

CANADIAN COURIER

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FIVE CENTS
Vol. XXII. No. 2

Shipyard Days in Old Quebec

By George Gale



Snuffy : a Trench Story

By Ernest G. Black



Good Ship Bonne Entente

By Archibald McE. Phillips



How the War Looks Now

By Sidney Coryn



The Colonel's Monologue

By Ernest J. Down



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ANSWERING a recent critic of the Canadian Courier, a western subscriber says:

Edmonton, Alta., May 25, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I am interested in, and appreciate your efforts to build up a strong National Weekly, but as an ex-citizen of the United States, it is my desire that you give no heed to suggestions such as the one put forth by a correspondent from Montreal, mentioned in the issue of May 19th, that you "cut out the U. S. A. business," but continue to give us the best articles you can secure on topics of general interest concerning not only Canada, but the United States and other countries as well.

I am convinced such a course will meet the approval of the great majority of your Canadian readers.

The Man Without a Make-up

By THE EDITOR

NONE of us knew what he would do, said the old actor in the play, Government by the People. He was a dark horse. Our company had been doing a good business, everything legitimate, a long run for the piece—our version of it—considerably longer than we expected when we opened up in His Majesty's Theatre. But we all of us knew the piece had big possibilities. Always had. Of course it's an old-timer. Considerably older than Hamlet or any of those classics, and I should say more popular than any of 'em, except when put on by a down-in-the-heels, one-night-stand crowd. You simply can't kill that piece with poor acting. The people want it. They must have it.

And we started out to give it to 'em right. We had a good cast. Principals maybe not so distingue as some you've known in that same theatre; in fact, the legitimate headliner was always a shy sort of man, never wanting the calcium on him, and quite willing to let some of the rest of us take it whenever we wanted it.

Well, what I wanted to say was that we all went in for lots of make-up. Only way we knew, somehow, to get that piece across as it had to be. And the crowd liked it. Any time one of the company got out, the new man went in strong for make-up and new stage business. I guess maybe one reason was that none of us felt quite up to the possibilities of the piece without making up for our parts in the regular way.

That's all right. We didn't go in for any of the Gordon Craig stunts, flat scenery and symbolisms and all that kind. No, we crammed the old stage full of props and let the back curtain take a big part of the setting. Ever hear me speak about that back drop? No, well it was a great bit of work; an old-timer that used to send the crowd's fancy roving back into the dim and distant ages, among the cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces and all that. We never wanted to part with that old back drop. No, sir, our predecessors had it—and in their day it was more sumptuous and regal than it ever was before. It was a pageant; a pageant of Empire—and whenever any of us got a little doubtful about Government by the People as a piece—because so many seemed to think the thing was playing out—we just got that back drop renovated.

Along about three years ago things began to

happen to that curtain. Yes, it got clouded over somehow. Some kind of a grim, gaunt shadow crept over it—a sort of phantasmagoria with a spiked helmet. I guess we got busy on it then and painted it up again. We splashed in more of the pomp and pageantry. Simply had to. Tough going to send the piece over after a while, too. Things didn't happen quite like they used to on that kind of occasion. We simply couldn't keep that back drop up to standard.

And that made it all the more necessary to play on the make-up. I know how we worked at that stunt. It was fierce. I was about as apt at make-up as anybody—considering my chances. In my barnstorming days out west I never had much use for grease-paint and wigs. Down at His Majesty's I figured they were prime essentials. But at that I never equalled one of our legitimate head-liners, an absolutely new man in the business, too; and I never could do the heavy-hero, big-boat business of another man in the company—whom I won't mention by name.

In spite of it all our piece dragged. It didn't get the big hands any more. The critics roasted us in wide columns, front page and inside. They did. But we put on more accessories and weathered the storm with dwindling houses—till just the other day. Now, to tell you what happened won't take much time. It wasn't so much what happened, either, as—Who Happened. The manager got rid of some of us—not mentioning who. He told 'em their usefulness had expired. So it had. The piece had to be jacked up. It was the only hope of the company. To put it over meant to organize a bigger and a better company.

So in they came. Most of the new talent—well, they didn't overpower me with admiration. I had met up with just as good men in other roles more than once. But there was one man that was an absolute new variety to me, and I've seen a few. Yes, sir, that new note on our stage made me sit back and mentally take off my hat. So far as we could find out, he had no old-line experience on stage. Always had been a quiet, back-country sort, successful, hard-working, honest as a rip-saw, right down to brass tacks on whatever he undertook, but never figuring in the head lines, except once in a while in his home town paper.

But he had some sagacity, believe me, on the piece, Government by the People—because he had always been a man of the people; because he had never done a mortal thing in his business that wasn't for the good of the people. Efficient? Do you ask me that? Well, now, is a siege-gun efficient? I guess yes. That's answered.

That man walked in to rehearsal, and the very first crack out o' the box what does he do? Jams his make-up into the silk lid that he was supposed to wear and blandly but efficiently kicks the whole outfit right over the foot-lights into the orchestra. He squares back his big shoulders, lets a pucker shoot across his searchlights and he says in a voice as natural as a north wind:

"Gentlemen, I propose that in this play, Government by the People, we go on stage without those trumped-up togs. What we want is to get this old piece over in the vernacular and the make-up of The People. That's all."

THERE was a dead silence, clear up to the roof. Then the manager asks one question:

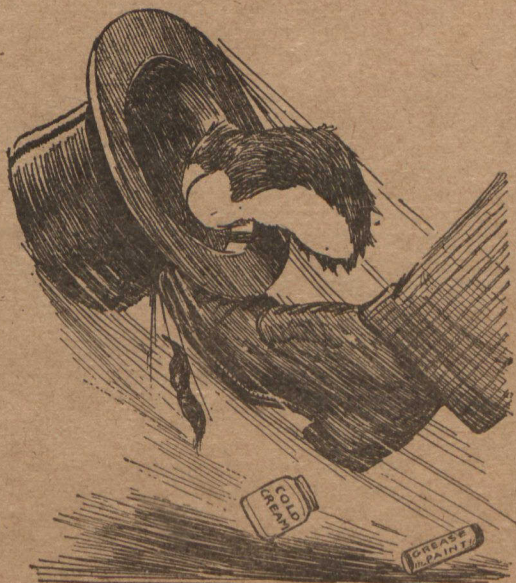
"What about the back drop?"

Mr. New-Man looks at it once and I observe one o' these rare lights that never were on sea or land come over his face.

"Yes," he says. "The back drop's O. K. But we've got to play up to it on this end by being Ourselves in the name of the People."

I don't expect ever to forget that. At first I didn't quite know what he meant, or whether he wasn't just another of those merely moral reformers who come on the job to put things right side up and end with going upside down themselves. I've always figured that any man with that kind of message to our company was sure to get a crimp put in him by events over which he naturally had no control. I'm wondering now if this particular stage reformer doesn't intend to control the events. If he does he will have to discover a few things about the piece, Government by the People, that we've never found out yet. And I'm entitled to take off my hat to him if he does it.

Don't expect me to do any knocking in the meantime. I'm too old at the game now to be jealous. I've been long enough on stage to know that the star actor is important only to the extent that he helps to put the play across in the biggest way it can go. And I reckon there's a possibility or two in this piece yet that none of us have ever worked out. And that's saying a good deal for the piece.



THE GOOD SHIP BONNE ENTENTE

By ARCHIBALD McE, PHILLIPS

FOR more than a century and a half we English and French have lived here together, but until now neither of us has been prone to feel for the other anything more amicable than a bored tolerance. It would not be surprising if, sub-consciously, it is bred in the bone for us to be mutually inimical, considering that throughout the centuries—the last excepted—our respective and respected forbears spent most of their time killing as many of each other as the greatest of good will and chivalrous warfare would permit. It is a piece of good fortune that they left enough of each other to become the ancestors of the Anglo-French armies of to-day, who as allies are defending against a barbarian foe the very rudiments of that civilization which they upheld throughout their long enmity.

Apart from our possibly inherited disposition of mutual hatefulness we have got along pretty well, due allowance being made for difference of language and—to a less extent—of religion.

In the beginning—that is, after the gentlemanly encounter on the Plains of Abraham—it was seemingly accepted as an unwritten law that Lower Canada, already settled along the St. Lawrence by the French, should become their sphere of influence, as it were; and the settlers of British stock who followed seemed nothing loath to get as far away from them as possible, which at that time was Upper Canada. This allocation was probably a wise one, for although it could not result—in the assimilation of the two races, it at least removed the temptation to come to blows from force of habit.

Being neighbours without being neighbourly does not, however, promote friendship or even acquaintance, and this seems to be largely why all these years the spirit of *bonhomie* has not intruded on the otherwise peaceful scene. Recent events and the pre-eminence of our motherlands among the nations battling for all that is worth while in life, has driven home more forcibly than could anything else the realization that Canada not only might be worse off—bilingualism, Bourassaism and some brands of Orangeism notwithstanding—than to trust her destiny to the French and British races, but that in having done so her future is grandly assured. And the more so because of the admixture than if but one of these races had sole possession of such a wealthy heritage. The artistic French touch to the more stolid British character, and vice versa, can only result in a more finished product because of their joint efforts.

BUT some cynical persons may be moved to ask that since it has taken 150 years to break the ice of social frigidity between the two neighbours how long it is going to take for them to become real neighbourly to the extent of sharing gossip over the side fence? To those few of either race in Canada who—like the writer—have been privileged to live amongst a majority of the other, it is given to know just how senseless has been the traditional attitude of the two races.

Until now, as has been said, the English and French in Canada for the most part do not know each other. Let them become better acquainted, and with the added sacred influence bequeathed to us by our heroic dead on the fields of France, the old, worn-out, senile spirit of racial hostility will be quickly supplanted by one of true Canadian nationalism, born of the two greatest races of the world and fostered to maturity by that liberty and justice for all to be found only under the British flag.

Nowhere is it so well known as in better-informed circles in Quebec, and by no one has it been so eloquently expressed as by leading French-Canadians, that this flag is in very truth the protector of their liberty as well

as ours. Why, then, some in Ontario will say, are they not more eager to fight for it? No one who knows French Canada will say that they are not fighting for it. The casualty lists bear eloquent if silent rebuke to her traducers and to her traitors, the more especially to the latter, for well do they know from their experience in the sordid political game how easily the simple, home-loving habitant may be exploited. For the sake of cheap notoriety—a la Bernard Shaw—Bourassa and his ilk are playing on his credulity regarding this war, but it is serving too well the purpose of this small group to be bellowed at from pulpits or platforms in Ontario, or to be freely advertised in the English-speaking press.

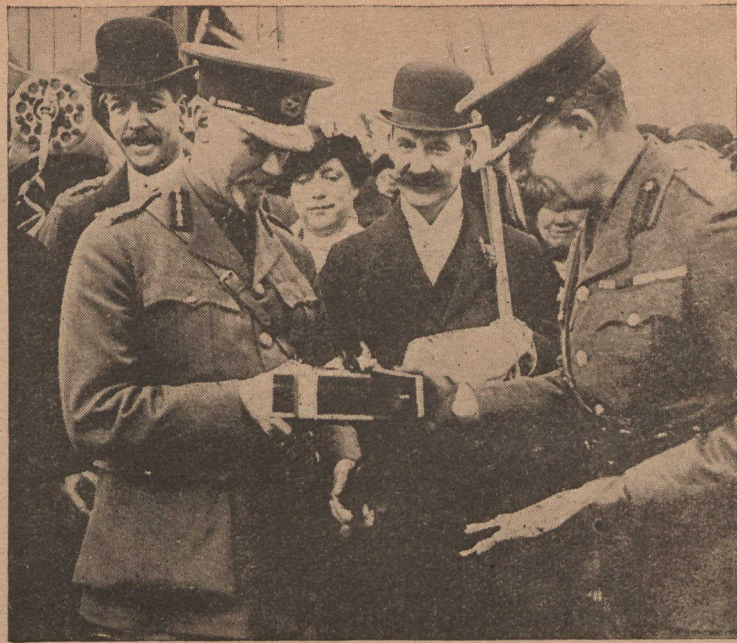
Let us remember that it is the British way to leave such matters to the people immediately concerned. There are Papineaus, Barres, Lessards and others of French Canada's best blood—and where is there any better?—who can cope with those bringing discredit on their race more successfully than could any well-intentioned but ill-advised parties from outside. In the meantime, it should not be forgotten that the common enemy before now has been put to flight by French-Canadians. De Salaberry, at Chateauguay, with his habitant soldiers, saved our common native land as did Brock at Queenston Heights. It is true that the average Canadian does not understand that his beloved Canada is to-day being defended in France and on the seas. If he did, the able-bodied slacker of British stock would be put to shame, and this may yet happen. But it is for General Lessard and others of his race to enlighten him. Shrieking at him can only at once antagonize the more enlightened element in Quebec and furnish fresh fuel for those whom Laurier dubbed the "Firebrands!"

Granted that old Quebec and Ontario arch their backs at each other and strike fire whenever there is provocation, and often when there is none; and without imagining for a moment that La Bonne Entente or anything else is at one fell swoop going to take away from them this time-honoured plaything of their second childhood; yet the situation is not hopeless.

ONE only need look to the great western half of this country to learn whether it is possible eventually for the two races to act in concert in working out our common destiny. Here the two races are to be found also, but removed and transplanted from the vitiating environment of their local "spheres" in the east. They are spread out more and have room for their really large qualities to work either together or singly according to circumstance. On the outskirts of civilization the fur trade—largely in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Co. and Revillon Freres—depends on the adventurous *coureurs-de-bois* as of old. The pathfinders of the railways have been French or English, it mattered not which, from the engineers to the axemen who blazed the trail. The pioneer settlers, in which class the French-Canadian is the peer of all, have been invariably from the east, regardless of local setting. The missionaries—minister and priest—carried on their work together. Following these the farmers, skilled mechanics, etc., have come from the east to settle in a free-for-all atmosphere. Immigration brought its influx of foreigners, serving to remind English and French alike of their *bonne chance* that they were here first and could each say: "This is my own, my native land." Surely at this tragic period in our country's history it is not too much to hope that the good ship "Bonne Entente" will successfully navigate the narrow—if choppy—sea of racial intolerance, and that it is but the forerunner of a great fleet of sister ships of a like character.



OWING to delay in transit this historic picture of Marshal Joffre's first landing in Canada reached the Canadian Courier office only a few days ago. It is here published because of all towns in Canada, St. Johns, P.Q., best illustrates the practical principle of Bonne Entente. The people of St. Johns are half English and half French. They unanimously agree. The Canadian Courier four years ago published an article describing this Entente Cordiale of St. Johns. The recent stop-off by Gen. Joffre, at St. Johns, after crossing the border en route to Montreal, brought out this agreement of two peoples more vividly than usual. According to our correspondent, Lt. E. T. Adney, C.E., Engineer Training Depot at St. Johns, as soon as it became known, Marshal Joffre and party could spare a few hours in Canada and that the special train would pass through St. Johns, the civil authorities in conjunction with the commandant of the Canadian Engineer Training Depot at St. Johns arranged with the railroad officials that the Marshal's special should stop for half an hour. At half past eight in the morning a whistle from over toward old Iberville, across the Richelieu, announced the approach of the special from Boston. A platform had been built the night before. In a hollow square about the stage were the full strength of the Engineer Corps, with some forty officers, under command of Lt.-Col. W. W. Melville. On the rear platform of the car stood a group of persons in military dress, a tall officer in "horizon blue," another tall, elderly soldier in dark uniform. A third figure stood out, not quite so tall, but heavily built, solid, massive of shoulders, neck and head. It needed but one glance to take in the grey moustache, the red topped "kepi," the dark tunic with its one row of brass buttons, the bright red breeches, so familiar in a hundred pictures and descriptions, to know that there stood in the flesh before us "Papa" Joffre, the great soldier of France. The tall, elderly man in dark was Vice-Admiral Choceprat. After a few minutes' wait, the Mayor of St. Johns, Mr. Black, with M. Demers, Member of Parliament, and Lt.-Col. Melville, went forward and up into the car. Two men of the First Field Co., Canadian Engineers, France, had been decorated by General Joffre, their commanding officer, as is usual in such case, having been present. That officer was the present O. C. of the Training Depot here, Col. Melville. Marshal Joffre, speaking in French, recalled the circumstance, and directed the Colonel to convey a message from him to the soldiers assembled, to tell them that great work had been done by Canadian Engineers in France. The French party stepped down from the car upon the station platform. The order "present arms!" rang out, the double line of Engineer officers sprang to the salute, the trumpeters blew the "General Salute," flags of the Allies were broken out. Marshal Joffre stood erect, right hand raised, fingers partly closed and close to his right cheek—the famous "Joffre salute," that of a man who conserves his energy for what is more important. On the improvised platform, M. Demers, the Deputy and the Mayor gave the visitor a formal welcome to Canada. The photograph above shows M. Demers in the act of speaking.



GEN. SMUTS, Boer warrior and British citizen, should take a trip through Quebec. He cleaned up his work in Africa, and went to the Imperial War Conference clad in the King's Khaki. Fifteen years ago he was an enemy. To-day he is a worker for the unity of South Africa—with minority rights guaranteed. He is here seen accepting the gift of an Imperial Air Fleet Aeroplane from the London Chamber of Commerce.



PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

DOWN along Lake Ontario there is a pretty little town that lately has indulged in some pardonably big feelings. Over in France lately there has been an American Admiral who feels himself a little taller in his boots than he did a few weeks ago. The town's name is Port Hope, Ont. The Admiral's name is William Howden Sims, at present commander of the U. S. destroyer fleet in British waters.

What Admiral Sims has to do with Port Hope is just what any great man has to do with the place where he spent his boyhood. He wasn't born at Port Hope, but at the old Lowden homestead, east of the village of Dale, three miles north of Port Hope. That was 60 years ago. His father, Albert Sims, was a young engineer who came to Port Hope, at the time of the building of the Midland Railway. Here he met and married Miss Adelaide Sowden, who became the mother of the future Admiral. While still an infant, the family moved into the town of Port Hope. When young Sims was ten years old they moved to Pennsylvania. Admiral Sims entered the United States Navy at the age of fifteen. His wife was Miss Hitchcock, daughter of Senator Hitchcock. Admiral Sims' parents are dead. The Admiral is particularly well known for what he has contributed to the development of the science of gunnery. This led to his being appointed, last February, to the Presidency of the Naval War College. At the great allied war conference, held recently, Admiral Sims had the honour of representing the United States.

EVERY little while Sir John Jellicoe steps back into the public gaze. Since he gave over his command of the great High Seas Fleet to Sir David Beatty and became our First Sea Lord, now Chief of the new Naval Staff, he has become less mysterious than he was as the jailer of the German Navy in the North Sea. He is here seen leaving the Conference of the Allied Military and Naval leaders in Paris.



THE first wedding which has ever taken place at Government House, Ottawa, was celebrated on May 24th, when Lady Mary Hamilton, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, became the bride of Captain Robert Kenyon-Slaney, Grenadier Guards, only son of Colonel the Right Hon. W. S. and Lady Mabel Kenyon-Slaney. Lady Mary arrived from England only recently, and has been the guest of Their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

FIFTEEN years ago nobody could decide whether Queen Alexandra or the Czarina was the more beautiful woman. The late Dr. Talmage described the Czarina as a June morning. But the June morning from Germany is now a captive in the Palace of Tsarkoe-Selo. The once Queen of England is here seen at St. Dunstan's Bazaar, accompanied by Sir Arthur Pearson.



SNUFFY

BY

GUNNER ERNEST G. BLACK

King Bruce in his blue tunk became absorbed in a spider. A man in jail for life studies a small bug. The writer of Snuffy, with the Canadian forces at the front, in the midst of more noise than ever happened for so long a time to anybody makes a hobby of a Trench Rat

SNUFFY derived his name by reason of a physical infirmity over which he had no control, inasmuch as he had no access to the Sick Parade, nor painful knowledge of the doctor's orderly with his "Number Nines" and iodine.

If Snuffy had been one of the "boys" he would never have been reminded of his misfortune by such a callous nickname. But Snuffy was not one of the "boys" and was ignorant of the insult intended, although he had often heard the word in the midnight stillness of the gun-pit.

For "Snuffy" was only a rat—not a trench rat, like some of his plebeian fellow rats, but an aristocratic, blue-blooded artillery rat. The difference may seem rather trivial to the uninitiated; but Snuffy was well aware of the gulf that separates the classes, having been a trench rat once himself.

"Snuffy" had had a long and honourable career. He could look back on the old days before the War. Things were different under the old regime. Food had been as plentiful then as now; but men had seemed to have more leisure and inclination in those days to devise and set pit-falls for the feet of the unwary. Then, too, there were dogs in great numbers, all actuated, it seemed, by the same ignoble ambition.

Better days came with the War. Men became too engrossed with setting pitfalls for the feet of their fellow men to devote much attention to rats. Dogs became persona non grata in the war zone. It was indeed a Golden Age in rat history!

Snuffy was born in an old Belgian barn, and was full grown before the War broke. That calamity upset his whole domestic system. Snuffy found himself a helpless neutral caught between two vast and exceedingly hostile armies. The happy scenes of his childhood became a battlefield. The great wave of the Hun advance surged up and was stopped. There was much froth and great turmoil.

Snuffy did not know that the road to Calais had been closed; but he knew that his home, the barn, had had strange inmates in very accessible places; that it had been shelled unmercifully, greatly to his discomfort; and that it had finally been burned, leaving it a total loss, with not a morsel to eat in its charred ruins.

He had to go somewhere, so he went east into the lines of the invaders. This was really a mistake. The people he found there were orderly folk who had few scraps to throw away. Food, he found, was hard to get, and not very good when procured.

