearing animals. Canada sold to the United States 5¼ million dollars' worth of furs. But why did she buy back again 2¼ million dollars' worth?

Washington's figures will occasion further surprise in disclosing that Canada, an apple growing country, should have bought nearly one million dollars' worth of apples. The wonder grows with the remembrance of conditions in any Ontario or Nova Scotia orchard—apples allowed to waste by the thousands of barrels, apples that drop from the trees and rot on the ground by tons. Big crop or poor crop in the past decade there has not been a year when the dweller in Canadian cities could buy apples cheap. Apples a glut in our orchards, but a million dollars' worth bought in foreign markets!

More than 3 million dollars' worth of boots and shoes imported when prominent Canadian manufacturers cannot pay the preferred interest claims upon capital invested in this industry in the Dominion. Most of the boots are of the more fashionable type. And this accent upon the expensive fashionable occurs again in our purchase of 2½ million dollars' worth of wearing apparel; importations that are purely luxury buying, at the instance of the wealthy class, who demand the ultra-fashionable.

Perhaps one is unnecessarily severe in drawing a distinction, classing phonographs and "movie" films as luxuries—2 million dollars' worth of the former and over 1 million dollars' worth of the latter.

## The Baconian Theory

ALFRED WARWICK GATTIE, in *The Nineteenth Century*, declares that thousands of tons of Denmark bacon rotted in England because of a lack of railway haulage. We have been led to believe in Canada that we should do without bacon so that our men at the front might have it. But if this Denmark bacon was going to the front, why was it sent to England? Nevertheless, even though civilians in England may be eating bacon, we shall continue to endorse the sentiment expressed in the accompanying cartoon . . . Porkophile.



W. the W. Canadian: "My Palestine fellow-citizen, you're right. I'll eat no more pig so long as the boys at the front need pork."

## The Great Human Race

ONCE upon a time there was a quiet preacher in wooden shoes who lectured on *The Simple Life* and the virtue of leisure. While he was in Canada he was the guest of a man who is now a baronet. Pastor Wagner died a few days ago. The accompanying article and sketches indicate how the world has profited by his teachings.

By WILL FROST

IT is a pet theory of mine own that the North American is born with the Dollar Mark (\$) heavily embossed on the inner side of his cranium; that this excrescence, pressing constantly upon the grey matter of his brain, impels him to rush—chiefly in pursuit of the almighty but elusive dollar—from the cradle to the grave. He hasn't time to wonder why, it is in his blood, he has simply "gotta rush."

Should you catch him in an exhausted state—between rushes—he will probably explain to your simplicity that if he doesn't rush, he'll "get left," implying unspeakable horrors.

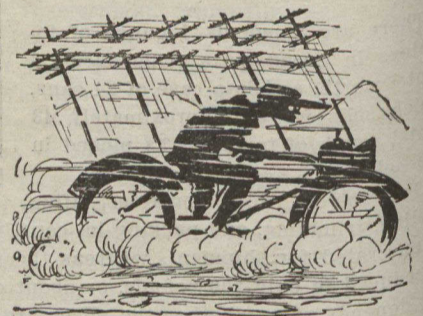
We go forth to see the scenery on a motor cycle, or catch hurried glimpses of nature through the windows of an express train and fondly imagine we are enjoying the views, albeit we are reminded of a movie picture show when the operator spins off the reel in a hurry.

Thanks to the philanthropic (sic) Mr. Ford, all the world is rapidly getting itself on wheels and the humble pedestrian is regarded with a pitying

(Continued on page 30.)



Bagging the Dollarfly.



Seeing the Scenery.

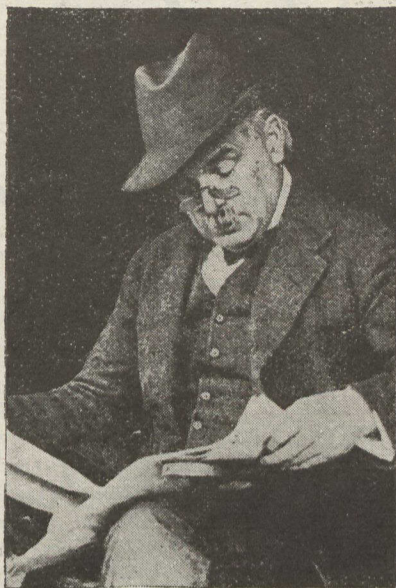


End of a Perfect Day.



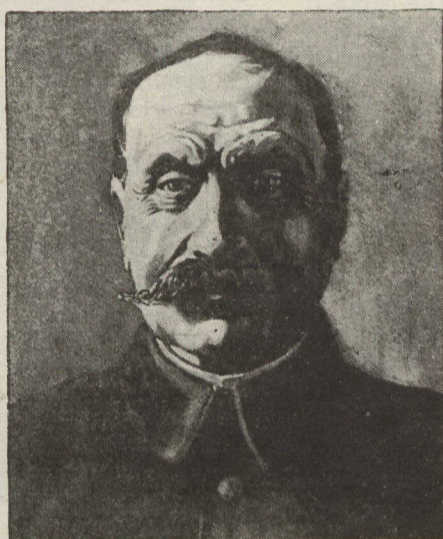
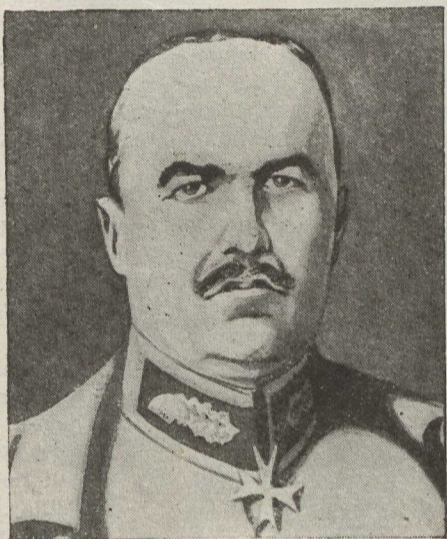
Those who have been at war from the beginning : **WAR MEN** And those who came in at the eleventh hour.

**L**LOYD GEORGE is the only man in the world who has climbed the ladder of public service clean to the top since the war began, and stayed at the top. A month ago he looked to some people like a man about to come down. But he stayed up. One reason was, there was no other man in sight able to occupy the eminence; the other, that if Lloyd George had not been going up the ladder Britain would have lost the war before now—and Britain knows it. A dozen men who looked almost as big have dropped off. In the midst of storms never known before in British politics George remains. Why? Because he is the one man in British politics able to turn troubles into triumphs. Where troubles did not exist years ago he created them. He shook custom-ridden England long before the war. When the war came the man who had shaken England was the man most needed to help shake the Hun. Like everybody else he under-rated the Hun. But he learned his mistake. When England was flaunting Business as Usual, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was ransacking England for billions of war money. When he got the money England began to need



munitions. Kitchener, Secretary of War, sent shrapnel. The front demanded high explosives. Hence the greatest H. E. in England was given the task of creating a Ministry of Munitions. Lloyd George made a high explosive shell the symbol of British might, and if he hadn't done it Kitchener's great army would have been a good second to the unmunitioned and afterwards obliterated army of Russia. When Kitchener died Lloyd George became Secretary of War. The avowed pacifist who was never too proud to fight became the greatest war-man in Britain. When Asquith became weary, the War Secretary was made Premier. He created the War Cabinet. He rummaged the country for new men. In Paris after the great Italian debacle, he made a speech advocating a unified command. More trouble. When Gen. Robertson objected to the unit of command, Robertson went. George remained. Then exit Maurice. The Irish question refuses to exit. This little giant from Wales, who never wanted a title, was never a continental statesman like Disraeli, or an Imperialist like Chamberlain. He is the chief propagandist of the British Empire.

**C**HIEF apostle of the co-ordinated lie; of the doctrine that war is not armies against armies, but nations against nations, hence you must kill women, children, aged and wounded; that to win a war you must disintegrate the nation behind the other army; that the winning of a great battle is the head-on, driven-from-behind concentration of vast masses of men into the jaws of hell, no matter if it costs millions of casualties, so long as the enemy army is smashed. Brains, limitless energy and cruelty—his name is Ludendorff.



**A** GAINST Ludendorff one man in supreme command over 700 miles of front and of millions of men; the man who will give up towns, villages and territory rather than sacrifice men; who in 1914 more than any other one general won the first Battle of the Marne, and is now organizing his forces for the second; the hope of France, of England, of Italy, of America; the man whom Joffre after the Battle of the Marne called "the first strategist in Europe" and who now has his greatest chance to prove it; and his name is Foch.

**W**OODROW WILSON is commander-in-chief of the army when he knows nothing about war, and of the navy when he knows nothing about the sea. Head of a Cabinet which he appoints himself, he is not responsible to Congress for their actions because they are not elected to Congress. A pacifist by nature, he is now the apostle of "force, force without stint, force to the utmost." The Overman Bill gives him power to prosecute the war without reference to Congress, and the anti-sedition law makes it next thing to high treason for any American editor to criticize the President. In a few months Congress will again go to the country. There may be a majority of Republicans in the new House. But the war autocrat of the White House has his own Congress in his regular Cabinet, and his special super-Cabinet of experts, also appointed by himself. Certain reckless editors still criticize the Administration. Roosevelt claims his rights as an American to absolutely free speech. They say that Hearst, who praises the Government when it is doing less than it should to win the war and is covertly backing the Kaiser, is a worse enemy of the country than those who find fault that the Administration may improve. But the President expects Mr. Roosevelt to guard his words. Which Mr. Roosevelt never could do.

Woodrow Wilson's Super-Cabinet of Experts



"SMILING CHARLEY" SCHWAB.



EDWARD STETTINIUS.



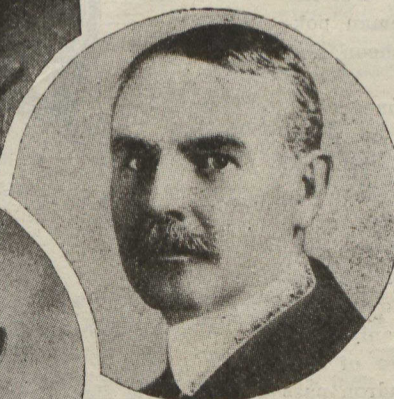
"BARNEY" BARUCH.



JOHN D. RYAN.

Government purchases of raw materials, metals and minerals; now Chairman of the War Industries Board.

**J**OHN D. RYAN once sold calico, became a copper magnate, and is now the new Director-General of Aircraft Production.



"HURRY-UP" HURLEY.

**S**MILING Charley Schwab, Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation at a dollar a year, has a Teutonic name, a steel salary of a million dollars or more, and a majority of the stock in the Bethlehem Steel Company. He once drove a stage, and was fired from a clerkship in a country store because he didn't know gingham from calico.

**E**DWARD STETTINIUS, Surveyor-General of Army Purchases, qualified for his great job by spending \$100,000,000 a month as head of the export department of the banking house of J. P. Morgan and Co. when that firm was the general purchasing agent for the Allies in the United States. Born in Germany.

**E**DWARD H. HURLEY invented the pneumatic riveter and is now Chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board. They call him Hurry-Up Hurley.

**B**ERNARD M. BARUCH, Jew and Wall St. Speculator, knowing more about metals than any other gold-bug, was in 1916 given control of all

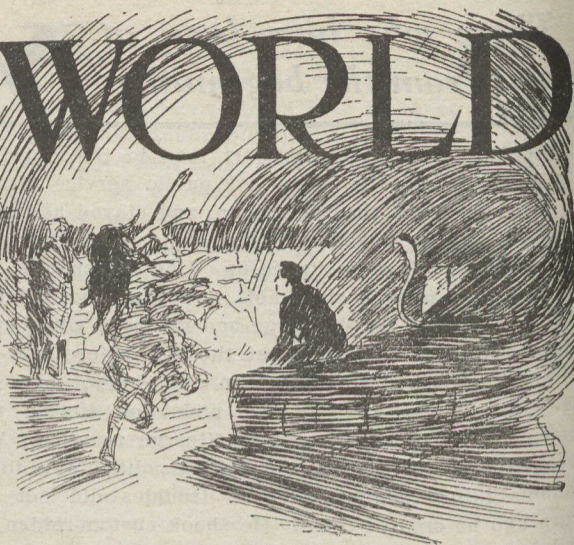


# The WINDS of the WORLD

A STORY of the great intrigue, as it works out in India. Picturesque, dramatic, full of startling action, strange local color and weird characters, among whom for unusual human interest the Sikh Ranjoor Singh rivals Yasmini, the Lady of the Cobras, who holds the secrets of India in her ken and divulges them only to those who prove themselves worthy of the knowledge. The German agent—nameless but not obscure—is one of her circle of devotees. Ranjoor Singh far differently, another. The struggle develops around Yasmini between these two.

by  
Talbot Mundy

Illustrated by T. W. McLEAN



## PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

RANJOOR SINGH, major of a Sikh squadron, goes to visit Yasmini, the extraordinary woman who learned all the secrets of India from the winds of the world. There he meets three Germans, one of whom offers him, in the name of Germany, the freedom of the earth if only the Sikhs would fail England when the time came. Ranjoor Singh refuses his answer until that time should come. Colonel Kirby, of the Sikh squadron is told that his best native officer has called on Yasmini; but refuses to believe that he is anything but a loyal officer.

Of course an Afridi can be depended on to overdo anything. The particular Afridi whom Ranjoor Singh had kicked was able to see very little virtue in Yasmini's method of attack. Suckled in a mountain-range where vengeance is believed as real and worthy as love must be transitory, his very bowels ached for physical retaliation, just as his skin and bones smarted from the beating the risaldar-major's men had given him.

He was scoffed at by small boys as he slunk through byways of the big bazaar. A woman who had smiled at him but a day ago now emptied unseemly things on him from an upper story when he went to moan beneath her window. He decided to include that woman in his vengeance, too, if possible, but not to miss Ranjoor Singh on her account; there was not room for him and Ranjoor Singh on one rain-pelted earth, but, if needs must, the woman might wait a while.

As nearly all humans do when their mood is similar to his, he slunk into dark places, growling like a dog and believing all the world his enemy. He came very near to the summit of exasperation when, on making application at a free dispensary, his sores were dressed for him by a Hindu assistant apothecary who lectured him on brotherly love with interlarded excerpts from Carlyle done into Hindustani. But the climax came when a native policeman poked him in the ribs with a truncheon and ordered him out of sight.

With a snarl that would have done credit to a panther driven off its prey, he slunk up a byway to shelter himself and think of new obscenities; and as he stood beneath a cloth awning to await the passing of a more than usually heavy downpour, the rotten fibers burst at last and let ten gallons of filthy rain down on him.

From that minute he could see only red; so it was in a red haze that two of the troopers from Ranjoor Singh's squadron passed the end of the lane. He felt himself clutching at a red knife, breathing red air through distended nostrils. He forgot his sores; forgot to feel them.

As he hunted the two troopers through the maze of streets, he recognized them for two of the men who had thrashed him; so he drew closer, for fear they might escape him in the crowd. Now that he

no longer wandered objectless, but looked ahead and walked with a will and a purpose, street-corner "constabeels" ceased to trouble him; there were too many people in those thronged, kaleidoscopic streets for any but the loafers to be noticed. He drew nearer and nearer to the troopers, all unsuspected.

But the pace was fast, and they approached their barracks, where his chance of ramming a knife into them and getting away unseen would be increasingly more remote; and he had no desire to die until he had killed the other four men, Ranjoor Singh himself, and the woman who had spurned his love. He must kill these two, he decided, while yet safe from barrack hue and cry.

He crept yet closer, and—now that his plan was forming in his mind—began to see less red. In a minute more he recognized a house at a street corner, whose lower story once had been a shop, but that now was boarded up and showed from outside



Ranjoor Singh prods the deceptive babu.

little sign of occupation. But he saw that the door at the end of an alley by the building was ajar, and through a chink between the shutters of an upper story his keen northern eyes detected lamp-light. That was enough. He set his teeth and drew his long clean knife.

