

# CANADIAN COURIER

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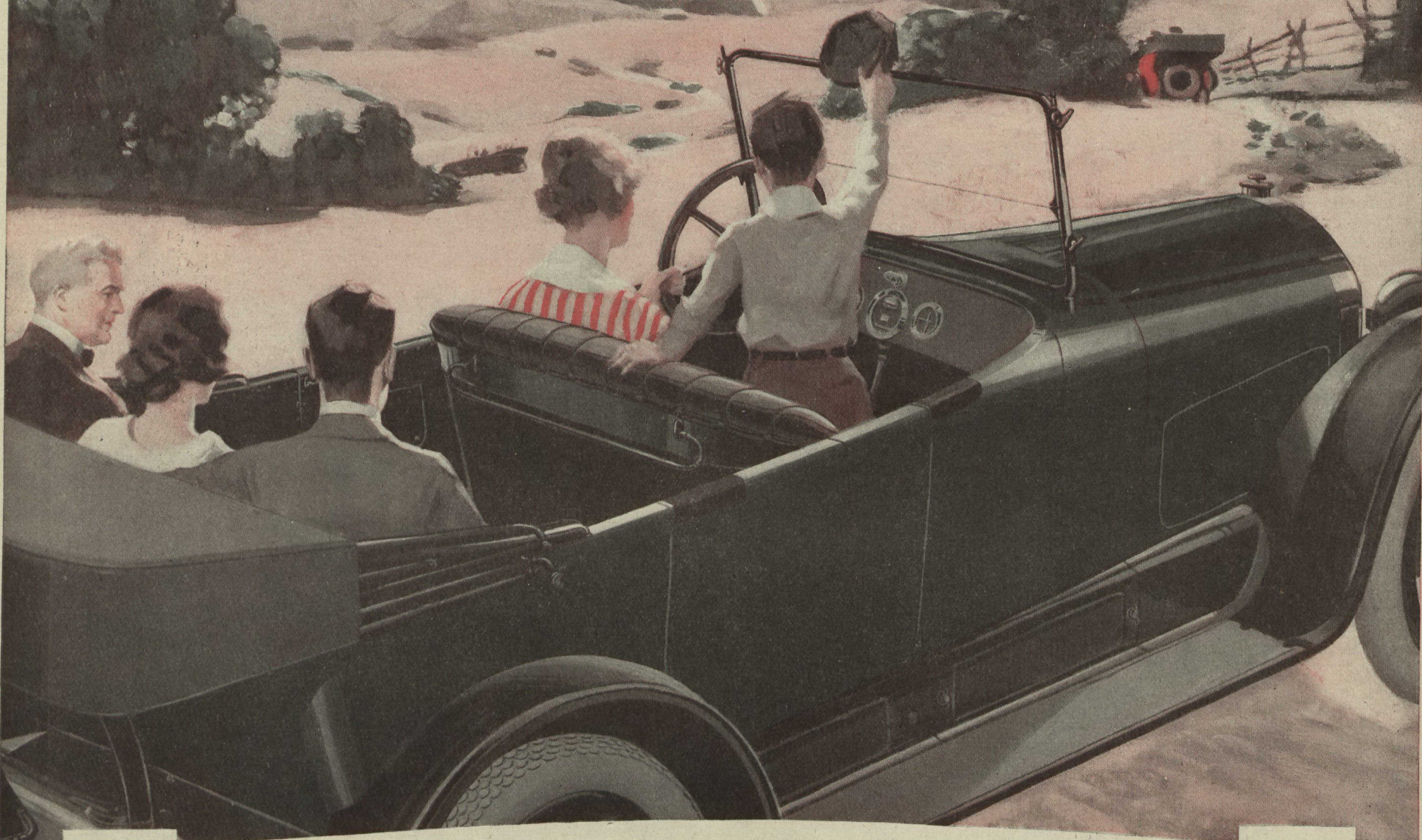
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# CANADIAN COURIER

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## Submarined and Sinking

**E**VERY good cause has two sides. Every movement worth while develops its critics. On this page, as a general thing, we print only the compliments or the constructive criticisms concerning ourselves. Now and then, however, it is of quite as much importance to publish a good straight knock. Here is one:

"Creston, B.C., March 10, 1917.

"Dear Courier,—Enclosed find \$1.00 to complete subscription to July, 1917. At expiration of that date kindly cancel my name from list. I regret to inform you that you are submarined and sinking, but without a cargo. At any time you have recovered the old-time buoyance let me know and I will consider the renewal of the sheet.

"Very truly,  
S. O. S."

**O**UTSIDE of that we are probably all right. The writer of this eulogy, it may be remarked, has a good command of picturesque language. He lives in a country where dull language is not tolerated. We are submarined and sinking—and without a cargo. An enemy hath done this. The pirate saw us coming. It was all our own fault. We had no business entering the barred zone. We knew all along just where it was, too. So long as we kept out of those waters we were as safe as a pussy cat in a straw-stack. But in a fit of adventure, and because we didn't care to be told when and where we could navigate our old punt, we entered

### The Zone of Increasing Circulation.

**T**HIS is a dangerous bit of water. We know this because in six weeks' cruising there we picked up a total of just about 6,000 net increase of circulation, allowing for all cancellations and eliminations of non-paid subscriptions, etc. We might have known we would get a torpedo if we didn't make away to the

### Safe Water of Just-So Circulation.

**B**UT having once got the sensation of increasing our list of subscribers by a net increase of about 1,000 a week, we lost our sense of discretion. The torpedo from Creston, B.C., got us fair amidships. We are now rapidly sinking.

A year from date we shall have more evidence to show how, but we have actually sunk. At present, with no cargo to bother us, we merely remind the rest of our readers that we are glad to get both sides of this Courier story. This is a big country. Just at present, since the awakening of Uncle Sam, it's about twice as big in size and twelve times the population as it was a little while ago. The national sentiment of Canada, alluded to in a former issue of this paper, took Canada along a trail of adventure which the arousing national sentiment of the United States is just beginning to follow. We have the lead. We intend to keep it. But we propose to continue taking a lively interest in our American neighbours, partly because they are naturally so interesting a people, because we have several hundred thousands of them in Canada in exchange for the hundreds of thousands of Canadians in the United States—and still more because the Americans take such a deep interest in Canada. The submarine and sinking sheet purposes to demonstrate its interest in the whole of North America, but especially the north part of it, by producing a paper fit to compete on an even keel with any five cents' worth from any post office under the sun.

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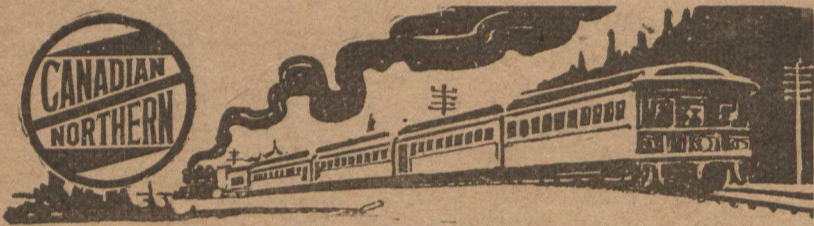
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A. 74

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# CANADIAN COURIER

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Canadians  
all over Canada*

Vol. XXI.

April 14th, 1917

No. 20

## OPEN LETTERS FROM LONDON

LONDON, March 15th, 1917.

DEAR HENRI BOURASSA,—I used to be a disciple of yours. Maybe you remember one time when you came up to the University of Toronto and delivered an address to a number of undergrads. I was there. You may remember me because I sat at the very farthest end of the room from you, and I did NOT come up to shake hands with you at the end of the evening. Everybody else did, even the fellows who secretly thought you were a traitor to the Empire. But I didn't think you were a traitor. Your words seemed to me to be wonderful. I was impressed by your audacity and courage, and your relentless attacks on the dreams of the Imperialists and the Centralists. I was so much impressed that I enthroned you then and there as my ideal of a courageous public man, and I determined that I, too, would be as fearless and independent in my views after I quit Varsity and retired to the management of my father's talc mine down in Frontenac county. I met a lot of men who thought just as I did after that dinner. We formed a little group called the Nationalists and we used the phrase Canada First at every meeting—several times in every speech, in fact. But now—

Now I write to tell you that I am weakening. I need help or my Nationalist feelings will go to pieces. If you could send me a personal letter that would make me feel as I felt when I left that Varsity Dinner that night, I would be relieved. Just now I have that nasty feeling that I made a horrible mistake when I signed up as a Nationalist. Hosts of questions are beginning to walk through my mind knocking at every door in the house of Reason. If I dared, I would write down these questions and ask you to please send the proper replies at once. But I am afraid to do that, because I would be making it clear to myself how wrong I have been in the past. . . . I'm not very sure that you could re-convert me, anyhow. For, you see, I have been seeing the heart and centre of the British Empire. Still I intend to tell you my symptoms . . . just in case they might communicate the same feeling to you.

Of course I am a soldier, you know. I joined as a private as soon as Dad was able to get somebody else to manage the talc mine. I meant to go as a private, but was given a commission after I had been at Valcartier a short while. The reason I enlisted, although I was a Nationalist, was because I felt that Canada had a national interest in the war. I didn't go because "England Expects Every Man to Do His Duty," but because I felt it was due to my Nationalist principles. . . . Now that I am here everything seems different. I'm a Nationalist no longer. You may as well understand that at once.

I have just seen the British fleet.

Must close this letter just now, as I have an engagement for dinner and the theatre with another

*A Kingston "Nationalist" on Imperialism, and a Toronto  
"Imperialist" on Nationalism*

Transcribed By BRITTON B. COOKE



Dr. Espionage: "I think this will be my last turn. That John Bull Juggler seems to get all the big hands with that World-Empire turn, and I don't know how he does it."

—Cartoon by Fergus Kyle.

Canadian officer who came over with me from the Front. He is a Round Table man, I think. We both have London leave. Will write you to-morrow.

Yours truly,

JOHN SMITH.

LONDON, March 15th.

DEAR UNCLE BEVERLY,—I told Dad in a recent letter that I intended writing you. Dad, of course, is a loyal British-Canadian and all that sort of thing, as he would say, and I am not unmindful of the notions of British conduct which he pounded into me in the days gone by. But I feel that you, figuratively speaking, are my political father, god-father at all events. Dad never bothers his head about public questions except on voting day, as you know. He has a queer sort of modesty which makes him pretend that he isn't interested in solving the problems of the Empire. But since you

are responsible for introducing me to the subject of Imperial centralization and the Green Book and the Round Table—and those delightful chaps, Kerr and Curtiss—I feel you are the one who should hear about my difficulties now that I've met some.

Mind you—I am still as staunch a Britisher as ever. I don't think you need to have me say that, but then it's just as well. I love England. I love the good type of Englishman when I meet him—and it IS often, too. I am thrilled with pride that I am able to take even a humble part with this great British race in the fight against the Hun. BUT I couldn't be a Britisher without writing to tell you that my views on the Round Table and on the centralization of the British Empire—have changed. It was easy to believe that when I was in Canada. I can't do it now.

OF course you know we don't talk politics on the other side. It is only when I get back to Blighty, as the English fellows call this England of theirs, that I can get time to think about abstract matters. Sometimes, even on London leave, it doesn't seem worth bothering about abstract questions. One gets a sort of morbid modesty—like Dad's, I think—and feels that the forces about him are too great to be interfered with by the mere thoughts of an obscure subaltern who may or may not be considered worthy of promotion to the rank of captain some day. Especially here in London, surrounded by the monuments of great men and great events in the dead ages, it seems an impertinence to cherish an independent notion. And yet one MUST think and one MUST have opinions and ideals and even radical ideas—if one is to be fair to himself.

I can't hold with the Round Table. That is the sum and substance of things. Borden and Bob Rogers are in London just now, attending the Imperial Conference. Rogers met me in the hotel lobby the other night and made a great fuss over me—and over all the Canadian officers he sees here—for, of course, it's good politics, I suppose. He said he remembered you and he remembered Dad and he told one or two little stories about the West and then passed on to keep an appointment with Sir Robert. Later he introduced me to Sir Robert, who is a grave and kindly man, courteous and thoughtful—whatever else he may NOT be. BUT SEEING THESE two Canadian politicians over here made me suddenly feel that they were like babes in the wood, or rather, like powerless deputies from some mythical dependency. My first feeling toward them was a feeling of pity—not because they didn't look and act like men of authority, but because, in the midst of London, with all the inertia of London to bear upon them, all the countless influences of old England unconsciously working on their senses—they seemed so helpless and it seemed so futile, to say: "These

They speak with the voice  
ye them! Give weight to their

I have an appointment for dinner with another Canadian Sub. whom I met crossing from Boulogne. I think his father is Smith, who owns the talc mine not far from Aunt Bessie's place in Frontenac—you will remember. I asked him if he wasn't one of the so-called Canada First Group at 'Varsity. Think I met him there. But he became apologetic at once. Said he wasn't a nationalist. Somehow I think London is getting his goat. It won't get MINE, anyhow.

Will write in further explanation to-morrow.

Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BROWN.

LONDON, March 16th.

DEAR MR. BOURASSA,—I hope I made it clear to you in my letter yesterday that I am a loyal British subject and an Imperialist, and a Centralist, and that I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself for ever having dared to utter an opinion against the great British Empire. I was feeling a little bit that way when I wrote you yesterday, but not nearly as much as I do to-day. Just in case I may have appeared lukewarm yesterday, let me tell you right here that I'm ashamed I ever thought of such a thing as Canadian autonomy—at least the kind of autonomy I was dreaming about. Nationalism is a low, vulgar and traitorous doctrine, and I don't mind you knowing it.

This—is a man's country. Canada is a sort of barren suburb, a wilderness. There are ideals and heroes and the signs of great things here. Canada is as drab and as grey as a slab of Kingston limestone. I used to think English manners of speech were an affectation. I see now they are really the proper way to speak decently. What I used to take for virility in a Canadian is only vulgarity. What I used to think was honest bluntness, was only a stupid lack of sensitiveness. We have no traditions in Canada. We have no great public ideals—except second-hand and diluted from England.

To-day I was taken to lunch by an Englishman who has something to do with the War Office. I don't mind telling you that it was an experience for me. We don't produce that kind of man in Canada. Canadian social arrangements tend to create only "self-made men" and self-made men are NOT the finest kind of men, as I used to believe. Education, culture, and tradition—these things are to be found here and are not to be found in Canada. Why, we think in Canada that the English are slow and that we are cleverer in business ways than they are. What rubbish! The only difference between English and Canadian or American business methods, is that the Englishman is much more efficient—but much less given to talking about himself.

I mentioned in my last letter that I saw the British Fleet. Well, if you had seen it, as I did—moving out across a certain stretch of water in battle formation, you would have felt as I felt—inarticulate with pride. You would have felt, as I felt, bitter, to think that you had ever raised the piffling question of Canadian self-government in the face of the call for money to support that fleet.

This country is alive, intense, vivid, alert and homogeneous. Canada is raw, crude, unformed—fit only to be a fringe of Empire. I dined last night with a fellow, William Brown, another Canadian subaltern whom I had met on the boat coming across from Boulogne. He happened to mention that he had once been a member of the Round Table. I felt ashamed to let him think I was a Nationalist—a once-was-but-never-again. I have been seeing a REAL nation!

Yours truly,

JOHN SMITH.

LONDON, March 16th.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—It is the power of Britain to make me love Britain—that makes me turn from my own ideas of Imperial centralization. It is against the impulse of my heart. It is contrary to the dictates of my instinct. I should like, as I walk through the Abbey, or along the

Thames, or as I pass Nelson's Monument in the Square—to say: This is my country. This is the home of my race. This is where I belong. This is the land that commands my affection.

I say it is because I FEEL this way, that I am compelled to THINK the other way. Emotionally I am an Imperialist. Intelligently—I am, not a Nationalist, but something which you, I fear, would mistake for a Nationalist. I feel that Imperial Centralization is and MUST BE impossible. And I say this NOT OUT OF A DESIRE TO THWART THE AMBITIOUS DREAMS OF MEN LIKE YOU, but because any other way of thinking would, to my mind, jeopardize the whole British Empire. I would rather have the British Empire continue as it is, or have it turned into a system of independent nations linked by alliances supported by the strongest of all bonds—natural affection—than have it destroyed, as I feel it would be destroyed by internal difficulties under some system of absolute centralization.

I know that in expressing this view I may be hurting you deeply. It is not intentional. It is my conviction that the Empire can only be strong as its parts are strong, and that the parts can be strong



SOME years ago, before the Duma of Russia had been organized, a new minister, George Bakmeteff, was sent from Pétrograd to Belgrade. One of his first official acts was the dismissal of a Professor of History, in the University of Serbia, a Russian, Paul N. Miliukoff. To-day Miliukoff is Foreign Minister of Russia, and Bakmeteff is Russian Ambassador to the United States. Will Miliukoff turn the tables on Bakmeteff?

only as they are based on strong local or national feeling. Centralization is a menace to the growth of healthy national feeling. It is like offering Canada to a child when you want it to eat bread. It will take the Canada and forget the bread. So men's ideas will be lifted above the hum-drum basis of healthy citizenship in their respective parts of the Empire, and drawn here to London.

I think I hear you protesting that London need not remain the centre of the Empire, but I am afraid that argument can no longer convince me. London must be now and at all times the Mecca toward which Britishers turn, if not their hearts, at least their interest. If I did not know your sincerity I might be inclined to join with those rash Nationalists who say you are insincere in suggesting that Montreal or Toronto might ever be the centre of the Empire. I know you say such things only in order to show how open-minded you are, and what sacrifices you would make—sacrificing even London—to the ideal of a centralized Empire. But you can't centralize London. If I am to remain a good Canadian I must sooner or later run away from London and run away from England. It is the power

of this land to attract men that makes me see the danger of sending delegates from far-off provinces of the Empire to sit in Council here. Do you remember? It was the complaint of the Scotch that their Princes, once sent to London, became English? Well, it would be the same with most of our Canadians if sent to represent Canadian interests in London. The modest representative would be oppressed by the greatness and majesty of this glorious England. The philosophic man would be tempted to feel that after all this was the part of the Empire worth saving—and he would scarcely have the heart to fight hard for some necessary Canadian interest that happened to be in conflict with the interest of the United Kingdom. The weak man, aiming at social distinction and the pleasures of wealth—would be entirely under the behest of London. He would feel the poverty of his own Canadian surroundings compared to the wealth of beautiful—and not only beautiful, but desirable—things here. The staunch Canadian, fired with passionate zeal for Canada, filled with the enthusiasm for her future which Canada MUST have in her public men—would be sure to inject a jarring note into an Imperial Parliament.

Patriotism is not a large-minded affair. To be strong it must thrust its roots deep down into the soil. Like the art of which George Moore writes, it has its beginnings in parochialism. While our intellectuals may, it is true, develop a sense of Empire compatible with local patriotism, such a development will not, I think, be possible on any large scale. The result will be two classes of men throughout the Empire. The men of imagination and vision—Imperialists, and the men without much imagination, without much vision but with intense local affection. You may say—well, let us have these two kinds of men. But I reply—then you are creating a peasantry, and to do that is to confess the reactionary.

OUR country—Canada—is hard enough to comprehend in one's mind. There are few Canadians who grasp the conception. We must try to make more of them, but we shall not succeed in doing so if, while we wish to teach them Canadianism, we are offering them also Imperialism.

No sacrifice is too great to keep the British Empire from going the way of all Empires. But the old Empires were Empires in substance. Ours must be an Empire in spirit—for it is the spirit that lasts. Your dream, my dear uncle, is of an Empire of substance, and it would betray you. Mine is of an Empire of spirit—with the lightest of bonds. Such an Empire cannot be overthrown, but will strike deep root into the earth wherever it touches.

Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BROWN.

P.S.—I have just met a young fellow here, John Smith by name, who used to be a Nationalist in Canada. He confesses that to me just now, but adds that he is now of a different mind. The glory of England has caught him. I admire his taste. But I daren't side with him. I owe my affection to Canada. Otherwise I should be a traitor to the Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen, who found Canada. Only by giving my first affection to Canada can I make their work permanent.

Over in France I knocked against quite a few Australians and New Zealanders—the fellows who took Pozieres last year. Once or twice, meeting them in the estaminet back of my battery we talked politics and especially Empire politics, and I was impressed with the fact that the Anzacs are more characteristic Britishers than the average Canadian, and that, as such, they have an interesting point of view with respect to the Empire and its problems. They are not nearly as sentimental as Canadians nor as emotional. (I think we have contracted these diseases from the Americans). The Anzacs think first, last and all the time of Australia. They value the Empire—but Australia first. They have no doubts about the Empire—because they have no doubts about Australia. They are narrow-minded, a little parochial, you might think, but they are rugged citizens and virile custodians of our British traditions of independence and self-reliance.

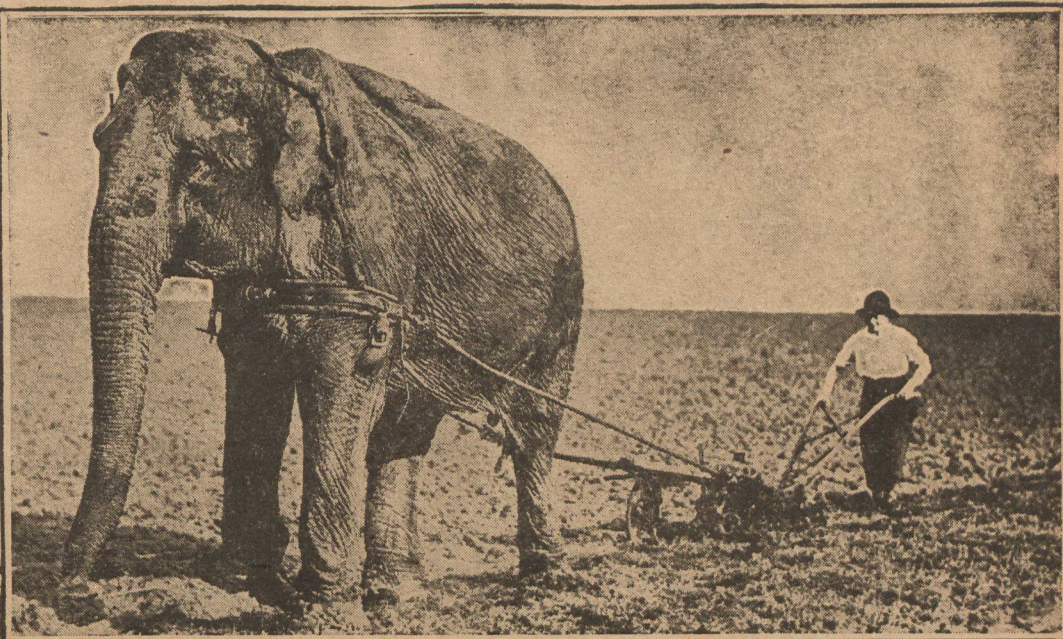
W. B.

# WAR'S WEEKLY

*Done by the Camera*



MAJOR-GEN. MAUDE, THE CAPTURER OF BAGDAD.

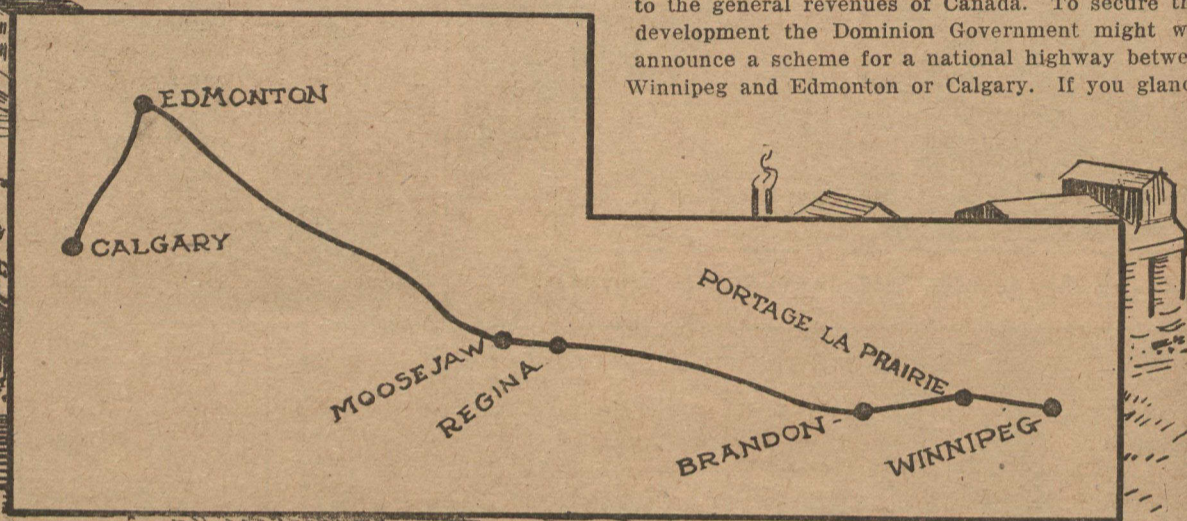


WHETHER the elephant pulling the plough is a war fiction or not, the camera saith not. But it looks like a dead waste of a good big pachyderm to work him like a mulie-dog pulling a tooth pick. . . . A pictorial episode of the British advance is the above bridge over what was once a Boche trench. . . . The comique to the right is a regimental fete day on the Russian southwestern front; caricatures that show how the Slav feels about recent revolutions and things. . . . Our own Laura Secord and France's Joan of Arc were not more heroines than the devoted Frenchwoman who with her cob horse after recent Somme engagements went out after wounded.

