

THE CANADIAN COURIER



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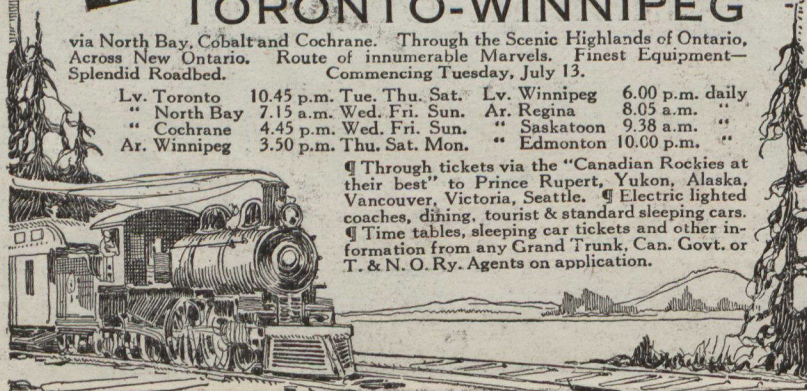
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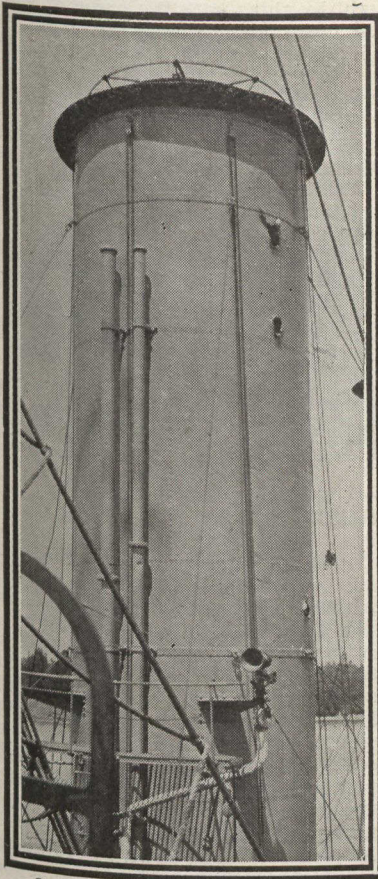
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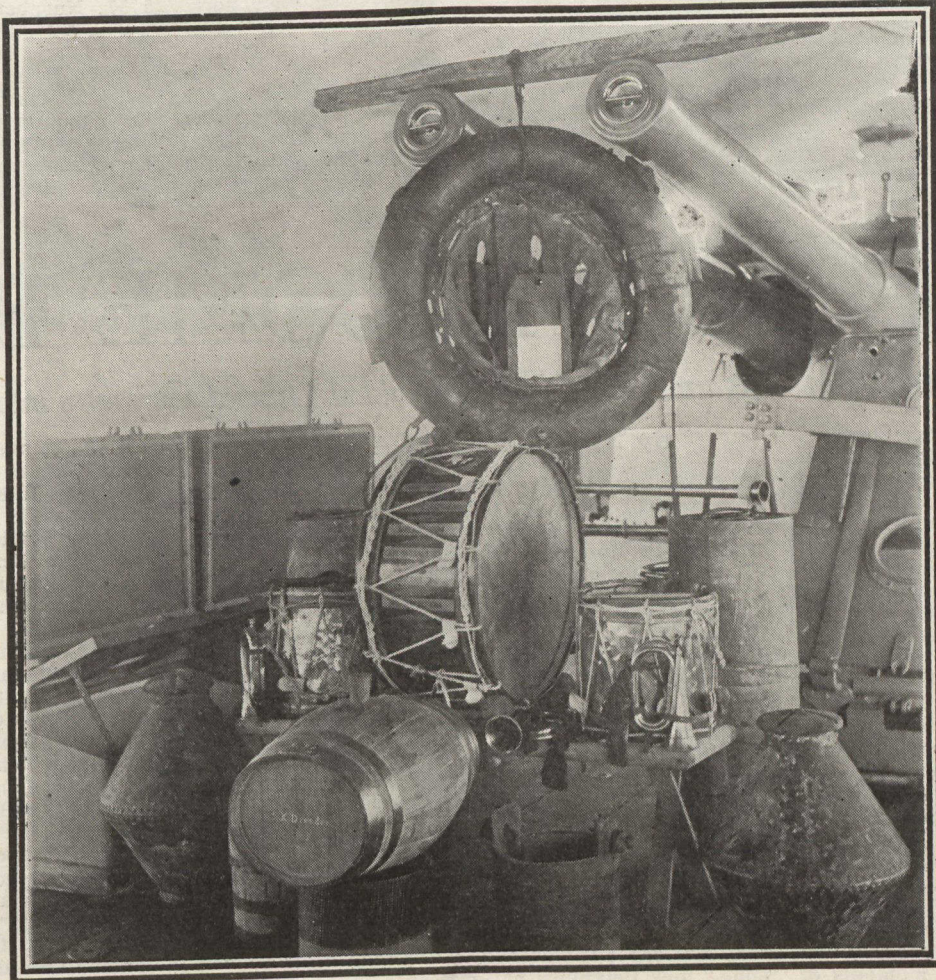


STORMED AT BY SHOT AND SHELL

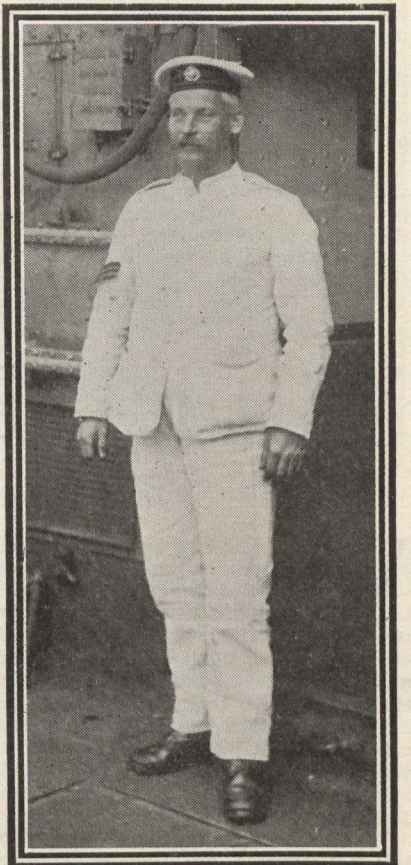
Photographs of H.M.S. Kent, Now in Drydock at Esquimalt, B.C.; Showing How She Tussled With the Nurnberg at the Falkland Islands



The Nurnberg gunners evidently had a grudge against the Kent's three funnels, because they belched the smoke of burning boats and companion-ways, giving the cruiser three knots more speed than her average with all coal.