HE had no sooner got into the routine of trench life than he found himself in the heart of another battle. The trench he had innocently chosen for his future home was in advance of the main German line and formed a small salient. It received early and vigorous attention. There was a bombardment of sorts, followed by an infantry attack, in the course of which khaki-clad figures swarmed over the parapet and engaged the occupants of the trench at close quarters. When it was over, Snuffy found that the new comers evidently intended to stay.

His diet changed immediately. Scraps of bully beef replaced sausage ends, and hard tack crumbs, Snuffy discovered, make very good eating. For some months everything went well with Snuffy, with the exception of one comparatively trivial mishap. He grew fat and sleek; his coat was good and had the

smooth lustre of a healthy Belgian rat. With his glossy back and smooth white belly he was really very handsome. The Tommies got to know him on account of his size and the glossy softness of his fur. One of them dubbed him "Horace."

The one untoward incident mentioned in the preceding paragraph arose out of an interesting phase of trench warfare. The trenches at that point were very close together. It was an easy matter to hurl a small object from one line to the other. It was before the days of hand grenades and Mills, bombs; but Thomas Atkins is an inventive and restless person, and the manufacture of hand-made bombs is a fascinating pastime. One of those impromptu concoctions was disguised in a jam tin with a brilliant lithographic reproduction of various luscious fruits on the outside and hurled

into the German trench where it exploded in the hands of an overly optimistic young Teuton with disastrous results. The Huns, having no grenades with which to retaliate, could only give vent to their displeasure by hoarse cries of rage and a shower of stones and any other small, hard objects they could lay their hands on. One of these missiles came in contact with Snuffy, crushing his foot, and injuring him permanently, so that he walked and ran thereafter with a slight limp.

Snuffy had the thrilling experience of being in the first intensive bombardment the Germans directed against the British lines. It was that which led him to the conclusion that the infantry was not the branch of the service for which he was best fitted. After being buried and shell shocked and frightened almost to death, he fled.

For a day or two he was homeless behind the lines. Then he attached himself to a battery of field artillery, being fascinated by the garbage hole behind the dug-out that served for a cook-house.

It was some months later that a Canadian battery took over the position. In that period Snuffy went down hill. He was getting old; a member of his own species chewed part of his ear off in the course of a dispute over a piece of meat; part of his tail was hacked off by a gunner who tried to stab him with a clasp knife during one of his nocturnal visits to a gun pit; he got the mange and lost most of his glossy coat. And to make matters worse he developed that awful snuffling complaint. No other rat ever had an affliction like it. It was a combination of a cough, a wheeze, a gasp, a whistle, and a hic-cough. In a still dark gun-pit, at the hour when witches walk, it sounded ghastly. He would walk a couple of steps and then snuffle again. One could lie in his bunk at night and follow his course around the pit by his snuffling.

The first night the Canadians were in the pits he paid them a visit. They were new to the game and unused to the society of rats; and they rose as a man from their bunks and drove him out into the night with sticks and maledictions. After they went to sleep he came back.

The advent of the Canadians wrought a new change in Snuffy's life. The second night of their presence, when he visited the garbage hole behind the cook-house, he found it saturated with a strong solution of creoline. It was very disagreeable. It was not long before he found that creoline is not only disagreeable to the taste, but far from an aid to the digestion.

To further ensnarl the tangle of Snuffy's victualing problem, the gunners had converted their grub shelves into closed cupboards. At the front batteries practice what is known as sub-sections messing. Each gun crew draws its rations prepared from the cook and consumes them in the privacy of its own gun-pit. Odds and ends of bread, hard tack, cheese and other edibles are preserved against the day of need, and usually kept on an open shelf. The rat who could not find some way onto an open shelf would crawl away into the great open spaces and die of shame.

Snuffy made a tour of all the four gun-pits. Each one sported a cupboard with a door which there was no getting through. In number four pit there was an odour that interested him. Beside the little stove, manufactured from an oil drum, he found a

greasy tin. It was redolent of grease and fried egg. The gunners had had a late supper of which eggs purchased at a Belgian farm just behind the lines formed the "piece de resistance." As Canadian gunners in France are very voracious animals, there was little left in the pan but redolence, and Snuffy got very little satisfaction from it. A few crumbs of French bread, acquired from the same source as the eggs, were lying on the floor. Snuffy devoured them, but they served only to whet his appetite. The feast had been rounded out with coffee made from a prepared product sent in a parcel from home. The tin was in a corner. Snuffy investigated the sticky tin with his nose, but was not impressed.

Then all at once he caught the divine odour of cheese and his nose twitched with excitement. He sensed its direction and started towards it. His course brought him to a bunk.

The gun-pit was of a peculiar formation, being in the shape of an "L." The pit proper, in which were the gun and the ammunition racks formed the upright of the letter, and running off from the trail bed was a sort of annex in which were the bunks. A sand-bag wall had been erected dividing the pit into two rooms. The bunks came flush up against one side of the partition. On the other side was the locked cupboard which had given Snuffy so much trouble.

The bunk to which Snuffy came was a double-decker affair with the lower bed about six inches from the floor. Snuffy mounted this with ease and started to traverse the sleeping figure. The modern rat seems to have no fear of man. In fact, it would appear that it is a point of honour to walk over every sleeping man encountered, just by way of expressing the profundity of the rodent contempt for the lord of creation.

The sleeping figure stirred uneasily and thrashed out wildly with its fist just as Snuffy passed over its chest. The sweeping motion of the blow hurled the rat to the other side of the bed into a chink in the sand-bag wall. The now fully awakened Gunner sat up, fumbled for a match-box and struck a light, peering about with that look of disgust and apprehension with which mankind usually surveys a rat at close quarters.

SNUFFY wisely withdrew into the chink, which was in reality a passage through the wall due to the loose piling of the sand-bags. The Gunner carried on a fruitless search until the flame threatened his fingers, when he threw away the match and lay down with the solemn vow never again to eat so much before retiring.

Snuffy was about to get out of the recess which had been his refuge when the penetrating, tantalizing odour of cheese, which he had forgotten in the excitement, set his nose twitching again. This time it was stronger, and "sniff, sniff"—yes, it seemed to come from the other end of the passage through the wall of sandbags. Very cautiously the rat made his way along the little tunnel to the other end. Here he found the cupboard which had been locked against him. And there were no boards at the back.

Snuffy was just about to pace into this cupboard when he scented another odour, very faint and yet very fresh, which filled him with hate and froze him with fear. CAT! Snuffy stopped, looked, listened, listened and sniffed. Nothing happened.

He peered cautiously into the cupboard, set ready to dash back into the hole at the least warning. What he saw was a small ball of black and white fur curled up in a corner, its contents quite evidently asleep. Had it not been for its unmistakable feline odour Snuffy would have doubted that it was a cat—it was so small, in fact it was so ridiculously tiny that one would almost have said it could be placed in a tea-cup.

It was really much too young a kitten to be away from its mother, and it was only the abducting hand of a Gunner, with an eye to the future and a horror of rats, which was responsible for the untimely separation. To make some compensation, he had put the kitten in the cupboard overnight for protection.

Snuffy eyed the kitten suspiciously for a little time and finally concluded there was nothing to fear. There was good cheese to be eaten and Snuffy was soon feasting on the gun crew's spare rations.

The next night Snuffy again sought the cupboard

and had a meal of bread and bully beef with the odour of CAT for relish. The next night it was the same, and for several nights hand-running.

Finally one night there was no kitten. Snuffy was not very much impressed by the absence, although, having grown used to the kitten's presence when he dined, he missed it.

It was a wonderful night out when Snuffy emerged from the gun pit and started towards his home behind the cook-house. The air was frosty and there was just that trace of haze so characteristic of the Belgian winter. Overhead a full moon shone down through the mist which diffused and softened even its pale rays until they seemed to melt into the sleeping earth. One thousand yards away were the first line trenches, but right there in the very lap of the war zone was a scene of ideal peace.

Following the foot path to the cook-house Snuffy almost ran into the kitten as he rounded a turn. At almost the same moment a dark object projected itself from the side of the path and seized the kitten, which rolled over with a frightened little squeal.

Judged purely with reference to primitive racial instincts, Snuffy's immediate action is unaccountable. There are two things, however, which possibly influenced his actions. He had rather begun to look upon the kitten as a part of his midnight meal and perhaps in some way responsible for it. Besides, and this is probably the most potent influence, the dark object which had projected itself upon the kitten was no other than the member of his own species, who on a former occasion, of unhappy memory, had chewed off Snuffy's ear.

In an instant he was on his enemy, who was forced to relinquish his hold on the kitten and fight for his life. Over and over, round and round, with tooth and claw, and all the venom and energy of their rodent nature they fought a fight to a finish.

Snuffy was losing. There was no doubt of that. He was older and youth will be served.

As the battle progressed the combatants worked off the path towards a shell hole a few feet away. Blind with fury the rats were on the edge of the hole, actually on the point of rolling in, when, sud-

denly, a shot rang out on the frosty air. Snuffy felt his adversary convulsed, and found himself rolling unhurt, into the shell hole.

There was a sound of running feet on the frozen ground. There were some empty cartridge cases, for eighteen pounders, in the shell hole and Snuffy crawled into one of them.

The Gunner, who had fired the shot, approached the shell hole and investigated the dead rat with his foot, and turned away.

"Who's on guard?" shouted the Orderly Officer, emerging from the telephone in pit, alarmed by the shot.

"Kelly, Sir."

"Who fired, Kelly?"

"I did, Sir."

"What were you shooting at?"

"Rats, Sir."

The officer returned to the telephone in pit. Snuffy crawled out of the cartridge case, and, mangled and bleeding, with his other ear gone, made his way to his little home behind the cook-house.

Shipyard Days in Old Quebec

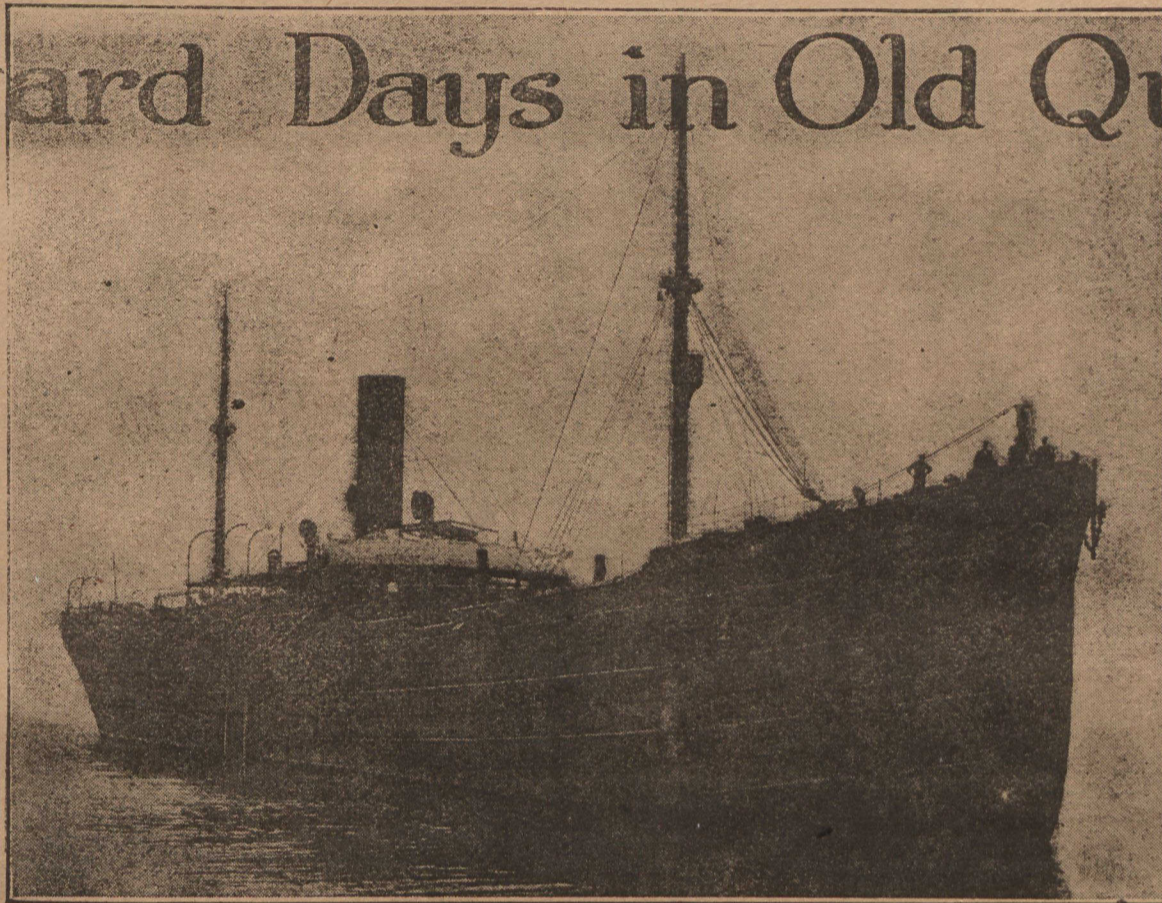
BY

GEORGE GALE

IT will, no doubt, be an agreeable surprise to many Quebecers to know that the shipbuilding industry has once more been revived at the Island of Orleans after a lapse of many years, and that two wooden vessels are presently under construction there, side by side. A small party of patriotic business men, all but one of them strangers to Quebec, determined to try the experiment of building ships in this locality and thus, in a small measure at least, perform their "bit" in responding to the appeal of the Premier of Great Britain for ships and still more ships, besides bringing Quebec into line with the other old ship-building centres of the Dominion, where thousands are employed in rush ship work

to-day. The gentlemen in question, who deserve to be congratulated for their spirit of enterprise in organizing the Quebec Shipbuilding and Repair Co., are Messrs. James Playfair, of Midland, Ont.; J. A. (Major) Gillis, of Braeside, Ont.; R. A. Carter and G. A. Wood, of Montreal, and M. P. Connolly, of Quebec. They have leased for a term of years a portion of the spacious property known as the "Maritime Shipyard," situated at a convenient distance of the ferry landing at St. Laurent, where there is a fully equipped modern shipyard and repair plant. Mr. D. McLaughlin, a veteran though still active shipbuilder from St. John, N.B., who constructed many a wooden flyer in the olden days in the yards of the Maritime Provinces, is in charge of the work, and has, as assistants, several trained men from his own province. The bulk of the labour, however, is being performed by the inhabitants of the Island.

IN all there are fully one hundred men employed at the Maritime Yard with the prospect of many more in the near future. The vessels under construction are to be schooner rigged, of the two-deck type, with four masts and auxiliary power, and to have a dead weight capacity of 2,100 tons. Their length over all will be 223 feet, beam 42 feet, and depth of hold 20 feet. They are being built in accordance with the requirements of Lloyd's register of shipping and will be classed A1 for fifteen years.



Ten years ago the Kosmos Liner Sesostri went ashore at Ocos, Guatemala. Since the shipbuilding revival the B. C. Salvage Co., of Victoria has resurrected this useful hulk. She is here seen coming into Victoria harbour ready once more for Canada's carrying business.

WHAT Canada can do, is now beginning to do as never before in modern times, to build ships for Canada, is hereby illustrated by what this country used to do in the good old days of shipyards in Old Quebec. The writer tells the story in a simple off-hand style, in a way to interest any man, boy or woman. A country with such a splendid shipbuilding story in the past, can't possibly be found wanting in shipyards for the future.

The wood being used in the construction of the vessels is all Canadian, and includes oak, rock elm, birch, black spruce and Douglas fir, the latter for the masts.

Who would have thought that the shipbuilding industry, so long in obscurity as to be almost forgotten, especially by the younger generation, would be revived, after the lapse of so many years, and wooden vessels have a new lease of life? As a consequence, many ancient and abandoned shipyards from the Atlantic to the Pacific, where the whirr of the saw, the blow of the maul, and the ring of the mallet from the busy workers, once familiar sounds,

have not been heard for a decade, are to-day the scenes of the greatest activity. The hearts of the few remaining veteran ship carpenters, caulkers, etc.—in this district at least—who loved their old callings and were very proud of their work years ago in the shipyards, are again made happy. The art of shipbuilding has revived. Wooden vessels, that had almost entirely vanished from the seven seas, have again been placed in commission as freight carriers. Abandoned hulks moored to rotting wharves and committed to rust and decay long before the war, have been repaired and fitted out to carry freight. Sailing vessels which were converted into coal hulks and barges, have been overhauled, re-rigged with tall spars and sent to sea once more.

THE majority of the ships are sailing under the schooner rig with three or more masts. The ordinary seafaring men cannot understand this, as they still love the square rigged craft, but the older Jack Tars, who can remember the days before the Geordie brig rig vanished from the sea, consider this is the best suited for small vessels. The brig, they say, was the handiest and most satisfactory of all sailing craft. Although not so speedy, they were found to be able to ride the waves satisfactorily and are much cheaper to handle as to crew, and in many other ways, than the full rigged ship, with its immense spread of canvas of royals, skysails, studding sails and stay sails. Quebecers have always been very much interested in the wooden ship industry, which, at one time, directly and indirectly, gave the majority of our population the means of a livelihood.

Almost from the dawn of the past century, for a period of over sixty years at least, when the depression was first noticed, building ships was the most important industry in Quebec, providing employment for thousands of persons and at a season when work was most required, during the fall and winter months. Not only the ordinary carpenters,

but the ship smiths, sail, rope and spar makers, riggers, shantymen, farmers, ship chandlers, mill owners, as well as lumber and general merchants, shared in its prosperity. At one time in Quebec more than half the men were engaged in shipbuilding and nearly all the rest in doing business with them. Consequently, when the trade finally fell away, owing to low freight rates, dear money and the advantage of steam over sail, a period of suffering for our working classes followed. Even the shipbuilders themselves were not exempt from the hard times, and while many found themselves on the verge of bankruptcy, the majority of the others were poorer by far than when they went into the business.

WHETHER with the axe or saw, the French-Canadian workman was an expert at the calling and formed the bulk of the skilled labour to be found in a shipyard. Hundreds of these men made their way to the shipyards on the shores of the Great Lakes, at Owen Sound, Collingwood, Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Oswego, etc., where work in their trade continued brisk and wages high.

During the years that trade boomed, however, there were scenes of great activity, especially from November to May, in the half hundred yards on both sides of the St. Charles River, as far as Stadacona—where Jacques Cartier wintered his three small ships on his second voyage to Canada in 1536—in one direction, and at Gingras, behind the historic pile known as the General Hospital, in the other. John Munn's yard was located at the foot of Grant Street. The small park, presently bounded by St. Roch St., Joseph and St. Paul Streets, was once used as a shipyard, while the present Ste. Anne railway depot occupies the site of a yard formerly the property of Messrs. Nicholson & Russell. Others were located at Cap Blanc, Wolfe's Cove, Sillery, Cap Rouge, Pointe aux Trembles, Levis, Lauzon, Island of Orleans, etc. As a result, scores of vessels, in the early days as small as one hundred tons, but latterly some of two thousand tons, of magnificent design, were fitted out for sea in the various yards. During one of the winters of the Crimean War, in the fifties of the past century, eighty-two ships, barks and brigs were built in the yards on the banks of the River St. Charles. In 1864-65, one hundred and thirteen vessels of all sizes were constructed in the various shipyards, while in the winter of 1866-67 there was the unusual sight of five ships on the stocks at the same time in the Dinning yards at Cap Blanc, namely, the Friga, Mora, Grace Redpath, Helen Drummond, and the Richard. In Allan Gilmour & Company's extensive yards at Wolfe's Cove, where some of the finest tradesmen in the shipbuilding industry first saw the light of day, four vessels on the stocks side by side were often to be seen during the season of shipbuilding. The handsome clipper ships from Quebec, loaded with timber, deals, staves and lathwood, made many a record passage to England in the olden days, and were the pride, not only of the Atlantic, but of the Quebec men who assisted in their designing and construction.

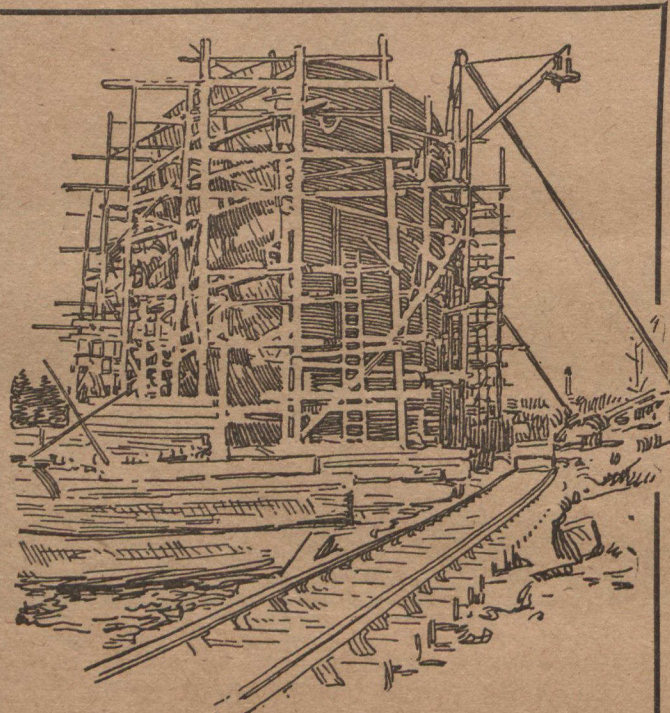
Many million feet of pine deals, carried in these vessels every season, were cut at the Hall saw mills, at Montmorency Falls, said to be the largest in the world at the time. They were on the site now occupied by the textile factory. There were no less than six mills side by side and two known as "tidal mills" in operation, with six miles of dockage. Two of our prominent fellow citizens, Mr. J. G. Scott, President of the Board of Trade, formerly manager of the Lake St. John Railway, and Mr. D. H. Pennington, lumber merchant and a member of the Harbour Commission, started their business careers there. Among the number of swift-sailing wooden ships built in Quebec, one of the most famous was the Shooting Star, built in Lee's yard, at Hare Point, of 1,400 tons burthen, which made the passage on her maiden voyage from Quebec to Liverpool, with a cargo of deals, in fourteen days. The beautiful clipper Brunelle, called after her builder, logged over fourteen knots an hour and left swift sailers and even steamers far astern of her, while the Roseneath,

with a full cargo, made the passage from Quebec to Glasgow in fourteen days. The best known day's run for a clipper ship—the Flying Cloud—not a Quebec-built vessel, by the way, was four hundred and thirty-three and a quarter statute miles from noon to noon, a record of travelling over the waters of the Pacific that could hardly be surpassed by the modern greyhounds propelled by steam to-day. To see a ship with her studding sails set aloft and aloft was considered by our forefathers one of the seven wonders of the world.