Wounds, bruises, pain, all mean nothing to a hill-man when there is murder in his eye, unless they

be spurs that goad him to greater frenzy and more speed. The troopers swaggered at a drilled man's marching pace; the Afridi came like a wind-devil, ripping down a gully from the northern hills, all frenzy.

Had he not seen red again, had only a little brain-work mingled in his rage, he would have scored a clean victory and have been free to wreak red vengeance on the rest. As it was, rage mastered him, and he yelled as he drove the long knife home between the shoulders of one of the troopers in front of him.

That yell was a mistake, for he was dealing with picked, drilled men of birth and a certain education. The struck man sank to his knees, but the other turned in time to guard the next blow with his forearm; he seized a good fistful of the Afridi's bandages and landed hard on his naked foot with the heel of an ammunition boot. The Afridi screamed like a wild beast as he wrenched himself away, leaving the bandages in the trooper's hand; and for an instant the trooper half turned to succor his comrade.

"Nay, after him!" urged the wounded man in the Jat tongue; and, seeing a crowd come running from four directions, the Sikh let him lie, to race after the Afridi.

HE caught little more than a glimpse of torn clothes disappearing through the little door at the end of the alley by the boarded shop, and a second after he had started in pursuit he saw the door shut with a slam and thought he heard a bolt snick home.

The door though small, looked stout, and thinking as he charged to the assault, the Sikh put all the advantage he had of weight, and steel-shod boots, and strength, and speed into the effort. A yard from the door he took off, as a man does at the broad jump in the inter-regimental sports, landing against the lower panel with his heels two feet from the bottom.

The door went inward as if struck by a blast of dynamite, and the Sikh's head struck a flagstone. Long strong arms seized him by the feet and dragged him inside. Then the door closed again, and this time a bolt really did shoot home, to be followed by two others and a bar that fitted vertically into the beam above and the floor beneath.

Outside, thirty feet from the street corner, the crowd came together as a tide-race meets amid the rocks, roaring, shouting, surging, swaying back and forth, nine-tenths questioning at the limit of its lungs and one-tenth yelling information that was false before they had it. Those at the back believed already that there were ten men down. In the next street there was supposed to be a riot. And the shrill repeated whistle of the nearest policeman summoning help confirmed the crowd in its belief, besides convincing it of new atrocities as yet un-guessed.

Only one man in the crowd had wit enough to carry the tale to barracks where it might be ex-



pected to produce action. He was a Bengali babu, bare of leg and fat of paunch, who had enough imagination to conceive of a regiment in receipt of the news, and the mental picture so appealed to him that he held his protruding stomach in both hands while he ran down-street like a land-slide, his mouth agape and his eyes all but popping from his head.

He reached the barrack gate speechless and breathless, just as Ranjoor Singh rode up on Bagh, mud-plastered after an afternoon's work teaching mud-plastered after an afternoon's work teaching scouts. He clung to the risaldar-major's stirrup, and was dragged ten feet, slobbering and bubbling incoherencies, before the savage charger could be reined in and made to stand.

"What is it, oh, babuji?" laughed Ranjoor Singh. "Are the Moslems out after your temple gods?"

"Aha! Run! Gallop! Bring all the guns!" This in English, all of it. "Blood in the gutter—blood like water—twenty policemen are already dead and your men have done it! Gallop quicklee. Jaldee, jaldee!"

"Go and get twenty more policemen to wipe away the blood!" advised Ranjoor Singh, sitting back in the saddle to get a better look at him, and reining back the impatient Bagh. "I am not a constabell; I am a soldier."

"Aha! Yes. You better hurry. All your men are underneath — what-you-call-it? — bottom dog. You better hurry like slippery! One Afridi is beginning things, and where is one Afridi with a long knife are many more kinds of trouble!"

THE babu was recovering his breath, and with it his yearning to behold a regiment careering through the barrack gate to the rescue. He still clung to the stirrup, and since he would not let go, Ranjoor Singh proceeded to tow him, with a cautious, booted right leg ready to spur Bagh away to the left should the brute commence to kick.

"You are hard-hearted person, and your fate is forever sealed if you refuse to listen!" wailed the babu. "The blood of your men lies in street calling aloud for vengeance!" A university education works wonders for babu vocabulary. "I tell you it is a riot, and most extreme serious affair!"

That was the wrong appeal to make, as the babu himself would have known had he been less excited. In time of riot the place for a Sikh officer would be at the regiment's headquarters, in readiness for the order from a civil magistrate without which interference would cost him his commission. But the babu was beside himself, what with breathlessness and disappointment. He decided it was expedient to strengthen his appeal, and his imagination was still working.

"There will be two regiments of Tommees — drunken Tommees, presentlee. They will take your men to jail. The Tommees are already on the way. Should they get there first your men will be everlastingly disgraced as well as mulcted. You should hurry."

Ranjoor Singh ceased from frowning and looked satisfied. If there were trouble enough in the bazaar to call for the despatch of British soldiers to the scene, then nothing in the world was more certain than that any men of his who happened to be in danger would be rescued with neatness and speed. If there was no trouble yet, there would very likely be some swearing when the soldiers got there. In the meantime he was wet through, both with rain and perspiration. The thought of a bath and dry clothes urged him like the voice of a siren calling; and he had shown the babu all the courtesy his Sikh creed and profession demanded.

So he clucked to Bagh, and the big brute plunged into a canter, just as eager for his sais and gram as his master was for clean dry clothes. For two strides the babu clung to the stirrup, wrenching it free from the risaldar-major's foot; then the horse

grew savage at the unaccustomed extra weight, and lashed out hard behind him, missing the babu twice in quick succession, but filling him full to the stuttering teeth with fear. Ranjoor Singh touched the horse with his right spur, and in a second the babu lay along on his stomach in the mud.

He lay for a minute, believing himself dead. Then he cried aloud, since he knew he must be broken into pieces. Then he felt himself. At last he rose, and after a speechless glance at the back of the risaldar-major, started slowly along the street toward where the "riot" was.

"It is enough," he said in English, since he was a "failed B.A.," "to try the patience of Job's comforter. This militaree business has corrupted even Sikh cavalry until they no longer are dependable.



"Sahib—"

"All right. I know," said Kirby, though he did not know how he knew.

Yes. It is time! It is time indeed that German influence be felt, in order that British yoke may be cast off for good and all. Now I take it a German soldier would have arrested everybodee, and I would have received much kudos in addition to cash reward paid for information. In meantime, it is to be seen whether or not—yes, precisely—a pencil is mightier than a sword, which means that a babu is superior in wit and general attainments."

HE began to run again, at a truly astonishing pace, considering his paunch and all-round ungainliness, getting over the ground faster than many a thin man could have done. As he ran his lips worked, for though he had no breath to spare for speech, his brain was forming words that crowded for expression.

"The Sikhs!" he screamed, as he came within earshot of the milling crowd, through which four small policemen were trying to force a path. "The Sikhs! They ride to the rescue!"

"The Sikhs!" yelled somebody on the edge of the crowd, who had more breath but not enough imagination to ask questions. "The Sikhs are coming! Run!"

"The Sikhs! The Sikhs!"

The crowd took it up. And since it was a crowd, and there was nothing else to do; and since it had had protection but no violence at Sikh hands ever since '57; and since the babu really did look frightened, it shouted that the Sikhs were coming until it believed the news and had made itself thoroughly afraid.

"Run, brothers!" shouted some man in the middle who owned a voice like a bull-buffalo's. And that being a new idea and just as good as any, the whole crowd took to its heels, leaving the four

policemen staring at the body of a dead Sikh, and the fat babu complacently regarding all of them.

Presently a European police officer trotted up on a white pony, examined the body, asked a dozen questions of the four policemen, wrote in his memorandum book, and ordered the body to be taken to the morgue.

"Come here, you!" he called to the babu. So the babu waddled to him, judging his salaam shrewdly so that it suggested deference while leaving no doubt as to the intended insult.

"What do you know about this?"

"A S peaceful citizen in pursuance of daily bread and other perquisites, I claim protection of police! While proceeding on way was thrown down violentlee by galloping horse whose rider urged same in opposite direction. Observe my deshabille. Regard this mud on my person. I insist on full rigor of the law for which I am taxed inordinately.

"What sort of a horse? Who rode it? How long ago?"

"Am losing all count of time since being overwhelmed. Should say veree recently, however. The horse was ridden by a person who urged it vehemently. It was a brown horse, I think."

"Which way did he go?"

"How should I know? He went away, knocking me over in transit and causing me great distress."

"Was he armed?"

"Two arms. With one he steered the animal. With the other he urged him, thus."

The babu described in pantomime an imaginary human riding for his life, whom not even the adroitest police officer could recognize as Ranjoor Singh, even had he been acquainted with the risaldar-major.

"Had he a weapon of any kind?"

"Not knowing, would prefer to say nothing about that. It was the horse—with the rump of the animal that he hit me, and not with a sword of any kind."

"Well, you had better come with me to the office, and there we'll take down your deposition."

"Am I arrested?"

"No. You're a witness."

"On the contrary, I am prosecutor! I demand as stated formerly full rigor of the law. I demand capture and arrest, together with fine and imprisonment of party assaulting me, failing which I shall address complaint to government!"

"Come along. We'll talk about that at the office."

So the babu was escorted to the stuffy little police office, where he was made to sit on a bench beside ten native witnesses of other crimes; and presently he was called to a desk at which a native clerk presided. There he was made to recite his story again, and since he had had time in which to think, he told a most amazing, disconnected yarn that looked even more untruthful by the time the clerk had written his own version of it on a sheet. To this version the babu was required to swear, and he did so without a blink.

Then there was more delay, while somebody was found who knew him and could certify to his address, and it was nearly evening by the time he was allowed to go.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was nearly evening when a messenger arrived at the barracks to report the death of a Sikh trooper by murder in the bazaar. The man's name and regimental number proved him to have been one of D. Squadron's men, and since its commander, Ranjoor Singh, was then in quarters, the news was brought to him at once.

"Killed where?" he demanded; so they told him.

"Exactly when?"

It became evident to Ranjoor Singh that there had been some truth after all in the babu's tale.

(Continued on page 20.)



# A CONGRESS OF CANADA SLAVS



**SEVEN** Hundred Ukrainian Convention Delegates at a Ukrainian Play, Produced and Put On by Ukrainians in Saskatoon.

**W**HILE the newspapers are suppressing the German language in Canada—and the United States—what of the Slavs in Canada? We have 400,000 Ruthenians and Ukrainians, all of them restless; all of them under a citizenship handicap by the Wartime Elections Act and to some extent by the Military Service Act also. They are here, make sure of this, to become citizens, not by Prussianizing assimilation on our part, nor by threatening to form republics. They have their own language and newspapers. And not long ago there was a big congress of Ruthenians and Ukrainians in the city of Saskatoon. Seven hundred delegates came from Ukrainian clubs and societies in Alberta and Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario.

Lest you imagine this congress was a sort of red-rag revolution affair, let me hasten to say that the main reason for it was educational. These people are not tired of education as some of us are. They are hungry for it. One big topic was uppermost—the establishment of an academy at Saskatoon, and its endowment, for the education of Ukrainian youth. Already such an institution has some 65 boys and girls in attendance. These young people take advantage of the facilities offered by the public schools and the collegiate at Saskatoon, as well as the University. The Ukrainian institution itself devotes its energies to teaching these boys and girls something of the art, literature, history and language of the Ukrainian race. The delegates determined to enlarge the scope of this academy—the P. Mohyla Ukrainian Institute. This is in reality an educational organization with head offices in Saskatoon and branches throughout the prairie provinces. The delegates decided to make its activities Dominion-wide in scope, and to establish branches in towns with enough Ukrainians.

Money talked. The congress raised \$14,000 on account of endowment. The following gentlemen subscribed \$1,000 each: T. Goshka, I. Kwasnicke, S. Horluk; and L. Mowosad and M. Charuk, \$500 each; while there were many individual gifts of \$200 and \$100 each. It is hoped in time to construct a splendid building in Saskatoon. Plans are already developed to organize reading clubs throughout Canada, as intellectual and social centres for men and women of Ukrainian race.

The delegates also passed resolutions in support of the People's Ukrainian Republic, and called upon the Allies to recognize its sovereign power. They made representations to the Ukrainian Republic itself, demanding that it should not lay down its arms until the Central Powers had been vanquished.

By W. W. SWANSON

*WHAT these people of the plains want is, more freedom as races, and fewer restrictions in citizenship. They don't want fusion, but political and social enfranchisement.*

They also demanded the repeal of the War-times Election Act—which naturally enough proved one of the subjects most hotly debated. And, finally, they asked the Allied Powers to support the Ukrainian Republic's claim to those provinces of Austria-Hungary containing a population distinctly Ukrainian in character.

All without a trace of disloyalty. True, many of the addresses were made in the Ukrainian tongue; but a good many of them were in English. The Ukrainians demand full citizenship rights in both war and peace. Why not? Westerners are becoming more and more concerned with the spectacle of their young men going to the front, while the non-English speaking youth remain at home. But people who want to fight as well as to vote are not likely to be playing the game of disruption. Anyhow they know the temper of the West in nation unity. At the great Trustees' Convention held a month or two since in Saskatchewan, it was put on record that English only should be taught in the public schools—during school hours. There seems no objection to the teaching of any language, whether Ukrainian or Senegalese, providing this teaching is supported by private contributions, and does not interfere with regular work. But national harmony cannot be accomplished by a bull-in-the-china-shop onslaught upon all those with a foreign tang to their speech or a bizarre cut to their clothes. There is no "superior" race—but superior races. As we have discovered, all of us, from our study of British history, the people of the tight little Isle have got their wonderful staying power and relentless tenacity through an amalgam of races, and not by destroying traits of Scotch, English, Welsh or Irish, either at home or in the Empire.

**B**UT there was also a play presented by Ukrainian actors before this congress. It was a play whose roots reached down into the black earth of the Ukraine and brought into the wide, free expanses of the Canadian prairies something of the brooding mystery and spiritual beauty of the Slav race. It is from such slight episodes that the imagination is kindled and that the torch of art is lighted with a clear and pure flame. It is high time, and more than high time, that Canadian and Ameri-

can critics threw into the dustbin of forgotten things their shop-worn formula that always explains, yet that never throws light upon, why pulsating democracies like Canada and the United States show so great a dearth of art and literature worth the name.

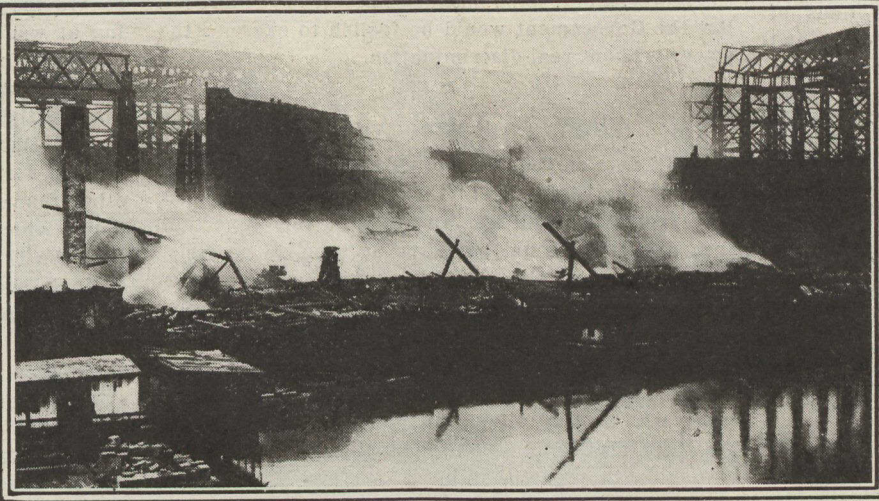
Racial characteristics are too precious to be lost; but it would be fatal to national well-being to encourage the belief that we can ever have within this democracy national groups for political ends. Canada expects these Slavs to assimilate without national self-effacement. Will they? For ourselves we must admit that Stephen Graham, and others of his ilk, have led us greatly astray on the Slavs. The Slav, as he runs riot in the ranks of the Bolsheviki at least, is not the gentle mystic we had imagined. Nor has the revolution shown him to possess that fine sense of the meaning and reality of the State shown by the French and Anglo-Saxons. While the tumbrils rumbled to the guillotine in 1793, the French bourgeoisie was busy hammering out new and efficient instruments of civil government. The Russian masses are more deeply concerned just now with breaking up government institutions than with establishing civil liberty. They are anarchists trying to live in local co-operative communities. The Slav in Russia appears unfit to govern because he has always been governed. What capacity for self-government can be expected of him in this young democracy, in this nation in the making? As yet he has been largely inarticulate. The great majority of Ukrainians are manual laborers doing rough pioneer work, or engaged in farming. They have come to Canada illiterates. And that is not to be counted against them, seeing that they had such meagre opportunities for self-culture in the Fatherland. What gives one encouragement with respect to the civic future of the Slav in this country is the eagerness, almost avidity, with which they grasp educational opportunities when presented. And when the Ukrainians secure leaders through education we confidently predict that they will play a great role, not as Ukrainians, but as Canadians. They are adapting themselves to Canadian ways and Canadian life with astonishing rapidity. Some of them have found their way into the Universities of the West, and especially into the University of Saskatchewan. It is a fact that the children of non-English speaking Canadians have taken the prizes and scholarships, more than their share of them, from Canadians of pure British stock; in each case the Ukrainians in their convention implicitly recognized the menace of isolation, by demanding full participation in Canadian citizenship.