# A NATIONAL HIGHWAY

*What a great trunk road for vehicles and gasoline might do for the economics of Western Civilization. The practical, as opposed to the visionary side*

By HENRY LANCE



WE may admit considerable truth in the slogan: "Look after the roads and the railroads will look after themselves." We are not talking now about roads in Ontario, or in Eastern Canada, about which goodness knows enough might be said. What we are concerned with is the country between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains.

One who has not lived in the West has no conception of the roadlessness of that country. Perhaps you have read that book of Arnold Bennett's, "Your United States," in which he offers his comments on his American tour. Of the country west of Chicago he writes (one quotes from memory) "of roads in the European sense, there are absolutely none." That is the condition in Western Canada, except that you do not have to drag in Europe. Of roads in the Ontario sense, or the Maritime Provinces sense, or the Quebec sense, there are none at all. When the prairie is dry and hard in the summer it seems as if roads are not needed. There is no more pleasant riding, motoring or walking than along a smooth, well worn prairie trail. But no one knows just how bad those trails are in wet weather when the prairie "gumbo" becomes a mixture of heavy molasses and sticky fly paper. No one knows because no one can get far enough out really to find out how bad they can be. You are stuck fast long before you come to the worst.

You can get along to a certain extent on the prairies without roads. When the trails are hard they are delightful; frozen and snow covered they are good. But there are critical times in the farmer's year when he is marooned on the farm, doomed to wait there until the trails improve. It may be in the autumn when he has his wheat ready to haul to the elevator. With prices at their present level he may be anxious to get to the elevator, and he hitches four horses, if he is lucky enough to own them, to his wagon. When even feed wheat will bring a dollar a bushel you can afford a little extra horsepower in hauling. Not all a farmer's journeys are with wagon loads of money, and it is not good for either him or for his wife, and perhaps it is worse for the hired man and for the young people on the place to have to wait for long intervals between posts, or to delay going to church or to the neighbours because the roads are impossible. This social side of things has been recognized by western provincial governments in the extension of rural telephone services, so the farmer's voice and his spirit may still travel while he is bound down at home.

It is necessary to interject a warning against getting too severe an idea of western conditions from these statements. Let it never be forgotten that in

1915 the western provinces harvested three hundred million bushels of wheat, and the value of their farm products is not likely ever again to fall below half a billion dollars in any year. We have not yet begun to get from the west what it is capable of producing. We have not begun to get established, even in the oldest settled districts the number of people who should be living on the land, and who would be willing to be there under conditions that would prevail with good roads. We have not a fraction of the capital invested even in the most prosperous districts which should be applied to the land if good roads were available. We do not begin to give our western farmers their just social conditions under present conditions. What is more important, perhaps in the ideas of most of the rest of us is that we do not get our own just dividends from the west.

ADMITTEDLY it is a big problem. There is a tremendous stretch of country, and the mileage of roads required is staggering, until you begin to think of the other things implied in the settlement of a new country. Imagine what it means for even one hundred thousand new persons to go into a country completely unorganized, to establish their homesteads, to develop their trading centres, to organize their municipalities and their school districts, to proceed to borrow money as communities for public purposes. Soon there are schools where they are required, the new towns develop sidewalks, graded streets, water systems; churches arise. In a few years you have a well organized and well ordered community, self-governing and self-reliant. Have faith, then, that roads will not always be lacking. The west is developing its civilization and will have all that goes with it.

For the present there is a lot of road work that is beyond the municipalities; some, probably that is almost too difficult for the provinces to tackle at the present time; and here is where the Dominion Government might well come in. There has been some magnificent talk lately about an all-Canadian transcontinental highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, an excellent thing, no doubt, for the Americans who have got rich on war contracts. They would take pleasant long distance motor trips, and would doubtless spend large sums of money with more or less demoralizing effects on our simple manners. Unfortunately, even if the returns from the automobile tourist would make that a good investment we can-

not yet afford the amount. The improvements we

make must more or less pay their way for a time. It is in a different mood that we need to approach the problem of national road building. Between Winnipeg, Edmonton, and Calgary, is where we should first establish our national roads. They can be connected up later, if we find we can afford it, with roads in Ontario and in British Columbia, but on the prairie provinces it would be good finance to spend the money now. All Canada wants is to increase the population of the prairie provinces. The railways that have been built in those provinces constitute a national obligation, and everything that will increase their earnings is going to be a relief to the general revenues of Canada. To secure that development the Dominion Government might well announce a scheme for a national highway between Winnipeg and Edmonton or Calgary. If you glance

at a map of the west and check off the cities you will see that such a road might properly run from Winnipeg through Portage la Prairie to Brandon in Manitoba, then to Regina and Moosejaw in Saskatchewan, turning sharply to the north to Saskatoon in the same province, then on to Alberta with either Calgary or Edmonton as destination. It should be a good road, probably of concrete or other material that will not be difficult to maintain.

The Dominion Government need not build the road. Rather let it announce the route, its standard of construction, both as to grades and materials, with provisions for culverts, bridges and the like, and offer a provincial subsidy of a stated amount for every mile of line so constructed, with interim payments for partial construction, and compensating payments for work of special difficulty. That done, the province can decide if it can go ahead at once, and how much of the cost will be assumed by the treasury, and how much the municipalities and the individual land owner along the route will be called on to pay. While such a road would be designed for through travel as soon as possible, its greatest immediate importance will be in the development of local traffic. With that in mind it will be quite proper for the provinces to proceed with the building of separate sections as material or labor are more plentiful, or as different localities are willing to assume a larger share of the cost.

LET this first national highway be a real road. Take concrete construction sixteen feet wide as a standard, and vary it to macadam or gravel only as materials are specially available, or particular difficulties intervene. Saskatchewan has already experimented with making brick roads on a large scale, by the simple expedient of baking the natural clay on the ground, turned up over the top black loam of the prairie soil. The baking was accomplished by covering the road deeply with straw, otherwise a waste product destined to be burned in any event, and setting it on fire. A fairly satisfactory material is said to have resulted, but the cost was found to be too great to continue work to any large extent.

With a Dominion National Highway under construction in the three prairie provinces there would be an immediate demand for connecting roads to lead on to it. Here is where the Provinces might exercise their ingenuity in persuading and assisting



# UNCLE SAM'S NAVY

municipalities and individuals to undertake various improvements. Once a plan is worked out for such connecting roads, with a standard of construction established it would be possible to give a definite direction to all work on roads. Each year the ideal might grow nearer in many districts, each year it might be reached in some. Each year, too, the development of a road system would result in the intensifying of agriculture and a growth of population in an increasingly larger district.

The truth is that we have our people in the prairie provinces spread out too thin. We shall do well to keep on, to a certain extent, the spreading process, opening up new districts with the aid of men who have the pioneer spirit. There are men whose minds react only to pioneer conditions, who will not enjoy the actual coming of the improved conditions they are trying so hard to create. With the assistance of such men let us continue to open up new districts, since we have both the men and the land on which to apply their energies. But in the older west, the parts now accessible by railways, we need to increase the agricultural population many times if we are to get from our soil a fraction of what it is capable of producing.

As a going concern a farm consists of the land, and of the capital invested on buildings, fencing, other improvements, machinery and stock. The land already taken up will, of course, carry a very much larger population than there is now on it, but in many cases this is impossible without a large increase in the capital investment. In other words, we must have more capital invested in our agriculture. This may come through the reinvestment of profits on farming, from the coming of new farmers with capital, from state aid to agriculture, or from money borrowed on mortgage. Perhaps of greater importance is the short term loan security by a farmer to carry him through a crop season, the money he would like to be able to borrow to finance an operation in live stock that may extend over several years.

Several provinces are now working on the subject of rural credits, and a scheme for the province to borrow money and to lend it to farmers on long-term mortgages at a slight advance in rate finds very general favor. Money now costs the western farmer too much, more than he can continue long to pay for it and still make a profit on the transaction. Eight or nine per cent. is too much to pay for money for more or less permanent investment. That much can be made, and more, on money intelligently applied to farming in western Canada, but it needs to be very intelligently applied, and the amount of money at that rate which should be applied to any given area is decidedly limited.

Now, whatever our private prejudices against banks and bankers, the comparative rates paid for money at any time are entirely a question of security, with the law of supply and demand lurking in the background. But there is no question of lack of supply in the case of farm mortgages. There is plenty of money to be loaned when security is satisfactory. If we increase the value of security in the farming business we shall decrease the rate that has to be paid for money. The importance of security has recently been discovered by the Province of Saskatchewan, which, for various purposes created a large number of liens on real property to the impairment of the right of a mortgage holder. Mortgage funds began to leave the province until the Government found it wise to bring in legislation to change conditions. Now, in the matter of security, roads are a prime consideration. The mortgage holder does not want to foreclose on property, but prefers as a rule to have the money loaned used for profitable development, so interest may be earned. If he does have to foreclose he wants to feel that there will be a ready sale for the property. Roads are a tremendous factor in either case.

It has recently been announced that the Government of Manitoba, in establishing a rural credits scheme for that province will start out with a fund of ten million dollars. That means a permanent investment of that amount, for it will hardly be withdrawn from the loan scheme even when the first loans begin to be repaid. Suppose instead the Province of Manitoba should put that money into a scheme for National and Provincial Highways. Which would benefit the farmer more? Loans can come without the intervention of the Government. Roads cannot. I think if I were a Manitoba farmer I

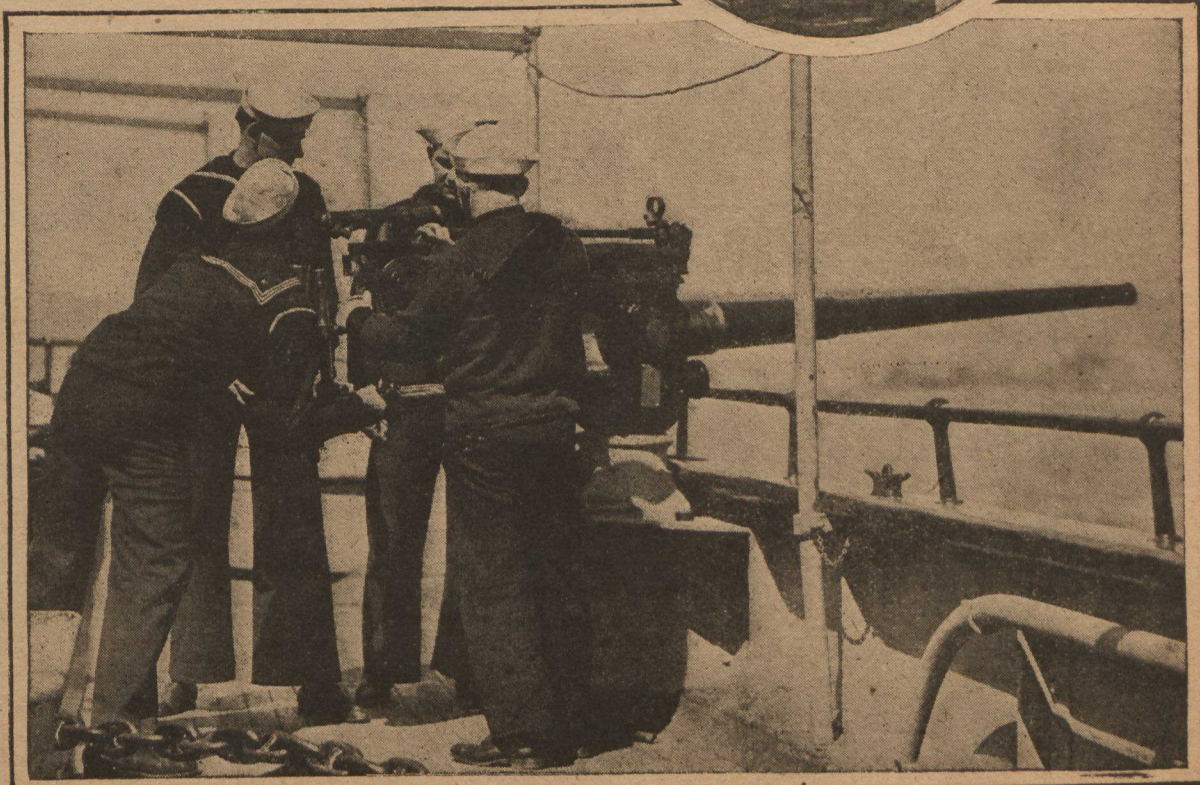
(Concluded on page 22.)



Most of the oil for the big navies comes from the Mexican oil-fields, where German plotters have lately been trying to blow up the British and American controlled properties. This is a picture of a blown-up oil well at Tampico.

ALL Uncle Sam has ready to make any immediate move on Germany is the navy. And it is the naval issue that has provoked the "state of war." The submarine, Germany's deadliest weapon, will be her boomerang. To curb the submarine is President Wilson's first business. Otherwise there is no cause for war between the United States and Germany. There can be no invasion of the United States except by submarine and airship, so long as the great navy of England bottles up the German fleet. The navy of Uncle Sam will immediately get busy. It is not a great navy. But it is high among the second-ups. Thanks to Josephus Daniels, the Bryanized Secretary of the Navy from North Carolina, the Navy has been a neglected institution. Daniels aimed to make it a floating univer-

The U. S. Submarine C4 arriving alongside the Cruiser Charleston, in Gateno Lake, Panama region. Uncle Sam is a "holy terror" at building submarines. It was a Yankee who invented the submarine.



Recruits of the Naval Militia getting instructions in shooting on The Wasp, New York City.

# POYNTON— Of Sayre's Range

By M. S. WADE



"LOOK at what's arrived!" drawled Lester Rayson to his companions. Five men were seated in the bar of the village hotel, variously occupied in sipping drinks or telling yarns or reading the day-old Calgary paper left by the last commercial traveller to pass that way. A slight diversion had been provided by the arrival of Number Three, one of the two daily trains from the East. Most of the other idlers had gone over to the station as soon as the engine tooted for the crossing, but these others preferred the chairs in the bar-room.

It was too early in the season for summer visitors. The Alberta foot-hill village of "The Ferry" enjoyed a Lilliputian reputation as an inland watering place, a resort where the folk from Calgary might send their wives and kiddies for the pure air that a thousand or so feet above sea level ensures.

It was yet May and this particular edition of "Number Three" only landed one passenger. He carried a small suit-case in his hand, a monocle stuck in his right eye, and wore a well-worn but still passable tweed suit, cloth cap to match, yellow leggings, tan shoes, and a briar pipe in his mouth.

The newcomer stared about him, and as the train pulled out gazed after it half regretfully.

"Goin' to the hotel?" queried Jack Charlesby, bar-keep, day and night clerk, tout and proprietor of the one hotel, THE hotel.

"Such is my intention, my man; where—?" he began, bringing his monocled optic to bear upon the elongated form of Jack.

"Just across the road. This is the way," answered Jack, anticipating the question and leading the way. The newcomer followed, casting wondering glances from side to side as he trudged along close at the heels of his guide. Gusts of wind stirred up dense clouds of gritty dust, but between gusts he could see what little there was to be seen—the straggle of houses, the stores, the school-house in the distance, a new church in the other distance and quite close at hand, straight before him, the hotel, with the hitching rail in front. Inside in the combination bar-room and office, Lester Rayson, the traveller and the other cronies, looked up.

"Look at what's arrived!" whispered Rayson.

His friends lifted their eyes, stopped whistling, and looked, mouths agape. Jack Charlesby winked solemnly at them as he passed behind the bar again.

"Well, I'm damned!" murmured Tom Wright, eyes still fixed upon the doorway.

"That's a new one on me!" observed a third, huskily, Bill Snell.

"Take something?" asked Jack, sliding a glass along the counter and one hand already extended expectantly in the direction of a row of bottles of case goods. There being no immediate response, he looked at his guest and recognized in his puzzled expression an utter failure of the simple words conveying their meaning.

"Have a drink?" he interpreted.

"Thanks, very much. A little Scotch, please."

Jack slid the bottle of Black Label to within an inch of the empty glass; drew some fresh water in another glass, and stood it alongside the whiskey bottle, and when his guest had poured out his drink, took a little of the same himself.

"How!" he exclaimed, with a nod. The guest had raised his glass to his lips. He lowered it again.

"I beg your pardon?" he said, questioningly.

"How? Oh, I see!" laughed Jack, good naturedly. "That's the way we sometimes say 'your health,' or 'good luck!'"

"Good luck!" returned the stranger.

As soon as the twain had disappeared to show the stranger his room. Lester and his friends made for the register and read the newly written name, the ink not yet dry.

"Alfred Poynton."

Presently Charlesby and Poynton descended from the bed-room and the trio, now seated around the stove, heels resting on the iron rail that ran around three sides of the huge receptacle for fuel, could hear the drone of their voices approaching. They entered the room.

"Boys," said Charlesby, "Mr. Poynton is thinking of sticking around here if he can find a job. He has a notion to go punching cows. Perhaps you know if he can get on anywhere?"

"Round up next week ought to make chances good," remarked Rayson. Then addressing Poynton, he asked, "Done any cow-punching?"

"No," admitted Poynton, frankly. "But I can ride and if I'm told what to do I think I can manage all right, wot?"

"Better come up and see the old man to-morrow," said Rayson.

"That's no good," interposed Tom Wright. "I asked him for a job myself only yesterday and he said that he didn't need more help just now."

"Too bad," commiserated Rayson. "Watson's are full up; always lots of breeds in that outfit, anyway. Say, Poynton," he added, after a moment's pause. "I know the man for you. Ride with me in the morning and we'll go to see him!"

"Thanks awfully, gentlemen," replied Poynton, dropping his monocle for a moment. "Will you all do me the pleasure of taking a drink with me?"

As one man they advanced to the bar and Charlesby again fascinated the new-comer with his dexterous handling of glasses and bottles.

"Got a hoss?" enquired Snell, hoarsely, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"It is my hope to be furnished with an animal by the stockraiser I obtain work with," replied Poynton, mildly.

"That's right enough, but if you ain't got no hoss how are you goin' to ride to the range in the morning?"

"UMMMM! Yes, to be sure. Ummmm!" mused Poynton, with dropped jaw. "Perhaps I may be able to hire a horse at a livery stable here!" he added, brightening.

"Which you might if there was, but there ain't," answered Snell, with his customary total disregard of grammatical rules.

Poynton's face fell.

"Well, I can walk, then. I'm pretty well used to it—lately," he said.

"Walk be damned!" ejaculated Wright. "I guess

you can use my roan mare for a couple of days."

And so it was settled.

"But what can I do with a man like that?" querulously enquired Frank Sayre, of the Summit Ranch, when Rayson, having taken him aside, suggested that he give Poynton a job for a few weeks. "You know—"

"Oh, that's all right, Frank," replied the other; "the poor devil is up against it and I'd have the old man take him on, but you know how damned set he is against green Englishmen; can't speak civilly to one. Be a sport, Frank."

"Oh, if that's the way of it I'll give him a show," answered Sayre, "but—" and he shook his head dubiously.

Poynton gave a sigh of relief.

POYNTON got along famously with Sayre. He was clumsy, and did most things wrong, often testing his employer's patience to the limit, but he was so good-natured that he quite won Sayre. In the evenings the two men talked of many things; mostly of cattle; often of England. Of himself, Poynton spoke rarely. When the conversation became personal he shut up like an oyster.

At the round-up he was the butt of all the smart Alecks among the cow-punchers and their name was legion. He took it all quietly enough. Sometimes old Frank thought he saw a flash behind his damned monocle that he would keep in his right eye, rain or shine. Big Dick Curno, who was just as mean as any man it was ever my misfortune to meet, always said the things that made the flash come into Poynton's eyes. He seemed to take a great deal of pleasure in trying to take the shine out of the "cheechako," but he was so goldarn mean over it that none of the boys cared for his style of play. Do what he could, though, he always failed to get the stranger's goat.

"Don't you mind that gink, Big Dick," said old Frank to him one day.

"That rotter Curno?" remarked Poynton, questioningly. "Oh, no! He is not worth it."

"That's right, son," observed the old man, eyeing his man keenly from beneath those shaggy grey eyebrows of his. "He's rough with his tongue, but he's still rougher with his hands and feet."

Poynton looked at him kind of quick. "Thanks," he said, and went on filling his pipe.

The ranges in British Columbia are pretty hard to ride. Even at the Summit the land is so rolling—I am speaking of the ranges in the vicinity of The Ferry—that a cow and a calf may be within a hundred yards of a cowboy and yet be plumb out of sight, and stay that way, too, unless he takes the trouble to ride around every knoll. This means that at a round-up the country has to be combed thoroughly. Well, as luck would have it, the Englishman took the trouble to go around a knoll that Curno said he had been around and that there was not a hoof there. Rayson was with them when they came into camp. He had joined them just as Poynton

came a-whooping around the knoll driving three cows and two calves ahead of him and just as Curno had finished telling him that the damned fool Englishman wouldn't take his word for it that there was no cattle there, but of course must waste time, etc. Curno turned red when he saw what Poynton had found where there should have been nothing but an abundance of nothingness. Then he scowled and wouldn't say a word all the way to camp. Rayson hadn't sense enough to keep his mouth shut and told the story so that all the boys had the laugh on Curno, who looked as he felt, mad enough to do murder. Poynton ate his supper quietly and paid no attention to the story Rayson told, nor to the effect it had on Big Dick. When the boys were having a smoke Curno spoke up and everybody that knew him smelt trouble in the air.

"THE trouble is that some Jaspers don't know enough to stay in their own country and leave men to do men's work," he said. Nobody spoke and he continued looking at Poynton, a sneer on his lips. "I knew them cattle was there. I just wanted to see whether that boob with the glass eye would have sense enough to go and see for himself. Well, I told him to go get them and he did." "That isn't what you told me, Curno," said Rayson, sharply. Rayson was not afraid of Big Dick.

"You butt out, Rayson; this is between me and Poynton." He stood up and went over to where the Englishman sat, his back against a tree, smoking his pipe. "Tell these boys, Poynton, that I told you to get them there cattle," he ordered.

Poynton went on smoking, but said nothing.

"D'ye hear me? Tell these boys," repeated Curno.

Poynton carefully fixed his monocle in his eye and slowly looked up at Big Dick. "That would not be true," he said, quietly.

"Damn you!" yelled Curno. "So you call me a liar, eh? I'll make you eat dirt for that!"

He leaped forward to carry his threat into execution but stopped short when old Frank Sayre stepped in front of him.

"None of that, Curno," said Frank. "It's like you to try to kick a man when he is down. Poynton is no match for you and you know it."

"Well, let him own up that I told him to get them cattle," roared Curno.

Poynton arose from his seat on the ground, brushed the dirt off his clothes, and stepping forward laid his hand gently on Frank's shoulder.

"Thank you, Mr. Sayre. Let me talk to him."

Frank took a quick look at him and moved away. The others still sat or lay around trying to look as if everything was going along the same as usual, but not succeeding very well; every man had his eyes glued on the two men now facing each other.

"Curno," said Poynton, and although he spoke quietly, his voice cut like a knife, it was so sharp. "You say you told me to go and get those three cows and two calves; that you knew they were behind that knoll. What else was there?"

"Nothing."

"Gentlemen," said Poynton, with a glance all around, "if you will look at the three cows you will see they are all in milk. Each had its calf. I brought in only two calves. The third one is still behind that knoll—dead!"

"No man can call me a liar twice!" snarled Big Dick, and made a rush at the Englishman.

THEN we all found ourselves interested in the performance that followed. Big Dick swung his fists at Poynton, and if he had hit him he would have been down and out for sure, but the blows didn't land. Poynton dodged and as Curno lunged past the Englishman planted a good hard fist in his face and sent him staggering.

"Kindly hold my pipe, Mr. Sayre," said Poynton, handing the briar root to his boss.

"Look out for him. Don't let him clinch," warned Sayre. Poynton nodded and stepped out lively towards Curno, who was getting ready for another rush.

"Curno, I am going to thrash you," said Poynton, and started out to do it, and did it most thoroughly. Curno didn't have a look in. He landed a few smashing blows, but they did no damage, except knocking off a bit of skin here and there. He tried his level

best to clinch. If he could have done that Poynton wouldn't have had a show, for Big Dick was noted as a rough-house man and few could hold him off. Poynton won because he kept out of clinches. He was quick on his feet and the way he could wallop with those fists—!

He sure was some boxer. It was a scrap that a ring-side fan would have given his soul to see, but never does see, because prize fighters rarely find themselves up against a real scrap. After about fifteen



"Wore Canadian clothes and even forgot the monocle."

minutes' hard fighting, Curno, with both eyes in mourning, his nose and mouth bleeding, and puffing like a whale, received the knock-out wallop—a dandy! Square on the point of the jaw and with a mule kick behind it. Half an hour later Big Dick opened his eyes, groaned, and after laying another half hour managed to get up and wash his face. Not a man held out a hand to help him. Seeing this, Poynton got up, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went over to Curno, and without saying a word helped to get rid of the blood and dirt that made Curno look like a stuck pig.