The Kent brought to Esquimalt several souvenirs from the Dresden; capstan bar, life-buoy, ammunition cannisters, anchor buoys, buckets and barricoe; all shown here along with the Kent's own drums and bugles. On the drum is painted a list of the battles in which Kents have figured for more than two centuries.



Sergeant-Major Hayes, one of the Kent's marines, is now entitled to wear the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal. He grabbed a charge of cordite fired by a German shell from the Nurnberg, flung it overboard and hosed out the flames.

NO naval pictures in this war have yet been published more startling in detail than the photographs on this page of H. M. S. Kent; none of quite so much interest to Canadians. This light cruiser of 1903 that chased and sunk the Nurnberg and afterwards joined in the hunt after the Dresden in the battle of the Falkland Ids., on Dec. 8th, 1914, is now in drydock for a few incidental repairs. After the settling of the Dresden, she took her own time and steamed thousands of miles up the western seas from the South Pacific; battered a bit, shell-holes in her funnels, explosion-wreckages on her decks, a grim but cheery little survivor of the swiftest sea fight but one in the present war.

The photographs recall the story. On November 1 the German Pacific squadron, whose leading ships were the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau, sunk the Monmouth and the Good Hope, and came near sinking the Glasgow in a very uneven fight off Coronel, coast of Chili, under command of Admiral Cradock. This was one of the blunders charged up to Hon. Winston Churchill. The blunder was admitted. It was done while Prince Louis of Battenberg was still First Sea Lord, although it was not charged that he had anything to do with the cause of it. Shortly after Lord Fisher took the First Sea Lordship, a powerful fleet was fitted out under Admiral Sturdee, to avenge the destruction of the Monmouth and the Good Hope, and if possible to wipe out the entire

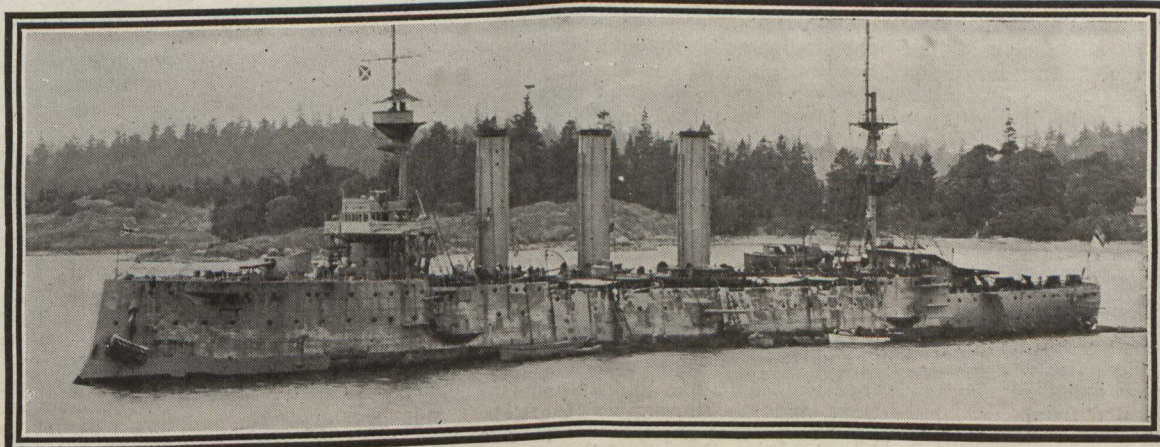
raiding German Pacific squadron. And it was off the Falkland Islands that the British squadron first sighted the German vessels. The ships in the British squadron were Kent, Carnarvon, Cornwall, Canopus, Bristol, Invincible, Inflexible, and Macedonia. Kent and Cornwall were sister ships of the lost Monmouth. Morning of Tuesday, Dec. 8, Kent was guardship at the point known as Fort William. When the lookout reported enemy ships, she at once weighed anchor and, led by the Glasgow—survivor from the Coronel catastrophe—set off to observe the enemy's movements.

OF all the ships under Admiral Sturdee in that fight, the Kent has been most talked about. Second in line behind the Glasgow, she was one of the pair that the German officers of the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau laughed at when they hove into view, and before the enemy knew that they were being followed by the big battle cruisers.

The Kent did her part in helping to rid the Pacific of the German squadron that might any day have taken a notion to bombard our Pacific ports. She did it dramatically. There were episodes in the Kent's programme startling enough for any dime novel. Her normal top speed, laid down in 1903, was 21 knots. Chasing the Nurnberg in December, 1914, she went 24 knots. She ran short of coal—for, according to the story of a midshipman aboard the Carnarvon, the "coal-ship" was done in a



A few of the little metal-twisting and fusing pranks played on the Kent by the shells of the getting-away Nurnberg.



