

COMMON-SENSE STORY OF THE QUEBEC BRIDGE

By ONE WHO SAW IT COLLAPSE

THE CANADIAN
COURIER

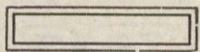
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Toronto

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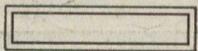
September 23rd, 1916

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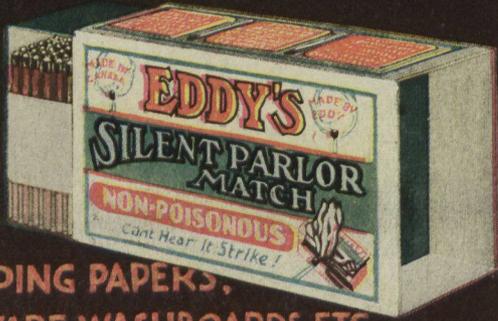
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NATIONAL SHOP WINDOW

In Lighter Vein

CANDIDATE C. E. Hughes seems to be holding Woodrow Wilson to the "strict accountability" that Woodrow once mentioned to the Kaiser.

The grass and the leaves now begin to dry up, in which respect they differ somewhat from humans.

A Detroit man was fined for hitting a woman who refused to flirt with him. There are some things a man may not do—even in Detroit.

Two years ago the Kaiser had a bit of a reputation as a war lord, but now the world knows him as an energetic stump speaker.

"Latest monarch to lead his nation into war" runs a line under Roumanian king's cut. "Lead" is hardly the correct word. Kings don't do that sort of thing now.

A woman is just like an umpire—she never admits that a man's safe when he's out.

Germany sends out the news that the war diet is improving the nation's health. Very true—so far as those are concerned who get the diet.

Hotels are reducing the size of their menu cards on account of the paper shortage. But there is no cut in the prices.

A storm wrecked a U. S. army camp on the Mexican border. Another campaign issue for Candidate Hughes!

Those Ontario Cabinet ministers who have their ears to the ground were evidently unaware that the said ground was charged with electrical discontent.

If that railway strike materialized, it would be the good old public that would "walk out."

And by the way, the prohibitionists surely cannot vote the "full" ticket next fall.

Scheme to provide orchestra for cows at milking time has failed. Some fiddler must have played the tune the old time cow died of.

Germany's foreign trade was \$4,945,000,000 in the year before the war. Now all that's left of it are the 000,000.

WAR NOTES.

As a waggish fellow remarked, Roumania's entry into the war Serbs the Bulgars right.

Acting Minister of Militia McCurdy seems to be able to do Sir Sam's work without imitating Sir Sam's eccentricities.

We hear no more of that chorus from the press of the "too proud to fight" land about "everybody fighting but the British."

If the worst comes and Canada can't quite raise that army of half a million, we can call out the honorary colonels.

The war has caused a shortage of dye-stuffs, and this may justify certain nations in showing the white flag.

When the Germans sink a steamer the correspondents still take the trouble to state whether there were any Americans on board.

We note that a score or two of Hun generals have been retired. The rest are tired.

Would that the Kaiser had a few more sons to put in command of armies. Peace would come sooner.

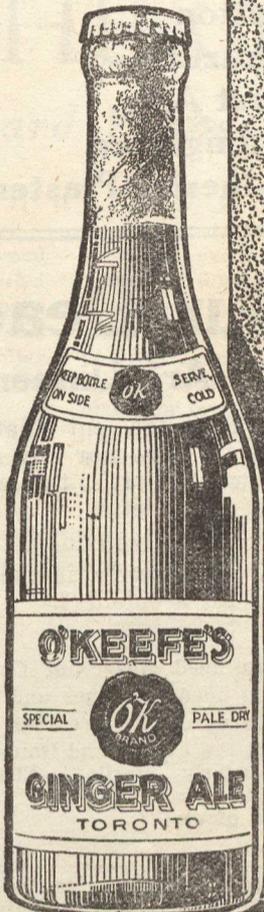
Woodrow Wilson says he is quite indifferent about his re-election. A few hundred thousand office-holding Democrats are slightly interested, however.

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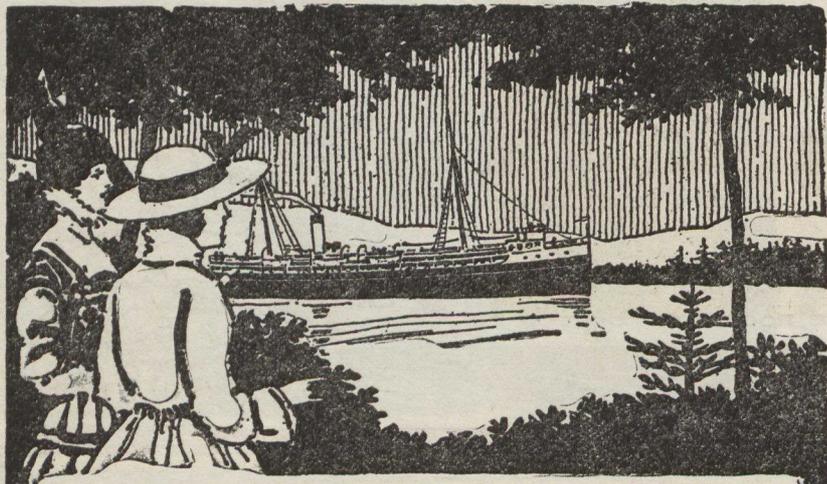
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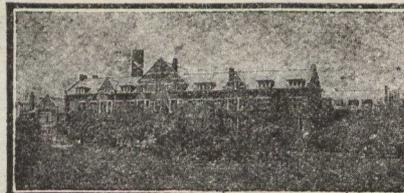
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THE COURIER

Vol. XX.

September 23rd, 1916

No. 17

ONE OF THE ODDEST OF EDITORS

Edmund E. Sheppard Whose Front Page Was His Own Back Yard

WHEN searching round to discover the man that established the freedom of the press in this country we shall never be able to miss a somewhat wizened and picturesque man who lives in a place called Ontario, Cal. Some years ago, Edmund E. Sheppard went to California and the orange groves for his health. When he went there he was about as peculiar a compound of incompatible qualities as one might find outside of jail. He is probably so yet.

But we shall never omit to remember that the founder of Saturday Night did for Canadian newspaperdom of the 80's and 90's in a mild way what Harden has done for the press of Germany. "Shep," as he signed himself on the photo that illustrates this page, had a different sort of newspaper bondage to deal with. Most of it was hide-bondage. And Sheppard, first on the News, afterwards on Saturday Night, was the first man we remember who in any effective way went through our hide-bound, partyized, dogmatized journalism like water through a hose. In establishing himself as the "unbusted" broncho of the newspaper ring, Sheppard did the editors of this country a service they have never forgotten. Even though the bulk of his work was done on a weekly front page he succeeded in proving that when a live editor wants copy he doesn't have to get it by holding a conference with a politician or reading a pack of high-class reviews. Sheppard demonstrated that to turn out the sort of copy that made people look for what he said once a week after all the other leaders had gone over the ground, he needed to horn himself into curious corners that any self-considering editor would be inclined to avoid. He must take up subjects that to other editors would seem at first ridiculous. He must go at threadbare topics with a new kind of motive. All that other editors had said was to Sheppard the very thing he chose not to say. And if that meant to have no particular convictions on some subjects, then convictions be jiggered! The thing was to know that "Shep" had said thus and so on any subject. It might be a gang of newsies shooting craps up a blind alley, some preacher whose gospel seemed to be all wound up in a woollen string, some blase political person in the seats of the mighty who would be the better of somebody's muddy boots, or some fad, fallacy or general obsession that could always stand being poked fun at by a man who knew how to juggle with unusual language and new sets of ideas.

NO doubt Sheppard had as many bigotries and fads of his own as any of the people he attacked on his front page. Which was the main reason why he knew so well how to rip such things up the seams. He took a sort of personal pride in being the repository of everybody's tales of woe and in his sanctum he was a professional maker of opinion who believed that if you want to make people sit up and take notice of an editorial page you must use personal journalism. And personal journalism with Sheppard was not merely recording the opinions and doctrines of one signed Don. It was the mongrel personalism of a crowd put through the mill of the editor who, when he chose to be was himself all things to any people and if he took a contrary notion, rode his broncho head-on over all things and people in general.

It is some while now since he was last seen on Toronto streets. He had then a stick which seemed to be the same old stick he always had, much the same Deadwood Dick style of hat, the same long, delectated moustache, same stoop at the shoulders—shuffling and cogitating along Adelaide St., his old

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

stamping ground, the home of Saturday Night.

But no longer an editor. No, Sheppard has lost interest in any front page. Long since are the days when he used to crack the blacksnake whip over political sinners, pious frauds, foolish people, liars, thieves, scoundrels, and bad doctrinaires in high places or low, and when he could find none worth his ink to write about made up some out of his head. This once truculent editor and proprietor is now a Christian Scientist. His latest book—or was there

of the front page of Saturday Night, formerly editor of the Toronto Evening News, and author of the book called Dolly, and of other rustic sketches which no other urban editor ever had the knack to put over in a newspaper.

HE called himself Don. Others called him "Shep." It made no difference who got to know the identity of the man that first used a "nom de plume" on a front page in Toronto or in Canada. Sheppard had no objection to being spotted on the street. He never tried to avoid his friends or to side-track his enemies. He had plenty of both. Nobody ever said he was a very nice fellow or a rattling good citizen or a credit to Canadian journalism. If Sheppard had ever discovered any particular person as the author of any such platitudes concerning himself, he would have gone after him on the front page as some sort of Sis who hadn't enough virility to be called Hopkins.

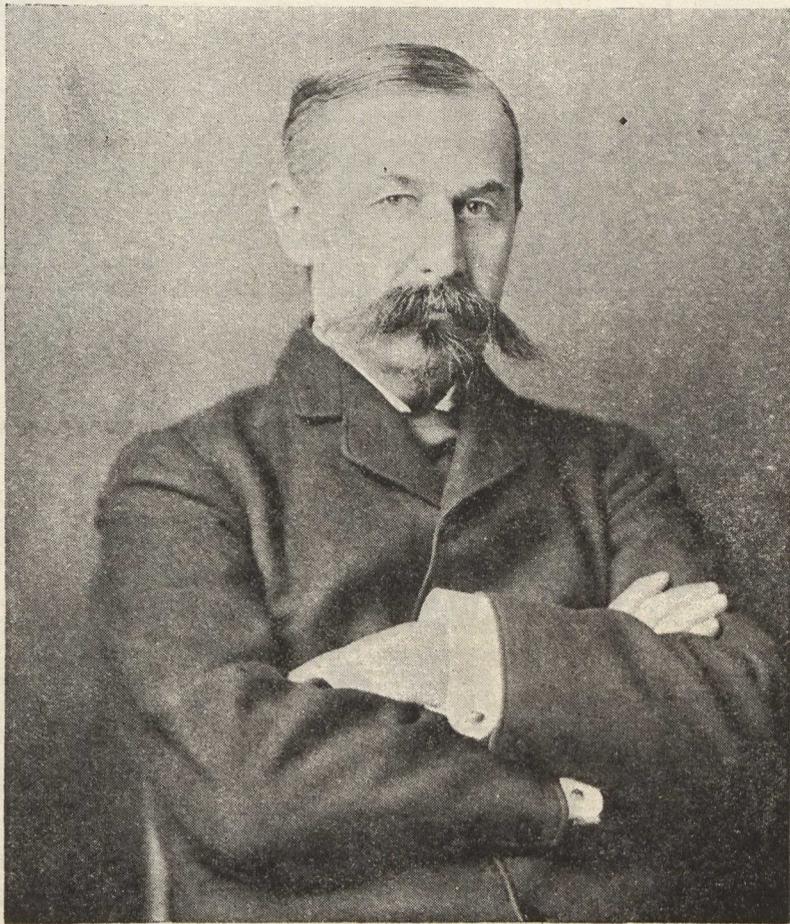
From certain of his deliverances on the front page of Saturday Night we learned that the editor was born and brought up in the vicinity of St. Thomas, Ont. He was nurtured on the cornfield coon-hunt, the fall fair and the barn-raising. He probably went to a few logging-bees and a number of taffy-pulls. As a youth he was a critical adventurer at country dances, a student of revival meetings and a first aid to the injured at any township nomination in the old town hall. He knew the ecstasy of burying his face from ear to ear in a home-grown watermelon stolen from some farmer's cornfield by moonlight, and the stern joy of the feuds over a line fence.

But the township concession line and the lure of the market road leading to the town of St. Thomas were not enough to hold this dangerous-looking farm-son on the voters' lists in that part of Ontario. His trips to St. Thomas probably gave him a number of premonitory thrills. The old Canada Southern branch of the M. C. R. made St. Thomas a kind of American town. It became a sort of Canadian headquarters for the fastest trains known in that part of Canada. And if there was anything else with any speed in Dorchester Tp., Ned Sheppard had never seen it except a cornfield coon going up a five-foot swamp-elm to escape a midnight dog or somebody's horses racing on the gravel road with a girl in each buggy screaming louder than the wheels.

It was all pretty slow for a young man with the kind of face Sheppard had and the sort of gait he struck around the concession lines and the snake fences—that Billy-be-damned look that sometimes without much education burst forth into Rabelaisian language. His prose poem to a balky horse must have been a classic. His anathemas at the person who, at a threshing bee, tried to smother him with sheaves when he was cutting bands may have been conjectured from the glare of his orbs in the dust up at the hole in the wheat-mow.

ANYWAY Sheppard was a bred-in-the-bone agrarian who early in life rebelled against the clods and with most of the inveterate bigotries and prejudices of the townships thick in his brain got away to some school in West Va. How he got from there to Texas and afterwards to Mexico is not stated. But any of his colleagues in Elgin county when asked, "Where was Ned Sheppard last time yeh heard from 'im?" would probably say, "Gosh, he's out o' Texas and down into Mexico. God knows where he'll be next."

For a born farmer with a face and a temperament like Ned Sheppard's to go rebumking among the six-shooting, shaganappi artists of the Lone Star



Edmund E. Sheppard, who on his photograph signs himself "Shep."

one since?—was a mild and suave exposition of some sort of ultimate philosophy. To read it you fancied old Ned was the prize-fighter gone to a pink tea, the cowboy riding a nice family horse, the outlaw gone into raising rhubarb and raspberries.

Anyway, it's something of a miracle. No doubt the man himself will resent being alluded to as any such thing. He was always touchy. Men who wallop the sins of others are usually sensitive about their own shortcomings. Though one never imagines that Sheppard ever wished to be considered a comfortable conventional person and would be disappointed at any failure to recognize in him a psychic element shared by no other editor in Canada. He knows he was the king of all the uncommonplace Canadian editors. He was the Henry Watterson without the violence, the Hearst without the money, the W. T. Stead without the megaphone. No doubt there are some country editors in Canada more like Ned Sheppard used to be than any of these big game among editors. You can observe traces of him in the Bill Nye characteristics of Col. Hugh Clark, owner of the Kincardine Review; Adolphus Smiff, of the Bobcaygeon Independent; and Bob Edwards, who invented the Eye-Opener. But they all missed more or less—mainly more—being the psychic combination of qualities that made Sheppard famous as the founder, proprietor and the weekly surprise package

State and the devil's own country adjacent was quite natural. He stayed in only a short while, long enough to learn the value of a six-shooter, the use of a slouch felt hat of sombrero type, and the peculiar ecstasy of the bucking broncho. He said once to the writer in his Saturday Night den:

"YOUNG man, I could ride a broncho in the face of sure death with a six-shooter in my hand, but if you were sick abed I could weep over you like a mother."

I quite believed that, because he looked the part. However, he pulled out of the bad-man lands at the age of 23 and went up to London on the staff of the Advertiser; down to Toronto on the Mail, in 1878, the year of Sir John Macdonald's victory with the N. P., to which Sheppard was no small contributor; afterwards up to London, Ont., again on the Free Press. London was a shade bigger than St. Thomas, but a thorough-paced Methodist town. Ned Sheppard on Dundas St. or poking about the old G. T. R. station for copy must have been one of its most unusual sights. He afterwards got over to Toledo for a spell, then back to his home town, St. Thomas, editor of the Journal. Here he could listen to the corn-hunt stories and ditch-tax squeals from the farmers he had known in his early youth. And there was no problem too small and no township politician too microscopically mean to escape his attention.

In estimating Sheppard's influence on Canadian newspaperdom it is necessary always to bear in mind this original farm outlook. The farmer of all men sees most clearly and has time to reason. If not, he leaves it alone. He will not hand out snap judgments, but keeps "turnin' it over in his mind." Sheppard always had that ruminant character born of a long-distance skyline and a patient furrow. But when he got into the dark of his den he hatched out conspiracies and dreamed of revolutions. Cursed with the unhappy lot of an editor—when circumstances refused to make him anything else—he took revenge on fate by ripping up the comfortable smug ways of other people.

Biographically, he is credited with a creed. As edi-

tor of the Toronto News it was never his beliefs that counted so much as his disagreements. Sheppard knew how to be the most interestingly disagreeable man in Canada. In his benigner moments he wrote character sketches of folk he had known in the farm. Always that genial background.

The most outstanding episode in his News editorship was the affair over the 65th Regiment, of Montreal, which the News criticized for its alleged non-doings or misdoings in the Rebellion of 1885. As Sheppard was an Orangeman, the French-Canadian artillery people possibly scented some conspiracy. Sheppard was confronted with an action for libel. When he appeared in Montreal he was surrounded by a mob. There was no mistaking him. He was the man. The Frenchmen crowded round the Hotel de Ville and for a little while it was one of those uncomfortable moments experienced in Texas or Mexico. It is said that the editor pulled from his pocket a six-shooter. Afterwards he was permitted to enter the court-house. He conducted his own defence. His address to the jury was a masterpiece of vitriolic satire. It was proven that he did not write the article condemning the 65th. However, as editor he was responsible. He was fined \$400 and undertook to promise that he would engage no further in daily newspaper publication.

THE editor kept his promise. He left the News. In a few weeks with what money he had and could acquire through the formation of a small company he started Saturday Night. That was in December, 1887. The first issue was enough to convince the public that the idea of muzzling Sheppard was a dream. His front page editorials signed "Don" were furiously popular. Here was a man to whom a wad of copy paper and a pencil were as good as a square meal to a tramp. His column was headed Things in General. It was a new kind of masculine writing. People bought the paper who never cared if the inside was printed upside down so long as they could read the editorials.

"I never claimed to be brilliant," he once said to the writer, in his gloomy den opposite the slowest

elevator in town. "But, by God! I'm psychic."

I have never doubted it. With all his faculty for getting information—and people gravitated to him with their grievances—he often made a little knowledge become a very dangerous thing—to other people. He was no great student of history or belles lettres, and never had a great deal of use for mere academic studies. His one peculiar intellectual hobby was a sort of psychology which was never found entire in any extant works on that subject. And when Sheppard turned his psychics on a man in the public eye he made him feel about the way a young Jehu with a girl in the buggy used to feel on a dark night when some enemy put nails in the road.

SHEPPARD, with his psychic methods, always had that personal idea regarding people whom religion and society and political usage permitted to go on being fakes, impostors, or humbugs. He personally hated them. In transmitting his dislike to his front page he became the author of the most powerful personal journalism ever known up to that time in this country. He was just as likely to go to extremes in exalting some obscure, humble or downtrodden person into a position of social equality. It delighted the submerging tenth to see the sins of their social or financial superiors excoriated by the editor. And many a respectable citizen read that front page in order to see how some equally respectable friend of his was getting his hide nailed to the editor's fence. Society, as Sheppard saw it, was considerably a humbug, and he satirized it. In doing so he ignored delicate sarcasms which he had never learned and cracked his editorial black-snake.

But he was not habitually savage. He was weirdly sympathetic. He saw the hidden virtues of the "vag" and the obvious sins of the smug churchgoer. He had a red-rag aversion to other political prophets, and especially to Goldwin Smith, whose learning he respected, but whose doctrines he never could abide. Once alluding to Dr. Andrew Smith, head of the veterinary college, he said on his front page: "Doc

(Continued on page 21.)

THE UNASKED QUESTION

THE O. P.* was a squat Belgian farm house, just under the crest of the hill which sloped gently up for a hundred yards or so and then dropped away to the front line, flattening itself out in No Man's Land. Quite an illogical place for a farm house, one would have thought, particularly as the wood was coolly inviting only some thirty yards behind it, on the steeper slope where the Rest Billets (ironic term) were situated. But from an observer's point of view it was ideal. Save for the roof, it was quite hidden from the Hun by the rising ground; and the roof itself, from which one could scan all the valley below, was a dingy green, harmonizing perfectly with the dark trees behind.

There was nothing prepossessing about the O. P. Half the walls and almost all the flooring had been commandeered by the infantry to serve in the erection of Rest Billets. The battery had replaced the missing bricks to a great extent by sandbags, whose mouldy exteriors did not detract from the general air of decay and dissolution that pervaded the whole place. Beside the door was an open drain surrounded by a clump of Lombardy poplars, which did duty as posts for the telephone wires. A disreputable shed, which gave one the impression of staggering drunkenly before its final collapse, and a heap of broken china and rusty tins piled under the ragged willow hedge surrounding the place, completed the picture.

Inside the door and a little below the ground level was the "tube," or operator's quarters, made of corrugated iron, with half a dozen rows of sandbags and rubble on top. Here on a floor space of six feet by nine, worked, slept, and ate, the two telephonists and the observing officer on duty. From the tube a makeshift ladder led up to one of the chimneys, or rather to a barrel that replaced what had once been a chimney. From here the observing was done and orders transmitted to the operator through a piece of hose pipe.

The O. P. was the envy of the brigade. For nine months the Hun had never placed a shell within a hundred and fifty yards of it, except once by accident when a couple of "whizz-bangs" dropping short of

By A CANADIAN AT THE FRONT

the Wood had brought the observing officer down the ladder in an undignified and precipitate manner. "Deuced funny," the Colonel would remark every time he was at the battery, "that the Bosche hasn't spotted you yet. But perhaps not; I don't believe he can see you, you know, with the Wood as a background. If he ever does, though, my word, you'll catch it hot." However, in spite of the fact that it had so far been unmolested, the O. P. was sanguine in its pretence at being proof against all "small stuff." Eight hundred sandbags, with some tons of rubble between them, looked vastly reassuring, not to mention the 3-16 inch steel "tube" and the remains of the original brick wall.

But it was not only its isolated security that made the O. P. the envy of the brigade. From the two-by-four slit in the side of the barrel the whole of the apparently uninteresting valley below could be watched. Through a pair of binoculars the scarce perceptible brown line that threaded its irregular course along the base of the Hill swelled at once into a well rivetted and orderly trench. Further again a grey haze defined our own and the Hun wire, and a second brown thread outlined the Hun trench. Save for a score of ruined farm houses the rising ground behind seemed innocuous enough to an unpractised eye, but under constant studying, there appeared, one after another, among the poplars and the willow hedges, machine gun emplacements, support and communication trenches, and, on rare and by us justly celebrated occasions, a trench mortar emplacement or a forward gun position. Further back still lay the ruins of a once quaintly picturesque Belgian town; its dilapidated church spire still struggled to maintain a partial dignity. To the left a second village and the remains of a railway embankment. Immediately in front of the O. P. and running diagonally across the Hill face was the "gas trench," parallel with which, by some strange decree of the G. H. Q., a beautifully neat row of painfully shiny new wire had been erected.

In the yellow haze of the waning afternoon the Subaltern was watching the valley. It was his first term of duty at the O. P., as he had only joined the Battery from the Reserve Brigade some three days

previously, although he had, of course, been up the previous day with another of the Battery officers—being "shown the ropes." The very newness of the business made him more than ordinarily alert; he had almost grudged the ten minutes when he had to leave the barrel for lunch.

The Battery was not firing that day. There was little doing that warranted any expenditure of ammunition, and he had instructions not to fire unless an obvious target appeared or he had orders from the Battery. So he had spent the morning with the Bombardier Telephonist getting acquainted with the "area." He let his glasses drop—his eyes were tiring, and listened to the intermittent firing that was going on. A Field Battery was shooting spasmodically somewhere behind the billets, and three heavy reports in quick succession every now and again told of a round of howitzer battery fire. Guns all around him—not frequently in themselves, but altogether giving the sum effect of quite continuous bombardment. High over head a German plane was being shelled by "Archibalds." Always behind it, it seemed, sudden little balls of white smoke appeared, strangely quietly, as if they had no connection whatever with the viciously barking little gun somewhere in those haystacks behind the Hill. Presently one of our own planes went up, and the Subaltern could hear the faint rattle of machine guns as the two circled round one another. He watched them idly until they drifted out of view. Once in a while the singing whistle of a twelve-inch naval shell precluded the muffled report of the gun. A long way back that gun, mounted on concrete near the Divisional Park. He had seen it on his way up from the Column.

One of the telephonists below switched on the gramophone. "Rum place for a gramophone," thought the Subaltern, and then with almost a shock he realized the tune, Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois." Curious that, he had been learning it when he took his commission and joined the Reserve Brigade. Devilish awkward double-stopping there was, too. Why hadn't he kept up his playing? Should have, perhaps, but it would have been pretty hard in the R. B.—they worked you there. Jove, how they worked you! Stables and a numnah ride at six-thirty; stables again; gun drill and lectures in the morning.