Poynton learned pretty quick for a tenderfoot. By the end of the summer he wore Canadian clothes and even forgot his monocle at times. He made friends with Rayson, a crabbed Scot who had left his native heather and bannocks and oatmeal porridge, to say nothing of the mountain dew, when he was in short petticoats, but no Sandy or Donald that ever lived all their days in the "hielands" was so Scotch as this old hayseed. Nothing that wasn't Scotch was any good; Irish was bad; English was, if possible, worse.

One thing about Poynton: he never butted into anybody else's business, and after that fight with Big Dick nobody cared to josh him very much, either. Always civil to everybody, even the Siwashes, he kept pretty much to himself, but read the papers a lot and kept posted on the news, specially that from the old country.

One day he came riding up to Frank's hell for leather. He had been down to The Ferry for the mail. He tied up his horse and when he came in the cabin his eyes snapped with excitement.

"Any news?" asked Frank.

"Hell let loose in Europe!" answered Poynton. "Austria and Germany have declared war on Russia and France. England will be in it next."

They ate supper and after Poynton had filled his pipe he said:

"Will it inconvenience you, Mr. Sayre, if I leave you to-night?"

"What do you want to leave for?" demanded Frank.

"I am going home," he replied, simply.

"Account of the war?"

"Yes. England cannot keep out of it."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Fight! Men will be wanted at once. Do you mind my going?"

"Mind? Pack your grip. Here's your pay."

Half an hour later the two men shook hands.

"Good-bye, Sayre," said Poynton. "And thanks awfully." And he screwed the monocle into its place awkwardly.

"Good-bye, Poynton. Good luck and—God bless you!"

"Thanks, old man," said the Englishman, soberly. The next instant the clatter of hoofs rang out and

soon died away in the distance.

A few weeks later Rayson, Wright, Snell and one or two others from The Ferry enlisted with the First Contingent of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Then came the training camp at Valcartier, followed by the voyage across the ocean. There came a day when Rayson, Snell and Wright found themselves in the trenches.

"It's a damned dirty business," Rayson defined it. He didn't shirk anything, but he took good care of himself; never lifted his head if there was a chance to hold it down out of sight. He took cover whenever any was available, and even when his company was relieved and they were sent back from the firing line, he hugged mother earth when he moved from point to point and took cover in the reserve trenches.

"This is about as pleasant as hell!" remarked Snell, as a shell dropped a few feet away covering him with earth in addition to sending him flying as though he were a straw. "I guess my leg's broke."

"Look there at that mutt!" cried Rayson, pointing to a farm house less than a hundred yards distant. "There, look at that chap in the doorway!"

NONCHALANTLY smoking a cigarette, standing with his hands in his pockets and his legs spread far apart, in the doorway of the house, used as a depot for supplies, stood the figure of a man, an officer. A shell struck the building sending brisk showers of brick and mortar flying. Unmoved, the officer stood gazing over the trenches to where the German army lay. He fastidiously brushed off with his hands the dust that had covered his coat sleeve, strolled out from the doorway and turned to face the house, inspecting the damage done. A second shell knocked the chimney flying. The officer lighted another cigarette and resumed his post in the doorway. Shell after shell whistled by, some finding the building, and chipping off blocks of brick, others bursting overhead, others exploding all around. The Englishman never budged except to remove his cigarette from his lips, or—

"Well, I'm damned!" cried Rayson, "if the crazy fool isn't polishing his eyeglass!"

Communing with himself he said: "If that damned fool has the grit to stand up in the face of all these flying shells, I ought to be ashamed of my crouching and skulking along. By God, I'll stand up, too!" And he did. At the same moment the officer left his post in the doorway of the house and, cane-swishing, approached the stretcher bearers who were preparing to remove Snell to the hospital.

Rayson looked at him with staring eyes and mouth agape.

"Great Scott!" cried Wright. "If it isn't Poynton!"

"And look at his markin's," cried Rayson. "He's a blooming captain. Why, that's a V. C. he's wearing!"

"Badly hurt?" enquired Poynton.

"Oh, not so bad, but I sure do wish I could have some of Frank's flapjacks!"

"Snell?" cried Poynton. Then, seeing Rayson, "this looks like a—ah, yes, like a round-up! Any more Ferry boys here?"

"Here's Tom Wright and there's several more over in the next trench, but not cowpunchers," smiled Rayson.

"When you are off duty, any of you, I shall be glad to see you any time my own duty will permit," he said. Soon after that he moved on.

SOME days later the Ferry boys, except Snell, were back at the front line trenches. Rayson, Wright and three others were sent out to do a little bomb throwing, but it did not prove a successful expedition. Wright got a bullet in the right shoulder, three others were killed, and Rayson found himself within twenty yards of the enemy trenches alone. He lay down flat on the ground, bullets hailing around him. One struck him in the thigh. He squirmed about and tried to crawl back to shelter. A second bullet lodged in his foot, while a third passed through the fleshy part of his arm. How he got back to the trenches he did not know, but he managed it somehow, and promptly fainted as soon as he found himself among his friends. He and Wright were shipped

together, and there they lay for  
 . . . . . The worst wound Rayson had  
 . . . . . got. The surgeons got the bullet out,  
 . . . . . began to mend, soon getting well enough  
 . . . . . up.

Shortly after he had advanced to this stage, Poynton was admitted seriously wounded, and along with him was—guess who? Big Dick Curno, no less!

The story came out, of course; such a story had to come out. Curno had been wounded and Poynton had brought him in under the fire of enemy snipers and machine guns. They were both pretty well mused.

The doctor shook his head over Poynton. Rayson had made himself solid in that quarter, and then the doc, too, was a pretty good sort, for a sawbones, and it was he who told Rayson the story. He shook his head gravely.

"He's all in. The wounds are bad enough, and there is the shock, but he doesn't seem to rally," said the surgeon. Presently a nurse came to Rayson.

"Captain Poynton would like to see you," she said. Rayson and Wright had both navigated over to show themselves to both Snell and Poynton several times, but this was the first time either of them had been sent for like this.

"Rayson," murmured Poynton, and his voice sounded mighty thin and weak. "This is my finish, as they would say on the range. No, don't try to tell me different. I know. You were kind to me, and I have a commission I'd like you to do for me—if you would be so kind."

"Cut that out, Poynton," said Rayson, huskily. "I'll do it. Bank on me."

"I knew you would," and a ghost of a smile lighted up his face. "In my pocket you will find a small portfolio. Open it and take out a letter you will find there. I want you to deliver that to the—address on it, when it is all over with me. Promise!"

"Sure," said Rayson. He frankly looked at the address. "It's to a lady—I guess you want it given right to herself?"

Poynton nodded. "Into her hands only."  
 "Thought so. All right, old-timer; that's settled. Now, stop worrying and get better."  
 "I want you to understand why I went to—cow-punching." He smiled a bit wistfully. "I wanted to marry that lady, but we quarrelled—"  
 "And the misunderstanding was not cleared away," said Rayson, filling in the pause understandingly.  
 Poynton nodded again.

**T**WO days later Rayson was in England and safely and comfortably housed in what had once been a palatial summer residence on the Thames, now converted by the owner into a hospital for wounded soldiers.

He knew the address on the envelope containing the letter entrusted to him by Poynton. It bore the superscription, "The Hon. Cicely Mordaunt, Mordaunt Hall, Windsor."

"How far is Windsor from here?" he asked a nurse.  
 (Concluded on page 20.)

# BITS OF BRITTANY NEXT DOOR

*The Islands of Pierre and Miquelon have sent soldiers to France, but under the French flag*

By VICTORIA HAYWARD  
 Photographs by Edith Watson

**I**F Canada, after the war, finds herself united in many political and commercial relations with the different "Island Colonies" of the North Atlantic and the Caribbean, she will not by any means find the working out of such plans dull work, nor will she find dullness an element in the different habits and customs of the people that go to make up these separate populations.

Not the least interesting islands that may fall to her in the new apportionment which in all minds appears inevitable and advisable are the Saint Pierre et Miquelon group, off the south coast of Newfoundland, and now belonging to France. These islands have been variously described as "A Brittany in America," "A Bit of Old France Transplanted to the New World," "The Last French Territory in America," etc., by enthusiastic writers on the subject.

To Newfoundlanders the St. Pierraise fisherman has, till lately, been a sort of thorn in the flesh, since he was not only a foreign rival of no small magnitude, but one who actually took the bait from their own hook. To protect themselves they had to create "The Bait Act," by which bait could not be sold to St. Pierre nor could the islands "poach."

To Cape Bretonians—especially those living "up along" on the peninsula toward Cape North and on the French shore of the Cheticamp region—St. Pierre has been a good market for cattle, sheep, hogs, chickens, hay, potatoes and "beurre frais"—for these French islands are barren rock mostly, though the islands of Langlade and Miquelon would be quite fertile if properly tilled and planted with the crops suitable to the soil and short season.



But in the town of St. Pierre and its suburbs there is not a spare ounce of soil unless made from "blasted" rock or brought over from France by some vessel as ballast. In return, the Cape Bretonian sailing-masters running down to "The Island" with a cargo have been able to purchase for the return voyage many a French delicacy in the way of Paris products and French wines. So it turns out that in times past St. Pierre was pretty well known along the Gulf Coast out-ports and indeed along the whole eastern shore and south coast as far as the Bay of Fundy, but since the war this has all been changed, the romance and individuality of the trade has vanished with the trade itself.

Forty-three men from these islands arriving in New York on leave from the French army to visit their island homes. Conscription is in force, as elsewhere in French possessions.



Brittany Sailors of St. Pierre.

**H**ALIFAX and Sydney know St. Pierre through the S.S. Pro Patria—the little mail, passenger and freight steamer which does so well in making fairly regular trips over a course beset in times of peace by dangers from gales, fog and ice, and now in these dread times by possible appearance of the under-seas leviathans, whose sole raison d'être is—destruction.  
 But apart from this, the great majority

of Canadians, especially those living in our big cities of the middle west, the Rocky Mountain region, and the Pacific Coast, by reason of their remoteness, know very little of these islands to which we are likely to fall heir.  
 From a diplomatic viewpoint there is no estimating what importance it may be to the Canada of the future to have St. Pierre et Miquelon with her, rather than the property of France, a rival, albeit a very interesting and a friendly one—a rival, in the fish trade here and in European markets, and a constant temptation to the men of our coast towns to do a little smuggling on their own account.  
 Of course the islands coming under Canadian rule would lose all the charm of their foreign French life, for they are "a Brittany in America"—"A Bit of France Transplanted," and everywhere is heard the musical sounds of the charming native French speech. Stepping into the shops prior to the war a customer could ask for almost anything and be served with it bearing the trademark of the best Paris firms. Especially was this true of toilet articles—parfumerie, soaps, face powders, handker-

chiefs, hosiery, laces, mouselins, etc. In the groceries it was the same—the most delicate of foods in tins from the best French companies. In the cafes the commonest and the finest of pure liquors. But since the war all this is changed. The shops look bare on entering and you may enquire for many different articles in succession and receive the same negative answer—courteous and sorrowful from the little maid who, through her tears, lays her poverty of stock to “la guerre, madame, la guerre.”

Why does she cry? For the brother or cousin or fiancée among the fighters “somewhere in France,” if he be still alive, which in many cases he is not.

France has conscription. Four hundred St. Pierre young men fell into line for France when the war was but a few months old. No wonder the women weep! Though a smile lights up the tearful faces with a wonderful glow of pride and patriotism as the little women tell of bravery on the field, of wounds bravely borne, of death, even! But the



When old many a thrifty woman in St. Pierre gets employment at beheading capelin.

chickens scratch sand and small stones into it, a hungry dog walking that way helps himself. In St. Pierre capelin is laid singly on wire frames tipped toward the sun; each fish is carefully straightened as it dries, while in Newfoundland a dried capelin would be a fair example of the Geom. crooked line, no part of which is straight.

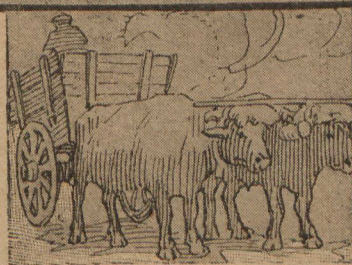
When old, many a thrifty woman in St. Pierre gets employment at beheading capelin and laying them in neat layers ready for the packers. At Paris restaurants, before the war, the St. Pierre capelin brought the high price of one sou each, since, of



The women go down to the beach to meet the toilers with their harvest from the sea.



The Quay de la Ronciere at St. Pierre.



course, this market has been very much upset both in supply and demand. But the care employed in salting and drying the little fish by the women of St. Pierre is in every particular as scrupulous as though the most fastidious epicure in Paris were to eat of their island product.

Of course it undoubtedly helps in the fish-trade that the women of St. Pierre are themselves such wonderful cooks. Madame Coste, who keeps the boarding house of St. Pierre, is known even in Paris for her cooking. To eat of her “salad” is to taste

a dish fit for “the immortal gods,” as Epicurus himself must have declared. Being such cooks, they know it means everything to have a meat or a fish properly prepared from the beginning. How can a crooked, half-cured, unevenly-salted capelin make a dainty appearance at a table or tempt an appetite more than half dissuaded by the fish’s very unattractiveness?

Their way of taking the war is even more typical—the women wear black or very dull coloured dresses. They go to “mass” every morning, the whole population had no heart to celebrate the National fete day when it came, so there were no demonstrations except the usual “mass” in the beautiful church, whose altar fittings came from Paris and whose stained glass windows are a succession of Biblical scenes, rendered in most artistic colour schemes with the sea running as a motif throughout. Little boats under full sail are suspended from the roof of this “Palais de Dieu” by the sea—the gifts of sailors and fishermen, to show gratitude for miraculous preservation during some ship-wreck or great gale. One sits in the church and wonders if one or two of the men won’t come back when the war is over to add their token—a bullet or a broken sword, perhaps, to the “boats” that seem so much in keeping with the island life?

The landmarks of St. Pierre that stand out above all others to the visitor entering St. Pierre harbour are, a curious figure of the Virgin set in the high granite cliffs to the right, and straight ahead on the highest hills at the back of the town, on the landward side, in the most prominent place, a large crucifix uplifted stands silhouetted against the blue of summer skies or above the drifted banks of winter snows.

If, in the scheme of things, Canada gets St. Pierre, she may take from her all her native French life, all her trade with France, her stock of Paris goods, her French food, her French Cognac and other liquors, including vin ordinaire, which the people drink in place of water; all that foreign life, in fact, which is now the island’s chief charm, all that goes to make her French and foreign and different—she will put in its place Canadian life and Government and taxes.

Canada will reap the harvest of fish from the St. Pierre fisheries, but will she give the fisherman a bounty on each quintal, as does France?

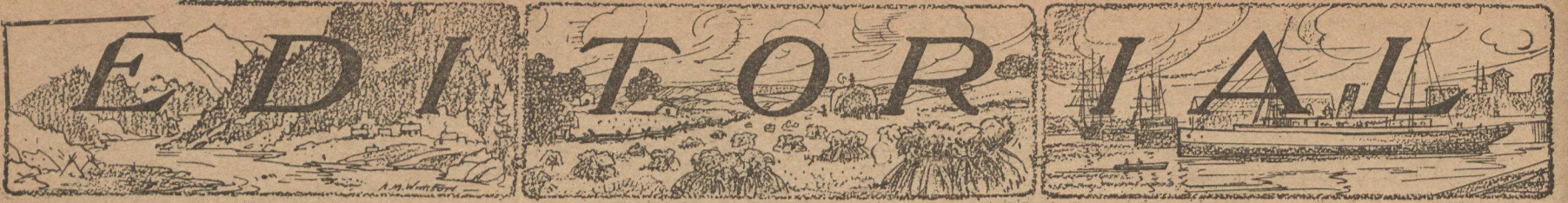
But Canada replies, “We will give them our grain to feed an almost starving people,” all of which is very true, but it is equally true that the native French, of all people, “do not live by bread alone.”

As for Canada herself, it would seem fitting that the cross-crowned hills of St. Pierre should form the ramparts to the Atlantic surge and the eastern boundary of our far-flung territory that bids fair in the near future to have “Dominion” over land and—sea.

Whatever is done or not done in regard to making these French islands a part of Canada, we cannot avoid taking more personal interest in them than in other more remote islands of the Empire. St. Pierre and Miquelon are bits of Brittany next door.



After Matins in the little cathedral church at St. Pierre.



## CANADA TO UNCLE SAM



Keep right ahead, boys. Follow the Canada trail right straight to the trenches. By gum! the Fourth of July is pretty near the same as the First now."

CANADA welcomes the United States into the commonwealth of nations engaged on the right side in a world war. It is quite becoming for us, with one-thirteenth of Uncle Sam's population, and occupying as much space in geography and running about as far back in colonial history, to extend this welcome. We are genuinely glad of the chance. The United States now shows that it belongs to the New World of nations engaged in putting the old mediaevalism of Europe into the world's museum.

The United States is no longer a mere neighbour to us. She is an ally. But as an ally we understand Uncle better than any of the other belligerents do. Begging all the European statesmen's pardon, we in Canada have been living alongside the United States ever since we had a colonial existence. We know what the Fourth of July means just as well as we understand the First. We know as much about George Washington, George III., the Tax on Tea and the T. without R. that caused the American Revolution, as we do about the Fathers of Confederation. For a hundred years, since the peace of 1815, we have been on the best of terms with Uncle Sam. We have had treaty differences. There have been times when certain people wanted to amalgamate us in commercial union; times when annexation seemed to the continentalists to be the certain goal of Canada. George Washington made of North America two nations in place of one. He was a good economist. The Civil War made of two peoples one nation. That was even better economy. The war of 1914 and onwards has again made of the great republic on the south half of North America and the great overseas dominions on the north half one people for purposes of the war. There is no 49th parallel in

the United States are sometimes greater than Congress. But Congress is now standing behind the President. The Manns, the Kitchins, the Champ Clarks, the Hampton Moores, the Callaways and the Coopers have quit being un-American. They have joined the New World. The epoch of talk is over. In a few days Uncle Sam may be at war.

Will it shorten the war? We don't know. If the war were scheduled to last years longer—yes. But that is not the question. In the matter of financial and economic support the entry of the United States will be a big help, no matter how soon the war ends. They are the richest nation in the world. But wealth on this side of the water is no use to belligerents on the other side. Armies must be fed and clothed. The biggest thing Uncle Sam can do besides furnishing credit and cash and raw materials is to pitch in and help clear up the submarine menace. It was the subs. that drove the United States into a state of war. It is the freedom of the seas that they most need, and that we as her Allies most need in finishing the war. Canada's share in the war is hampered by the submarine. The United States' programme will be still more hampered by the same cause. Whatever the American navy can do to block the submarine will be of much greater consequence than all she can accomplish at the front. Sending armies abroad will be a good thing for the national sentiment of the United States. Sending subs. to the bottom of the sea will be of far more practical use to the international sentiment of winning the war, which is no longer a mere conflict of armies, but an economic struggle of whole nations.

And in the governing of the world after the war is over the compact that ranges the world's greatest republic on the side of freedom and real civilization

the trenches. Canada and the United States have continued to buy and sell to each other in spite of tariff walls. They have remained separate peoples in spite of the continentalists. There is less sentiment towards union now than ever. While we shake hands with Uncle Sam in the war we do so as a separate people who are something less than a hundred years behind in the race for national greatness measured by achievement, but in many of the outlines of modern nationhood we think we have done quite as well as the United States.

As a war nation we have more than two years' start of Uncle Sam. We propose to forget that. We remember the parable of the man at the eleventh hour. There have been times when we wished there was no Bryan tincture in Uncle Sam's blood; times when we wished that country would show that it had a conviction for which it was ready to stake its last dollar. On the whole, we have not ceased to admire the course pursued by President Wilson. He made sure of the people and then went to Congress. The people of the

will be of even greater value than all Uncle Sam can do in the war.

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## No Branch Empire for Us

MUCH talk of late about Canada becoming the centre of a strange new confederacy involving the West Indies, Newfoundland, Miquelon and St. Pierre, under some such name as British North America, a name already immortalized in our own charter of Confederation. Probably because this is the fiftieth year of Confederation some of our empire-reconstruction enthusiasts would like to see July 1, 1917, become the mother of a new and bigger Canadian empire. It all furnishes thought fuel to our diligent junta of new Imperialists. But we implore our statesmen here and in England to pay no heed to them. Those who are most anxious to reincorporate this country as a sub-empire within the great British Empire are only committing the old-fashioned error of biting off more than they can chew. To annex Newfoundland, if that were possible, is quite another matter. The big island colony is part of our eastern gateway already, and could economically become part of our Confederation. St. Pierre and Miquelon might be considered. But the West Indies are not naturally an extension of Canada. If we should take them over we should only add to our own burdens without lightening theirs. We are no better fitted to administer the West Indies than England is. If we took them over we should either have to make them colonies of Canada with one of our superannuated knights sent down as governor, or remake them into provinces with elected members of Parliament travelling to Ottawa. To make them Crown colonies of Canada would only be to saddle ourselves with Imperial functions which we do not now and never should try to possess. To elect members of Parliament to Ottawa from the West Indies would be on a par with electing members of an Imperial Parliament from the seven seas. What the average West Indian does not know about the national life of Cariboo is only equalled by what many of our most fervent Imperialists already do not know about Canada. If there is one thing more than all others on our national programme in this 50th year of Confederation, it is the need for unifying Canada. It will take us until the 100th anniversary of our national birthday to do that.

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## Leave That Mote Alone

THERE is surely enough work to be done in Canada, or at the actual fighting front, to employ all the energies of Canadians without their having to enter upon moral crusades in Great Britain. We have had in Canada in recent times considerable experience with temperance legislation. A great many bars have been wiped out and a great many towns, cities and villages seem to be that much happier and healthier. But that is no reason why Canadians in London should undertake to correct the Mother Country's morals. Personally, and as it were, privately, in our own home, we may express the opinion that King Booze has far too many friends in high places in the Old Country. We may believe that the Mother Country would be a great deal better off without it, and so on. But it is out of place for us to presume upon the Imperial tie to lecture John Bull on his manners. One of the dangers of Imperialism—as it is understood by some people—lies in the license it seems to give one part of the Empire to "horn" into the affairs of the other parts. In Canada we don't want Englishmen lecturing us on our ways of doing things, no matter how bad those ways may be. We have plenty of sins, and no doubt many Englishmen are aware of them—but they have learned to let us alone. What is good for the goose is good for the gander. Let us not assume, because we are participants in the world war, that we have any more right to lecture the Old country on its morals, than it has to lecture us.

# IN PURSUIT OF THE IDEAL

**I**N the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

The young woman, too, apt at this season of the year to become sentimental on trivial subjects, but never—never does she allow it to interfere with her all-important springtime quest of clothes.

When a man decides that his winter suit is too heavy and his last year's clothes look shabby, he goes to his tailor and orders another. There is a brief consultation about materials and he may hesitate on a three button sack, but after that the transaction is dismissed from his mind. Even if he buys ready-mades or semi-readies, he does not waste much time in looking about. He knows what he wants and buys the first approximation to it. Not so with his wife. With her it is something not to be treated lightly. For months she gives the subject deep thought, she pours over the fashion pages and considers each style in relation to her figure; each colour in relation to her complexion, and each material with due regard to the time, place and season in which it is to be worn. Her husband's judgment is of little value. He is apt to say: "You look well in that!" If it were merely a question of looking well women would have long ago adopted the costume of a trained nurse.

**W**OMAN is an idealist. When she decides to purchase a new garment she conceives a vision of such surpassing loveliness for so modest a sum that it is a foregone conclusion that it can never be realized, whether she patronizes the most exclusive dressmaker, buys it at the most fashionable shop, or makes it herself. If her income is large she will probably order a costume which demands long consultations with her dressmaker. To her and her alone will she disclose the fact that her hip measurement has increased, and together they will discuss styles and materials best calculated to disguise this catastrophe. If the dressmaker is truly sympathetic the customer will go away with an elevation of spirit and dream of the next social event when the men will regard her with admiration and the women with envy. But dressmakers have a habit of keeping you waiting and putting you off and, at the delayed second fitting, the costume looks hopeless. At the third there is evidence of some improvement, at the fourth she is resigned and when the dress is finally delivered she is glad if her husband does not say she looks a fright in it and her dearest friend assures her that she doesn't appear fatter than usual. Still the dress can hardly be called a success if it was not delivered in time to be worn at the social event for which it was intended, and the lady decides that after this she will buy only "Ready-mades" (hateful term!) Preferably French models, which cannot be duplicated by her next-door neighbour.

**P**ATRIOTISM vanishes in the quest for clothes. They must be imported or at least closely resemble the models from New York and Paris, and the display in the French department is one of

alluring beauty. She handles the delicate creations with a loving touch—and examines their price tickets with scorn.

"What! Eighty-five dollars for a simple serge!" "Wait a month," whispers her friend, "they'll be reduced. I never buy anything until it's marked down."