H. M. S. Kent, photographed after her arrival for repairs at Esquimalt; after she had sunk the Nurnberg, hunted down the Dresden, and steamed thousands of miles to our Pacific Coast naval station.

great hurry the night before. But the lack of coal was no hindrance to the Kent. Stories have gone the rounds of how everything that was burnable and movable on the ship except the furniture in the officers' quarters was rammed into the Kent's furnaces; according to one despatch—"Tear up anything that will burn and throw it in" was Capt. Allen's command. And in response, boats, chicken-coops, and companion-ways were ripped up and flung into the fires. The Kent's business was to overhaul the Nurnberg. "We must sink her, boys," said the Captain. "You're jolly well right—sink 'er," was the answer. So the Captain was dubbed "Sink'er Allen."

In the sinking of the Nurnberg, the Kent was hit thirty-six times. Her armour was pierced, her decks pitted and her funnels riddled with shell-holes. But she lost only eight men.

Some thanks to Sergeant-Major Hayes, whose picture appears above, that the Kent was not either

worse damaged or burned to a crisp. According to despatches: "A shell had burst and fired some cordite charges in the casement. Flames shot down the hoist in the ammunition passage. It was then that the brave marine came to the rescue. Picking up the charge, he threw it overboard, and grasping a fire hose, he quickly subdued the flames."

All this was more than six months ago. Since that time the Kent has steamed up to Esquimalt, where she arrived some weeks ago. She has now become legitimate copy for despatch-writers from New York, descriptive writers in Victoria, and camera-men, who got the finest realistic war pictures yet taken on this side of the Atlantic.

The Kent is not merely a warship; she is an institution. The name Kent goes back in the British navy in an unbroken line of almost apostolic succession for 250 years. Old wooden sailing ships with the name of Kent have been in British battles on

many seas. It is doubtful if any of them had the experience of the 1915 Kent that is now at Esquimalt and came through to be a living witness to the story.

The big drum shown in one of the pictures has painted on the slats under the cords the names of many vessels fought by ships with the name of Kent. These battles and dates are: Lowestoft, 1665; Sir James Tight, 1666; Barfleur and La Hogue, 1692; Vigo, 1702; Malaga, 1704; Superbe, 1710; Cape Passaro, 1718; Princesa, 1740; Ushant, 1747; Calcutta, 1757; Nurnberg, 1914; Dresden, 1915.

These are the names of the ships with which Kents have fought for more than two centuries. The Kent of 1915, built in 1903, is the worthy successor of the lot. After sinking the Nurnberg, she took part in the chase after the escaping Dresden, which was afterwards given her final coup in Chilean waters. Hence the trophies from the Dresden shown in the spoils collection of the Kent.

WILL BELGIUM BECOME BRITISH?

What is to Become of Belgium Has Already Divided Official Germany into Two Camps

By STANLEY N. DANCEY

WILL Belgium become British after the war? The question had been posed by the editor of the Canadian Courier. We had just finished dinner at the Albany Club, in Toronto. The quickly moving figures all about us suggested that the noon hour was fading into afternoon and that the men of affairs were again indulging their thoughts in the tasks to which they were hurrying. A steward rushed across the floor in an effort to intercept a member who was just ready to leave. A small group at a table off to the right studied a war map, apparently for the purpose of justifying the morning's despatches.

We were discussing those features of the war which had not already been hashed and rehashed in the daily press. Keenly alert, the editor leaned forward in his eagerness to listen. I had just recently returned from the front; in fact, the dull, insidious groaning of the cannon was still in my ears. Mine had been an unusual experience. My Canadian papers still lay buried beneath Belgian soil, and we now reviewed the many thrilling incidents associated with my sojourn of nearly three months amongst the German armies, always under the kindly protection of American passports. Not until those moments of after reflection, did I really see the danger to which I had been exposed. But after all, it was a matter of allowing the past dead bury its dead. I was safe again on my native soil.

A GAIN I could see the countless legions of the Kaiser thrown against that wall of steel along the banks of the Yser canal. I saw once more the rivers, canals and inundated lands running red with the crimson blood of the Teutons. I could see in fuller and grander light the remnant of that little Belgian army, fifty thousand strong, but big enough to hold back the merciless and ever persisting Huns. Not far away, and off to the right, the British were driving back the attacks of the Germans as they sought to crush the lines of defence about Ypres. To the south, the thick, heavy smoke that hung as a pall over the earth, told in language even stronger than words, that the French were still pushing farther and farther back, the enemy who had sought to enter in and destroy one of the finest republics on earth.

The tragedy of the war passed before my mental vision, as I pondered over the question which this well-known editor had posed. Will Belgium become British after the war? I knew of the splendid sympathy which the British had awakened in the hearts of the Belgians long before war had been declared. History taught me, that for many long years, England had been a warm and devoted friend of the little kingdom across the channel. But what a wonderful bond of friendship had been developed in the more recent months!

The neutrality of Belgium had been cruelly violated by a foe, who sought, through a policy of fire, pillage and massacre, to eliminate the Belgian character and the Belgian nation. Her towns and cities had been laid in ruins, her priceless relics of the past had been sacrificed to a fiendish will. Her civilian population had been persecuted in a manner that baffled description.

BUT Belgium would be redeemed. The crime which she had suffered, would be avenged. Her commerce and her industry would be builded anew on foundations secure and permanent. Bigger and greater and grander than ever would be her future. Her people suffered and gave of their sacrifice with this certain knowledge in their hearts. Great Britain was the champion of her rights. The most powerful empire the world had ever seen had placed its strength and resource at the disposal of King Albert and his people. Surely was it this in-born hope that created the new spirit of courage in which the Belgians laboured and fought.

Over two thousand years ago Julius Caesar had conquered the territory known as Gallia Belgia. It was he who said that the Belgians were the bravest

of all the warriors he had encountered. But from that moment to this, Belgium had not known that peace and tranquillity which was its right and property. The Roman occupation was followed by the Spanish, who, under the guiding spirit of the Duke d'Albe, subjected the Belgians to all forms of cruelty and torture. The Inquisition was only one of the trials through which they had to pass. But again was Britain the friend of Belgium.