(Continued on page 19.)

*Observation Point.

WHAT'S NEW IN THE WAR?

How the German Offensive is Petering Out on All Fronts

COMPLICATIONS have set in. This sounds like a serious illness. So it is—Germany's. The Kaiser's latest slogan,

B Y A N O N - E X P E R T

"Offensive at Salonika, defensive on all other fronts," is the formula that contains the explanation. There has been a psycho-pathic change at Berlin. The State doctors are puzzled. This business of acting on the defensive is a new symptom. The Kaiser doesn't like it. But he has to admit it—like a cold sore on his lip.

From all accounts, neutral and otherwise, this doctrine of attacking where the Entente may seem to be the weakest and trying to hold on everywhere else is a bad admission for Germany. The entry of Roumania did as much as anything else to bring it about. But there are other factors. This whole business of conducting a war on half a dozen fronts at once operating from a common centre is becoming awkward for the Kaiser. It was good so long as Germany was acting on the offensive wherever and whenever and to what extent she pleased. It is bad when it comes to a case of holding lines on all other fronts but Salonika.

The whole genius of the German idea was to heap up offensives. By this means the Germans could keep the Entente belligerents guessing as to what sector or hundred-mile section of front Germany might choose to break out next, as she did at Verdun. Now the shoe has changed feet. It is the Germans who are guessing where the Allies will strike next. Germany struck at Verdun. The British and the French are still striking at the Somme. There is a vast difference between these two offensives. One is a German failure that cost the French more than any of their own failures in the past. The other is a successful movement that is still going on. Verdun is one of those display games that had and still have a certain value at home among a restless people. The Somme is one of those quiet, somewhat slow but everlastingly efficient games that continue to steal bases from the enemy, pushing him gradually back towards the Rhine, though not as yet very dangerously close to it.

IN the Somme offensive it has been clearly shown that the British and the French can get through the first, second and third lines of defence. What lines the Germans are contriving to build behind will not be known until the British and the French take them, which will not be anything like the difficult job it was to take the original defences. The failure at Verdun and the success at the Somme have completely changed the attitude of Germany on the western front. At present all Germany aims to do is to hold what she has; and she is failing to do it.

Experts who have war maps on their desks all the time point out that it is only on the western front that Germany can afford to withdraw and by so doing shorten her lines. They also allege rather mockingly that the western front is the only place where Germany can't afford to let the Russians drive over Galicia and hammer at the Carpathians, the Roumanians worry Bulgaria and the Italians harry Austria; but she can't afford to admit that she is losing ground on the main side of the struggle which is not the East, but the West.

Why is this? It is evidently only too plain. The war is

not now and has not been for some time so much against France, Russia and Italy as against England. To withdraw on the western front would be an admission that the weight of England is driving Germany back. It was long ago known that France had put her whole known man-weight into action, and that when she had got all her men into the field she could begin to perpetrate the most awfulartil-

strategy for the Germans. The only trouble is that they are not able to back it up with the good old English slogan, "What we have we hold." On the east front they are in an equally bad way on a different scale. The long lines are enormously hard to hold. There is no further German advance away from the centre. Long ago they got too far, thanks to Hindenburg and Mackensen, and at a time when they had no idea that Russia could come back as she has been doing of late. They could not afford to voluntarily withdraw even on that front. And the experts say that even to do so on that front would not shorten the lines and therefore would not give Germany any advantage except shorter lines of communication.

THE entry of Roumania has added at least 350 miles to the length of the eastern front. It has also added anywhere between 600,000 and 1,000,000 of a hostile army against the Central Powers. This is not a situation that can be remedied by putting up one man and putting down another. Hindenburg may be a great general, but he can't fight against stars. Mackensen seems to be slowing down as a popular idol.

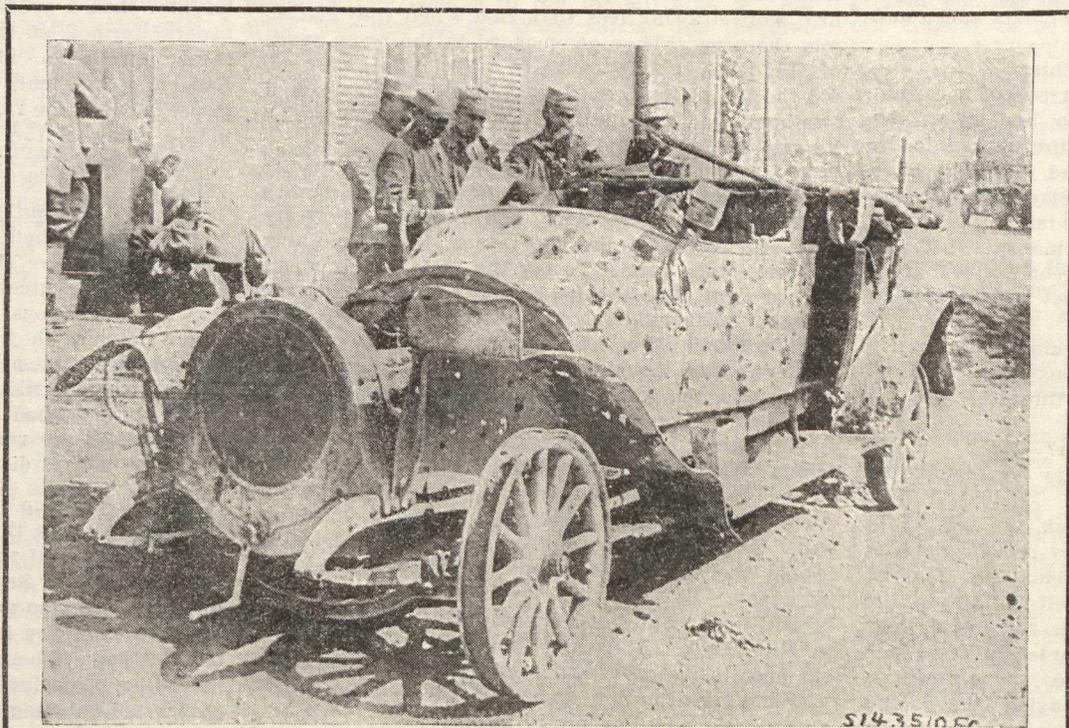
In fact, when we come to count up the great generals under the Central Powers we have no such list as seems to be at the command of the Entente. The French were never so strong in big generalship. The Russians have Brusiloff and all his school. The British are admittedly inferior to the French in field generals, but are developing men as they need them.

So that offensive at Salonika seems to be the Kaiser's most obvious way out of a great difficulty. There, however, he has Gen. Sarrail to contend with, and Sarrail has no hostile or even doubtful Greece in his rear with an attacking army. Sarrail's silence has long been a cause of conjecture. He also seems to know how to wait. The recent victory of the diplomats at Bucharest has given him Roumania in the north to weaken any attack on his lines. Bulgaria is in a demobilized condition. To hurl any effective offensive against Sarrail will take all the war wisdom in the great council recently called by the Kaiser. And it will be done at the expense of thinning the lines on other fronts.

NO longer has Germany any mysterious and miraculous sources of power from which to create new and startling offensives. Her big cards are all on the table. The best she can do now is to hang on as bravely as she may. The day she decides that a long defensive is the only thing she can keep up, the sooner the war will have entered into its final phase.

And that day is not so far off. Germany on the complete defensive may mean a long war before Germany is finally beaten the way the Allies are determined to beat her. But it will be the real beginning of the end when the Central Empires no longer bamboozle themselves and their patient people into believing that they can hurl any more gigantic offensives that scare anybody in London, Paris or Petrograd. The most recent feature in the Somme offensive is the sudden and dramatic appearance of the new British armoured cars called "tanks."

What these are is not definitely explained. But in sudden death to the Germans at the end of last week they were regarded as the last word.



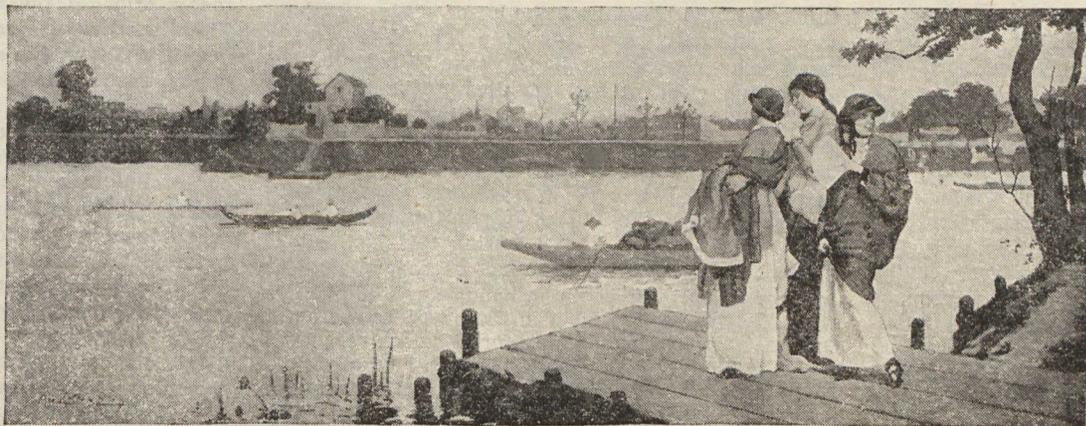
This bullet-riddled French Army auto is proof that the age of miracles is not passed. The car carried three dispatch bearers across a dangerous zone of the Somme fighting front. German bullets pierced it through and through, ripping the tires to pieces. The officers reached their destination uninjured, thanks to the wonderful courage and coolness of the French chauffeur who stuck to his driving wheel, though severely wounded in the right arm and left hand.

lery drama ever known even in this war. But it was not known and is not yet known what man-strength coupled with artillery power England can bring on to that front against Germany. That problem is still being worked out, and Germany not only knows it, but is afraid of it.

So the best the once blustering war lords can do now is to appear to be holding what they have got, so that the German army and the people at home may not suspect that Britain is getting in her mighty shove.

No doubt Germany would be glad if England would decide to bring on one grand offensive such as they themselves launched at Verdun. But that is precisely where England will not be drawn into a mistake. Britain knows the value of waiting. Joffre long ago set the pace for nibbling. So long as the two combined can defeat the German offensive at Verdun and at the same time put a crescendo on the Franco-British offensive at the Somme and elsewhere, so long Germany may be permitted to substitute conjecture for bluster in wondering what better to do next on that front to keep up appearances.

So, defensive on the west front seems to be good



The Banks of the Marne, by Andre Chapay. One of the pictures in the recent great modern French collection at the Canadian National Exhibition.

SPOON-FEEDING THE WORKERS

By BRITTON B. COOKE

A MONTH ago the Grand Trunk Railway announced increases in pay for several thousand trainmen. There was no strike just about to be called.

The Grand Trunk was not suddenly eager to part with money.

No government, union or sudden twinge of conscience had urged the step.

The men to whom the increase was given were not any better men, nor any harder worked than in other days.

The announcement was made in cold blood.

The wives of conductors, brakemen, firemen and engineers are now buying more ice-cream cones and silk hosiery accordingly.

That for a first mystery. Now this:

Two weeks ago the delivery waggons of a certain famous department store failed to line up at the usual curb at the usual hour for their usual loads. The drivers were gathered, instead, in the huge cement stable, talking. They had scarcely been talking half an hour when the foreman interrupted them with a message from the general manager. It was a brief message. He had been overcome with a great yearning—to raise their pay. In fact he had decided to do so!

The drivers listened, nodded, grinned. In twenty minutes they were loading their waggons.

That general manager a philanthropist? No.

L-loved his men? No.

They were such competent men? No.

They had sent word that they contemplated striking? No.

For few sensible workmen think of striking in Canada now-a-days. If weary—they rest in working hours. Should they require cushions for fevered brows the general manager himself is like as not to fetch 'em. Do starving families require of their bread-winners higher incomes in order to keep pace with the styles in hosiery and gloves? The workmen need only sigh and be seen studying the "Men Wanted" columns of the daily papers. Forthwith the foreman will repair to the cashier and the cashier will hurry to the G. M. and the G. M. will send a personal letter to each fluctuating work-gentleman to the effect that his pay has increased. Brotherly love? Rubbish. That general manager, if he dared, would issue forth into his workshop and strangle personally and with slow, hellish joy, every mother's son of his staff. Alone in his office he luxuriates in such terms as loafers, swindlers, inefficient, bums, dope-eaters, wasters! And the words are not always misapplied. Yet he has a standing advertisement in three evening newspapers offering pick and shovel men 35 cents per hour, ten hours per day! And when one applies his foreman doesn't keep the precious jewel waiting, either.

The Canadian army is still being assembled on the voluntary system. Under that system England saw her arsenals and ship-yards stripped of men while stalwart clerks in law offices and candy-shops remained dutifully at their tasks. England ended that evil. In Canada we continue to hound the most sensitive men into the ranks by bullying, abuse, innuendo and insult, and we insist that it is a voluntary system. We keep at home the less sensitive and therefore the less conscientious and less skillful. Inefficients command high pay where efficient, now in khaki, drew thirty per cent. less. Inefficients are prospering, marrying and breeding more inefficient, while the efficient are doing squad drill at Camp Borden or fighting in Flanders.

YOUR wife may have an obliging bread man, but the chances are that if she says: "Oh, I don't want that sort of a loaf to-day. I'd like a Hindenberg Twist"—or something of that sort—the driver will say: "Certainly, lady!" and hurry away and forget to come back, or he will say, "Sorry, lady. That's all I have left," or he will fetch the Hindenberg Twist and thrust it into the maid's hands with the air of a bored martyr. In other words, the average modern bread-waggon driver is restless and in a hurry. Life bristles with jobs. He may quit this bread-route to-day and take up a very gentlemanly job as invoice clerk in a woollen warehouse down-town. He has no interest in pleasing his customers and building up his route. He is ready any moment to "jump" and would as lief tell his foreman to "go chase y'self," as ask for another two dollars per week. Bread managers say their men are, on the average, only fifty per cent. efficient. They are drawing 35 per cent. more pay. Thus fifty units of labour, in that trade, cost 135 units of pay instead

of fifty units of pay, as used to be the scale.

Toronto's most important industry is the making of factory-made clothing for women. The materials alone for whitewear, dresses and waists made in Toronto factories total over six million dollars a year. The wages amount to over four million dollars a year. What the labour situation is in that trade may be judged from this. A lad of eighteen walked into a garment factory office asking for a job. Experience? None. What wage would he expect to start at? Fourteen dollars a week! And he got it. Lads who had been three and four years with that firm were drawing less than that when they left to join the army. They commenced in the boom years of 1911-12-13 at nine dollars a week! But, even so, did the lad at fourteen a week remain? He worked two hours and then quit. "I don't care for the work," he said, as he donned his coat.

The "garment trade" has a special difficulty to meet. As everybody knows, the Hebrew is the world's neatest tailor. In Montreal and Toronto, five years ago, practically all the "operators" in the clothing factories were Jews. To-day the ratio stands about 80 per cent. Hebrew to 20 per cent. Gentile, and among "finishers" and "examiners" the proportion is "fifty-fifty." War frightens the gentle Jew. I do not think this should be taken as a reflection on his courage, for the Jewish race has often shown courage of a kind hard to find among Gentiles. But the Jew in America is a man without a country. His nation is his race, and though other races, such as the British, may fight as a single state, the Jew in Canada feels no call to interfere. Let him make "leddies suits" or uniforms for soldiers, let him sit crossed-legged all day long in a foul workshop and he will be happy. But mention conscription! Or national registration! And the Jew scuttles across the border to New York. Thus the Canadian garment trade has been losing operators in considerable numbers.

"What's the matter, Izzy? Pay not enough?"

"No. Oh, no. Pay pretty good."

"Well, why do y' want t' leave? Sick?"

"N-no. Not sick."

"Then what y' want t' quit us for?"

"Oh. Just thought maybe I better see what's doin' in N' York."

Izzy is secretive, but a certain connection between the times of his emigration and the periodical talk of conscription in the newspapers has given his motives away.

Prohibition is another queer factor in the situation. A certain type of workman—not the best type—takes advantage of the scarcity of his kind, to register a protest against the abatement of his "rights." He enters the office of the employment agent—this type of labour is handled almost exclusively by agencies—and with great condescension intimates that he might be tempted to work if the agent has any dainty trifles like cutting cord-wood at a charcoal works, or lumbering at say three-fifty to four or five dollars a day.

The agent looks over his list.

"How about Muskoka?" he hints, delicately.

"Muskoka? Dahm't like Muskoka. Raw-t'n. Anythink doin' in Mawntreal?"

"Y-es. I can place you in Montreal, but—"

"Wages the syme?"

"Yes, but—"

"Gimme Montreal. Blawed if I'll work in a damned prohibition country! Gimme Montreal."

Prohibition is chasing the booze artist out of the dry provinces. It may be a little hard on the employers, but in the end—? At all events, between enlistment and prohibition the lower grades of labour grow continually more coy of a job. Last year a good husky sawyer was glad to take 95 cents a cord for sawing wood at the chemical works (for charcoal). Bushmen were once made happy with \$30 a month and board. Now they refuse \$40 in a dry district. When immigration was heavy a farm hand expected from \$20 to \$25 a month on a six months' contract. With the falling off in immigration the price rose to \$30 and \$35. During this last season it touched fifty dollars. Competent carpenters who were once worth 30 cents an hour refuse to take less than 45 cents on contracts in their own home towns. On the train leaving London for Windsor recently I met a party of seventy-eight men—all carpenters—going down on a Windsor contract at fifty cents per hour. It sounded like old boom-day talk in Vancouver. So also with railway trackmen who once languished on 17 cents an hour. Without hint of a strike they obtained 25 cents to 30 cents an hour.

Two things result from this temporary shortage of labour. One is the general slowing up of production. The other is the mad striving of the underdogs to get out from under, to get up—up—up! When you learn the facts and come to picture the situation in your own mind it is pathetic and yet heroic. For example, take Terence McGee, who was a teamster before the war broke out. Will Terence handle ribbons any more, or cluck to his sleek chestnut team as they plod through the mud outside the freight sheds? Terence will not. He is striving for an indoor job, an office job, a desk job if he can get it. And he does get them only to lose them again because Heaven didn't see fit to make him any brighter than a good teamster should be. So in the general turmoil of the labour market you will find these underdogs striving to raise themselves. Desperate, insistent, sometimes defiant. They want to get in out of the rain and wet. They hate splinters in the palms of the hands, and late hours and the smell of the horses sweating in the stables. They want—but most of all their wives who push them into it—to be gentlefolk. Lord save their honest, stupid faces. Their wives read the Ladies' Home Journal and crave the washed-out talcum-powdered elegance of "genteel" living. When there was no war the under-dogs didn't care. They didn't dare care. But now they struggle and struggle and most of them lose what promotions they do win, by reaching still too far till they try a job too big and fall down. It is a good sign and a bad sign all in one. It is good to see men and women ambitious. It is bad to be always discontented.

THE slowing up shows most in transportation. Once upon a time you were charged demurrage on a freight car if you were longer than 24 hours in unloading it after its arrival in your city. Demurrage is almost forgotten now. The cars may stand waiting a month after you have had the contents cleared at the Customs. There is no way of speeding up the unloading operations. The same is true of express orders and outgoing freight. There is almost always a two-day delay in getting the stuff away from the point of shipment. This sort of thing hurts. The railways and steamship companies try in vain to get back to their old speed. How difficult it is may be shown by the experience of a lake carrier company. Once they could hire dock labour at twenty-five cents an hour "flat." That meant twenty-five cents whether the work was at night, on Sunday, or in ordinary hours. Now the rate is 35 cents an hour for day work; 40 cents for night work, and 50 cents on Sunday. Perhaps it should always have been so. But the companies say the men are loafers at that. They dawdle because they know they won't be fired. They are mostly Italians and Russians. "The Russians," say the employers, "are the better workers." If transportation is slowed up, production isn't. It stands about normal in spite of the inefficient labour. The reason for this, I am told, is the woman worker. There are far more women working in Canadian factories—and not just whitewear factories, either—than most of us suspect. Women, Chinamen and negroes from the Southern States have saved the situation for many manufacturers in Canada. Of them all the women have proved the best substitutes for ordinary white male labour.

If you live in a certain Canadian city you are almost certain to have attended the Royal — theatre. The Royal —, as you know, is in one of the new factory districts. It is surrounded by factories. Right next door to the theatre is a factory whose blinds are always drawn when the evening performances in the theatre begin. In the day-time net curtains screen the interior of the factory from outside curiosity. There is no nameplate on the building and no sign of activity. Yet within a stone's throw of the audiences in the theatre three hundred women work day and night making fuses! If Canadian men couldn't be trusted to make fuses at least Canadian women apparently can. Three shifts of three hundred each enter and leave that building at their appointed hours. At other hours the fuses leave the shipping-room door by the dray-load. Women have given wonderful demonstrations of their ability in Canadian factories. The story is told of a factory that once turned out 4,000 shells of a certain calibre a week. That was with full male equipment. Little by little the staff dwindled till the factory had to be shut down. An attempt was then made to run it with boys and old men. The output dropped to two thousand shells a week. Then inexperienced women were brought in. In five weeks the factory was up to full capacity again, four thousand shells per week.

HUGHES, HYPHENS AND EDITORS

By THE MONOCLE MAN

SPEAKING as a private citizen of Canada, there is one tendency on the part of some of the gentlemen who drive the public pens on the metropolitan press of our country which I cannot understand. They write articles which would lead any American voter who happened to see them—and who was Canadian or British in sympathy and origin—to mark his ballot for Candidate Hughes for the Presidency. Now there are a lot of Canadians who vote in the United States. Many of these still read the "home papers"—the Canadian papers they were wont to read when they lived in the Dominion. Many of them would still be much more influenced by such big issues as the attitude of the Presidential candidates toward this world-war in which British citizens are dying by the hundred thousand than by local American party catch-cries. And, being busy men, isolated from Canadian opinion, their judgment as to what this attitude really is would be affected by what they saw in the Canadian press. If the Canadian press seemed to be pulling for Hughes, they having been profoundly disgusted by the "too proud to fight" attitude of President Wilson, and noting that Roosevelt, too, was actively campaigning for Hughes—would be very apt to take the Democratic exposure of Hughes' position as so much party politics and cast their votes for the Whiskered Sphinx.

AND, in so doing, they would be voting side by side with every hyphenated American with a German accent from Maine to California. They would be helping to elect the hyphens' candidate. No one who has followed recent American politics or visited American cities since the campaign opened can be in the smallest doubt on this point. The moment Hughes was nominated over Roosevelt in Chicago, the hyphens began to rally to him. The German-American press—some of it so Democratic in origin as to wear the name "Democrat"—swung as one man into the Republican-Hughes column. Germans who had been with Roosevelt in the Progressive party, did not wait for Teddy to say whether he would accept the Progressive nomination, or for the Progressive party to take action as a party; but rushed into print to announce that they, at all events, would support Hughes. Personally, I am quite confident that the nomination of Hughes was the result of a secret bargain between the Republican "bosses"

and the leaders of the powerful pro-German organization. They said to the "bosses" in effect—"Nominate Roosevelt, and we will go against him in a body, and beat him. Nominate Hughes, and we will go for him in a body, and beat Wilson." And the "bosses" candidly closed with the proposition, capturing the big German vote—and hoping to get Roosevelt to keep the pro-Ally vote in line.

BUT Hughes is for Americanism, it will be said. So is everybody, including the hyphens. It is like being for religion, in the abstract. No man would be fool enough to run for anything in "America" who was not for Americanism. But the practical point is that, if the hyphens elect Hughes President, Hughes will know to whom he owes his election; and from the hour of his inauguration he will try, day and night, to keep that victorious combination in line to secure his re-election. The hyphens have never been behind Wilson. Most of them were Republicans, anyway. They have only been trying to scare him. But they will be behind Hughes if they elect him; and Hughes will seek to keep them right there. Does any one imagine that this will not affect his attitude toward war questions? Of course, he will not—any more than Wilson—be able to permit without protest the drowning of American citizens; but he can be much more exigent than Wilson on other matters, such as right of search, censoring mail, what constitutes a blockade, munitions, finance, as well as all the complicated questions that would come up if a Peace Conference were to sit during his term of office.

THE Hughes campaign is being very cleverly managed. Hughes is quite as much a sphinx as he was before his nomination, when the ermine of the Supreme Court gagged him, so far as the issues of this Great War are at stake. He is willing to talk as hard as you like about Wilson's inaction in Mexico—there is no hyphenated Mexican vote worth considering. But he keeps carefully away from German misdeeds. He concentrates on domestic issues. He talks anything but the biggest question in history which lies right under his nose. Imagine what a different campaign we would have

had, if Teddy had been nominated! His speeches would ring with the Lusitania tragedy, the raiding and raping of Belgium, the atrocities in France, the Berlin blow at human liberty. Not a word of this from Hughes. But not a word, either, of the contrary sort. He cannot afford to alarm the strong pro-Ally feeling of the genuine American people. Roosevelt, meanwhile, is put up to keep the pro-Ally quiet. He is supposed to have received private assurances; and these Canadian editors make much of these private assurances, of which they can, of course, know nothing. But they say they are satisfied if Teddy—outspoken and courageous Teddy—is satisfied. What, in ambition's name, could Teddy pretend to be but satisfied under present political conditions? Can he afford to permit Hughes to be elected, with Roosevelt sulking in his tent? Isn't his obvious course, to be "regular" this year, when he is not running himself, on the chance that Hughes may make a failure of it before 1920? Hughes may prove to be another Taft, when Teddy will be right in line. Teddy is no angel, but a politician. If he had been an angel, he would have stuck to the Progressives this year.