Then follow days and weeks of anxious waiting while the winter suit seems oppressive. Each morning while her husband scans the quotations of the stock market, she eagerly runs her eye down the advertisements and finds, not what she is seeking, but other articles which may be bought at less than their market value. Some of these necessitate her attendance at eight o'clock in the morning, when before the doors are open, she takes her place in a mass of keen-faced women—not too particular in their manners—interspersed by a few small merchants. She is reassured by the crowds that the goods offered are extraordinarily cheap, and after much pushing and shoving she triumphantly secures her prize, only to discover on reaching home that the nine cents expended in carfare almost offset the saving.

On another occasion she rises early to buy dress materials reduced to 97 cents, and finds them piled high on the counter, but not a purchaser in sight. The materials appear good, but in the absence of a crowd she mistrusts her judgment and returns empty-handed.

At last the French models are reduced and here a bitter battle is fought for many costumes, bearing the names of world-renowned makers, are to be sold at less than half their former price. The sale, to oblige the fashionable clientele, is fixed for eleven, but long before the hour people begin to arrive and stand in circles round the racks bulging with clothes and swathed in white sheets. The customers try to peep between them, beneath them, but a stern floor-walker spins the racks about like a merry-go-round. Some women try to secure the attention of a saleswoman, telling her their desires—size, colour, style—but except to old customers she turns a deaf ear. Eleven o'clock and the crowd surges about the racks. The floor-walker whisks away the sheet and there is a mad scramble in which everyone grabs the costume nearest to her. The little woman who said that she wanted black serge is seen vanishing into the fitting-room with a flesh-coloured broadcloth trimmed with green brocade. The stout lady triumphantly bears off a 34 and the racks are left

bare as apple-trees in December. But the wise woman doesn't go disconsolately away. She waits patiently while the ill-assorted costumes drift back from the fitting-rooms. Possibly the very suit that pleased her fancy may reappear, or she may find it a day or two later, for in this shop you can exchange everything except veils and hair-goods, and she who buys in haste is apt to repent at leisure. But we hope, for her soul's sake, that she will have had luck. The ideal costume that everyone is seeking is a very expensive model greatly reduced, and if she finds one which satisfies her desires, she will never be content to pay a proper value for her purchases, but will become a confirmed bargain hunter, prowling about the shops in season and out of season, always pursuing her ideal!



A real bargain would have drawn a crowd.

**A** LARGE department store is more a part of the public life of a city than its library. It provides exhibitions of art, it furnishes music. Under its roof is a circulating library, and lectures on period furniture, instructions in embroidery, and demonstrations of cooking are given free to all. It provides rest rooms, furnishes note paper, minds your babies, looks after parcels, posts and registers your letters, and offers you every banking facility. For many women shopping has ceased to be an economic function and has become a dissipation. There is excitement in moving amongst scenes of more than oriental splendour, gay colours, rich materials, sparkling jewels, and the odour of perfumery,

flowers or coffee. There is a pleasure in trying on costly hats and gowns, which you are under no obligation to buy or which you may return next day. Even the arrogant saleslady is becoming a thing of the past, for the public will flock to the stores where courteous attention is the rule and the seller will usually fetch the tenth suit for trying-on with mechanical patience, and evince no surprise when you end by telling her you were "just looking."

**S**PECIALISTS declare that the practice of exchanging goods adds ten per cent. to the normal price. But for all this somebody must pay, and the woman who chooses wisely and once for all is no richer than the woman who keeps on exchanging things. Neither is the woman who carries her parcels better off than she who charges a spool of thread and has it delivered in the suburbs.

Perhaps the woman who benefits most is the one who makes use of the expert shopper provided by the store free of charge, or orders her goods from a catalogue. Luxurious shopping is the thief of time and money, and the country woman accomplishes far more than the city woman, for she is removed from the temptations daily offered by the stores. At least she does not make the rounds of five different shops before deciding on five yards of dress material.

If women are to take an equal share with men in the work of the world, they must shake off the tyranny of Dress! The waste of energy, time and thought expended in clothes is terrifying. If a woman starts on a journey, goes to a concert or plays golf, she must first see whether she has anything to wear suitable for the occasion, and then begins a round of shopping. Women from the highest to the lowest are enslaved by Dress. Only those who have adopted a uniform or standardized clothes may be called free, and so long as we submit to the ever-changing fashions, we cannot claim to be equal to men, who many years ago shook off the burden of elaborate costumes, flimsy materials and fleeting fashions.



# FROM OUR OWN GARDEN

*Plain, Thrifty Pointers Gathered From Experience*

**O**f course if you take up Horticulture as a fad, straining your purse strings to outdistance your neighbours, you will probably spend more than you gain on fertilizers, tools and labourers. But if your garden is reasonably small, say 24 by 15, do your own digging. You can if you would only think so. In all probability, in Ontario, you will be able to begin in April, and it is plenty time enough if you get your garden in by the first of June. Cucumbers and beans are as well not above ground till after the sixth of June, and tomato plants will do if they are in by the end of June. To be thorough, if your garden has not been used before, I would dig it all over once, doing so many feet a day, and then I would begin to plant the third or last week in May. When ready to plant I would dig the size of each bed or ground space for an allotted number of seed packages and rake and work it up as I wanted to plant. You might dig this space in the morning, and plant at night, or dig in the evening, and let the women plant. It would not hurt any normally healthy woman to help even with the digging, and there are many, many frippery household tasks that might easily be laid aside in favour of the National Thrift Campaign.

Now, don't waste good time and temper laying out symmetric beds, and perfectly measured paths. Your seed, if well watered and weeded, will grow just as well in a gently rounded length of ground, and in crooked and unevenly spaced rows as they will in straight panelled beds at rule-measured distances. Strive after a convenient spacing and regularity, and give all your energies to cultivation and nourishment. Don't waste your money on tomato plants at five cents a plant, nor squander coin and muscle trying to have green peas by the first of July. Sow and labour to enrich your whole year's diet with a wholesome variety and sufficiency, not to make a display of green-grocery fireworks for some voluble and inquisitive guest who will go into ecstasies over a spoonful of early peas or a vivid dish of some exotic salad. Now, surely, if you begin to dig very early you can have the most neglected plot fit to plant seed in by the first of June at least. If you are very discouraged about your soil, of course it may pay to buy the required amount of odoriferous con-

By F. P. M. COLLIER

coction manufactured for the purpose, and so easily obtainable. But accept the comments of your neighbours with philosophic resignation, and rake it in as soon as possible. Then, whilst you are digging, and digging, and digging as finely and as repeatedly as you are able, you can add zest to your labours by studying the seed departments in the various stores; and as a recreation amuse yourself calculating how many packages of seed your ground will hold, and how you are going to balance your taste for one article with the more profitable selection of another, so as to get the maximum nourishment out of your limited quarters. Don't rush after high-priced seed. I have known a better yield from the fresh two-cent packages in the departmental stores than from those procured by scientific agricultural catalogues. Take your time and consider the question well. Don't make any more blunders than necessary. You want to produce this year, not to experiment. For wise production is going to be the sinews of war, and the harbinger of victory. Don't get alarmed if your neighbour has his garden in the first week in May. A snowstorm later on, or an early June frost may destroy all his ill-advised haste. In outlying districts the second June planting of a garden is a very common occurrence; for beans, cucumbers, corn, and such tender shoots fall sure victims to an early summer frost. Again I repeat, begin to dig early, and aim at having all your planting except, perhaps, cabbage and tomatoes, done by the eighth of June. And even as late as that you can easily ensure a good crop. Far better make your preparation with care and forethought, than rush things prematurely in a slipshod and blundering fashion.

Now, there are certain vegetables that should be grown in every man's garden if space will permit. For there are certain things, when your sole aim is food supply, that yield a rich harvest of nutriment and utility at a minimum cost and trouble. And we offer the following list as a fair sample of staple and essential items of diet. Amongst the creepers, Hubbard squash (the large, green variety), vegetable

marrow, cucumbers and nasturtiums. For the summer months, lettuce, beans, green onions if you must, and radishes. For the winter, beets, carrots, parsnips, winter onions, cabbage and tomatoes. Now, it seems to me that the above is a sufficiently varied list to fit the needs of the amateur beginner, who has even a very generous plot of ground, and after we have explained the desirability of selecting each variety, we will devote a short space to the vegetables omitted, and the reason for their omission.

Let us begin with the creepers. The cucumbers first, because they will usually run along the ground, and two or three hills at most should suffice for an ordinary small household. The common eating variety is the most profitable, serving for summer table use, and making at the same time a good article for pickling. Don't waste your cucumbers by picking the little ones, so as to have fancy, factory gherkins. Let them grow a goodly size, and cut them in the old-fashioned way, they will taste just as nice, and by some people are preferred so. Then when properly salted, they can be divided, and made up into green or mustard pickles. And the mustard pickle goes well with bread and butter, if made from the cut fruit. When the end of August comes, and you are tired of eating them, and have enough gherkins, let them grow large for sweet pickles.

Don't plant vegetable runners too close together, in case of inoculation. Choose, preferably, opposite corners or ends of your plot. Hubbard squash makes a good climber, especially over a chicken house or pen, and two or three vines yield a splendid crop of huge green squash, that are as well left to grow until near frost time, and then they will keep all winter. They are particularly delicious when peeled and baked in the oven, especially with roast meats. The vegetable marrows grow very fast, and are very prolific bearers. They can be used almost when a finger length long, needing only to be peeled and cut in two, and boiled without removing the seeds, and served with drawn butter. Pull them only as you need them, leaving the rest to grow, and ripen until fall, when they are fit to store for winter. Artichokes, I am told, are good climbers, though I have no personal experience to quote from.

(To be continued.)

## THAT CRAG-TOP GARDEN of MINE

*Mr. Lemuel Goodbosh and Mr. Jones in a Conspiracy to Organize a Canyon Club*

**M**Y first garden and how Mr. Lemuel Goodbosh and I cooked up a scheme based upon the love of nature, is the theme of this exuberant, but sometimes sad, narrative. The garden, let me say, was a rented one. It occupied the crag-top corner commanding a two-sided canyon. From the new street just crawling along above with its accessories of sewers, poles and boulevards, you never would have guessed the depth of the canyon below. From the bottom of the gorge no man could behold more than the smoke-tops of the houses. And of that surprising corner my rented garden was the key, because it lay right along the side street that turned a somersault into the jungle of the canyon and lost itself in a sort of cow trail down and up again.

How Lemuel Goodbosh ever came to miss acquiring that corner with the sunlit garden on the crag I never knew. He was anything but slow. He was my nearest neighbour three lots to the east; in the summer of 1914 owner of the three lots betwixt us and of about ten more eastward along the crescent of the canyon. These he had bought when the price was low. His own house had been there some time. He was in fact a bit of an old-timer, this seductive Lemuel, whose soul unfolded itself to me those two summers of my tenancy at the crag-top garden.

Just at this time last year and all those other

By THE EDITOR

The cover illustration, which shows the hopeful side of this narrative, is by J. E. H. Macdonald.

years above-mentioned I used to stand behind the cottage and look at a whole lot of the world at once from the middle of my thawing-out garden. It was perked upon a corner lot that began to dip down into a huge ravine before the garden stopped. So from the twin cherry trees that shaded my west verandah and the two hydrangeas that stood in front of my south one, clean back to the end of the world it seemed sometimes, my old garden was a tramp sort of thing that just naturally yearned to lose itself in the wilderness and to pack itself with all sorts of shrubs that crawled up from the canyon below.

Oh that broad-faced, grass-swarded garden with all the curious curves and corners and crannies in it used to fairly dance up there on top of that glorious hill that looked over to westward where two church spires poked up. It had a motion like the stars. I could feel it. Spading it, raking it, gathering up truck and burning it there, one felt like a clumsy second cousin to a god. I seemed to be the only gardener about. There were others. But they were somehow all fenced in. When I burned a winter's

truck in that garden, the smoke sneaked away with a sort of chuckle to get lost among the drowsing buds in the ravine.

I have never known how much of this place was garden and how much was the tree-blown gully behind. That gulch which the city garbagers were doing their worst to fill with offal—curses on them!—was the last outpost of a great natural park that once swept up there with a little spring-fed brook in the bottom. Houses—pot-bellied, \$30-a-month builders' houses, hundreds of 'em—had been crammed and jammed into the lower reaches of that ravine. This chunk of Muskoka had been left for a while. It was as wild as gipsy-land. In summer you never could see to the bottom of it. The sky seemed to roll up out of it in ever lasting webs of blue and reels of gorgeous clouds, all to be reflected in the face of that crag-top garden with the quaint little clapboarded cottage in the midst. How the light did pour into that place! It never was in shadow except at night. It never was still. There was always some breeze crawling up from the canyon to stir the flowers.

I know some people look at gardens very practically. So do I. The number of days and weeks—compounded of hours and hours and holidays and Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings and after-dark—that I spent sweating at that garden were among the most practical experiences of my whole



life. In labour for love of it I count it worthy to rank among the toils of the bush where I began to know what a clearing was and a garden in the clearing. But it wasn't just labour. It was a great big nature-born sentiment. And any man who can garden without sentiment is a fine subject for a museum.

A first garden, however, is a good deal like a first baby—you make a heap of discoveries about garden-hood, and it's nobody else's business but your own. For years I had been glued to sidewalks and restaurants. Now I could scarcely wait till four o'clock to board a trolley, and I begrudged the time it took to slide into my old togs, so that with hose squirting over my shirt front, sand in my boots and sweat from top to toe, I could the better enjoy my bachelor supper of bread and butter, bananas and milk all got from the corner grocery away down the new street and eaten from a bench in the bare kitchen.

Sometimes I think it was the vireos at sundown that prompted most of my passionate sentiments about this garden. It was in the thick of a swamp elm bush that I first heard vireos. Here they were right back of my garden, resting, foraging, playing their discordant piccolos among yellow-hammers, goldfinches, woodpeckers, crows, blackbirds, Baltimore orioles, song sparrows, jenny wrens—why that canyon behind my garden was nothing but a vast and glorified bird cage. Less than half of these birds ever came up to the garden. The rest stayed below. The garden was one level; the bird-nests another; and far below that again were the cat-tail flags and the pussy-willows where the little brook meandered somewhere and lost itself in a marsh.

Of all these rare delights I fancied I was the discoverer. Nobody else I imagined could take such joy out of that canyon. To my great surprise Mr. Lemuel Goodbosh, my neighbour, seemed to concur absolutely in all my enthusiasm. A matter of fact, I think he copied it all from me. I suppose, although he knew the names of the flowers and half of the birds in the canyon, he had no eye for the dizzy design of a cloud-swathing landscape such as formed the back yard to my garden.

Goodbosh's grand idea was very practical. His aim was to make me a partner in an enterprise that should make us both independent of working. Briefly, he wanted me to buy the corner lot, add it to his next three or four, and get capital to run up a grand apartment house.

Aviation Apartments, Canyon Club, was to be the full name and address of this institution. It was the birds as he said that gave him the notion of Aviation. The Canyon Club, of course, would be a bigger affair involving all the people who either bought or rented places from him along the crescent of the canyon. We should then have those who preferred individual gardens overlooking the gorge and those who preferred apartments with a superb landscape thrown in. He proposed to make easy terms for the former. The latter we would "soak," he said, because they would be the gentry of the Club. With their united influence we could get the city parks department to look after the ravine, keep out poachers, drain the marsh and get the brook running again and see that the birds were encouraged.

Goodbosh, however, had one grievance in the way of his great scheme.

"These lots o' mine, Mr. Jones," he said, "have all got me short-changed on the depth. Twenty feet to the rear they all drop down into the gorge. You can't garden on the incline. It'll cost me a penny to level 'em up."

This was quite obvious.

That first summer I put in annuals, but no vegetables; also a few perennials, such as hydrangeas, peonies, golden-glow and hollyhocks, with a few rose bushes. I felt rather uncertain about this. If Goodbosh and I should organize the Canyon Club and build the Aviation Apartments there was no use spending money and labour on perennials. I didn't mention this to Goodbosh, because I liked that garden of mine too well to give it up easily, even for the chance of getting a fat income from Aviation Apartments.

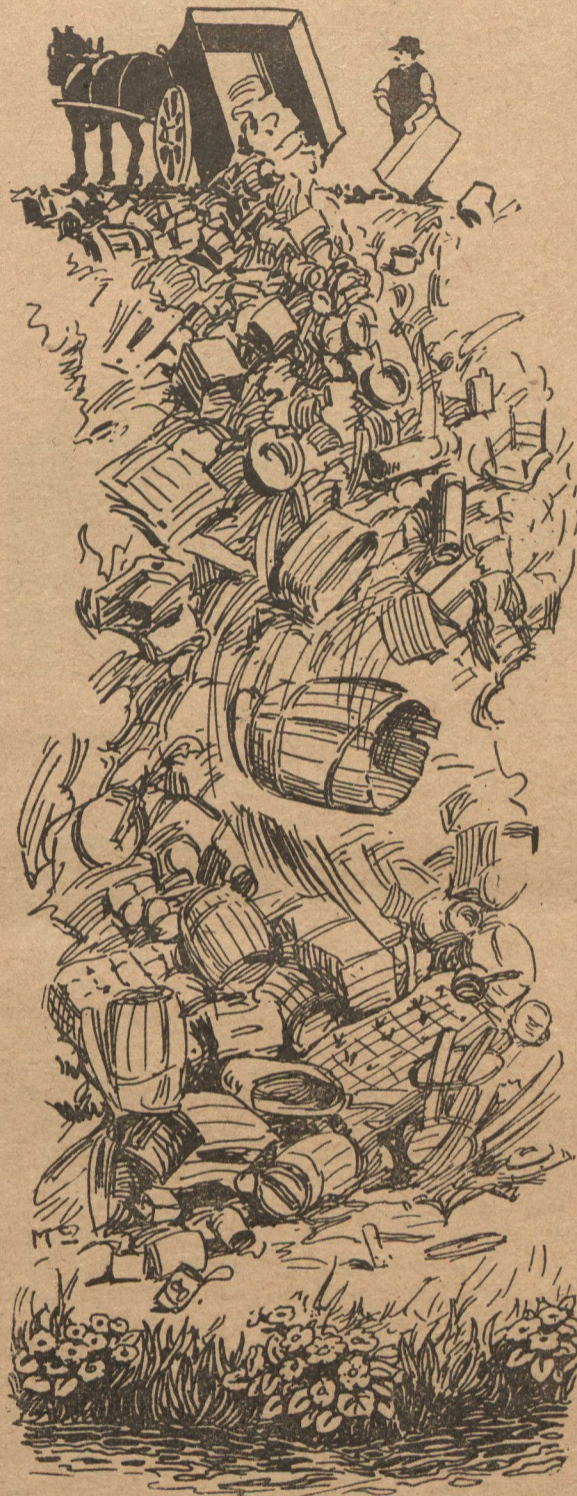
Every time I got down in the canyon digging up shrubs for my garden I thought of Bryant's "Thanatopsis," "To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a various language."

But this Aviation Apartments scheme of Goodbosh's seemed to dull the edge of poetry. Sometimes I was quite miserable. I wished this serpentine Good-

bosh had left me alone. I began to hate the whole idea of the Canyon Club. To my personal knowledge Goodbosh made six sales of lots that summer to people whom he had trailed in to admire my garden.

"See what one man kin do," he would say over and over. "Jine the Canyon Club. Be one o' the crowd that preserves country life in the city."

For all his purchasers Goodbosh agreed to "run 'em up" houses to suit their individual tastes. He had six different plans. Building 'en bloc" he could do it



cheaper. Such was his insinuating enthusiasm that he prevailed upon me to become President of the Canyon Club. I demurred. It was no use. "Nothing to do with the Aviation scheme, Mr. Jones," he assured me. "No, if you want to hang on to this corner, go ahead. We'll have the Canyon Club anyhow. It's a grand idea."

I thanked him for the honour. His concession made me more tolerant towards the Aviation Apartment idea. After all, Goodbosh was not a mere schemer. He was an enthusiast. So was I. Our enthusiasms differed; that was all. When I announced to Goodbosh that I would be reluctantly away for a three-weeks holiday from my garden, he said:

"That's too dang bad. Say, you'll miss that garden. But I'll look after it. Sure pop!"

I thanked him. Goodbosh evidently loved my garden. We were fellow-partners in Nature & Co. In fact, while I was away I talked about Goodbosh and his grand scheme. I got back after dusk in August. I went out at once to smell the freshly watered garden. Yes, there was the hose still gurgling. Goodbosh had left it in a hurry not waiting to coil it up, knowing from my post-card that I would

be back that evening. It was kind of him to throw on the water. So kind of him that I decided to buy him a box of Havana cigars the very next day.

Never had I smelled nicotinas and stocks and all those things so powerfully. The place was reeking with wet. The day had been nearly 100 in the shade. In the dusk I could see the full blooms of everything but dahlias, which were just budding. A last exultant vireo was playing piccolo down in the grand canyon. I went up and down the walks wishing it were dawn that I might see the glory of my garden which for three weeks I had not ceased to think about, bragging to my camp mates that none of the canoe haunts we were in that summer were wilder to look at than the gorge behind my garden seen from the bed of the brook. Leaning on the back fence I gazed into the depths of the canyon under the shadow of the pines and drew in long gulps of air.

But the breath of the canyon was more powerful than that of the garden. There was a slight east wind. Never a good lady had smelled the breath of her habitually abstemious husband so jealously as I the breath of that ravine—which had suddenly acquired a breath.

"Must be the pines," I murmured. "Or the alder-bush blows—or the filbert trees? No. No, it's—oh, heavens what is it?"

I ran down the gorge to reconnoitre. I felt like calling on Goodbosh to ask if he noticed anything. Or was my nose deceiving me? I followed the direction of the smell. It got worse. It became a real stentorian stink. I held my nose. I gagged. I used my handkerchief. Great rambunctious billows of smell came rolling down the bank from just beyond Goodbosh's house. What was it? I groped along, realizing now that the breath of my garden had been fooling me. Not all the perfume of nicotinas could have overcome this primeval odor, this stercoraceous stench, this nose-insulting nausea of compounded and villainous smells that with the overwhelming character of the sewer, the slaughter-house and the garbage heap seemed to haunt the vapors of that glorified canyon of Goodbosh's and mine.

What could it be?

Drawn by the smell I paused at the bottom of something. What that something was is shown in the picture. In my three-weeks absence Mr. Lemuel Goodbosh had been proving himself a genius. From the top of that canyon to the bottom thereof, clean down to the yarrees and the buttercups and across at least four of his lots there was a pyre of dump. Such a dump as I had never beheld. The dump contained everything in the offal of civilization that sewers do not carry down. Barrels, boxes, cardboard packing-cases, defunct tin cans, old mattresses, broken bricks, heaps of weeds—and common garbage.

I guess it was the common garbage that I smelled. There were tons of it. In my absence Goodbosh had got leave from the city hall to have all the garbage caravans dump on the rear of his lots. He was filling up the slope of twenty feet that short-changed him on the depth. He was putting a frill on that canyon such as none but a genius of improvement could have devised. The canyon—

Oh, the canyon! Oh, my garden! To-morrow the birds would sing as usual. Birds have no noses. I stood and recited Bryant's Thanatopsis. No other language would have expressed my feelings.

As I stood there, a figure came out on top of the dump. I knew it was Goodbosh, the ghost.

"Good evening!" I called.

"Same to you and many of 'm!" he replied. "How do you like my stunt?"

"It's—rotten!" I gasped.

"Oh, but wait till she's done. It'll take all this summer and half o' next to fill up these rear ends. But when she's done the Canyon Club 'll be right on deck."

"How do you stand the smell?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," he shouted, "put a chunk of assafoetida in your vest pocket. You'll never notice it."

I went back to the cottage. No arguments of mine could prevail upon the City Hall to stop the garbage-dump nuisance. I resigned the Presidency of the Canyon Club. That fall I moved. I learned afterwards that Mr. Lemuel Goodbosh had bought my corner—by proxy—at a heavy reduction, because of the prevalent smells in that neighbourhood. By this time I daresay he has the Aviation Apartments on the way.

# FROM BROADCLOTH to KHAKI

**M**INISTERS of religion in Canada are "doing their bit" in this terrible war. Not only are a large number serving as Chaplains with the Canadian Divisions, but some of them are to be found in the ranks. The men who return from the front on leave or wounded have all a good word for the padres. In many cases the padre has materially helped the O. C. in winning for their battalion a reputation for discipline and good conduct.

The clergy, too, have helped in recruiting men in Canada. The first Canadian clergyman to become a recruiting officer was the Rev. Joseph Freeman Tupper, who gave the first recruiting address in Nova Scotia and helped to conduct the first recruiting campaign in that Province. Things have altered since those days. Then, Mr. Tupper was reproached by other clergymen for appearing on a recruiting platform. He replied that before long it would be a reproach to a minister of religion not to be on such a platform.