The long days of the rule of Orange Nassau laid the foundation for Belgium's first breath of freedom. In the Theatre Monnaie, at Brussels, there was being enacted a drama entitled "Le Muete de Portici." It was taken from the spirit of the Italian revolution. That was in the latter days of September, 1830. The seed of liberty had long since been planted and so it was that the revolutionary drama was accorded a magnificent reception. One of the capital's most gifted singers came out on the stage one night to sing his own composition. It was the call of liberty that echoed and re-echoed throughout the strains of that music, for it was none other than "The Brabancon," now Belgium's national anthem.

THE enthusiasm which the singer evoked was too much for a peaceable world to carry. "Vive la Revolution." The audience joined in the spirit of the enthusiasm, and from that theatre went forth the inspiring agents who soon precipitated the revolution through which Belgium secured her freedom. And in the moment of her new-bought life of liberty, Belgium turned to the larger and much stronger powers to secure that measure of protection which would mean that her freedom would be immune from hostile effort. Great Britain and Germany were amongst the nations who signed the covenant guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. Germany now regards the agreement as a mere scrap of paper. Great Britain went to war to justify that spirit of honour in which she made that guarantee to little Belgium.

Great Britain has justified her friendship for Belgium by a sacrifice which will easily earn for her a lasting influence in the life of the Belgian people. By means of a policy of peaceful penetration, Germany had eaten her way into the very heart of the little kingdom. She largely controlled the financial world. In the industrial sphere she was fast becoming the most potent factor. Socially, although the Belgians detested the Teutons, they were surely finding a strong footing, so much so, that the spy system even embraced the Royal palace at Brussels.

Scarcely a public work there was, but that a German engineer was held in a consulting capacity. Then, when it came to matter of purchasing supplies, it was only natural that German materials should be the most highly recommended. Large purchasing agents inevitably found themselves placed under the influence of German trade agents. Germany had gained control of almost everything in Belgium with the exception of the soul of the people. There was not enough money in all the Fatherland to purchase that precious force. The resistance of the Belgians at Liege gave the Huns convincing evidence of that fact.

BUT all this has been changed by the war. The foe, which has come in and destroyed with such a wanton hand the happiness and prosperity of this peace-loving and industrious race will be for many decades shut out from the life of that nation. German goods will and must be boycotted. German money will be scorned. German influence will be driven out of the social and industrial life of the people. There was a moment when Belgium thought that she could not live without the German inventions and the German-made articles. But the war has proved that she must do so, and the magnificent spirit which burns in the heart of all Belgium to-day suggests that it will be as it should.

Belgium must come into her own. She must be more Belgian than ever before. Political and religious strife has, in the past, opened up those channels through which these traitorous forces have crept in, but the war will close and seal these channels. The Clericals opposed strenuously the development of Belgium's military strength, and, in so doing, played into the hands of the treacherous foe. The Liberals, ever bent upon progress and true form of government, have struggled for years to rescue Belgium from those influences which were assuredly dragging her down. The war will give new vigour and impetus to the Liberal movement, for, after all, it is founded on the principles laid down by Abraham Lincoln, which meant a government for the people, through the people and by the people. Thanks to the Liberals, Belgium was in a position to hold the Germans back at Liege, and to save the cause of the Allies. Walloon in the south has ever been opposed by Fleming in the north, but the war has made of the Belgians a united people, with one common purpose to serve. Political and religious differences will be buried in the ashes of Prussian militarism, and out of those ashes will rise a new and more stately edifice.

QUITE naturally, the new Belgium will turn to her most devoted friend in the hour of her fuller freedom. That nation, which sheltered and protected her in the hour of peril, will remain in her life as a force of inspiration and influence. As large a part as Great Britain has played in the life of Belgium in the past, it only follows in logical sequence, that she will play an even more important role, once the horrors of this terrible war have been forever eliminated. In the reconstruction of the little kingdom, British money and British brains will be a potent factor, and, in this, will be laid the foundation upon which will be builded a permanent friendship and sympathy between the two peoples.

If one studies carefully the trade figures for the past ten or twelve years he will see at once how German merchants and manufacturers have gradually worked themselves into control of the Belgian markets. It was a common fact, that the majority of articles in Belgium, prior to the war, were of German manufacture. In 1912, Belgium bought from Germany nearly eight hundred million francs worth of goods, while at the same time she sold to Germany over one billion francs' of materials. Great Britain was fortunate enough, in this year, to secure a little over five hundred million francs of business, while she shipped into Belgium goods to the same value. But, in the last two years, Germany has made her most important strides in winning Belgium as an almost exclusive market. The war has, however, made this no longer possible. German goods will never again find a place in the Belgian market.

There are 7,423,000 inhabitants in Belgium; that was before the war. Of these, three million speak French exclusively, three million speak Flemish, while one million speak the two languages. It is a market wonderfully rich in opportunity. Allowing for the increased development which must inevitably follow in Belgian industry, once the instruments of war have been laid aside, and reconstruction has been completed, there is still a large and growing need to satisfy. Germany's place in the market must be taken by another, and it is only logical to conclude that British-made goods will satisfy a large share of this need.

Canadian manufacturers and Canadian people cannot forget the opportunity which lies before them in Belgium. Even, as we have given of our arms and our men and our money to Belgium in her hour of need, so will Belgium give to us, in her days of peace and happiness, a market that will more than recompense us for any sacrifice that we may have made. No, Belgium will not become British after the war. She will become more Belgian than ever. But British influence will find a larger and a friendlier sphere in Belgium.