FRANCE would consider herself lucky to have any such picture as this Corpus Christi celebration at St. Boniface, Man., unmenaced by Hun bombs. The little cathedral city across the river from Winnipeg has been the scene of many a beautiful religious pageant; none more so than this most attractive of all seasonal celebrations.



SHIPBUILDING has gingered up more cities and towns in Canada than anything else except munition-making. British Columbia was the first province to feel the stimulus of this great revival of a native industry on a large scale, though the campaign for such a revival was carried on in the Maritime Provinces before a shipyard began operations anywhere near Vancouver. This is a photograph of the first real big disaster that has overtaken Canadian war shipbuilding; a fire which broke out in the Coughlan Shipyards on False Creek—no one knew how, but blame the Huns as usual—and did not stop until damage was done to the extent of nearly \$2,000,000; 2,000 men were turned out of work, and at least one big steel freighter, the War Chariot, in course of construction, was destroyed. The War Chariot's hulk is seen in the background. Had she not been there with a mass of steel in the path of the fire, there would have been a still greater calamity.



## U. S. INVADED !

NOTHING has sent such a war thrill through the United States as the reappearance of the transatlantic submarine. Only the sinking of the Lusitania as a direct act of war made such an impression on the giant of western democracy. The gambolings of the first squad of submarines two years ago were not taken seriously. The submarine invasion of 1918 is different.



And it is a real invasion. Uncle Sam knows it. Not a shot has been fired at a city on the seaboard. No Hun warship has trained her big guns on that best of all targets, the skyscrapers of New York. But the submarines are as much an invasion of the United States as though a fleet of Dreadnoughts had knocked the top off the Woolworth Building or demolished the Statue of Liberty.

The submarines have invaded Uncle Sam where he is most vulner-

able—his lines of communication. The sea section of these is over 3,000 miles long. To cut those lines on this side of the Atlantic where they can be cut most easily before they begin to diverge in the untracked ocean, is the direct object of the attack.

The appearance of the subs, sinking a large number of merchantmen, was timed as a sideshow to the main offensive on the west front. American armies, American munitions and foodstuffs, must not land in France. The Hun says so. He said the same thing about American passenger ships when he sank the Lusitania. The freedom of the seas does not exist for American ships, unless Uncle Sam and the Allies can control the submarine. The menace to the United States now is less sentimental but more warlike than it was when Tirpitz sank the Lusitania. The United States are limbering up to the big job ahead of them. They are just beginning to realize how much bigger a job it is than all the talk they have had about it. The Hun is beginning to realize that Uncle Sam is in the war for more than newspaper headlines and speeches in Congress.

Unless the President and all his war chiefs and the hundred million people behind them are waging a war of rhetoric instead of a war of blood and iron, this submarine invasion of the United States will do more to rouse that giant congress of nations to fighting fury than all the 4.4 headlines since Congress declared war on the Hun.

The photograph to the left shows a cheerful group of the survivors from the schooner Cole after she was sunk by a submarine bomb—not a torpedo.

AMERICA'S big army is on the way, how big, how soon, nobody knows. Some of their troops glide through Canada perhaps, but we are not permitted to know when or whereabouts. Now and again at a coast city a battalion or two appears out of the unknown, swinging along with the careless, easy stride so characteristic of these gingery new troops that are expected to put the



extra weight and momentum on the western front. The photograph herewith is an excellent snapshot of a march of Sammies through the streets of Halifax. When—not for publication; neither where they went after the march was done. But these Sammies are long since on their way into the eastern zone, to land in France in spite of the Hun and his submarines.



# EDITORIAL

## Famine, Failure and Panic

**T**HE great German offensive was exactly three months old yesterday. The date on this issue is the second day of summer and the second longest day of the year. In three months of spring, the Hun has made less progress than he promised his people to make in less than three weeks. But he has done us a lot of damage. And he has added a few hundred square miles to the part of the war map that cartographers always make black. The black part of Europe, which used to be Mittel Europa, is now most of Europe. There is only a fringe of liberty in the west, where the lines of civilization are holding against all that dark and devilish mass that like an ugly cloud keeps crawling over Europe. But—the lines are holding! The Hun can't break them. He wants to quit trying, but he dare not. He wants to get back east where he can work out his despotism on poor old helpless Russia as he has done it on all the little nations bordering on the Central Empires. But he dare not let go. To let go on the West means to lose in the East; and if he loses there his slave-state Empire from Archangel to the Caucasus goes to smash. He knows it. The West will conquer him, as the night follows the day. And the moment he begins to lose there his troubles begin at home. We may as well postpone all our expectations of starvation and revolution in Germany. Those docile, clubbed-to-submission people do not know the A.B.C. of revolution—yet. Only three things will ever teach them: absolute famine at home, failure abroad and panic. The famine can be regulated, because the Huns will become cannibals rather than be starved. Failure abroad is a hard thing for the Hun to realize, because the war map teaches him the opposite. But with hunger and failure both crawling up, the day must come when the Hun will get his awful awakening from the air. Great fleets of airships invading Germany, smashing the cities on the Rhine, distributing "news bombs," as one writer calls them, one day, and real bombs the next, will crumple up that God-forsaken country. And the final day of reckoning depends upon holding those lines in the West.

## Keep the Man at the Top

**A**S a broad general principle a farmer has no more right to exemption than anybody else. The farmer who flatly refuses to serve or talks openly against the Government's enforcement of the Military Service Act, is playing Bolshevik to his country's interests. The farmer who talks about striking and starving a city ought to be given a free passage to Russia. All such utterances and actions belong to men who place politics before patriotism. The Canadian Courier is no enemy of the farmer. From what the editor has seen of practical farm work it is certain that there should be more understanding of the farmer's position by the powers at Ottawa. The farmer has been powerfully exhorted to produce. Suddenly he is asked to put down the pitchfork and take up the rifle. A hundred years ago the farmers of Ontario did this of their own free will when the enemy came over the border. They are not less patriotic citizens to-day. They are only more played upon by politics, by newspapers, by purely commercial interests and by certain elements of demagogery. The farmer is a conservative character. He is a creature of generations of habit. He is not used to thinking one thing to-day and talking another to-morrow. He dislikes sudden changes. Labor has been a problem for more than a decade. The farmer has no organization to control his labor. He has no labor union. Yet his labor is that of a highly specialized expert. A man may learn to be a hired man in a few days, when his main qualification will be his ability to eat and to draw his pay. He may learn to be a fairly good hired person in one summer and still fall far below the standard

expected of any average farmer's son 16 years. And he may be a hired man for a decade and not acquire experience or brains enough to be the managing director of a farm. It's the man at the top of the farm who makes the difference between good and poor farming. One good managing director can handle poor labor and in time make it effective by his teaching and example and his power of direction. Take him away and you can't replace him with any man or number of men from a city. Any application of the M. S. A. that takes managing directors off the farms is on the wrong track. The Government has the power, and it is no matter of politics to enforce it. But the Government would be foolish to exercise the power without real discrimination.

## Aliens Not Free Agents

**T**HE date on the cover of this issue is the day set for the beginning of the man-power census. A year and a half ago we urged on this page that such a census should be taken as soon as possible. At various times since we have urged for a reorganized census of our resources, including man-power and everything else. We believe this man-power census will fill the bill. It should effectively settle the case of any alien enemies as well as those enemies who are not aliens but patriotic loafers. Talking about drafting an alien enemy, known to be such or unable to prove that he is anything else, is as foolish as putting an alien enemy in charge of a munition factory. You cannot conscript an alien enemy into a soldier fighting against his own race, whatever may be his country. We are not used to the kind of soldier who is led from behind by a revolver or a whip, and we don't expect to be. But we can at least make alien enemies work. No alien enemy given his food and raiment by this country should be a free agent. If he is known to be an alien he should be given precisely the sort of work and wages that the country chooses to give him, and if he won't work under those conditions he should be allowed to embark on a good healthy hunger strike. We have had experience of aliens who have held up the mining industry in the west; not less experience of non-aliens who on a moment's notice have become I. W. W's. because of some piffling grievance that never should have caused the stoppage of a hand or a wheel. What is needed back of the man-power census is a clear understanding that the Government of this country on behalf of putting the nation's weight into the war and backed by all the machinery of justice and main force, proposes to turn every human ability to account. They have made far more progress that way in the United States than we have done. Loafers long ago were given short shrift over there. Non-essential industries were put on short notice. Before the war is over we shall be much better posted on what are the really essential industries of this country. And the man-power census will, or ought to, contain all the information on the subject.

## Democracy and Competition, Exit

**F**IXING prices as scheduled by the War Trade Board is all right. But it is not only the embargo on luxuries that is likely to breed the high-price profiteer. As we pointed out on this page in our last issue, the new war taxes contained in the budget are the first opportunity. A manufacturer or a dealer who makes even a slight profit on the tax is as bad a profiteer as the man who tries to make a bigger profit on an embargo that shuts out competition. The control of food prices in storage is a measure that should have been undertaken by the Food Board long ago. The joint organization of the Food Board and the War Trade Board should be in effect a committee on behalf of the people to prevent any unscrupulous man or firm from making any more profit under war conditions, than he did under competition. We must bear in mind that as war

rules out democracy in government, so it reduces competition in business. "Competition, the life of trade," is a democratic principle. It must be kept to a minimum, because competition means waste. But if along with substituting the Order-in-Council for the Act of Parliament, we put the shark in place of the competitor, we shall know by the feel of the fire how much more comfortable was the frying-pan. The common people who do not produce are coming to the point where, unless Government protects them by a rigorous application of the law, they will be unable to buy any more Victory Bonds because the men who make, handle and sell the nation's goods will have most of the money.

## Orders-in-Council and Empire

**W**E sincerely hope that our Imperial statesmen as they come together in the War Cabinet and the Imperial Conference will not imagine they have any mandate from the Empire to disregard the principles of democracy. The Empire being at war is disposed to let democracy go into retirement for the sake of winning the war, because the war cannot be won by democratic methods, so long as the foe that sets the pace is a despotism of force. But if our Imperial representatives undertake to further organize the Empire now along any other than war-winning lines; if they believe that a policy which wins the war for the Empire will also save the Empire for itself, they may find themselves or their successors up a tree. It is right that the Empire's lines should be more tightly drawn at this crisis; that we, all and several, anywhere on the seven seas, should get to feel our common aim and will in this conflict as a unity; that we should clearly distinguish the part to be played by the British Empire from that played by France or the United States. But the essence of the Empire is in decentralization, not in authority. Measures undertaken in wartime are sure to be in the direction of more centralizing control. So long as such measures relate only to the prosecution of the war and not to the ultimate fate of the nations composing the Empire that is all right. As we know Premier Borden we do not take him to be a man who as the head of a Union Government would feel himself entitled to endorse Imperial measures based upon Orders-in-Council. When the war is over Imperial statesmen may expect us to become more democratic in principle than ever. There is no self-government in war. But neither is there any legitimate idea of the Empire without a constant growth in the principle of self-government.

## Reforms in India

**R**EFERENCE was made in our previous issue to Mrs. Besant. In the introduction to the very timely and striking serial story now running, it was said—"Dare we imagine that Mrs. Besant is a German spy? We make no allegations." A valued but indignant subscriber who deeply admires Mrs. Besant, takes issue with this. Obviously enough. No staunch admirer of Mrs. Besant could do otherwise. And if Mrs. Besant herself supposes that editorially we considered her to be a friend of the German government she would be quite justified in expressing her indignation, as she would very well know how to do. No, we do not think Mrs. Besant is a German spy. But on the strength of the sensational article concerning Mrs. Besant in a famous contemporary it seemed almost inevitable that one should ask the question. The power of England over India is being subjected to considerable stress at a time when the power of England cannot afford to be challenged. Reforms in India are necessary; and they must be in the direction of a greater degree of self-government. India is not ripe for revolt. But India desires a place in the Empire commensurate with her overwhelming commercial and historical importance. India cannot always be a three-fourths of the Empire's population and less than one-fourth of its democracy. And if Mrs. Besant can, when the right time comes, help the Government to a better insight into the mind of India, she should be given a permanent place on the staff of the Secretary for India. If Britain is ever to extend the principle of self-government to India, it must be by a study of the mind of India. And that cannot be accomplished without a knowledge of and sympathy with, the occult.



THE biggest "shower" on record in Canada took place in Queen's Park, Toronto, on Queen Mary's Silver Wedding Day. Members of Ontario Government had never beheld such a resemblance to Christmas morning in front of the Legislature, blocking the entrance, heaps upon heaps, bale upon bale, package under package, a pellmell, topsy-turvy of Red Cross gifts which arrived in a string of one hundred motors from the city schools, and were received by Lady Hendrie. A barricade of benevolences valued at \$15,000.



AS summarized below the I.O.D.E. a few days ago had an energetic convention. Some parliamentary rules were broken in the discussion about soldiers' huts. Men can't have a monopoly of rows in Parliament. A man commenting on two such Canada-wide conventions as the I. O. D. E. and the N. C. W. wondered why they could not amalgamate. Affiliation already exists. But National Council is asked to cut away from any concern with similar bodies in enemy countries or the modus vivendi may be cancelled.

## WOMAN'S WAYS

A WOMAN writer revisiting her native country, America, after 30 years' absence, is shocked to find that men in street-cars do not as a rule rise to give up their seats to the ladies.

Well, it seems likely that war conditions will put a new face on chivalry. Modern woman has now gone into nine-tenths of the work normally done by men. Factory, office, street-car, freight-shed, munition-works, mines, plough-handles, wagon-work, mechanical transport, army auxiliary, medical corps, aviation — almost everything from the bottom of the mine to the top of the clouds, except warships, submarines and the trenches. The last comb-out of British men depleted the munition works, docks and mines. "But the women will come to our help," said the Director-General, "as they have done before."

Well, it's nice to be appreciated by the men. But let's get the idea straight. In times like these, mid-Victorian chivalry doesn't count. This is war. Men—the Lord bless them!—have done a hundred times bigger things than anybody ever thought they could do. Little, slimsy clerks from ribbon counters have become heroes on the borders of hell. In this struggle of nation against nation we leave to the Germans the modern idea that it means killing women, children, nurses, old folk, wounded men—all non-combatants. If German women like that sort of nationalism, let them have it. If they like to be driven into sacrifice at home by their taskmasters, let them. We are sorry for them. German women have a terrible account to settle with civilization because they didn't refuse to become slaves of the State. We escaped that anyway. Just before the war in fact, women in England were doing their bit to smash the State because men wouldn't give them the vote. Of course the men were stupid not to; but the women were worse to act in the way they did.