The records of "The Tupper Family Association of America" show that Joseph Freeman Tupper, who belongs to a younger branch of the family, was born on March 5, 1883, at Port Medway, Nova Scotia. His father was Captain Oliver Tupper, son of Bartlett Freeman Tupper, J.P.; and his mother was Mary Elizabeth Grosse, daughter of George Grosse. A great-grandfather of Mr. Tupper, George Daniel Grosse, fought under General Wolfe at Louisburg, N.S. The other great-grandfather, on his mother's side, whose name was Rewby, was scalped, but not killed, by the Indians on Port Medway Island. On his mother's side, Mr. Tupper is the descendant of the Hon. Joseph Banks, an Englishman, whose son, of the same name, emigrated to the United States. On his way to Nova Scotia his ship was lost and he was drowned, but his little son was saved and became the great-great-grandfather of Joseph Freeman Tupper.

Mr. Tupper was educated at a country school at Port l'Hebert, the High School, Dartmouth, the Berkshire School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and St. Peter's School, P.E.I. While a boy at school he worked in a boot and shoe store, a barber's shop, a feed store, and elsewhere—an experience which, no doubt, has helped him to understand the needs of the people and their life in a way that, as a mere student, he could never have arrived at. Perhaps this early experience has not been wasted, for he is a most popular padre and a great favourite with the men among whom he is now working. From school he proceeded to King's College, Nova Scotia, the oldest colonial university in the British Empire. While there he represented the College in the university team at the intercollegiate debates and was the first student to get the unanimous vote of the university for the team in the first ballot.

Mr. Tupper was ordained deacon in 1909, by Arch-

*Rev. J. F. Tupper is said to be the first Canadian Preacher Recruiting Officer*



**B y A . B . T U C K E R**

bishop Worrell, and was appointed Anglican missionary in Western Cape Breton, with headquarters at the famous summer resort, Baddeck. When the war broke out, he was rector of St. Bee's Church, Westville, a mining town in Nova Scotia, and at once threw himself enthusiastically into recruiting work. So well did he succeed, that of the men of military age belonging to his church, 98 per cent. joined the Canadian forces. In recognition of his good work in recruiting he was made an Hon. Captain and Chaplain on the General List on August 4, 1915. It should be added that at first Capt. Tupper worked in a recruiting office without pay, giving up his writing, of which he did a good deal, at considerable pecuniary sacrifice. He was recommended for a military chaplaincy by Archdeacon Armitage, of the Low Church party, by Canon Simpson, of the High Church, and by Archdeacon Mortell, who is regarded as a Broad Churchman—a high testimonial to his fitness for the work. He was accepted by Lt.-Col. John Starfield, M.P., who then commanded the 193rd Battalion in the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade, as Chaplain to the Battalion.

At Aldershot Camp, N.S., in addition to the work of Chaplain, Capt. Tupper was associate editor with Dr. J. D. Logan, of the Brigade publication, "The Nova Scotia Highlander." He continued with the 193rd Battalion until after some time spent at Bramshott and Witley Camps, in England, the battalion was broken up, and absorbed by the 17th. Captain Tupper was with the 17th for about a week, the other Chaplain being Capt. Clarence Mackinnon, Presbyterian, who is head of Pine Hill College, Halifax.

Then came the order to go to France. Capt. Tupper was selected in advance of his turn in recognition of his recruiting services in Canada, and good work in England. He is now at the Canadian Base Hospital, and sees all the officers and men going to and from the trenches. Every morning, at 8 o'clock, he addresses a parade of men who have come from "up the line"; every evening, or sometime in the day, he speaks to a draft going up. Then there are concerts to get up, games, reading-rooms, etc., to be managed and organized by the padre. On Sundays, Captain Tupper has two services of the Holy Communion, and a parade service in the morning and also a service at night. There are week-day services and special communions as well. Then, too, he takes his turn at censoring letters for several hours each day, and does a share of lecturing troops in other camps.

Capt. Tupper is a Fellow of the Incorporated Guild of Church Musicians, and has written a song, "We're in the Ranks Now, Comrades." The music is by Mr. Miller, a Toronto organist, which is very popular. The chorus is as follows:

"We're in the ranks now, comrades;  
We're here to do our share.  
Our fathers raised the old flag high;  
We'll fight to keep it there.  
This is our part to play, lads.  
This is *der tag*, ye ken.  
So khaki here is the coloured tone  
For the breed of manly men."

Emboldened by his success, Capt. Tupper has just prepared for publication a Christmas Carol, written and composed by himself. It should be also mentioned that he has been requested by the Canadian Director of Chaplains to write out a complete story of his experiences since the war, to be added to other material which the Director is gathering.

Capt. Tupper married Miss Kathryn Munro, who is a writer. They have two children, a boy, aged 5, and a girl, aged 3.

In spite of his busy life, Captain Tupper finds time to be an active Free Mason, and a member of the Order of the Sons of England and other societies. His varied experiences of life and of men have made him an interesting personage and a very popular padre.

## WHAT IT MEANS to Grow MORE WHEAT

**M**R. R. B. BENNETT, the Director-General of National Service, states that there are, this spring, 375,000 more acres ready for seeding in Western Canada than last. At the same time, he or other government officials estimate that some twelve thousand five hundred more farm labourers are required to seed the crop in than are at present visible within the confines of the prairie provinces—five thousand more in Manitoba, the same number in Saskatchewan, and two thousand and a half in Alberta. Pick up any western newspaper, and you will find the Help Wanted columns full of imploring advertisements for farm labourers—married men with wives seem to be the most desired. And yet some people tell the west to grow more wheat! If I am not mistaken, somebody once wrote a poem on that theme.

To "grow more wheat" is not so easy as to "make more shirts" or to "write more poetry," for one very lucid reason; nor is it so plausible. The reason consists in the lack of prime producers. The non-plausibility lies in the injustice to the agricultural industry, immediate and postponed.

*If it takes four men to harvest what one man puts in, what of the harvest?*

**B y C H A R L E S S T O K E S**

The urban worker, to whom a day's work means union hours and extra production overtime, or the urban plant-owner, to whom the latter means a bigger output on a non-shrinking margin of profit, can easily be enthused on this subject of patriotism and production. He is sure of his price before he starts. Your shirt manufacturer, with an annual output of, say, 20,000 shirts at a dollar apiece, would not consider doubling it until he is reasonably sure of his market; but once he is, he becomes a bear for expansion—and he does not sell for less than a dollar except only as his overhead expenses might be reduced. On the other hand, every bushel of wheat that the farmers of Canada produce in excess of sheer famine requirements tends to lower the price of that commodity; and while a lower price brings rejoicings to the consumer, it may be advis-

able to remember that the ultimate incidence of low prices is upon the prime producer, and upon him only. Every secondary factor interested in the marketing of the wheat crop extracts its usual pro rata profit—but not the wheat-grower.

Agriculture is about the only industry on record where the harder a man works, the less, in ratio, he makes. It is about the only industry where supply regulates the selling price and not the cost of production. A bumper crop means a depreciation in value of each unit of trade; it means that while the man with a big crop may make money, the incompetent, the man below the average, who is to be found in every community, hardly breaks even. You can say, of course, that the farmer's overhead expenses are reduced by greater production; but they are not. They are reduced by accident, as when, for instance, an acre of land produces twenty-one bushels of wheat instead of the anticipated twenty: it is not reduced one cent when an additional acre is cropped.

The farmer with any kind of a statistical bent who tabulates the crop figures of recent years, and

alongside them the fluctuations of price during the same period, noting how, in the words of the old riddle, "the higher you go the fewer," could not be expected, on purely personal grounds, to feel any particular enthusiasm, when he comes in after a fourteen-hour day, about hitching up another team, snatching a drink from his faithful thermos flask, and going out and ploughing more land as he whistles "It's a long, long trail" through the dark night. On purely personal grounds, I repeat, it has no attraction for him; and inasmuch as so large a proportion of the agricultural population of the west is of non-British origin, you cannot always appeal to it on patriotic grounds; you have to dangle that little old \$ sign. And if there is one thing that the farmers' movement of Western Canada has developed, it is that the farmer's reasoning process, although a little rusty, is in perfectly good shape, and is apt to grind out an argument into particularly minute pieces.

But suppose the farmer does go out and grow more wheat. Sacrifice perches on his plough handles, for he shakes his own economic foundations. To those to whom the prairie provinces of Canada represent, in a glib political phrase, "the bread-basket of the Empire," it may be a surprise that cereal production was, up to the time the war broke out, actually declining—not in volume, but in distribution. The country was being settled up, so that each year there was a bigger acreage under crop; but each successive year the acreage upon the individual farm was decreasing. And rightly so. It may be satisfactory for distant industrial communities to relegate the work of wheat-growing to virgin countries like this of which we speak, and to christen it its dear bread-basket; but it is not very satisfactory for the country concerned. No agricultural country ever got on a sure basis until it began to develop its live-stock and dairying industries, until it ceased tearing the vitals out of its virgin land by grain-raising year after year, and began putting fertility back into it by raising fodder-crops, until it abandoned the do-or-die profits of wheat and other grains, collectable once a year with the sporting chance of a hiatus, and adopted the regular pay-roll profits of stock. Beef-raising, pork-raising, mutton-raising, egg-raising,

milk-raising, are the foundation of all true agricultural prosperity, and because a "bumper crop" tends to disturb the development of these interests by creating illusive El Dorados, so a bumper crop, in the paradox of a wise man, is a general misfortune. Western Canada had discovered this. It was steadily getting out of the grain business and into the live-stock business, and it is just beginning to reap the benefits when it is asked to "grow more wheat."

Patriotism does not consist only in offering one's life in the trenches; it may, in the circumstances indicated, consist in complying with such a request.

But to come back to the lack of prime producers, commonly known as the labour shortage. The outstanding peculiarity of the agricultural industry is that it requires that the hired help does not supplant the boss while the latter concentrates on bigger business, but only helps him to accomplish more of the smaller business. The war has stripped Western Canada of its man power, to use a phrase that Mr. Bennett has popularized. The ratio of enlistment has been far heavier in the west than in the east, and the Director-General himself recognizes not only that not one single man more can be spared from the land—that, in fact, some have gone from the land who ought to be sent back—but also that the cities of the west are quite inadequate to supply the large surplus of skilled labour necessary for seeding.

The labour scarcity was formerly almost exclusively peculiar to the fall. There never was much difficulty—before the war—in procuring a full supply of harvest labour; but since the war began, there has been a gradual enlargement of the area from which it has been drawn. The eastern provinces and the floating labour of the western cities at one time furnished all the harvest hands that were required. Harvest work, remember, unsettles the economic structure. Then British Columbia's help was requisitioned; then the soldiers; then last year recourse was necessary to the United States. Last year the west just managed to scrape through. But a shortage in spring labour has practically never been felt before; and the shortage has one acute side—that whereas a shift can be made at the harvest with unskilled labour, in the spring the only kind

wanted is skilled labour.

It is not certain, therefore, that the volunteers who in the cities are proclaiming their willingness to get out and help—as, for example, between ten and fifteen thousand Winnipeggers are stated to have done—will necessarily have their services accepted. The city people are being advised to look into the vacant lot situation. The cultivation of the gentle spud, now that its price has raised it to the point where a back-garden full of them lifts a man into the comfortably-off class, would provide an easy vent for the purely urban resident to work off his enthusiasm for getting back to the land, and demonstrate, in tired backs and aching muscles, what work on the land really means. It might likewise, in these days when we all have to face the humbling necessity of taking over the minor jobs to set free men who, by physical standards, are classed as more important, be a definite form of national service. The National Board should investigate it—the impressing of unskilled city labour to produce the country's potatoes on vacant lots, while the farmer raises more wheat.

In the meantime, desperate remedies are being adopted to secure those 12,500 extra farm labourers. As one measure, homesteaders will be allowed to hire out and at the same time to count their period of work for another farmer as part of their own homestead duties; but the government is going after the matter on bolder lines. It is advertising in some seven thousand papers in the United States, dangling high wages and the easiness of acquiring homesteads before the hesitant immigrant. The Dominion and the Provincial Governments are between them sending 44 special agents south; in addition to the special cent-a-mile railway rate that will obtain over the Canadian lines from the border, a portion of the fares of the experienced men from points in the United States to the border will be "absorbed." Because every potential immigrant is afraid of conscription, certificates will be issued to each man that he will not be called upon for military purposes.

It is estimated that it takes four men to harvest what one man put in. This being so, one can pertinently ask, in the words of the ancient hymn, "What of the harvest?"

## THOSE *who* PRODUCE LITERATURE

IF, in a spirit of earnest inquiry you were to follow the pet dogs of a certain comfortably-off section of the city of Toronto, to the place where these dogs do most often happen together, you would arrive at a neat little shop, smelling pleasantly of well-waxed floors and containing several tons of literature. In other words, the dogs of this neighbourhood would lead you sooner or later to one of the branches of the Toronto Public Library. You would encounter there, of course, much nobler things than dogs. There, also, you would find the best housewives, and cleverest conversationalists of the neighbourhood, the conservatives and the advanced thinkers, the rich and the poor. Standing, face-to-wall, examining the labels on the backs of books might you behold impressive husbands, mixed with husbands NOT so impressive. And scattered here and there would you discover the children of this neighbourhood. Outside the door stand the baby-carriages, and up and down the street, above and below the little library shop, you might discern other patrons—men, women, children and dogs—on their way to or from this centre.

What I wish to dwell on is the dogs. Dogs, you say—in a public library! Unthinkable. Books, you say, holy! Would you let a dog breathe the air of a room dedicated to bound volumes? Yet, I would—and have counted, not without pleasure, no less than nine such beasts on leash in this same place of holiness. For the letting of dogs into the public libraries of this country is a sign and a symbol, and, like the irregulars whose absence from Irish life George Moore deploras, are the outward sign of an inward grace.

One of the prettiest features of our Canadian life is the singular purity of mind and lofty outlook of many of those whose fathers and mothers—on farms and in shops and by drudgery and self-sacrifice—have given them university educations. I do not say

### *Transforming the Library*

By W A Y F A R E R

that all our university people are thus pure and lofty. Please, Gentle Heaven, there is a faint blush of rugged and robust Canadianism which not even an Oxford career can rub off. But there is too large an element living in Canada very much as long-stalked weeds flourish on some barnyard eminence. They draw nourishment from this land—but without knowing it. They look at the sky and the stars and luxuriate in the gentle winds of cultivated bunkum which blow to and fro from other pretty weeds on other eminences. Forgetting the humble insects that crawl far beneath them on the same little hill they whisper to themselves—"Ah! How sweet is life! How charming to dwell upon the things of the spirit—a foreign spirit! How beautiful and how wise are the things that are said in London, W.C., and in Oxford. How charming are French songs and Russian morbidities! How exquisite is Chinese porcelain and the Dutch tulips." They think of the ancient Greeks—and their hearts melt with the mere recollection of what wonderful people they were before Constantine took them in hand. They think of British public life and public men and they sigh: Why are not WE like that? Why is Ottawa so mean in spirit? They sigh and they sway in the winds of culture (vide.) The Nation, the New Republic, the New Statesman and the Poetry Review—and of the dung-hill they know NOTHING! They save their money to make a Cook's tour of Europe, the while their knowledge of Canada is picked with long fingers from the columns of a press they deplore. They lament Ottawa, but would cure it by keeping their minds on other things and foregoing any real interest in Parliament Hill. While they dream in

the wind the good old barnyard holds them by their feet as mothers hold the skirts of infants leaping toward a light. The barnyard feeds them and supports them, and when they are dead, gathers them to its shabby but kindly bosom once more. But it is a foolish barnyard. It does not know that it has not the hearts of these blossoms. They belong to other lands and other ages.

It is a relief, therefore, to find dogs in our public libraries. It is a relief, too, to find, in the recent gathering of the Ontario Library Association, in Toronto, over two hundred really earnest Canadians who are trying, apparently, to do what they can, with what learning they have acquired, to make Canadian life more intelligent, brighter in every way. A few years ago this Ontario Library Association's first convention brought together only forty-one people. That was in 1908. Last year it numbered 198, and this year two hundred and fifty. A few years ago the public library in most Canadian towns was a place where "silence" signs held forth like Prussian sentries. Small boys with clumping boots were afraid to come in. The chief patrons of the place were old men who couldn't read, but came in to while away the hours till it was time to die, or young women, anticipating love, by reading how some glorious young lady of fiction managed it. Fogies, frumps and acid tempers were the chief characteristics. The girl behind the wicket was as likely as not to withhold a certain book from you, if she thought she dared, on the grounds that it did not seem to be a wholesome book for a person of your complexion. The air of the public library was marked with snobbery. It was usually somebody's "brainy" daughter who was given charge, and more often than not, she felt a certain contempt for the people who asked for the books she herself did not approve of.

But at the gathering of the Ontario Library Asso-

elation, in the Main Library on College Street, last week, there was not to be seen a man or woman of that old type. If they were there it was as converts from the School of Repression, taking post-graduate work under the newer school—the school that has for its motto: "Make the Library Human. Attract people to the library. Make it the social centre of your community. Take down the 'Silence' signs. Obtain the quiet you require by subtler means."

George Locke, the Chief Librarian of the city of Toronto, is the apostle of this new library spirit. He has not only transformed the Toronto library system, but has had a great deal to do with humanizing the libraries of the rest of the province. There are no forbidding signs in his reading rooms. Instead of that, he makes his rooms so attractive that one actually feels reluctant to leave his comfortable chair and the atmosphere of quiet industry in the big hall of the Reference Library on College Street. Just last week here was a special display of books on gardening, and seed catalogues all ready for the citizen who thinks he has no use for libraries, but has a great deal of use for gardens. Here was a war-map in relief and a list of the latest publications on Russia, so that anyone interested in the recent changes there might have all available light on the subject.

It was in one of Locke's branch libraries that the dogs were counted—not stray dogs, that might make a nuisance of themselves, but dogs whose owners take them for walks and who are enabled, by Locke's tolerance of the dog, to combine their duty to the dog with a duty to their minds. The libraries throughout Ontario, like the branches of the Toronto Public Library, are becoming community centres. The children are encouraged to come and to enjoy themselves. They are assisted to find the kind of books they want, and through the children parents are often brought into the library who might not otherwise have come.

This is the counter-influence to the collegiate snobbery, of which complaint has been made. Locke, for example, is a man with high standing in the academic world. But he is quite as much at home with the remotest intellectual as he is with the man who comes to borrow a book about "Spite Fences" or to read in the Encyc. Brit. the article on cut-worms. The spirit of the Ontario Libraries is a spirit of service!

## STORY OF A STORY

**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago a poem of mine appeared in the Toronto Globe. It was a poem of anti-corruption based upon the evil-doings of Ottawa. Some months later I walked into a bean office in the town of — and was accosted by a big doctor who was an omnivorous reader and who said unto me,

"Say, I've read that poem of yours in the Globe. Mark my words, you'll make your name in literature. I spotted three other Canadian writers before they became famous. I'm not going to be fooled on you."

So mote it be. I wanted to become a litterateur. What ex-High-schooler of about twenty doesn't? Especially if he has had a poem in the Globe; particularly if the year before that his first poem of all had been printed in the Globe?

But literature to me in those days meant poetry. Ah, the Muses!

This is a great country for poets.

### CHAPTER TWO.

**F**OUR years later I wrote a Canadian novel. It took me three months, most of it in a hickory grove on the north shore of Lake Erie—not the south side—with a fanning-mill sieve for a desk slung from the trunk of a pig hickory and capable of being revolved round the tree so as to keep the MSS in shadow. The music of storms should have been in that epic. I worked at it from early morning till dark.

In the fall of that year I took the completed novel to my friend the doctor, who had predicted my literary career.

It was a Saturday evening. After dismissing his last patient for the day he came to me. If ever a patient needed a tonic I did.

"How are all the folks?" he said.

"Haven't any," said I.

"Oh," said he. "Pardon me. I thought for the moment you were——"

To relieve his confusion I forked up the manuscript.

"I have a novel here, Doctor—a Canadian novel. I thought perhaps you'd like to——"

His huge face cracked into a psychic smile.

"Oh, surely," he said in a most alluring way. "Just what I've been waiting for. Glad you've broken into literature. Hmm! Yes, I'll read this in bed to-night. I always read in bed."

We went to bed. My room adjoined his. I slept—not. Up till three o'clock I heard the tireless flip-flap of those MSS.

Sunday morning. "Well," said he, with a smile, "I read part of that story. You've got some good strong sentences there. But it's a little hard to read. Will you read me—that chapter?"

I did. It was an awful experience.

"Just a moment," he said, whiffing his cigar. "There you have two young people at the piano. He turns the music. She sings. I would say just there, 'And as he turned over the pages of her music he fancied himself turning the pages of that young life.'"

I read no more. He seemed relieved. Before I went he said, candidly,

"No, I don't think that's the story that'll make you. Try a short story. Write me a good one. Don't care a copper for time or place. Just put strength and conviction and passion into it. Send it along. I'll write you my opinion."

### CHAPTER THREE.

**I** WROTE the aforesaid story. It took me a month.

It was a very sad but stern yarn of a young woman, a wealthy person of some sort, a young man who was her son, a missionary in the mountains—and an act of revenge of some sort. I compacted that story of all the loose passion I had, wrote it as legibly as a copybook with a Spencerian pen and sent it to my friend the Doctor.

### CHAPTER FOUR.

**Y**EARS have passed, as they will in all good stories. Now and then I met my friend the Doctor, once at a dinner given to a lady litterateur of his home town, and at which he, as chairman, made an eloquent speech. Afterwards, at the hotel, he gazed at me, but without recognition. I was relieved. At that time I was not making literature. It was now seven years since I sent him the story. He had not replied. I said to him not a word.

Again and again I met him. For a period of years he knew me. He told me incidents enough to make a book. He was a very original man, who should have written books. But neither of us ever mentioned that story.

Years again. We drifted apart. There was no correspondence. I had almost forgotten the story. The original novel I had long since burned in a back yard.

### CHAPTER FIVE.

**T**WO years ago a young man who writes a bit now and then said to me in a club,

"By the way, I have a story which I should like you to read. I'd value your opinion."

"All right," said I. "Send it along."

Having become myself an alleged critic, it was comforting to determine that he should not have to wait long for my opinion. He was a gay, somewhat bohemian young fellow who, as I knew, wrote nothing but smart things. This story would be a smart thing. I knew it.

That evening a cylindrical parcel awaited me at the house.

"Oh," said I. "My friend loses no time. This is the story."

I opened the parcel. It was—an MS.

But it was not typewritten. I wondered at this because this young man was strictly up-to-date and had access to typewriting machines.

I read the story. The handwriting was peculiarly legible. The story was sad—oh, so sad!

"I can't understand it," said I. "What on earth made Baker write a sad story?"

Later I said—"By George! He's stolen that plot somewhere. I've read this before. But—where?"

And as I went to bed I knew——

This was the story I had sent to the Doctor.

It was twenty years old.

Oh, heavens!

(The other story came next day.)

## Poynton of Sayre's Range

(Concluded from page 12.)

"Ten minutes by train."

It required some perseverance on Rayson's part to persuade the liveried footman to convey a message to the Lady Cicely, but in the end he won out and he was shown into a small apartment to await the lady's pleasure.

"You wish to speak to me?" enquired a soft voice. Rayson started out of the reverie into which he had fallen.

"That is what I have come for, miss," he said, bluntly. "I have been in the trenches and am just recovering from some scratches. There is a friend of mine in a hospital in France who is not likely to ever get out of it unless a miracle happens. He gave me a letter which I am to hand to a lady after his death. You see, he expects it and is not afraid. We punched cows together out West and I know he is a man right through. He never squeals. He isn't squealing now, and he would be real mad if he knew I was butting in this way."

"What do you mean?" she enquired, her lips trembling a little in spite of her attempt to be haughty.

"Oh, I guess I am not telling the story as it should be told, but I want Poynton to get well. He is too good a man to let die. Why can't you go and save him?"

"This is absurd. I do not know a soldier named Poynton."

"Of course I beg your pardon for contradicting you, but he says you know him and the letter is for you, but I can't give it till he is dead. Here it is. See, that is his writing. You may recognize it. He is a captain and wears his one-eye glass——"

"Where is he?" She was white now and her voice shook so he could scarce make out the words. Then she flushed. "This may be a trick," she said.

"If it is, then I am the guy that is fooling you, and not Poynton. Wire or get someone to wire and find out. Then, when you know I am not lying, if you have the heart of a woman get out there as quick as the Lord will let you and pull one of the best men God ever made out of the hole."

With that Rayson got up and hobbled out of the room. She was after him like a shot.

She placed a trembling hand upon his arm. "You must wait. The car will take you back," she said.

His foot took a lot of healing and a couple of months in a convalescent ward still saw him using it gingerly.

**O**NE day visitors came to see him. They waited until he came in from a car ride which he and several others had enjoyed, thanks to the kindness and thoughtfulness of some of the people nearby who owned cars and daily gave some of the invalids an airing.

When he caught sight of his visitors he gave a jump, a loud laugh of joy rang out, and he hastened forward with outstretched hand.

"Well, old-timer!" he cried, delightedly, seizing Poynton by the hand and shaking it vigorously. Then with a certain degree of embarrassment he turned to Lady Cicely and awkwardly offered his hand. "I beg your pardon, Miss; you will excuse me. I know. I am so glad to see old Poynton on his pins again. Gee, Poynton, if we could get away for a three months' furlough and spend it on the hurricane deck of a cayuse alongside some cowpunchers, we'd put on fat and colour, eh?" suggested Rayson.