I AM not saying that our Canadian editors ought to oppose Hughes. I think they ought not. I would not write this frank article if I were writing an editorial. Hughes may be elected; and it will then be best for our public journals to be on friendly terms with him. It would be a fatal mistake for them to put themselves in such a position that they would share Wilson's defeat with him. The British journals are taking no such risks, though they perfectly understand the political situation across the line—that is, the better informed of them do. The proper attitude for all British public prints and public men is neutrality. But, for the love of Mike, let them not go out of their way to cast a Canadian vote for Hughes by creating the impression among Canadian-Americans that he is about the same thing that Roosevelt would have been had he got the Republican nomination. As a private citizen, I can say that much, no one being responsible for my remarks save myself. Wilson may not be very good. I was dead against him myself when I hoped that Roosevelt would be his opponent. But he is far better than the hyphens' candidate. I would support him now for the enemies he has made.

THE BRIDGE THAT WENT BELOW

Exclusive to the Canadian Courier From One Who Saw the Quebec Bridge Disaster

By W. A. CRAICK

AT a time when Europe is full of blown-up bridges, when wealth is being shot away every day by hundreds of millions, and human lives snuffed out sometimes thousands in a day, perhaps we in Canada should regard the Quebec Bridge calamity as a mere episode of the unexpected. But we don't. A man a thousand miles away that gets his only idea of the thing from the newspapers may feel that way about it. Anybody who saw that centre span drift on a rising tide out of the morning mist, as I did; saw her swing into place between the cantilevers, saw her begin to rise slowly and the pontoons slip away down stream—and an hour or two later saw that great house of steel topple into the river and vanish like a stone—would probably feel that a national catastrophe had happened.

Quebec, which felt the glory of the Tercentenary in 1908, the sadness of the first Quebec Bridge downfall in 1907, and the sombre tragedy of the Essex bringing in her load of Empress of Ireland survivors in 1913, was never quite so strangely worked up as she was on Monday, September 11, 1916. The city that had not even taken time to go to bed, that crammed ferries to Levis long before daylight and crowded the road from Levis to the bridge before sunrise, saw that dream come to a climax and a thrill—and in ten seconds come to an end. It was a strange, sad moment in the midst of a triumph.

This is a country of great railways, big canals, tremendous tunnels and all sorts of grade-conquering exploits in the Rockies. By evening of September 11 the tremendous trilogy of steel spanning the St. Lawrence would have been one more everlasting part of visible achievement. Travelers from any part of the world would have looked upon the great Quebec Bridge from the foredeck of any ocean liner

below knowing that the railroad highway above was one of the great engineering accomplishments of the world, in height less than the Brooklyn, but in massiveness greater; in both height and bulk greater than the suspension at Niagara; in general style most comparable to the bridge over the Firth of Forth; in every way a greater work than the Victoria Bridge at Montreal, which seems like a rustic bridge in comparison. It was part of one of the constructive, federalizing dreams of the epoch beginning with the new century. That thundering highway 400 feet above the bed of the St. Lawrence was to be the common meeting ground of all our transcontinentals and of several other railways. It was to carry commonplace trolley cars and waggons and cabs and drays and foot passengers. The newest note in iron and steel spanning the greatest navigable river in Canada, it was to be not only one of the engineering marvels of modern times, but a highway of common traffic as human as London Bridge or the Pyramids.

From the foredeck of the steamer in the early morning with a head wind pranking up the river you gazed up at this incomplete dual monster, the two shore spans with arms extended over the St. Lawrence. Years upon years of national patience, engineering and steel had gone into those cantilevers. Governments had come and gone while those spans grew there on the north and the south shore. The great expansion all over Canada came to a climax and slumped again. Big men passed off the stage of action, such men as Strathcona, Van Horne, Tupper, who had almost expected to see their last years of national effort crowned by the sight of this bridge. The Tercentenary came one year after the first disaster, when for a while the thousands of people

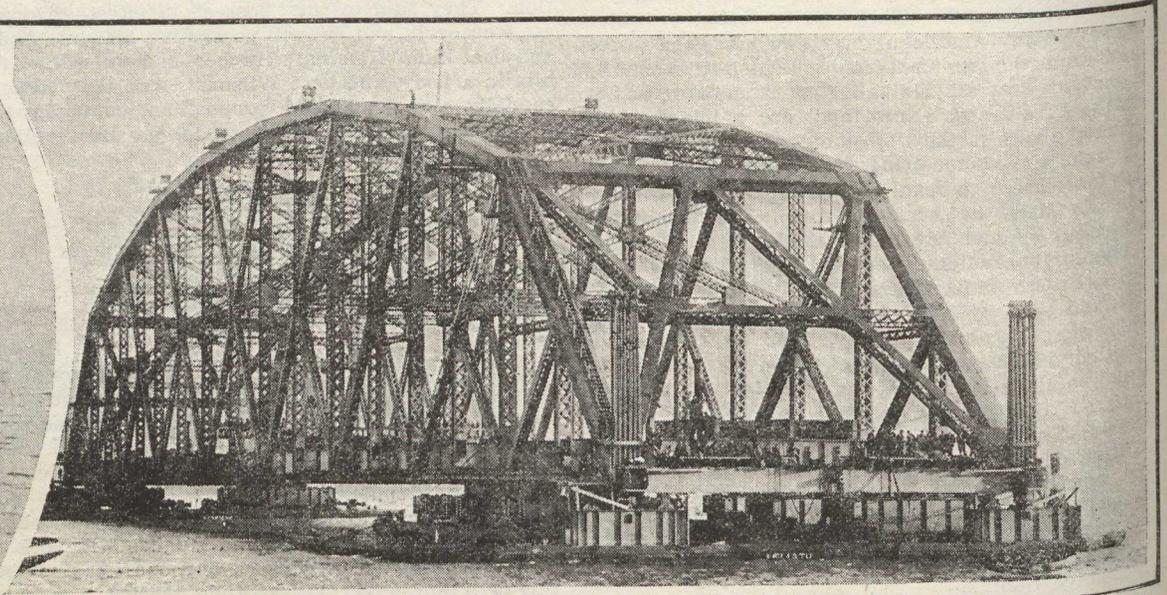
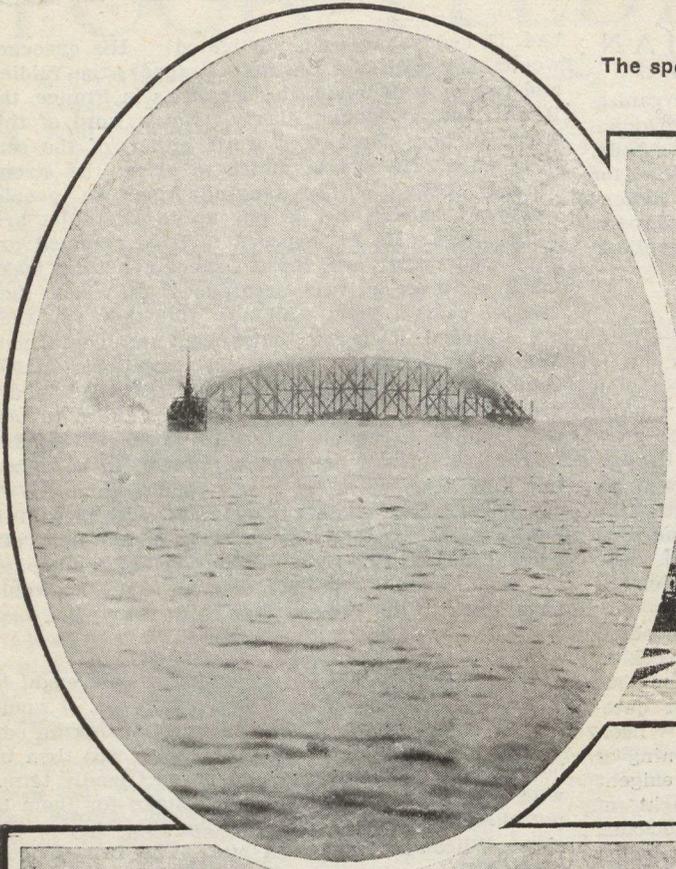
taking part in the colossal and beautiful pageant of the St. Lawrence forgot the calamity which in 1907 had sent a thrill of sadness up and down that mighty river. National determination bent upon carrying to completion a work that should be a climax to three great transcontinental systems of travel and traffic, went to work rebuilding the broken bridge. Our first great cross-continent highway became a world-girdling system; the second in completion was finished from, linked up from, Prince Rupert to Moncton; the third in extent and the second in inception finished its work from Quebec to Port Mann on the Pacific.

The railways were ready; millions of people had gone into Canada via the St. Lawrence; hundreds of millions of produce in a year began to come out by that river, which was deepened and charted and lighted better than any other river in the world for ocean-borne traffic. The West got its gridirons of branch railways. The new Welland Canal was begun. The Georgian Bay Canal was surveyed and put into the category of the expected. Hudson's Bay came into the drama. We were obsessed with doubt as to which old trading post on the Bay was the most suitable terminus for the railway that was to take our surplus wheat by a shorter haul out by the northern passage. In 1911 the Government that had begun the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Quebec Bridge passed out. In 1914 the great war sprang upon the country and cut off most of its regular traffic with Europe in people and goods.

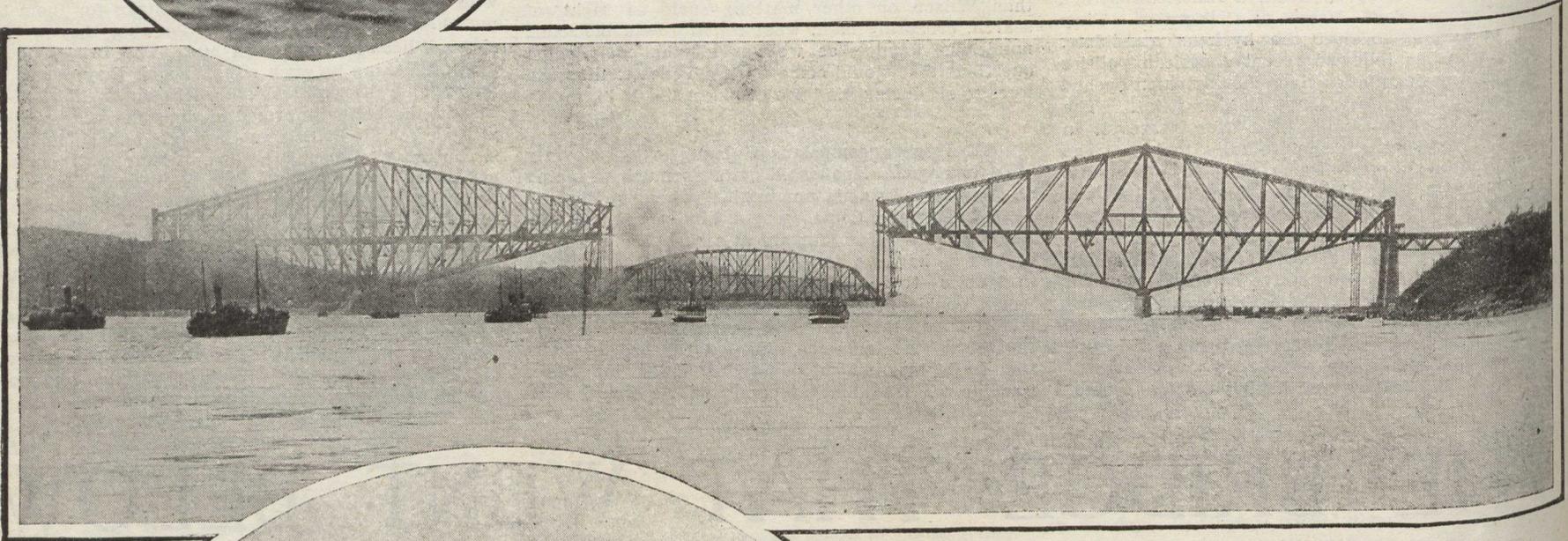
All these dramas of achievement and expectation passed over the country in the years that the Quebec Bridge took to reach its final stage of completion. Then, on Monday, September 11, came the day, when the greatest concourse of all sorts of people ever assembled in Canada came from all directions, mem-

THE QUEBEC BRIDGE DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS, TOLD BY THE CAMERA

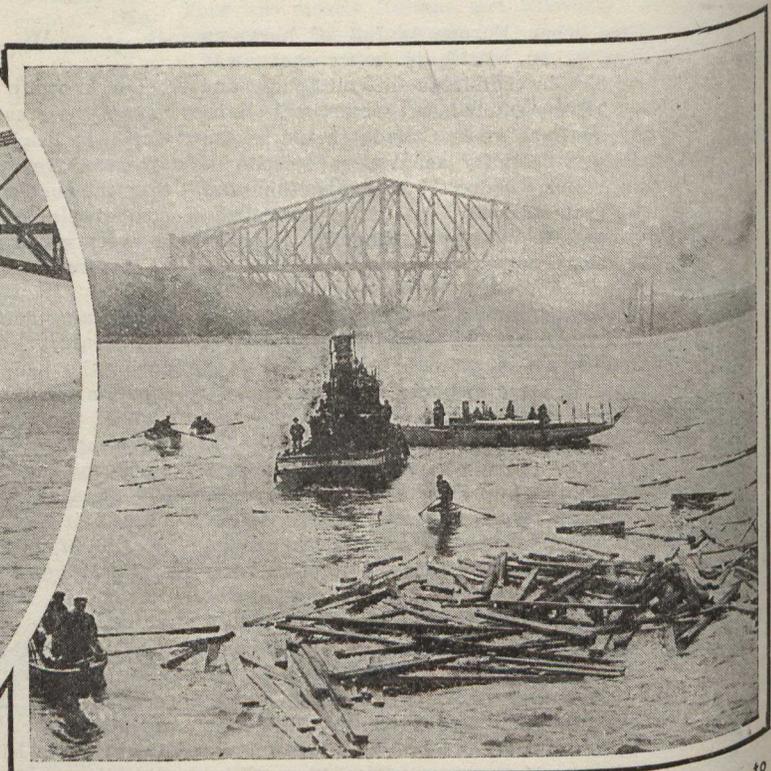
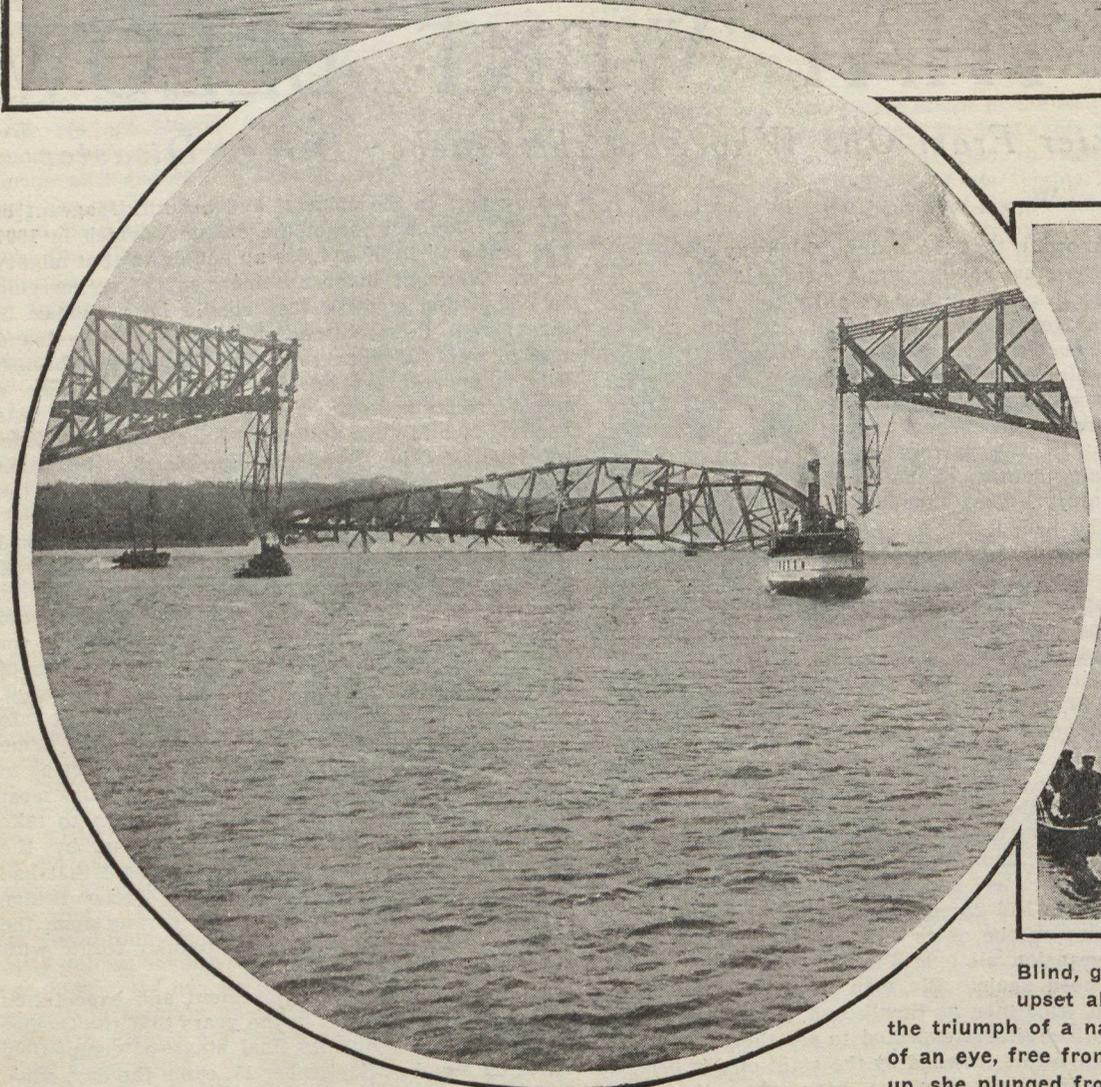
The spectacle of the mammoth span slowly drifting up stream controlled by eight powerful tugs was like the progress of some phantom ship.



Through the mist its towering frame-work emerged tall, gaunt and triumphal.



The slow, scarcely perceptible lifting of the span.



Blind, grim gravity had joined hands with some mysterious chance to upset all the calculations of engineers, the hopes of a multitude and the triumph of a nation. The great span toppled broadside. In almost the wink of an eye, free from all restraint above, rid of the pontoons that had buoyed her up, she plunged from her height twenty-five feet into the river with a vast indescribable gurgle. For a moment white foam played over the steel. And planks from the platforms above came in heaps of debris down the river.

bers of Parliament from Australia, noted engineers from the United States, to witness the one simple big thing, the putting of the centre span into its place. September 11, 1916, was to have gone into Canada's calendar as one of the great nationalizing days recorded by the historian as faithfully as the driving of the last spike of the C. P. R. at Craigellachie, B. C., in November, 1885.

Surely, not since the old trading-post Indian days, when war's alarms disturbed the repose of its inhabitants, did the famous old city of Quebec experience such a night as that of Sunday, September 10. All through the hours of darkness there was a sound of coming and going, in the narrow, stone-paved streets of the Ancient Capital. Footsteps of pedestrians, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the sharp blasts of auto horns seemed to form one continuous symphony of noise from darkness to dawn.

City and countryside alike were roused into a hubbub of emotion. From far and near, as to some famous circus, the people flocked in thousands. They came in motors, in carriages, in rude country carts, on foot, by water and by land. The roads that led on either shore, from Quebec and from Levis, to the two bridge-heads were alive with traffic from the small hours of the morning until Sunday evening. Nothing like it had ever been seen before in the valley of the St. Lawrence.

At the Chateau, guests had compulsory insomnia. Famous engineers, who had come from distant points to witness the unique spectacle of the morrow, talked late, slept briefly, if at all, and rose long before sunrise had obliterated the morning star. Late and early the rotunda hummed with the voices of these mathematical masters of stresses and loads, eagerly discussing the many varied phases of the impending opera.

Failure seemed ridiculous. Every contingency had been provided for. Every precaution had been taken. All the arrangements were perfect. There could be no second Quebec bridge disaster. It was mathematically impossible.

Critical moment? Undoubtedly. The instant, for example, when the pontoons first floated free from the mud. Something might possibly go wrong then, but quite unlikely. Then, there might be a remote possibility that the water would roughen to such an extent as to upset the equilibrium of the floating span, but again most improbable. There was a point of danger at the actual moment of attaching the slings from the cantilever arms to the girders supporting the span. And, most critical of all, there was the instant, when the entire weight of the 5,200-ton span first took hold of the cantilever arms which had been waiting so long for their mighty load.

The Levis, or southern shore of the river, with its continuous series of populous villages stretching the entire eight miles up to north bridge-head, was obviously the most popular side from which to view the spectacle. A half-hour ferry service was put on at midnight, and by four o'clock Monday morning the ferryboat was unable to accommodate the throngs of Quebec people bent on watching the operations from the south shore.

The trolley line to the bridge-head likewise failed miserably to handle the traffic. Every conveyance was pressed into service. A steady stream of humanity moved westward over the road, which, winding along at the foot of the lofty bank of the river, pressed through village after village. Opposite Sillery and beyond, every vantage-point on the shore was crowded with spectators waiting to see the centre span floated up the river. It was as though some fabulous circus of unheard-of size was about to parade through a city street.

The spectacle of the mammoth span moving slowly down a rising tide up-stream, controlled by eight powerful tugs, was like the progress of some phantom ship over an uncharted ocean. Through the water its towering frame-work emerged tall, gaunt and triumphant. Around it circled a numerous fleet of escorts large and small, their decks crowded with people watching that steel castle on her six pontoons. In the immediate vicinity of the south cantilever arm and on the down-stream side of the bridge,

humanity became a seething, swirling mob. Here the road was impassable for vehicles. This was the central point of observation for many thousands.

It was beyond this point, and away over the hill to the westerly side of the bridge, that one got the closest view of the bridge drama. Comparatively few people took advantage of this opportunity to view the span-raising process near at hand. Here on the shore, close to the line, our party saw it on seats bought from a farmer who had cut down a small forest to make a grandstand.

By 6.30 the approaching span reached the vicinity of the waiting arms. Interest, which had been perfunctory, while yet the great framework was some distance off, went into crescendo. Excitement grew. Spectators became keyed up with nervous enthusiasm. Slowly, inch by inch, the guiding tugs swung the huge bulk into its appointed place in the centre of the river between the lofty cantilevers. Then, as it lay in this position, held against the current by the tugs and the lines attached to the mooring frames, the outstretched arms closed in and swiftly clasped it in a powerful steel embrace.

Just about this nervously tense moment, when a

they will float clear. At length a cheer is heard on the northerly trio of pontoons. The pontoons are loose, and as one watches, the current is seen to be slowly drawing them away. The southerly trio of pontoons are not far behind, and in a brief interval, the span is seen to be swinging free. The spectacle gives occasion for a second outburst of whistling—this time somewhat more justified for the great cantilevers are holding the load.

It was about nine o'clock when the pontoons floated and left the span suspended over the river. During the following two hours, the fleet of excursion boats dwindled away and the crowds of onlookers on either bank, surfeited with excitement, began to disperse. The most interesting part of the unique task was over. Afterwards there would be nothing to see but the slow, scarcely-perceptible, hand-over-hand lifting of the span to its position overhead—a process that would take many hours and possibly more than one day to complete. No—the rest was certain to be tame. The special event of the day was over. Why wait for more?

But in spite of the opinion of the engineers, who had left the scene of operations in order to breakfast, in spite of the belief of thousands of spectators who had started for home, and in spite of the best judgment of the newspaper men, who had returned to the city to write their accounts of the day's supposed event, the greatest scene of all was yet to be staged. Our party stayed—little dreaming, in spite of the six black crows, what we were to see.

LIKE lightning out of a clear sky, the unexpected happened. To the many spectators, who yet remained, chatting gaily, picnicing, or languidly watching the workmen far aloft on the platform where the jacking apparatus were in operation, it came with the shock of death itself. First one corner of the suspended fabric—that at the south-west angle was seen to give.