Anyway we are squaring the account now. We are helping the men by doing the work that men have been forced to leave. And why shouldn't we? Goodness knows, if we don't, the "morale" and the efficiency of the army behind won't be kept up—and to win the war, it must be. If the army at home fails the army abroad in comes the Hun. All civilization knows what that means—especially to women. And I know that before the Huns ever get a chance to do in any British country as they did in Belgium and Lithuania, our women would drop their tools and take up the bayonets.

### My Work-Basket By CANDIDA



WOMEN in Winnipeg relieving the freight-congestion caused by the freight-handlers' strike. Stenographers and clerks went into khaki overalls at the freight-sheds. Not so "awfully busy," however, that they couldn't stop a bit when the camera-man came along. Some day when women strike, a nice bright lot of men will do as much for them.

We are free-women, not slaves. What we are doing now is voluntary. We have not been conscripted. We shall never need to be. Besides we are well paid for our work. Most of us doing war work never got such wages. We are buying Victory Bonds—and \$300 fur coats. Sir George Foster doesn't like to see us dressing so extravagantly. I don't blame him. He says people should wear patches. I daresay he could. So might the rest of us.

BUT for the love of goodness don't let any of us go to patting ourselves on the back because we are helping the country in a time like this. Somebody has to help the country. We are only learning the ABC of it. Men are fighting for it. Why shouldn't women? The country belongs to us all. We don't want the men to treat us as though we were delicate creatures of furbelows and smelling salts and perfumed fans. We want to help. And those of us who are doing the unusual, whether in a

mine, a farmer's kitchen or a factory, are not doing a bit more for the country than the women who toil away at the same old usual rigmarole, to keep their homes and bring up their children.

Look at what thousands of women must be doing right now; women who used to have maids and now have to attend to their children besides doing the house-work, and war-work on the side, knitting socks, making anti-vermin underwear, packing boxes for the boys, collecting for the Red Cross and the Patriotic Fund, tending the garden, economizing, saving, canning, cleaning—oh, there's no end to the work a woman does in a home nowadays, while those who used to be domestics are getting big money for munition work, aeroplane work and farmers' help.

When the score comes to be all made up, I think the big credit will go to the woman who under conditions like these have kept the home fires burning when most of the time they don't know where the next dollar is to come from, or when the grocer and the butcher will tack on another rise in the price.

Chivalry, or the decadence of it, has nothing to do with this. It's all in the day's work to help the country. And the country belongs to us all.

AMONG the many hundred delegates who gathered to the 18th annual meeting of the I.O.D.E., held in Toronto during the last week in May, were several French Canadian women. One of these was Madame

Lavolette, upon whose son Marshal Joffre pinned the Croix de Guerre when he was in Montreal last year. The Lavolette chapter has enrolled 65 women of the French race to help in its Imperial work.

Magnificent work was shown in the provincial reports. In New Brunswick \$40,000 was raised, while in Manitoba the total was \$130,000. Here the Daughters of the Empire have cared for 130 graves of soldiers in Winnipeg; and the Manitoba chapter established the first cemetery in the Empire for fallen soldiers. About 10,174 men have passed through the Khaki Club, which has doubled its accommodation.

In British Columbia \$265,833 was raised altogether. Since February last the money contributed for wool was \$6,000, and 3,000 jars of jam have been sent overseas.

Perhaps the most interesting of the undertakings in Saskatchewan, apart from the fact that they

(Continued on page 18.)



NOW that we have heard Galli-Curci, let no one imagine that we shall be influenced in the slightest degree by what New York or Chicago has said about her. The ravings of many scribes, the severe criticism of others—a few—and the ungracious statement of still another, that Lucy M. Gates, American soprano, is far better entitled to set New York by the ears than the demure little wraith of song from South America, make no difference to the facts. Galli-Curci was heard here before. Few raved about her then. She lacked the fatal approbation of New York, to whose jaded hysteria the quaint little lady who looks like the soul of mid-Victorianism is the equal of Patti or Jenny Lind.

Be sure, that whatever technical similarities may exist between them, Galli-Curci has no such power to sway a sane audience as had either of the others. In technical virtuosity she is incomparable. As a coloratura she is unmatched even by Tetrazzini. She is a pure and perfect soprano of native genius unspoiled by doctors of music. What she is, nature and superb natural teaching has made her. No singer could possibly execute more ravishing dulcetry of tone. Taking her as a vocalist, which she essentially is, she is one of the few floriculturists in song who can imitate birds without being tiresome. Galli-Curci is a human bird. She has as much careless abandon, as much faultless execution, as much simplicity of manner and as little obvious soul as a Brown thrush. Her voice rises from her breath as vapor from water and vanishes back into it again. She can sing to a phenomenal height without a shriek and release a top note without the painful recoil that reminds you of a field-gun. She can trill on any known interval, shake and run and roulade and cadenza in perfect abandon. She can crescendo on a trill and blandly smother it again into a beautiful super-pianissimo. She can soar to a top note, trill on it, crescendo the trill and by a glissando-portamento hurl herself down to a lower note and execute a second crescendo, all without catching a breath. She can fling a small but ador-

## The Art of Galli-Curci

*COMPARED with the Italian phantom of Lyric Opera, Patti would have been a second-rater in the Bell Song from Lakme; and Galli-Curci can sing neither Annie Laurie nor Home, Sweet Home.*

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

ably beautiful voice into any cranny of the vastest auditorium, because as a rule her voice production is undeniably perfect. She can do a staccato that sounds like a glorious flute and a sostenuto that resembles the strand of a spider-web blown in a scented breeze and kindled into a blaze of color by the morning sun.

All these and more Galli-Curci can do. And if she had sung nothing more than the celebrated Bell Song from Delibes' Lakme and her own piece de resistance, The Shadow Song from Dinorah, she would have demonstrated her ability. The Shadow Song is her triumph. She is the singing shadow. No wonder substantial New York raved over this sylph-like, Debussyized production done by a mere phantom of song to the sweet commentary of the flute. The Bell Song, less phantomish but more pyrotechnical, gave her an equal chance.

And here she seemed to be at her height of perfection—in the florid lyric opera, those older creations of pure bel canto without a trace of passion or morbidity. In the modern opera one cannot imagine her the equal of other living exponents. As a Mimi, a Tosca or a Louise, she would be found wanting. As Madam Butterfly she might almost succeed—and in some points marvellously. But unless carefully guarded she would be sure to obtrude that seductive coloratura of hers, and at once you would be lifted from the power of the song to the art of the singer.

Unconscious of herself she may be. But she makes the audience conscious of her. Which is usually the greatest artifice and sometimes the least art. One cannot imagine Patti doing so; and Patti

may have had far less virtuosity than Galli-Curci. She is never dramatic, could not be, except in a setting staged up to fit Galli-Curci. An opera could be written around her; call it Galli-Curci, and it would go—tremendously. But she was never built to be an interpreter of great operatic roles and never to be an actress.

As a picturesque balladist in her group of short things of that intense colorful character, she was enormously successful. One wishes she could do an hour of Debussy, just because she has a Debussy subtlety of vocal half lights and shadows.

THEN, finally apply to Galli-Curci the infallible test of the incomparable English or Scotch song. Of these she did three; two of them as encores. Her first of note was the decorative old favorite by Dr. Arne, The Lass of the Delicate Air. She did it poorly. She had no idea of its idiomatic legato; no familiarity with its phraseology. She chopped it into rhetorical periods and plucked away most of its pearls. In Annie Laurie she convincingly proved that she is not above the common tricks of the coloratura who tries to deck poor Scotch Annie out in all sorts of Parisian furbelows that she never wore. Galli-Curci and Annie Laurie in the flesh would be as incompatible as a wild rose and a peacock's tail.

When she came to Home, Sweet Home she made an absolute anti-climax. This dear old ballad has been done; has had its day; immortalized by the great divas of the past. Galli-Curci did it about as lucidly as Clara Butt might do a Spanish Serenade. Home never was any such place to an Anglo-Saxon as this Italian petite charmeuse made it. Such a performance, so gorgeously distorted out of all its simple hedge-row setting, might fetch tears—from the angels—not from mortals. Galli-Curci has power; over the imagination and the aesthetic sense; not over the heart. And therein, with all her unrivaled powers in the variegated arts of song, she fails as one of the immortals. She will be remembered as the greatest mistress of bel canto up to her time, as well as a great singing musician.

IT is strange, but true, that the style in training boys changes like everything else. The old-fashioned way must be done away with, and modern ideas prevail. A very important thing is: Don't be narrow. Give your boys plenty of rope, but never leave go the other end. With good judgment and tact a Mother should be able to guide her boys from early boyhood to young manhood without their ever feeling the guiding hand or at least only an occasional tug.

Instil into your young boy from the beginning truthfulness, thoughtfulness and punctuality. Let me give a little instance: We had moved from Ottawa to Hamilton, and one morning my small boy was late for school, as I had sent him on a message. If the pupils were late twice they were punished in some way, and when the teacher asked him if he had ever been late before the answer was, "Yes, once," so he had to take his punishment. When he told me, I said, "But you were never late before." He said, "Why, don't you remember I was late once when we lived in Ottawa."

When your small boy comes in all excitement to tell you some long story of what has happened to him, don't put him off because you are tired or in a hurry to go out. Listen to his story, and by so doing you can learn much of his character and disposition; by quietly drawing him out you can tell if he is truthful, mean, courageous, or a coward. They do love their Mother's sympathy. Always insist on the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. There are always two sides to a story, and although one should never doubt a boy's word, yet don't be satisfied with his version, especially if he is complaining about his teachers or boy

## Bringing Up My Boys

*THE author of this article in two instalments, is the mother of four boys and two girls, all of them at the front. Because she is proud of her boys—as well as of her girls—she has written her experiences that they may be of some help to mothers who by the turn of fortune may be faced with similar responsibilities. When asked by the editor—where did the father come in?—she replied that his duties kept him away from home most of the time, so that the work of training a large family of boys became a mother's job. Those who believe that none but fathers can bring up boys successfully may find something new in this article, the second instalment of which will appear in the Women's Section four weeks from date.—The Editor.*

By LUCY S. KELLY

friends. If he comes to you to interfere in his quarrels and says a boy hit him, etc., unless it is very serious, make him fight his own battles; don't encourage him to be a baby or a tattler.

Teach your boys to be very thoughtful and attentive to elderly people, always ready to bring a chair, go a message, or even hold a skein of wool. It is in the small things that their upbringing shows. Never whip them. None of mine were ever whipped. I found sending them to bed, or giving them a dose of castor oil most effectual. This is looked upon as a dreadful punishment, yet instead of doing them any harm it does a lot of good, as very often the reason for their being troublesome is that they either are tired or sick. Early to bed goes a very long way towards making a child happy and well, and it is pitiful to see young children allowed to sit up until all hours.

Regular meals and plain, wholesome diet are absolutely essential.

These little people keep one always on the alert. For instance, I sometimes gave my boys money to buy their lunch with, and for several days I saw one of my boys reading a pink story paper of which I did not like the look, so I asked him where he got it.

He said, "I buy them with part of my lunch money."

I found by reading the story paper and finding out how much lunch he got that neither his mind nor body was being properly fed. So there came a sudden end to that.

NEVER discourage your boys from trying to earn an honest penny; it makes them industrious, enterprising, and ambitious, even if their first efforts are very lowly. My boys began by shovelling snow, cutting grass, being caddies at the golf links, markers at the shooting ranges, etc., and one young boy made lots of money and gained a great deal of knowledge by being a page at Parliament. Many times my boys have come to me for twenty-five cents when it was not convenient to give it to them, and if I refused they would just disappear up the street with the lawn mower and soon come back with the quarter. This makes them very self-reliant. Try as much as possible to be at home when the little ones come from school, if it is only for the pleasure of hearing them say, the minute the door is open, "Is Mamma home?"

I have been told that my ideas are not idealistic enough, but I am not writing of the ideal boy. I will leave that for the Idealist. This is the practical training of the modern boy who has to face the temptations of the Twentieth Century. He may have those temptations removed from him at home, but he will be met by them at every turn when



abroad, and he must learn to face them like a man and be able to say "No" when his conscience dictates. I find boys have really very sensitive consciences when they have been properly nourished. "Precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," then let that be digested without the boy knowing the process.

Every mother knows the importance of religion in the child's life. Have your boys go to church regularly and take no excuse except illness. Just have it understood that they are to go. Here is the great point, always say, "Come to church," not "Go." When you tell them to go they look on it as a kind of punishment, but if you say "Come" and they are made to feel that they are necessary for your comfort, it makes a great difference to them. I have had my boys start off for church as cross as two sticks, but by talking to them of things of special interest they were quite happy when they reached the church and the ground was better prepared for the good seed to fall upon. My boys being all musical, each in turn had been in the choir from the time he could sing until his voice changed. That, of course, gave them more interest in the church and laid a good foundation. When returning from church do not encourage your boys to discuss the clergyman or the service unless favorably. Teach them to see some good in even the things you do not quite agree with. Finding fault with people and things grows so fast if encouraged and is such a disagreeable characteristic to cultivate. The other day I was reading about prison life in Siberia. The convicts are all taken in sections to church a great deal during Lent and especially in Holy Week. The convict who was writing his own experience says: "This week was a great solace to me. I had not been in church for many years. The Lenten services, familiar to me from early childhood in my father's house, the solemn prayers, etc., all stirred in me the fibres of the memory of things long, long past, and woke my earliest impressions to fresh life."

Most boys, however well brought up, will have a falling off in their church attendance, and this indifference may go on for years. But do not think your often hard set example has been lost; it will all come back sooner or later. Keeping the Sabbath day holy in this day seems almost impossible. All Mothers can do is to set their children a good example and by this example and by gentle suasion much can be accomplished. A Church of England clergyman once asked a young man to play the piano on Sunday, and when he said he could only play ragtime, the clergyman said, "All music played on Sunday is sacred." I am afraid I cannot agree with him, as ragtime played on Sunday always jars my nerves. Still I am glad those awful "Scotch Sabbaths" are a thing of the past. If we could only study moderation in all things!

One of the first things to teach a boy is reverence. I do not mean for religious matters only, but for all things and for all people, and especially for themselves. They will then never lose their self-respect.

Most young men spend the greater part of the Lord's day in the open. I am sure it is a good thing for what can do the modern young man more good than coming into touch with nature? The most hardened of them must feel the softening influence of a day on the Golf Links in God's fair country, or on the water.

The question was asked me in connection with this: "If your boy absolutely refused to go to Church would you insist on his going?" I said I would certainly not force him for several reasons. First, I could not understand any well trained boy absolutely refusing to do as he was told when he knew how his refusal would hurt his parent. Se-

cond, by the time parent and boy had got to the point where he could refuse to obey they would both be in more or less of a temper, and it would simply be the asserting of the stronger will. Third, the boy would be still more antagonized against the church. I should simply allow him to stay at home with his unhappy thoughts, then the following evening or evenings, as many as I considered necessary to "make the punishment fit the crime," I should quietly, but decidedly, refuse to allow him to go to the rink or to any place on which he was on pleasure bent, and I do not think there would be a repetition of the Church trouble. It is so easy to work on a boy's better nature if he is taken the right way.

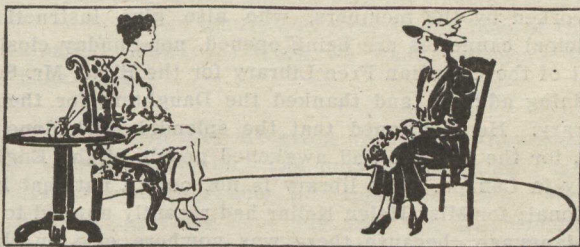
(To be continued.)

## VALE, ANGELICA!

NOW that we are all looking for apartments to live in, where there is hot water on tap all the time, and various ingenious arrangements for the daytime disappearance of bulky furniture like beds, we have no use, much less room, for a maid—granting of course that we could get one anyway.

The war has stolen Angelica; she has gone to make wings for air-men. We have found to our astonishment that we can do very well without her. And we have a rather virtuous and pleasant feeling that we are thus enabled to do our "bit" like everyone else.