The clipper packet ship was a vast improvement over the ordinary sailing ship. It had just about reached its highest point of development when the ocean steamships first made their appearance. The packet ship was built for speed with very fine lines and carried a great spread of canvas. The Grand Republic, one of the last of this style of vessels, was built in the United States in 1854. She was a four-master of 3,400 tons, 305 feet long, 53 feet beam and 30 feet in depth. She made the run from New York to the Scilly Islands in thirteen days. The Allan clippers that sailed to Quebec and Montreal at one time are still well remembered by the older generations.

It is a question whether there remains to-day, in any part of the world, a Quebec-built vessel, while grass covers the sites of most of the old shipyards.

The paddle wheel ocean steamer reached its zenith with the launching of the Scotia, of the Cunard Line, in 1862. She was the last of the race. The wooden steamship, copper fastened and copper bottomed, etc., is long since a thing of the past.



Seen in the yards of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., Ltd., Trenton, N.S.

HOW THEY FEEL ABOUT IT IN THE MARITIMES

SAVE OUR COASTWISE SHIPPING.

A GREAT commercial fleet, owned and manned by Canadians, is of paramount importance. To carry the Canadian Bread Battery from Canada's wheat fields to Canada's soldiers on the field of battle, the Missing Link must be found,

CANADIAN SHIPS.

R. T. HON. A. J. BALFOUR, First Lord of the Admiralty, replying to various speakers who had complained of the shortage of ships for mercantile purposes, said that the whole possibility of carrying on the war rested on the British Navy and the mercantile fleet. He urged that the wisest remedy for the shortage of tonnage was to go on with the building of merchant ships, which he thought should be reckoned as war work second only to the manufacture of munitions.

(Extract from Letter-Head of Alex. G. Baillie, Port Hastings, C.B.)

May 14, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I hope you will help bury the ramshackle Flag of Norway, that has been nailed to the mast-head at Ottawa and copper-fastened there for 45 years—and Bring Back The Flag.

ALEX. G. BAILLIE.

The Island of Orleans was quite a centre for ship-building for years. Fine square rigged vessels, the envy of their captains and crews, were launched from Island yards. Nearly all the small boats used in Quebec, including the swiftest yachts, pilot boats, yawls, etc., were also built at the Island, as, indeed, they are even to-day. It was during the years 1823-24 and 1824-25 that two vessels, the Columbus, of 3,690 tons, and the Baron of Renfrew, of 5,294 tons, were launched from the yard at l'Anse du Fort. They were the largest wooden vessels ever built in Quebec or, for that matter, anywhere else, and were constructed solely for the conveyance of square timber to the English market. The Baron of Renfrew was 303 feet in length, with a beam of sixty feet, a hold of thirty-five feet and between decks, of which she had five, seven feet. There was considerable difficulty experienced in launching the vessels and both were wrecked before returning to Quebec, entailing a loss of over five million dollars on the owners, who were English capitalists.

The late Narcisse Rosa, a former well known ship-builder in Quebec, gave the number of vessels built in this port from 1797 to 1896 as 2,542, of 1,377,099 tons, and valued at \$55,119,600. But shipbuilding had its origin in New France as early as 1666, when Intendant Talon had a vessel of one hundred and twenty tons constructed on the St. Charles River, while many keels were laid in succeeding years. Patrick Beatson built a full rigged ship christened the Neptune, of 363 tons, and measuring 117 feet in length, in 1797, and it is the first one recorded since the conquest. The last wooden vessel built in this district was the barkentine White Wings, of 430 tons, constructed by William Charland, and launched from his yard at Lauzon, in 1893. As late as 1887, however, the Titanic, a ship of 1,405 tons, was built by George T. Davie, at Levis. It was as early as 1839 that John Munn, the most prominent shipbuilder in Quebec at one time, launched the largest vessel hitherto built in Quebec, a ship of 1,267 tons, named the United Kingdom. The Quebec, Rowland Hill, and John Munn, the latter 400 feet in length, three well known passenger steamers of the early period of the past century, that plied between Quebec and Montreal, were also built by Mr. Munn.

THE wood used in the construction of sailing and war vessels in the early days was white and red oak, elm, birch and spruce. The masts were brought from Bay St. Paul, Que., and the Lake Champlain district. The majority of the vessels, especially the war craft, were manned by crews brought out from France, while the foremen carpenters, riggers, block makers, etc., were also sent out by the French Government in order to instruct the Canadians in the work. M. Macarthy was captain of the port in 1747. The iron work for the ships was cast at the St. Maurice Forges, located some seven miles from Three Rivers, which were opened in 1732. These forges were worked for some years by the French Government, and guns as well as projectiles were cast there. After 1763 the English military authorities took possession of the forges, but in 1767 leased them to a local company for a term of sixteen years. In 1783 Hon. Conrad Gugy was the lessee, and he was followed in turn by Messrs. Munro & Bell, Matthew Bell, etc. The old style box stoves, household utensils, as well as the farm implements used by the settlers, were also cast at the forges down to an early period of the past century.

Under the Talon regime several vessels were built in 1671, while in 1687 one was built by the local merchants. In 1701 Talon built a record vessel of four hundred tons. These were wholly for commercial purposes. He also established a line of navigation between Quebec and the West Indies in 1668. After his departure, the industry fell away and no shipbuilding was carried on save in a very small way, and to meet purely local wants until 1732, when Intendant Hocquart took up the question, established a shipbuilding yard of four or five acres on the River St. Charles, with a dry dock on the opposite shore. Ten merchant ships were constructed there that

(Continued on page 21.)

THE COLONEL'S MONOLOGUE

SCENTED trouble. It immediately occurred to me that just so soon as Mrs. Col. Selwyn Jones read that heading in the morning paper, to say nothing of the impassioned appeal that followed (written, I suppose, by a young cub of a reporter who never eats the bally things), she'd rise to the needs of the situation. At least she'd see that I rose.

I stroll into the garden to calm my fears.

The indignities I have suffered since this war started is unbelievable. Why couldn't the War Office have done as I requested and instructed me to take charge of a company of men for Home Defence, or something not quite as beastly menial as the jobs that have been allotted to me by my wife. What would Sir Montague Woodstone have thought—Monty always is so beastly aristocratic—could he have seen me—peddling, I think they call it, tickets for Red Cross Raffles, taking the money at Patriotic Concerts and having disputes with most illiterate people over their change, as well as pouring tea at little gatherings of my wife's, where I've been the only male present. "More

sugar, Mrs. So-and-So?" "No, thank you, Colonel. I'm sweet enough already," and all that sort of bosh from a lot of would-be grand-daughters, instead of acting as the most of them really are, grandmothers. It all seems so embarrassingly foolish to a retired Colonel from the British Army with lots of fight in him yet. And yet, mind you, I notice that Sir Monty says, in his last letter, that he was looking after his own garden in order that his man might go to the front. And I do believe—let me see—yes, he says Lady Woodstone is doing her own cooking. Poor Lady Woodstone, yes, and poor Monty.

I am 72 years of age, I would have you know, and when Mrs. Col. Selwyn Jones imagines that I, her husband, am as young and active as she herself was when she was one-half the age that, with proper care I should live to, it simply means that I shall not live to the age that I was apparently intended. By Gad, there's a conundrum for you.

"Mrs. Jones wishes to speak to you, sir," says the Chinaman, in broken English.

I follow him inside. No need to chronicle the discussion. It would only make my humiliation more complete. My heart nearly stopped as I saw her with paper in hand awaiting me. It was over before she started. I could tell by the firmness of her mouth that she had decided and I, I, who have commanded a regiment of the finest men that ever stepped into uniform, men who would have died, by Gad, willingly died sooner than surrender. I, Colonel Selwyn Jones, K.C.B., knew that once more I was outgeneralled, or in my own particular case, outcolonelled, by a woman, a mere woman, and merely a woman.

AND here I am. My instructions are to dig the back garden, and if this is not sufficient in her estimation, I am to tear up the front lawn.

The back garden will be sufficient. I have not said so in so many words, but I mean it.

Dig up the front lawn. Yes, and mix manure with it, the beastly stuff. And when I want my afternoon nap in the sun, where am I to go. Have my chair between two rows of potatoes, with the plants tickling my feet and the sweet aroma of the fertilizing earth wafting around me. To use a phrase of my neighbour Chalmers—of whom I am not over fond—"Nothing doin', sir." By George. Nothing doing. I should say not. The idea.

There is a little truth in the words of one of those infernal poets, "Misery loves company," for I feel a little gratification in noticing that Chalmers is also engaged on the same kind of work.

"Hello, Jones," says he, as I approach, shovel and pick in hand.

Do you know, before I came to Victoria, British

"Potatoes will be badly needed. Citizens requested to help by Cultivating their Spare Ground"—News Item

BY ERNEST J. DOWN



Illustrated by F. C. Holden

Columbia, I was never called anything but Colonel, save by a few of my most intimate and regular Club pals who might address me as Selwyn, without causing offence. This Western atmosphere is abominably familiar, and to hear Chalmers—Chalmers of all people—who is, I believe, a retired farmer from the prairies or some other old place where they grow corn or something—address me as plain, commonplace Jones, is most humiliating. I always glance over my shoulder when he speaks to me in this strain, to see whether the McTaggart's or the St. Aubyns—very well brought up people—are about.

"Good morning" is my only reply as I stoop to my allotted task.

I had been digging most assiduously for quite a while, when the beastly pick came off the handle and struck me just below the right knee. By Gad, it hurt. I had one of those bally spears stuck in my left shoulder in the Zulu war, but the pain didn't seem anything compared with this. I must have articulated slightly—possibly swore—I can't remember, at any rate Chalmers looked up from his work.

"Did you hit yourself?" said he, with a pleasant smile.

"Did you hit yourself." The idea. The silly ass. "No. I'm practising a new dance," said I, thoroughly roused.

"Perhaps the handle was loose," said Chalmers, looking down at the pick and handle lying side by side.

"Perhaps it's an old one," he added, as I refused to reply to his sarcasm.

"And perhaps you'll mind your own infernal business, sir," said I, rather rudely, I am afraid. But really it was aggravating. And as we are the best of pals now, I don't mind admitting that I was rude.

It must have been two hours later (half an hour of which I spent recovering my bally eye-glass, which I eventually found had got twisted round the back of my neck) and I had dug quite a nice little square, when I received an awful whack on the head with a huge clod of earth.

I looked up, enraged at Chalmers.

He, however, was digging away quite unconcernedly.

A few minutes later, would you believe it, another clod of the beastly stuff struck me right in the same place, and shortly after another. This indignity could not be tolerated any longer. It required action. I remembered the old military rule, the best defence is attack.

Chalmers was humming a little song, but from the backview I obtained of him there seemed something suspicious of mirth in his general appearance.

Selecting the biggest clod I could find I slowly

walked over to the dividing fence and hurled it with all my might. With such true and unerring aim that would have been considered a good shot way back in the days when I was the best throw in from long field in the College Cricket Team, it hit Chalmers square in the back of the neck. He jumped to his feet seemingly indignant.

No sooner had I thrown it, however, believe me or believe me not (if you are a gentleman you will), I heard a scampering of feet mingled with low chuckles of glee from outside the high board fence surrounding my lot. The thought occurred to me, What if those beastly clods had been thrown at me by some of those mischievous school children who are always hanging around the place.

Chalmers walked over the front line trenches to the barbed wire entanglements. "What's the game?" said he.

"I want to know, sir," said I. "Did you throw three large clods of this beastly earth at me on three distinct and separate occasions?"

"No, sir; I did not."

I believed him. Who wouldn't. He was much younger than I, quite an athletic-looking chap, in fact. Of course this wouldn't have troubled me one jot, were I convinced that I was right. But I had the growing conviction that my latter suspicions were correct.

"I'm very sorry, Chalmers," said I. It cost me a lot to say that. There are very few retired Colonels from the British Army that care to apologize. To say the least, it hurt considerably. I even allowed him to call me Jones without protest, and took one of his beastly little cigarettes to show I was really sorry. By Gad, it was awful.

ON the afternoon of the third day I had finished. Feeling most uncomfortably tired, I ambled inside the house. There was Mrs. Col. Selwyn Jones waiting for me. She kissed me as I entered.

Although she's very, very fond of me, it is not usual for her to bestow any mark of affection on me at the ungodly hour of four in the afternoon, and I immediately became suspicious.

"Mrs. Johnson has just rung up, dear," said she. "She's been loaned two acres of vacant ground and intends to have it cultivated for the benefit of the Friendly Help Society, and I told her we would be quite willing to—"

"What does she intend to have planted there?" said I, rather sternly, I must admit.

"Just potatoes, dear. She said she was relying on us—"

"US?"

"Yes, dear, US."

"The S is off, my dear," I replied. "The U remains. If U can help her I see no objection to your doing so, but, so far as I am concerned, I absolutely refuse to shorten my life by digging any more potatoes. I'll be making fertilizer myself for potatoes and other noxious weeds if I don't take care. And then you'll be sorry. Or at least you should be."

With this I slammed the door and walked into the bath-room. But to-morrow I know what is in store for me.

THE author of the book, *How Armies Fight*, recommended as a text book for Canadian officers, says:

At one time a battalion was considered to be the right number of men for one officer to lead and control in battle. That was in the days when infantry fought in solid masses, the men in each line shoulder to shoulder; consequently a battalion did not extend over very much ground.

A solid mass of men, however, makes a very fine target for an enemy, so that modern rifles and field-guns, which can be fired far quicker and at a much greater distance than the old ones, would mow down the ranks as a reaping machine cuts corn. So it is generally reckoned nowadays that a company of one hundred men is the greatest force which one officer—its captain—can handle in action.

GREAT OCCASIONS

In the Canadian Parliament, May 28, 1917.



Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier:

But Mr. Balfour, I am sure, would be the first to recognize that the warmth of the receptions which he has received, especially in this country, is not due alone to his great name and personality, but is associated with an even greater name, the name of England, the champion of liberty, the mother of living nations. England, great at all times, was never greater than at this moment; never was greater, I repeat, and because of what? Because to-day England is the home of civilization and the terror of the enemies of civilization. In Germany to-day the cry is "Gott strafe England!" But everywhere else, on the seven seas, throughout the five continents, in the mansions of the great and in the cottages of the lowly, there rises every day the fervent and reverent cry, "God bless England!"

I have nothing to add to the message which you, sir, will take back to England, and which has been expressed so eloquently by Mr. Speaker, but if I had to add one word, and one word only, it would be that you will report to the people of England, to the people of Europe, to the people of the whole world, that we Canadians stand to-day prouder of the British allegiance than we were three years ago.

Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour:

After all, when German militarism laid it down, as it has always laid it down, that a democracy is not capable either of a far-sighted policy or of vigorous co-ordinated effort, it made a great blunder, but it made a blunder for which there is some excuse. They have recognized how hard the task has always been found, not now particularly, but always, the task of managing a great community of free men, and directing and concentrating all their efforts and all their sacrifices at any given moment upon one great object. That can be done, no doubt, simply and effectively by a military autocracy; it can be done more easily; it can in appearance, though I think only in appearance, be done more effectively. But when democracy sets itself to work, when it really takes the business in hand, I hold the faith most firmly that it will beat all the autocracies in the world. (Applause.) But it will not beat them easily; it will not beat them without effort; it will not beat them unless it is prepared to forego, temporarily, it may be, those divisions which in a sense are the very life blood of a free, vigorous and rapidly-developing community. That is the paradox and the difficulty which lies at the root of democracy.

NO sane citizen of Canada could get anything less than a patriotizing thrill from the presence in this country, a few days ago, of Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour. The camera catches him here in the act of speaking—at the doors of the Parliament Building, in Toronto. That the camera did not focus him upon a still more historic occasion, when he addressed both Houses of Parliament in Ottawa, is a matter for passing regret. But Mr. Balfour never in his life rose before a crowd, no matter where, that he did not prove himself a master of felicity and diplomatic delicacy, an intellectual figure and a truly great citizen of the greatest monarchical democracy in the world.

Imagine that the photograph belongs elsewhere and that the crowd before the great British statesman are the members of Commons and Senate in Ottawa, and you have the focus of the biggest occasion in the visit of the three great visitors to Canada, Joffre, Viviani, and Balfour. The Parliament of Canada should be a better and a bigger Parliament since hearing the memorable address to both Houses, flanked by the eloquent speeches of Premier and Opposition leader.



CONFERRING degrees of honour upon distinguished men has long been a prerogative of Canadian universities. Sometimes it is hard to tell which gets the greater honour. When Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour took part in the special Convocation at the University of Toronto, a few days ago, there was no doubt in the mind of President Falconer, at his right, or Chancellor Sir William Meredith, in front, that the University was never more highly distinguished than when it made Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour another LL.D. As ex-Lord Rector of Glasgow University, a cultivated scholar, a wise, if not profound, thinker, an author of literary distinction, Mr. Balfour had nothing to fear in the special solemnity of the function at Queen's Park. He was the most debonair and unaffected of all the long line of dignitaries in the procession. And he is quite cosmopolitan enough not to feel hurt that the average man could not distinguish the Doctor of Laws degree, conferred upon him from that given honoris causa, to any less eminent citizen of Canada.





WAR'S WEEKLY

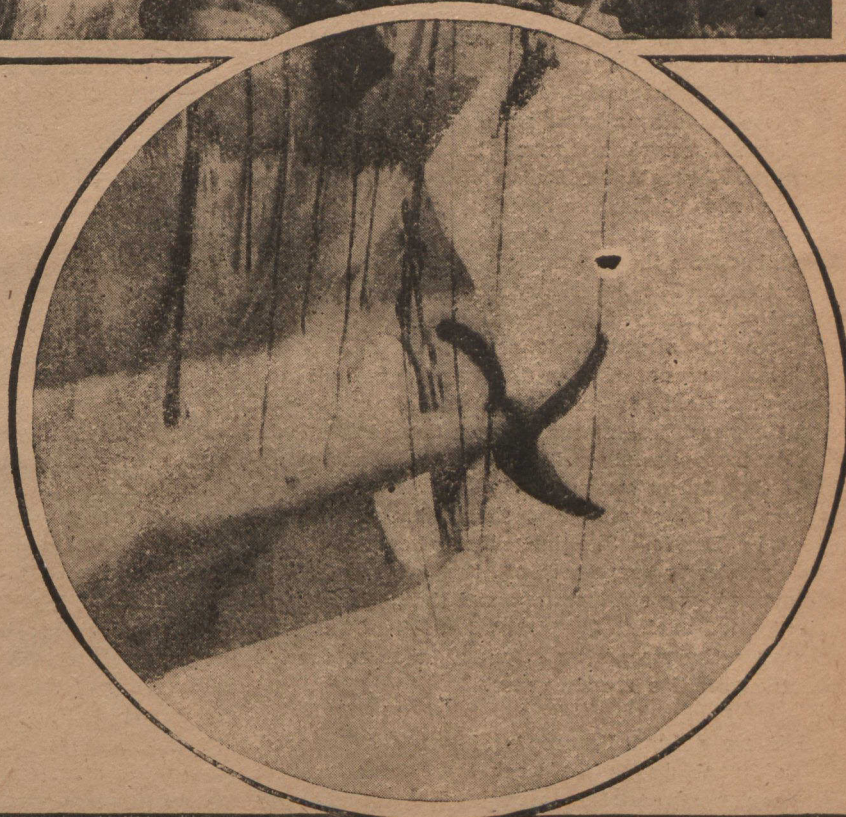
ON Anzac Day the troopship Ballaret was torpedoed with several hundred Australian troopers on board. As she went down the troops conducted an auction sale of the ship; Colonel and Captain together on the bridge—till British destroyers hove to and picked up every living thing aboard, down to the ship's cat.



THE submarine has done its work on this vessel; one of the many "of 1,600 tons and over" being sent below while the crew escape to the open sea.



WITH the fate of 170,000,000 people depending on what a de-Emperorized democracy will do, those soldiers, sailors and civilians, the ballroom of the Taeride Palace in Petrograd, listen to Rodzianko, President of the Duma. It is the strong man talking to unorganization. Russia has more need of strong men than any other nation on earth. The people mean well. Their present trouble is too much freedom.



HOW THE WAR LOOKS NOW

THE event of the day may be said to be the sudden revival of the war on the Italian frontier, an event that must be full of a profound discouragement for Austria and that comes at the moment of her deepest dejection. At the beginning of the war it will be remembered that Italy moved northward against Trent, and eastward across the Isonzo River against Gorizia and Trieste. The movement north was not actually an offensive. It was a measure of defence. Before Italy could pursue her campaign on the Isonzo it was necessary that she should secure her northern frontier against attack and invasion, and for this reason she advanced toward Trent and spread her troops to the east along the frontier. She was then at liberty to pursue her operations on the Isonzo and southward toward Trieste, operations that were of enormous difficulty and rendered still more arduous by a shortage of ammunition. After a long period of inactivity that followed the capture of Gorizia, Italy resumed her forward southerly movement about two weeks ago and promptly won some successes. The Austrian reply was an attack in the vicinity of Trent, and to a certain extent it was a successful attack, although it was barren of results, since the Italians were easily able to bar the way against an invasion of the country.