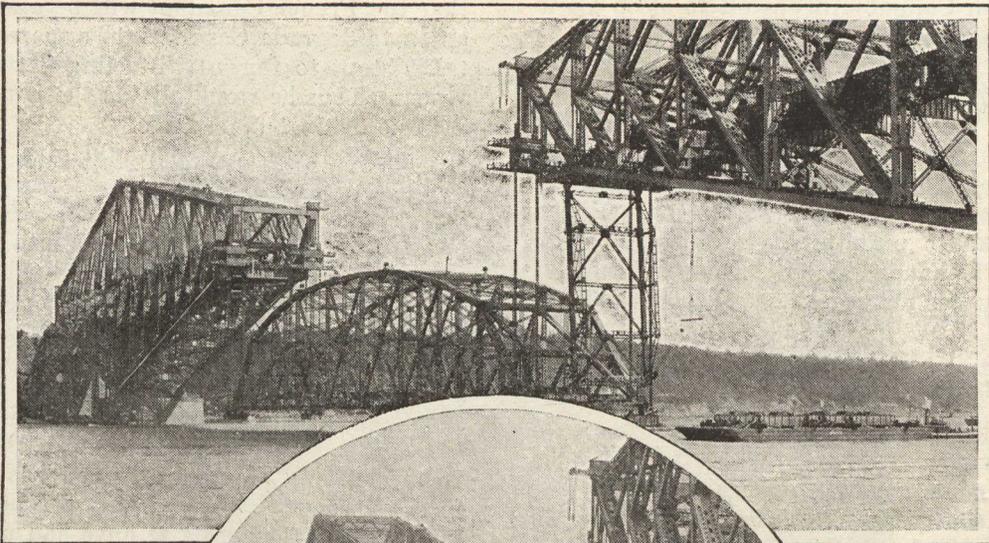
Impossible! The engineers at the Chateau had verified the absolute no-chance of any such thing. It would all come right in a moment. Perhaps our eyes were deceiving us. It was a show. Heaven knew we all wanted that 5,200 tons to go up. At every two-foot rise of the span up the stringers from the force of the hydraulic jacks on the cantilevers, our hearts and hopes had gone up along with it.

Suddenly—the whole span lurched over. It tore itself loose from the other sustaining arms. Engineering was swept off the boards. Blind, grim gravity had joined hands with some mysterious chance to upset all the calculations of engineers, all the hopes of a great multitude and the triumph of a nation.

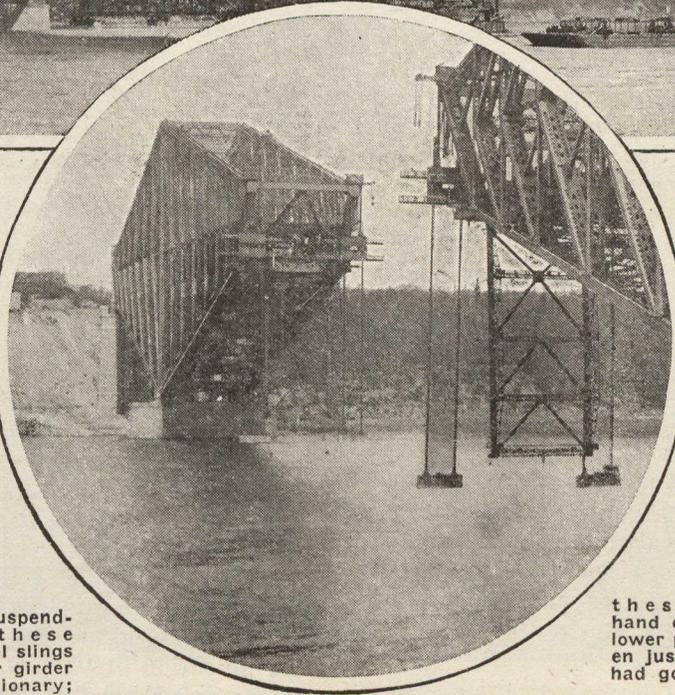
The great span toppled broadside. As the falling of a great forest tree fixes your attention on the tree till you forget the forest, so the crowd rose to its height to watch that great fabric almost in the wink of an eye, free from all restraint above, rid of the pontoons that had buoyed her up—plunge from her height of twenty-five feet with a vast, indescribable gurgle into the river. A hundred thousand people held their breath. For a moment white foam played over the steel. Then the steel was gone like the drop of a stone and only the foam was left. The multitude breathed again. They looked away from the place where the span had disappeared to the great fabrics of the cantilevers. The slings, suddenly freed, swung wildly to and fro and from the platforms above planks rained down. For a moment, one expected to see the whole bridge collapse, so violent was the shock, but as the tense seconds passed and people regained their breath and senses, the safety of the main arms and the people on them became assured.

Meanwhile the debris from the span, with here and there a human being struggling in the water, was all that remained where but a moment before the huge mass of fabricated metal had been hanging from the cantilever arms. It was all over so quickly, so completely, that people were paralyzed with astonishment. They seemed to lose the power of speech, even the ability to move.

And what were one's feelings in the face of this numbing catastrophe? Not so much, let it be (Concluded on page 22.)



The upper photograph shows the lifting mechanism that was expected to hoist the great span. Long slings, steel bars, each 30 feet long and linked together like chains, were suspended from the cantilever arms. In each bar were holes six feet apart for the insertion of pins. By another support two girders were suspended. Through these girders the steel slings ran. The lower girder was made stationary;



the upper movable. At each two-foot hoist from the hydraulic jacks on the bridge above the steel slings were pinned, first into the stationary girder, at the next hoist into the movable girder. Thus the weight came alternately on the two girders. The 5,200-ton weight literally climbed up these two girders hand over hand. The lower picture was taken just after the span had gone below.

great hush came over the crowds, six black crows were seen to fly over the bridge. They croaked and muttered as crows always do. Being in the land of omens and miracles, one superstitious member of our company declared it to be a sign of evil. His companions laughed and told him that the days of such superstitions were long since dead and buried.

Meantime there was nothing portentous in the sounds that presently broke forth on the clear, cool air of the September morn. At a pre-arranged signal, indicating that the span had been successfully attached to the long bar slings, the whistles on a score or more of river steamers began to blow loud and long and for a space of many minutes a pandemonium of noise was let loose in the valley. The sound bore to the ears of the people left in the city the news that the first stage in the day's operations had been safely completed.

Now, little by little the tide was ebbing. The six supporting pontoons, lightened gradually of their load, are riding higher and higher in the water. The critical moment approaches, presumably the most thrilling in the day, when the under supports will be completely withdrawn and the full weight of the span will be taken up by the bridge itself. Will the cantilevers bear the strain? Is there the slightest possibility that something will give way? These are questions that in a moment will be answered.

There is a sound of hammering on metal. It comes from the pontoons beneath the span. Evidently workmen are engaged in setting these great barges free, and as soon as the tide has dropped far enough,

E D I T O R I A L

ANY REALLY FIRST-CLASS SLEEPER like British Columbia can do about as well on his right ear as on his left. The Sunset Province has rolled over from Conservatism to Liberalism, but without any guarantee that it will stay awake, politically. The Toronto Globe congratulates British Columbia and refers to the change from a Bowser Government to a Brewster Government as a change to a higher ethical plane—which is rubbish. If Bowser was a political thug as we have always believed, then it was British Columbia who aided and abetted his thuggery; and if Pretty Dicky McBride sometimes acted like a drunken sailor with a pocket full of someone else's money, it was British Columbia who winked at his folly. Ethics aren't in it. The only congratulations coming to British Columbia are the kind a man would get who had started to cut his throat, and then changed his mind. If British Columbia drops off to sleep again it will ruin friend Brewster just as it ruined Bowser and McBride. It will fail to take a steady interest in its own public questions. It will clamour for whatever things seem to promise quick prosperity, and it will be impatient of the more hum-drum but indispensable phases of statecraft for lack of which the province now finds itself where it is, financially. What British Columbia wants is more attention to agriculture and less to the price of real estate. More attention to growing and marketing food than to pushing sky-scrapers into the face of the sky. Congratulations be hanged! British Columbia should sit up nights awhile helping Brewster untangle its tail from its front legs. It has had sleep enough.

THE WIND IS FULL of political straws, but people differ as to which way they are blowing. The only thing that may be agreed upon is the fact of a general political unrest. The change in British Columbia may have been anti-Bowser rather than anti-Conservative. The Saskatchewan Government's acquittal on charges of graft, and its repudiation of the convicted private members, may satisfy public opinion and may not. In Toronto, Billy Maclean, who has always threatened independence, may be really on the verge this time, or may be bluffing again; he is attacking Frank Cochrane with apparent appetite. The Toronto Telegram is still playing the part of Zeus' eagle to Sam Hughes' Prometheus. Hartley Dewart licked a Tory in a Tory stronghold, but his Liberal leader won't embrace him for it. Western Liberals refused to follow Laurier's lead on the LaPointe resolution. Winnipeg is talking about a "Free Trade Agrarian Party"—a Radical Party, according to Chipman, of the Grain Growers' Guide. Six out of nine provinces are now Liberal, and Ontario is none too docile under Hearst.

What do the straws indicate? The periodical slide from one brand of politics to the other? Or a growing spirit of political independence? Are they signs of deep influences at work, or merely the usual surface ripples?

THE MAN WHO TAKES IT upon himself to divide Canadians against themselves must be a man of extraordinary courage. He must be absolutely fearless. He must have infinite faith in himself. He must have an almost God-like confidence in the righteousness of his self-appointed mission. He must disdain the weaknesses of lesser men who might hesitate before so serious a project.

Sir John Willison does not hesitate. Like a Nietzschean superman he addresses himself to his task. With calm yet resolute countenance he puts aside all doubts, all petty fears, all weakening considerations. His duty, as he sees it, is to set Canadians against themselves, to divide the House, to stir latent race hatreds, to emphasize differences, to drive a wedge of misunderstanding between Quebec and all the other provinces. He strives with all his might toward this end.

No weakling spirit of compromise clouds his lucid style. He does not say, as sentimentalists might say, "Let us strive patiently to understand one another before resorting to mutual abuse!" He does not deceive himself with any hopes that the French-Canadian will change his ways. He entertains no delusions that he can wipe out the French-Canadian, blot him out of Canadian problems, excise him from the Canadian state. Admitting that his enemy is there, and is there with certain rights, and must always be there as a free and equal Canadian—Sir John Willison proceeds to make him hated and make him hate. Men of less courage might be tempted to say, "Let us leave time to mend what cannot be mended by present argument." He might fall into the error of modesty and say, "Who am I to be given so great a task?" Some flicker of doubt might make him seek excuses. But no! Courage divine is here. "Where there is not immediate

understanding," says this prophet, in effect, "Where there is not immediate sympathy—I, even I, will sow the seeds of Hate!"
And he is sowing 'em.

ONCE UPON A TIME ENGLAND, in order to make the handling of Ireland easier, encouraged the Protestants of Ireland against the Catholics of Ireland. By the continual quarrels of Irishmen England was relieved from the danger of having to deal with Ireland as a whole. To-day the quarrel still rages, and England, try as she may, seems unable to end it.

Is it possible that Sir John Willison is trying the same mediaeval tactics on behalf of Imperial Centralization? Seeing in French Canada opposition for the scheme of Empire Centralization, observing that the French-Canadian will be a steadfast opponent to any proposition to degrade Canada into a mere suburb of the Empire, Sir John takes steps to foment ill-feeling between Quebec and the other provinces. Thus he would divide the natural enemies of the Round Table Scheme against themselves.

There are those who would give an unpleasant name to this sort of thing.

JUST AS PROHIBITION goes into effect in Ontario and is endorsed by the electors of British Columbia, the British army discovers a new use for the "tank." Monday morning's despatches this week had for a sensation the diabolical outbreak of a new armored car against the Germans. Precisely what these "tanks" were is not explained. But they seem to have given the Germans the biggest surprise of the war. One of these juggernauts of sudden death was christened "Creme de Menthe." That is another example of the British Tommy's humour, which has been one of the remarkable results of the war. We get only a faint notion of what these tanks are by the effect they seem to have had upon the Germans, who confessed that they had no machinery of war, inimical or otherwise capable of standing up against them. "We fired at a tank with our rifles," said one, "our machine guns were turned loose on it, but the bullets were only like sparks on the armor." No wonder the Bosches were dumbfounded. They have been taught to believe that the supermanic "diabolus ex machina" properly belongs to the Germans in all its forms. This new machine of the British is described as a "huge land ship, fully armoured and capable of travelling at fair speed over the shell-battered and cratered terrain of Picardy." It has caterpillar wheels, and is able to tackle any depth of mire; as useful for offensive as for defensive purposes, and of course must use explosive shells for ammunition. "It is butchery," exclaimed the Germans. Of course it is. Did they think it was a soda-water fountain? No, the British are not a frightful race. They were once derided by Bismarck as being too humane and civilized. While no one would care to see war come to a final fussle of frightful methods and machinery, only the hypocritical nation that invented Zeppelins could put up a howl over the invention of "tanks." Besides, the tank is only a modern form of the war-chariot of Boadicea, which 2,000 years ago had knives in its wheels, and must have startled the Romans quite as much as the "tanks" of 1916 demoralized the Germans.

A THIRD CALL to help the Patriotic Fund seems imminent. Two have already succeeded. The third will succeed unless the newspapers of the country get together at once to defeat it. Patriotic Funds do credit to the hearts of Canadians, but not to their heads. They cannot help being wasteful in administration. They cannot fail to have a "pauperizing" effect on the average soldier's dependent. Canada, having gone to war, should pay all the costs of the war. It should guarantee the support of the dependents of fighters, not as a matter of charity, but as a matter of fact. It has the machinery for raising the money by a small tax. It has the machinery for administering it through the Militia Department. It should not leave such an important work to mere haphazard generosity. Disguise it as we may, the Patriotic Fund is charity and is administered like a charity. It has no business to be so. It should be made clear that the country expects the Government to do its duty and prevent a third appeal for the Patriotic Fund.

As it is now, many of those who subscribed most generously to the Fund during the past two years are beginning to find it difficult to keep up the pace. New donors must be found, and in large numbers. The work of administering the Fund has grown enormously, far too much to be attended to as it deserves by the voluntary organizations now operating it. The best interests of both citizens and soldiers demand that the Fund be re-organized as part of the machinery of the Militia Department, to whose purview it properly belongs.

THE NEW THEATRE MOVEMENT

THE word "amateur" has ceased to be a term of derision when applied to dramatic art, for the new movement in the theatre lies largely in the hands of amateurs who, in their little theatres, are working out new problems in stagecraft, producing the most advanced type of plays and acting as pioneers for the commercial theatre. It is the great mass of people who have studied drawing and painting that brings to an art exhibition a critical and appreciative audience; it is the great mass of music students that make the symphony orchestra concerts possible; and in the same way amateur actors not only find pleasure in exercising their talent, but bring to the theatre an appreciative intelligence that demands a better stage art.

AMATEUR stage societies are springing up all over the country, made up of people who have high ideals of dramatic art and wish to study it seriously. They must not be classed with the crowds of young people who are hastily assembled for the repetition of a well-known play with the sole aim of making money for some worthy cause. How often have we yawned through such a performance, or endeavoured to suppress our laughs at the wrong moment and counterfeit mirth when the lines seemed to demand it! The real amateur actor is a lover of dramatic art. He is actuated by no vain desire to appear behind the foot-lights, in fact, he shudders at the mention of foot-lights, for they are a thing of the past. In the most modern theatres the lighting comes from overhead or from the sides, and in this way wonderfully beautiful effects which were impossible in the old methods, are produced. Foot-lights will soon be as obsolete as the canvas walls with their painted mantels, doors and windows, with their cornices painted in perspective that never agrees with that of the floor, and painted shadows that never accord with the direction of the light.

IN Canada we have the national theatre established last winter in Ottawa, where the best Canadian plays submitted are produced by amateurs, and so our rising young playwrights are given the chance of a hearing. Then there is the Drama League, which has several branches in Canada and supplies its members with critical information about the coming plays at the various theatres, in this way helping to swell the audience at the better class of plays and keeping people from wasting their time by attending poor ones. Under their auspices the Shakespearean Tercentenary was celebrated, but they have done little or no creative work in the line of play production. One of the most promising forms of dramatic effort is the work done in connection with settlements in the poorer districts of our large cities and the performances of dramas such as the "Blue Bird," where children of the Central Neighbourhood House, Toronto, formed the cast of players, will have a far-reaching and most beneficial effect. Amateur producers are realizing that the best is none too good for those at the impressionable age, and there is a great movement toward making every available hall and auditorium into community theatres, which is a splendid augur for dramatic art of the future.

BUT the most vital expression of the new dramatic spirit in Canada lies in the work done in connection with the Arts and Letters Club, Toronto, where a group of young men—artists, journalists, architects and playwrights in the making—have seriously studied the production of dramas of the highest order. As the amateur effort cannot have the finish of the professional production, they never challenge the memory of the audience or invite comparison by producing plays that have already been staged in Canada, but devote themselves chiefly to unusual or poetic drama that will never be produced under the present conditions of the commercial theatre.

THE interesting personnel of the club makes the production of plays a comparatively simple matter. In the first place there is a wide choice of types to draw upon for the cast, for a careful selection of types will frequently produce better results

By ESTELLE M. KERR

than the cleverest characterization by a professional. Then the various art workers are most useful. Artists utilize their talents in painting scenery, architects design a stage setting, musicians are ready to lend their aid whenever their services are required, poets turn carpenters and budding playwrights give their services with zeal in order to acquire more knowledge and practical experience in theatre craft. The staging, which is designed according to the newest European ideas of simplicity, is consistently artistic, although produced at the minimum cost. Decorative but unobtrusive, it forms a harmonious background for action and does not by any beauty of its own draw attention to itself.

NO work can be produced when more than one brain is permitted to direct. The inartistic productions that flood their theatres are due to the

designer to visualize Chitra, the Prince and the two Gods.

AT the present day the art of the theatre is dominated by the chief actor. He is considered so important that his name is printed twice as big as that of the author of the play, and other members of the cast must restrain their acting so as not to attract interest away from the "star." Here, too, the amateur company scores, except in cases where the producer desires also to be the chief actor. Mr. Mitchell rarely takes a role of any importance, though he has, when occasion demanded, shown himself to be an excellent actor. The casts have been varied in the extreme, but there are two among the players who frequently fill important roles in which they have shown considerable dramatic talent: Mr. Basil Morgan and Miss Nellie Jefferis, a Toronto girl, who frequently assist the Club members in their plays.



Miss Nellie Jefferis, in the title role of Chitra, by Rabindranath Tagore, produced at the Arts and Letters Club, Toronto.

—Photo by Aylett.

confused invention of playwright, manager, scene painter, carpenter, electrician, actor, and the hundred others connected with the average theatre "show." The chief producer in connection with the Arts and Letters productions is Mr. Roy Mitchell, who has devoted many years to the study of stagecraft and the modern drama. This position Mr. Mitchell says he holds on account of the fact that he is the best carpenter in the club, but his talents are of no mean order. He can not only make a harmonious and artistic electrolier from a couple of dish pans, but he can design a whole setting and execute it, plan effects of lighting and lay the wires, and drill amateurs to play with the ease and finish of an all-star company. Five years ago "Interior," by Maeterlinck, was first produced under his direction, and since then plays such as Tagore's "Post Office," Synge's "Shadow of the Glenn," and "Mary's Wedding," by Gilbert Cannon, have been staged. Sometimes comedy is attempted, such as "Phipps," by Stanley Houghton, or an unusual Japanese play is put on for its decorative quality. The production of "Chitra," by Tagore, was their greatest success and demanded numerous repetitions. This fragment of highly coloured yet delicate oriental legend may very easily be missed by the casual reader of Tagore's books. To appreciate it fully, even the lovers of Tagore require the assistance of actor and scene-

MISS JEFFERIS is the cleverest amateur actress in Toronto—probably in Canada. She is an amateur in the sense that she works for love of dramatic art and not as a profession, but in the quality of her work she excels many who have a wide reputation. The characters she has portrayed are varied. As a dainty little ingenue she created quite a sensation when she appeared at the Princess Theatre with Mr. Farnum Barton in "Waterloo," this, however, was a comparatively simple role, and is mentioned only to show her versatility, for during the past two years she has interpreted a great many types. In "The Post Office" she played the part of a nine-year-old boy, in "The Shadow of the Glenn" she portrayed an Irish peasant woman. "Mary's Wedding" showed her as a young country girl, "Chitra" as a Hindu Princess, while in the tragic part of Anna in Jacosta's "Sacred Ground" she was an unqualified success. In none of her parts does Miss Jefferis show the slightest tendency to attract attention to herself. For the time being she is the character she portrays. Her costumes are chosen to blend with the surroundings, to be as unobtrusive as possible. On the professional stage Miss Jefferis might play the same role for two years, probably an unimportant one as a beginning, but working in such stimulating company with an opportunity to interpret a variety of characters her art is growing. She is gaining experience and becoming a more accomplished actress than would be possible in a commercial theatre.

NEARLY all these plays mentioned, as well as a number of others, have been given for the members of the Arts and Letters Club and their friends, and the Club has generously financed their production, but last winter Mr. Mitchell and a small company produced two plays under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association, and the public for the first time was able to see their work. It is greatly to be hoped that in the near future "Little Theatres" such as already exist in many American cities will become established throughout Canada, and that these clever players will form the nucleus of one in Toronto.

THE works of the Irish Players were made possible through amateur productions by young working people. They began with a hired hall and scenery built of potato sacks; they ended by setting a new standard, creating a new movement. Dramatic art in America owes its progress largely to the universities, and many of the colleges in the United States have an open-air Greek Theatre, where the work of Greek dramatists and other classic plays have been revived. At the University of California, Margaret Anglin, the celebrated Canadian actress, has produced several Greek tragedies before an audience of ten thousand people, with all the severe beauty of the drama reflected in the dignified architectural background. She was particularly lovely as the Iphigenia of Aulis and the Media of Euripides.

IN England, Gordon Craig's revolutionary ideas have been the means of establishing the new art of the theatre. The son of Ellen Terry was naturally an actor from infancy, and then he came into the (Continued on page 17.)

What's What the World Over

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

Capital Must Reform . . . Hoodoed Islands . . . Coaling Seven Seas . . . "One-Day" Wars, Soon
Chinese Doctors . . . Women Rebels

CAPITAL MUST REFORM

Confesses a Conservative in a Capitalistic Quarterly

WE quote from the Round Table Quarterly an article which says little new, little we have not heard repeatedly. What makes the thing interesting is the mere fact that an ultra-Tory publication like the Round Table admits the article. It is entitled "Some Considerations Affecting Economic Reconstruction," and its candour is evidence of the great change of heart which has—some might say happily—overtaken the upper classes in England.

First as to capital. The ownership of capital is a trust. It is not to be used regardless of all other consequences with the selfish aim of simply extorting the highest rate of interest it can obtain. It is not to the advantage of the community that it should secure all the extra benefits arising from the increased efficiency of labour. It is injurious that the owner of capital should assist industries, whether here or elsewhere, where conditions of employment are below a reasonable standard. Capital and enterprise are naturally concerned to develop the greatest production of wealth possible. Labour will have the same aim, if it shares as a partner in the proceeds. But it is not to be expected that if the wage-earners do not reap an extra reward for extra effort, that effort will be made.

Few owners of capital would be found to deny these assertions. Yet there is immense difficulty in applying them in practice. Private property in the form of shareholding or debenture holding is ownership, without the possibility of exercising the duties of ownership. The owner is divorced from his property. He knows nothing about it; he may not know where it is, he cannot control it; he is hopelessly ignorant of its management and its needs; his responsibility is divided with thousands of other

the demands of labour and capital.

Yet their attitude to labour will be largely determined by public opinion. If the owners of capital as a whole recognize in all its implications that industry is a partnership, the growth of goodwill between capital and labour would make much possible that is not possible now.

Much might be done by the education of the workers in any industry into its real problems and difficulties. The British working man is not envious or unreasonable by nature. He is suspicious of capital and capitalists now, because he has had reason to be. He is often suspicious because he is kept in the dark. If industry is to be in any sense a partnership, all the partners must know what is the real result of their common labours. If the meaning of the figures given by Sir Hugh Bell were understood by his employees, they would know what was and what was not possible, and what was required of all the partners in the industry, if wages were to be increased. Questions of finance and credit often make complete publicity difficult, but much more might be done by employers taking their employees into their confidence and explaining to them the problems before them and the objects of their policy. If a policy of confidence were broadly and generally pursued the gradual education of the worker in the fundamental conditions of industry might be of immense value. The employing class as a whole in this country cannot be acquitted of a selfishness, a narrow-mindedness, a stubbornness, and a secrecy which has done much to create our present evils.

In many other ways a proper recognition of the duties to the community which ownership of capital involves would bring improvement. Public opinion would recognize the evil effects of extravagance, and the rich would come to see, to an infinitely greater degree than ever they have in this country, the enormous benefits which can accrue to the nation by the devotion of surplus wealth to educational and scientific projects on a large scale.

In conclusion, let us emphasize once more the fundamental truth, that wealth is created by work, and that the wages of labour and the profits of capital are paid out of the yearly output of work and out of nothing else. Four-fifths of the wealth consumed in every year is produced in that year. The basis of all improvement must, therefore, be increased output. It is no use looking to any other source for real improvement.