We have all heard young married women wondering what in the world to give Angelica to do all day, while they are away sewing on pajamas for soldiers; heard also their sigh of relief when she finally leaves the kitchen to them alone. True, this sigh sometimes changes, after about one week of such



delightful freedom of the house, to a heavy one of longing for Angelica's return—just to do the dishes and sweep a little.

But no Angelicas will deign to come for less than \$25 a month, or \$35 if they are expected to do any work outside of answering the telephone and the door. And we say firmly, "We will NOT pay that much—she isn't worth it." And so we don't. A good many of us are lucky enough to have a woman to come several days a week to wash and iron and house-clean; and when on an evening someone remarks, "Let's all go to the movies, and leave the dishes in the sink," we do so, knowing that Mrs. Laundress will wash them in the morning.

It's not only for the duration of the war that the maid is to become unknown. As a species she will in a few years be quite extinct, if signs point, as they do now, to a general fundamental rearrangement of many of women's domains. The girls who have left "service" to become their own independent mistresses on the good salaries they can get in the business world, are not going back. They are FREE—and are dictated to by no one except for a certain regulated number of hours each day. They know what they can call their own; and if the small dark room in some boarding-house is not quite so attractive as the bright one on the third floor of some large house "on the hill," they still call the exchange a fair one—and they have made it for good.

## A BIRD in the GARDEN

NOT altogether your fault if it doesn't. You may have a very successful garden without anything in feathers better than a sparrow coming near it. And if everybody now making gardens expects a bird or two, some of them will have to be content with sparrows anyway, because there won't be birds enough to go round. Some people try to cajole birds by putting up bird-houses. But it takes a pretty nifty bird-house stuck on a pole to look as good to a bird as a tree. And a pole doesn't swing



when the wind blows. Some birds like the swinging nest. Others don't. Some insist on trees. A few don't care about them. On general principles it's the garden with a tree or two that attracts most birds. But the trees may belong to a neighbor and do just as well.

Some of us get the idea that birds were made for human enjoyment, just to complete the picture in a garden or a field. But a bird exists very largely for his own sake, and he takes more interest in the bugs, grubs and worms of your garden than he does in the artistic lay-out. I don't think birds are poetic in their own sensibilities. To the extent that they may suggest poetic notions and make people happier, they may be said to exist for the sake of people.

Too many birds spoil some people anyway. I have always preferred the sudden visits to the regular inhabitants. Once a bird gets established in your menage he comes to think that he is part owner. His persistent chortlings and busybodyings may become tiresome, unless you make a close study of the little rascal. Otherwise you may as well preserve a delightful ignorance of bird habits, and be pleased by mere chance visits. A squad of goldfinches suddenly swinging up from somewhere to peck at your August seeds, may give you more joy in a minute than a young wren nesting on your verandah, or a chimney swift squabbling in your unused flue may do in a week. Some people like the wrens. They are chummy little things, and what music they have sounds quite like the real thing. There are some houses where chimney swallows seem quite natural; but as a rule they don't fit in with most modern houses. Of course everybody is entitled to at least one pair of robins on the syndicate plan, or to a number of birds already mentioned in these articles. And if you rule out the sparrows, whom nobody likes any more, you may be inclined to think that even a night-hawk is better than nothing. This curious prowler plays no favorites. He does not even always fly by night. You never know exactly why he flies at all, except that he may be on the hunt for insects, though what insects can be found at the heights where he does most of his squealing, you are at a loss to determine.

## FIRST IN CO-EDUCATION

MRS. JOHN A. COOPER, of Toronto, has recently been appointed to the Council of Queen's University; one of six women who with the Chancellor, the Trustees, members of the Senate, and an equal number of members elected by the graduates make up this important legislative body. It is twenty years since the first woman took her place in Queen's University Council, a fact which in itself marks Queen's as the Canadian pioneer in co-education.

Mrs. Cooper was among the earlier, but by no means the earliest, woman graduates of Queen's. She took the general course in Arts, graduating in 1895. She has always taken an interest in the work of the Alumnae Association, which includes graduates who are now in all parts of the world and branch associations in many centres.

It may not be generally known that Queen's was the first Canadian University to throw open its doors to women students. The calendar of 1878-9 announced that "all the advantages of the University Course would henceforth be thrown open to women." In 1884 the first class of five women was graduated, Miss Fitzgerald and Miss Fowler in Arts, and Miss McGillivray, Miss Beatty and Miss Smith (Mrs. Adam Shortt), in Medicine.

In war work Queen's women are proud to claim as one of their members Miss Rayside, who is now in general charge of all nursing in Canada and who was decorated with the Royal Red Cross of the first order for her work overseas.







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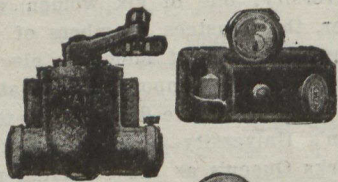
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**OTHER DAYS, COME AGAIN.**

**WOMEN** are learning from war to be as socially helpful as their grandmothers were. In the bush days they talked as they quilted of sickness and preachers and teachers and how to make a little go a long way. Now as they knit they talk of the greater struggle for which the pioneer days of Canada were a preparation.

—Photograph by Cyril Jessop.

**MY WORK-BASKET**

(Continued from page 15.)

raised \$109,371, is the instructive work. There are I.O.D.E. gardens all over the province, worked by the members, who also give instruction to other workers. Municipal canneries are being opened, non-Sunday closing.

The President of the Canadian Free Library for the Blind, Mr. S. Swift, gave a most entertaining address, and thanked the Daughters for their generosity toward the library. He mentioned that the splendid work done at St. Dunstan's, England, for the soldiers had awakened people of the English-speaking world, especially in Canada. The library is not only a national institution, it is now international; for Miss Helen Kellar had recently applied to it for works in the Italian language, because there was nowhere else on this continent where she could obtain them.

So many demands by blind people were made to the library that the Canadian National Institute for the Blind was organized, with the result that out of 6,000 blind in Canada, only 70% are without work.

The tremendous amount of work dealt with by the National Executive was shown when the annual report was read. One hundred and four new chapters have been formed, which makes the total now 700, with a membership of 45,000. During the year the I. O. D. E. has raised \$1,044,205.50.



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—Photograph by Jessop.

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# PARIS and Her VIGILS for WOUNDED MEN

*KITCHENS, Hospitals, Goods Stations and Curious Busy  
People described at close range amid strange surroundings.*



Paris, May 10, 1918.

**D**AMP, dark, dingy and dirty is this goods station. I can think of other words to describe it, but they all begin with D, and some might be deleted by the editorial censor. Even the long stone building opposite me is marked D. It consists of a score of arches opening to a black interior, where barrels, bales and packing-cases are piled. Before them stand carts drawn by dejected horses, grey freight cars and motor lorries, while dreary men wander among them, trying to decide whether they will or will not lift this or that. At the end of the long building great beams are silhouetted against the sky—probably a derrick, but seen through the drizzling rain it has the sinister appearance of a gallows. Beneath it four old women, each more ragged, more bent than the last, are sweeping the paving-stones with brooms made of twigs. The ground behind them seems just as dirty as the ground before.

Brooms have worked wonders on platform B, where the freight has been cleared away to make room for a Clearing Station for the wounded. A strange place for a hospital, indeed, but since the wounded must travel by rail, we want to make them as comfortable as possible.

Beneath the overhanging roof, close to the platform, 13 large tents of an agreeable gray-green color are established. The majority contain 22 cots each, but one or two are furnished with tables and chairs to accommodate the less serious cases. Soldiers guard the tents, but our Fund is responsible for the kitchen. Our serving-pantry is a most amazing little place, hastily organized in a glassed box-like room that formerly served as an office for the registration of parcels. Brooms were not sufficient to make it clean. It required spades, scrubbing-brushes and pails of white-wash to remove or disguise the dirt of decades. The kitchen is established in a part of the platform, surrounded by a picket fence that has been covered with canvas, and here are three tiny stoves, each bearing an enormous urn for coffee, chocolate or hot water. Other little stoves have been set up on the railway track outside. Shelves have been arranged with housewifely care, a stores cupboard has been installed, and the blackest and dirtiest of ticket boxes, scoured and whitewashed, now forms a receptacle for cooking utensils. The coffee-grinder is ready, the cups are arranged on the trolleys, and if a message comes to say that the wounded are on their way, our orderly lights the fires, while Copley and I dash off to collect the day shift and bring them to their posts.

**W**E are tired of waiting day after day with no news of their arrival. Where are they? The battle rages, the casualties are heavy; why can't we do our share to make their lot easier?

C'est la guerre!

Everyone in the army—soldier and nurse alike—complains of the same thing; boredom of long periods of inaction. Better the danger of the battlefield, or the rush of work that makes one drop from fatigue, than this everlasting marking time.

The canteen staff is sufficient to cope with the casualties of an extended battle-front, and it is impossible to keep them busy in the absence of the wounded. They are told to report daily at the canteen; and then the majority are dismissed for the day.—A holiday in Paris! It sounds attractive. But do they rejoice? Oh no! With one accord they lift up their voices in lamentation, saying:

"Why have we been asked to come all this way for nothing? Could not some one telephone? Surely with all this fighting going on, there must be work to do! Oh, why did we leave home? At least we were constantly busy over there, whereas here . . ."

When told to run off and play they got hysterical. "How can we amuse ourselves in the face of this dreadful news? . . . Work we want, and work we must have!"

**E**VEN when they are given work to do, they sometimes complain. The duty of mounting guard over our supplies does not appeal to them. Why should they come here day after day . . . couldn't the others take their turn? It is perfectly ridiculous to sleep here at night . . . they couldn't go home at eight o'clock all alone in the dark!

Of course they do it just the same, though not without a great deal of conversation on the subject. But when there is hard work to be done, useful work where direct results can be seen, the same women will work willingly long after their regular hours, and never complain of fatigue. At such times they are not even particular about doing their own job. The other day when we sent three Government lorries packed with supplies for needy hospitals, the entire canteen staff offered their services to reinforce the packers.

Our organization is designed to serve in emergencies. Our name proclaims it—the French War Emergency Fund. Such work cannot be constant, but that is the case in most military organizations, and Paris is full of idle British and American women, longing for work. The wounded have been evacuated from the hospitals in the north, and many nurses are here waiting for new orders. Workers for the Paris Leave Club, and other organizations for the soldiers on leave, find that the time hangs heavily on their hands now that all leave is cancelled. The organizations for the care of refugees from evacuated territories are idle for the moment. The nurses in the Paris hospitals have lost half their patients, yet the crowded hospitals in the south of France have sent in no demands for help, and permission to travel cannot be given until they do.

As I sit idly in my motor, marking time, I can see across the station another platform where women move to and fro wheeling parcels and packages, boxes, sacks, bales and baskets. In the growing dark an orderly has come and gone. He announces that

350 wounded will arrive the day after to-morrow at seven p.m. (19 o'clock, he calls it). They have given us 24 hours' notice, so there is no need to dash off and collect the night shift. As usual we have plenty of time—plenty of time.

**T**HE desolate station is transformed. Platform B is thronged with doctors, stretcher-bearers and nurses. The canteen staff in long blue overalls and floating white veils, move busily among the tents. Trains stand ready to receive the wounded and the first motor ambulance drives slowly up, turns and moves backwards until it almost touches the platform. We have been making sandwiches for hours—great slices of war bread nearly an inch thick, with a generous portion of potted meat or jam spread between. These have been distributed amongst the white-painted, metal chariots which also hold trays of tin mugs and two large jugs for coffee and chocolate.

The medicine chef has informed us that few of the tents will be used, as the majority of the sitting cases and all the stretcher cases would be taken directly to the trains, so the trolleys will pass up and down the platform instead of through the wards. I too must go on duty. The chauffeuse to-day is playing a dual role. I am in charge of the cloak-room and must also keep a check on the supplies that are given out; dish towels, handkerchiefs, cigarettes; pillows and hot-water bottles to make the sick men more comfortable on their long journey; cushions to support injured limbs; but only the nurses may requisition the surgical supplies. There are bandages too; but to-day the wounded come from Paris hospitals and are not in need of medical attention. They are travelling to the Midi where they will be safer, while the Paris hospitals will stand ready to receive wounded arriving from the near front.

Our stores are at one end of the canvas house that is called the "foyer." It is more elegantly furnished than the others, with two long tables covered with oil-cloth, and rows of folding canvas chairs. It was destined for the use of officers, but to-day there is only one, who is not strong enough to stand up. He was brought here for a short time before they carried him tenderly to the compartment where he is to sleep. Tears ran down the weather-beaten cheek of his attendant at the sight of his suffering.

So the room is used for the sitting-cases, and we pass the huge sandwiches and enormous tin mugs (Continued on page 29.)



An Improved Kitchen at a Station Canteen.



# National Directory of Standard Products



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Do it Electrically with this Hair Dryer  
IT COSTS \$18.00  
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# THE WINDS of the WORLD

(Continued from page 11.)

The verbal precis of the only witness, given from memory, about a man who galloped away on horseback, threw no light at all on the case; so, because he could think of nothing better to do at the moment, the risaldar-major sent for a tikka-gharri and drove down to the morgue to identify the body.

On the way back from the morgue he looked in at the police station, but the babu had been gone some ten minutes when he arrived.

The police could tell him nothing. It was explained that the crowd directly after the murder had been too great to allow any but those nearest to see anything; and it was admitted that the crowd had been suddenly panic-stricken and had scattered before the police could secure witnesses. So he drove away, wondering, and ordered the driver to follow the road taken by the murdered trooper.

It was just on the edge of evening, when the lighted street-lamps were yet too pale to show distinctly, that he passed the disused boarded shop and saw, on the side of the street opposite, the babu who had brought him the story of riot that afternoon. He stopped his carriage and stepped out. On second thought he ordered the carriage away, for he was in plain clothes and not likely to attract notice; and he had a suspicion in his mind that he might care to investigate a little on his own account. He walked straight to the babu, and that gentleman eyed him with obvious distrust.

"Did you see my trooper murdered?" he demanded; for he had learned directness under Colonel Kirby, and applied it to every difficulty that confronted him.

Natives understand directness from an Englishman, and can parry it; but from another native it bewilders them, just as a left-handed swordsman is bewildered by another left-hander. The babu blinked.

"How much had you seen when you ran to warn me this afternoon?"

The babu looked pitiful. His fat defenceless body was an absolute contrast to the Sikh's tall manly figure. His eye was furtive, glancing ever sidewise; but the Sikh looked straight and spoke abruptly though with a note of kindness in his voice.

"There is no need to fear me," he said, since the babu would not answer. "Speak! How much do you know?"

So the babu took heart of grace, producing a voice from somewhere down in his enormous stomach and saying, of course, the very last thing expected of him.

"Grief chokes me!" he asserted.

"Take care that I choke thee not, babuji! I have asked a question. I am no lawyer to manoeuvre for my answer. Did you see that trooper killed?"

The babu nodded; but his nod was not much more than tentative. He could have denied it next minute without calling much on his imagination.

"Oh! Which way went the murderer?"

"Grief overwhelms me!" said the babu.

"Grief for what?"

"For my money—my good money—my emoluments!"

Direct as an arrow though he was in all his dealings, Ranjoor Singh had not forgotten how the Old East thinks. He recognized the preliminaries of a bargain, and searched his mind to recall how much money he had with him; to have searched his pocket would have been too puerile.

"What of them?"

"Lost!"

"Where? How?"

"While standing here, observing movements of him whom I suspected to be murderer, a person unknown—possibly a Sikh—perhaps not—removed money surreptitiously from my person."

"How much money?"

"Rupees twenty-five, annas eight," said the babu unwinking. He neither blushed nor hesitated.

"I will take compassion on your loss and replace five rupees of it," said Ranjoor Singh, "when you have told me which way the murderer went"

"My eyes are too dim, and my heart too full with grief," said the babu. "No man's memory works under such conditions. Now, that money—"

"I will give you ten rupees," said Ranjoor Singh.

This was too easy! The babu was prepared to bargain for an hour, fighting for rupee after rupee until his wit assured him he had reached the limit. Now he began to believe he had set the limit far too low.