The object of the Austrian offensive in the Trentino is obvious enough. It was intended to divert Italian attention from the Isonzo and Trieste, and to lead to a weakening of their lines. In this it evidently failed, since the Italians in their turn have now responded by a great advance movement southward that has broken the Austrian lines over a wide front, and brought the Italian army to the Gulf of Trieste and within twelve miles of Trieste itself. It is a notable victory, not only from its territorial gains, but from the fact that nine thousand prisoners were taken. The Austrians, we are told, were perplexed and dismayed, and gave ground easily, which confirms the already existing conviction that the Austrians are not able to fight successfully in any place or against any enemy without German support. And Germany, just at the present time, has all she can do to support herself, and to postpone the debacle that draws closer day by day. Italy has now performed the service that should have been rendered by Russia. She has struck heavily on her own particular segment of the circle that is strangling the central powers, and the blow that she has directed against Austria cannot fail of its effect in urging the staggering steps of that enfeebled country toward a speedy peace.

THE news from France is almost equally good, although during the week there have been no spectacular advances to record. But the strategy in France does not demand a constant advance. It demands no more than continuous fighting that shall compel the Germans to those attacks that deplete their forces and consume their reserves. We need have no doubt that Sir William Robertson was strictly accurate when he said that the Allies could break through the German lines whenever they wished to, but that the losses would be so great as to dictate a slower and more economical plan. That plan is to attack at every vulnerable point after elaborate preparation, and so to provoke the counter attacks that are so immensely destructive to the assailants. At the present time Germany is losing ten thousand men a day in her incessant counter-attacks upon positions that were taken by her enemies with comparative ease, and she is gaining absolutely nothing in return for her losses. She is throwing her reserves with prodigal extravagance into the battle, and she is reliably said to have brought half a million men from Russia to wither before the British artillery fire. And she has no alternative except a voluntary retreat that might easily be more ruinous than a defeat on the field. She must either stop the British advance or be slowly forced back to the point where a retreat becomes compulsory.

By SIDNEY CORYN
Written Especially for the Canadian Courier

Since the change in our going-to-press schedule Mr. Coryn's Argonaut syndicate copy could not arrive from San Francisco in time for simultaneous publication. A new arrangement has been made for special articles by this student of the war, written exclusively for this paper.—Editor.

WE may expect very speedily to see an offensive that shall place all its predecessors in the shade. It will come when the work of attrition has proceeded far enough, and when all the German reserves have been brought to the front. A British gain of even a mile may at any moment compel the evacuation of France.

For there is such a point, and it lies immediately behind the position that she is now defending, and that stretches from Drocourt to Queant. The British are steadily gnawing at that line, and if their advance is slow it is not because the line could not be carried by weight of numbers, but because a cautious deliberation is quite as effective and much more economical of lives. None the less we may expect very speedily to see an offensive that shall place all its predecessors in the shade. It will come when the work of attrition has proceeded far enough, and when all the German reserves have been brought to the front. It is not for nothing that Hindenburg is making such desperate efforts to maintain his hold upon the few wretched villages that have suddenly sprung into immortality. A British gain of even a mile may at any moment compel the evacuation of France. The proverbial "last ditch" lies immediately behind the German lines both in the north and the south.

One would suppose that the German people must at last be awakening to the real significance of the war situation, that they must be feeling some sort of consternation at the extent of the deception that has been practised upon them. When the Hindenburg armies fell back between Arras and Soissons it was announced as a great triumph of German strategy. The message of the Emperor could hardly have been more exultant if it had been concerned with the taking of Paris. The military experts vied with one another in their efforts to explain that a retreat was actually an advance, and in depicting the misery of their enemies thus compelled to abandon their fortifications and to advance over devastated ground to the assault of new lines of an impregnable strength. The false note in the chorus of acclamation was audible enough to those outside of Germany, but there was no reason to suppose that it had failed of its effect upon those for whom it was intended. The German has been trained not only in obedience, but in credulity, and if one may judge from the tone of the newspaper press there was very little doubt in the German mind that Hindenburg had indeed "retreated to victory," and that some master stroke of military strategy was about to bring the war to a triumphant conclusion. It was a part of the Hindenburg myth, with its assumption of an irresistible German skill and prowess.

But the present situation must surely have brought disquietude in its train. The German retreat has done no more than transfer the battle to a new area and a less favourable one. During the month that followed the retreat the struggle was waged with a continuous fury, and with an unvarying misfortune for the German arms. Fifty thousand prisoners were taken during that time, and five hundred cannon. The same rate of losses has been maintained ever since. And for this tremendous expenditure there was nothing to show except a constantly waning expectation of success. The hinges that united the old line with the new in the north and the south were assailed alternately by the sledge hammer blows of Nivelles and Haig, and if it cannot

be said that those hinges have actually been burst open, their hold upon the lintels is now wavering and loose. Indeed, so far as the northern end of the line was concerned the Allied success was so distinct that it would have been conclusive but for the rapidity with which the Germans patched up the rupture by their new short line from Drocourt to Queant. This new line is defended by the outpost villages of Fresnoy and Bullecourt. A fierce struggle was waged for the possession of Fresnoy, and at the moment of writing the Germans are still in possession of its outskirts. The attack was then transferred to Bullecourt, and with an unqualified success, for the Germans now admit its evacuation, although they seek to mitigate the misfortune by the rather inconsequent assertion that the British did not occupy the place until twenty-four hours later. It is probable that the attack upon Fresnoy will now be renewed unless the Germans shall first evacuate their positions, which is by no means impossible.

But the struggle has now so far developed that its progress can not be measured by geographical standards alone. Hindenburg knows well that the issues of the war are now being determined around these little French villages that could hardly have been found upon the maps of three years ago. If he shall lose now there is no hope that he can win anywhere or at any time. We no longer hear anything of a German offensive against Italy, or Russia, or towards Calais. Probably these rumours were purely imaginative, but they have been silenced by the magnitude of the present battle. No sacrifice is too great to win it, and we may be sure that Hindenburg has no higher hope than to stay the British advance, and to produce once more the deadlock that shall give time for recuperation and fortification. He is pledging every resource of the German nation to that end, and upon it he is staking his last man and his last gun. He is pouring all of his reserves into the vortex in the one desperate hope that he can hold his own and so avoid a retirement of his whole line and the disappearance of the German armies from French soil.

DOUBTLESS there are other lines that can be used for retarding purposes and for rear-guard actions, but we are not likely to hear any more such absurdities as the "retreat to victory." Unless Hindenburg can check the British advance he will be unmistakably beaten past all explanation or mitigation. He will be on his way to the Belgian frontier, and with an army so shattered and demoralized as to be unreliable. Nowhere is this better realized than in the German high command. In no other way can we account for the prodigal expenditure of reserves, and for an unmistakable readiness to stake everything on the present battle, to win or lose it all.

As has been said, the progress of the struggle can not be measured by geographical measurements alone. A much truer test is the casualty list. If the British can do no more than hold their present places and allow the waves of German assault to dissipate themselves ineffectually, then victory will be with them. For those assaults can not continue indefinitely. The present German losses point indubitably to exhaustion, and this even on the assumption that the Allied losses are as great. Probably they are not nearly as great as a result of the efficiency of the British protecting fire and of a perfection of the artillery service that is now much ahead of the German. The Emperor's message to the Sultan of Turkey speaks of an Allied superiority "in numbers and material," and there can be no doubt that it speaks truly. Germany can not have more than two and a quarter million men on the western front, even after making allowances for those brought from the Russian field, whereas the Allies must have at least three million men on the fighting line and three million more in reserve. Letters from Americans who joined the British army six and eight months ago, and who had received military training on the Mexican border, show that they are still in camp in

(Concluded on page 20.)

FEEDING A MULTITUDE

WOMEN, says the Kaiser, should have but three interests in life: the church, the kitchen, and the children. Yet when men undertake to feed a multitude they are apt to oust women from even this limited sphere. The Woman Army Cook was introduced for the first time in this present war, and it was not until a few months ago that she was permitted to serve at the Front. Many hospitals and convalescent homes are managed by women, but only one of these is under the jurisdiction of the War Office. When Sir Arthur Keogh, head of the Medical Department, went over this hospital in Endell Street, London, Eng., and examined its books, he said to its Chief, Dr. Flora Murray:

"You women ought to equip and run every hospital. How do you do it so cheaply?"

As cooks, men are frequently superior to women, but it is very seldom that they qualify as food experts and administrators in household science, so when dietitians are required, they are sought amongst women. The Military Hospitals Commission, realizing what an important part diet plays in the recovery of the sick, are making this branch of their organization as efficient as possible and have been fortunate in securing the services of Miss Violet Ryley as chief organizing dietitian. The benefit of her system has already been felt in the hospitals where it has been established.

MISS VIOLET M. RYLEY has been loaned to the Military Hospitals Commission by the University of Toronto, where she has been in charge of the dining hall for the past six years, supervising the feeding of 1,200 men each day—often 600 at one meal—and overseeing a staff of 36 servants. She has secured the assistance of Miss E. A. Sherwood, of Napanee, as organizing dietitian of hospitals in the east, and of Miss Lillian Peace, who will install the system in the western hospitals. Both these ladies have had wide experience. Miss Sherwood is a graduate of the Lillian Massey School of Domestic Science, and has since served in a hotel, a hospital and a cafeteria. She recently declined a very flattering offer as head of the catering department of a Chicago Club to accept this far less remunerative position, where she feels that she can be of patriotic service. Miss Lillian Peace has conducted the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria in Toronto for six years, and under her management it was a big revenue producer, though similar establishments in other Canadian cities incurred liabilities.

There are now 40 institutions under the jurisdiction of the Military Hospitals Commission, and in at least 28 of these dietitians will ultimately be needed. Miss Marion McTavish is in charge of the Spadina Hospital, Toronto, Miss M. F. Sandwell will take charge of Drummond Hospital, Montreal, Miss Ann Douglas will be installed at the home for incurable soldiers at Euclid Hall, Toronto, and Miss Athos Nesbitt at Whitby, where there will ultimately be 1,500 soldier patients. Each head of the dietary department will have under her one or more pupil dietitians, graduates in household science, who need three or four months of practical experience in an institution before they can become trained administrators. They work under the head dietitian with the status of internes and have no salary, but an allowance of \$10 per month to cover the up-keep of their white uniforms. Having spent from two to four years in the study of domestic science, they understand nutrition, cooking and invalid cooking, but they must learn how to govern, to plan work for

employees, to be resourceful in emergencies.

A dietitian may have decided to serve fruit salad which involves a good deal of labour in slicing oranges and bananas, to feed hundreds of men. If some of her helpers are taken ill she must quickly substitute another dessert. The janitor's schedule may call for the cleaning of the corridors on a certain morning, but if she receives word that a load of potatoes is to arrive that day it is advisable to postpone the cleaning and she must plan to utilize his time in some other way, in order that value may be received for the money spent on his wages. On one occasion the time-table of a cleaner was posted in the hall. This interested the soldiers very much. They evidently thought something had been planned for every moment of his time, and one of them added to the list of his duties:

"In spare moments kindly whitewash the coal."

The pupil dietitian must become a trained inspector, able to note in a moment anything that is wrong, she must become a good business woman and gain experience in buying or requisitioning in large amounts, for in normal times a considerable amount of money may be saved by contracting for food in large quantities. She must learn the most economical thing to buy—which is not necessarily the cheapest. Two cents per pound may be saved by buying cheap rice, but the overhead expenses are the same, and if it proves an unsatisfactory lesson, there is waste, rather than economy. Above all, she must learn to be prompt and to exact prompt-

eggs, honey, rolls and butter, tea.
Dinner—Clear vegetable soup, roast beef with gravy, potatoes, carrots; rice pudding with fruit sauce.

Supper—Baked beans, tomato sauce; cake; fruit; tea.

Fish, creamed oysters and boiled eggs were provided for patients on a special diet, and the officers' menu, which is slightly more elaborate, costs 50 cents per man per day.

The dietitians try to give interest and variety to the menus. When a small spoonful of ice-cream is served on the apple pie, it costs but a cent more a helping, but the men are most enthusiastic, and a snow-pudding that has been coloured a pale pink and is served with custard sauce was worth a cheer. When a vote was taken at one of the hospitals to discover the patients' favourite dessert, "the pudding with the chocolate sauce" won, and this was nothing but a bread pudding in disguise!

FIRST-CLASS food and plenty of it, first-class service and the minimum of waste is the aim of the dietary department. Plate scraps are never utilized and garbage is sold as food for pigs whenever possible. Garbage tins are sterilized after each emptying, and are refrigerated during the time it is necessary to keep them on the premises. The portions served are small, but each man is allowed as many helpings as he can eat, and the dietitian keeps a careful watch on food thrown away with a view to guarding against future waste. On rainy days, when the patients are confined indoors, they

eat much less than on a fine day. On the other hand, the attendance at supper is smaller on a warm day, for many of the men are taken for motor drives or go to visit friends. The dietitian notes all these facts and provides rations with due regard to the weather.

Second helpings are always served on clean plates, but food is as hot, and cold food as cold, as possible, for it must always be remembered that palatability has a direct effect upon digestion. Stewed peaches which have stood for a

time in a warm room are very different from peaches that have been buried in the ice and salt left from the ice-cream till they are chilled and almost frozen, served with a dab of whipped cream. The men requiring special diets are served on trays from a diet kitchen convenient to the wards, and an effort is made to find out what dishes a sick man may fancy, but their wishes must "pass the censor" before they are granted, as one patient assured his nurse that he must have his eggs fried, as that was the only way they agreed with him!

CLEANLINESS and speed are the chief requisites in the service, and Miss Ryley plans the kitchen and dining-room layout with the architect, so as to arrange it most conveniently. She designs her kitchens so that not an elbow will bend unnecessarily, and says that under proper conditions a kitchen should be able to send out at least 20 plates a minute. The best modern hotel equipment is purchased by the Commission, plate-warmers are installed and every possible device for labour-saving is used. The men employed in the kitchen are returned soldiers. The buying is done by the Quartermaster, under the directions of the dietitian, who studies the market reports. A receiving clerk weighs, measures or counts all the goods as they arrive. He receives no invoices and if his reports do not tally with the quantity ordered, the contractor is inter-

(Continued on page 20.)

Organizing Dietitians of the Military Hospitals Commission



MISS LILLIAN PEACE.



MISS VIOLET M. RYLEY.
Chief Organizing Dietitian.



MISS E. A. SHERWOOD.

ness from others, for Miss Ryley states that 90 per cent. of the complaints in dining halls are for slowness of service.

THE soldier-patients have testified their unqualified approval of the dietitians at Spadina Hospital Toronto. Some of the boys call them "dieticians," others simply "tetticians," and one whose ailments entitled him to a special diet, said:

"I want to see the 'politician' to tell her I'd like some tomatoes."

Soon after the ladies took charge the dining-room became strangely overcrowded. It was then discovered that some of the men from one of the military hospitals nearby had heard of the "good grub" and smuggled themselves in for meals. Yet the dietitians' dining-room costs less per patient to operate than the other one. It averages 36 cents per man per day, and housekeepers who know the prices of foodstuffs in Toronto may well wonder. This is the menu served the day we called:

Breakfast—Cream of wheat, bacon and scrambled

EDITORIAL

WE confess to a power of bewilderment over the law in the matter of Canada's army. First, at the outset of war we start to raise a volunteer army for fighting in Europe as though the Militia Act had nothing whatever in it about fighting except to keep out Fenians and the like. We remind ourselves that England never asked us for a man or a gun. We offered everything. The offer was accepted. The British Empire is built on what the French call *laissez faire*—a magnificent sort of spontaneity calculated to thrill, and it does. Then we complain long and loud that parts of the people do not share this sentiment like the rest of us. We wonder why. They do not send out soldiers so freely. They are divided among themselves. We wonder why, set forth all the reasons why they should, satisfy ourselves that the reasons are sound and whether there is not some form of moral or national suasion that will budge these people.

Two years ago England was in a similar state. There was ample scope in the law to make the men of England into a vast army, and if there had not been, a law good enough for the purpose could have been made in a day. But England believed in the volunteer system because she had always had it. There never had been a war when all the male effectives of the country were needed at the front, simply because as a general thing England did most of her fighting thousands of miles from London and nation-armies are not easy to transport and to maintain over the seven seas. But England found that volunteers were not coming up as fast as the front needed them. Therefore the law was put on the stage. There it was plain enough; if the men did not come of free will the law might fetch them. But before the law was more than mentioned England set herself to organize. The national register was made. The Derby scheme combed the country for effectives. It was known exactly where all the men were in case of emergency. And it was known also that if the men did not come forward in the light of that knowledge, the law would reach out and grab them under the national register which was the means adopted to make the law easily effective. Compulsion then when it came had to do with only a remnant.

In Canada much different. We send out voluntary national service cards and call it a national register. Men are not even compelled to use the cards. The country does not yet know what that canvass accomplished. In the meantime a leader of those who do not believe in voluntary enlistment discovers that the Militia Act says thus and so regarding an army for the defence of this country. He says that if the government will only enforce this law the people whom he represents will obey it, because they are a law-abiding people. At last, months afterwards, suddenly it is decided to enforce the law. Then there is rebellion against it. Those who most vociferously opposed voluntary enlistment still more violently clamour against compulsory service. We are in a national back water. And with our fingers on the sudden law we now talk about going back to a better application of the principle of voluntary enlistment.

Truly the law as applied to the army is a strange matter. The law itself is not worth the paper taken to print it without some sort of army to enforce it. To enforce the law calling out the army we depend upon the army that exists. Most of that army is overseas.

But at least we may be spared the absurd system of trying to get 100,000 men by means of the recruiting evangelist.

TALK of coalition interested us if for no other reason than the off chance of seeing Sir Lomer Gouin take his place at Ottawa. Here is a man of remarkable strength, in organization, in strategy, in sentiment, in practical statesmanship. In Quebec he is more powerful if less magical than Laurier. He has done his life work in Quebec. He knows the people of that province better than do the inflammatory leaders who make bonfires of popular senti-



And they say ne's not going to Ottawa after all.

ment. Gouin is a leader. He has the wisdom which goes with a native talent for benefiting by experience. Some people never have any experience because they lack the capacity to profit by what goes in one ear and out the other. Sir Lomer Gouin is no such man. We should be willing to see even the experiment of coalition government, without regard for the present status of Parliament, just to get the strong hand of Sir Lomer in the counsels of them that rule at Ottawa. But rumour says—not. No coalition. No sensation. No summer drive. Just the nibbling on the defensive.

CANADA is not even to have the colossal figure of a food dictator. After all our trouble last week to point out what the problems are to confront such a man in Canada, it is announced that instead of such a despot issuing his dicta to the populace at the doors of city halls exhorting them in the name of the King to save more and waste less, we are to have a prosaic Commission—the usual representative lot, omitting no necessary interest. Well, the sooner the Commission the better we shall stop talking about the Controller, and the better the Commission the sooner we shall get down to business in the matter of saving food and a little of the people's money in the purchase of it. But we insist that so big a task as food regulation in Canada should at least not be entrusted to the pari-mutuels.

LET us not forget the extraordinary situation confronting the present Government. Never in our fifty years of Confederation have we had such a situation. With a vastly greater set of problems than ever before facing an administration; with our national expenditure more than trebled; with our whole machinery of getting producers into the country and the land opened up for settlers transformed into a machine for getting people out of the country and away from the business of production; with divided sentiments over our patriotism such as we never had in a crisis; with a complication over language and race doing its best to arrest our patriotic activity; with a huge and dwindling army overseas and an urgent necessity for repairing it; with party counsels trying to befuddle our national issues; with men preaching an organized Empire and others a nationalized Canada; with all these and as many more disturbing factors as you care to set down, the Government of the day must carry on one year past its appointed time, perhaps more, without any fresh mandate from the people. We have depended upon elections in this democracy to justify or to overthrow governments. When an election was not practicable we have fallen back upon the referendum. Now, we have neither referendum nor election. The

Government must continuously act when the political energy behind its enactments is reduced to a minimum and is not adequately replaced by Imperial impetus from London. In the face of these things let us not forget that Government in Canada has a task of unprecedented character and magnitude. We do not, however, omit to remember that never were the people of the country so determinedly and willingly behind the government. The people are here to be used. Let the Government, realizing its enormous difficulties, not fail to use us.

ONE year ago Tuesday of this week Kitchener was drowned. His death anniversary causes people generally in the British Empire to reflect upon the War and the Man. For a long while millions of us had a dim idea that the War was the Man. When Kitchener became Secretary of War many people thought the war was already as good as won. When he went below June 5, 1916, perhaps half as many people imagined that without this strong, silent man in the War Office a real Allied victory was impossible.

We know how foolish was the latter conjecture. We have too high an opinion of what Kitchener actively did as army organizer to suppose that without his personality the work could not successfully go on. Kitchener was both a bigger and a smaller man than the average Kitchener admirer considered him. In getting a clear estimate of his character we do much to clear up our ideas about country, citizenship and Empire. Those who credited Kitchener with the qualities of invincibility and prescience have had to revise their opinion. Kitchener was not unconquerable. In his day and in the kind of warfare he waged, he was as near invincibility as any general we have ever had. But the kind of war which was sprung upon the world in 1914 was as new to him as to any of the generals and other officers under him. He had never conducted organized trench warfare. He had always been a fighter in the open. When any little army of his moved across the sand in the grey of the morning it was to wipe out some dusky foe on the outposts of Empire. But he was essentially an outpost conqueror, a ruler of strange peoples, and in no sense an organizer of siege warfare involving the use of millions upon millions of men. The work of the allied armies on the west front was more novel to him than his own more soldierly kind of war would have been to a Hindenburg. In the face of modern warfare Kitchener was not anywhere near invincible. The world would be in a better condition to-day had war remained what Kitchener helped to make it, what Roberts made it before his time, as the work of brave men who ride without fear to defeat or to victory.