United States had opposed his plans in Mexico. Price haggling ensued, but Seward finally agreed to pay \$7,500,000 for the two islands. Meantime the inhabitants had voted to be annexed to the United States by 1,244 against 22. The treaty of sale was in 1867 ratified by Denmark's senate, but the United States senate pigeon-holed it out of spite against President Johnson—though Johnson was less the promoter of the bill than Secretary Seward, of course. The succeeding American Secretaries obtained two extensions of time from Denmark, but finally had to let the proposed bargain lapse. This was in April, 1870.

Twenty-two years passed. They were marked with no particular political changes for Denmark, but with



Another Raider. American soldiers' wives suffer.—Fitzpatrick, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



The Three-jegeged Race.

—Drawn by Bert Thomas, in London Opinion.

shareholders or debenture holders. It is wholly impossible for him in 999 cases out of 1,000 to share individually in any responsibility for the use his property is put to. The actual responsibility for the use of all this capital devolves in reality upon the managers of the business, who may themselves be not interested financially at all. It is they who determine largely the conditions of labour. And it is they who are called on to hold the balance between

HOODOED ISLANDS

For Fifty Years U.S. Tries to Buy Them: Denmark Tries to Sell—and can't yet

EVER since the latter days of Abraham Lincoln the United States have been hoping to purchase the Danish West Indies—that is, the Islands of Santa Cruz, St. Thomas, and St. John. From almost as early a date, Denmark has been trying to sell them to the United States—but to no avail. To-day, with all the great European nations at war, the old project is revived, and it is possible the United States may yet acquire the three islands in question as a naval base. According to Willis Fletcher Johnson, in the North American Review, Abraham Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward discussed the purchase of the islands after being advised by naval officers that the lack of a base in the Antilles had greatly handicapped the American fleet. Lincoln was assassinated before carrying out the project, but Seward, under Lincoln's successor, examined the islands personally and offered Denmark five million dollars for them. Denmark, after waiting to see what Germany would do after the Six Weeks war on Austria, replied that she would sell St. Thomas and St. John for five million dollars each, provided the inhabitants agreed to the transfer. The Island of Santa Cruz she would not sell because France had revived an old claim to Santa Cruz and Louis Napoleon, partly out of enmity to the United States, was likely to raise trouble, particularly since the

material economic changes for the Danish colonies in the West Indies. Formerly those islands had enjoyed considerable prosperity from plantations of sugar cane, and from other tropical products. But the vast development of the beet sugar industry had created a competition which proved ruinous to them, and from being a source of profit they became a cause of heavy expense; the Danish Government therefore decided to get rid of them, if it could. In November, 1892, the Foreign Minister at Copenhagen intimated to Clark E. Carr, the American minister, that his Government was in a receptive mood for a renewal of the American proposals of so many years before. President Harrison and his Secretary of State, John W. Foster, were both strongly inclined toward purchase of the islands, and there is no doubt that if the elections of that very month had returned Harrison to office for a second term, a treaty to that effect would have been made. But Harrison had been overwhelmingly defeated; he knew that there was not time before the end of his term to make a treaty and have it ratified; and he knew that his coming successor, Grover Cleveland, was irreversibly opposed to the transaction. To begin negotiations would therefore be worse than useless, since they would certainly be discontinued or repudiated immediately after March 4. Therefore, he directed Foster to reply, with regret, that it was not practicable to take the matter up at that time.

Two other attempts were made, but again the state of American politics was unfavourable. Toward the end of 1901, negotiations were begun at Washington between Secretary Hay and the Danish minister, Count Brun. In January, 1902, a treaty

was made, ceding all three islands to the United States for the sum of five million dollars—the very sum which Seward had originally offered. The sale of all three was made possible by the friendly acquiescence of the French Republic in the cession of Santa Cruz, to which the former French Emperor had churlishly objected; and the much lower price than that formerly asked was due to the decline of prosperity in the islands, and to the Danish Government's realization of their worse than worthlessness to it.

This treaty was promptly ratified by our Senate. The lower House, or Folkething, of the Danish Parliament, also ratified it without delay, in accordance with the undoubted will of the people. But then an obstacle was encountered. The treaty had also to be acted upon by the upper House, or Landsting, and there German influence was active, potent and hostile.

Two motives chiefly animated Germany to compass the defeat of the treaty. One was the enmity toward the United States which it had manifested all through the Spanish War, and which had been intensified by our annexation of the Philippines and our consequent blocking of Germany's designs for the partition of China. The other was Germany's purpose to make itself a Caribbean Power, through the acquisition of the Dutch West Indies, the spoliation of Venezuela, or the acquisition of land grants from Colombia at Panama, including the Panama Canal. Upon all of these schemes, particularly upon the last named, Germany was at that time actively engaged. There was an understanding with officials at Bogota that as soon as the French canal concession and charter lapsed, in 1904, they would be forfeited to Colombia, and then would be transferred, for a consideration, to Germany. If then, in addition to holding the Isthmus and its canal, Germany could secure the Danish Islands, commanding the approach to the canal from the eastern end of the Caribbean, German domination of that great commercial highway would be assured.

There were in the Landsting many members who were susceptible to German influence. Some were half German, or were closely related by marriage to German families. Others owned estates in Schleswig and Holstein, the Danish provinces now held by Prussia. Others were deeply interested in trade with Prussia. So, after many weeks of intriguing, thirty-three members of the Landsting, making exactly one-half of that body, were prevailed upon to vote against ratification.

A few weeks later Germany followed up this victory over the United States with two more significant acts. One was the defeat of the Hay-Concha negotiations for a canal treaty between the United States and Colombia, when the Colombian minister, Jose V. Concha, repudiated the work which he himself had begun, deserted his office and scuttled away to Germany in company with a prominent politico-commercial agent. The other was the German blockade of the Venezuelan coast, which was followed with the organization of a military and naval expedition for the conquest of Venezuela—an expedition hastily abandoned upon our President's assurance to the German Ambassador that upon its arrival in Caribbean waters it would be met by the entire battle fleet of the United States Navy under the command of Admiral Dewey. It was a most suggestive and appropriate sequel to these things that the next movement for the cession of the Danish Islands to the United States was not undertaken until Germany became so desperately involved in the War of the Nations as to be debarred from any renewal of her former marplotry.

across the Atlantic are the great collieries of South Wales.

There nature has elected to create carbon in such form that no other product on the globe is its equal for heat-generating purposes; day by day thousands

The British mercantile marine, in spite of war losses, numbers some 13,000 vessels; for these alone the call for steam coal is enormous, and their service is but a part of the work done by Cory's.

The Cory firm was established by John Cory, an astute business man and a great philanthropist. The principal partner to-day is Sir Clifford Cory, member of Parliament for St. Ives, in lovely Cornwall. It was about fifteen years ago that the company built its first depot at Pernambuco, having previously created an establishment at Rio de Janeiro.

The company has capacity for 10,000 tons on the wharves of Recife, supplying not shipping alone, but the majority of the local factories; no water power being available here, almost the entire generating of heat, lighting, and force has its origin in coal. Besides Welsh coal, the firm supplies coke, briquettes (used by the Great Western and Brazil Railway) and quotes for every quality of coal from anthracite to soft grades.

From the Pernambuco offices is directed a variety of shipping work of great interest; the firm possesses a fleet of lighters of all sizes and capacity, including tugs and electric launches; owning an equipment of pumps and diving apparatus, it undertakes salvage work; supplies ballast to vessels; conducts loading, discharging, and stevedoring. Ships needing assistance may send by Marconi or any other form of message to Cory's at any hour of the day or night and obtain help right away.

One more word about Welsh coal. The British Admiralty is entirely supplied by this product, and Cory Brothers also hold a contract for supplying the United States Admiralty. When a fleet of American torpedo boats came visiting South America a few years ago, it was the Cory firm that fed them with Welsh coal that took them round the Horn.



To the Rescue!
—Harding, in Brooklyn Eagle.

of skilled miners wrest from the heart of the seagirt, heather-clad promontory of Wales the coal which is eventually to be sea-borne to the uttermost corners of the earth. Thus has Welsh coal been one of the great instruments in creating British dominance in modern sea transport.

The great distributor of this coal is the firm of Cory Brothers and Company, Limited, with headquarters in Cardiff, South Wales. They are more than distributors, for they are the owners of a series of immense and splendidly equipped coal mines; they are agents, shippers, storers of coal, stevedores, salvage workers and ballasters; nothing connected with the great world of shipping is out of the province of this company.

No one who has travelled has failed to light upon this name of Cory, for coal deposits labelled thus stand on the margins of ports wherever ships call throughout the world.

"ONE-DAY" WARS, SOON

Clouds of Aeroplanes Will Deliver Lightning Strokes Against an Enemy

ANY nation which falls behind in the struggle for air power may, in years to come, be defeated in a campaign lasting not a year or a month or even a week, but as the result of a blow delivered and completed within a few hours. With aircraft flying, as they will, at speeds of 200 miles an hour and even more, it will be possible for an enemy, immediately on a declaration of war or without waiting for one, to strike in the course of an hour or so and with precision—using fleets of thousands of machines—against the very nerve centres and vital arteries of any opponent who is ill-prepared; destroying Government buildings, arsenals, factories, and railways, paralyzing all communications, and blotting out whole cities. The power of a perfected aeroplane, when in unscrupulous hands, may in the future become so fearful as to appear almost super-human. Pestilence may be spread by aeroplane; the inhabitants of great cities may be slain in thousands by poisonous or suffocating gases. Swift and pitiless may be the action of sea power. Far more swift, far more pitiless, will be the action, ultimately, of air power. Disaster awaits a nation which ignores these warnings—which refuses to read this writing that the war has written on the wall. Immediately this terrible conflict comes to an end, the moment that peace is declared, this country must set itself the task of creating and maintaining a great and efficient air service. We must never go to sleep again so far as the command of the air is concerned. We must never relax for one moment either our efforts or our vigilance."

This is the concluding paragraph in an article by Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper in The Fortnightly. The article is entitled "Two Years of Aerial War," and argues that no one nation has yet established air supremacy. It indicates, however, the great uses such a supremacy might be put to.

The article continues:

The air in the earliest stages of the war, while the armies were mobilizing, lay open to an unchecked reconnaissance. The aviators of the Allies did their scouting. So did those of the enemy. Occasional combats took place in the air. Occasionally, too, a machine was brought down by guns. But the net result was that both sides saw all that they wanted to see by air; or, rather, all that their limited services permitted them to see.

This was theoretically wrong. The whole theory of aerial warfare has been, and is, that one air fleet should obtain, at the beginning of a campaign, and by defeating decisively the main forces of its enemy, a clear and definite command of the air—the many advantages of which would be almost inestimable.



"Who goes there?"
"Clyde striker."
"Pass, friend; all's well."

—This cartoon is popularly credited with breaking the strike on the Clyde—London Opinion.

COALING SEVEN SEAS

A British Firm Supplies Even the U. S. Navy with Welsh Coal

ON the famous Lingueta of Recife, port of Pernambuco, Brazil, you may witness any day of the week a scene which is common to all maritime cities. It is indeed so common that the passerby scarcely throws more than a casual glance at this work on which practically the whole merchant marine of the world is dependent—the work of loading an ocean-going steamer with coal. To-day, all the devices of modern mechanism which can help in such a task are employed to bring it to efficient and speedy completion.

When you come to think of it, here is an extraordinary fact: the major quantity of this material, this generator of the heat which spells force and wheelwork, employed to perform the maritime transportation of the world, comes from that western edge of the British Isles where, seven thousand miles away

Forces, could then move without fear of aerial detection by the enemy, whose flying corps would, after the loss of a main engagement, be scattered and disorganized.

It might happen, of course, that one air fleet was so superior to another that the latter declined a main action, and lurked in hiding while it attempted to reduce the strength of its rival by isolated raids and a general scheme of guerilla warfare. Then we might have, in the air, a situation similar to that which we have seen, in this war, as regards the sea. One country might, that is to say, thanks to the size and power of its air fleet, hold a command of the air by force of its superiority, and without being challenged to a main action by its enemies. But, even so, the risks from hostile air raids, and the damage that might be done by them, would be a factor that would need most seriously to be reckoned with. A very complete defensive scheme, as well as one for an offensive, would, indeed, have to be prepared. A weaker enemy might, by way of the air, deliver raids far more damaging than would be possible by sea.

In this war it has been possible merely, and then only on occasion, to win and hold some temporary superiority. What has been attempted with success, notably by the Allies, has been to maintain for a time by constant fighting, when the need has been urgent, such a superiority in the air, over a limited area, as to prevent any enemy craft from entering it. The establishment of such an aerial screen, which is equivalent to the cavalry screens that are drawn on land, but is far more difficult to maintain, has been of the greatest possible use when important movements of troops have been in progress. An example occurs in the movement of our army from the Aisne to a position nearer the sea-coast. Here, for days beforehand, our airmen waged against the enemy a most relentless war, attacking and defeating, or driving away, by the persistence of their onslaughts, any scouting machines of the enemy which sought to cross our lines; and though such a sudden increase in an offensive has this disadvantage, that it may give the enemy a notion that something is on foot, there is a great difference between any such vague idea and a precise or actual knowledge.

It is extremely difficult, naturally, having regard to the vastness of the air space, and to the fact that enemy machines may creep in at a high or low altitude, and shielded perhaps by clouds, to render any such screen impenetrable. A hostile craft may slip through here and there. But, even if it does, and its observer has a hasty glimpse, say, over a section of the lines below, he should be prevented certainly from making a detailed observation—and this by reason of the fact that, directly he is seen, he will be very promptly attacked. He will be lucky, in fact, as a rule, if he gets back to his own lines.

CHINESE DOCTORS

Have Strange Customs, but Charge Very Low Fees

THE native Chinese doctor, according to a writer in Popular Science, is a curiosity. He passes no examination; he requires no qualifications; he may have failed in business and set up as a physician. In his new profession he requires little stock in trade, medical instruments being almost unknown.

Acupuncture, as it is called, is one of the nine branches recognized in medical science among the Chinese;

it is of most ancient origin, having been in use from time immemorial. There are three hundred and thirty-seven body markings to be learned; every square inch on the human surface has its own name, and some relationship to the internal parts, purely imaginary, is assigned to it. The user is cautioned against wounding the arteries; hence he must know the position of the blood vessels. By close study of a manikin pierced with holes, the Chinese physician learns where to drive his needles. Parts of the body are selected, which may be pierced without fatal results. Sometimes heat is applied to the outer end of the needle and this is called hot acupuncture, but the needle is never heated before insertion. In some cases the needle has been known to break in the body of the patient and has had to remain there until extracted by some skillful Western practitioner.

The needle used looks very much like a sewing-machine needle, but it is longer and coarser. Some of the Chinese doctors have needles two feet long, and are supposed, by ardent admirers, to be able to drive these instruments entirely through the patient's body. The great size of the needles is in reality intended to repre-



"Carpathians! Russians here again with munitions!!!"

—From Iberia, Barcelona.

sent the greatness of the owner's skill and reputation. The needles used are of eight forms.

If he can get an old book of prescriptions from a retiring practitioner, so much the better for the Chinese doctor. He is now equipped to kill or cure, as chance or his ignorance may dictate. The doctor most entitled to confidence in the sight of his countrymen is the man whose father has been a doctor before him. Confidence in him knows no bounds should his grandfather have followed the same calling. This is not a mere fatuous belief in heredity, but is based on the supposed value of old prescription books passed on from grandfather to grandson.

Fees vary according to the physician's social class and that of his patients, and also according to the physician's place of residence. The enormous sum of perhaps fifteen American cents, or half a dollar at the most, may be charged for a visit, if the doctor comes in his sedan chair. Of this amount, a large proportion goes for the chair. Should the doctor belong to the humbler ranks and come on foot, his fee is proportionately less.

Most important in diagnosing a case, according to Chinese ideas, is the feeling of the different pulses of the human system. The pulse at each wrist is felt, and each is divided into three,

which according to the light or heavy character of the pressure, indicates a different organ of the body. By thus feeling the pulses, the states of a dozen real or imaginary organs are determined. Having then learned by the pressure of these three at each pulse, the seat of the disease, a few questions may be asked, but these are considered scarcely necessary. A prescription, sometimes calling for the most horrible and nauseating compounds, is prepared in large doses; for the native believes that the larger the dose, the more likely it is to prove efficacious.

Among Chinese medicines, besides some that are to be found in our Western Materia Medica, are snake skins, fossils, rhinoceros or hartshorn shavings, silk-worms, asbestos, moths, oyster shells, and other things. Almost anything disgusting is considered a good medicine. Apothecaries' shops abound where prescriptions are made up.

WOMEN REBELS

Contribute Their Writings to the Irish Nationalist School

THERE will soon be published a poetic drama destined to receive an amount of attention seldom bestowed upon this important but unpopular sort of writing. It is called "The Death of Fionavar," and the author is Eva Gore-Booth. The book is profusely illustrated, every page having its elaborate decoration of landscapes, flowers, and cabalistic designs. And these illustrations are the work of Eva Gore-Booth's sister, the Countess Markiewicz, now incarcerated in an English prison for her conspicuous share in the Irish uprising of last April.

The Countess Markiewicz is one of the most picturesque of all the many women whose fame went around the world last Easter Week. As Constance Gore-Booth she won the approval of connoisseurs by her paintings. An idea of her bold and imaginative manner may be gained from the illustrations to "The Death of Fionavar." The exhibitions of her paintings have attracted considerable attention, and many of her canvases have passed at high prices into the hands of wealthy collectors in England and America, says the New York Times.

Constance Gore-Booth married some years ago a Polish painter, Count Markiewicz. After studying art in Paris, the Count came to Ireland and was enthusiastically received into what is known as the "Castle set" in Dublin—the representatives of the British Government. But after a while the Count and Countess deserted the Castle set to affiliate themselves with the Labour Movement and the Nationalist Movement, and their former friends knew them no more.

Count Markiewicz and his wife threw themselves heart and soul into the movement which brought about the Easter Week uprising. The Count wrote a number of Irish patriotic plays, in which his wife acted. When war broke out the Count joined the Russian Army and is now at the front.

The Countess Markiewicz was prominent in Sinn Fein circles, and her gallant part in the insurrection was noticed by all who described that stirring event. She was not content with doing Red Cross work and cooking for the beleaguered rebels; she put on a uniform, bore arms, and led the rebel forces as bravely and efficiently as a man.

Eva Gore-Booth dedicates her play "To the Memory of the Dead; the Many Who Died for Freedom.



Peaches
are the most valued
treasure on the pre-
serve shelf.

Lantic Sugar

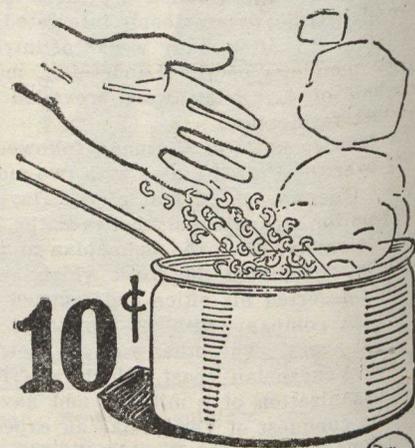
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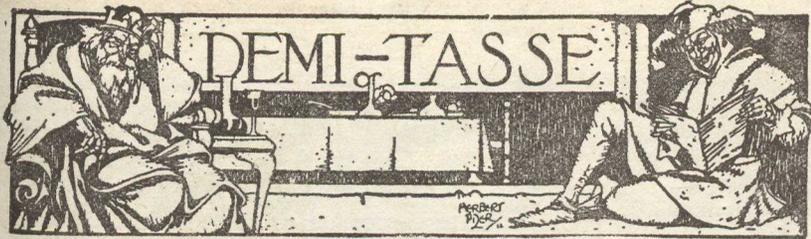
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Courierettes.

ONE of Beethoven's locks sold at auction for \$15. Composers nowadays get more for their airs.

Evangelist Gypsy Smith says the soldiers are the cream of the Empire. Of course—always on top.

Says a fashion magazine: "A seaside smock for a little girl made of striped material." We knew that this craze for stripes would cause trouble yet.

Berlin says the Russians are crossing themselves in fear of Hindenburg. They are also crossing rivers and mountains in pursuit of the foe.

strike—at the expense of the consumer and the traveler. He is determined that the country shall not go hungry through war or strikes, and therefore he has the said country swallow its pride to fill its stomach.

The Danger.—In one of the large California prisons they have provided ocean bathing facilities for the prisoners. If this sort of thing continues we'll have badly overcrowded jails first thing we know.

Consolation Note.—President Woodrow Wilson declares exultingly that

War Notes.

Our newest ally may have gone "dry" but we note that the RUM still remains in Rumania.

Germany is now examining all the men who have previously been exempt from service. Looks like the last call.

When the Bulgars captured Drama the war entered on a new stage, no doubt.

The Kaiser conferred the cross of Hohenzollern on Falkenhayn when he fired that general. Said cross was in addition to the double cross.

In some parts of the war zone it's easier to take a town than to pronounce its name.

Asquith is ready to give the vote to British women after the war. The country will then have had enough war.

Huns are said to be eating their food raw, but their War Office reports are well cooked.

A calf was killed in a recent Zepp. raid. It will take more than that to cow England.

Head line tells us that the price of whiskey is falling. Yet, says the cynic, it is most expensive when going down.

Baltimore reports a "fashionable funeral" held in that city. This should make it easier for some society folk to die.

The price of bread has been increased. Bakers seem to know how to make bread rise two ways.

The United States is worked up over the birth control advocates, but it permits the same old Pullman system of berth control.

England is talking of having women clergymen. Sounds like a paradox, but does not the Bible refer to "ministering angels?"

They have published the diary of a Zeppelin sailor. It is said to be an incen-diary.

Fashion item says that short skirts have passed away. Some of them are still visible, though one almost needs a glass.

What's coming over this old world anyway? A cartoonist has sketched the horny hand of labor with a watch on the wrist!

The Kaiser is now making a hurried search for a few scapegoats. Why not use the Crown Prince too?

W. J. Bryan protests that he is much misunderstood. Wrong again. He used to be but not now.

Finis.—Berlin recently announced that the fifth German war loan would be the last. Rumania is helping to make this dream come true.

Wilson's Way.—"He has kept the country out of war," is the slogan of Woodrow Wilson's followers. He has also kept the country out of a railway

he is above all else "an American citizen." At the same time he is no doubt glad that he was not one of the 112 American citizens who went down on the Lusitania.

Suppression Note. — Brantford's mayor announces that all unnecessary noises in that city must be suppressed. Toronto has a similar by-law but the editor of the Toronto Telegram is still at large.

The New Theatre Movement

(Concluded from page 13.)

theatre as director of staging, he brought with him the double training as actor and decorative artist. Following the general principle that a production must be the work of one man, he started to simplify matters by discarding every member of the producing staff. He was able to eliminate scene painter, costume designer and stage manager by designing settings, costume and action, but it was impossible for him to do the work of the actors. He therefore abolished the actor and substituted the marionette. While perfecting the wooden figures he and his followers brought out new beauties in setting and lighting and solved problems that pertain to all theatre productions. The cluttered and ornate settings used in the realistic productions of Belasco and Sir Herbert Tree, gave place to simple flat backgrounds, with variations produced by lighting, while accessories which can be easily moved were substituted to overcome the tiresome waiting between acts. The Gordon Craig production of Hamlet at the Art Theatre of Moscow had scenery composed of cream coloured screens, nothing more, but the admirable arrangement of lighting gave to each scene the artistic value of a masterpiece of painting. Dance dramas, however, have

Giving Credit.—At a military church service during the South African war some recruits were listening to the chaplain in church saying: "Let them slay the Boers as Joshua smote the Egyptians," when a recruit whispered to a companion:

"Say, Bill, the old bloke is a bit off; doesn't he know it was Kitchener who swiped the Egyptians?"

Gone—But Not Forgotten.

"Women's skirts will now be longer." Fashion note. Please do not laugh! Oh, those kill-joy fashion makers—Thus they kill the fatted calf!

Peace and War.—Peace hath its victories no less renowned than war—and likewise her list of killed, wounded and missing.

The Difficulty.—Almost any girl will concede that the shoe top should reach the skirt, but it is so hard to find a pair of boots with tops high enough.

The Usual Way.—You will note that the man who kicks about the slow progress of the Allies and the extravagance of our Militia Department is almost invariably the chap who pays about a dime a year to the Patriotic Fund.

Query.—If an heiress keeps her money in the feminine First National Bank, would it be right to say that she has a fortune in her own right? No, it might be in the left one.

It All Depends.—Here's the way a placard in front of a movie house reads:

Should a Wife Forgive?

Friday Night.

She might not, but she should on Saturday night when he brings home his pay envelope.

Appropriate.—It is reported that many members of the American Legion deserted when that battalion got to Valcartier. They observed the eternal fitness of things, however, by waiting until they reached Quebec to take French leave.

brought the painter decorator into the theatre. There the stage-setting, instead of remaining a mere neutral background, becomes one of the three sources of compelling beauty, movement and sound, appealing simultaneously to the eye and ear. It has given such artist as Leon Bakst in connection with the Russian Ballet an opportunity to paint gorgeous stage pictures in terms of miles of canvas with great masses of moving figures.