"I do not remember," he said slowly but with great conviction, scratching at his stomach as if he kept his recollections stored there.

"You said twenty-five rupees, eight annas? Well, I will pay the half of it, and no more," said Ranjoor Singh in a new voice that seemed to suggest unutterable things. "Moreover, I will pay it when I have proved thy memory true. Now, scratch that belly of thine and let the thought come forth!"

"Nay, sahib, I forget."

RANJOOR SINGH drew out his purse and counted twelve rupees and three quarters into the palm of his hand.

"Which way?" he demanded.

"Twenty-five rupees, eight annas of earned emolument—gone while I watched the movements of a murderer! It is not easy to keep brave heart and remember things!"

"See here, thou bellyful of memories! Remember and tell me, or I return this money to my purse and march thee by the nape of thy fat neck to the police station, where they will put thee in a cell for the night and jog thy memory in ways the police are said to understand! Speak! Here, take the money!"

The babu reached out a fat hand and the silver changed owners.

"There!" said the babu, jerking a thumb over his right shoulder. "Through that door!"

"That narrow teak door, down the passage?"

But the babu was gone, hurrying as

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This Electric Vibrator is Best  
\$18.00 Complete  
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if goaded by fear of hell and all its angels.

Ranjoor Singh strode across the street in a bee-line and entered the dark passage. He had seen the yellow light of a lamp-flame through a chink in a upper shutter, and he intended to try directness on the problem once again. It was ten full paces down the passage to the door; he counted them, finishing the last one with a kick against the panel that would have driven it in had it been less than teak.

There came no answer, so he kicked again. Then he beat on the door with his clenched fists. Presently he turned his back to the door and kept up a steady thunder on it with his heels. And then, after about five minutes, he heard movement within.

He congratulated himself then that the noise he had made had called the attention of passers-by and of all the neighbors, and though he had had no fear and no other intention than to enter the house at all costs, he certainly had that much less compunction now.

He heard three different bolts drawn back, and then there was a pause. He thought he heard whispering, so he resumed his thunder. Almost at once there followed the unmistakable squeak of a big beam turning on its pivot, and the door opened about an inch.

He pushed, but some one inside pushed harder, and the door closed again. So Ranjoor Singh leaned all his weight and strength against the door, drawing in his breath and showing with all his might. Resistance ceased. The door flew inward, as it had done once before that day, and closed with a bang behind him.

### CHAPTER V.

A REGIMENT is more exacting of its colonel than ever was lady of her lord; the more truly he commands, the better it loves him, until at last the regiment swallows him and he becomes part of it, in thought and word and deed. Distractions such as polo, pig-sticking, tiger-shooting are tolerable insofar as they steady his nerve and train his hand and eye; to that extent they, too, subserve the regiment. But a woman is a rival. So it is counted no sin against a cavalry colonel should he be a bachelor.

There remained no virtue, then, in the eyes of Outram's Own for Colonel Kirby to acquire; he had all that they could imagine, besides at least a dozen they had not imagined before he came to them. There was not one black-bearded gentleman who couched a lance behind him but believed Colonel Kirby some sort of super-man; and, in return, Colonel Kirby found the regiment so satisfying that there was not even a lady on the sky-line who could look forward to encroaching on the regiment's preserves.

His heart, his honor, and his rare ability were all the regiment's, and the regiment knew it; so he was studied as is the lot of few. His servant knew which shoes he would wear on a Thursday morning, and would have them ready; the mess-cook spiced the curry so exactly to his taste that more than one cook-book claimed it to be a species apart and labeled it with his name. If he frowned, the troopers knew somebody had tried to

flatter him; if he smiled, the regiment grinned; and when his face lacked all expression, though his eyes were more than usually quick, officer, non-commissioned officer and man alike would sit tight in the saddle, so to speak, and gather up their reins.

HIS mood was recognized that afternoon as he drove back from the club while he was four hundred yards away, although twilight was closing down. The water mare—sixteen three and a half, with one white stocking and a blaze that could be seen from the sky-line—brought his big dog-cart through the street mud at a speed which would have insured the arrest of the driver of a motor; but that, if anything, was a sign of ordinary health.

Nor was the way he took the corner by the barrack gate, on one wheel, any criterion; he always did it, just as he never failed to acknowledge the sentry's salute by raising his whip. It needed the observant eyes of Outram's Own to detect the rather strained calmness and the almost inhumanly active eye.

"Beware!" called the sentry, while he was yet three hundred yards away. "Be awake!"

"Be awake! Be awake! Beware!" The warning went from lip to lip, troop to troop, from squadron stables on to squadron stables, until six hundred men were ready for all contingencies. A civilian might not have recognized the difference, but Kirby's soldier servant awakened from his nap on the colonel's door-mat and straightened his turban in a hurry, perfectly well aware that there was something in the wind.

It was too early to dress for dinner yet; too late to dress for games of any kind. The servant was nonplussed. He stood in silence, awaiting orders that under ordinary circumstances, or at an ordinary hour, would have been unnecessary. But for a while no orders came. The only sound in those extremely unmarried quarters was the steady drip of water into a flat tin bath that the servant had put beneath a spot where the roof leaked; the rain had ceased but the ceiling cloth still drooped and drooled.

Suddenly Kirby threw himself backward into a long chair, and the servant made ready for swift action.

"Present my compliments to Risaldar-Major Ranjoor Singh sahib, and ask him to be good enough to see me here."

The servant saluted him and vanished. Kirby relapsed again into the depth of the chair, staring at the wall in front of him, letting his eye travel from one to another of the accurately spaced-out pictures, pieces of furniture and trophies that proclaimed him unmarried. There was nothing whatever in his quarters to decoy him from his love. There were polo sticks in a corner where a woman would have placed a standard lamp, and where the flowers should have stood was a chest to hold horse-medicines. There was a vague smell about the place of varnish, polish and good leather.

The servant was back again, stiff at the salute, within five minutes.

"Ne hai."  
"Not there? Not where? Not in his quarters? Then go and find him. Ask where he is. Hurry!"

(Continued on page 26.)

# National Directory of Standard Products



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# SAVINGS & INVESTMENTS

## WHAT SECURITY SHALL I BUY?

By INVESTICUS

THE reason some people don't invest money in good securities is because they don't understand what these securities are and what makes them a better "buy" than some other things so frequently heralded in the newspapers. Investicus will keep you posted. If you want to know anything about the investment game, drop him a line.

NO doubt we are all thrifty and economical as a matter of habit by this time. But if not the recent Order-in-Council restricting the importation of luxuries will make us all save something extra. Probably we needed to have some luxuries cut off. We don't need some things half as badly as we are in the habit of thinking. In that respect people are grown-up children anyway, and the State steps into the role of father who knows where the money goes and has a wise eye on where it ought to come from.

It takes a lot of printer's ink to get this cut-down-luxuries business over to us as it has to be done in war time. In spite of the vast amount of literature which has been freely circulated urging conservation of all the nation's resources, it is a fact that many people have failed to fully grasp the real need of saving every penny received beyond their actual living needs.

This embargo is going to mean a certain amount of compulsory saving. No longer will the "sport" who has found some reason for not going overseas be allowed to waste on game shooting, good black powder that his fellows need against the Hun. The luxurious imported car, which is really among the non-essentials we hear so much about, has also become taboo. Cars will be bought and made in Canada. Readers of this column may even go on buying new cars — up to \$1,200 or beyond, if Canada turns out enough of the more expensive cars to meet the demand. But as a general thing the rank and file of us — especially those who believe in street cars anyhow — will revert to the \$1,200-car standard. And no one can ever tell how many thousands of dollars saved from being spent on this particular form of non-essential will line up for investment in something of far more use to the country.

There is an old economic principle involved here. We used to say regarding luxuries that it was all right to spend money that way because it all meant the employment of labor and the payment of wages; and the more wages were paid the better for the country. That "went" in peace times. In war we have to revise it. Wages must not be paid and material must not be used to produce things that don't help directly to increase our efficiency as a people. We need motor-cars — thousands of them; but there's no real reason in economy why one man should roll down to his office in a \$5,000 limousine while a hundred other people jam into a street car that costs about the same amount.

Back of this embargo is the steady fact — the country needs the money, not as wages for luxury-making, but for other purposes. A new Victory Loan is to be floated soon. The old one will soon be used up. Meanwhile the banks are advancing the money to the government for carrying on the war.

Then there is also the promotion of home industries, and the adjustment of trade balances. One of the big factors against economical manufacture of war necessities in Canada is the unfavorable Exchange. It has cost Canadian makers of war goods many thousands of dollars additional for their raw materials because of the heavy Exchange rate due in no small part to the demand for luxuries brought from the United States. With the cutting off of these luxuries, bankers look for an even balance of trade and a consequent falling in Exchange that will enable war manufacturers to purchase necessary raws at a price more on a par with American makers. We don't want our good Canadian dollar to go masquerading as 98 cents across the border.

But home industry will also profit in another way — "What will you do for your supplies of staple articles now that importations are cut off?" the writer asked a merchant who weekly imported many thousand dollars' worth of so-called luxuries. "Do without, for the present," he said. "But you can depend on it that Canadian makers will soon produce just as good products; and Canada will be in a great deal stronger manufacturing position and will be largely independent of outside nations for manufactured supplies."

### SAFE INVESTMENTS FOR ALL SAVINGS.

The problem of what to do with the money saved from luxuries will be solved in many different ways. Savings bank accounts will no doubt be considerably inflated; and as a sign of thrift, this will be welcomed by all who bear the burdens of State. In fact the greatest encouragement will be given to those desiring to open new accounts. Anomalous as it may seem, the greater the investments of the people in sound securities, the more money they have left to place in the bank. It's the habit of investment that counts; the habit of



making money earn something steady and sure instead of haphazarding it on a long chance with an element of speculation.

Many people, however, will turn to sound bond investments offering a big yield on their funds as well as absolute security. For such there is a wide range of choice from the tax-free Government issues, to the higher yield well-secured municipal and school district issues.

The Victory bond needs no introduction; for its absolute security and its general characteristics are known to practically everybody. The recent advance in price sets a precedent amongst the Allied War Loans. Most of these have suffered some depreciation after issue; but the big Canadian loan on the contrary has been strong since its inception, and the demand so good as to necessitate an advance in fixed price before all the definitive bonds were delivered.

The fact that this issue is tax-free will make a strong appeal to many people; but on the other hand there will be others who seek a shade more interest, and who are willing to pay war taxes on their present income in the hope of larger net returns when taxes become more normal again.

**MANY BUY PROVINCIAL BONDS.**

Provincial issues offer a particularly strong appeal to many; for such bonds are yielding a good return at present prices, and 6½ per cent. to 7 per cent. looks good to many people for debentures of absolutely indubitable security. As in the case of the Dominion, but in a lesser degree, the security back of provincial bonds is the resources of the actual area concerned. The security behind all provincial issues is many score times the value of bonds issued or to be issued, and with the wealth of each province daily increasing with the uncovering of new riches in farm and forest, the ratio of security to bonded debt is all the time changing in favor of the buyer of provincial bonds.

Provincial issues are held in high favor by experienced investors. Many millions of such bonds have been offered the public during the past six weeks; and in every case there has been eager buying. Single issues of a million have changed hands within twenty-four hours.

**CONSIDER MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES.**

EVERY town in Canada is a "plant"; a business proposition representing investment of money, labor, raw material, brains and organization. Look at your own town and decide how these various elements have been shaken in the hat. Maybe you will decide that the money is there all right—your money as a taxpayer, somebody else's money as a lender. The raw material is there, for you can see it—all that's above ground. The labor is there. What about those two unknown factors, brains and organization? You can't always be sure of these. They are mixed up so much with another unknown factor—the location of a town, what it has by way of native advantages in resources; it may be a mine, or thousands of acres of good farm land, or a river, or water power, or railway connections, or the gradual building up of industries representing the brains and organization of men dead long ago; or a dozen other things that no assessor can ever determine.

Now there never was a town of any consequence that could possibly raise all the money it needed by taxation fast enough to build it up according to the needs of the inhabitants. A town is a "plant." It is there when people are gone. It stands as an asset for generations unborn. Therefore posterity has a right to bear some of the taxation necessary to build it up now. That taxation takes the form of interest on money borrowed now for the purpose of mak-

(Continued on page 25.)

**Dominion Textile Co'y LIMITED**

**NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.**

A dividend of one and three quarter per cent (1¾) on the Preferred Stock of the DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, LIMITED, has been declared for the quarter ending 30TH JUNE, 1918, payable July 15th, to shareholders of record JUNE 29TH, 1918.

By order of the Board,

JAS. H. WEBB,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal, 10th June, 1918.

**SOLID GROWTH**

Up-to-date business methods, backed by an unbroken record of fair-dealing with its policyholders, have achieved for the Sun Life of Canada a phenomenal growth.

Assurances in Force have more than doubled in the past seven years and have more than trebled in the past eleven years.

To-day, they exceed by far those of any Canadian life assurance company.

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA**  
HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

**THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA**

**Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th April, 1918**

**LIABILITIES.**

**1. To the Shareholders**

Capital Stock paid in .....	\$ 7,000,000.00
Rest or Reserve Fund .....	7,000,000.00
Dividends declared and unpaid .....	176,900.00
Balance of Profits as per Profit and Loss Account submitted herewith .....	437,973.92
	<hr/>
	\$14,614,873.92

**2. To the Public**

Notes of the Bank in Circulation .....	12,327,168.00
Deposits not bearing interest .....	34,886,747.83
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date of statement) .....	75,946,985.48
Balances due to other Banks in Canada .....	1,400,941.75
Balances due to Banks and banking correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries .....	1,161,976.79
Bills payable .....	.....
Acceptances under letters of credit .....	598,851.20
Liabilities not included in the foregoing .....	.....
	<hr/>
	\$140,937,544.97

**ASSETS**

Current Coin .....	\$ 4,890,061.36
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves .....	6,000,000.00
Dominion Notes .....	5,912,092.50
Notes of other Banks .....	893,076.00
Cheques on other Banks .....	5,311,786.12
Balances due by other Banks in Canada .....	4,704.37
Balances due by Banks and banking correspondents in the United Kingdom .....	82,580.53
Balances due by Banks and banking correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom ....	1,357,843.03
Dominion and Provincial Government securities, not exceeding market value .....	5,435,464.66
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value .....	4,060,204.70
Canadian Municipal securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial public securities other than Canadian .....	14,589,065.54
Call Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks .....	5,223,953.88
Call Loans elsewhere than in Canada .....	3,906,648.93
	<hr/>
	\$57,667,481.62
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less Rebate of Interest) .....	76,194,016.15
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less Rebate of Interest) .....	339,987.29
Liabilities of customers under letters of credit as per contra .....	598,851.20
Real Estate other than Bank premises .....	312,928.11
Overdue debts, estimated loss provided for .....	272,226.60
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off .....	4,886,438.98
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund .....	355,000.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing .....	310,615.02
	<hr/>
	\$140,937,544.97

K. W. BLACKWELL, E. F. HEBDEN, D. C. MACAROW.  
Vice-President. Managing Director. General Manager.

**Report of the Auditors to the Shareholders of The Merchants Bank of Canada.**

In accordance with the provisions of sub-Sections 19 and 20 of Section 56 of the Bank Act, we report to the Shareholders as follows:

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books of Account and other records at the Chief Office of the Bank and with the signed returns from the Branches and Agencies and have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office against the entries in regard thereto in the books of the Bank at 30th April, 1918, and at a different time during the year and found them to agree with such entries. We also attended at some of the Branches during the year and checked the cash and verified the securities held at the dates of our attendances and found them to agree with the entries in regard thereto in the books of the Bank.

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank, and the above balance sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

VIVIAN HARCOURT, { Auditors.  
GORDON TANSLEY, }  
(Of the firm of Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co.)

Montreal, 23rd May, 1918.

**Dominion Express Money Orders**

There is no better way to send money by mail. If lost or stolen your money refunded or a new order issued free of charge.