SUMMER SNAPSHOTS FROM THE WEST

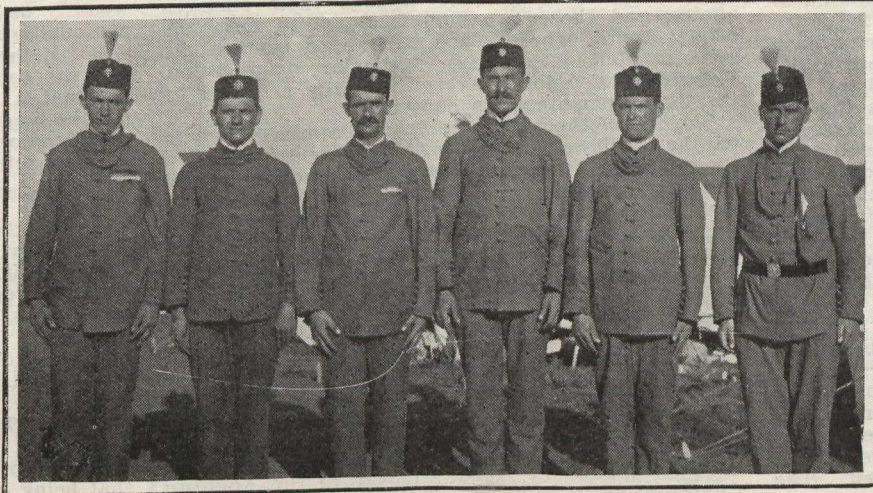


Montenegro is raising troops in America. As volunteers are not allowed to return to the colours directly from a neutral country, some of them cross to Canada first. This is a photograph of 250 Montenegrins at Sarcee Camp, near Calgary, en route to the front.

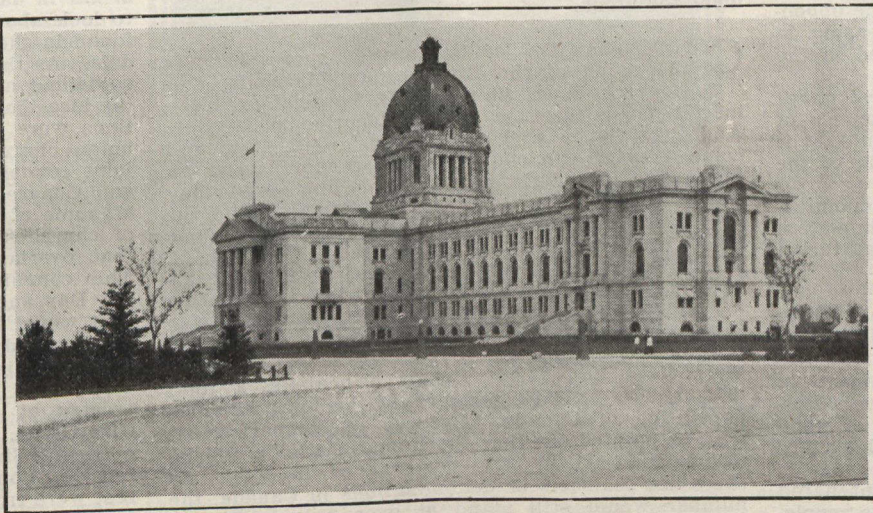
EVEN a wasp may be useful in a bull fight. Montenegro is the wasp of Europe. She is as busy as a whole nest of yellow-jackets fighting Austria, and on that account has taken Scutari, which is the capital of Albania, the little postage-stamp bone of contention just south of Montenegro, along the Adriatic. According to despatches late last week, the population were ordered to surrender all arms and ammunition to the Montenegrins. These munitions of war, such as they are, will be handed out to a new little wasp army which Montenegro seems to be raising, part of it from America.

A few days ago the plains near Calgary, which have always been the camp-grounds of picturesque people, mainly red men, were oddly decorated by the arrival of 250 Montenegrins from Butte, Montana, accompanied by several officers in native uniform, which they seem to have kept in case of any emergency where a wasp army might be needed. As may be noted from the big group photograph above, most of these Montenegrins are miners who would as lief work with rifles in a trench as with picks in a mine. And they are certainly the strangest soldiers ever camped in this country since the red men went on the warpath.

WASHINGTON is now having a few complications over the Montenegrin question. Agents of the Montenegrin Government have been busy in the United States drumming up reservists and recruits. Agents, though not official of the British Government, are said to have been doing the same thing. The Federal authorities have interfered with the passage of these volunteers across American soil for the purpose of going to the front; although it is not considered a breach of neutrality to permit reservists to return to the colours of any army to which they belong. Sir



Montenegrin officers from Butte, Mont., in native uniform at Sarcee Camp.

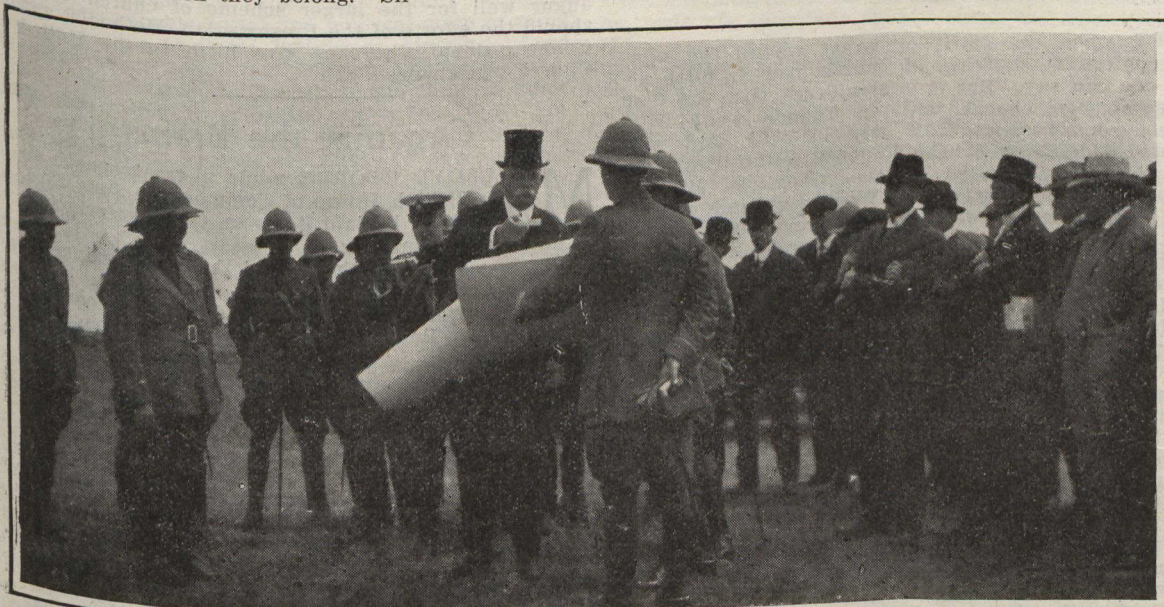


The finest photograph ever taken of Saskatchewan Parliament Buildings, where drastic liquor legislation is now the order of the day.

Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador at Washington, has asked for a ruling on the question. The Federal officials make a distinction between reservists and recruits. As the Montenegrins shown in the photograph above were not permitted to pass through United States territory for the purpose of going back to the army, it must be assumed that they are not reservists, but volunteers.

ALL over the West war continues to be as much a problem of practical business as getting ready for the biggest crop in western history. Sewell Camp, Man., is the biggest camp on the prairies. One of the most interesting episodes in connection with that camp is that presented in the photograph below, when Lieut.-Governor Brown presented two members of his Legislature with wrist watches and huge illuminated addresses. These two M.P.P.'s, from South Qu'Appelle and Lloydminster, understand that in enlisting for active service abroad they are turning their backs on a lot of spectacular fighting at home. Saskatchewan, whose beautiful Legislative pile is shown on this page, has two great problems on her hand this year—wheat and whisky. The wheat she expects to be the biggest bumper crop ever pulled off in the province of wheat. The whisky is to be regulated.

And this whisky problem, which, since the days of the bad Indian and the smuggling gangs in the North-west Territories has been a succession of comic operas with a serious purpose, is now regarded as not merely a provincial or even a merely national question. What Saskatchewan does with the liquor question is to be considered in connection with what has been done with it in Russia, in France and in England during the war. Meanwhile, the West is absorbed in the three great problems, war, whisky and wheat.



Lieut.-Governor Brown presents wrist watches and illuminated addresses as big as war posters to two members of the Saskatchewan Legislature in training at Sewell Camp, Man. Joseph Glenn, M.P.P. for South Qu'Appelle, and J. P. Lyle, M.P.P. for Lloydminster, were the patriotic recipients.



Lieut.-Governor Brown and Col. Elliott, Commander of Sewell Camp, with Premier Scott in the rear. The Governor takes the salute as a battalion marches past.

CHURCH UNION IS NOT A TRUST

Progress of the Movement Among Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists

By W. L. EDMONDS

TRUSTS are recognized as bad institutions for the welfare of mankind. Trusts have been fought by the press and by the people. Trusts are said to have raised the cost of living and taken away much of the joy and freedom of life. Under trust rule individual action is reduced to a minimum, art is discounted, freedom of expression is hampered, social discontent arises—and presently there arises some other combination to combat the trust. The second may be as bad as the first, or worse. Socialism may be the worst form of trust in the world. Labour unions may be so misdirected that they become a syndicate robbing the worker of his individuality out of regard to the rights of the corporation. Theatrical trusts are responsible for a great majority of the bad plays in our theatres. National trusts coerce the people into a machine for the execution of a single idea—and the Prussian national trust is the worst ever known in the world, against which the world of freedom is now fighting as it never fought before.

Is Church Union another form of trust—in the spiritual world? Will the union of Christian churches into as far as possible one church rob mankind of religious individuality and freedom? Or is the union of churches only a sensible, fraternal proposition whose principle is the greatest good to the greatest number and the elimination of useless rivalries?

In the following article the writer traces the history of the Church Union movement in this country and notes what he considers its advantages in practical operation. He does not regard Church Union as a form of religious syndicate. He believes in it as a means of making church life more useful to the masses. His arguments and his narrative are well worth considering by any average man or woman who recognizes the church as a great force for the betterment of social conditions.

WHEN the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada recently adopted, by an overwhelming majority, the report of the committee on Church Union, another stage in the movement for the confederation of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational denominations in this country was reached. The concurring vote was 367 to 74, and not only gave the advocates of union the largest majority since the Assembly five years ago passed upon the subject, but shows that on a percentage basis the opponents of the innovation are gradually decreasing in relative strength as far as it is represented in the highest court of the church.

In 1910, when the basis of union was first under consideration, the recorded vote of the opponents of union was 28 per cent. of the total case; in 1914 it was 27 per cent., and at the recent meeting of the General Assembly, 16 per cent.

As the Methodist and Congregational denominations are both ready for union, its consummation only awaits the final decision of the Presbyterian Church.

THIS final decision cannot be given for a year or two at the least. In the first place, the question has to be submitted to the individual congregations composing the church in Canada. Of these there are over 2,325, not including home missions to the number of about 2,000, while of members entitled to vote upon the question there are about 315,000.

After the questions which are now being prepared have been submitted to and voted upon by the people, the subject of union will again come before the General Assembly, which does not meet until June, 1916. If the vote of the people is favourable to union by a substantial majority, there can be little or no doubt in regard to the action of the highest court in the church. But even after the people and the General Assembly have concurred in favor of Church Union, its consummation cannot be accomplished until Federal and Provincial legislation has been obtained. The House of Commons will have to pass upon incorporation, and in each of the Provincial Legislatures an Act will be necessary permitting the transfer to the united church of the property now held in the name of each of the three churches uniting.

There can be little doubt what the result of the vote will be when it is again submitted to the people. When submitted in 1912 the vote was in favor of union, but unfortunately only about 37 per cent. of the members of the church cast their ballots. As in 1905, the General Assembly had laid down the principle "that a union of the churches, to be real and lasting, must carry the consent of the entire membership," the vote was naturally not considered satisfactory, and proceedings towards union were, for the time being, stayed.