"It would be—er—great—that is to say, most delightful," answered his friend. "We are going out there for our honeymoon."

"Just to think that our Poynton was a lord all the time and we never knew it!" whispered Snell.

"And I just want to say that he's a man from the ground up. A better man than any of us, and—and I'd do anything to show him I mean that with all my soul," added Big Dick Curno. "He saved my life—my rotten life, d'ye hear? Pretty nigh lost his own doing of it, too. I'll never forget that, no siree!"

## CONCERNING BOOKS

### LAWYERS AND LITERATURE.

**M**R. JOHN W. GARVIN, designated as Editor-Author of "Canadian Poets," has sent us a lawyer's letter asking us to apologize for the publication of some opinions contained in an article, "Wanted, a Canadian Masefield," published in our literary section of March 10, 1917.

Mr. Garvin assumes that "Canadian Poets" is the work referred to in the article, and that the article was written by some one, who in all probability is known to the Editor, though his name was not signed thereto. But as the writer, so far as the reading public is concerned, is nameless in this instance, so he must remain for all purposes of explanation. No reader of the Canadian Courier would attribute the sentiments of an unsigned article to any but the Editor. It happens that the Editor did not read the article in question; therefore he did not endorse it. But as a matter of editorial usage, we assume that the Editor of the paper in whose literary section the above criticism appeared, is solely responsible for the article.

The Editor of the Canadian Courier does not endorse the statements referring to the work, "Canadian Poets," which he has not read. From what we know of the poets whose verses appear in the said anthology, and of the Editor-Author of the same, we should hesitate to apply any such language to such a work. But, of course, literary criticism exists. Every critic of a work is entitled to his opinions, and as long as said opinions do not constitute a libel on author, editor, or publisher, he is entitled to print them. We admit that the article contains forms of expression quite unsuited to the polite appreciation of any such respectable and artistic work. We can only account for these expressions by surmising that the writer gave vent to them in a fit of anti-poetics—which is now and then likely to happen to any of us. If the publisher will send us a copy of the said work—which he has not—we shall be glad to review the same in the light of its own internal evidence, unprejudiced by a word of criticism appearing in these columns, or construed by the Editor-Author into an attack upon "Canadian Poets."

### PALMER'S WAR SKETCHES.

**F**REDERICK PALMER'S "First Year of the Great War" established his reputation as a chronicler of the great events of the present war. Those who read that volume will be interested in the sequel "My Second Year of the War" (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart), which has just come to hand. In reading it they will not be disappointed either. It is excellent matter even in a world already flooded with good war books.

His description of the change in the conditions at the front after his fur-  
lough in America is striking. He writes:

"In London, recruiting posters with their hectic urgings to the manhood of England to volunteer no longer blanketed the hoardings and the walls of private buildings. Conscription had come. Every able-bodied man must now serve at the command of the government. England seemed to have greater dignity. The war was wholly master of her proud individualism, which had stubbornly held to its faith that the man who fought best was he who chose to fight rather than he who was ordered to fight.

"There was a new Chief of Staff at the War Office, Sir William Robertson, who had served for seven years

as a private before he received his commission as an officer, singularly expressing in his career the character of the British system, which leaves open to merit the door at the head of a long stairway which calls for hard climbing. England believes in men and he had earned his way to the direction of the most enormous plant with the largest personnel which the British Empire had ever created.

"It was somewhat difficult for the caller to comprehend the full extent of the power and responsibility of this self-made leader at his desk in a great room overlooking Whitehall Place, for he had so simplified an organization that had been brought into being in two years that it seemed to run without any apparent effort on his part. The methods of men who have great authority interest us all. I had first seen Sir William at a desk in a little room of a house in a French town when his business was that of transport and supply for the British Expeditionary Force. Then he moved to a larger room in the same town, as Chief of Staff of the army in France. Now he had a still larger one and in London.

"I had heard much of his power of application, which had enabled him to master languages while he was gaining promotion step by step; but I found that the new Chief of Staff of the British Army was not "such a fool as ever to overwork," as one of his subordinates said, and no slave to long hours of drudgery at his desk.

"Besides his routine," said another subordinate, speaking of Sir William's method, "he has to do a great deal of thinking." This passing remark was most illuminating. Sir William had to think for the whole. He had trained others to carry out his plans, and as former head of the Staff College who had experience in every branch, he was supposed to know how each branch should be run.

"When I returned to the front, my first motor trip which took me along the lines of communication revealed the transformation, the more appreciable because of my absence, which the winter had wrought. The New Army had come into its own. And I had seen this New Army in the making. I had seen Kitchener's first hundred thousand at work on Salisbury Plain under old, retired drillmasters who, however eager, were hazy about modern tactics. The men under them had the spirit which will endure the drudgery of training. With time they must learn to be soldiers. More raw material, month by month, went into the hopper. The urgent call of the recruiting posters and the press had, in the earlier stages of the war, supplied all the volunteers which could be utilized. It took much longer to prepare equipment and facilities than to get men to enlist. New Army battalions which reached the front in August, 1915, had had their rifles only for a month. Before rifles could be manufactured rifle plants had to be constructed. As late as December, 1915, the United States were shipping only five thousand rifles a week to the British. Soldiers fully drilled in the manual of arms were waiting for the arms with which to fight; but once the supply of munitions from the new plants was started it soon became a flood.

"All winter the New Army battalions had been arriving in France. With them had come the complicated machinery which modern war requires. The staggering quantity of it was better proof than figures on the shipping list of the immense tonnage

which goes to sea under the British flag. The old life at the front, as we knew it, was no more. When I first saw the British Army in France it held seventeen miles of line. Only seventeen, but seventeen in the mire of Flanders, including the bulge of the Ypres salient.

"By the first of January, 1915, a large proportion of the officers and men of the original Expeditionary Force had perished. Reservists had come to take the vacant places. Officers and non-commissioned officers who survived had to direct a fighting army in the field and to train a new army at home. An offensive was out of the question. All that the force in the trenches could do was to hold. When the world wondered why it could not do more, those who knew the true state of affairs wondered how

it could be so much. With flesh and blood infantry held against double its own numbers supported by guns firing five times the number of British shells. The British could not confess their situation without giving encouragement to the Germans to press harder such attacks as those of the first and second battle of Ypres, which came perilously near succeeding.

"This little army would not admit the truth even in its own mind. With that casualness by which the Englishman conceals his emotions the surviving officers of battalions which had been battered for months in the trenches would speak of being 'top dog, now.' While the world was thinking that the New Army would soon arrive to their assistance, they knew as only trained soldiers can know how

(Concluded on page 25.)



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## IS YOUR TOWN READY?

By INVESTICUS

IS your town ready for the end of this war? Maybe you don't think about that. Perhaps you are so closely engaged in the details of your own business affairs that you let the town, more or less, take care of itself. Well—it's possible you are justified in doing that, for Heaven knows that if we all tried minding the OTHER fellow's business and neglected our own, the world would soon have empty pockets. Nevertheless there is a business side to your town or village which you, if you are a good business man or woman, ought to study. Your business may be no bigger than a bump on a log, but just bear in mind that if you lift the log you lift also the bump. Ditto then, if you lift your town you lift your business, however small.

Suppose you keep a store in your town. (If it isn't a store it may be a hotel, or a doctor's office, or a blooming little law practice, or a barber shop). You may have been keeping that store so long that you've got accustomed to your routine. You just carry so much stock and no more. You never vary the order you give to the commercial traveller in his regular rounds. When it comes spring you lay in a stock of "dibs" and marbles, and tops and cheap baseballs for the boys of the town, and when it comes fall you get in a little extra line of winter-weight underwear for all and sundry. But the point is—routine!

Now our excellent friend routine is going to receive the surprise of his life when this war is over. He is, figuratively speaking, a very good fellow as a rule. People never get fat unless they do things by routine, but on the other hand they get rich if they stay in his company too long. Peace will chase routine out of his hole and make a whole lot of people rich and a whole lot more—Poor! Don't be among the poor ones. It's most uncomfortable. I speak with authority—being poor myself.

Now then: to improve your business you must improve the business of your neighbours. That is, you must help your town to grow. The Union Bank of Canada announced at its last annual meeting that it intended opening up a Statistical Office in New York. This office is going to advertise to American business houses the opportunities which are to be found in the Canadian towns where this bank has branches. That bank—like many of the other banks who already have such departments—intends helping itself by helping others. You must do the same. Don't just be a drag on the wheel. Don't just accept the natural growth of the country. Help it to grow and thereby help yourself and your neighbours.

And how?

Get together your townsmen and study your town. Most towns, especially in the older parts of Canada, "just grew." They never stopped to think just why they happened to be located where they were. But as a matter of fact no town can flourish that hasn't some REASON for being where it is. It may have started because there was a ford in the river at this point; or because it was about half-way between two bigger towns and therefore made a good stopping place over-night for rigs on the road. Or it may have proved a handy point for a lumberman to plant his mill, or for the fishermen (if you're on the sea or a lake) to land their catches. Those were the OLD reasons. Nowadays, if you are going to grow, you may have other and still

better reasons. You must study the transportation advantages or disadvantages of your town. Consider what YOU would think of your town if YOU were an American manufacturer aiming to establish a branch plant in Canada. What about power in your town? Have you a good river? Or is electric power cheap? How does the price in your town compare with the prices elsewhere?

Like as not you can't beat the other towns on these points, but there may be something you CAN beat them on. That is, in the matter of raw materials. If there is plenty of lumber in your region that ought to encourage the furniture manufacturer. Or if there is plenty of fruit and vegetable production in the neighbourhood—what about canning factories? I am only mentioning the obvious points of course. I don't know your town and you DO or you ought to. If you don't—get busy and find out just what raw materials there are near you? No matter how barren the country around may seem there may be something there that some manufacturer is looking for. It may be a kind of rock, or something required in the making of cement. Or it may be nothing more wonderful than the supply of boys and girls that are available in your town for light factory work. Look around, think, and then—tell your bank, and see if your local bank won't help you to get an industry. Remember this: one industry (if it is firmly founded) may help you get more. But be careful about "buying" an industry. Get the kind that needs to be in your town. That kind lasts best.

## National Highway

(Concluded from page 9.)

should want both, and would trust the Government roads to bring the private money. Imagine, too, the benefit that would accrue from establishing such a useful channel of expenditure. It might prevent such mad extravagances as have marked the construction of public buildings in the west.

The real importance of roads is as factors in civilization, rather than as factors in money making, but the essential thing may be taken for granted in a discussion such as this. What is urged is that there are special reasons which make it worth while for the Dominion Government to invest capital in inaugurating a grand system of highways in western Canada, instead of diverting its capital for other purposes of development. It is likely that the west would forgive the Government delay to a good many post-offices for such a boon. With a lead from the Dominion Government the Provincial Governments may be depended on to develop the scheme and to give the municipalities a still further chance for branching out. Some real returns may be depended on from such a scheme, much more profitable than the construction of roads through the wilderness parts of the country, pleasant enough as later luxuries, but something to be denied ourselves and the American motor tourist at the present time.

Perhaps one of the most useful things to be accomplished by the inauguration of a scheme of national highways is the giving a proper direction to the expenditure of millions of dollars now sunk in Canada in road work, some of which bears its fruit in political returns, but most of which is barren of any permanent result.

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## MUSIC

## A PASSIONTIDE CANTATA.

TWO thousand people or more packed St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, to hear Dr. Albert Ham's new Passiontide Cantata, the Passions of Solitude, Wednesday evening of last week. I remember being at St. James once before in such a crowd, in 1890, when Frederick Archer opened the then rebuilt organ. But that was only an organ recital. This was a new choral and solo cantata given by the choir of 60 men and boys with Dr. Ham, the composer, at the organ. The work lasted an hour and 40 minutes. Had the five incidental hymns been deleted it would have run about 10 minutes past the hour.

Dr. Ham never had a more attentive audience, even at the National Chorus, of which he is conductor. His devotion to church atmosphere is well known. Much of it came out in this cantata, the words of which were composed by Canon Welch, former rector of St. James, now Vicar of Wakefield. The work is in the same category as Stainer's Crucifixion, Dubois' and Mercodante's Seven Last Words and Gounod's Redemption. When so much had already so eloquently been said on this theme it required courage in Dr. Ham to produce anything new. To every man his message. Dr. Ham is a prolific composer. His cantata constitutes no exception. As sung by choir and two soloists it seemed to proceed with an almost persuasive facility; fluency everywhere. No climaxes—but one on the Praetorium. Mainly sad, slow, introspective music, with few chorales, too many recitatives, very few themes and twice too many interpolated hymns—that broke up the sequence of the musical narrative. The work seemed to be a series of modulations rather than motifs. Its prevalent colouring was sombre of course, its tempi, lento in the main, its general characteristic dolorosa. There was but one choral climax—in the Praetorium; and that seemed so different in colour, character and movement from the rest of the piece that it felt almost like an interpretation. There was no end of sadly missing comment, and no beginning of dramatic narrative.

The choral passages all told amounted to less than 30 minutes. Half the rest of the time was taken up with recitatives and a certain resemblance to arias. Evidently the composer intended to adopt the rather modern method of letting the soloists talk musically instead of singing definite, open melodies. It rather resembled a pair of monologues with a sort of Greek choral comment at intervals. Within this deliberate medium there was no lack of variety. The baritone solo work of Mr. Barney Oldfield contributed a good deal of vocal, but not temperamental vitality to the work. Oldfield has a superb bass-baritone voice and would have done much better with more chance to let it out on a big aria somewhere. The tenor, who seemed rather constricted in utterance, did not rise to the level of the work allotted to him by the composer. The boys' voices seemed unaccountably cribbed up. There was seldom or never a resounding climax and clarion attack such as makes boys' voices in a cathedral so peculiarly effective. I think women would have done the work better.

Dr. Ham handled the organ with his customary skill and judgment. He is an old hand at conducting from the organ bench and the audience had the full benefit of a well-known composer getting all there could be got under

the conditions from a work necessarily so monotonous in character. As a contribution to the musical literature of a parish this Passiontide Cantata is a valuable piece of work.

## AMERICA AND GERMAN MUSIC.

WILL going to war drive Wagner out of the Metropolitan Opera? Scarcely. When Ambassador Gerard rose in a box at the Metropolitan and called for three cheers for the Stars and Stripes, and when by order of Gatti-Casazza the orchestra played the Star Spangled Banner, there was no Fritz in the orchestra who dared keep his seat. The country that can make Fritz play an anti-German tune—at least for the time being it was anti-German because America does not purpose going to war with any other nation but Germany—can afford to keep right along using up German music. This is not a war on dead musicians, but on living anarchists. The time for fighting Germany by boycotting German music is clean gone by. If anybody cares to put Strauss on the retired list well and good. Modern Germany has very little to hope from her music-makers. The mental state of modern Germany, even before the war, was not making much progress along sound musical lines. Violence was killing the music of Germany. Strauss is an apostle of violence. Are there any big modern Germans in music who are trying to develop anything else but violence? None of whom public opinion knows much or anything. Wagner must live. His orchestral music alone would entitle him to that. Much of Strauss will live. The best that Germany has ever done in music will continue to enrich the world's art. But it will be a long while before Germany can contribute anything to modern music worth the world's while to listen to.

We may expect, rather, more from some of the other countries. But for some time to come music creation will not be as big an item on the world's programme as it used to be. We shall all take more time to understand the big works already written by any nation. And in so doing we shall learn to quit going crazy over a new cult in music just because it happens to smash a lot of agreeable old-time images and make a tremendous noise.

## ADIEU TO THE KNEISELS.

AMONG the recent retirements from active service must now be numbered the Kneisel Quartette, who have decided to disband because the leader wishes to have more time for teaching. This corps of players are well known here. Years ago they used to be regular comers to Association Hall, Toronto. They did much to stimulate a love of "ensemble" music in this country at a time when it was sadly in arrears. In those days Montreal was much further advanced than Toronto in chamber music. The Dubois Quartette, I believe, are the oldest ensemble group in Canada, perhaps as old as the Kneisels, who date back twenty-five years. Toronto about twenty years ago began more or less seriously with the Klingensfeldt Trio. F. Herr Klingensfeldt afterwards went to Brooklyn. I don't know whether Herr Ruth and Harry Field were the other members of this trio, or whether Signor Dinelli (not Italian, however, but English), was the pianist. Ruth and Dinelli and Ruth and Field were habitual cronies with cello and piano. Dinelli went to Pittsburg; Field to Germany; Ruth—I don't know where. Their departure, along with Klingensfeldt's, put a temporary stop to chamber music in English-speaking Canada. About fifteen years ago it had a sporadic revival, but for a long while the

Kneisels with their somewhat coldly chaste perfection of tone poetry and the Yuncq Quartette from Detroit were the chief sources of this kind of music among Anglo-Canadians.

The Kneisels have not been here for a decade. For a couple of seasons they were replaced as visitors by the Flenzaley Quartette, who introduced us to a somewhat new blend of temperamental technique. But we already had our pioneer chamber music corps in quartette form in the personnel of the Toronto String Quartette. The members of this corps were: Frank Blachford, Roland Roberts, Frank Converse Smith and Dr. Fred, Nicolai (cello). The last mentioned went back to Belgium when war broke out. After doing considerable service he has since been invalidated back to Canada. His place at the cello was taken by Leo Smith, a virtuoso ensemble player, now working with the Academy Quartette, during an off season with the pioneer body. About six years ago we got the Hambourg Trio—Jan at the violin, Paul Hahn, cello, and Richard Tattersall, piano. That was superseded at the arrival of Boris Hambourg by the Hambourg Concert Society, who gave several seasons of more or less historical programmes of high order and are still giving each year a limited number of programmes with Mr. Georges Vigneti as first violin, Broadus Farmer as second, and varying pianists.

Four seasons ago a third local quartette was organized as the Academy Players by Luigi Von Kunits with Arthur Ely as second, Alfred Bruce, viola, and George Bruce, cello. Leo Smith has since replaced George Bruce, who went to the front. The Academy Quartette struck out along quite as individual lines as the T.S.Q. and the Hambourgs.

Of course chamber music in any community is largely an affair of the heart. Nobody ever made any money out of this kind of music. Probably nobody ever will. The passing of the Kneisels is one more proof that good music of this perfectly intimate sort must be as Coleridge said of poetry—like virtue—its own exceeding great reward.

## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

WE remind ourselves that The Star Spangled Banner is now one of the tunes of a world war. The most unsingable national air in the world is also a non-military marching tune because no battalion ever could march to it, for the same reason that no regiment ever could march to God Save the King. The S.S.B. is not written in march time. Like our own Imperial anthem, it is in 3-4 measure—or 6-8, really matters not, since you can't keep step to any multiple of 3. So we shall expect the army of Uncle Sam to do its tramping to the tune of Marching Thro' Georgia, Dixie, and Red, White and Blue. Apart from its non-marching character the tune of the S.S.B. that brings Americans up standing anywhere under the sun is the most ungraciously refractory piece of tune-writing ever inflicted on a tolerant public. Its range is most exacting—from the B flat below middle C, to F, an octave and a half above. The only other rival to it in range is Die Wacht Am Rhein, which has exactly the same reach. God Save the King is one tone less than an octave. La Marseillaise is one tone more than the octave. The Russian is exactly the octave, from tune to tonic. O Canada

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—which Arthur Stringer recently condemned as unfit to rouse a nation—is the same. The Maple Leaf is a tone and a half above the octave.

On the whole the United States are as badly in need of a new national anthem as we are. Of course, we have God Save the King; but that belongs as much to Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. A measure of immortality in this life awaits the man or woman who will create a real national song for either Canada or the United States.

Forgetting O Canada? asks the Toronto Telegram bashfully. Oh no. That remains as our great Canadian hymn, origin French Canada, to be sure, but a big piece of inspired, if rather solemn, writing. What we want is a real pulse-quickenning Canadian song that reeks of Canada in every phrase and measure.

Many are called, but few are chosen.

**PIANO AND SONG.**

**M**ISS MARJORIE HARPER, a brilliant pupil of Mr. Frank Welsman, gave a largely attended and successful piano recital with the assistance of Miss Greta Harper, in the Conservatory Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 27th.

In her opening number, Beethoven's Sonate, Op. 31, No. 3, Miss Harper played with steadiness and confidence, giving the work an intelligent and musical reading which was the best proof of a ripe conception. The Chopin Nocturne was altogether delightful from a tonal point of view, and as an example of refined piano playing was one of the best efforts of the evening. Two Mazurkas and the C sharp minor Waltz completed the Chopin group. Rachmaninoff's C sharp minor Prelude, Grieg's "To Spring," and the Verdi-Liszt Rigoletto formed another group which afforded the pianiste scope for a display of interpretative capacity; the Rigoletto was played with great abandon and brilliance.

The last two movements of the D minor Concerto of Rubinstein concluded the programme. The Andante was given with tenderness and beauty of tone, and the Allegro with effective rhythm, appropriate dash and technical brilliance. Miss Greta Harper, who possesses a flexible and highly cultivated soprano voice, added to the enjoyment of the recital by her delightful singing of Puccini's "One Fine Day" and a group of four captivating songs by Easthope Martin.

**Uncle Sam's Navy**

(Concluded from page 9.)

sity. He tried to democratize the navy—an absurd idea. He made it a sort of American Fraternity House on water. Often Daniels asked for much less than Congress gave him for the navy. He didn't want to fight with the fleet. He wanted to make it an instrument of Bryanized democracy; a pacifist navy for the sake of the brotherhood of man.

Mr. Daniels will now get that sublimated fog out of his vision, stop drinking grape juice and get his navy limbered up for action. Congress voted Daniels \$300,000,000 last year and \$368,000,000 in March, 1917, for a bigger and better navy. He will now show how the money is to be spent for a real fighting arm. One thing Daniels did very well in the American navy; he made it sober. Grog is prohibited. Otherwise the navy has had more defects than any other fighting fleet in the world. To quote from a writer in The World's Work:

"The organization which Mr. Daniels inherited lacked all the essentials of an efficient fighting fleet. A Navy, to perform its purpose in the world, must have naval bases; we had not a single

one three years ago, and haven't any now. A navy should have a general staff—a centralized organization head whose business it is to keep the fleet in constant readiness for war. The American Navy has never had such a head. It needs men to man its ships; under President Taft we had the dangerous custom, which Mr. Daniels has continued, of having a considerable portion of our fleet tied up, rotting at the wharves, because Congress had refused to provide an adequate force. We had only a handful of dreadnoughts—the ships that ultimately decide the issue of any struggle; not a single battle cruiser, which have won the only important sea engagements fought in the present war. We had only a few submarines, many of which, as subsequent events have disclosed, will not "sub." In other auxiliary vessels needed to make up a well-rounded fleet—scout cruisers, destroyers, hospital ships—our navy was ridiculously inadequate. We simply had no balanced fighting force—that is the unpleasant truth; our navy was an indiscriminate collection of war vessels, some of which were excellent examples of marine architecture, but most of which were antiquated and of little fighting value, in so far as the first line of battle was concerned. The Taft administration had done little for the navy; its building programmes, as they were presented to Congress showed little comprehension of our navy's needs.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In 1904, the British navy presented certain resemblances to the American fleet of the present time. For a generation, although the British people never suspected the fact, inefficiency had ruled in nearly every branch of the service. Just as President Taft entertained us with absurd speeches about our naval efficiency, so English politicians had fed the people with splendid stories about the mistress of the seas. The navy was ornamental, a comfortable nesting place for second sons and social favourites; its fighting strength, however, was a consideration that was little regarded.

"Then, in 1904, a great naval genius, Sir John Fisher, became First Sea Lord. Admiral Fisher had only one interest in the British navy—and that was as a navy that was constantly prepared for war. With a few sledgehammer blows he destroyed its antiquated organization, sent about 140 useless vessels to the scrap-heap, made the North Sea the main headquarters of the fighting ships instead of the Mediterranean, and instituted two new types of war vessels, the dreadnought and the battle cruiser. He thus modernized, not only the British navy, but every other navy. England is now reaping the fruits of Lord Fisher's labours. The historian will point to his reforms of 1904 as the forces that really saved the British Empire. The United States should profit from this experience. Our navy needs, at its head, the inspiration of a Fisher."

**His Part.**

"So you confess that the unfortunate young man was carried to the pump and there drenched with water? Now, Mr. Fresh, what part did you take in this disagreeable affair?"

Undergraduate (meekly)—"The left leg, sir."—Christian Register.

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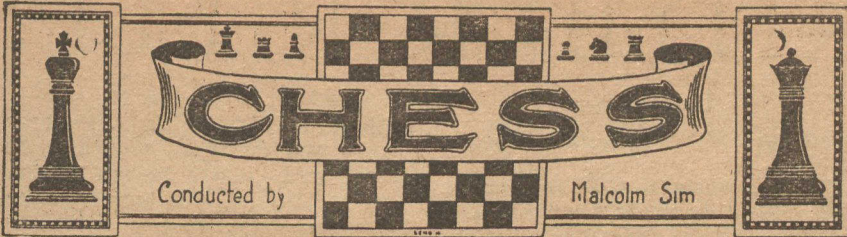
**Effective.**

Pa—"At last I've found a way to make that young scamp of ours stop winking his eyes."