**BOOKS**

**Gripping Experiences**

"A WAR NURSE'S DIARY." Anonymous.

MANY unusual experiences have befallen this "war nurse," and she writes of them all in a gripping, vivid fashion. It is the spirit of high courage and deep sympathy which is shown so strongly throughout this book that makes it unusual—a spirit rising above the normal laws of life to face calmly the bombardments and aerial raids of modern war. In a super-flood of war books, most of them possessing undoubted merit, this little book has a decided place on the crest of the flood.—Macmillan Co.: \$1.25.

**Modern Mystery Maze**

"THE HOUSE OF WHISPERS." By William Johnston.

FROM the soldiers at the front have come letters lately begging for detective yarns as a means of mental recreation. One which would fill this need very satisfactorily is "The House of Whispers," which, to make it truly modern and original, has its scene set in an apartment house. Here a secret passage, mysterious footsteps, a murder and a robbery, all come in sequence, the threads remaining well tangled until the very end. The characters are not unusual, but we are more interested in the mazes of the plot; and after terrible struggles for our hero, all of course ends very satisfactorily.—Thomas Allen: \$1.40.

**Romance of Ploughland**

"THE ROAD THAT LED HOME." By Will E. Ingersoll.

AS the sub-title of this book tells us, it is a "romance of Ploughland"; and deals with no surprising adventures nor with people out of the ordinary—which is what we expect in a romance. But in the author's careful delineation we find the figures very real persons, and from their lives he has made a swinging, readable story. The philosopher of the book is Henry Nicol, whose motto is "Get a good job and stick with it"; and we meet also the cynical remittance man, Ashton, and the new school-teacher, who marries the sweet sister of the school's big boy. Altogether the book is one to finish, when once begun.—Musson Book Co.: \$1.35.

**"Heartsease"**

"OVER THE HILLS OF HOME AND OTHER POEMS." By Lillian Leveridge.

FEW war poems have stirred so world-wide a response as "Over the Hills of Home," the verses written by Lillian Leveridge as a tribute to the memory of her brother who died in France, of wounds received in action. The verses have now been published, together with a collection of other poems by Miss Leveridge, all of which are invested with fine feeling and an inspiration to courage. There is a universal quality to their appeal—they point the way to heart's ease for the sorrowful and direct the joyous to a more lasting zest in life.—McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart: \$1.00.

**NIAGARA TO THE SEA**

Send two cent stamp for illustrated Booklet, Map and Guide. Address: Canada Steamship Lines, Limited, C.S.L. Building, Montreal.

**U**MBLING, tossing, seething, frothing—the mad-cap River Rapids of the St. Lawrence provide a scene of grandeur, as unique as it is beautiful. In all the world, no rapids so magnificent as these—to "shoot" them is a two-hour experience that thrills and delights.

A different charm—but one just as certain to entrance the traveller attaches to the experience of a boat ramble through the "Thousand Islands." Still another kind of interest is awakened when the rocky outline of Quebec City looms on the horizon. Here the traveler finds many a sight to recall the days when early Canadian history was in the making. When the boat finally steams past Capes Trinity and Eternity interest turns to awe and amazement. The Saguenay River scenery is unsurpassed by any in America.

Extravagant pleasures are not to be encouraged in wartime. But there is real economy in taking the kind of vacation that keeps one's efficiency above par. So make it a water-trip this year—a holiday that promotes health and refreshes the mind.

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19 **GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar**

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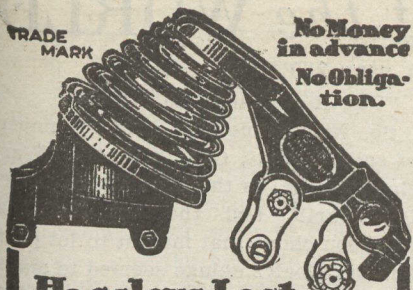
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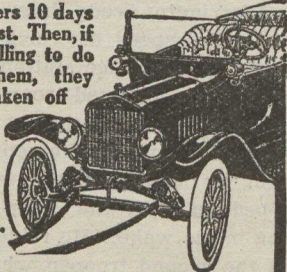


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**ROBERT H. HASSLER, Limited**  
Lock Drawer H.C.I. HAMILTON, ONT., CAN.

**What Security Shall I Buy?**

(Continued from page 23.)

ing the town a business proposition to the people who own it.

There is a peculiar appeal in the municipal bond; for many intelligent persons like to invest in bonds of their own town or city, whose affairs they can watch with a solicitous eye, and daily note the enhancement in value of their security as the town grows. With manufacturers of important national products establishing themselves at strategic shipping points, there is much to be said for this type of investment. Shipbuilding has already meant much and will mean more to sea-coast towns and cities on Canadian inland waters. Many thousands of men are now employed throughout Canada in steel-fabricating and other essential industries. All these increase the actual tangible assets back of invested savings placed in municipal bonds.

Another variety of debentures not so well known to the public but held in good repute by the professional investor, is the school bond, which is a species of municipal security. For many decades solid institutions throughout the country have found these bonds good investments for funds; and in the Province of Quebec no small amount of church funds are placed in such issues.

The security behind school bonds is first of all the tangible assets of the particular school commission; but usually the municipality of which the school district is a part, is also jointly responsible for the principal.

The old adage about not carrying all one's eggs in one basket still holds good. The professional investor usually follows a policy of assorting his investments, with the result that most strong boxes contain many different kinds of bonds. The heaviest buyers of Victory bonds are reputed to have purchased a considerable number of the new issues of the provinces; while the same gentlemen undoubtedly also hold municipal and also corporation bonds, with probably a good-sized bundle of real estate mortgages.



**LUCIEN MURATORE**  
**TENOR**

Grand Opera, Paris Chicago Opera Co.  
EXCLUSIVE PATHE ARTIST

This great artist, while a popular idol in Europe, came to America unheralded and unknown. That he has eclipsed all of his previous triumphs is to-day a matter of history. Blase critics and fashionable audience at his American debut in Pagliacci were moved to unrestrained tears. Dead silence followed the famous Lament, then pandemonium broke loose. The haute monde of Chicago jumped to its feet and cheered itself hoarse. The continuity of the opera had to be broken to allow Muratore to repeat the aria. He was recalled seventeen times after the performance.

A new King of Song had been acclaimed! Muratore repeated this signal triumph in New York this season. Possessed of a voice of marvellous sweetness yet withal strong and virile, Muratore combines with it an understanding and mastery of the art of bel canto, all too rarely found in singers of the present day. Pathe records permit music lovers the world over to enjoy this great artist in their own homes.

**MURATORE RECORDS ISSUED TO DATE ARE:**

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| 63003—Carmen, "Halte-la!"                      | Lucien Muratore |
| Tu Ne Sauras Jamais!                           | Lucien Muratore |
| 63004—Manon "Ah fuyez, douce image"            | Lucien Muratore |
| Non M'amate piu!                               | Lucien Muratore |
| 63005—Mignon, "Elle ne croyait pas"            | Lucien Muratore |
| A quoi pensez-vous, Vocal Waltz                | Lucien Muratore |
| 63007—La Marseillaise                          | Lucien Muratore |
| La Reve Passe                                  | Lucien Muratore |
| 63008—Werther "Pourquoi me reveiller"          | Lucien Muratore |
| Magali "Chanson Provençal"                     | Lucien Muratore |
| 63009—Fortunio (Messenger) In French           | Lucien Muratore |
| Chanson de Barbarine (Soret)                   | Lucien Muratore |
| 63010—Fedora "Amor ti vieta" (My Love Forbids) | Lucien Muratore |
| Il Pescatori Cantata! (Song of the Fisherman)  | Lucien Muratore |
| 63011—Carmen, "Air de la Fleur"                | Lucien Muratore |
| Tu ne sauras jamais "Vocal Waltz"              | Lucien Muratore |
| 63012—L'Africaine "O Paradis"                  | Lucien Muratore |
| Le temps des cerises                           | Lucien Muratore |
| 63013—Le Roi d'Ys "Aubade"                     | Lucien Muratore |
| L'Enlevement, Melody                           | Lucien Muratore |
| 63014—Rigoletto "La donna e mobile"            | Lucien Muratore |
| O Surdato 'Namorato                            | Lucien Muratore |
| 63015—Romeo et Juliette "Cavatine"             | Lucien Muratore |
| Reviens!                                       | Lucien Muratore |
| 63016—Pagliacci "Vesti la giubba"              | Lucien Muratore |
| Comme o'zuccaro                                | Lucien Muratore |

**ALL THESE RECORDS, \$3.50**

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| 64010 } Christmas Valse (In French) Duet             | Muratore and Cavalleri |
| Price, \$4.00 } Au Clair de la Lune (In French) Duet | Muratore and Cavalleri |

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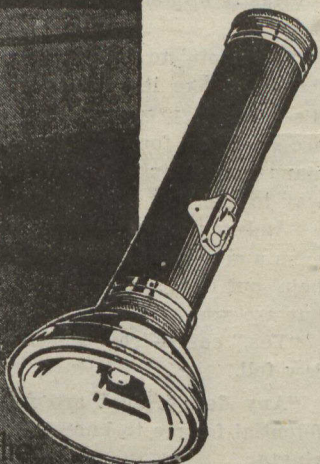
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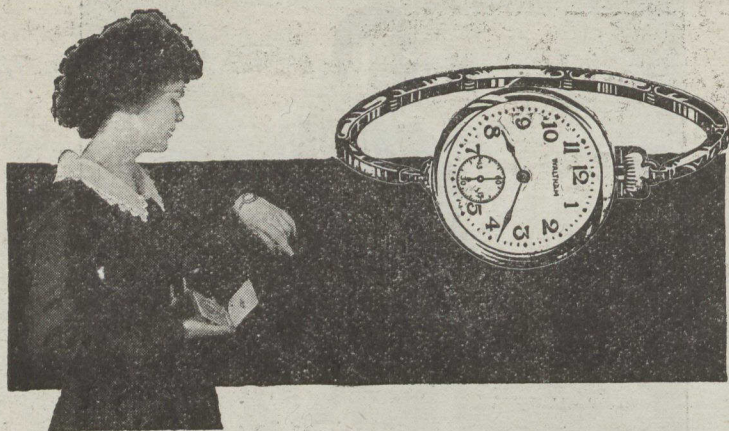


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**There it is!**



Style 2659





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OUR first consideration is the welfare and protection of our readers, and we intend to so conduct our advertising columns as to command their confidence, and increase their dependence upon the printed message.

ADVERTISING MANAGER CANADIAN COURIER.

## THE WINDS of the WORLD

(Continued from page 21.)

So, since the regiment was keyed to watchfulness, it took about five minutes more before it was known that Ranjoor Singh was not in barracks. The servant returned to report that he had been seen driving toward the bazaar in a tikka-gharri.

Then entered Warrington, the adjutant, and the servant was dismissed at once.

"Bad business," said Warrington, looking thoroughly cheerful.

"What now?"

"One of Squadron D's men murdered in the bazaar this afternoon. Body's in the morgue in charge of the police. 'Nother man who was with him apparently missing. No explanation, and the p'lice say there aren't any clues."

He twisted at a little black mustache and began to hum.

"Know where Ranjoor Singh is by any chance?" asked Kirby.

"Give me three guesses—no, two. One—he's raising hell with all the police in Delhi. Two—he's at the scene of the murder, doing detective work on his own. I heard he'd driven away—and, anyhow, it's his squadron. Man's probably his second cousin, twenty or thirty times removed."

"Send somebody to find him!" ordered Kirby.

"Say you want to have a word with him?"

KIRBY nodded, and Warrington swaggered out, humming to himself exactly as he hoped to be humming when his last grim call should come, the incarnation of efficiency, awake and very glad. A certain number of seconds after he had gone two mounted troopers clattered out toward the bazaar. Ten minutes later Warrington returned.

"D Squadron's squattin' on its hunkers in rings an' lookin' gloomy," he said, as if he were announcing some good news that had a touch of humor in it. "By the look of 'em you'd say they'd been passed over for active service and were meditatin' matrimony."

"By gad, Warrington! You don't know how near that guess is to the truth!"

Kirby's lips were smiling, but his voice was hard. Warrington glanced quickly at him once and then looked serious.

"You mean—"

"Yes," said Kirby.

"Has it broken yet?"

"No."

"Is it goin' to break?"

"Looks like it. Looks to me as if it's all been prearranged. Our crowd are sparring for time, and the Prussians are all in a hurry. Looks that way to me."

"And you mean—there's a chance—even a chance of us—of Outram's Own bein' out of it? Beg your pardon, sir, but are you serious?"

"Yes," said Kirby, and Warrington's jaw fell.

"Any details that are not too confidential for me to know?" asked Warrington.

"Tell you all about it after I've had a word with Ranjoor Singh."

"Hadn't I better go and help look for him?"

"Yes, if you like," said Kirby.

So, within another certain number of split seconds, Captain Charlie Warrington rode, as the French say, belly-to-the-earth, and the fact that the monsoon chose that instant to let pour another Noah's deluge seemed to make no difference at all to his ardor or the pace to which he spurred his horse.

An angry police officer grumbled that night at the club about the arrogance of all cavalymen, but of one Warrington in particular.

"Wanted to know, by the Big Blue Bull of Basham, whether I knew when a case was serious or not! Yes, he did! Seemed to think the murder of one sowar was the only criminal case in all Delhi, and had the nerve to invite me to set every constable in what he termed my parish on the one job. What did I say? Told him to call tomorrow, of course—said I'd see. Gad! You should have heard him swear then—thought his eyes 'ud burn holes in my tunic. Went careering out of the office as if war had been declared."

"Talking of war," said somebody, nursing a long drink under the swinging punkah, "do you suppose—"

So the manners of India's pet cavalry were forgotten at once in the vortex of the only topic that had interest for any one in clubdom, and it was not noticed whether Warrington or his colonel, or any other officer of native cavalry looked in at the club that night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Warrington rode into the rain at the same speed at which he had galloped to the police station, overhauled one of the mounted troopers whom he himself had sent in search of Ranjoor Singh, rated him soundly in Punjab for loafing on the way, and galloped on with the troop-horse laboring in his wake. He reined in abreast of the second trooper, who had halted by a cross-street and was trying to appear to enjoy the deluge.

"Any word?" asked Warrington.

"I spoke with two who said he entered by that door—that small door down the passage, sahib, where there is no light. It is a teak door, bolted and with no keyhole on the outside."

"Good for you," said Warrington, glancing quickly up and down the wet street, where the lamps gleamed deceptively in pools of running water. There seemed nobody in sight; but that is a bold guess in Delhi, where the shadows all have eyes.

HE gave a quiet order, and trooper number one passed his reins to number two.

"Go and try that door. Kick it in if you can—but be quick, and try not to be noisy!"

The trooper swung out of the saddle and obeyed, while Warrington and the other man faced back to back, watching each way against surprise. In India, as in lands less "civilized," the cavalry are not allowed to usurp the functions of police, and the officer or man who tries it does so at his own risk. There came a sound of sudden thundering on teak that ceased after two minutes.

"The door is stout. There is no answer from within," said the trooper.

"Then wait here on foot," command-



ed Warrington. "Get under cover and watch. Stay here until you're relieved, unless something particularly worth reporting happens; in that case, hurry and report. For instance"—he hesitated, trying to imagine something out of the unimaginable—"suppose the risaldar-major were to come out, then give him the message and come home with him. But—oh, suppose the place takes fire, or there's a riot, or you hear a fight going on inside—then hurry to barracks—understand?"

The wet trooper nodded and saluted. "Get into a shadow, then, and keep as dry as you can," ordered Warrington. "Come on!" he called to the other man.

And a second later he was charging through the street as if he rode with despatches through a zone of rifle fire. Behind him clattered a rain-soaked trooper and two horses.

Colonel Kirby stepped out of his bath-room just as Warrington arrived, and arranged his white dress-tie before the sitting-room mirror.

"Looks fishy to me, sir," said Warrington, hurrying in and standing where the rain from his wet clothes would do least harm.

There was a space on the floor between two tiger-skins where the matting was a little threadbare. Messengers, orderlies or servants always stood on that spot. After a moment, however, Kirby's servant brought Warrington a bathroom mat.