SO much can the theatre do for us, but there is one thing that we, the humble audience can do for the theatre, and that is to refrain from applause as long as the curtain is up. The reception with which theatre-goers are apt to greet the first appearance of the "star" should be severely condemned. The audience should not draw attention to itself during the action of a play. The noise breaks the spell, shatters the illusion and brings our minds back with a sickening sense of the reality of life. Only after the curtain has fallen and the audience is freed from illusion is applause permissible, but even then, if the drama has gripped the spectator there will be a moment of absolute stillness at the end of the play.

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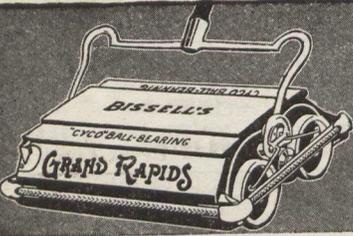
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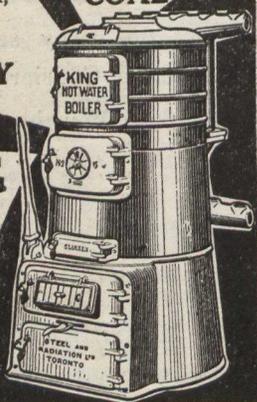
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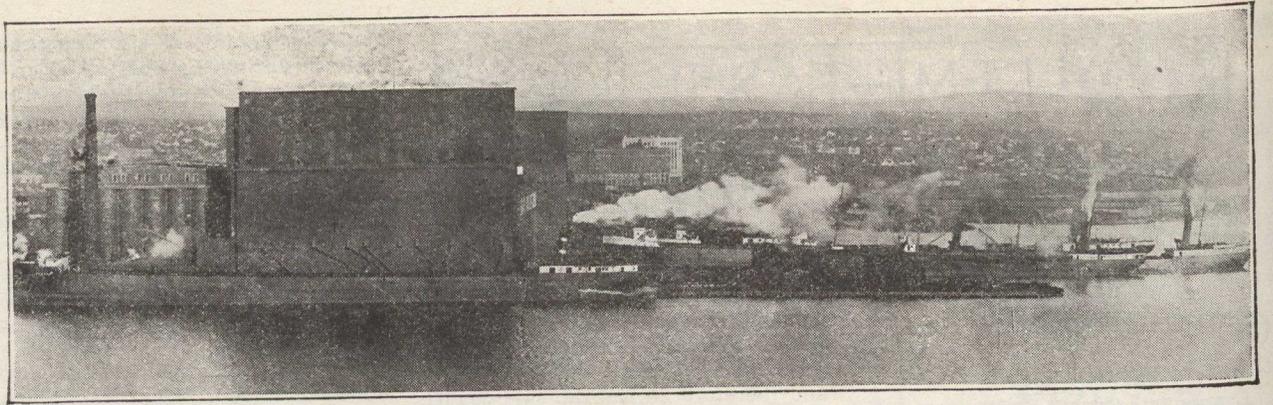
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In seven grain-boat lengths of Port Arthur waterfront the total wheat crop of 1915, 350,000,000 bushels, could be handled in one season, with storage space for at least 100,000,000 bushels.

THE CITY OF MOVING MILLIONS PORT ARTHUR THE MIDWAY POINT OF WEALTH IN LOCOMOTION

COMPARED to the actual business transacted in visible and tangible wealth, the land along the front of Port Arthur is perhaps more valuable than any other land in Canada. To get an idea of the value of such land based on the handling of commodities in cash value, one might take for a parallel the amount of business transacted in the New York Stock Exchange. But the wealth that changes hands on Wall Street is often very largely in the imagination. The business done in a year along the waterfront of Port Arthur is a colossal aggregate cash value represented by hundreds of millions of dollars in the great staples of existence, wheat, oats and barley.

Taking the length of the modern lake freighter for a gauge: in three boats' lengths of Port Arthur's waterfront all the coal imports of the Twin Ports could be handled, with storage for over 3,000,000 tons; in seven boats' lengths all the grain exported from the Twin Ports of Port Arthur and Fort William for crop year of 1915, approximately 350,000,000 bushels, could be handled, with storage space for at least 100,000,000 bushels possible; and in three boats' lengths all the package freight and all the rails imported could be handled, with a total space for at least fifty vessels, each vessel having individual dock room. Thus, what is possible on a mile and a half of lake front would take at least six miles of river frontage, just placing the vessels stem to stern, and allowing no space between them for necessary freight storing facilities and switching spaces. Such are the potentials of Port Arthur as a port. Government Engineer Gutelius is recently quoted as follows: "In a few years there will be storage at the head of the lakes for two hundred million bushels of grain." This will be more than four times the present grain storage capacity.

The frontage secured in Port Arthur for the government elevator is 600 feet, with a depth of approximately 3,300 feet, on which is now located a plant with a storage capacity of 3,250,000 bushels, and with space for a total capacity, according to the government report, of approximately 30,000,000 bushels, when required. A river site to equal this truly magnificent 600 feet frontage site that the Government of Canada possesses for its terminal elevator development, with its gigantic grain handling and storing possibilities, would require a length of frontage of nearly a mile.

Other illustrations of the concentration in terminal facilities and freight handling power possible on Port Arthur's dock sites, are the plants of the Canadian Northern elevator and the Canadian Northern Coal Dock companies. The Canadian Northern coal dock has only a frontage of less than

700 feet, but on this is handled approximately one-third of the total coal imports of the twin ports; and it has a storage of approximately 1,000,000 tons. The Canadian Northern Elevator plant has also a frontage of about 700 feet, on which is erected the world's greatest grain storage plant, with a capacity of nine million five hundred thousand bushels, consisting of two unloading units and three annexes, with space for many more when required, which will handle approximately 60,000,000 bushels of the 1915 crop, or practically one-third more grain than was shipped out on vessels from Montreal during the entire season of 1915. This gigantic freight handling power is possible on every foot of Port Arthur's unequalled waterfront.

Thus by taking the actual work done on the dock and elevator sites in Port Arthur as a guide, a magnificent exposition of the freight handling power of lake and river frontage can be given, showing the marvelous concentration and economy possible at Port Arthur.

PORT ARTHUR has an industrial area of 1,300 acres through which pass three transcontinental railways of Canada, making possible to industrial enterprises there the direct access of these railways to their sites. Three hundred acres of this industrial area was asked to be reserved for a contemplated \$10,000,000 steel plant, the plans for which European capitalists were developing, but the war stopped all progress and it will be left, no doubt, for further development until after the war.

The large plant of the Port Arthur wagon works is located on these lands, as also is the plant of the Western Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Co. This shipbuilding company has had the honour of turning out of its yards, besides many other splendid craft, probably the largest fresh water passenger vessel in the world—the Noronic—of the Northern Navigation Company's line, a magnificent vessel of about 5,000 tons. It has also turned out the longest vessel on the Great Lakes, the W. Grant Morden, which has a length of 625 feet. This vessel but a few weeks ago carried the largest cargo of wheat ever floated on the Great Lakes, and perhaps in the world, in the 490,722 bushels of wheat which she loaded at Port Arthur from the Canadian Northern elevator, which is operated by the Port Arthur Elevator Company.

The drydock belonging to the shipbuilding plant is one of the largest in Canada, and is over 700 feet in length. There is not a shadow of a doubt that the great industrial area which Port Arthur possesses will be, in the near future, with its ideal railway and water

connections, one of the great industrial areas of Canada, for in the district surrounding Port Arthur are the raw materials, pulp-wood, and minerals, which of the world's necessity will have to be utilized.

The pulp-wood areas adjacent to and tributary to Port Arthur are immense, and are computed by competent authorities to contain at least 20,000,000 cords. At present there is more than one corporation developing plans for the erection of pulp and paper mills at Port Arthur, for this city has all the requisites, besides the raw material, for the successful development of this class of industry—splendid dock sites, electric power, cheap transportation by water, excellent rail connections, and unlimited quantities of clear, uncoloured and unmineralized waters.

But it is the mineral deposits that lie in close proximity to Port Arthur that give the greatest promise in their development, and which will be of the greatest benefit in developing one of the largest industrial centres in Canada at the head of the 1,200-mile stretch of her magnificent deep waters.

In dealing with the mineral prospects of the territory adjacent to Port Arthur, it might be just as well to treat of the mineral resources of the entire district of Northern Ontario, in order to show the tremendous mining possibilities of that section of Canada of which Port Arthur is part, for in that section of Ontario there are more attractive mineral districts, rich in either gold, silver, nickel, copper, iron, iron pyrites, than in any other province or state in North America. Northern Ontario, including the district of Patricia, has an area of over 330,000 square miles, of which over 250,000 square miles are, from a geological point of view, more or less favourable for occurrence of mineral deposits.

In the mining of gold, silver, copper, nickel, and iron ore, Northern Ontario, in 1914, produced 45 per cent. of the total output of all Canada. Northern Ontario possesses at Sudbury the greatest nickel deposits in the world, which are producing in 1916 at the rate of \$48,000,000 worth per year. The silver mines of Northern Ontario have paid out in dividends over \$66,000,000, and this province now possesses the richest silver camp in the world.

ABOUT 120 miles east of Port Arthur, in the vicinity of Schriber, a range of pyrrhotite contains more or less nickel, while in the new gold district at Kow Kash, which is about 120 miles northeast of Port Arthur, very heavy deposits of pyrrhotite were discovered some years ago, and the assays obtained showed that some of the samples ran high in nickel.

Many years ago a number of gold mines were slightly developed in the various gold districts west of Port Arthur, and it is believed that some of these mines can now be operated at a profit. In the Sturgeon Lake district, about 180 miles northwest of Port Arthur, on the National Transcontinental Railway, large sums of money are being spent in thoroughly developing the St. Anthony gold mine. Last fall some 600 claims were staked out in the Kow Kash and Tashota districts. Tashota is immediately west of Kow Kash. It is said by explorers that from the Sturgeon Lake region north through Savant Lake to Lake St. Joseph in the Albany River, there are exceptionally attractive gold districts, as more or less gold can be panned out

future in the developing and operating of our iron pyrites properties.

The prospects for the mining of copper in the Port Arthur districts are also splendid. In the Black Bay region, near Port Arthur, and other places in close proximity, are locations showing rich ore. The Tip Top copper mine, a short distance west of Port Arthur, has a large tonnage of high grade copper proven up. Copper now commands a very high price and there are a great many copper properties in the vicinity of Port Arthur worthy of examination and development.

But it is the iron resources of the district surrounding Port Arthur that will give the greatest results in developing. Competent authorities claim that the exploration work carried on

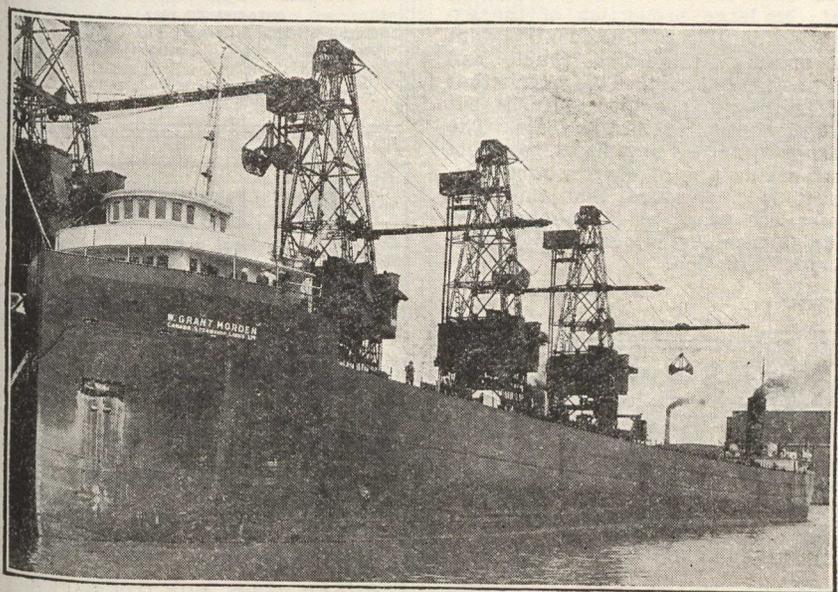
most of the ore a short distance from the lake ports. There are promising iron ranges at Steep Rock, Loon Lake, and Nipigon, short distances east and west of Port Arthur. At Loon Lake there is said to be proven up a very large tonnage of hematite ore. Competent experts consider the iron ranges at Nipigon and Steep Rock very favourable for the location of hematite ore. So that from a mining standpoint the outlook of the Port Arthur district is very promising, especially in development from the iron ore.

There is every reason to believe, also, that the district has non-metallic products of great commercial value. Very pure sand-stones occur in abundance, such as might be used for the manufacture of glass, silica, brick, etc. Barytes also occur in large quantities, that could be used in the manufacture of glass, paints and chemicals. Large beds of shale underlie Thunder Cape and probably those at Nipigon contain a high percentage of potash, that valuable salt that is in such demand at present, and might well be used as a source of this material.

Feldspar is also abundant and is of commercial value. Sandstone, marble, and another very beautiful decorative stone, nepheline, and syenite occur in quantity here and at Port Coldwell. These rocks make very fine building stone, and have no superior (marble excepted).

Of kaolin and bauxite we know nothing, except that the formation around Lake Nipigon is very favourable for deposits of the latter, and underlying the rapidly decomposing feldspathic porphyries of Nipigon straits and vicinity, one might reasonably expect to find economic deposits of kaolin.

The development of these non-metallic minerals would undoubtedly have the effect of giving much freight and haulage to the railroads.



A few weeks ago the Grant Morden carried from Port Arthur probably the largest wheat cargo ever floated in one bottom, 490,722 bushels. The total weight of this cargo was three times the weight of the centre span of the Quebec Bridge that went to the bottom of the St. Lawrence.

of the sand on the shores of the lakes and rivers. It is claimed that while there is not much visible gold in the quartz in these new districts, yet most of the veins appear to be consistent and strong, and that the assays of gold frequently are surprisingly high. Considerable development work will be carried on this year in the Kow Kash and Tashota districts.

in the Atikokan district, west of Port Arthur, and also in the Michipicoten and Moose Mountains districts, have proven that there are over 175,000,000 tons of iron ore in these districts, and

The Unasked Question

(Continued from page 6.)

MANY years ago the silver mines of Port Arthur district produced millions of dollars' worth of silver, and with the present high price, cheap railway transportation, and the hydro-electrical power in this district, it is probable that a number of our silver prospects would justify careful investigation. About 200 miles east of Port Arthur, on the new Canadian Northern transcontinental line, a short distance east of Long Lake, a very promising silver district with geological formation similar to the Cobalt and Thunder Bay districts has been discovered.

There has been for some years a large and profitable market in the United States for iron pyrites, which the Port Arthur district has in considerable quantities. A large tonnage has been developed at the Northern Pyrites mines near Graham, on the G. T. P., about 180 miles northwest of Port Arthur. For a number of years shipments have been made by this company at very remunerative prices. There are a number of promising iron pyrites properties east and west of Port Arthur on the different lines of railway, and it is expected that considerable development work will be performed on some of these properties during the present year, as an American chemical company is prepared to pay remunerative prices for ore delivered on board the boats at Port Arthur. The market is steadily increasing, and very extensive operations should be carried on in the near

driving drill, tactical schemes.... A pretty good time on the whole, though. The Mess had been good and there had been a decent enough lot of fellows. "Sphinx," they had called him, and "the strong silent one." Rather rot, but perhaps he had kept his mouth shut. After all it is up to a chap to find out things for himself; instructors nor anyone else want to be bothered by eternal questions. He hated asking questions, you were laughed at usually.... "Strong silent one"! If they had only known how he used to lie awake at night picturing what he must go through, what shell fire was like.... God! how he hoped he wasn't going to be....

A long whining whistle and a detonation, not unlike a gun, but higher pitched, interrupted his train of thought. He turned about and saw a little cloud of yellowish smoke drifting slowly in the wind. "Where will that one go on the Shell Report, Sir?" called up the telephonist. Shell Report, what the devil was a Shell Report? He recollected suddenly. "Oh, five-nine H. E., I think, over the Wood." Then he realized that his heart was pumping more than it should and he laughed nervously.

Nothing happened for a minute or so. The guns were firing as before and he could still faintly hear the two aeroplanes. "The Hun Officer making a correction," growled the telephonist, "I wonder if he has.... hullo Battery, O. P speaking, yes, go on; 'check-registration of La Briquiere, Right.' Battery called up, Sir; check registration of La Briquiere."

"Righto," answered the Subaltern. He fumbled in his pocket for his note book and began to figure his initial

round, only to duck instinctively as he heard the warning whine of a second shell. The detonation sounded further than he expected. He looked up and saw that the shell had burst on percussion in front of the house, about ten yards behind the crest. "Five nine, H. E. near the gas trench," he called, "looks like the short end of a bracket." His heart was going again, he could feel it throbbing in his temples. This would never do. He pulled himself together and went on with his calculations.

"Stand to, number three. Angle of sight, one-five minutes depression, got that? Percussion shrapnel. Two degrees, three-o minutes left of original line, got that? Four-two-seventy-five. Report when ready."

Two shells burst simultaneously, one not ten yards in front of the house, the other over. The Subaltern was very white. He felt curiously sick suddenly, and his hand trembled a little as he picked up the speaking tube.

"Tell the operator off duty to clear out. They're ranging on the house."

"Hadh't we better disconnect, Sir?" The telephonist's voice was monotonously calm as he spoke. He knew perfectly well that checking a registration did not warrant remaining under heavy fire.

"No, damn it, do as you are told and report when No. 3 is ready."

"Very good, Sir, No. 3 ready, Sir."

"Fire No. 3."

"No. 3 fired, Sir."

"One-five minutes more right, add twenty-five." The Subaltern was thinking quite clearly, but his heart was still pumping furiously.

(Concluded on page 23.)

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Canada a Favoured Borrower

WITH a new Canadian war loan out, it is worth studying the general standing of Canadian Government securities. The place to study them is the New York market. New York is not only the chief borrowing centre of the world at present but New York is shrewd and hard-headed. It does not buy securities at sentimental prices. Hence, when we observe that Canadian Government securities have been selling at a premium in New York—it means that New York likes those securities and wants them. Whoever buys Canadian Government bonds is not likely to be disappointed.

Recent market reports state that the Canadian Government bonds listed in New York have been slightly easier again, having gone back to their lowest prices in three months during the past few days (early in September), the 5 year issue to 99½, the 10 year to 99¼ and the 15 year to 99½, the latter two prices being new lows since May. The range for the past month on the 5 year security has been 99½ to 100½, against 99½ to 7½ in July, 99½ to 100¼ in June, 99½ to 100½ in May and 99½ to 5½ in April. The range on the 10 year bond for August was 99¼ to 100, comparing with 99½ to 100½ in July, 99½ to 101¼ in June, 98¼ to 100½ in May and 97½ to 98¼ in April; on the 15 year for August 99½ to 100½ against 100¼ to 101¼ in July, 100 to 102½ in June, 99 to 101½ in May and 98¼ to 99½ in April. The issue price for these issues was 99.56 for the fives, 97.13 for the tens and 94.94 for the fifteens.

Those facts are eloquent of Canada's high standing in New York.

The Dominion of Canada 5% short term notes, due August, 1917, sold across the border a little over a year ago, are quoted in the New York market to-day at 100½ to 7/8 bid and asked, returning 4.05%, which is a slightly lower price, and so a larger yield than was shown a few weeks ago. It will be remembered that this issue sold on the market at less than par, to return over 5%, just a little over a year ago.

Compare this sort of record with the still tumbling German mark and you can see the superior position of the Entente Allies in the eyes of the neutral leaders. But even at that, Canada's credit in New York is better even than that of her great European allies.

The range on Anglo-French "5's" in the New York market during the past month has been 95½ to 95¾. This has been the smallest fluctuation in price for any month since the listing last year, and compares with 95¼ to 96 in July, 95½ to 96½ in June, 95 to 96½ in May, 95 to 96 in April, 93½ to 95½ in March, 95½ to 95½ in February, 94¾ to 96 in January, and 93¾ to 95 last December, the range to date being thus 93½ (March) to 96½ (May and June). Prior to the listing the bonds sold on the curb in New York as high as 98¾. They were sold last November to the public at 98 and to the syndicate at 96¾. Even these excellent securities have not touched 100% as Canada's have! All of this is in spite of the fact that a New York wire says it is probable the American market will be approached for funds by some countries which have so far not been represented in the list of borrowers in that country. Among others, Portugal is likely to seek a loan, which it is expected will be guaranteed by Great Britain. Russia, which floated a \$50,000,000 loan recently, has an option on another \$50,000,000, and will probably exercise this this fall or possibly earlier.

The city of Ottawa has made a temporary loan of \$300,000 across the border, having borrowed that amount on a 4.45% basis on a six months' loan. In view of present financial condi-

tions, it is considered by bond men that the city secured favourable terms.

Wheat Excitement

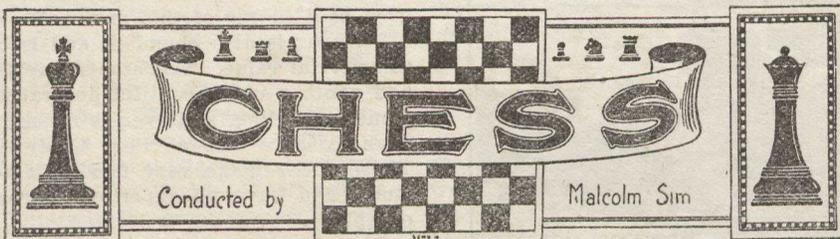
A VIGOROUS campaign is on in the West to get the farmer to hold his wheat for higher prices this year. Last year much of the crop was sold "on track" and the growers saw it advance in value 30% before it was exported. Now the 100,000 members of the Grain Growers' Association are co-operating with members of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and other Western interests to get the producer to hang on. Advertisements in the Western press state that every bushel of wheat is worth \$1.25 to the farmer, it cannot go lower but may go higher. This is followed by advice not to sell "on track," but to ship to Fort William and get a storage certificate. If money is needed immediately, it can be raised on this security.

Last year at this time a multitude of Western farmers had to sell their grain immediately it was harvested

owing to their indebtedness to the implement companies, banks and merchants. This year they are pretty well independent, and it is believed that the "hold your wheat" campaign will prove a big success. In any event, it is bound to be considerable of a market influence.

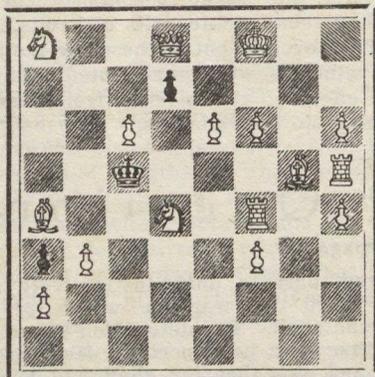
The "hold your wheat" campaign is said to be progressing favourably, and to be showing up more and more as a market factor. There are already 100,000 members in the campaign, and they are being assisted by another 100,000 non-members.

It is feared in some quarters that the success of the campaign will embarrass the milling industry in the West, which last year exported 5,000,000 barrels of flour, representing the product of 23,000,000 bushels of wheat. Last year was a good one for the milling companies. During the year the volume of business was larger than usual, one of the big features being that the large proportion of the exportable surplus of the country went out as a manufactured article and not as raw material. This meant that the milling companies turned out more flour than in normal years. The prospects for the new fiscal year just commencing are, of course, uncertain, but it is understood that the companies are prepared for almost anything that might happen in the international situation.



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

PROBLEM No. 79, by W. H. Thompson. "Tours de Force," 1906. Black.—Three Pieces.



White.—Sixteen Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 80, by V. Cisar.

Deutsches Schachblatter, 8 Jan., 1911. White: K at QR7; Q at KR 3; R at K3; B at KR2; Kts at K8 and KR8. Black: K at KK4; R at QKt5; Bs at QB8 and KKt5; Kts at QB5 and Q7; Ps at QR4, QKt3, Q2, KB6 and KR2.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 75, by H. W. Bettmann
1. R-Q3, KtxKtP; 2. Q-B3, KtxR; 3. PxBt mate.

1. ... PxBtP; 2. P-B3, P-K7; 3. PxBt mate.

1. ... Kt-Kt4; 2. P-B4, P-K7 or Kt-B6; 3. P or RxBt mate.

This is an excellent accomplishment of six mates by discovery from a single White Pawn. The play is symmetrical, the variations given being repeated on other side. The threats are 2. Q-B3 and 2. P-B4.

Problem No. 76, by A. Ellerman.

1. Q-Q8, R-Q2; 2. Q-Kt5 mate.
1. ... B-Q2; 2. QxBt mate.
1. ... Kt-Q2; 2. R-K6 mate.
1. ... Kt-K3; 2. Kt-Kt6 mate.
1. ... threat; 2. Q-Q4 mate.

The following, by P. F. Blake, has five interferences on the square White's K3. The self-block 1. ... Q-K3 should not be overlooked. The problem captured first prize in the Western Daily Mercury Tourney, 1906.