And Kitchener was most assuredly not a prophet. Had he been half as prescient as his admirers made him out to be he would have studied out the genius of the German system of warfare long ago and prepared England to meet it. The best prophecy nowadays is based upon investigation. Kitchener, so far as we know, did not investigate war conditions in modern times—war as we know it now. He had never raised his voice to warn England of what was to come. If warfare is a science it should be investigated by its experts. Kitchener was surely an expert in war. But he was not an investigator. On the very outbreak of the war that was to revolutionize the world's warfare he was about to set sail for Egypt, quite willing to escape the great struggle unless ordered to meet it by the nation. When he said that he would accept the Secretaryship of War for three years or the duration of the war, he was credited by some people with prophecy.

Kitchener did not predict that the war would last three years or longer. He accepted office for three years. If the war lasted longer, well and good, he would stay with the office. If it should be over before three years he would still continue in office. What he did appear to prophesy was that the war would not last longer than his own life. But fate proved him wrong. Kitchener is dead. The war goes on. And the memory of Kitchener still lives in the hearts of all those who were made fellow-citizens of his by the war; the memory of a great silent soldier, who, if war had remained the test of true courage, as it was in his day, would have gone down to history as one of the greatest warriors of all time.



MAGAZINES

You May Not Buy

Are here hand-picked, to give you the best of what's going in the world of news and views the world over.



EDITH SELLERS, in the Nineteenth Century, gives a lucid account of how France is dealing with the bread problem. France has been doing extremely well. During the first two years of war the price of bread made absolutely no advance in France, owing to purchases made when wheat was low.

Since last October, says the writer, things have not gone so well with the Service as before; it has had much greater difficulties to contend against, with the result that its work has suffered. For one thing the French harvest was poor in 1915, and bad in 1916. Whereas in 1914-15 the shortage that had to be made good was only 1,460,000 tons; in 1915-16 it was 1,600,000 tons; and this year will probably be 2,500,000. Thus the Service has needed more ships, and ships are appallingly scarce, likely to become scarcer too. Besides, the price of wheat has risen higher and higher everywhere of late, and that entails a heavy expenditure. Moreover it has not quite the free hand that it used to have, to do its work in its own swift fashion. For France has now thrown in her lot with her Allies even in what concerns her wheat supply. And some of them did not realize, so soon as she did, the importance of finding a solution for the bread problem, and are now paying the penalty.

Still in spite of it all, so far France has not suffered very much. She had in her granaries last March, M. Viollette assured the Chambre des Deputes, enough wheat to provide her people with as much bread as they wished to buy, until the yield of the next harvest is brought in. And all this wheat was bought, as he stated emphatically, at considerably under the present market price. Thus already last March, France was secure of her bread for not far short of a year, even though never another wheat ship had reached one of her ports; and since then wheat ships have arrived, and are still arriving. She has to pay a high price for her supplies, it is true, so high a price that she is well advised in calling upon her people to show their patriotism by seeing that not a grain of them is wasted. Still, so far as an outsider can judge, there is no chance of their running short. If, therefore she takes to issuing bread tickets in the course of the next few months, it will not be because she must, but because she has Allies who must; and she deems it advisable to do as they do. France is the only country in which the price of bread has not risen since the War began.

This reason does not, it must be confessed, find favour in the eyes of everyone, even in France. All the doctrinaires are against it; all the folk who cannot understand that things must be done in war time that ought not to be done in peace. Then the farmers are against it, of course; in their eyes the fixing of the price of wheat, flour and bread is an abomination. It would be strange indeed were it otherwise; for some of them might have become miniature millionaires before this, had not the Service barred the way. Besides, to expect a farmer to rejoice at being forced to sell his wheat at 57s. 6d. the quarter and a bonus (and until March he had no bonus), when he might have sold it at 70s., 80s. or 90s. had he had a free hand, is really to expect too much of human nature. Still, as a class, the French farmers have adapted themselves to their trying circumstances in the most praiseworthy fashion, thus proving their sturdy common sense as well as their staunch patriotism.

IN the middle of the waste on the summit of Vimy Ridge, says Perry Robinson, telegraphing from British Headquarters in France, there is a little group of white-painted wooden crosses marking the graves of the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, who fell in the capture of the ridge. These Canadian Seaforths were mostly British Columbians. A long,

France and Food

(Nineteenth Century.)

Political Science War

(Atlantic Monthly.)

Unexploited Millions

(The Outlook.)

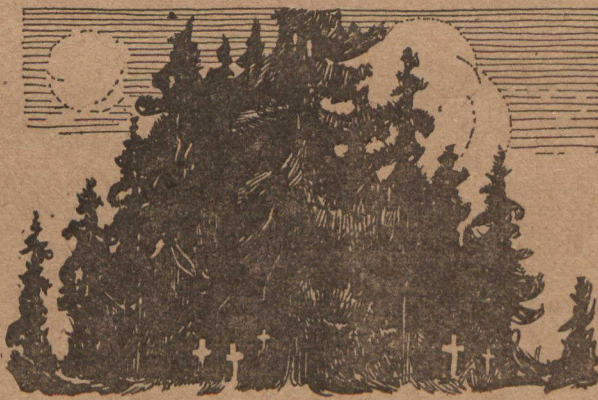
Uncle Sam's Aid

(From World's Work.)

Our Great Telescope

(World's Work.)

long way they came to die, these long-limbed sons of Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster and Nanaimo. Some came even farther, for they came from the far-off slopes and peaks of the mountains or upper waters of the Fraser River when they heard the call. Many other feet will tread the same journey after them, the feet of pilgrims, who, through generations yet to be born, will come here as to a shrine. The little graveyard will be as a flame of inspiration to Canada in the ages, for there was nothing finer done in the war than the achievement of those Western men on the ridge. . . . There is not a yard on all this tableland where man can find the original surface of the earth, but everywhere are shell-holes, hardly distinguishable from the remnants of the old German trenches, the thin covering of soil being all churned up with the white chalk below till all is greyish white. It is so the readers in Canada must think of the place where their sons rest. The hot sun beats down on it, shells sing over the place both ways, and overhead the aeroplanes drone in a circle. It is a hideous place, but there could be no prouder burial place for these men than this centre of the summit of the ridge they won so splendidly. . . . When I first knew British Columbia, Victoria was a little English country town embowered in a gar-



den, the sea on one side and woods on the other. The City of Vancouver was not. When I stop to look at these graves it is the old British Columbia that leaps to my mind with its great reaches and unbroken forest. If I had my way I would plant this Vimy Ridge with trees brought here from Canada, and let these men when the present wooden crosses are replaced by a noble and permanent monument, rest under the shadow of a grove of their own pines, firs and cedars.

In the midst of death we are in life—reversing the solemn phrase of the Prayer Book. A subsequent despatch from the same place says that the baseball season on the Western front is in full swing. Under the very shadow of Vimy Ridge a great game was

played yesterday afternoon before an all-khaki audience on a bit of the battlefield on which the shell holes had been filled in and a rough grandstand erected for the officers and other spectators, including Gen. Horne, commanding the First British Army, who has become an enthusiastic fan.

The game was between two teams representing two Canadian brigades. As a matter of fact all the



teams in what may be called the World-war League are now composed of representatives of the numerous Canadian bodies, and all the players are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the American forces to arrange for an inter-league series.

The Second Canadian Brigade beat the Third by the score of seven to one. The Second Brigade had a great left-handed pitcher, whose delivery the Third Brigade batters could not solve at all. The third Brigade team also had a good boxman, who formerly played with Ottawa in the Canadian League. The catcher was unable to hold his delivery well, and this fault accounted for many of the runs scored by the winners. The game was remarkably free from errors, considering the battlefield diamond on which it was played. All the equipment had been brought overseas, including the base bags.

As a side-show it was possible from the grandstand to see an occasional German shell dropping half a mile or so away. Airplanes were humming overhead, but assuming them to be friendly no one looked their way, except when a fly ball happened to be hit. There was typical rooting by the Canadians, and much wagering on the game. One subaltern bet enough, he said, to pay his expenses on a three weeks' leave in Paris, but he chose the wrong side and his leave was indefinitely postponed.

ANDRE CHERADAME in the Atlantic Monthly says that the Allies have been far too slow to grasp the fact that this war is not so much of armaments as of political science. The Germans long ago made this distinction; Pan-Germanism was the form the idea took in their system; they are now working out Pan-Germanism, have in fact worked a good deal of it out since the beginning of the war!

Since the beginning of hostilities there has been a formidable extension of Prussian militarism. At first, it held in its grasp only the sixty-eight million people of the German Empire. By April, 1915, it had extended and organized its influence among the thirty millions of Austro-Hungarians, who until that time had taken orders from their own independent military chiefs. After October-November, 1915—the date of Serbia's downfall—the Prussian system reached out to Bulgaria and Turkey. By taking account of these extensions and adding together the populations of the territories occupied by Germany, together with those of her infatuated allies, one finds that to-day—April, 1917—Prussian militarism no longer controls sixty-eight million souls, as in the

beginning of the war, but about one hundred and seventy-six million European and Ottoman subjects.

It is undeniable, moreover, that each extension of Prussian militarism over a new territory has enabled Germany to prolong the struggle by obtaining new supplies of food, new reinforcements to press into her service and territory to exploit, new civil populations, whose labour is made use of even in works of a military nature. As a result, the technical problem now confronting the Allies in Europe is, through the mistakes of their former leaders, infinitely more complicated than at the outbreak of hostilities.

To-day Berlin, by means of Prussian terrorism



According to Gregory Mason, this kind of Canadian represents one of the highest types of civilization.

methodically and pitilessly employed, disposes of the military and economic resources of one hundred and seventy-six million people, occupying a strategic position in the centre of Europe which is all to her profit. It is this very state of things, founded on the slavery of eighty-two millions of human beings, which is intolerable.

ONE of the coolest propositions ever put over by an American writer is that advanced by Gregory Mason in a recent issue of *The Outlook*. Mason's article is an interview with Christian Leden, Norwegian explorer and ethnologist, who has been up among our Eskimos. The commercial part of the article has more to do with the natural wealth that the poor Eskimos don't know how to exploit.

"There are minerals, oil, leather, fur, fish, and meat in the North," says Mr. Leden, "and with the high price now of leather, oil, and meat, it should be a pretty good business to send ships up there to the right localities and load them with the articles mentioned. I know of places in the Hudson Bay and in the country north of it where five hundred walrus could be caught in a few weeks, and just as many white whales during the summer season, besides thousands of seals. Walrus leather is now, as I understand, worth between thirty and forty cents a pound, and each walrus hide weighs about five hundred pounds. This would make for one year's catch in walrus leather alone about \$75,000 profit. Besides this, the ivory and oil of the walrus would be worth a good deal. By establishing two trading and sealing posts in the Hudson Bay one could take in about \$400,000 in oil, leather, fish, and skin, the first year, with an outlay of from \$60,000 to \$90,000. Later, by establishing a chain of posts from Hudson Bay to the Arctic islands between Greenland and Canada, one could make millions of profit annually.

"The prices of oil and leather, which on account of the war are now very high, will continue to be so for many years to come, even after the war is over. It seems to me that besides further scientific investigations, what ought to be done in the Arctic is to make use of the information already gathered by explorers regarding the material wealth of these northern countries, and turn such resources to practical use and profit."

Otherwise the article deals with the ethics, the music and the philosophy of the Eskimo. Oh, yes, the Eskimos have all these things according to Mr. Leden, who says that in some ways we can learn as much from the Eskimo as he can learn from us. We commonly think that the world ends where the timber line ends and where the great Arctic waste begins. The Eskimo thinks that the world ends where the ice ends and where the timber begins. In many respects the Eskimo civilization is the highest in the world. For instance, the Eskimos never indulge in tribal warfare. They cannot conceive how one whole nation can make war on another. Occasionally there are fights or duels between two Eskimos, but even these affairs are rare, and, as a rule, are carried out with a cold-blooded formality that would astound us.

Like Vilhjalmur Stefansson, another well-known explorer who is also an admirer of many things in Eskimo character, Mr. Leden feels that our civilization often suffers by comparison with the Eskimo civilization when ours is exemplified by the conduct of white people who do not live up to the moral standards preached by the missionaries. There are missionaries in the North who are of help to the natives in many ways; but there are, on the other hand, also missionaries who do not seem to understand the natives at all. Mr. Leden tells an amusing story of a missionary who was trying to inculcate in a certain Eskimo a belief in the devil. The Eskimo's persistent refusal to believe in the existence of such a malevolent being finally so angered the missionary that he struck the native. "Alas!" cried the Eskimo; "I am now forced to believe what you say. If the world is so bad that a missionary will strike a poor Eskimo, there must be a devil." This happened years ago in Greenland, and was reported by the missionary himself to his superior in Denmark to show how conservative and stiff-necked the Eskimos were.

Mr. Leden has made an interesting study of Eskimo music, with a view to the evidence that might be established through their music of the relations of the Eskimo tribes to other primitive peoples.

"As a result of my studies of Eskimo music," he says, "I have found an astonishing relationship between the Eskimos and the North American Indians. Two things that are typical of the melody construction of Eskimo music are the descent from higher to lower tones at the ending of a stanza, and the long dwelling upon a deep tone between every verse. In their manner of delivery, which in my opinion, is of very great importance, one notices especially their downward glissando from a powerful start and the hacking accents on the higher tones at the beginning of a motif, besides their decrescendo and piano on the deeper tones at the end of a stanza. Right here the music of the Eskimo approaches the music of the American Indian, but, so far as I know, differentiates itself from the music of all other primitive peoples. Much of their music has the simple devotional quality which is found in the hymns sung by your American Pilgrim Fathers."

HOW the United States can best help the Allies is outlined vigorously by the *World's Work* under a number of heads:

I. Financial

To allow the Allies to keep their gold supplies at home.

II. Naval.

To take over the work of the allied navies this side of the Atlantic. Especially with reference to submarines, just by arming merchant ships, because the German submarine now has little or no love for the armed tramp or steamer. It is not as simple as is generally supposed to sink a ship without rising to the surface. A submarine can carry only a limited number of torpedoes, whereas it can carry enough ammunition to sink many ships.

Before now the Germans felt fairly sure when they met a ship from the United States that it was unarmed or only armed with guns on the stern. Under these conditions the submarine had a more equal chance of sinking the ship if it resisted. To torpedo a ship a submarine must come fairly close and must show its periscope, which at a short distance is plainly visible and is not an impossible target.

There is no question but that along the Atlantic seaboard the Germans could establish submarine sta-

tions. There are thousands of small inlets and islands almost inaccessible which would make excellent points of refuge for the U-boats. One of the first moves that the United States should do is to establish a complete force—perhaps civilian-volunteer—to patrol from the Rio Grande to Maine to seek out any such places and destroy them.

We have more than a thousand motor boats already enrolled in our naval reserve and the makers of such speed launches could be organized to turn their output to increasing this fleet to aid in this work. To stop absolutely the submarine warfare is the first and main piece of work for our naval and military authorities to take up. And the work of the fleet will be to a large extent nullified if we do not see to it that no submarine can use some spots in the Western Hemisphere as bases.

Adding to the world's tonnage is another way, first, by commissioning the German merchant fleet of 594,696 tons now in American harbours; second, by increased shipbuilding.

III. Supplies for the Allies.

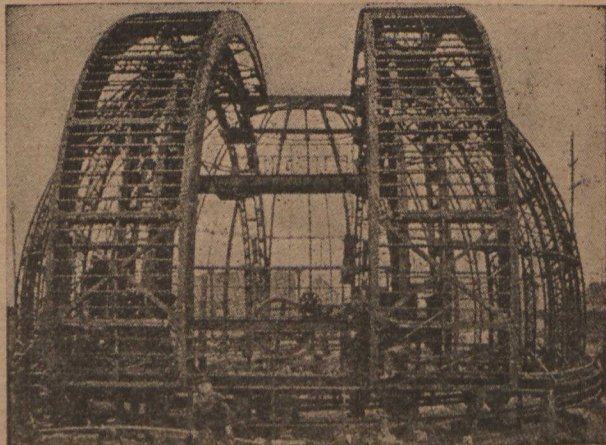
To achieve that object the downfall of Prussian militarism is essential. Therefore, as we can achieve that end only through the Allies, it would be a fatal blunder on the part of this country to be so short-sighted as to cripple them when they are fighting for that very end which the United States stands for.

Russia to-day has large orders for small arms and other munitions placed in the United States. One of the main reasons why the Russian campaigns have been unsuccessful has been the shortage of munitions. To-day there is only one rifle for every four men in their armies. Japan and the United States are the two greatest sources of supply to Russia. If, by unintelligent commandeering of plants, we should stop shipments of these supplies to Russia, we shall be defeating our own ends.

OUR World's Biggest Telescope at Mt. Saanich, near Victoria, B.C., still continues to attract the attention of magazine writers. The *Canadian Courier* on Jan. 20th last published an article by Francis J. Dickie on this mammoth instrument, a 72-inch telescope, as large as the Yerkes and the Lick instruments together. Now James Armstrong, writing on this subject in the *May World's Work*, points out how forehanded Canada was in getting the lens for the world's biggest telescope. This lens is a massive slab of glass six feet in diameter. As a matter of fact it is 73 inches across. At the edge the mirror is 12 inches in thickness, while there is a hole 10 inches in diameter through its centre.

These mirrors are made from a peculiar high-grade glass in contriving which the Belgian manufacturers triumph. The Dominion Government was within an ace of having the completion of this great telescope indefinitely postponed, inasmuch as the slab of rough glass was shipped from Belgium only three days before war was declared.

The rough mirror was taken to the United States to receive its final treatment—grinding and polishing. It was manipulated patiently until its surface assumed the shape of a paraboloid of revolution, which is the surface necessary to bring the parallel of light from any celestial object accurately to a focus. The delicacy of this grinding operation may be gathered from the fact that nowhere upon the surface must the deviation exceed 1-200,000th part of an inch, and to ensure this accuracy optical means of testing have to be practised. When completed the surface was



The great house of steel ribs built to hold Canada's world's biggest telescope.

given a thin skin of silver, deposited by chemical means, the purpose being to throw back the light—the telescope belongs to the “reflecting” and not the “refracting” class—to the upper end of the tube. When finally finished and ready for mounting this giant mirror weighed 4,340 lbs.—nearly two tons!

Owing to the delicate and finely designed character of the electric wiring and control systems the giant instrument can be operated with the greatest ease. The modus operandi is as follows: On the observing floor an operator controls the quick motions and clamps of the telescope as well as the rotation of the dome itself from one of two switchboards set on either side of the south pier, according to



THE WAR'S GREATEST WORK.
—From the Providence Journal.

whichever is the more convenient to his hand. In this way the telescope can be set quickly and approximately to the tabular position of the desired object by the sidereal and declination setting circles. Then the observer, whether he be at the upper or lower end of the instrument, can clamp or unclamp the telescope, make the fine settings, and guide by the aid of push-buttons carried upon a small keyboard, similar to that of a typewriter, which he can carry round with him to attach to any convenient place.

The obvious site of the telescope of course was Ottawa, where the headquarters of the astronomical section are established, but the guiding spirit of the undertaking drew attention to the circumstance that the existing establishment did not necessarily constitute the most suitable location for this big gun of science. Indeed, there was scarcely a point in Eastern Canada, where it could be satisfactorily placed. The unsteadiness of the air, together with the wide fluctuations of temperature between noon and midnight, would militate against the utilization of the instrument to the utmost advantage. Adverse meteorological and climatic conditions would be certain to contribute to the bad definition of the star images, which would suffer further impairment from the distortion of the mirror through changes in temperature.

Forthwith an elaborate investigation of suitable sites in the Far West was carried out, and four possible situations—Medicine Hat, Banff, Penticton, and Victoria respectively—were presented. Closer examination of the problem speedily ruled out the two first-named, the issue finally being resolved into selection between the convenience of the resident staff, such as an adequate fresh water supply.

WRITING in Land and Water some weeks ago, M. Luboff, Editor of The Financier, paid a great tribute to Paul Milinkoff, Russia's new Foreign Minister. The most convincing part of the article is his quotations from Milinkoff's speech in the Duma delivered last November in denunciation of Sturmer, the pro-German who tried to sell his country for a separate peace. This withering and passionate denunciation was delivered in the presence of Sturmer himself:

Gentlemen,—We have all heard of Funeral Orations,

but have you noticed that, whatever their aim, these orations always leave the dead dead? What would you think, I wonder, of a man who sought, in such an oration, to bring about the resurrection of the dead? Mad? I agree, yet there are times when such an attempt is permissible. Gentlemen, I stand on this tribune with that mad desire upon me. Like a fire this desire has burnt into my soul. I want to deliver an oration which will resurrect the dead, because the mighty Russian Empire cannot afford to leave dead its most precious possession. The dead, over which I, together with most of the Russian people, weep tears of blood, must be dead no longer.

Do you not know that unless you act now, unless you use your utmost efforts, the name of Russia will stink in the nostrils of humanity? Even the most savage tribe in the world will turn away on the approach of a Russian, because Russia is about to betray the trust of her Allies. They are Allies of whom she should be proud—Allies to whom she ought to listen with respect and obedience. They are among the oldest civilizations, the oldest democracies in the world, and they are to be betrayed! Judas the traitor is among us! Judas has closed his bargain! I understand your turmoil; I read the terror in your eyes. Even the President's hand is quaking! He rings his bell nervously; but mark, even the bell revolts; instead of its shrill sound, you hear a muffled funeral note. No, it shall not silence me; its sound re-echoes in my soul and urges me to further effort. I have here, gentlemen, the evidence of Judas. Evidence in cold figures—the number of shekels, the pieces of silver for betrayal. A new sound comes out of the bell—the jingle of silver, the blood money! Why are we silent; yes, silence, our silence is golden to Sturmer and his colleagues. But for us, for generations to come, that silence a crime; a terrible, bloody crime. All we shall have to leave our descendants, when honour is buried, is disgrace, a stain that no time will efface. Wake up, you sons of Russia, you who stand for the Russian people, and avert this greatest of all catastrophes. Rise up, dead honour, arise from your coffin and let us see thee live. Come, face thy murderer in his high place. Accuse him before this assembly, let thy voice thunder. Yes, I am aflame; but I am cold compared with the crime with which I charge Sturmer. I stand on this tribune only because you are honest and true men, and you will not tolerate these things when once you know them. You will bring honour to life again, and bring gratitude instead of contempt into the hearts of our children.