"How d'ye mean?" Warrington explained. "What did the police say?"

"Said they were busy." "Now, I could go to the club," mused Kirby, "and see Hetherington, and have a talk with him, and get him to sign a search-warrant. Armed with that, we could—"

"Perhaps persuade a police officer to send two constables with it tomorrow morning!" said Warrington, with a grin.

"Yes," said Kirby. "And if we do much on our own account we'll fall foul of the Indian Penal Code, which altereth every week," said Warrington.

"If it weren't for the fact that I particularly want a word with him," said Kirby, giving a last tweak to his tie and reaching out for his mess-jacket that the seryant had laid on a chair, "there'd not be much ground that I can see for action of any kind. He has a right to go where he likes."

That point of view did not seem to have occurred to Warrington before; nor did he quite like it, for he frowned.

"On the other hand," said Kirby, diving into his mess-jacket and shrugging his neat shoulders until they fitted into it as a charger fits into his skin, "under the circumstances—and taking into consideration certain private information that has reached me—if I were supposed to be behind a bolted door in the bazaar, I'd rather appreciate it if Ranjoor Singh, for instance, were to—ah—take action of some kind."

"Exactly, sir." "Hallo—what's that?"

A MOTOR-CAR, driven at racing speed, thundered up the lane between the old stacked cannon and came to a panting standstill by the colonel's outer door. A gruff question was answered gruffly, and a man's step sounded on the veranda. Then

the servant flung the door wide, and a British soldier stepped smartly into the room, saluted and held out a telegram.

Kirby tore it open. His eyes blazed, but his hands were steady. The soldier held out a receipt book and a pencil, and Kirby took time to scribble his initials in the proper place. Warrington, humming to himself, began to squeeze the rain out of his tunic to hide impatience. The soldier saluted, faced about and hurried to the waiting car. Then Kirby read the telegram. He nodded to Warrington. Warrington, his finger-ends pressed tight into his palms and his forearms quivering, raised one eyebrow.

"Yes," said Kirby. "War, sir?" "War."

"We're under orders?" "Not yet. It says, 'War likely to be general. Be ready.' Here, read it for yourself."

"They wouldn't have sent us that if—"

"Addressed to O. C. troops. They had those ready written out and sent one to every O. C. on the list the second they knew."

"Well, sir?" "Leave the room, Lal Singh!"

The servant, who was screwing up his courage to edge nearer, did as he was told.

KIRBY stood still, facing the mirror, with both arms behind him.

"They're certain to send native Indian troops to Europe," he said.

"We're ready, sir! We're ready to a shoe-string! We'll go first!"

"We'll be last, Warrington, supposing we go at all, unless we find Ranjoor Singh! They'll send us to do police work in Bangal, or to guard the Bombay docks and watch the other fellows go. I'm going to the club. You'd better come with me. Hurry into dry clothes." He glanced at the clock. "We'll just have time to drive past the house where you say he's supposed to be, if you hurry."

The last three words were lost, for Captain Warrington had turned into a thunderbolt and disappeared; the noise of his going was as when a sudden windstorm slams all the doors at once. A moment later he could be heard shouting from outside his quarters to his servant to be ready for him.

He certainly bathed, for the noise of the tub overturning when he was done with it was unmistakable. And

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## HE WINS.

A MAN who was showing off by diving into the sea and staying under the water for a time, after one dive came up and found that he had remained under water for two minutes.

"That's going some!" he bragged. "I'll bet that's a record around here!" "Oh, no, it ain't!" replied a spectator. "A man dived in here this time yesterday, and he ain't come up yet!" —Tit-Bits.

eight minutes after his departure he was back again, dressed, cloaked and ready.

"Got your pistol, sir?"

"Yes," said Kirby.

"Thought I'd bring mine along. You never know, you know."

Together they climbed into the colonel's dog-cart, well smothered under waterproofs. Kirby touched up another of his road-devouring walers, the sais grabbed at the back seat and jumped for his life, and they shot out of the compound, down the line of useless cannon and out into the street, taking the corner as the honor of the regiment required. Then the two big side-lamps sent their shafts of light straight down the metaled, muddy road, and the horse settled down between them to do his equine "dem-

dest"; there was a touch on the reins he recognized.

\* \* \* \* \*

They reached the edge of the bazaar to find the crowd stirring, although strangely mute.

"They'll have got the news in an hour from now," said Kirby. "They can smell it already."

"Wonder how much truth there is in all this talk about German merchants and propagandists."

"H-rrrrr-ummm!" said Kirby.

"Steady, sir! Look out!"

The near wheel missed a native woman by a fraction of an inch, and her shrill scream followed them. But Kirby kept his eyes ahead, and the shadows continued to flash by them in a swift procession until Warrington leaned forward, and then Kirby leaned back against one reins.

"There he is, sir!"

They reined to a halt, and a drenched trooper jumped up behind to kneel on the back seat and speak in whispers.

"No sign of him at all?" asked Kirby.

"No, sahib. But there has been a light behind a shutter above there. It comes and goes. They light it and extinguish it."

"Has anybody come out of that door?"

"No, sahib."

"None gone in?"

"None"

"Any other door to the place?"

"There may be a dozen, sahib. That is an old house, and it backs up against six others."

"What we suffer from in this country is information," said Warrington, beginning to hum to himself.

But Kirby signed to the trooper, and the man began to scramble out of the cart.

"Between now and our return, report to the club if anything happens," called Warrington.

The whip swished, the horse shot forward, and they were off again as if they would catch up with the hurrying seconds. People scattered to the right and left in front of them; a constable at a street crossing blew his whistle frantically; once the horse slipped in a deep puddle, and all but came to earth; but they reached the club without mishap and drove up the winding drive at a speed more in keeping with convention.

"Oh, hallo, Kirby! Glad you've come!" said a voice.

"Evening, sir!"

KIRBY descended, almost into the arms of a general in evening dress. They walked into the club together, leaving the adjutant wondering what to do. He decided to follow them at a decent distance, still humming and looking happy enough for six men.

"You'll be among the first," said the general. "Are you ready, Kirby—absolutely ready?"

"Yes."

"The wires are working to the limit. It isn't settled yet whether troops go from here via Canada or the Red Sea—probably won't be until the Navy's had a chance to clear the road. All that's known—yet—is that Belgium's invaded, and that every living man Jack who can be hurried to the front in time to keep the Germans out of Paris will be sent. Hold yourself

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ready to entrain any minute, Kirby." "Is martial law proclaimed yet?" asked Kirby in a voice that the general seemed to think was strained, for he looked around sharply.

"Not yet. Why?"

"Information, sir. Anything else?"

"No. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

Kirby nearly ran into Warrington as he hurried back toward the door.

"Find a police officer!" he ordered.

"They all passed you a minute ago, sir," answered Warrington. "They're headed for police headquarters. Heard one of 'em say so."

Kirby pulled himself together. A stranger would not have noticed that he needed it, but Warrington at his elbow saw the effort and was glad.

"Go to police headquarters, then," he ordered. "Try to get them to bring a dozen men and search that house; but don't say that Ranjoor Singh's in there."

"Where'll I find you, sir?"

"Barracks. Oh, by the way, we're a sure thing for the front."

"I knew there was some reason why I kept feelin' cheerful!" said Warrington. "The risaldar-major looks like gettin' left."

"Unless," said Kirby, "you can get the police to act to-night—or unless martial law's proclaimed at once, and I can think of an excuse to search the house with a hundred men myself. Find somebody to give you a lift. So long."

Kirby swung into his dog-cart, the sais did an acrobatic turn behind, and again the horse proceeded to lower records. Zigzagwise, through streets that were growing more and yet more thronged instead of silent, they tore barrackward, missing men by a miracle every twelve yards. Kirby's eyes were on a red blotch, now, that danced and glowed above the bazaar a mile ahead. It reminded him of pain.

Presently the horse sniffed smoke, and notified as much before settling down into his stride again. The din of hoarse excitement reached Kirby's ears, and in a moment more a khaki figure leaped out of a shadow and a panting trooper snatched at the back seat, was grabbed by the sais, and swung up in the rear.

"Sahib—"

"All right. I know," said Kirby, though he did not know how he knew.

They raced through another dozen streets until the glare grew blinding and the smoke nearly choked him.

Then they were stopped entirely by the crowd, and Colonel Kirby sat motionless; for he had a nearly perfect view of a holocaust. The house in which Ranjoor Singh was supposed to be was so far burned that little more than the walls was standing.

(To be continued.)

### Paris and Her Vigils

(Continued from page 19.)

of coffee, chocolate or hot milk. Each of the men has a large card tied to the button of his coat, which gives information regarding his case to the physician at the other end of the line. It also tells whether the patient is to travel seated in the ordinary day-coach, or lying in the ambulance trains. These resemble freight-cars and are fitted with stretcher-holders arranged in three layers. The lowest

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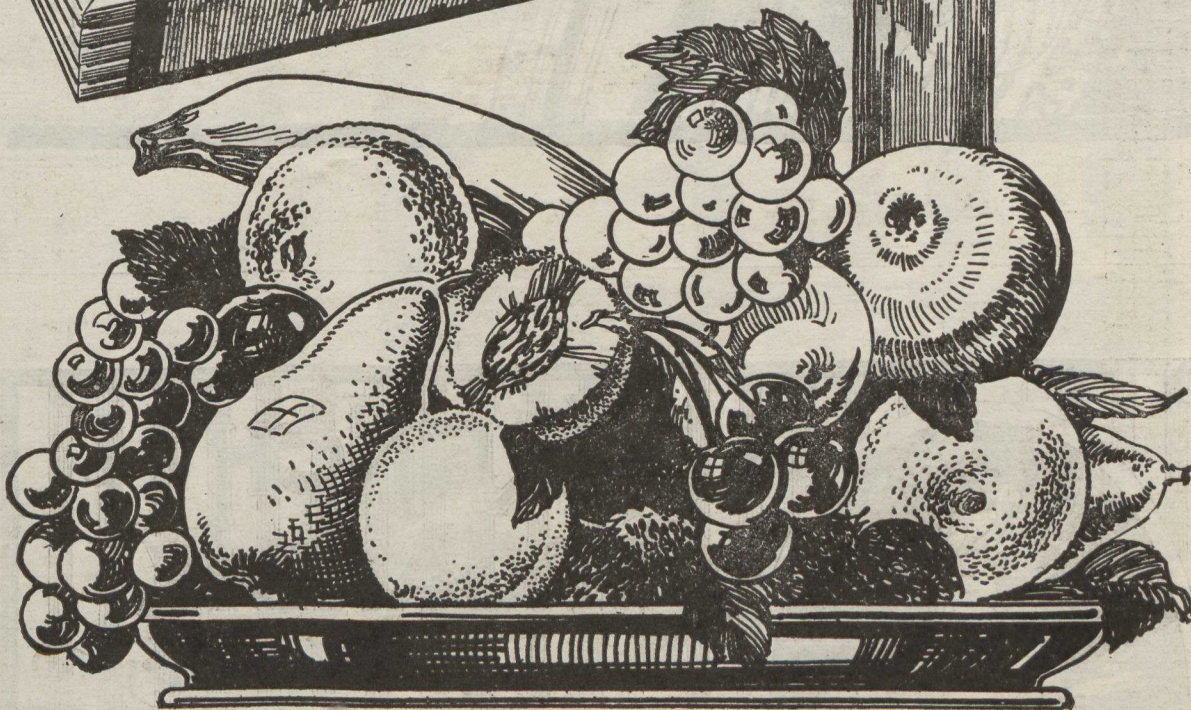
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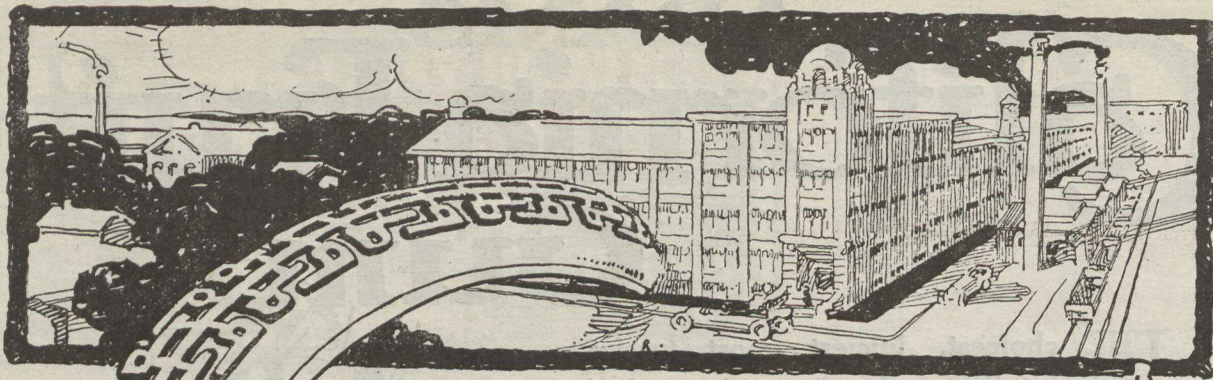
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is very near the floor, and the top one is uncomfortably close to the ceiling. But the men are surprisingly cheerful, and welcome any little incident that gives them an excuse to laugh.

Among the wounded are many Algerians in horizon blue or khaki and a red fez, so care is taken to separate them from the French. The blacks declined our offers of sandwiches until they discovered that some of them contained jam. Meat and fish are evidently forbidden to them.

The Army Medical Corps cannot be too highly praised for the way in which they transferred the patients from ambulance to train. As each car was filled our workers passed through it, fed the men and gave them a few of the comforts they most needed. Then at the appointed hour the train pulled out, and we remained to put things in order for the next batch of wounded, praying that they may soon come our way.

## The Great Human Race

(Continued from page 8.)

eye—or, more probably, cussed for getting in the way of some little scrub of a chap who needs a few tons of complicated machinery and smells to get him about and keep him in the swim—as if he were worth it!

The end of one of our perfect modern days is apt to find us with shattered nerves, exhausted in mind and body, and a craving for something with a "punch" in it.

We haven't time to notice that the horse laugh is with the doctors and undertakers. The latter fraternity have risen these rushing times to the dignity of "Funeral Directors" and you may enjoy the prospect of being rushed to the cemetery in a magnificent Motor Hearse.

Still, we can't get away from the hard and nasty fact that if the ordinary wage earner doesn't rush, he will surely get left, and some other fellow, with more stamina, aggressiveness and push, will get his job. And that's the devil of it.

The Hotel is taking the place of the old home we remember dimly through a vista of futile "rushes," or real about with long drawn sighs.

No longer a peaceful haven of refuge, the home has become a sort of depot, or half-way house, between the office and the vaudeville show, with the privacy of a corridor train.

Yet we are surrounded by antidotes; Picture Galleries, Libraries, Museums, Parks and other havens of rest. Unfortunately, we say, we haven't time to rest, and rush to an exciting ball game, or the omnipresent Moving Picture Show, where we can enjoy choice episodes of villainy to stimulate our quivering nerves.

And now that lovely woman has got her vote the mere man will need to put forth every ounce, or volt, or whatever the speed-up thing is called, to keep himself in the front row.

After all, the man with a hobby is the happiest man, even though it consist of such lowly pursuits as stamp-collecting, dominoes or croquet.

The Chess Column has unavoidably been crowded out of this number. It will appear in our next issue.

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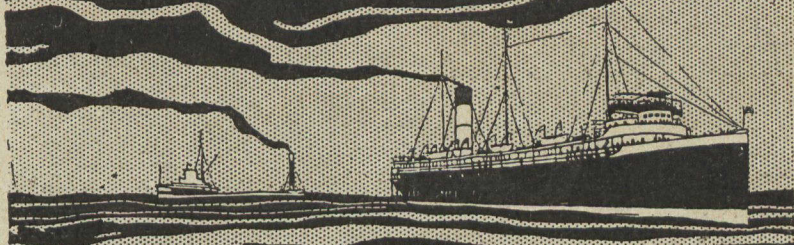
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