Ma—"Really?"

Pa—"Yes; I'll show him the article in this science magazine where it says that every time we wink we give the eye a bath."—Buffalo Express.



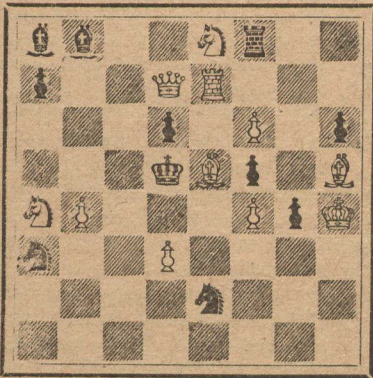


Solutions to problems and other chess correspondence should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 130, by Adjutant R. Gevers.

(Belgian Army.)

British Chess Mag., March, 1917.  
Black.—Eleven Pieces.



White.—Eleven Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 131, by Jan Kotnc.  
(Sachmatny Zurnal, 1894.)

White: K at KK7; Q at KB8; R at K2; B at Q8; Ps at QR2, QKt3, Q5, K5, KB3, KKt2 and KKt4.

Black: K at Q5; Kt at Q6; P at KKt6.  
White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 126, by D. J. Densmore.

1. Kt—B4! PxQKt dis. ch; 2. Kt—Q5 mate.

1. ...., PxKKt dis. ch; 2. Kt—B5 mate.

1. ...., R—B2; 2. Kt—B5 mate.

Problem No. 127, by O. Nemo.

1. R—R3!, PxP; 2. K—R7, KxP; 3. KxP mate.

1. ...., P—B4; 2. PxP, K—Kt5; 3. P—B6 mate.

1. ...., P—B3; 2. B—B5, PxP; 3. PxP mate.

The withdrawal of White piece from the vicinity of the Black King in order, by masking that piece, to bring the dusky monarch in subjection to a discovered mate from the piece withdrawn is known as the Indian Theme. No. 127 is the standard King Indian. The following is a very fine specimen by W. Pauly of Bukarest:

(Wochenschach, 25 Mch., 1906.)

White: K at KKt3; Rs at Qsq and KB8; B at QRsq; Kt at K5; Ps at K2 and KR5.—Black: K at K3; Ps at Q3; K2 and KR3. Mate in five. (1. KR—Bsq, PxKt; 2. R—Q3; 3. B—R8; 4. K—B4, etc. 1....., P—Q4; 2. B—Q4; 3. R—Bsq, P—K3; 4. R—QB8, etc.)

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

An interesting game played in the British Correspondence Chess Association Trophies Tourney, 1916, between Mr. W. H. Gunston, the well-known Cambridge University expert, and Rev. F. E. Hamond, of Norwich. The score we take from the British Chess Magazine, our notes being based on those by the winner.

Caro-Kann Defence.

- |                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| White.          | Black.          |
| 1. P—K4         | 1. P—QB3 (a)    |
| 2. P—Q4         | 2. P—Q4         |
| 3. PxP (b)      | 3. PxP          |
| 4. Kt—KB3       | 4. Kt—QB3       |
| 5. P—B3         | 5. P—KKt3       |
| 6. B—QKt5       | 6. Q—Q3 (c)     |
| 7. Castles (d)  | 7. P—B3         |
| 8. R—Ksq        | 8. P—K3 (e)     |
| 9. Kt—R3 (f)    | 9. Kt—K2        |
| 10. P—B4        | 10. P—QR3       |
| 11. B—R4        | 11. P—KR4       |
| 12. P—B5        | 12. Q—Ktsq (g)  |
| 13. B—Q2        | 13. K—B2!       |
| 14. P—QKt4      | 14. Kt—B4       |
| 15. Kt—B2       | 15. P—KKt4 (h)  |
| 16. B—B3 (i)    | 16. P—Kt5       |
| 17. Kt—Q2       | 17. B—R3        |
| 18. Kt—Bsq      | 18. QKt—K2 (j)  |
| 19. QKt—K3      | 19. Kt—R5       |
| 20. B—Kt3 (k)   | 20. B—Q2        |
| 21. P—R4        | 21. Q—Ktsq (l)  |
| 22. Kt—Q2       | 22. Kt(R5)—Kt3  |
| 23. Q—B2        | 23. Kt—B5       |
| 24. P—Kt3 (m)   | 24. Kt—R6ch     |
| 25. K—Bsq       | 25. P—R5        |
| 26. Kt—Kt2      | 26. PxP         |
| 27. RPxP        | 27. P—B4 (n)    |
| 28. R—K5?       | 28. P—B5        |
| 29. PxP (o)     | 29. BxP         |
| 30. R—K2        | 30. Q—Kt4 (p)   |
| 31. Q—Q3        | 31. Kt—Kt8 (q)  |
| 32. P—K4! (r)   | 32. Q—R3 (s)    |
| 33. KtxB        | 33. QxKt        |
| 34. Kt—Q6ch (t) | 34. K—Kt2       |
| 35. R(K2)—R2    | 35. QR—KBsq (u) |
| 36. Q—Q2 (v)    | 36. Q—B6        |
| 37. K—Ksq (w)   | 37. R—R8        |
| 38. Q—K3        | 38. QxQch (x)   |

(a) The Caro-Kann defence is an efficient recourse to avoid the regular openings after 1. P—K4. It yields a more interesting game than the French defence.

(b) 3. Kt—QB3 is also an excepted continuation.

(c) This turns out satisfactorily, preventing B—KB4 and protecting the Queen's Knight.

(d) If 7. Kt—K5 then 7....., P—B3, and White cannot continue 8. B—KB4, on account of 8....., PxKt; 9. BxP, Q—K3, pinning the Bishop.

(e) Black's play is slow but solid, hoping for a future offensive.

(f) Preferable seems 9. P—B4, Kt—K2; 10. Kt—B3.

(g) Better than Q—B2 in case White advances the Knight's Pawn to Kt5. The Queen also effectively sweeps across to the King's Knight file later, along the bottom rank.

(h) Now Black's attack begins.

(i) This does not turn out well, the piece being out of active play. Still he must provide a retreat for the King's Knight.

(j) This Knight plays an important defensive role later.

(k) B2 seems the natural post for the Bishop.

(l) Threatening Kt—B6ch in certain eventualities.

(m) White's forces are badly one in the way of the other. This affords him little relief, but rather gives impetus to his opponent's onslaught.

(n) Black must risk this advance in order to destroy the fort at White's KKt3, and also to clear the King's Bishop file.

(o) He cannot well allow P—B6.

(p) The Queen now comes powerfully into action.

(q) Cleverly played indeed. If 32. KxKt, then 32....., R—R8ch; 33. KxR, Q—R3 ch, and mates in four.

(r) If 32. R(K2)—Ksq, then 32....., R—R8 follows. The text-move is a very ingenious—even if desperate—attempt to relieve the situation.

(s) This is much better than capturing the Knight, e.g., 32....., PxKt; 33. RxP, B—R7; 34. P—Q5, KtxP (best); 35. BxR, RxB; 36. Q—Q4 and White, having all his reserves available, the issue would be in doubt.

(t) The last chance was to give up the exchange by 34. Kt—Kt3 with the disheartening task of playing for a very doubtful draw. Now Black wins easily, an instructive conclusion.

(u) This prevents 36. Q—K3, Q—Kt3 or B—Q2, and Black now threatens R—R8, followed by Kt—R6 dis. ch.

(v) If 36. KxKt, then 36....., Q—R7ch; 37. K—Bsq, R—R6, and if then 38. Q—Q2, mate in three; if 38. Q—B2, R—K6 and mate follows; if 38. Q—K2, of course Q—R8 mate. Therefore the Queen cannot move satisfactorily.

(w) If 37. B—Qsq, then 37....., Kt—K7; 38. Q—Kt5ch (forced), Kt—Kt3; 39. K—Ksq, R—R8ch; 40. K—Q2, QxKt; 41. KxKt, R—K8 mate.

(x) If 39. PxQ, Black declared mate in four, as follows: 39....., Kt—R6 dis. ch.; 40. K moves, R—B7ch; 41. K—Q3, Kt—B5ch; 42. PxKt, R—R6 mate. Black could have mated in two at his 38th, however, by Q—K7ch.

Palmer's War Sketches

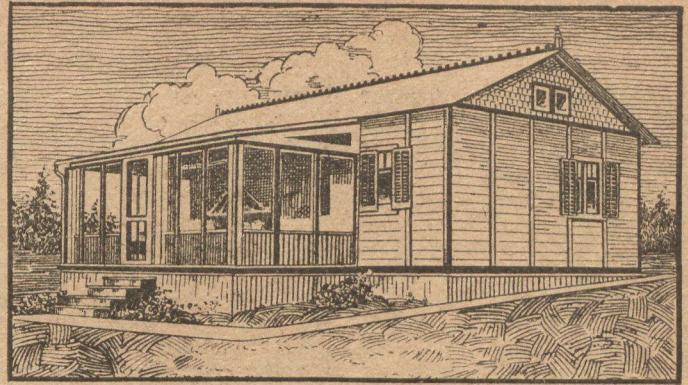
(Concluded from page 21.)

long it takes to make an army out of raw material. So persistent was their pose of winning that it hypnotized them into conviction. As it had never occurred to them that they could be beaten, so they were not."

Palmer's account of Haig is excellent. He says:

"I had always heard how hard Sir Douglas Haig worked, just as I had heard how hard Sir William Robertson worked. Sir Douglas, too, showed no signs of pressure, and naturally the masterful control of surroundings without any seeming effort is a part of the equipment of military leaders. The power of the modern general is not evident in any of the old symbols.

"It was really the army that chose Sir Douglas to be Commander-in-Chief. Whenever the possibility of the retirement of Sir John French was mentioned and you asked an officer who should take his place, the answer was always either Robertson or Haig."



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Sales Manager,  
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# KING—OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

By TALBOT MUNDY

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"WHERE are the bombs? And the rifles? And the many cartridges?" he demanded. "We have waited long, Muhammad Anim. Where are they now?"

The others got up, to lend the first man encouragement. They leaned on rifles and surrounded the mullah, so that King could only get a glimpse of him between them. They seemed in no mood to be treated cavalierly—in no mood to be argued with. And the mullah did not argue.

"Ye dogs!" he growled at them, and he strode through them to the fire and chose himself a good, thick burning brand. "Ye sons of nameless mothers!"

Then he charged them suddenly, beating them over head and face and shoulders, driving them in front of him, utterly reckless of their rifles. His own rifle lay on the ground behind him, and King kicked its stock clear of the fire.

"Oh, I shall pray for you this night!" Muhammad Anim snarled. "What a curse I shall beg for you! Oh, what a burning of the bowels ye shall have! What a sickness! What running of the eyes! What sores! What boils! What sleepless nights and faithless women shall be yours! What a prayer I will pray to Allah!"

They scattered into outer gloom before his rage, and then came back to kneel to him and beg him withdraw his curse. He kicked them as they knelt and drove them away again. Then, silhouetted in the cave mouth, with the glow of the fire behind him, he stood with folded arms and dared them shoot. He lacked little in that minute of being a full-grown brute at bay. King admired him, with reservations.

After five minutes of angry contemplation of the camp he turned on a contemptuous heel and came back to the fire, throwing on more fuel from a great pile in a corner. There was an iron pot in the embers. He seized a stick and stirred the contents furiously, then set the pot between his knees and ate like an animal. He passed the pot to King when he had finished, but fingers had passed too many times through what was left in it and the very thought of eating the mess made his gorge rise; so King thanked him and set the pot aside.

Then, "That is thy place!" Muhammad Anim growled, pointing over his shoulder to a ledge of rock, like a shelf in the far wall. There was a bed upon it of cotton blankets stuffed with dry grass. King walked over and felt the blankets and found them warm from the last man who had lain there. They smelt of him, too. He lifted them and laughed. Taking the whole in both hands he carried it to the fire and threw it in, and the sudden blaze made the mullah draw away a yard; but it did not make him speak.

"Rugs!" King explained, but the mullah showed no interest. He watched, however, as King went back to the bed, and subsequent proceedings seemed to fascinate him.

Out of the chest that one of the women had set down King took soap. There was a pitcher of water between him and the fire; he carried it nearer. With an improvised scrubbing brush of twigs he proceeded to scrub every inch of the rock-shelf, and when he had done and had dried it more or less, he stripped and began to scrub himself.

"Who taught thee thy squeamishness?" the mullah asked at last, get-

ting up and coming nearer. It was well that King's skin was dark (although it was many shades lighter than his face, that had been stained so carefully). The mullah eyed him from head to foot and looked awfully suspicious, but something prompted King and he answered without an instant's hesitation.

"Why ask a woman's questions?" he retorted. "Only women ask when they know the answer. When I watched thee with the firebrand a short while ago, oh, mullah, I mistook thee for a man."

The mullah grunted and began to tug his beard. But King said no more and went on washing himself.

"I forgot," said the mullah then, "that thou art her pet. She would not love thee unless thy smell was sweet."

"No," said King, quite cheerfully—going it blind, for he did not know what had possessed him to take that line, but knew he might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb—"No, if I stank like thee she would not love me."

The mullah snorted and went back to the fire, but he took King's cake of soap with him and sat examining it.

"Tauba!" he swore suddenly, as if he had made a gruesome discovery. "Such filthy stuff is made from the fat of pigs!"

"Doubtless!" said King. "That is why she uses it, and why I use it. She is a better Muhammadan than thou. She would surely cleanse her skin with the fat of pigs!"

"Thou art a shameless one!" said the mullah, shaking his head like a bear.

"I am what Allah made me!" answered King, and then, for the sake of the impression, he went through the outward form of muslim prayer, spreading a mat and omitting none of the genuflections. When he had finished he unfolded his own blankets that a woman had thrown down beside the chest and spread them carefully on the rock-shelf. But though he was allowed to climb up and lie there, he was not allowed to sleep—nor did he want to sleep—for more than an hour to come.

The mullah came over from the fire again and stood beside him, glaring like a great animal and grumbling in his beard.

"Does she surely love thee?" he asked at last, and King nodded, because he knew he was on the trail of information.

"So thou art to ape the Sleeper in his bronze mail, eh? Thou art to come to life, as she was said to come to life, and the two of you are to plunder India. Is that it?"

KING nodded again, for a nod is less committal than a word; and the nod was enough to start the mullah off again.

"I saw the Sleeper and his bride before she knew of either! It was I who let her into Khinjan! It was I who told the men she is the 'Heart of the Hills' come to life! She tricked me! But this is no hour for bearing grudges. She has a plan and I am minded to help."

King lay still and looked up at him, sure that treachery was the ultimate end of any plan the mullah Muhammad Anim had. India has been saved by the treachery of her enemies more often than ruined by false friends. So has the world, for that matter.

"A jihad when the right hour comes will raise the tribes," the mullah growled. "She and thou, as the Sleeper and his mate, could work wonders. But who can trust her? She stole that head! She stole all the ammunition! Does she surely love thee?"

King nodded again, for modesty could not help him at that juncture. Love and boastfulness go together in the "Hills."

"She shall have thee back, then, at a price!"

King did not answer. His brown eyes watched the mullah's, and he drew his breath in little jerks, lest by breathing aloud he should miss one word of what was coming.

"She shall have thee back against Khinjan and the ammunition! She and thou shall have India, but I shall be the power behind you! She must give me Khinjan and the ammunition! She must admit me to the inner caves, whence her damned guards expelled me. I must have the reins in my two hands, so! Then, thou and she shall have the pomp and glitter while I guide!"

King did not answer.

"Dost understand?"

King murmured something unintelligible.

"Otherwise, I and my men will storm Khinjan, and she and thou shall go down into Earth's Drink lashed together!"

King shuddered, not because he felt afraid, but because some instinct told him to make the mullah think him afraid. He was far too interested to be fearful.

"YE shall both be tortured before the plunge into the river! She shall be tortured in the Cavern of Earth's Drink before the men!"

King shuddered again, this time without an effort. He could imagine the thousands watching grimly while the flayer used his knife.

"I have men in Khinjan! I have as many as she! On the day I march there will be a revolt within. She would better agree to terms!"

King lay looking at him, like a prisoner on the rack undergoing examination. He did not answer.

"Write thou a letter. Since she loves thee, state thine own case to her. Tell her that I hold thee hostage, and that Khinjan is mine already for a little fighting. In a month she can not pick out my men from among her own. Her position is undermined. Tell her that. Tell her that if she obeys she shall have India and be queen. If she disobeys, she shall die in the Cavern of Earth's Drink!"

"She is a proud woman, mullah," answered King. "Threats to such as she—?"

The mullah mumbled and strode back and forth three times between King's bed and the fire, with his fists knotted together behind him and his head bent, as Napoleon used to walk. When he stood beside the bed again at last it was with his mind made up, as his clenched fists and his eyes indicated.

"Make thine own terms with her!" he growled. "Write the letter and send it! I hold thee; she holds Khinjan and the ammunition. I am between her and India. So be it. She shall starve in there! She shall lie in there until the war is over and take what terms are offered her in the end! Write thine own letter! State the

case, and bid her answer!"

"Very well," said King. He began to see now definitely how India was to be saved. It was none of his business to plan yet, but to help others' plans destroy themselves and to sow such seed in the broken ground as might bear fruit in time.

The mullah left him, to squat and gaze into the fire, and mutter, and King lay still. After a while the mullah went and carried a great water bowl nearer to the fire and, as King had done, stripped himself. Then he heaped great fagots on the fire—wasteful fagots, each of which had cost some women hours of mountain climbing. And in the glow of the leaping flame he scrubbed himself from head to foot with King's soap. Finally, with a feat of strength that nearly forced an exclamation out of King, he lifted the great water bowl in both hands and emptied the whole contents over himself. Then he resumed his smelly garments without troubling to dry his body, and got out a Quran from a corner and began to read it in a nasal singsong that would have kept dead men awake. King lay and watched and listened.

Reading scripture only seemed to fire the mullah's veins. For him sleep was either out of reach or despicable, perhaps both. He seemed in a mood to despise anything but conquest and strode back and forth up and down the cave like a caged bear, muttering to himself.

After a time he went to the mouth of the cave, to stand and stare out at the camp where the thousand fires were dying fitfully and wood smoke purged the air of human nastiness. The stars looked down on him, and he seemed to try to read them, standing with fists knotted together at his back.

And as he stood so, six other mullahs came to him and began to argue with him in low tones, he browbeating them all with furious words hissed between half-closed teeth. They were whispering still when King fell asleep. It was courage, not carelessness, that let him sleep—courage and a great hope born of the mullah's perplexity.

He dreamed that he was writing, writing, writing, while the torturers made a hot fire ready in the Cavern of Earth's Drink and whetted knives on the bridge end while the organ played The Marseillaise. He dreamed Yasmini came to him and whispered the solution to it all, but what she whispered he could not catch, although she whispered the same words again and again and seemed to be angry with him for not listening.

And when he awoke at last he had fragments of his blanket in either hand, and the sun was already shining into the jaws of the cave. The camp was alive and reeked of cooking food. But the mullah was gone, and so was all the money the women had brought, together with his medicines and things from Khinjan.

## CHAPTER XVII.

INSTEAD of the mullah, growling texts out of a Quran on his lap, the Orakzai Pathan sat and sunned himself in the cave mouth, emitting worldlier wisdom unadulterated with divinity. As King went toward him to see to whom he spoke he grinned and pointed with his thumb, and King looked down on some sick and wounded men who sat in a crowd together on the ramp, ten feet or so below the cave.

They seemed stout, soldierly fellows. Men of another type were being kept at a distance by dint of argument

and threats. Away in the distance was Muhammad Anim with his broad back turned to the cave, in altercation with a dozen other mullahs. For the time he was out of the reckoning.

"Some of these are wounded," the Pathan explained. "Some have sores. Some have the belly ache. Then again, some are sick of words, hot and cold by day and night. All have served in the army. All have medals. All are deserters, some for one reason, some for another, and some for no reason at all. Bull-with-a-beard looks the other way. Speak thou to them about the pardon that is offered!"

So King went down among them, taking some of the tools of his supposed trade with him and trying to crowd down the triumph that would well up. The seed he had sown had multiplied by fifty in a night. He wanted to shout, as men once did before the walls of Jericho.

A MAN bared a sword cut. He bent over him, and if the mullah had turned to look there would have been no ground for suspicion. So in a voice just loud enough to reach them all, he repeated what he had told the Pathan the day before.

"But who art thou?" asked one of them, suspiciously. Perhaps there had been a shade too much cocksureness in the hakim's voice, but he acted faultlessly when he answered. Voice, accent, mannerism, guilty pride, were each perfect.

"Political offender. My brother yonder in the cave mouth"—(The Pathan smirked. He liked the imputation)—"suggested I seek pardon, too. He thinks if I persuade many to apply for pardon then the sirkar may forgive me for service rendered."

The Pathan's smirk grew to a grin. He liked grandly to have the notion fathered on himself; and his complacency of course was suggestive of the hakim's trustworthiness. But the East is ever cautious.

"Some say thou art a very great liar," remarked a man with half a nose.

"Nay," answered King. "Liar I may be, but I am one against many. Which of you would dare stand alone and lie to all the others? Nay, sahibs, I am a political offender, not a soldier!"

They all laughed at that and seizing the moment when they were in a pliant mood the Orakzai Pathan proceeded to bring proposals to a head.

"Are we agreed?" he asked. "Or have we waggled our beards all night long in vain? Take him with us, say I. Then, if pardons are refused us he at least will gain nothing by it. We can plunge our knives in him first, whatever else happens."

"Aye!"

That was reasonable and they approved in chorus. Possibility of pardon and reinstatement, though only heard of at second hand, had brought unity into being. And unity brought eagerness.

"Let us start to-night!" urged one man, and nobody hung back.

"Aye! Aye! Aye!" they chorused. And eagerness, as always in the "Hills," brought wilder counsel in its wake.

"Who dare stab 'Bull-with-a-beard'? He has sought blood and has let blood. Let him drink his own!"

"Aye!"

"Nay! He is too well guarded."

"Not he!"

"Let us stab him and take his head with us; there well may be a price on it."

They took a vote on it and were agreed; but that did not suit King at all, whatever Muhammad Anim's personal deserts might be. To let him be stabbed would be to leave Yasmini without a check on her of any kind,

and then might India defend herself! Yet to leave the mullah and Yasmini both at large would be almost equally dangerous, for they might form an alliance. There must be some other way, and he set out to gain time.

"Nay, nay, sahibs!" he urged. "Nay, nay!"

"Why not?"

"Sahibs, I have wife and children in Lahore. Same are most dear to me and I to them. I find it expedient to make great effort for my pardon. Ye are but fifty. Ye are less than fifty. Nay, let us gather a hundred men."

"Who shall find a hundred?" somebody demanded, and there was a chorus of denial. "We be all in this camp who ate the salt."

It was plain, though, that his daring to hold out only gave them the more confidence in him.

"But Khinjan," he objected. The crimes of the Khinjan men were not to the point. Time had to be gained.

"Aye," they agreed. "There be many in Khinjan!" Mere mention of the place made them regard Orakzai Pathan and hakim with new respect, as having right of entry through the forbidden gate.

"Then I have it!" the Pathan announced at once, for he was awake to opportunity. "Many of you can

hardly march. Rest ye here and let the hakim treat your belly aches. Bull-with-a-beard bade me wait here for a letter that must go to Khinjan to-day. Good. I will take his letter. And in Khinjan I will spread news about pardons. It is likely there are fifty there who will dare follow me back, and then we shall march down the Khyber like a full company of the old days! Who says that is not a good plan?"

There were several who said it was not, but they happened to have nothing the matter with them and could have marched at once. The rest were of the other way of thinking and agreed in asserting that Khinjan men were a higher caste of extra-ultra murderers whose presence doubtless would bring good luck to the venture. These prevailed after considerable argument.

STRANGELY enough, none of them deemed the proposition beneath Khinjan men's consideration. Pardon and leave to march again behind British officers loomed bigger in their eyes than the green banner of the Prophet, which could only lead to more outrageous outlawry. They knew Khinjan men were flesh and blood—humans with hearts—as well as they. But caution had a voice yet.

"She will catch thee in Khinjan Caves" suggested the man with part of his nose missing. "She will have thee flayed alive!"

"Take note, then, I bequeathed all the women in the world to thee! Be thou heir to my whole nose, too, and a blessing!" laughed the Pathan, and the butt of the jest spat savagely. In the "Hills" there is only one explanation given as to how one lost his nose, and they all laughed like hyenas until the mullah Muhammad Anim came rolling and striding back.

By that time King had got busy with his lancet, but the mullah called him off and drove the crowd away to a distance; then he drove King into the cave in front of him, his mouth working as if he were biting bits of vengeance off for future use.

"Write thy letter, thou! Write thy letter! Here is paper. There is a pen—take it! Sit! Yonder is ink—tuttt-tuttt!—Write, now, write!"