Berlin does not pay money for nothing. Sturmer had to earn it, and he did. He paved the way for revolution as the means to a separate Peace. Must not the great Russian people be told of this? Is it not better to remove the cause of their suffering? Gentlemen, this traitor, this German, must go. No matter what excuse be made for him, for the sake of our honour, and the trust of our Allies, Sturmer must go.

DID you ever reflect how little the conduct of this war has had to do with really great people?

How we have had no Napoleon, no Wellington, no Caesar, no all-conquering anybody to rise above the almost infernal organization of the war machinery? Do you remember how a few years ago we used to look on Lord Kitchener as though he were a superman and—

Well, the whole question is most alluringly set forth in the Fortnightly by Sidney Low, according to whom in spite of a number of alleged supermen the world over following the reconstruction of cabinets, or general staffs or higher commands, the greatest of all wars has so far thrown up no supremely great Personality. We have got rid of what Mr. Wells, with one of his irradiating flashes of insight and description, calls the effigy; the great, caracoling, threatening, overbearing figure that looms so large in the foreground of all the wars and conquests of the past. Always when you turn back to these things



We have no effigy worth a show-case in the historic museum.

the interest centres dramatically round an individual. The Man has so overshadowed the Event that most often we have forgotten the latter and remember only the former. It is of Rameses or Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar, Attila, Charlemagne, Genghis Khan, Charles XII, Peter the Great we think rather than of the kingdoms they devoured, the empires they founded or destroyed, the hosts they led to the slaughter. History flattens out before many minds a rather dull, level expanse, like the plain of Thebes with the Colossi towering above it to catch the sunbeams. It is the big man who often gives his name to the epoch: the age of Augustus, the age of



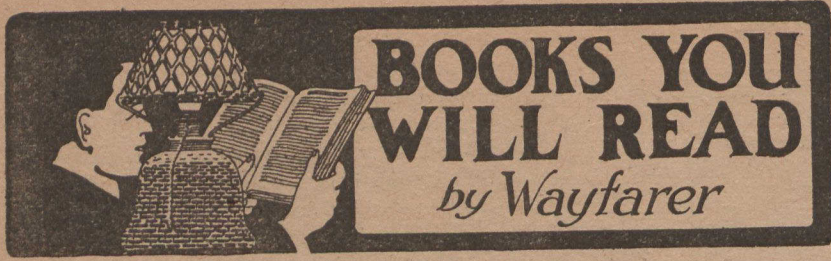
WORKING FOR WILHELM.
—Kirby in the New York World.

Mohammed, the Napoleonic period, the Bismarckian era, and so forth.

But this marvellous stretch of time through which we are passing will not, it seems, be known as the Age of Anybody. We have no Effigy really worth a show-case in the historic museum, though several of the nations engaged have made some well-intentioned efforts to create one. We have felt somehow that we “want a hero,” like Byron when he started upon “Don Juan.” The research after this object of desire has not been conspicuously successful. The Germans do their best with Hindenburg; but it is surmised that the strategy and battle-schemes are really worked out by Ludendorf and other useful subordinates, and that Hindenburg himself may be only a clumsy wooden image, “made in Germany” to order and scale. In France there was at first some disposition to cast Joffre for the part; but that modest, methodical, painstaking, and unimaginative commander is not of the stuff whereof effigies are made, and he showed an absolute disinclination to appear in this role. Among ourselves a conscientious endeavour was made for a time to find what we wanted in Kitchener, the strong, silent man, the organizer of victory. But, alas! the Dardanelles Report is out; and whatever may be said of that inconvenient, and inconveniently timed, document, it must be acknowledged that it makes sad havoc with the Kitchener legend. Our Superman fades before our eyes, and leaves us instead with the likeness of a most patriotic, self-confident, hard-working, high-minded gentleman, overburdened by an unparalleled task.

We all know how the Germans have cooked up the superman idea. Where other nations played with the idea they have worked it to death.

But this war, says Sidney Low, has changed our orientation. Heroism has become so common that it has long ceased to be picturesque and theatrical, though it tugs at our heartstrings none the less on that account. We have discovered that the quite average, ordinary man can do deeds which would have seemed notable enough to fill half a canto of sounding verse, or half a chapter of reverberant prose, in the days of the effigy-hero. For him—it may be he will get a line in a bald telegram or a bit of ribbon and a metal cross. It is much more likely he will get nothing, and nobody but a comrade or two will know how he lived and died. He goes about all this work with an amazing modesty, calmness, and self-effacement, as though to suffer appalling torture, to be mangled, ripped open, maimed, blinded, killed, were just an incident in the day's doings.



THE STRAIGHT ROAD. Published by George J. McLeod, Ltd. \$1.50.

THE Straight Road is one of those novels which are published anonymously to heighten the air of verisimilitude with which they are written. Married at seventeen to a man she could not love at twenty-two, Callie Baird finds herself disgusted with his animality and so unable to live with him. Taking her boy she runs away and endeavours to find work. The fact that she is a grass widow marks her out as legitimate prey to all the men she meets. To the anonymous writer the sex-passion is the all-dominant factor in every man's life. The author or authoress—I suspect the writer is a woman because the most lurid fiction is written by women—does not

give the males credit for any decent feelings. She may be right.

The rest of the story is taken up with the grass-widow's struggles against the too frankly selfish—not to use a harsher term—attentions of the men. The book ought to sell well. It isn't literature and if it is life it is life of a most sordid kind. It is gratifying to know, however, that the heroine went straight to the very end.

ACROSS FRANCE IN WAR TIME.

By "Kuklos." J. M. Dent & Sons. 35 cents.

FINDING his occupation gone "Kuklos," otherwise W. Fitzwater Wray, took his bicycle, and armed with the necessary passports, proceeded to tour France. The route he plan-

ned for himself took him away from rather than into the country of the war, so we get a picture of the people who have not been driven out of their homes, but who have been not one whit less determined that no jot or tittle shall be abated until the tide of invasion has been rolled back forever. The volume is fully illustrated and is issued in the Wayfarers' Series which is such a credit to the publishers and such a book to him who loves the good things of modern literature.

UNDERTOW. By Kathleen Norris. William Briggs, Toronto. \$1.25.

THEY are not great books but there is a simplicity and wholesomeness about Mrs. Norris' stories that make them very good reading. These qualities are noticeable in this her latest book. In her own fashion she protests with all her strength against the utter uselessness of the so-called fashionable life of to-day.

It used to be the saying that "love flies out at the window when hunger comes in at the door." Nowadays, it is when riches and social distinction come in at the door that Love finds that there is no place in the home for it. The Bradleys start life with little money and lots of love and happiness but as success comes to them love and joy are forgotten in the mad rush of the social whirl until material disaster overtakes them and saves them from the loss of all that makes life sweet.

SPEAKING OF PRUSSIANS. By Irvin S. Cobb. The Musson Book Co. Price 50 cents.

IRVIN COBB'S chief rival for prolific production is H. G. Wells. The main resemblance is that nearly everything each of these authors gets into print ultimately gets into a book. Speaking of Prussians comes right on the heels of Fibble D. D. by the same author. There is a difference. Fibble D. D. is a jocularly intended to satirize the idiosyncrasies of a worthy cleric who never knows how much of a fool he may be. Speaking of Prussians is a belated transcription of what Cobb saw in Belgium long ago, what he was unable for political reasons at that time to publish. The book contains nothing about the invasion of Belgium more horrifying than much that has already been printed in various forms. But it has the advantage of a revolting subject treated in a humanly interesting way by a master of savoir faire in writing. The style is consistently readable. It has the easy fluency of the man who knows how to make reading easy. And it can be read in a couple of hours. Well worth any man's fifty cents.

"LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS," cloth, 152 pages, \$1.00. W. A. Sherwood.

OF the making of poetry books there is no end. That is because poetry is continually being made and re-made in individual lives and the self-conscious ones try to express it. It is less common than is supposed, that with each thin volume goes the singer's grand bid for fame. It is otherwise. Likely enough in "Lays, Lyrics and Legends," Mr. W. A. Sherwood, a Toronto painter, has merely tried his twin artistic impulse in sing-

ing. The artistic impulse is often born twins, though some of the great, like Michael Angelo, have been triplets, maestro in painting, architecture and sonnet writing. In fact the artist-soul must make "studies" in whatever modes are available; it belongs to the breed and beyond that to the race. Hence Browning's "I like to know a butcher paints, etc." These grave poems are, we fancy, the expression of say forty years' outlook on life. They range from grave to gay but all of them reflect a kindly spirit. The author is Victorian in his sympathies; his motifs belong to long ante-bellum days when it was the fashion to apostrophize Peace. He is probably the poet of the class of Canadian citizens, rapidly thinning, who put heart fervour into the celebration of "The Twenty-fourth of May"—which is the title of one of his old-fashioned lyrics. We have tributes to Canadian heroes of the '85 and '99 classes, and chaplets hung up in honour of Kipling, Austin, Browning, Tennyson, Schiller, John A. Macdonald and Alex. MacKenzie, the latter being credited with having exhibited "the splendid note of Life—Sincerity." In fact it is constantly this note of sincerity and manhood that Mr. Sherwood pays tribute to, whether in statesman, poet or the new come citizen from Sicily who vends peanuts on the kerb with the sentiments of a true man in his bosom. Sherwood's thoughts show him an advocate of Anglo-Saxon unity and co-operation. His stirring stanzas on a war theme were written in an inspired moment of pre-visionsed hostilities and they are for the present.

"The nation is waking,
The dark clouds are breaking,
The trumpet and drum is arousing afar;
The foemen are nearing,
And thousands appearing—
Awake, men, awake, it is war, it is war.

THE BELGIAN MOTHER AND BALLADS OF BATTLE TIME

is a volume of war-time verse written by Mr. T. A. Browne and published by The Macmillan Company at \$1.00. The profits made by the author are being generously contributed by him to the Great War Veterans' Association.

ODDMENTS.

Messrs. McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Ltd., announce for early publication CONFEDERATION AND ITS LEADERS, by Mr. M. O. Hammond of the "Globe." It will contain biographies of all the leading men of this momentous period. The book will be fully illustrated.

The Macmillan Company are issuing almost immediately THE LIFE OF ALGERNON SWINBURNE, by Mr. E. Gosse. This is, perhaps, the most important literary biography of a decade.

Simultaneously with the publication of the life of Swinburne, Mr. Heine-mann is issuing a volume of POSTHUMOUS POEMS, by the poet. This first instalment of the great number of poems left by Mr. Swinburne will be eagerly welcomed by all lovers of the poet's work.

From Mr. S. B. Gundy announcement comes of the early publication of
(Concluded on page 21.)

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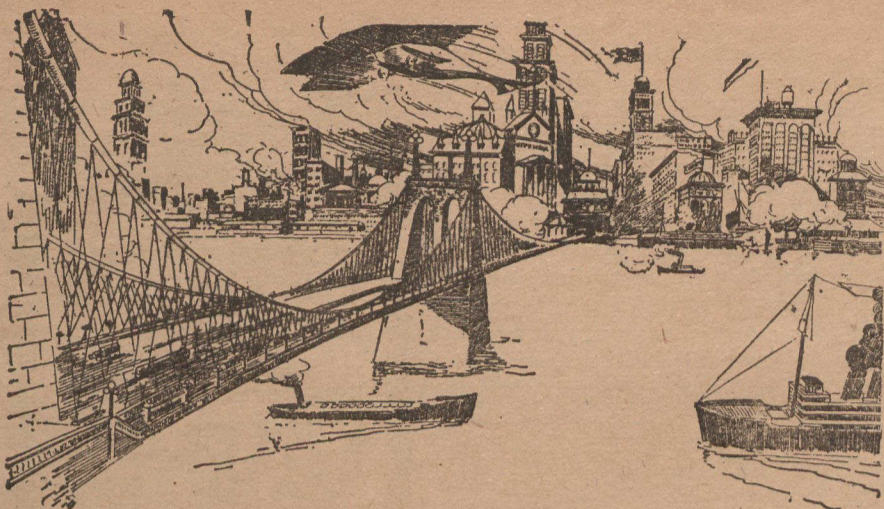
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A. 75



TWENTY - FIVE YEARS A CITY

Our Biggest Border Burg Gains in the Race on Detroit

ONCE upon a time—20 years ago now—an old friend of the editor of this paper living in Windsor, said as he looked from his office window across at the gleaming nocturne of Detroit, "Windsor, my boy, is nothing but a wart on Detroit's neck."

Well, then the wart has grown along with the neck. If Detroit is the biggest border city in the United States, Windsor is surely our biggest. The ratio of 30 to 1 population compared to Detroit has not prevented Windsor from seeing that the ratio got a little less as Detroit went on bossing the Detroit River.

Now the city on the border is 25 years old—birthday celebrated a few days ago, and the Windsor Record commemorates the event with a thumping big Silver Jubilee number, each copy weighing a pound and a half of war-time paper, 96 pages splashed full of flamboyant, optimistic sketches—done in Detroit—cheerful, instructional articles and statistics; the whole thing quite stupendous.

Above we have reproduced a sketch showing the Record's conception of "Windsor 25 years hence," the city linked up with Detroit by a giant bridge, as there is already a tunnel, the second international tube in Canada.

Some of the Features.

"Windsor's Growth and Progress," by C. L. Barker, is a record of Civic and Industrial Development since incorporation in 1892, illustrated by portraits of the first and the present City Council.

"A Complete History of the Ferries," from the Birch Bark Canoe, or Bateau, to the Modern Turbine, by F. J. Holton and D. N. Bedford, is, as its title implies, an historical sketch of navigation between Detroit and Windsor from the early days of the log canoe until the present time.

A description of "Ojibway," the Steel City in Embryo, concerns a town lying to the east of Windsor, where the U. S. Steel Corporation proposes to erect plants at a cost of \$20,000,000 to handle their Canadian and export trade.

A short but interesting article deals with The Essex Historical Society, an organization formed to collect and preserve the data dealing with that section of the country.

"Windsor, its Origin and Progress," is dealt with in a review by Stephen Lusted.

Building statistics form a nucleus for an article on "Windsor, a Fast Growing City." Windsor stands sixth

in the list of Canadian cities for building activities.

A beautiful public library is one of Windsor's proud possessions. This city was the first place in Canada to receive an offer from Mr. Carnegie, although not the first city to occupy a Carnegie building. Andrew Braid writes interestingly on the growth of the library from the time of its first home in an old frame building until now.

"Windsor Had First Electric Car to Operate in America." Under this heading Richard Bangham tells of the initial trip in June, 1886. Fred Neal completes the article, writing on "From Stage Coach to Present Inter-urban System."

"Away back in 1868, the alarm ran up and down the frontier that the Fenians were about to make another raid"—writes Robert Timms in a sketch on "Guarding Windsor Against Fenian Raids."

"Windsor, 25 Years Hence," is an optimistic outlook as to what the future holds for the city. Written by C. W. Grenville. (See illustration above).

"Windsor's Part in the War," by Andrew Braid, records the patriotic efforts of the city, recruiting and otherwise.

C. L. Barker in "The History of The Evening Records," tells of the struggles and changes of the paper in its early days, and of the solid foundation upon which it now rests, enjoying as it does, the public confidence and support.

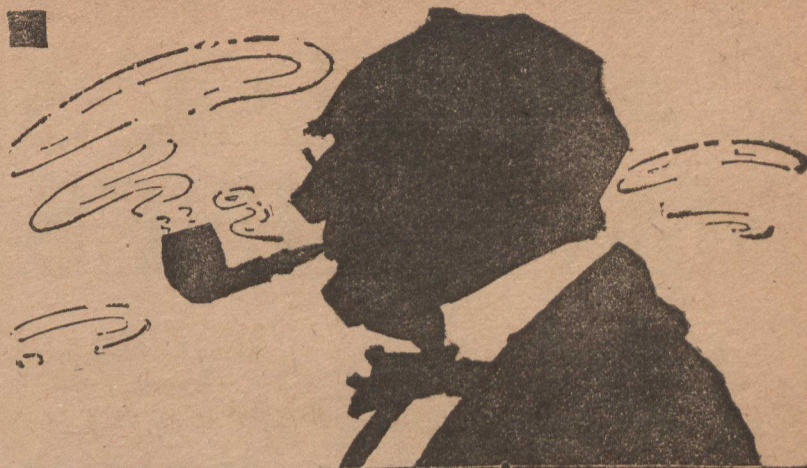
In an entertaining style Capt. Allan L. McCrae describes the trials and tribulations of "The Old Beaver Boat Club," not forgetting the victories.

"A History of Windsor's Street Names," by Beaumont Shepherd, deals interestingly with the origin of the names, most of them perpetuating the memory of pioneers and historical personages.

A whole section is devoted to Walkerville, its prominent men and Public Departments.

"The History of The Essex Frontier," by Fred Neal, follows the changes and development of that section from the time of the first settler, a Jesuit, in 1728, until the present.

In addition to the foregoing, Windsor's Municipal Departments are dealt with in separate articles. Transportation, Immigration, the Market, Schools, the 21st Regiment, Ford City, and numerous other subjects receive their share of attention, and only lack of space forbids us detailing them.





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They provide the one medium of communication with a purely national appeal—they are the one means of education, inspiration, entertainment, welcomed equally in the homes of the proudest millionaire and the humblest workingman or farmer. In hundreds of thousands of Canada's homes in city, town, village and on isolated farms they find a welcome with every member of the family, providing education in its most attractive form, stimulating thought, broadening the outlook, making leisure hours more enjoyable, telling about the things said or done or made in the other parts of Canada, bringing from far and near the ideas that improve the mind, the home and the person.

They are bound to be the factor which more than anything else will serve to knit Canada together and nationalize the interests and desires of her people.

It is to magazines that people look to bring them in touch with the world outside their local circles.

No longer does the "country cousin" feel out of place in the city. He knows what's going on, reads the same, wears the same, eats the same—because he keeps in touch through the magazines.

Magazines prove a most important factor, too, in nationalizing much of the country's commerce. They make the goods of the manufacturer here known to consumers everywhere, with the greatest economy of time and expense. The acquaintance with the country's best products thus cultivated widens the market in which consumers buy, just as it nationalizes the market in which the maker can sell. They are truly the shop-window of the nation.

What hours and days of work and worry have been saved the housewife by the appliances, foods, methods which have been made known to her through magazine advertising.

The styles she wears, the foods, appliances, furnishings, apparel she buys—are not her preferences largely dictated by the acquaintances she has made through the magazines?

Look in any store window anywhere. The goods most commonly displayed—because they are most in demand—are the brands which have become known to that merchant's customers through magazine advertising. These facts are worth remembering.

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MAGAZINES

CANADIAN COURIER

McLEAN'S MAGAZINE

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

CANADIAN FASHION QUARTERLIES

Feeding a Multitude

(Concluded from page 13.)

viewed and the discrepancy adjusted without delay. All the stores are kept under lock and key, and only a day's rations are drawn by the chef at a time. Thus the danger of pilfering is reduced and accounts rendered simple and accurate.

The cost of feeding each patient per day is worked out by the dietitian in each institution, the market price is recorded, the food value of each article of diet registered, and the menus filed so that it is easy to detect extravagance or stinginess in any institution.

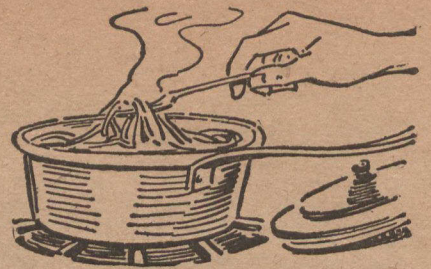
When the Military Hospitals Commission was formed two years ago the number of soldiers invalided home was comparatively small. Until August, 1916, there were never more than 400 returned each month. Since then they have averaged 1,000 a month, and once the numbers reached 2,600, so the hospitals must necessarily multiply. At present there is a slight shortage of women for the position of head dietitians, but there is no lack of graduate pupils who in a few months will be well fitted to take charge of the dietary departments of each institution as soon as the equipment is installed.

How the War Looks

(Concluded from page 12.)

England, and with no immediate prospect of being sent to the front. Evidently there is no pressing shortage of men here.

There was a good deal of speculation as to Lloyd-George's meaning when he said that England expected to acquire a large amount of new shipping within the course of a few weeks. The situation becomes clearer from the announcement that sixty of the seventy-six German merchant steamers, which were in Portuguese ports when Portugal entered the war, have been chartered by Great Britain for \$7,000,000 a year, to be paid after the end of the war. The tonnage of these steamers is not stated, but it is probably large, and the reinforcement comes opportunely, as a partial corrective of the pessimism created by the U-boat successes. It has always been maintained in this column that the submarine situation, while serious enough, has never at any time actually threatened the defeat of the Allies. That Germany is buoying herself with such an expectation is evident enough. It is the inspiration of her armies in France, who are encouraged in their resistance by the confident conviction that they have only to hold on long enough to give the submarines time to complete their work of starvation. It is a conviction that should be dissipated by the statistics, but the statistics are probably not available to the German public, or the German armies. At most it is but one more illustration of the German genius for the misinterpretation of facts, and of a pathetic reliance upon the official statement. These ships in Portuguese ports would probably have been destroyed if there had been time to do so, but Portugal was too quick in her action to permit of this. The German ships in American waters have for the most part been so completely ruined by a dozen ingenious devices as to be practically useless for many months to come, one of the methods being to pour acid into the tubes so that they might be so far weakened as to burst under a normal strain.