White: K at QKt7; Q at QR6; Rs at QB8 and KR5; Bs at QRsq and KB5; Kts at QR5 and KKt6; Ps at QB5, K7, KB6 and KKt4. Black: K at Q4; Q at KB2; R at KR6; Bs at QR7 and Q7; Kts at KB8 and KKt7; Ps at QR2, QKt3 and K5. Mate in two. (1. Q-K2.)
Solver's Ladder will appear next week.

CHESS IN HOLLAND.

The following interesting game, which

we take from the "Field," was played in the tournament of the Dutch Chess Federation which began at Amsterdam on July 30. Dr. Olland and Heer Te Kolste are the two strongest players in the competition. The notes we have abridged from our contemporary.

Vienna Opening.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| Dr. H. G. Olland | J. W. Te Kolste |
| Utrecht. | The Hague. |
| 1. P-K4. | 1. P-K4 |
| 2. Kt-QB3 | 2. Kt-KB3 |
| 3. B-B4 | 3. B-B4 (a) |
| 4. P-Q3 | 4. P-Q3 |
| 5. B-KKt5 (b) | 5. P-KR3 (c) |
| 6. B-R4 | 6. B-K3 (d) |
| 7. Kt-Q5 | 7. BxKt |
| 8. BxB | 8. P-B3 |
| 9. B-QKt3 | 9. P-KKt4 (e) |
| 10. B-Kt3 | 10. P-KR4 |
| 11. P-KR4 | 11. P-Kt5 |
| 12. Q-Q2 (f) | 12. QKt-Q2 |
| 13. P-KB4 (g) | 13. Q-Kt3 (h) |
| 14. K-K2 (i) | 14. P-R4 |
| 15. PxB | 15. PxB |
| 16. P-B3 | 16. P-R5 |
| 17. B-QB4 | 17. R-KBsq |
| 18. R-KBsq | 18. Castles |
| 19. Q-B2 (j) | 19. Q-R2 |
| 20. P-R3 | 20. P-Kt4 |
| 21. B-QR2 | 21. B-K6 |
| 22. P-Q4 | 22. B-R3 |
| 23. K-Ksq (k) | 23. K-Kt2 |
| 24. Kt-K2 | 24. PxB |
| 25. PxB | 25. KtxP (l) |
| 26. QxKt | 26. Q-R4ch |
| 27. Kt-B3 (m) | 27. R (Bsq)-Ksq |
| 28. B-K5 | 28. P-B3 |
| 29. R-B5 (n) | 29. PxB |
| 30. P-Q5 | 30. K-R3 |
| 31. P-Q6 (o) | 31. Q-Kt3 |
| 32. B-B7 | 32. Kt-B4 |
| 33. Q-K2 | 33. R-KBsq |
| 34. B-Kt6 | 34. RxB |
| 35. BxB | 35. B-B5 |
| 36. P-Q7 | 36. KtxP |
| 37. KtxRP | 37. B-Kt6 |
| 38. K-Bsq | 38. Q-Q5 |

(a) Or 3. ... KtxP; 4. Q-R5, Kt-Q3; 5. B-Kt3, B-K2 (if 5. ... Kt-B3, then 6. Kt-QKt5 with the better game); 6. QxKP, Castles threatening 7. ... R-Ksq or B-B3 with a good game.

(b) Premature. Kt-B3 should first have been played.

(c) A weakening move. P-B3, to prevent Kt-Q5 and threatening to win a Pawn by Q-Kt3, would have been better.

(d) Again the right move was P-B3.

(e) This advance leaves a weak point at his KB4. QKt-Q2, at once, was the correct move.

(f) He should now have played Kt-K2, with the object of manoeuvring his Knight via Kt3 to B5, e.g., 12. Kt-K2, QKt-Q2; 13. B-R2, P-Q4 (if 13. ... Kt-R2, threatening QxRP, then 14. B-Ktsq, followed by Kt-Kt3); 14. Kt-Kt3, Kt-Bsq; 15. Q-K2, Kt-Kt3; 16. Kt-B5 with great positional advantage to White.

(g) It would have been better for White to leave his King's Bishop's Pawn unmoved until his Knight was established at B5 and one of his Rooks at KBsq when the advance of the Pawn would have been decisive.

(h) If 13. ... PxB e.p., then 14. KtxP, Kt-Kt3; 15. P-Q4, PxB; 16. KtxP,

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threatening 17. Kt—B5 with a good game.
 (i) This prevents the egress of the Knight. The correct move was PxP, e.g., 14. PxP, BxKt; 15. PxKt (threatening 16. BxP), B—Q5; 16. P—B3, B—K4; 17. BxB, PxP; 18. R—KBsq, Castles; 19. Castles.
 If 14. ... , PxP, then 15. Kt—K2. White would have nothing to fear from 15. ... B—K6, because of the reply 16. Q—B3, threatening 17. BxP or Q—B4, and the open King's Bishop file should soon have decided the game in his favor.
 (j) Loss of time. He should now have played P—Kt4, e.g., 19. P—Kt4, PxP e.p. (if 19. ... B—K2, then 20. P—R3, threatening 21. Q—R2, with a strong attack); 20. PxP (threatening P—Kt4, followed by Q—R2), Q—R2; 21. P—Kt4, B—Kt3; 22. Q—Kt2, B—K6; 23. R—Rsq, Q—Kt3; 24. Q—Kt3, threatening 25. BxP, and White should win.
 (k) Overlooking an easy win by 23. BxP, followed, if 23. ... KtxB, by 24. RxKt.
 (l) A brilliant and perfectly sound sacrifice.
 (m) If 27. K—B2, then 27. ... R (Bsq)—Ksq; 28. Q—Q3, Kt—B4 and wins, as White cannot guard against the threatened mate by B—K6 without losing his Queen.
 If 28. B—K5, then 28. ... P—B3; 29. Q—Kt6, Q—Q7 and wins.
 (n) The best move to prolong the game. If, instead, 35. Q—Kt6 (threatening RxP or QxB), then 35. ... KtxB; 36. PxKt, RxPch; 37. K—B2, Q—Kt3ch; 38. K—Kt3, Q—K6ch, 39. K—R2, B—B5ch; 40. RxB, QxRch and mates next move.
 (o) Threatening Q—Pch.

A NEAT COUP.

White: K at KKtsq; Q at QKt6; Rs at Ksq and KBsq; Kt at K4; Ps at QR7, QB3, KKt2 and KR2. Black: K at KKtsq; Q at KR5; R at Q6; Bs at QBsq and K4; Ps at QKt4, Q3, KKt2 and KR3.
 Black the exchange down has been endeavouring to work up an attack. White now wins by 1. Kt—B6ch, PxKt (if 1. ... BxKt, White has time to queen the Pawn); 2. Q—Q8ch, K—Kt2; 3. RxB! Black resigns. 1. Kt—Kt3 would also have won but less brilliantly.

One of the Oddest of Editors

(Continued from page 6.)

Smith—not the Professor at the Grange—says—” It was horribly impolite. His humour was often grotesque; sometimes benignly bucolic. His knowledge of political events was curiously subtle. Some men are most courageous in their own back yards. “Shep” was always boldest on his front page. I must confess to a lingering regard for that weird page with the turn on to the second. Thousands of men read it who let their wives read the society column on the inside. The writer once remarked to the editor, “Why do you publish society chatter?”

“Well, you’ll notice that if pink teas are popular on the inside they don’t cut much of a figure on the front page,” was the sardonic reply.

And it was the front page that set the pace. As the paper became housed in a tall building with shrewd prosperity staring all over it, other men came and went whose writings appeared after the articles signed Don. The first I can remember was the breezy person who signed himself Mack. That was Joe Clark, now on the Daily Star. Sometimes when Don was out of town or elsewhere, Mack wrote the whole page, signing the first part of it Don. Those who saw the difference were not always sure of it. Sheppard had the knack of making imitators. Clark went, his first visit to the Star, and Jim Tucker succeeded. Tucker had been the head rebel at the University in 1895. “Shep” made a hero of him and took him from an Owen Sound paper to be assistant editor. Tucker was a brilliant and brainy man with as much courage as his chief, and as much savage desire to be unconventional. And he also wrote in the style of Sheppard. The untimely death of Tucker called for Sheppard a brief but expressive epitaph. Then came Knox Magee, who wrote some of Sheppard’s articles, for a time conducted the whole front page, and later went to Winnipeg, where he afterwards started a paper in imitation of Saturday Night. There was already another imitation in Detroit. The successor to Magee was Reginald Jamieson, who headed the second University rebellion in 1905, ten years after the first under Tucker. Jamie-



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son's university articles, signed Junius Jr. in Saturday Night, brought the rebellion to a focus and fetched the young author on as assistant editor; a young man of exceptional temperament and ability who never felt himself intended for an editor.

By this time Sheppard was getting weary of the game. Saturday Night, as he originated it, had shot its bolt. He sold the paper to Gagnier, who at once hired Joe Clark as editor. Under Clark the paper took on a new impulse, until he also went back to the Star. Sheppard had done well financially by the paper, and he owned the building. With all his broncho proclivities he has always a thrifty eye

to the main chance. He retired to California, coming back every summer for a while to see after his Mexican villa apartments on Jarvis St. He was then a mere relic of the man who had once looked like Buffalo Bill and had written sometimes like a prophet. Presently he decided to come back no longer to the old town where he had made himself and his paper famous. He stayed in California and acquired a new faith. There for the present we must leave him—knowing that when he has read this article he will temporarily forget his religion and say things that he would never have cared to print, even on the front page of the old Saturday Night.

ston made a very definite place for himself in the high estimate of Toronto critics last season. The National Chorus also adhered to its high and wholesome standard of good works done in an inspiring way. Dr. Ham is to be congratulated on deciding to occupy his field again this year. With so much orchestral music barred out by the war, we are more than ever in need of our choral societies.

THE Organ Department of the Toronto Conservatory of Music possesses an equipment which is equalled by very few of the great music schools of the world. In its fine new electro-pneumatic concert-organ, and its comparatively recently installed tubular-pneumatic practice organs the Conservatory offers unsurpassed facilities for organ study. At no time in the history of the country has there existed so great a demand for well-qualified organists and choir-masters. The organ faculty of the Conservatory includes the names of some of the most brilliant musicians resident in America. Full information regarding the Conservatory's Organ department, its equipment, faculty, courses of study, examinations, etc., may be gathered from the Conservatory's Year Book and Local Centre Syllabus, copies of which may be obtained on application to the Registrar, Toronto Conservatory of Music, College Street, Toronto.

Timely Warning. — Dallas Anderson, leading man for Maude Adams, was visiting Glasgow last summer. He solemnly relates one of his peculiarly Scotch experiences: He was leaving his hotel one fine Sunday morning, when the sun was shining, and all the visible world wore an enchanting aspect. As he was crossing George Square a policeman eyed him suspiciously. Presently he accosted him with a not unkindly word of caution as to his conduct.

"Ye'd better tak' care, sir, what ye're doing," he said.

"Why, what am I doing?" the stroller inquired; "I'm not even whistling."

"No," the officer admitted, in solemn and reproving tones, "but ye're lookin' almost as happy as if it was Monday."

Bridge that Went Below

(Concluded from page 11.)

confessed, grief for the tragic loss of life, though men had drowned in that fearful vortex right before their eyes. No, but rather the overwhelming sense of failure,—the bitter disappointment. One thought of the men, who had planned, the artisans who had labored through so many months and years,—to-day prepared to enjoy the fruits of victory, but destined alas, to suffer the anguish of defeat. And surely the bitterness was all the more extreme, in that the blow fell after all fear of failure seemed to have been removed.

Never in the long history of Quebec were joy and sorrow so swiftly thrown into sharp and bitter contrast as on that memorable day. The crowds, that wended their way eastward at noon, had little of laughter, little of light-heartedness left. Everywhere one saw saddened faces. Gaiety had given place to depression; cheers to sobs; joy to anguish. And over the city itself it seemed as if a pall had settled, just as rising clouds had obscured the sun. At the Chateau, the engineers who had gone forth in the grey dawn, exuberant and excited, now talked together in subdued tones, their aspects crestfallen and dejected. Even in the streets there seemed to be a hush, as if the populace had taken personally to heart the calamity.

The Quebec people, both citizens and countrymen, were proud of the bridge, believing that its completion would be of great advantage. To them the blow has come with particular harshness. Will it ever be built? they ask and, placing their hand over their heart, they exclaim, "It hurts us here to think of those two terrible disasters."



Lloyd-George turns up everywhere with a shout. Here he is arriving at one of his native Welsh towns to be the patron saint of another Eisteddfod.

MUSIC AND PLAYS

Winnipeg to Have Russian Symphony.

It seems likely that the Winnipeg Oratorio Society will engage the Russian Symphony Orchestra for their series of concerts this season. Negotiations were under way several weeks ago to induce Mr. Altschuler to consider an engagement, though it is morally certain that Mr. Altschuler's name was Barkis in that connection. Winnipeg, it must be remembered has a pretty stiff standard for orchestral performances. For several years now that city has been travelling in the best of luck as regards orchestras. The Minneapolis Symphony has been the standard. Mr. Oberhoffer's band has played a large number of great programmes in Winnipeg, and Mr. Oberhoffer is justly regarded by Winnipeggers as one of the greatest conductors in America. Thanks to the war, which keeps the Chicago Symphony and the Boston Symphony out of Eastern Canada. Mr. Oberhoffer is at present debarred from Winnipeg. The Russian Symphony will take its place—as far as possible. And Winnipeg's verdict on the Russian players will be worth noticing.

Mendelssohn Choir Undecided.

NO definite announcement has yet been made regarding the plans of the Mendelssohn Choir for this season. Rehearsals which usually begin in mid-September have not yet started. There has been considerable uncertainty for some time now as to what might be attempted this season,

owing to the shortage in basses and tenors caused by the absence of so many men at the front. Toronto hopes that the Mendelssohn Choir will be on the boards again this year. But if Toronto has to get along for a year without it, she will have to possess her soul in patience. That city has learned the value of a great choir as other cities do the value of great orchestras. But it is surely a national opportunity for Dr. Vogt to do something big in the choral line this season, whether with his accustomed band of singers or with all he has of them and some others. There are singers enough; and Vogt can get them if he wants them.

Mons. Vigneti Appreciates.

MONS. VIGNETI, the new violin professor and virtuoso at the Hambourg Conservatory has arrived and has already formed a very agreeable impression of this part of Canada as a centre of musical art. Of course any virtuoso, who comes here to stay forms some such impressions because it would be uncomfortable to do anything else. But we observe in Mons. Vigneti's appreciations a note of sincerity and warmth coupled with modesty and discrimination that is not always apparent even in virtuosos.

Morgan Kingston Again.

THE return of Morgan Kingston, English tenor, to the programmes of the National Chorus this season is a welcome announcement. Mr. King-

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The Unasked Question

(Concluded from page 19.)

Two more shells burst simultaneously, one neatly shearing off the far corner of the house, the second bursting in the air behind. Falling bricks and stones rattled on the roof, and the Sub. could hear the whine of ricocheting fragments. Another salvo, this time three guns, and another and another. The ground around the house was dotted with craters, but so far there was no other hit on the

house. The Subaltern was perfectly cool now. He kept making his corrections methodically.

Abruptly the shelling ceased. A very grey-faced Subaltern finished his corrections and climbed shakily down the ladder. The whole end of the house was blown away, and the inebriate barn was now but a tangled pile of decaying straw and lumber. He counted thirty-seven craters, some

with the clinging yellow smoke still on their sides. The telephonist was leaning against the door surveying the wreckage.

"Lucky the blighters didn't get this end, sir, or they would have done in the wires," he remarked.

"Very lucky," agreed the Subaltern, "Report the extent of the damage to the Battery."

Twenty minutes later the relieving Officer appeared and with him the Major, much worked up over the damage to the O. P. It is not good to see a cherished idol shattered.

"Gad, they have found us this

time! It's that damned G. H. Q. wire that has given us away. When did it happen, did you see the whole thing?"

"Yes, Sir, I was here, registering."

"Registering? Here, with half the building about your ears? Good Lord, I only sent up that message to give you a little practice, to get your hand in. But if you must register, why the deuce didn't you clear out to the Alternative Position?"

A very red Subaltern was grinning, feebly.

"I didn't know there was one, Sir," he said.

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

By WILLIAM MCHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

Canadian Serial Rights held by the Canadian Courier.

HE went on into the observation-car. The card-room was filled with players, and he stood an instant at the door looking them over, but "Hillward" was not among them, and he saw no one whom he felt could possibly be one of "them." In the observation-room, the case was the same; a few men and women passengers here were reading or talking. Glancing on past them through the glass door at the end of the car, he saw Harriet Santoine standing alone on the observation platform. The girl did not see him; her back was toward the car. As he went out onto the platform and the sound of the closing door came to her, she turned to meet him.

She looked white and tired, and faint gray shadows underneath her eyes showed where dark circles were beginning to form.

"I am supposed to be resting," she explained quietly, accepting him as one who had the right to ask.

"Have you been watching all day?" "With Dr. Sinclair, yes. Dr. Sinclair is going to take half the night watch, and I am going to take the other half. That is why I am supposed to lying down now to get ready for it; but I could not sleep."

"How is your father?" "Just the same; there may be no change, Dr. Sinclair says, for days. It seems all so sudden and so—terrible, Mr. Eaton. You can hardly appreciate how we feel about it without knowing Father. He was so good, so strong, so brave, so independent! And at the same time so—so dependent upon those around him, because of his blindness! He started out so handicapped, and he has accomplished so much, and—and it is so unjust that there should have been such an attack upon him."

Eaton, leaning against the rail beside her and glancing at her, saw that her lashes were wet, and his eyes dropped as they caught hers.

"They have been investigating the attack?" "Yes; Donald—Mr. Avery, you know—and the conductor have been working on it all day."

"What have they learned?" "Not much, I think; at least not much that they have told me. They have been questioning the porter."

"The porter?" "Oh, I don't mean that they think the porter had anything to do with it; but the bell rang, you know."

"The bell?" "The bell from Father's berth. I thought you knew. It rang some time before Father was found—some few minutes before; the porter did not hear it, but the pointer was turned down. They have tested it, and it cannot be jarred down or turned in any way except by means of the bell."

Eaton looked away from her, then back again rather strangely.

"I would not attach too much importance to the bell," he said.

"Father could not have rung it; Dr. Sinclair says that is impossible. So its being rung shows that some one was at the berth, some one must have seen Father lying there and—and rung the bell, but did not tell any one about Father. That could hardly

have been an innocent person, Mr. Eaton."

"Or a guilty one, Miss Santoine, or he would not have rung the bell at all."

"I don't know—I don't understand all it might mean. I have tried not to think about anything but Father."

"Is that all they have learned?"

"No; they have found the weapon."

"The weapon with which your father was struck?"

"Yes; the man who did it seems not to have realized that the train was stopped—or at least that it would be stopped for so long—and he threw it off the train, thinking, I suppose, we should be miles away from there by morning. But the train didn't move, and the snow didn't cover it up, and it was found lying against the snowbank this afternoon. It corresponds, Dr. Sinclair says, with Father's injuries."

"What was it?"

"It seems to have been a bar of metal—of steel, they said, I think, Mr. Eaton—wrapped in a man's black sock."

"A sock!" Eaton's voice sounded strange to himself; he felt that the blood had left his cheeks, leaving him pale, and that the girl must notice it. "A man's sock!"

Then he saw that she had not noticed, for she had not been looking at him.

"It could be carried in that way through the sleepers, you know, without attracting attention," she observed.

Eaton had controlled himself. "A sock!" he said again, reflectively.

He felt suddenly a rough tap upon his shoulder, and turning, he saw that Donald Avery had come out upon the platform and was standing beside him; and behind Avery, he saw Conductor Connery. There was no one else on the platform.

"Will you tell me, Mr. Eaton—or whatever else your name may be—what it is that you have been asking Miss Santoine?" Avery demanded harshly.

Eaton felt his blood surge at the tone. Harriet Santoine had turned, and sensing the strangeness of Avery's manner, she whitened. "What is it, Don?" she cried. "What is the matter? Is something wrong with Father?"

"No, dear; no! Harry, what has this man been saying to you?"

"Mr. Eaton?" Her gaze went wonderingly from Avery to Eaton and back again. "Why—why, Don! He has only been asking me what we had found out about the attack on Father!"

"And you told him?" Avery swung toward Eaton. "You dog!" he mouthed. "Harriet, he asked you that because he needed to know—he had to know! He had to know how much we had found out, how near we were getting to him! Harry, this is the man that did it!"

Eaton's fists clenched; but suddenly, recollecting, he checked himself. Harriet, not yet comprehending, stood staring at the two; then Eaton saw the blood rush to her face and dye forehead and cheek and neck as she understood.

"Not here, Mr. Avery; not here!"

Conductor Connery had stepped forward, glancing back into the car to assure himself the disturbance on the platform had not attracted the attention of the passengers in the observation-room. He put his hand on Eaton's arm. "Come with me, sir," he commanded.

Eaton thought anxiously for a moment. He looked to Harriet Santoine as though about to say something to her, but he did not speak; instead, he quietly followed the conductor. As they passed through the observation-car into the car ahead, he heard the footsteps of Harriet Santoine and Avery close behind them.

CHAPTER IX.

Questions.

CONNERY pulled aside the curtain of the wash-room at the end of the Santoine car—the end furthest from the drawing-room where Santoine lay.

"Step in here, sir," he directed. "Sit down, if you want. We're far enough from the drawing-room not to disturb Mr. Santoine."

Eaton, seating himself in the corner of the leather seat built against two walls of the room, and looking up, saw that Avery had come into the room with them. The girl followed. With her entrance into the room came to him—not any sound from her or anything which he could describe to himself as either audible or visual—but a strange sensation which exhausted his breath and stopped his pulse for a beat. To be accused—even to be suspected—of the crime against Santoine was to have attention brought to him which—with his unsatisfactory account of himself—threatened ugly complications. Yet, at this moment of realization, that did not fill his mind. Whether his long dwelling close to death had rumbled him to his own danger, however much more immediate it had become, he could not know; probably he had prepared himself so thoroughly, had insured himself so to expect arrest and imminent destruction, that now his finding himself confronted with accusers in itself failed to stir new sensation; but till this day, he had never imagined or been able to prepare himself for accusation before one like Harriet Santoine; so, for a moment, thought solely of himself was a subcurrent. Of his conscious feelings, the terror that she would be brought to believe with the others that he had struck the blow against her father was the most poignant.

Harriet Santoine was not looking at him; but as she stood by the door, she was gazing intently at Avery; and she spoke first:

"I don't believe it, Don!"

EATON felt the warm blood flooding his face and his heart throb with gratitude toward her.

"You don't believe it because you don't understand yet, dear," Avery declared. "We are going to make you believe it by proving to you it is true."

Avery pulled forward one of the leather chairs for her to seat herself and set another for himself facing

Eaton. Eaton, gazing across steadily at Avery, was chilled and terrified as he now fully realized for the first time the element which Avery's presence added. What the relations were between Harriet Santoine and Avery he did not know, but clearly they were very close; and it was equally clear that Avery had noticed and disliked the growing friendship between her and Eaton. Eaton sensed now with a certainty that left no doubt in his own mind that as he himself had realized only a moment before that his strongest feeling was the desire to clear himself before Harriet Santoine, so Avery now was realizing that—since some one on the train had certainly made the attack on Santoine—he hoped he could prove before her that that person was Eaton.

"Why did you ring the bell in Mr. Santoine's berth?" Avery directed the attack upon him suddenly.

"To call help," Eaton answered.

Question and answer, Eaton realized, had made some effect upon Harriet Santoine, as he did not doubt Avery intended they should; yet he could not look toward her to learn exactly what this effect was but kept his eyes on Avery.

"You had known, then, that he needed help?"

"I knew it—saw it then, of course."

"When?"

"When I found him."

"Found him."

"Yes."

"When was that?"

"When I went forward to look for the conductor to ask him about taking a walk on the roof of the cars."

"You found him then—that way, the way he was?"

"That way? Yes."

"How?"

"How?" Eaton iterated.

"Yes; how, Mr. Eaton, or Hillward, or whatever your name is? How did you find him? The curtains were open, perhaps; you saw him as you went by, eh?"

EATON shook his head. "No; the curtains weren't open; they were closed."

"Then why did you look in?"

"I saw his hand in the aisle."

"Go on."

"When I came back it didn't look right to me; its position had not been changed at all, and it hadn't looked right to me before. So I stopped and touched it, and I found that it was cold."

"Then you looked into the berth?"

"Yes."

"And having looked in and seen Mr. Santoine injured and lying as he was, you did not call any one, you did not bring help—you merely leaned across him and pushed the bell and went on quickly out of the car before any one could see you?"

"Yes; but I waited on the platform of the next car to see that help did come; and the conductor passed me, and I knew that he and the porter must find Mr. Santoine as they did." "Do you expect us to believe that very peculiar action of yours was the act of an innocent man?"

"If I had been guilty of the attack on Mr. Santoine, I'd not have stopped or looked into the berth at all."

"If you are innocent, you had, of course, some reason for acting as you did. Will you explain what it was?"

"No—I cannot explain."

With a look almost of triumph Avery turned to Harriet Santoine, and Eaton felt his flesh grow warm with gratitude again as he saw her meet Avery's look with no appearance of being convinced.