King sat at a box and waited, as if to take dictation, but the mullah, tugging at his beard, grew furious.

"Write thine own letter! Invent thine own argument! Persuade her, or die in a new way! I will invent a new way for thee!"

So King began to write, in Urdu, for reasons of his own. He had spoken once or twice in Urdu to the



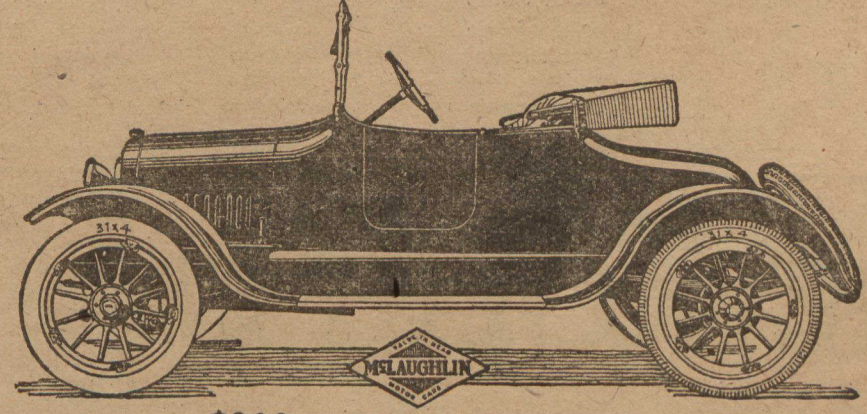
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mullah and had received no answer. At the end of ten minutes he handed up what he had written, and Muhammad Anim made as if to read it, trying to seem deliberate, and contriving to look irresolute. It was a fair guess that he hated to admit ignorance of the scholar's language.

"Are there any alterations you suggest?" King asked him.

"Nay, what care I what the words are? If she be not persuaded, the worse for thee!"

HE held it out, and as he took it King contrived to tear it; he also contrived to seem ashamed of his own clumsiness.

"I will copy it out again," he said.

The mullah swore at him, and conceiving that some extra show of authority was needful, growled out:

"Remember all I said. Set down she must surrender Khinjan Caves or I swear by Allah I will have thee tortured with fire and thorns—and her, too, when the time comes!"

Now he had said that, or something very like it, in the first letter. There was no doubt left that the mullah was trying to hide ignorance, as men of that fanatic ambitious mold so often will at the expense of better judgment. If fanatics were all-wise, it would be a poor world for the rest.

"Very well," King said, quietly. And with great pretense of copying the other letter out on fresh paper he now wrote what he wished to say, taking so long about it (for he had to weigh each word), that the mullah strode up and down the cave swearing and kicking things over.

"Greetings," he wrote, "to the most beautiful and very wise Princess Yasmini, in her palace in the Caves in Khinjan, from her servant Kurram Khan the hakim, in the camp of the mullah Muhammad Anim, a night's march distant in the hills."

"The mullah Muhammad Anim makes his stand and demands now surrender to himself of Khinjan Caves and all his ammunition. Further, he demands full control of you and of me and of all your men. He is ready to fight for his demands and already—as you must well know—he has considerable following in Khinjan Caves. He has at least as many men as you have, and he has four thousand more here."

"He threatens as a preliminary to blockade Khinjan Caves, unless the answer to this prove favourable, letting none enter, but calling his own men out to join him. This would suit the Indian government, because while the 'Hills' fight among themselves they can not raid India, and while he blockades Khinjan Caves there will be time to move against him."

"Knowing that he dares begin and can accomplish what he threatens, I am sorry; because I know it is said how many services you have rendered of old to the government I serve. We who serve one raj are one—one to remember—one to forget—one to help each other in good time."

"I have not been idle. Some of Muhammad Anim's men are already mine. With them I can return to India, taking information with me that will serve my government. My men are eager to be off."

"It may be that vengeance against me would seem sweeter to you than return to your former allegiance. In that case, Princess, you only need betray me to the mullah, and be sure my death would leave nothing to be desired by the spectators. At present he does not suspect me."

"Be assured, however, that not to betray me to him is to leave me free to serve my government and well able to do so."

"I invite you to return to India with me, bearing news that the mullah Muhammad Anim and his men are bottled in Khinjan Caves, and to plan with me to that end."

"If you will, then write an answer to Muhammad Anim, not in Urdu, but in a language he can understand; seem to surrender to him. But to me send a verbal message, either by the bearer of this or by some trustier messenger."

"India can profit yet by your service if you will. And in that case I pledge my word to direct the government's attention only to your good service in the matter. It is not yet too late to choose. It is not impertinent in me to urge you."

"Nor can I say how gladly I would subscribe myself your grateful and loyal servant."

The mullah pounced on the finished letter, pretended to read it, and watched him seal it up, smudging the hot wax with his own great gnarled thumb. Then he shouted for the Orakzai Pathan, who came striding in, all grins and swagger.

"There—take it! Make speed!" he ordered, and with his rifle at the "ready" and the letter tucked inside his shirt, the Pathan favoured King with a farewell grin and obeyed.

"Get out!" the mullah snarled then immediately. "See to the sick. Tell them I sent thee. Bid them be grateful!"

King went. He recognized the almost madness that constituted the mullah's driving power. It is contagious, that madness, until it destroys itself. It had made several thousand men follow him and believe in him,

but it had once given Yasmini a chance to fool him and defeat him, and now it gave King his chance. He let the mullah think himself obeyed implicitly.

He became the busiest man in all the "Hills." While the mullah glowered over the Camp from the cave mouth or fulminated from the Quran or fought with other mullahs with words for weapons and abuse for argument, he bandaged and lanced and poulticed and physicked until his head swam with weariness.

The sick swarmed so around him that he had to have a body-guard to keep them at bay; so he chose twenty of the least sick from among those who had talked with him after sunrise.

And because each of those men had friends, and it is only human to wish one's friend in the same boat, especially when the sea, so to speak, is rough, the progress through the camp became a current of missionary zeal and the virtues of the Anglo-Indian raj were better spoken of than the "Hills" had heard for years.

NOT that there was any effort made to convert the camp en masse. Far from it. But the likely few were pounced on and were told of a chance to enlist for a bounty in India. And what with winter not so far ahead, and what with experience of former fighting against the British army, the choosing was none so difficult. From the day when the lad first feels soft down upon his face until the old man's beard turns white and his teeth shake out, the Hillman would rather fight than eat; but he prefers to fight on the winning side if he may, and he likes good treatment.

Before it was dark that night there were thirty men sworn to hold their tongues and to wait for the word to hurry down the Khyber for the purpose of enlisting in some British-Indian regiment. Some even began to urge the hakim not to wait for the Orakzai Pathan, but to start with what he had.

"Shall I leave my brother in the lurch?" the hakim asked them; and though they murmured, they thought better of him for it.

Well for him that he had plenty of Epsom salts in his kit, for in the "Hills" physic should taste evil and show very quick results to be believed in. He found a dozen diseases of which he did not so much as know the name, but half of the sufferers swore they were cured after the first dose. They would have dubbed him faquir and have hoisted him to a pillar of holiness had he cared to let them.

Muhammad Anim slept most of the day, like a great animal that

scorns to live by rule. But at evening he came to the cave mouth and fulminated such a sermon as set the whole camp to roaring. He showed his power then. The jihad he preached would have tempted dead men from their graves to come and share the plunder, and the curses he called down on cowards and laggards and unbelievers were enough to have frightened the dead away again.

In twenty minutes he had undone all King's missionary work. And then in ten more, feeling his power and their response, and being at heart a fool, as all rogues are, he built it up again.

He began to make promises too definite. He wanted Khinjan Caves. More, he needed them. So he promised them they should all be free of Khinjan Caves within a day or two, to come and go and live there at their pleasure. He promised them they should leave their wives and children and belongings safe in the Caves while they themselves went down to plunder India. He overlooked the fact that Khinjan Caves for centuries had been a secret to be spoken of in whispers, and that prospect of its violation came to them as a shock.

Half of them did not believe him. Such a thing was impossible, and if he were lying as to one point, why not as to all the others, too?

And the army veterans, who had been converted by King's talk of pardons, and almost reconverted by the sermon, shook their heads at the talk of taking Khinjan. Why waste time trying to do what never had been done, with her to reckon against, when a place in the sun was waiting for them down in India, to say nothing of the hope of pardons and clean living for a while? They shook their heads and combed their beards and eyed one another sidewise in a way the "Hills" understand.

That night, while the mullah glowered over the camp like a great old owl, with leaping firelight reflected in his eyes, the thousands under the skin tents argued, so that the night was all noise. But King slept.

All of another day and part of another night he toiled among the sick, wondering when a message would come back. It was nearly midnight when he bandaged his last patient and came out into the star light to bend his back straight and yawn and pick his way reeling with weariness back to the mullah's cave. He had given his bag of medicines and implements to a man to carry ahead of him and had gone perhaps ten paces into the dark when a strong hand gripped him by the wrist.

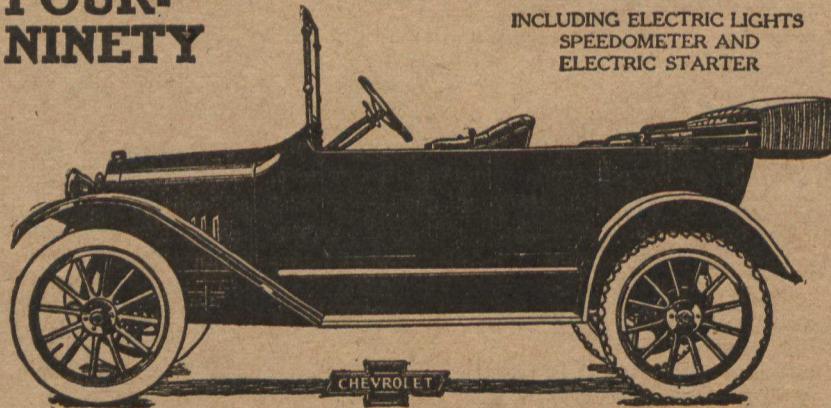
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SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE.

"Hush!" said a voice that seemed familiar.

He turned swiftly and looked straight into the eyes of the Rangar Rewa Gunga!

"How did you get here?" he asked, in English.

"Any fool could learn the password into this camp! Come over here, sahib. I bring word from her."

The ground was criss-crossed like a man's palm by the shadows of tent-ropes. The Rangar led him to where the tents were forty feet apart and none was likely to overhear them. There he turned like a flash.

"She sends you this!" he hissed.

In the same instant King was fighting for his life. In another second they were down together among the tent-pegs, King holding the Rangar's wrist with both hands and struggling to break it, and the Rangar striving for another stroke. The dagger he held had missed King's ribs by so little that his skin yet tingled from its touch. It was a dagger with bronze blade and a gold hilt—her dagger. It was her perfume in the air.

They rolled over and over, breathing hard. King wanted to think before he gave an alarm, and he could not think with that scent in his nostrils and creeping into his lungs. Even in the stress of fighting he wondered how the Rangar's clothes and turban had come to be drenched in it. He admitted to himself afterward that it was nothing else than jealousy that suggested to him to make the Rangar prisoner and hand him over to the mullah.

That would have been a ridiculous thing to do, for it would have forced his own betrayal to the mullah. But as if the Rangar had read his mind, he suddenly redoubled his efforts and King, weary to the point of sickness, had to redouble his own or die. Perhaps the jealousy helped put venom in his effort, for his strength came back to him as a madman's does. The Rangar gave a moan and let the knife fall.

And because jealousy is poison King did the wrong thing then. He pounced on the knife instead of on the Rangar. He could have questioned him—kneelt on him and perhaps forced explanations from him. But with a sudden swift effort like a snake's the Rangar freed himself and was up and gone before King could struggle to his feet—gone like a shadow among shadows.

King got up and felt himself all over, for they had fought on stony ground and he was bruised. But bruises faded into nothing, and weariness as well, as his mind began to dwell on the new complication to his problem.

It was plain that the moment he had returned from his message to the Khyber the Rangar had been sent on this new murderous mission. If Yasmini had told the truth a letter had gone into India describing him, King, as a traitor, and from her point of view that might be supposed to cut the very ground away from under his feet.

**T**HEN why so much trouble to have him killed? Either Rewa Gunga had never taken the first letter, or—and this seemed more probable—Yasmini had never believed the letter would be treated seriously by the authorities, and had only sent it in the hope of fooling him and undermining his determination. In that case, especially supposing her to have received his ultimatum on the mullah's behalf before sending Rewa Gunga with the dagger, she must consider him at least dangerous. Could she be afraid? If so her game was lost already!

Perhaps she saw her own peril. Perhaps she contemplated—gosh! what a contingency!—perhaps she contemplated bolting into India with

a story of her own, and leaving the mullah to his own devices! In such a case, before going she would very likely try to have the one man stabbed who could give her away most completely. In fact, would she dare escape into India and leave himself alive behind her?

He rather thought she would dare do anything. And that thought brought reassurance. She would dare, and being what she was she almost surely would seek vengeance on the mullah before doing anything else.

Then why the dagger for himself? She must believe him in league with the mullah against her. She might believe that with him out of the way the mullah would prove an easier prey for her. And that belief might be justifiable, but as an explanation it failed to satisfy.

There was an alternative, the very thought of which made him fearfully uneasy, and yet brought a thrill with it. In all eastern lands, love scorned takes to the dagger. He had half believed her when she swore she loved him! The man who could imagine himself loved by Yasmini and not be thrilled to his core would be inhuman, whatever reason and caution and caste and creed might whisper in imagination's wake.

**R**EELING from fatigue (he felt like a man who had been racked, for the Rangar's strength was nearly unbelievable), he started toward where the mullah sat glowering in the cave mouth. He found the man who had carried his bag asleep at the foot of the ramp, and taking the bag away from him, let him lie there. And it took him five minutes to drag his hurt weary bones up the ramp, for the fight had taken more out of him than he had guessed at first.

The mullah glared at him but let him by without a word. It was by the fire at the back of the cave, where he stopped to dip water from the mullah's enormous crock that the next disturbing factor came to light. He kicked a brand into the fire and the flame leaped. Its light shone on a yard and a half of exquisitely fine hair, like spun gold, that caressed his shoulder and descended down one arm. One thread of hair that conjured up a million thoughts, and in a second upset every argument!

If Rewa Gunga had been near enough to her and intimate enough with her not only to become scented with her unmistakable perfume but even to get her hair on his person, then gone was all imagination of her love for himself! Then she had lied from first to last! Then she had tried to make him love her that she might use him, and finding she had failed, she had sent her true love with the dagger to make an end!

In a moment he imagined a whole picture, as it might have been in a crystal, of himself trapped and made to don the Roman's armour and forced to pose to the savage "Hills"—or fooled into posing to them—as her lover, while Rewa Gunga lurked behind the scenes and waited for the harvest in the end. And what kind of harvest?

And what kind of man must Rewa Gunga be who could lightly let go all the prejudices of the East and submit to what only the West has endured hitherto with any complacency—a "tertium quid"?

Yet what a fool he, King, had been not to appreciate at once that Rewa Gunga must be her lover. Why should he not be? Were they not alike as cousins? And the East does not love its contrary, but its complement, being older in love than he West, and wiser in its ways in all but the material. He had been blind. He



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had overlooked the obvious—that from first to last her plan had been to set herself and this Rewa Gunga on the throne of India!

He washed and went through the mummery of muslim prayers for the watchful mullah's sake, and climbed on to his bed. But sleep seemed out of the question. He lay and tossed for an hour, his mind as busy as a terrier in hay. And when he did fall asleep at last it was so to dream and mutter that the mullah came and shook him and preached him a half-hour sermon against the mortal sins that rob men of peaceful slumber.

All that seemed kinder and more refreshing than King's own thoughts had been, for when the mullah had done at last and had gone striding back to the cave mouth, he really did fall sound asleep, and it was after

dawn when he awoke. The mullah's voice, not untuneful was rousing all the valley echoes in the call to prayer.

Allah is Almighty! Allah is Almighty!

I declare there is no God but Allah! I declare Muhammad is his prophet!

And while King knelt behind the mullah and the whole camp faced Mecca in forehead-in-the-dust abasement there came a strange procession down the midst—not strange to the "Hills," where such sights are common, but strange to that camp and hour. Somebody rose and struck them, and they knelt like the rest; but when prayer was over and cooking had begun and the camp became a place of savory smell, they came on again—seven blind men.

(To be Continued.)

**Take it Wherever You Move!**

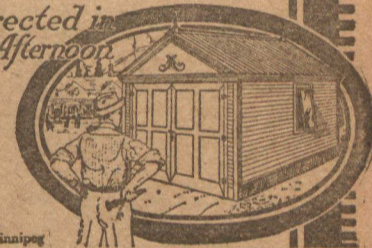
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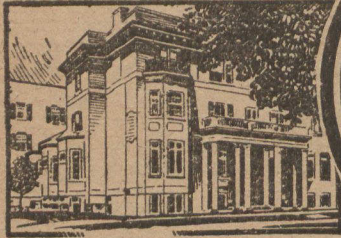
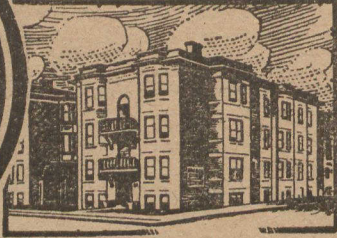
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## STORIETTES

### An Encore.

Camera Man—"I'm sorry, Jack, but we'll have to do that business over again, where you fall off the roof into the rain-barrel and are run over by the steam-roller. My film gave out."—Life.

\* \* \*

### Could Afford the Newest.

Mrs. Casey (with newspaper)—"It says here that Mrs. Van Astor wore some lace at the ball last night that was two hundred years old."

Mrs. O'Brien—"Two hundred years old! Think of it now, an' thim with all that money."—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \*

A 300-pound man stood gazing longingly at the nice things displayed in a haberdasher's window for a marked-down sale. A friend stopped to inquire if he was thinking of buying shirts or pajamas. "Great Scott, no!" replied the fat man sorrowfully. "The only thing that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."

\* \* \*

For three weeks he had borne all the horrors of the annual cleaning without a murmur. Then his patience gave way. "And you," sobbed his wife, "you used to tell me I was your queen." "Yes," he said, with a wild glare in his eyes; "but when a man finds his queen has used his best tobacco-jar for pale oak varnish and his meerschaum pipe for a tack-hammer he begins to grasp the advantages of a republic."

\* \* \*

### Just One.

Said the manager of the gas company, who was questioning an applicant for the job of meter inspector: "I want it understood that we don't tolerate drinking in our employees."

"Yes, Sir; I can't drink, Sir; one drink always makes me see double."

"Well-er-we might permit you to take one drink each day before you start to inspect the meters."

\* \* \*

His face was pinched and drawn. With faltering footsteps he wended his way among the bustling crowd. "Kind sir," he suddenly exclaimed, "will you not give me a loaf of bread for my wife and little ones?" The stranger regarded him not unkindly. "Far be it from me," he rejoined, "to take advantage of your destitution. Keep your wife and little ones; I do not want them."

\* \* \*

The man who made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. Of course, the main theme of his address was himself. "All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!" He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked impressively: "Yes, sir; but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"

\* \* \*

The pretty girl of the party was bantering the genial bachelor on his reasons for remaining single. "No-oo, I never was exactly disappointed in love," he meditated. "I was more what you might call discouraged. You see, when I was very young I became very much enamoured of a young lady of my acquaintance; I was mortally afraid to tell her of my feeling, but at last I screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said, 'Let's get married.' And she said, 'Good Lord! Who'd have us?'"



# The Winning Name for which was paid \$12,000.00

THE prize-winning word in our contest for a better name than "flashlight," is DAYLO. Keenly realizing our responsibility to the public the judges have spent four months' time, in giving the most painstaking consideration to the 530,000 names submitted.

In our announcement of this contest last Fall, we stated that "if two or more contestants submit the word selected, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each."

We have made our selection without regard to the number of duplications. The word DAYLO was submitted by the four following contestants, to each of whom we are paying \$3,000.00:

Mrs. F. C. Grow, 1219 Second Street, N. E., Watertown, S. D.  
Katherine W. Hand, 1501 Mulvane Street, Topeka, Kansas.  
Miss J. M. Schulz, 239 Second Street, Union Hill, N. J.  
Bertha A. Wilson, 413 Park Avenue, Medina, N. Y.

The decision of the judges was unanimous. They were agreed that the word DAYLO fulfills in a masterly way the requirements specified, viz.: A coined word that we can register as a trademark, a name easy to remember and entirely simple to pronounce, yet a word that suggests the nature or use of an Eveready without being legally descriptive.

DAYLO is indeed easy to remember and pronounce. In fact, it cannot be mispronounced, and its elements do suggest the nature and use of Eveready. "DAY" suggests perfect light, and "LO" means "Behold!"—"See!"

We had hoped perhaps to obtain a word that would satisfactorily combine in a suggestive way both what Eveready is, (powerful, portable electric light) and the variety of service it renders. We are now convinced that *no* usable, protectable word could cover so broad a field. The true significance, the living ideal of the reliability and service characteristic of our product must and will find its expression in the new name, "Eveready DAYLO".

I wish I might personally thank each of the half million contestants, and the millions of Eveready friends and users who have contributed so earnestly and helpfully to the success of our search for a new name.

Sincerely,

*Conrad Hubert*

Vice-President,  
AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS  
of National Carbon Company  
Long Island City, N. Y.

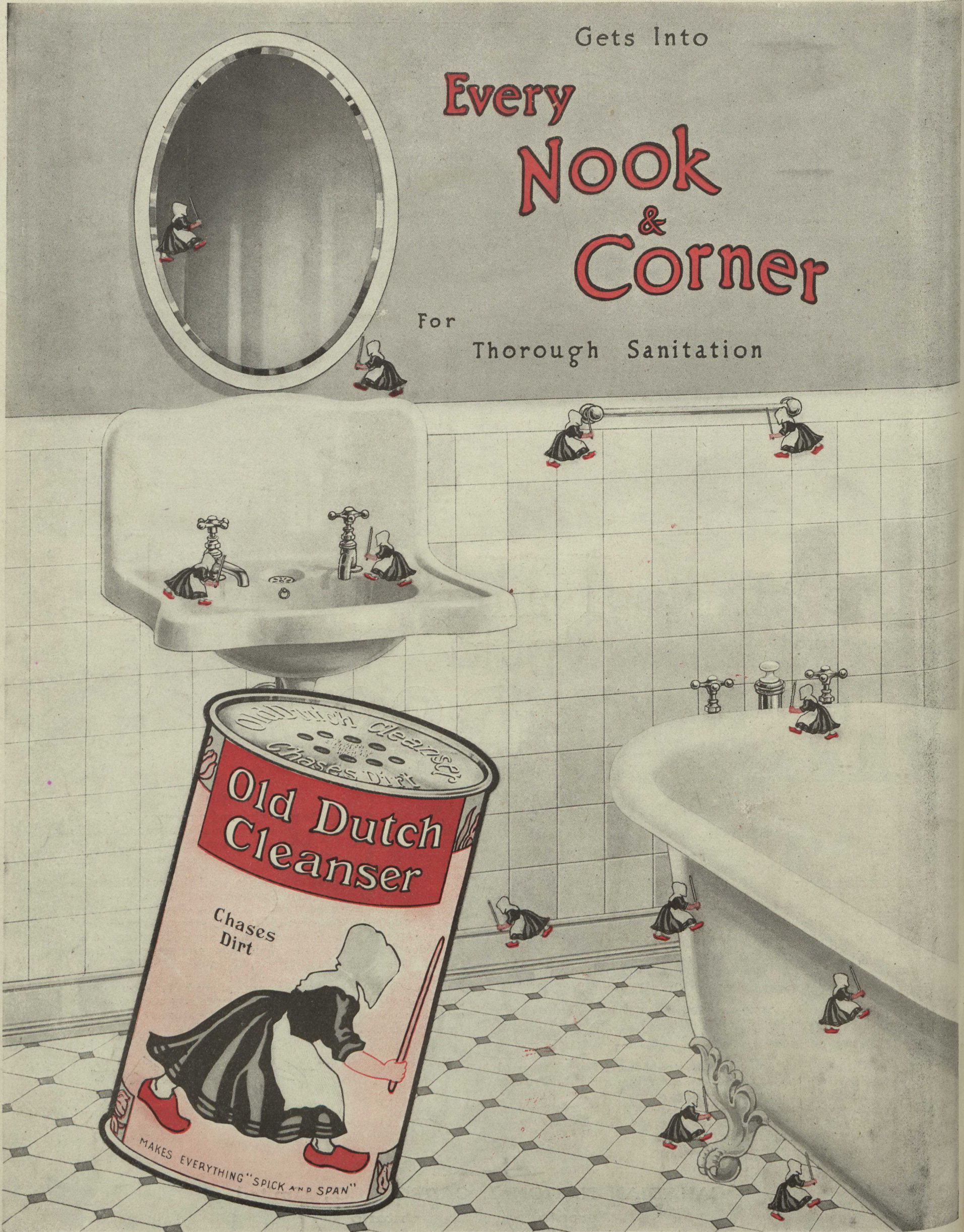
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