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Books You Will Read

(Concluded from page 18.)

two volumes of war letters. The first is "THE LETTERS AND DIARY OF ALAN SEEGER," the young American poet who gave his life in the battle of the Somme. The second, "CARRY ON," is a collection of letters sent by Mr. Coningsby Dawson, the well-known novelist, to his people. Mr. Dawson, it is interesting to note, is in France with the Canadian Artillery.

* * *

Musical Oddities.

Among the novelties in the Musical Times list is "My Country 'Tis of Thee," which strangely enough is set to the tune of that unfamiliar old piece God Save the King. The whole three verses are printed, music and all. Yet they say paper is scarce in England.

* * *

We are told that in a recent America Day Service at old St. Paul's, London, Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic, "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," was sung to the tune of John Brown's Body. There are some things even a musical imagination fail to grasp.

Shipyards in Quebec

(Continued from page 8.)

year and eleven the next, with a stimulus of a bonus from the king of France, graduated according to tonnage for vessels of sixty to two hundred tons.

These seem to have been the largest vessels of any kind built here until 1739, when orders were received from the French king to try the experiment of building war vessels. Accordingly, the construction of a corvette of five hundred tons was begun with an engineer named Neree Levasseur acting as contractor or builder for the king. On the 4th June, 1742,

the first transport for the French navy, the "Canada," was launched here amidst great rejoicing and was sent to Rochefort, France, with a crew of eighty St. Malo men. She was loaded for the voyage with boards, iron and oil. In the spring of 1744 the "Caribou," of seven hundred tons, carrying twenty-two guns and a crew of a hundred and four men, left the yard on the St. Charles and sailed for France in July, followed in 1745 by the "Castor," of twenty-six guns and two hundred men. This was the first warship built for the protection of Canada's trade and to guard the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

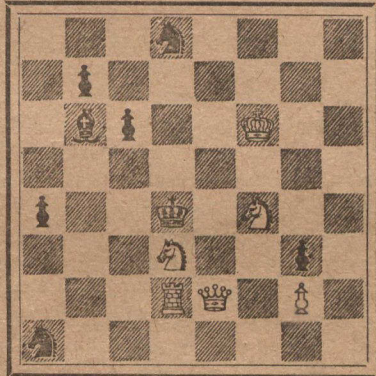
CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

Address all communications for this department to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEEM 140. Author unknown. (1908.)

Black.—Eight Pieces.



White.—Six Pieces.

White to play and mate in three. SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 138, by W. P. Cornwell.

1. Q—Rsq, Q—Kt6ch; 2. KxP mate.
1., B—Q2; 2. KR—Q6 mate.
1., B—B2; 2. R—QB5 mate.
1., B—Q5; 2. KxP mate.
1., threat; 2. Q—R5 mate.

To Correspondents.

G. Gaudry.—Regret cannot reply by post. Get Stainton's Handbook (new edition), American Chess Bulletin, 150 Nassau St., New York. A good primer.

CHESS IN TORONTO.

An interesting game played off-hand at the Toronto Chess Club on May 7, be-

tween the Chess Editor and Mr. G. K. Powell, the Toronto Club Treasurer.

King's Bishop's Gambit

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| White. | Black. |
| M. Sim. | G. K. Powell. |
| 1. P—K4 | 1. P—K4 |
| 2. P—KB4 | 2. PxP |
| 3. B—B4 | 3. P—KB4 (a) |
| 4. Q—K2 | 4. Q—R5ch |
| 5. K—Qsq | 5. PxP |
| 6. QxPch | 6. B—K2 |
| 7. Kt—QB3 (b) | 7. Kt—KB3 |
| 8. Q—K2 | 8. P—Q4 (c) |
| 9. KtxP | 9. KtxKt |
| 10. BxKt | 10. P—B3 |
| 11. B—K6 | 11. Kt—Q2 |
| 12. Kt—B3 | 12. Q—B3 |
| 13. P—Q4 | 13. P—KtKt4 |
| 14. P—KR3 | 14. Kt—Bsq |
| 15. B—QB4 | 15. B—Q2 (d) |
| 16. R—Ksq | 16. P—Kt4 (e) |
| 17. B—Kt3 | 17. Kt—Kt3 |
| 18. Kt—K5 (f) | 18. KtxKt (g) |
| 19. PxtKt | 19. Q—Kt3 |
| 20. P—K6 | 20. B—Q3sq |
| 21. B—Q2 (h) | 21. P—QR4 (i) |
| 22. B—B3 (j) | 22. R—Bsq |
| 23. Q—Q2 (k) | 23. P—R5 |
| 24. B—Q5 | 24. PxB (l) |
| 25. QxQP | 25. R—R3 (m) |
| 26. QxPch | 26. K—Qsq |
| 27. B—R5ch | 27. RxB |
| 28. QxRch | 28. K—Ksq |
| 29. QxRPch | 29. K—Qsq |
| 30. Q—R5ch | 30. K—Ksq |
| 31. Q—Kt5ch | 31. K—Qsq |
| 32. Q—Kt6ch | 32. K—Ksq |
| 33. Q—B6ch | 33. K—Qsq |
| 34. R—K4 | 34. Q—B3 |
| 35. R—K2 | 35. BxP |
| 36. R—Q2ch | 36. B—Q3 |
| 37. RxBch | 37. K—K2 |
| 38. RxBch | 38. QxR |
| 39. QxQch | 39. KxQ |
| 40. K—K2 | Resigns (n) |

(a) The old classical defence. It invariably leads to a difficult game.

(b) 7. BxKt is the usual and better continuation.

(c) The Black King also invariably moves to Qsq in this phrase of the Bishop's Gambit. The protecting influence of the Queen's Pawn was an asset not to be lightly parted with. 8. P—Q3 was therefore preferable.

(d) Black should not have neglected the opportunity to play B—K3. His opponent obtains some attack, but of the diminishing order, due to the unsatisfactory state of his Queen's side forces.

(e) Weakening.

(f) This advance is very opportune.

(g) This exchange is very ill-advised.

18., B—QB4 looks the right move. Now White cuts his opponent's game in half!

(h) If 21. Q—K5, then 21. Q—B3; 22. Q—B7, Q—Q5ch; 23. B—Q2, Q—Kt3.

(i) Not 21., B—Kt2 or White would continue as in the previous note. The correct move, however, was 21., Q—B4.

(j) 22. Q—K5, R—KtKtsq; 23. Q—B7, K—Bsq; 24. QxQBP, R—Ktsq; 25. Q—B7, R—Rsq; 26. B—Q5 wins.

(k) And here 23. P—QR4 was sounder and equally effective play.

(l) Mr. Powell took this hastily; as a matter of fact, the whole game was of the rapid order. After 24. B—Kt2; 25. B—K4, QxP; 26. BxRP, Q—B2; 27. B—Q3, R—Qsq; 28. B—Kt4, R—Q2, the attack would have changed hands. Now White wins easily.

(m) The only square to avoid the return of a clear Rook!

(n) White has an easy win with the Queen's side Pawns.

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NUMBER 70, BERLIN

A STORY of espionage as they had it in England and still have it in Russia. Told with great simplicity and dramatic force. What is Number 70? That's what Lewin Rodwell knew all about when some people didn't.

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

LEWIN RODWELL and Sir Boyle Huntley are directors of the Ochrida Copper Corporation, in London. Jack Sainsbury, a clerk of the company, overhears a conversation between them which leads him to suspect them of being traitors. Jack and Dr. Jerrold, an intimate friend, have together been investigating acts of espionage for the War Office. Dr. Jerrold is found locked in his room, dying. He explains that he has been shot. His death is a mystery. There is no bullet wound. He leaves a letter for Jack, with Trustram, of the Admiralty. This letter is not to be delivered or opened for a year. Jack hears that Rodwell is a German, and his real name Ludwig Heitzman. The Coroner's inquiry into the Doctor's strange death results in a verdict of suicide. Doctor Jerrold leaves £18,000 to Jack. Rodwell is aware of Jack overhearing his conversation with Boyle and has him dismissed from the company. Trustram has become quite friendly with Rodwell, who cunningly draws naval secrets from the Admiralty official. Tom Small, a North Sea fisherman, is under Rodwell's power. His cottage, on the Lincolnshire coast, holds the shore end of a secret cable between Germany and England. Rodwell failing to get a reply from Germany accuses Small of playing false. Eventually Berlin answers.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

STENDEL was there, in the cable-station far away on the long, low-lying island of Wangeroog—alert at last, and ready to receive any message from the secret agents of the All Highest of Germany. "B. S. Q.—B. S. Q."—came up rapidly from beneath the sea. "I am

here. Who are you?" answered the wire rapidly, in German.

Lewin Rodwell's heart beat quickly when he heard the belated reply to his impatient summons. He had fully believed that a breakdown had occurred. And if so, it certainly could never be repaired.

But a thrill of pleasure stirred him

anew when he saw that his harsh and premature denunciation of the Smalls had been unwarranted, and the cable connection—so cunningly contrived five years before, was working as usual from shore to shore.

Cable-telegraphy differs, in many respects, from ordinary land-telegraphy, especially in the instruments used. Those spread out before Rodwell were, indeed, a strange and complicated collection, with their tangled

(Continued on page 23.)



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POINTERS ABOUT BONDS

HAVE you money to invest in bonds? Or have you money to invest in anything, waiting to see whether you will leave it in the bank, put it into stocks or buy bonds or debentures as the case may be? To all those who are in this state of indecision the leading points in a recent financial article from The Outlook will afford useful guidance.

Well bought is half sold, runs the old mercantile axiom. The investment banker, more than the general merchant, must consider the buying end. Bonds must not only be sold, but kept sold. Bonds are not supposed to wear out in service or to be consumed, but remain to check the sagacity of the seller from, say, five to fifty years, with thirty years as a fair average between date of issue and maturity.

Few bonds can safely be purchased blindly, and, although reputation always counts for much, the keenest discrimination must be employed. Bond firms are deluged with opportunities to purchase securities, and yet in ordinary times good issues are eagerly sought. A large part of the issues of all grades are finally offered by some dealer, but the investor who deals with a conservative, well-established firm may have little fear that his funds will be misused.

The bond field is noteworthy for being clean. Dubious security dealers are always at work, handling all sorts of stocks and bonds, obtaining their customers by advertising in the small percentage of the public press which is still without conscience. However, in the greatest market in the world, New York City, there are few bond

houses whose moral and financial standing are not creditable.

In former days, before railway and other corporations let in the light of publicity, careful choice of corporation securities was not only restricted but almost impossible. Now, however, selection by investment bankers is reduced to a fairly defined science.

The first interest of an investment bond firm in regard to a corporation bond is the purpose of issue. One of the largest and best bond houses has never offered a security put out to finance a new proposition. It has handled only bonds having back of them successful operations for several years. Owing to this fact, the history of this firm's securities has been remarkably good.

It may truthfully be said that the purchasing side of the bond business has been more fully developed than the selling end of the business. The largest firms have the buying specialized, with high-salaried experts in charge of the purchase of the various classes of securities.

The smaller houses, of course, do not have the purchasing department so much specialized, but the question of personal ability enters in, and it must be said that the purchasing of some of the smaller distributors is handled as well as is that of the largest organizations.

There are available unreliable public accountants and engineers and attorneys who will favorably report upon almost any issue for a consideration, and the investing public cannot be expected to be able to judge as to the reliability of professional service.

ADVICE ABOUT PEACE STOCKS

TO the careful observer, says Albert W. Atwood in Every Week, nothing is more amazing than the readiness with which small investors throw their money into cheap mining stocks and the shares of companies exploiting new inventions, processes, schemes, or devices, or a new and untried industry. Mining is always a gamble, except in the case of very large holding companies that own many different developed properties, and stocks in such companies are rarely the type that small investors favour. New industries in their early and chaotic stages, such as the motion-picture industry is now, have always been the graveyard of capital.

Small investors turn to these channels, first, because of the lure of rare but possible large profits, and second, because shares in such companies are sold in small units. Of course, there is really no advantage in the share of small unit. One good share costing \$200 is far better than twenty poor ones costing \$10 each.

Purchase of this type of securities is all the more tragic because in every financial centre, which means every large city, there are available a great variety of both sound and profitable investments in solid, basic industries of demonstrated and reasonably permanent value. These facts are pertinent now, when so many people are rushing into war stocks. Naturally, it is not easy to separate the war from the peace stocks.

War prosperity has been so widespread that nearly all lines of business have been favorably affected. But, aside from companies that have taken actual war orders, those most directly stimulated are steel, copper, zinc, chemical, oil, and sugar concerns.

Stocks in many of these companies may prove highly desirable even after the war; but there is no denying that the present abnormal profits that they are able to earn are possible only because of the war.

The surest "peace" stocks are those concerned with stable, recognized, basic industries. Great and secure industries are those that are not necessarily old, but that, on the other hand, have not grown overnight.

Among the simon-pure peace stocks are those of banks and trust companies. Banks sometimes fail; but the proportion that fail is very small.

The immediate interest return on bank stocks is nearly always small, but in the long run it is very large. In New York City, with which I am most familiar, the banks and trust companies of the first class—those that have always borne a good, clean reputation—have weathered panic after panic and maintained their dividends.

Peace stocks are also to be found in the "public utility" field. The stronger companies engaged in selling electric light and power, electric traction, gas, and telephone and telegraph service are but little affected by war.

If you change your address and desire to receive your copy without delay, always give your old address as well as your new one.

NUMBER 70, BERLIN

(Continued from page 21.)

and twisted wires, each of which Rodwell traced without hesitation.

In a few seconds his white, well-manicured and expert hand was upon the key again, as the Smalls returned to their living-room, and he swiftly tapped out the message in German:

"I am Rodwell. Are you Stendel? Put me through Cuxhaven direct to Berlin: Number Seventy: very urgent."

"Yes," came the reply. "I am Stendel. Your signals are good. Wait, and I will put you through direct to Berlin."

The "sounder" clicked loudly, and the clockwork of the tape released, causing the narrow paper ribbon to unwind.

"S. S." answered Rodwell, the German war-code letters for "All right. Received your message and understand it."

Then he took from his pocket his gold cigarette-case, which bore his initials in diamonds on the side, and selecting a cigarette, lit it and smoked while waiting for the necessary connections and relays to be made which would enable him to transmit his message direct to the general headquarters of the German Secret Service in the Koenigergratzerstrasse, in Berlin.

In patience he waited for a full ten minutes in that close little room, watching the receiving instrument before him. The angry roar of the wintry sea could be heard without, the great breakers rolling in upon the beach, while every now and then the salt spindrift would cut sharply across the little window, which rattled in the gusty wind.

Click—click—click. Then a pause, and repeated three times. Then a pause, and the call "M. X. Q. Q.—J. A. J. 70."

By the prefix, Rodwell knew that he was "through," and actually in communication with the headquarters of the German espionage throughout the world; that marvellously alert department from which no secret of state, or of hostile army or navy was safe; the department formed and controlled by the great Steinhauer, who had so many times boasted to him, and perhaps with truth, that at the Koenigergratzerstrasse they knew more of England than even the English themselves knew.

THE British public will never be able to realize one hundredth part of what Germany has done by her spy-system, or of the great diplomatic and military successes which she has achieved by it. Yet we know enough to realize that for years no country and no walk of life—from the highest to the lowest—has been free from the ubiquitous, unscrupulous and unsuspected secret agents of whom Lewin Rodwell was a type.

In Germany's long and patient preparation for the world-war, nothing in the way of espionage was too large, or too small for attention. The activity of her secret agents in Berlin had surely been an object-lesson to the world. Her spies swarmed in all cities, and in every village; her agents ranked among the leaders of social and commercial life, and among the sweepings and outcasts of great communities. The wealthiest of commer-

cial men did not shrink from acting as her secret agents. She was not above employing beside them the very dregs of the community. No such system had ever been seen in the world. Yet the benefits which our enemies were deriving from it, now that we were at war, were incalculable.

By every subtle and underhand means in her power, Germany had prepared for her supreme effort to conquer us, and, as a result of this it was that Lewin Rodwell that night sat at the telegraph-key of the Berlin spy-bureau actually established on British soil.

He waited until the call had been repeated three times with the secret code-number of the Koenigergratzerstrasse, namely: "Number 70 Berlin."

Then, putting out his cigarette, he drew his chair forward until his elbows rested upon the table, and spreading out the closely-written document before him, tapped out a signal in code.

The letters were "F. B. S. M."

TO this kind of pass-word, which was frequently altered from time to time, he received a reply: "G. L. G. S." and then he added his own number, "0740."

The signals exchanged were quite strong, and he drew a long breath of relief and satisfaction.

Then, settling down to his dastardly work, he began to tap out rapidly the following in German:

"On Imperial War Service. Most Urgent. From 0740 to Berlin 70. Transmitted Personally."

"Source of information G. 27, British Admiralty. Lieutenant Ralph Beeton, Grenadier Guards, British secret agent, is at present staying at Kaiserhof Hotel, Berlin, as James B. James, an

American citizen, of Fernville, Kansas, and is transmitting reports. Captain Henry Fordyce, British Navy, is at Park Hotel, Dusseldorf, as Francis Dexter, iron merchant of New Orleans, and has sent reports regarding Erhardt's ordnance factory. Both should be arrested at once. Lieutenant George Evans, reported at Amsterdam on the 5th, has gone to Emden, and will probably be found at the Krone Hotel."

Then he paused. That message had, he knew, sealed the fate of three brave Englishmen who had dared to enter the camp of our enemies. They would be arrested within an hour or so, and most certainly shot as spies. His face broadened into an evil grin of satisfaction as the truth crossed his mind.

He waited for an acknowledgment that his report had been received. Then, having listened to the answering click—clickety—click, he sent a second message as follows:

"British Naval Dispositions: Urgent to Q. S. R."

"Source of information H. 238. Tonight, off the Outer Skerries, Shetlands, are battleships King Charles (flag), Mole, Wey, Welland, Teign, Yare, Queen Boadicea, Emperor of India, King Henry VIII; with first-class cruisers Hogue, Stamford, Petworth, Lichfield, Dorchester; second-class cruisers Rockingham, Guildford, Driffield, Verulam, Donnington, Pirbright, Tremayne and Blackpool; destroyers Viking, Serpent, Chameleon, Adder, Batswing, Sturdy and Havoc, with eight submarines, the aircraft-ship Flyer, and repair-ship Vulcan. Another strong division left Girdle Ness at 4 p.m. coming south. The division in Moray Firth remains the same. Trusty, Dragon, Norfolk and Shadower left Portsmouth this evening going east. British Naval war-code to be altered at midnight to 106-13."

The figures he spelt out very care-

fully, repeating them three times, so that there could be no mistake. Again he paused until, from Berlin, they were repeated for confirmation.

Afterwards he proceeded as follows:

"Ruritania leaves Liverpool for New York at noon to-morrow, carrying bullion. Also liners Smyrna, Jacob Elderson, City of Rotterdam and Great Missenden leave same port for Atlantic ports to-morrow. Submarines may be advised by wireless."

ONCE more he paused until he received the signal of acknowledgment, with the query whether the name of one of the ships mentioned was Elderson or Elderton. But Lewin Rodwell, with keen interest in his fell work of betraying British liners into the hands of the German pirate submarines, quickly tapped out the correct spelling, repeating it, so that there should be no further mistake.

After yet another pause, the man seated in the fisherman's stuffy little bedroom grasped the telegraph-key and made the signals—"J. O. H. J."—which, in the German war-code, meant: "Take careful note and report to proper quarter instantly."

"All right," came the answering signal, also in code. "Prepared to receive J. O. H. J."

Then, after a few seconds, Rodwell glanced again at the closely-written sheet spread before him, and began to tap out the following secret message in German to the very heart of the Imperial war-machine:

"Official information just gained from a fresh and most reliable source—confirmed by H. 238, M. 605, and also B. 1928—shows that British Admiralty have conceived a clever plan for entrapping the German Grand Fleet. Roughly, the scheme is to make attack with inferior force upon Heligoland early on Wednesday morning, the 16th, together with corresponding attack upon German division in the

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estuary of the Eider and thus draw out the German ships northward towards the Shetlands, behind which British Grand Fleet are concealed in readiness. This concentration of forces northward will, according to the scheme of which I have learned full details, leave the East coast of England from the Tyne to the Humber unprotected for a full twelve hours on the 16th, thus full advantage could

be taken for bombardment. Inform Grand Admiralty immediately."

Having thus betrayed the well-laid plans of the British Admiralty to entice the German Fleet out of the Kiel Canal and the other harbours in which barnacles were growing on their keels, Lewin Rodwell, the popular British "patriot," paused once more.

But not for long, because, in less than a minute, he received again the



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signal of acknowledgment that his highly interesting message to the German Admiralty had been received, and would be delivered without a moment's delay.

Then he knew that the well-organized plans of the British Fleet, so cleverly conceived and so deadly if executed, would be effectively frustrated.

He gave the signal that he had ended his message and, with a low laugh of satisfaction, rose from the rickety old chair and lit another cigarette.

Thus had England been foully betrayed by one of the men whom her deluded public most confidently trusted and so greatly admired.

CHAPTER X.

The Khaki Cult.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later Lewin Rodwell was standing upon the platform of the big Music Hall, in George Street, Edinburgh, addressing a great recruiting meeting.

The meeting, presided over by a well-known Scotch earl, had already been addressed by a Cabinet Minister; but when Rodwell rose, a neat, spruce figure in his well-fitting morning coat, with well-brushed hair, and an affable smile, the applause was tremendous—even greater than that which had greeted the Minister.

Lewin Rodwell was a people's idol—one of those who, in these times, are so suddenly placed high upon the pedestal of public opinion, and as quickly cast down.