AT the meeting of the General Assembly in 1914 an attempt was made to have further negotiations with the Methodist and Congregational Churches suspended until such time as a stronger spirit in favour of union was manifested. This attempt was negated by 289 to 109.

Negotiations were then resumed, with the result

that a few months ago the joint committee of the three denominations concerned reached an agreement regarding the name, doctrine and polity of the proposed Union Church.

The name agreed upon was the United Church of Canada. The doctrine, while largely based on that obtaining in the three negotiating churches, does not differ in essentials from that of either. If anything, it shows a desire to impart to doctrine a little more elasticity and a broader spirit. In regard to polity, it was agreed that the highest court of the United Church should be known as the General Council. Next in order are the Conference and Presbytery. The first-named court will meet every second year and will be Dominion-wide in its representation. The Conference will meet annually, and the Presbytery will correspond in its functions to the court of that name now operating within the Presbyterian Church. Local churches are to have a session to superintend their spiritual affairs, a committee of stewards to manage their business affairs, and these two combined are to form the official board, whose office will be to oversee the general affairs of its own particular congregation. This basis of union has been formally accepted by the three denominations concerned.

But one of the most significant features in regard to the basis of union for the proposed United Church is its democratic character. Each individual congregation will practically be able to employ whatever form of worship its people may deem best suited to its requirements. Each of the three denominations, for example, may continue to use its own hymn-book. In fact, the umbrella that is being raised is expansive enough to take in Anglican and Baptist denominations should they at any time be disposed to participate in the union.

Nine years ago the Anglican Church offered to confer upon the subject of union, provided the joint committee of the three negotiating churches was willing to treat along the lines laid down by the Lambeth Conference. As this implied the acceptance of Episcopacy, negotiations with the Anglican Church were discontinued. The Baptist Church, considering it "necessary to maintain a separate organized existence," refused to participate in the movement for union.

CONSUMMATION of the present movement for the union of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches, in its final analysis, merely means the union of the higher courts of each. And that means a great deal, for in its train will come greater efficiency, greater economy, and an absence of the overlapping which is now so common in the work of the three denominations.

The total membership of the three denominations which are negotiating for union was, in 1914, 697,444, of which 368,992 were Methodists, 314,832 Presbyterians, and 13,616 Congregationalists. Counting adherents, the number of people interested is much larger. For example, according to the last census, there are in Canada 1,115,324 Presbyterians, 1,079,892 Methodists, and 34,054 Congregationalists, a total of 2,229,270, or 30.93 per cent. of the total religious population of Canada. By way of comparison, it may be pointed out that the Roman Catholic population is 2,833,041, or 39.41 per cent. of the total. As there are 203 sects or denominations in Canada, the number would still stand at over 200 should the Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists sink their identity, as far as name is concerned, in the proposed United Church.

JUST when the spirit of union among the nonconformist churches of Canada had its birth no one can say. But it is significant that the first nonconformist church built in Canada was for a union congregation. This was in 1751, and was erected at Halifax by the Imperial authorities. Its congregation composed Congregationalists, Presbyterians, German Lutherans, Wesleyans and others, while the preacher was an American Congregationalist by name of Rev. Aaron Cleveland, an ancestor of the late ex-President Cleveland. The church was, however, finally absorbed by the Presbyterians, who predominated in the congregation.

The present movement for union had its definite inception in 1899, when on the initiative of the Presbyterian Church, the Methodists and Congregationalists were induced to join in a scheme having for its object co-operation in the home mission field of the Northwest Territories, where at that time there was a great deal of overlapping, and consequently waste effort in the work of the three denominations. But in 1902, upon the suggestion of the Methodist Church, a joint committee, representing the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches, was appointed to devise a plan for a still larger enterprise, namely, organic union, and two years after the church courts of the three denominations had adopted concurring resolutions in favor of the proposal. Since then the movement has made more or less headway, with intervening periods of

passiveness and sometimes spasmodic activity.

That the movement, which is apparently stronger to-day than it ever was, is not born of any desire for denominational aggrandizement is self-evident from the fact that Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists, each of whom is proud of its name, tradition and history, are willing to sink their identity in order to unite, not for the propagation of any creed, but for the specific and definite purpose of securing greater efficiency in social service and in home and foreign mission work.

THOSE who are opposed to organic union are in sympathy with the object sought, but their contention is that it can be obtained by co-operation. But so far the only organized effort to negative the movement for organic union is within the ranks of the Presbyterian Church. And although they are apparently a small minority, yet they are aggressive, and boast that they are prepared to spend large sums of money in order to preserve the Presbyterian Church and defeat the purpose of the advocates of organic union. One prominent and wealthy member is credited with saying that he is personally prepared to put up half a million dollars.

But if the people want union money will not prevent its consummation. And apparently the people do want it. The spirit of union is abroad throughout the length and breadth of the land. In the Western Provinces, where the need of union is more strongly felt, there are between forty and fifty union churches. Some of these were started as union churches. Others are amalgamations of two or more congregations. These churches were started with the view of identifying themselves with the United Church which the Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists have, during the last fourteen years, been trying to form. If the present movement for Church Union fails, it is said these union churches in the West will go over to the Congregational denomination.