"Mr. Eaton spoke to me about that," she said quietly.

"You mean he told you he was the one who rang the bell?"

"No; he told me we must not attach too much importance to the ringing of the bell in inquiring into the attack on Father."

Avery smiled grimly. "He did, did he? Don't you see that that only shows more surely that he did not want the ringing of the bell investigated because it would lead us to himself? He did not happen to tell you, did he, that the kind and size of socks he wears and carries in his travelling-bag are very nearly the same as the black sock in which the bar was wrapped with which your father was struck?"

"It was you, then, who took the sock from my bag?" Eaton demanded. "It was the conductor, and I can assure you, Mr. Eaton-Hillward, that we are preserving it very carefully along with the one which was found in the snow."

"But the socks were not exactly the same, were they?" Harriet Santoine asked.

AVERY made a vexed gesture, and turned to Connery. "Tell her the rest of it," he directed.

Connery, who had remained standing back of the two chairs, moved slightly forward. His responsibility in connection with the crime that had been carried out on his train had weighed heavily on the conductor; he was worn and nervous.

"Where shall I begin?" he asked of Avery; he was looking not at the girl but at Eaton.

"At the beginning," Avery directed. "Mr. Eaton, when you came to this train, the gateman at Seattle called my attention to you" Connery began. "I didn't attach enough importance, I see now, to what he said; I ought to have watched you closer and from the first. Old Sammy has recognized men with criminal records time and time again. He's got seven rewards out of it."

Eaton felt his pulses close with a shock. "He recognized me?" he asked quietly.

"No, he didn't; he couldn't place you," Connery granted. "He couldn't tell whether you were somebody that was 'wanted' or some one well known—some one famous, maybe; but I ought to have kept my eye on you because of that, from the very start. Now this morning you claim a telegram meant for another man—a man named Hillward, on this train, who seems to be all right—that is, by his answers and his account of himself he seems to be exactly what he claims to be."

"Did he read the telegram to you?" Eaton asked. "It was in code. If it was meant for him, he ought to be able to read it."

"No, he didn't. Will you?" Eaton halted while he recalled the exact wording of the message. "No." Connery also paused.

"Is this all you have against me?" Eaton asked.

"No; it's not. Mr. Avery's already told you the next thing, and you've admitted it. But we'd already been able by questioning the porter of this car and the ones in front and back of it to narrow down the time of the ringing of Mr. Santoine's bell not to quarter-hours but to minutes; and to find out that during those few minutes you were the only one who passed through the car. So there's no use of my going into that." Connery paused and looked to Avery and the girl. "You'll wait a minute, Mr. Avery; and you, Miss Santoine. I won't be long."

He left the washroom, and the sound of the closing of a door which came to Eaton a half-minute later told that he had gone out the front end of the car.

As the three sat waiting in the washroom, no one spoke. Eaton,

looking past Avery, gazed out the window at the bank of snow. Eaton understood fully that the manner in which the evidence against him was being presented to him was not with any expectation that he could defend himself; Avery and Connery were obviously too certain of their conclusion for that; rather, as it was being given thus under Avery's direction, it was for the effect upon Harriet Santoine and to convince her fully. But Eaton had understood this from the first. It was for this reason he had not attempted to deny having rung Santoine's bell, realizing that if he denied it and it afterwards was proved, he would appear in a worse light than by his inability to account for or assign a reason for his act. And he had proved right in this; for the girl had not been convinced. So now he comprehended that something far more convincing and more important was to come; but what that could be, he could not guess.

As he glanced at her, he saw her sitting with hands clasped in her lap, pale, and merely waiting. Avery, as though impatient, had got up and gone to the door, where he could look out into the passage. From time to time people had passed through the car, but no one had stopped at the washroom door or looked in; the voices in the washroom had not been raised, and even if what was going on there could have attracted momentary attention, the instructions to pass quickly through the car would have prevented any one from stopping to gratify his curiosity. Eaton's heart-beat quickened as, listening, he heard the car door open and close again and footsteps, coming to them along the aisle, which he recognized as those of Conductor Connery and some one else with him.

Avery returned to his seat, as the conductor appeared in the door of the washroom followed by the Englishman from Eaton's car, Henry Standish. Connery carried the sheet on which he had written the questions he had asked Eaton, and Eaton's answers.

"**W**HAT name were you using, Mr. Eaton, when you came from Asia to the United States?" the conductor demanded.

Eaton reflected. "My own," he said. "Philip D. Eaton."

Connery brought the paper nearer to the light of the window, running his finger down it till he found the note he wanted. "When I asked this afternoon where you came from in Asia, Mr. Eaton, you answered me something like this: You said you could give me no address abroad; you had been travelling most of the time; you could not be placed by inquiring at any city or hotel; you came to Seattle by the Asiatic steamer and took this train. That was your reply, was it not?"

"Yes," Eaton answered. "The 'Asiatic steamer'—the Tamba Maru that was, Mr. Eaton."

Eaton looked up quickly and was about to speak; but from Connery his gaze shifted swiftly to the Englishman, and checking himself, he said nothing.

"Mr. Standish,"—Connery faced the Englishman,—"you came from Yokohama to Seattle on the Tamba Maru, didn't you?"

"I did, yes."

"Do you remember this Mr. Eaton among the passengers?"

"No."

"Do you know he was not among the passengers?"

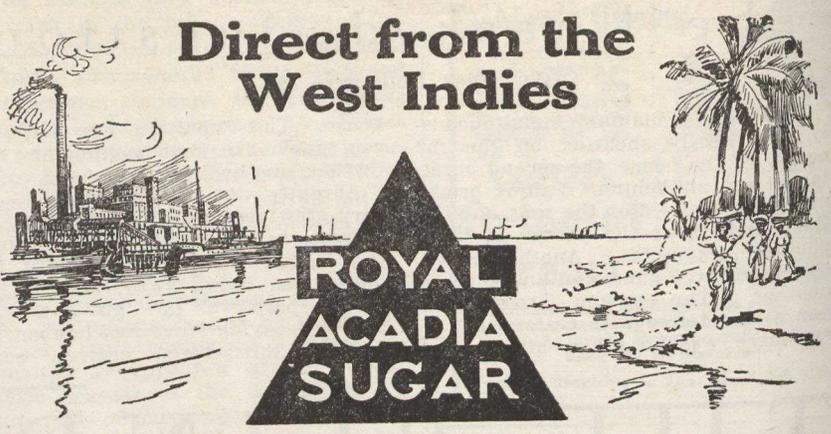
"Yes, I do."

"How do you know?"

The Englishman took a folded paper from his pocket, opened it and handed it to the conductor. Connery taking it, held it out to Eaton.

"Here, Mr. Eaton," he said, "is the printed passenger-list of the people aboard the Tamba Maru prepared after leaving Yokohama for distribution among the passengers. It's unquestionably correct. Will you point out your name on it?"

Eaton made no move to take the paper; and after holding it long enough to give him full opportunity,



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Connery handed it back to the Englishman.

"That's all, Mr. Standish," he said. Eaton sat silent as the Englishman, after staring curiously around at them with his bulging, interested eyes, left the washroom.

"Now, Mr. Eaton," Connery said, as the sound of Standish's steps became inaudible, "either you were not on the Tamba Maru or you were on it under some other name than Eaton. Which was it?"

"I never said I was on the Tamba Maru," Eaton returned steadily. "I said I came from Asia by steamer. You yourself supplied the name Tamba Maru."

"In case of questioning like that, Mr. Eaton, it makes no difference whether you said it or I supplied it in your hearing. If you didn't correct me, it was because you wanted me to get a wrong impression about you. You can take notice that the only definite fact about you put down on this paper has proved to be incorrect. You weren't on the Tamba Maru, were you?"

"No, I was not."

"Why didn't you say so while Mr. Standish was here?"

"I didn't know how far you had taken him into your confidence in this matter."

"You did come from Asia, though, as your railroad ticket seemed to show?"

"Yes."

"From where?"

Eaton did not answer.

"From Yokohama?"

"The last port we stopped at before sailing for Seattle was Yokohama—yes."

Connery reflected. "You had been in Seattle, then, at least five days; for the last steamer you could have come on docked five days before the Tamba Maru."

"You assume that; I do not tell you so."

"I assume it because it must be so. You'd been in Seattle—or at least you had been in America—for not less than five days. In fact, Mr. Eaton, you had been on this side of the water for as many as eleven days, had you not?"

"Eleven days?" Eaton repeated.

"Yes; for it was just eleven days before this train left Seattle that you came to the house of Mr. Gabriel Warden and waited there for him till he was brought home dead!"

Eaton, sitting forward a little, looked up at the conductor; his glance caught Avery's an instant; he gazed then to Harriet Santoine. At the charge, she had started; but Avery had not. The identification, therefore, was Connery's, or had been agreed upon by Connery and Avery between them; suggestion of it had not come from the Santoines. And Connery had made the charge without being certain of it; he was watching the effect, Eaton now realized, to see if what he had accused was correct.

"What do you mean by that?" Eaton returned.

"What I said. You came to see Gabriel Warden in Seattle eleven days ago," Connery reasserted. "You are the man who waited in his house that night and whom every one has been looking for since!"

"Well?" inquired Eaton.

"Isn't that so?" Connery demanded.

"Or do you want to deny that too and have it proved on you later?"

A GAIN for a moment Eaton sat silent. "No," he decided, "I do not deny that."

"Then you are the man who was at Warden's the night he was murdered?"

"Yes," said Eaton, "I was there that evening. I was the one who came there by appointment and waited till after Mr. Warden was brought home dead."

"So you admit that?" Connery gloated; but he could not keep from Eaton a sense that, by Eaton's admission of the fact, Connery had been expected Eaton to deny it; the identification of Eaton with the man who had waited at Warden's was less a

triumph to Avery, now that it was confessed. Indeed, Eaton's heart leaped with quick gratitude as he now met Harriet Santoine's eyes and as he heard her turning it into a fact in his favor.

"All you have brought against Mr. Eaton is that he has been indefinite in his replies to your questions or has refused answers; isn't that all, Don?" she said. "So if Mr. Eaton is the one who had the appointment with Mr. Warden that night, does not that explain his silence?"

"Explain it?" Avery demanded. "How?"

"We have Mr. Warden's word that Mr. Eaton came that night because he was in trouble—he had been outrageously wronged, Don. He was in danger. Because of that danger, undoubtedly, he has not made himself known since. May not that be the only reason he has avoided answering your questions now?"

"No!" Avery jerked out shortly.

EATON'S heart, from pulsating fast with Harriet Santoine's attempt at his defence, now constricted with a sudden increase of his terror and anxiety.

"All right, Mr. Eaton!" Connery now returned to his charge. "You are that man. So besides whatever else that means, you'd been in Seattle eleven days and yet you were the last person to get aboard this train, which left a full hour after its usual starting time. Who were you waiting to see get on the train before you yourself took it?"

Eaton wet his lips. To what was Connery working up? The probability, now rapidly becoming certainty, that in addition to the recognition of him as the man who had waited at Warden's—which fact any one at any time might have charged—Connery knew something else which the conductor could not have been expected to know—this dismayed Eaton the more by its indefiniteness. And he saw, as his gaze shifted to Avery, that Avery knew this thing also. All that had gone before had been only preliminary, then; they had been leading up step by step to the circumstances which had finally condemned him in their eyes and was to condemn him in the eyes of Harriet Santoine.

She, he saw, had also sensed the feeling that something else more definite and conclusive was coming. She had paled after the flush in which she had spoken in Eaton's defence, and her hands in her lap were clenched so tightly that the knuckles showed only as spots of white.

Eaton controlled himself to keep his voice steady.

"What do you mean by that question?" he asked.

"I mean that—however innocent or guilty may be the chance of your being at Mr. Warden's the night he was killed—you'll have a hard time proving that you did not wait and watch and take this train because Basil Santoine had taken it; and that you were not following him. Do you deny it?"

Eaton was silent.

"You asked the Pullman conductor for a Section Three after hearing him assign Mr. Santoine to Section Three in this car. Do you deny that you did this so as not to be put in the same car with him?"

Eaton, in his uncertainty, still said nothing. Connery, bringing the paper in his hand nearer to the window again, glanced down once more at the statement Eaton had made. "I asked you who you knew in Chicago," he said, "and you answered 'No one.' That was your reply, was it not?"

"Yes."

"You still make the same statement?"

"Yes."

"You know no one in Chicago?"

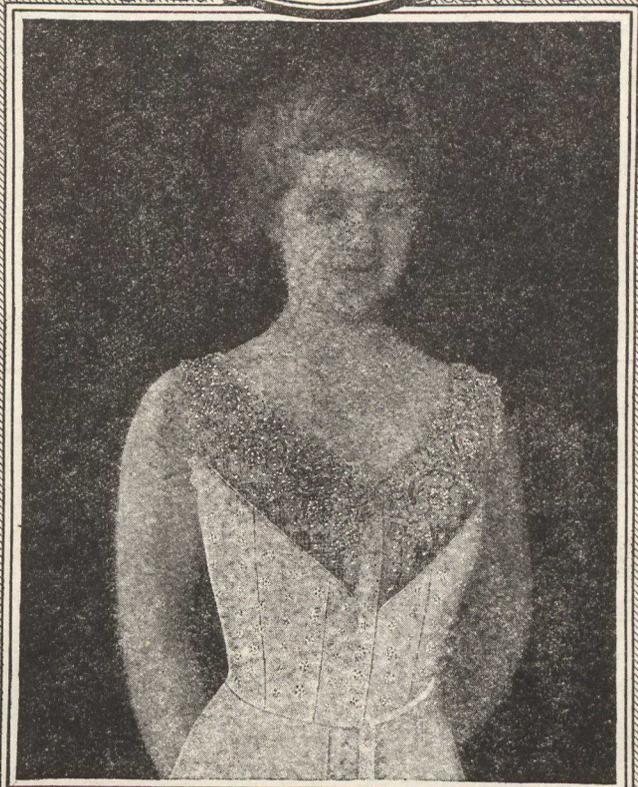
"No one," Eaton repeated.

"And certainly no one there knows you well enough to follow your movements in relation to Mr. Santoine. That's a necessary assumption from the fact that you know no one at all there."

The conductor pulled a telegram from his pocket and handed it to Avery, who, evidently having already



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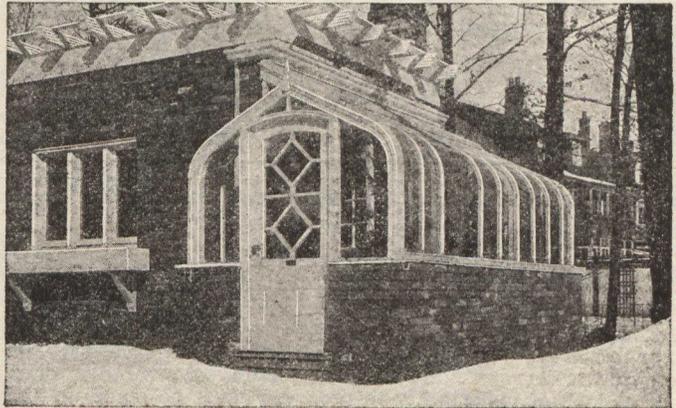
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seen it, passed it on to Harriet Santoine. She took it, staring at it mechanically and vacantly; then suddenly she shivered, and the yellow paper which she had read slipped from her hand and fluttered to the floor. Connery stooped and picked it up and handed it toward Eaton.

"This is yours," he said.

Eaton had sensed already what the nature of the message must be, though as the conductor held it out to him he could read only his name at the top of the sheet and did not know yet what the actual wording was below. Acceptance of it must mean arrest, indictment for the crime against Basil Santoine; and that, whether or not he later was acquitted, must destroy him; but denial of the message now would be hopeless.

"It is yours, isn't it?" Connery urged.

"Yes; it's mine," Eaton admitted; and to make his acceptance definite, he took the paper from Connery. As he looked dully down at it, he read: "He is on your train under the name of Dorne."

The message was not signed.

CONNERY touched him on the shoulder. "Come with me, Mr. Eaton."

Eaton got up slowly and mechanically and followed the conductor. At the door he halted and looked back; Harriet Santoine was not looking; her face was covered with her hands; Eaton hesitated; then he went on. Connery threw open the door of the compartment next to the washroom and corresponding to the drawing-room at the other end of the car, but smaller.

"You'll do well enough in here." He looked over Eaton deliberately. "Judging from your manner, I suppose there's not much use expecting you to answer anything more about yourself—either in relation to the Warden murder or this?"

"No," said Eaton, "there is not."

"You prefer to make us find out anything more?"

Eaton made no answer.

"All right," Connery concluded. "But if you change your mind for the better, or if you want anything bad enough to send for me, ring for the porter and he'll get me."

He closed the door upon Eaton and locked it. As Eaton stood staring at the floor, he could hear through the metal partition of the washroom the nervous, almost hysterical weeping of an overstrained girl. The thing was done; in so far as the authorities on the train were concerned, it was known that he was the man who had had the appointment with Gabriel Warden and had disappeared; and in so far as the train officials could act, he was accused and confined for the attack upon Basil Santoine. But besides being overwhelmed with the horror of this position, the manner in which he had been accused had aroused him to helpless anger, to rage at his accusers which still increased as he heard the sounds on the other side of the partition where Avery was now trying to silence Harriet Santoine and lead her away.

Why had Avery gone at his accusation of him in that way? Connery had had the telegram in his pocket from the start of the questioning in the washroom; Avery had seen and read it; they could have condemned him with whomever they wished, merely by showing it. Why, then, had Avery chosen to drag this girl—strained and upset already by the attack upon her father and with long hours of nursing ahead of her before expert help could be got—step by step through their accusation of him? Eaton saw that—whatever Harriet Santoine's casual interest in himself might be—this showed at least that Avery's relation to her was not so completely accepted by her and so definite as appeared on the surface, since Avery thought it necessary to convince her rather than merely tell her. And what sent the blood hot and throbbing into Eaton's temples was the cruelty of Avery's action.

So Avery was that kind of a man! The kind that, when an end is to be attained, is ready to ignore as

though unimportant the human side of things. Concurrently with these thoughts—as always with all his thoughts—was running the memory of his own experience—that experience of which Eaton had not spoken and of which he had avoided speaking at any cost; and as he questioned now whether Avery might be one of those men who to gain an end they deem necessary are ready to disregard humanity,—to inflict suffering, wrong, injustice,—he realized that he was beginning to hate Avery for himself, for what he was, aside from the accusation he brought.

No sounds came to him from the washroom—the girl must have controlled herself; footsteps passing the door of his compartment told him then that the two had gone out into the open car.

(To be Continued.)

Good Baking Recipes

Vanilla Cookies:—4 eggs, 1 cup butter, 2 cups granulated sugar, 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 of cream tartar, teaspoon vanilla.

Cake Made in a Hurry:—2 cups flour, 1 egg, 1 cup white sugar, 1 cup milk or water, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 tablepoons melted butter. Put all in a bowl together and beat until light.

Perfection White Cake:—1 cup granulated sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup sweet milk, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, ½ teaspoon soda, whites 4 eggs beaten stiff. Bake in two layers and put together with boiled icing.

Christian Science Cake:—2 eggs, 2-3 cup granulated sugar, 4 tablepoons blackstrap, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon soda, a pinch of salt, 2 cups of flour (Scant); filling with dates. Bake in two layers, cook the dates and spread between.

Cream Fruit Cake:—1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup sour cream, 1 egg, butter the size of an egg, 1 teaspoon each of soda and cinnamon, 1 small nutmeg, 2 cups flour, 1½ cups seeded raisins cut in two.

Beefsteak Cake:—½ cup butter, ¾ cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup baking syrup, ½ cup currants, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup butter-milk, 1 good teaspoon soda, a little salt, and flour enough to make a batter that is not too stiff.

Eggless Cake:—1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 5 tablepoons lard or butter, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablepoon boiling water; sift baking-powder in flour, flavouring to taste.

Easy Cake:—1 cup sugar, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 eggs broken into a cup (not beaten), and filled up with milk. Mix sugar, flour and baking powder together and then put in eggs and milk, last of all add 4 tablepoons soft butter and flavouring. Bake in loaf or layer.

Model Son.—The fussy old gentleman asked the chance travelling companion, "Have you any children, sir?"

"Yes, sir, a son."

"Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?"

"No, sir, he never so much as touched a cigarette."

"So much the better, sir; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent clubs?"

"He has never put his foot in one."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Does he never come home late?"

"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young man, sir, a model young man. How old is he?"

"Just six months."

Next!—A year or two ago we had a play called "Clothes."

Now they have produced a piece called "Her Naked Self."

Whither are we drifting?

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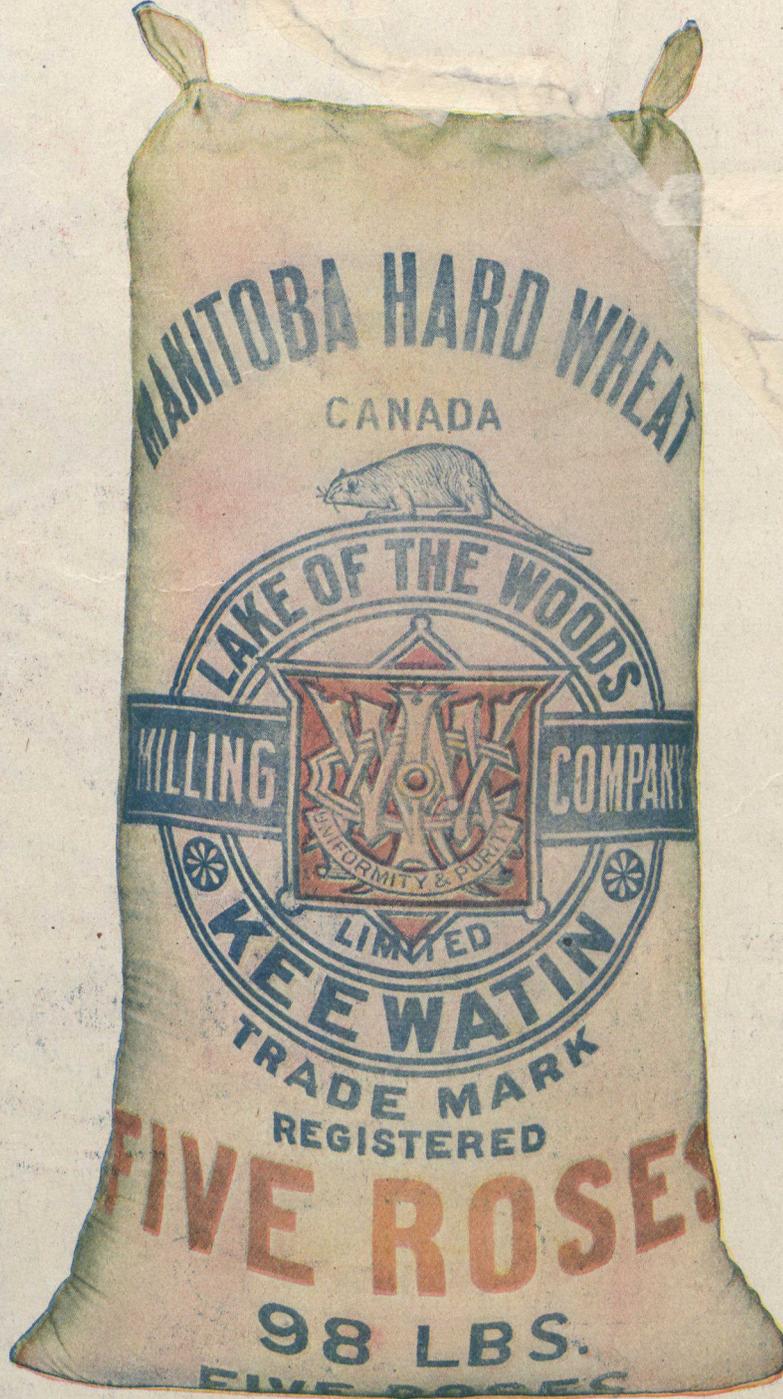
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When You Think of Baking—Think of Five Roses



WOULD you know the meaning of the culinary titles in the margin? Simply that FIVE ROSES flour has been used with every recipe listed here, and the results throughout were amazingly good in looks, taste and digestion. Do YOU know of any other flour that has passed this merciless oven test? When YOU think of Bread, Cakes, Puddings or Pastries, think of FIVE ROSES. Urge your dealer to supply you with this famous flour.

P.S.—The small figures in the margin indicate the pages in the wonderful FIVE ROSES Cook Book where these tested recipes may be found. This 144-page baking manual has been proven so indispensable to good housekeeping that already over 300,000 housewives have sent for a copy. Mailed to YOU on receipt of 10 two-cent stamps. Address Dept. C-356, LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

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					Rice	75



Packed in Bags of 7, 14, 24, 49, and 98 lbs. Brrrels of 98 and 196 lbs.

NOT BLENDED

FIVE ROSES

First—

A Level Teaspoonful
in the cup

Next—

Pour on Boiling
Water, and Stir

Then—

Add Cream and
Sugar, to Taste

Delicious!

If Coffee Don't Agree,
Use Postum

"There's a Reason"