A man's reputation is made to-day and marred to-morrow. Rodwell's rapid rise to fortune had certainly been phenomenal. Yet, as he had "made money in the city"—like so many other people—nobody took the trouble to inquire exactly how that money had been obtained. By beating the patriotic drum so loudly he stifled down inquiry, and the public now took him at his own valuation.

A glib and forceful orator, with a suave, persuasive manner, at times declamatory, but usually slow and decisive, he thrust home his arguments with unusual strength and power.

In repeating Lord Kitchener's call for recruits, he pointed to the stricken fields of Belgium, recalling those harrowing scenes of rapine and murder in August, along the fair valley of the Meuse. He described, in vivid language, the massacre in cold blood of seven hundred peaceful men, women and young children in the little town of Dinant-sur-Meuse, the town of ginger-bread and beaten brass; the sack of Louvain, and the appalling scenes in Liege and Malines, at the same time loudly denouncing the Germans as "licentious liars" and the "spawn of Satan." From his tongue fell the most violent denunciations of Germany and all her ways, until his hearers were electrified by his whole-souled patriotism.

"The Kaiser," he cried, "is the Great Assassin of civilization. There is now ample evidence, documentary and otherwise, to prove that he, the Great War Lord, forced this great war upon the world at a moment which he considered propitious to himself. We now, alas! know that as far back as June, 1908, the Kaiser assembled his Council and, in a secret speech, declared war against England. You, ladies and gentlemen, have been bamboozled and befooled all along by a

Hush-a-bye Government who told you that there never would be war": emphatic words which were met with loud yells of "Shame!" and execration.

"The Cabinet," he continued, "knew all along—they knew as far back as 1908—that this Mad Dog of Germany intended to strangle and crush us. Yet, what did they do? They told you—and you believed them—that we should never have war—not in our time, they said; while in the House of Commons they, knowing what they did, actually suggested disarmament! Think of it!"

Renewed cries of "Shame!" rose from all parts of the hall.

"Well," Lewin Rodwell went on, clenching his fist, "we are at war—a war the result of which no man can, as yet, foresee. But win we must—yet, if we are to win, we must still make the greatest sacrifices. We must expend our last shilling and our last drop of blood if victory is at last to be ours. Germany, the mighty country of the volteface, with her blood-stained Kaiser at her head, has willed that Teuton 'kultur' shall crush modern civilization beneath the heel of its jack-boot. Are you young men of Scotland to sit tight here and allow the Germans to invade you, to ruin and burn your homes, and to put your women and children to the sword? Will you actually allow this accursed race of murderers, burglars and firebugs to swarm over this land which your ancestors have won for you? No! Think of the past history of your homes and your dear ones, and come forward now, to-night, all of you of military age, and give in your names for enlistment! Come, I implore of you!" he shouted, waving his arms. "Come forward, and do your duty as men in the service of mankind—your duty to your King, your country, and your God!"

HIS speech, of which this was only one very small extract, was certainly a brilliant and telling one. When he sat down, not only was there a great thunder of applause while the fine organ struck up "Rule Britannia," but a number of strong young men, in their new-born enthusiasm, rose from the audience and announced their intention of enlisting.

"Excellent!" cried Rodwell, rising again from his chair. "Here are brave fellows ready to do their duty! Come, let all you slackers follow their example and act as real honest, patriotic men—the men of the Scotland of history!"

This proved an incentive to several waverers. But what, indeed, would that meeting have thought had they caught the words the speaker whispered in German beneath his breath, as he resealed himself? "More cannon-fodder," he had muttered, though his face was brightened by a smile of supreme satisfaction of a true Briton, for he had realized by his reception there in Edinburgh, where audiences were never over-demonstrative, how exceedingly popular he was.

Afterwards he had supper at the Caledonian Hotel with the Cabinet Minister whom he had supported; and later, when he retired to his room, he at once locked the door, flung off his coat, and threw himself into the arm-chair by the fire to smoke and think.

He was wondering what action his friends at Number 70 Berlin were taking in consequence of the report

he had made on the previous night. On Wednesday the north-east coast of England would be left unguarded. What, he wondered, would happen to startle with "frightfulness" the stupid English, whom he at heart held in such utter contempt?

THAT same night Jack Sainsbury was on his way home in a taxi from the theatre with Elise. They had spent a delightful evening together. Mrs. Shearman had arranged to accompany them, but at the last moment had been prevented by a headache. The play they had seen was one of the spy-plays at that moment so popular in London; and Elise, seated at his side, was full of the impressions which the drama had left upon her.

"I wonder if there really are any spies still among us, Jack?" she exclaimed, as, with her soft little hand in his, they were being whirled along up darkened Regent Street in the direction of Hampstead.

"Alas! I fear there are many," was her lover's reply. "Poor Jerrold told me many extraordinary things which showed how cleverly conceived is this whole plot against England."

"But surely you don't think that there are really any spies still here. There might have been some before the war, but there can't be any now."

"Why not, dearest?" he asked, very seriously. He was as deeply in love with her as she was with him. "The Germans, having prepared for war for so many years, have, no doubt, taken good care to establish many thoroughly trustworthy secret agents in our midst. Jerrold often used to declare how certain men, who were regarded as the most honest, true John Bull Englishmen, were actually in the service of the enemy. As an instance, we have the case of Frederic Adolphus Gould, who was arrested at Rochester last April. He was a perfect John Bull: he spoke English without the slightest trace of accent; he hated Germany and all her works, and he was most friendly with many naval officers at Chatham. Yet he was discovered to be a spy, having for years sent reports of all our naval movements to Germany, and in consequence he was sent to penal servitude for six years. In the course of the inquiries it was found that he was a German who had fought in the Franco-German war, and was actually possessed of the inevitable iron cross!"

"Impossible!" cried the girl, in her sweet, musical voice.

"But it's all on record! The fellow was a dangerously clever spy; and no doubt there are many others of his sort amongst us. Jerrold declared so, and told me how the authorities, dazzled by the glamour of Teuton finance, were, unfortunately, not yet fully awake to the craft and cunning of the enemy and the dangers by which we are beset."

Then he lapsed into silence.

"Your friend Dr. Jerrold took a very keen interest in the spy-peril, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear. And I frequently helped him in watching and investigating," was his reply. "In the course of our inquiries we often met with some very strange adventures."

"Did you ever catch a spy?" she asked, quickly interested, for the subject was one upon which Jack usually avoided speaking.

"Yes, several," was his brief and

rather vague reply. The dead man's discretion was reflected upon him. He never spoke of his activity more frequently than was necessary. In such inquiries silence was golden.

"And you really think there are many still at large?"

"I know there are, Elise," he declared, quickly. "The authorities are, alas! so supine that their lethargy is little short of criminal. Poor Jerrold foresaw what was happening. He had no axe to grind, as they have at the War Office. To-day the policy of the Government seems to be to protect the aliens rather than interfere with them. Poor Jerrold's exposure of the unsatisfactory methods of our bureau of contra-espionage to a certain member of Parliament will, I happen to know, be placed before the House ere long. Then matters may perhaps be remedied. If they are not, I really believe that the long-suffering public will take affairs into their own hands."

"But I don't understand what spies have done against us," queried Elise, looking into her lover's face in the furtive light of the street-lamp they were at that moment passing. Her question was quite natural to a woman.

"Done!" echoed her fine manly lover. "Why, lots of our disasters have been proved to be due to their machinations. The authorities well know that all our disasters do not appear in the newspapers, for very obvious reasons. Look what spies did in Belgium! Men who had lived in that country all their lives, believed to be Belgians and occupying high and responsible positions—men who were deeply respected, and whose loyalty was unquestioned—openly revealed themselves as spies of the Kaiser, and betrayed their friends the instant the Germans set foot on Belgian soil. All has long ago been prepared for an invasion of Great Britain, and when 'the Day' comes we shall, depend upon it, receive a very rude shock, for the same thing will certainly happen."

"HOW wicked it all is!" she remarked.

"All war is 'wicked,' dearest," was the young man's slow reply. "Yet I only wish I were fit enough to wear khaki."

"But you can surely do something at home," she suggested, pressing his hand. "There are many things here to do, now that you've left the city."

"Yes, I will do something. I must, and I will!" he declared, earnestly.

A silence again fell between them.

"It is a great pity poor Dr. Jerrold died as he did," the girl remarked, thoughtfully, at last. "I met him twice with you, and I liked him awfully. He struck me as so thoroughly earnest and so perfectly genuine."

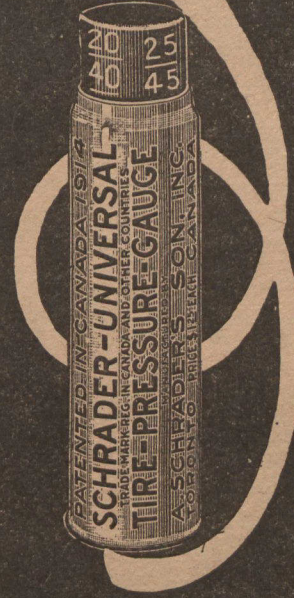
"He was, Elise. When he died—well—I—I lost my best friend," and he sighed.

"Yes," she answered. "And he was doing such a good work, patiently tracing out suspicious cases of espionage."

"He was. Yet by so doing he, like all true patriots, got himself strangely disliked, first by the Germans themselves, who hated him, and secondly by the Intelligence Department."

"The latter were jealous that he, a mere civilian doctor, should dare to interfere, I suppose," remarked the girl, thoughtfully. "The khaki cult is full of silly jealousies and petty prejudices."

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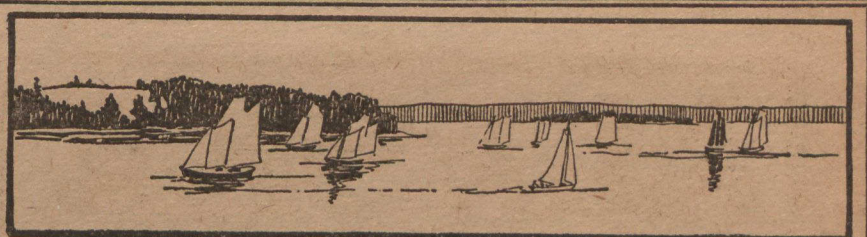
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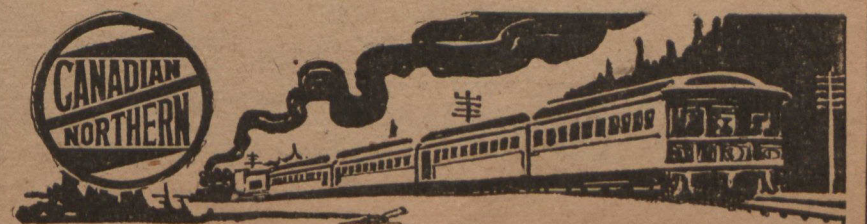
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"Exactly. It was a very ridiculous situation. Surely the man in khaki cannot pursue inquiries so secretly and delicately as the civilian. The Scotland Yard detective does not go about dressed in the uniform of an inspector. Therefore, why should an Intelligence officer put on red-tabs in order to make himself conspicuous? No, dearest," he went on; "I quite agree with the doctor that the officials whose duty it is to look after spies have not taken sufficient advantage of patriotic civilians who are ready to assist them."

"Why don't you help them, Jack?" suggested the girl. "You assisted Dr. Jerrold, and you know a great deal regarding spies and their methods. Yet you are always so awfully mysterious about them."

"Am I, darling?" he laughed, carry-

ing her hand tenderly to his lips and kissing it fondly.

"Yes, you are," she protested, quickly. "Do tell me one thing—answer me one question, Jack. Have you any suspicion in one single case?—I mean do you really know a spy?"

Jack hesitated. He drew a long breath, as again across his troubled mind flashed that thought which had so constantly obsessed him ever since that afternoon before Jerome Jerrold had died so mysteriously.

"Yes, Elise," he answered, in a thick voice. "Yes, I do."

CHAPTER XI.

The Enemy's Cipher.

THE afternoon of December 16th, 1914—the 135th day of the war—was grey and gloomy in Northumber-

land Avenue, that short thoroughfare of high uniform hotels and buildings.

The street lamps had just been lit around Trafalgar Square when Lewin Rodwell passed out of the big hall of the Constitutional Club, and down the steps into the street. At the moment a newsboy dashed past crying the evening papers.

The words that fell upon Rodwell's ear caused him to start; and, stopping the lad, he purchased a paper, and, halting, read the bold, startling headlines: "Bombardment of the East Coast this morning: Great destruction of seaside towns."

"Ach!" he murmured with a grin of satisfaction. "Ach! Number 70 was not slow in acting upon my message. Instead of the German Fleet falling into the trap, they have taught these pigs of English a lesson. Not long

ago one Minister declared that if the German Fleet did not come out of the Kiel Canal, that the brave British would dig them like rats out of a hole. Good! They have come out to respond to that challenge," and he laughed in grim satisfaction. "Let's see what they've done."

Turning upon his heel, in his eagerness to learn the truth, he reascended the broad steps of the Club, and in the hall seated himself and eagerly devoured the account which, at that moment, was thrilling the whole country.

THE paper stated, as all will remember, that the German ships having, by some extraordinary and unknown means, succeeded in evading the diligent watch kept upon them in the North Sea, had appeared on the Yorkshire coast early that morning. A German battleship, together with several first-class cruisers, had made a raid, and shelled Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby. At the three towns bombarded much damage was done, hotels, churches and hospitals being struck; and, according to the casualty list at that moment available, twenty-nine persons had been killed and forty-six wounded at Hartlepool; two killed and two wounded at Whitby, and thirteen casualties in Scarborough. The paper added that the list of casualties was believed to be very much greater, and would, it was thought, amount to quite two hundred. British patrol boats had endeavoured to cut off the Germans, whereupon the latter had fled.

Lewin Rodwell, having read the leading article, in which the journal loudly protested against the bombardment of undefended towns, and the ruthless slaughter of women and children, cast the paper aside, rose and again went out.

As he walked in the falling twilight towards Pall Mall, he laughed lightly, muttering in German, beneath his breath: "That is their first taste of bombardment! They will have many yet, in the near future. They laugh at our Zeppelins now. But will they laugh when our new air-craft bases are ready? No. The idiots, they will not laugh when we begin to drop bombs upon London!"

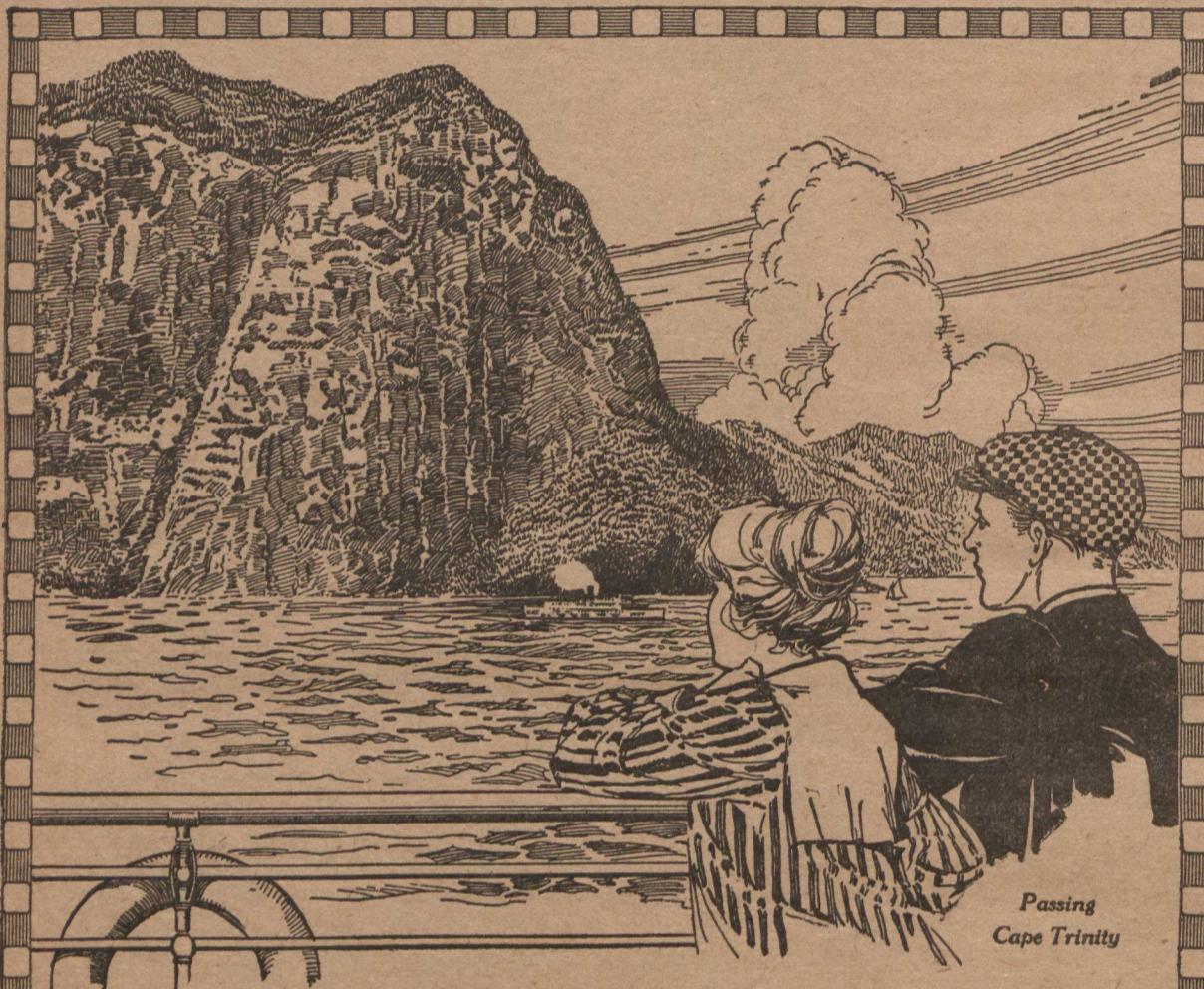
And, hailing a taxi, he entered it and drove home to Bruton Street, where Sir Boyle Huntley was awaiting him.

The man with the bloated, red face and loose lips greeted his friend warmly as he entered the quiet, cosy study. Then when Franks, Rodwell's man, had pulled down the blinds and retired, he exclaimed:

"Seen this evening's paper? Isn't it splendid, Lewin! All your doing, my dear fellow. You'll get a handsome reward for it. Trustram is very useful to us, after all."

"Yes," was the other's reply. "He's useful—but only up to a certain point. My only regret is that we haven't a real grip upon him. If we knew something against him—or if he'd borrowed money from one of our friends—then we might easily put on the screw, and learn a lot. As it is, he's careful to give away but little information, and that not always trustworthy."

"True," was Sir Boyle's reply. "But could we not manage to entice him into our fold? We've captured others,



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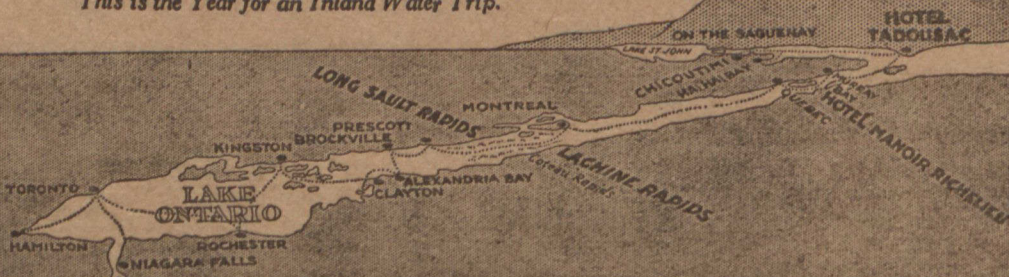
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even more wary than he, remember."

"Ah! I wish I could see a way," replied Rodwell, reflectively, as he stood before his own fireplace, his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets.

"To my mind, Lewin, I foresee a danger," said the stout man, tossing his cigarette end into the grate as he rose and stood before his friend.

"How?"

"Well—last night I happened to be at the theatre, and in the stalls in front of me sat Trustram with young Sainsbury, the fellow whom we dismissed from the Ochrida office."

"Sainsbury!" gasped the other. "Is he on friendly terms with Trustram, do you think?"

"I don't think, my dear fellow—I am certain," was the reply. "He had his girl with him, and all three were laughing and chatting merrily together."

"His girl? Let me see, we had him watched a few days ago, didn't we? That's a girl living up at Hampstead—daughter of a Birmingham tool manufacturer, Elise Shearman, isn't she?" remarked Rodwell, slowly, his eyebrows narrowing as he spoke.

"I believe that was the name. Olsen watched and reported, didn't he?" asked the Baronet.

"Yes. I must see him. That young fellow is dangerous to us, Boyle—distinctly dangerous! He knows something, remember, and he would have told his friend Jerrold—if the latter had not conveniently died just before his visit to Wimpole Street."

"Yes. That was indeed a lucky incident—eh?"

"And now he is friendly with Charles Trustram. How did they meet, I wonder?"

"Trustram was, of course, a friend of Jerrold's."

"Ah—I see. Well, we must lose no time in acting," exclaimed Lewin Rodwell, in a low, hard voice. "I quite realize the very grave and imminent danger. We may be already suspected by Trustram."

"Most probably, I think. We surely can't afford to court disaster any further."

"No," was Rodwell's low, decisive answer, and he drew a long breath. "We must act—swiftly and effectively."

And then he lapsed into a long silence, during which his active brain was ardently at work in order to devise some subtle and deadly plan which should crush out suspicion and place them both in a position of further safety.

At the moment, the British public believed both men to be honest, patriotic supporters of the Government—men who were making much sacrifice for the country's welfare.

What if the horrible and disgraceful truth ever became revealed? What if they were proved to be traitors? Why, a London mob would undoubtedly lynch them both, and tear them limb from limb!

One man in England knew the truth—that was quite plain—and that man was young Sainsbury, the clerk who had accidentally overheard those indiscreet words in the board-room in Gracechurch Street.

(To be continued.)

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