PROBABLY the most unique and interesting attempt at Church Union that is being worked out by an individual congregation in Canada is that being operated by the Northern Congregational Church in Toronto, the pastor of which is Rev. Frank Day, M.A., B.D. This church, which had its origin in 1858, found it necessary a few years ago to look about for a new site, which was ultimately found in the new residential district of North Rosedale. As there was no church in the district, which contained about 400 families, the pastor conceived the idea that it would be well, before building operations were commenced, to try and have it made a union church. The first step was to consult the joint committee, which the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in Toronto appointed a couple of years ago, to regulate the establishment of churches and missions within the city, in order that overlapping and crowding might be avoided. This committee, falling into line with the views of Mr. Day and his congregation, decreed that its consent would be withheld should an attempt be made by any body of Presbyterians, Methodists or Congregationalists to establish a church within the confines of North Rosedale. The church was then erected at the corner of Roxborough Street and Glen Road, and in December last was formally opened. Since then, of eighty-five new members received, only ten were Congregationalists. The rest were from other denominations, including Anglicans and Baptists.

The practical experiments which are being worked out by individual congregations in Canada appear to augur well for the larger scheme of church union should the efforts of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches give birth to the United Church of Canada.

Organize the Brains

MR. LLOYD GEORGE made a great speech in the British House of Commons on June 23rd, in which he laid down as the first principle of success this maxim:

"We must have the aid of the best business brains available."

What a stirring time there would be in this country if Sir Robert Borden were to come back from England and say:

"We must have the aid of the best business brains available."

Mr. Lloyd George finds that Great Britain can only succeed in organizing the resources of the Empire by calling in the business men to help the Government. He has discarded the politicians. He has discarded the grafters and the middlemen. He has called in the patriotic business men, hundreds of them.

What a leap ahead Canada could make if the leading business men were put to work to organize our farming, our fishing, our mining, our transportation, our manufacturing, and our finances, so that Canada would give the greatest possible aid to the Empire in this testing time! Hundreds of them would serve gladly and freely on national committees.

MAINLY PERSONAL

Railway Experts in War

MAKING a nation into an army in this country is not the ready-to-wear business that it is in Germany. But here and there already a great number of men who were formerly financial and industrial and railway experts are taking hold of the army business. Not to mention Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, who should be wearing a uniform now that the C. P. R. has become the main purchasing agent of the British War Office, there are a couple of C. P. R. experts whose portraits appear on this page and who have left the C. P. R. to go up against that other greatest system in the world, the Prussian war machine.



Lt.-Col. Gascoigne, a C.P.R. expert engaged in drumming up recruits for the war.

Lt.-Col. Fred Gascoigne got leave of absence from the C. P. R. to go to the front as an officer in the 60th Battalion. As Superintendent of Car Service of the Eastern Lines, he knows as much about rolling stock as any German war lord; but he preferred to use his abilities developed in peace for the purpose of helping to get peace in the world as soon as possible. Just at present Col. Gascoigne is busy drumming up recruits for his battalion, in which a son of Sir

Thomas Shaughnessy is a lieutenant. Not long ago another C. P. R. official landed in England, wearing the uniform of a Lt.-Col. He was at the head of the 42nd Highlanders: Lt.-Col. George Stephen Cantlie, who has been a non-professional soldier for a long while. In fact, at the Champlain Tercentenary, in 1908, Lt.-Col. Cantlie was awarded the long service decoration—although he was born in the year of Confederation and is still a comparatively young man. He has been with the C. P. R. since the year the last spike was driven—1885. Born in Montreal, he has lived there all his life. When he gets back to the C. P. R., Lt.-Col. Cantlie will have a bigger idea of what a great system means to a country and what a man amounts to in a system.

Sittlichkeit and Jeremiah

LORD HALDANE seems to be the kind of man that won't do what was so well expressed in the polite poetry of a few years ago—"go 'way back and sit down." Not long ago the British public sized up the Lord High Chancellor and ex-Secretary of War as a non anti-German. That puts it mildly. Lord Haldane admitted—before the war, of course—that Germany was his spiritual home. Germany was the land of what, in his Montreal speech to the American Bar Association a few years ago, the then Lord High Chancellor called "sittlichkeit," which is some indescribable social and political state of mind not producible in Great Britain or America. Lord Haldane advertised this "sittlichkeit" pretty extensively. Afterwards the British people came to know just about what it amounted to—when they discovered that Lord Haldane had taken so much of this soporific on his various visits to and sojourns at the German seats of culture, that he didn't know the Germans were getting ready to smash Europe.

When the war really came, Lord Haldane came near getting the War Office again. Lord Kitchener's appointment prevented that. The man who had really systematized what there was of the British Army, which was a good big police force for the Empire and not much more, who had organized the Territorials that made Kitchener's great army possible, who had occupied the woosack with great learning touched with pedantry and some distinction—soon found that his former fondness for "sittlichkeit" and all that kind of thing was making him unpopular. He left the Cabinet. Now he is quarrelling with Lloyd George, accusing the British of "too much Job and Jeremiah," and trying to blame the munitions department for the shortage of H. E. at the front, instead of the Ordnance Department and von Donop, whom he placed in charge of it.

Lloyd George hits back at Haldane through the columns of the British Weekly, said to be his own personal organ, whose chief writer remarks that Mr. Haldane's profound knowledge of German psychology permitted him to oppose spending money on a big

British army. Premier Asquith alludes publicly to Lord Haldane as his old political friend of thirty-five years. There is said to be a movement to get him back into the Cabinet—where his brains, if properly applied to a patriotic emergency, quite entitle him to be. But of all public men, Lord Haldane is least entitled to accuse the British people of too much Job and Jeremiah; and of all recent makers of jeremiads, judged by the financial part of his speech to the National Liberal Club, he is one of the gloomiest.

The Soldier Speaks

BRIG-GENERAL BERTRAM may have made a number of speeches in his day—although he is by profession a manufacturer and a soldier. But he will never say anything in public that will be remembered longer on his account than the things he said about war munitions in Canada to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association a few weeks ago. That speech caused the Toronto Star to pull in its horns. For some days the Star had been lambasting the Government because there was no Minister of Munitions in Canada and because Canada was not getting her share of war orders. When Gen. Bertram, chairman of the Shell Committee at Ottawa, told the C. M. A. that 247 factories in Canada were engaged in turning out war orders, the Star admitted that the Shell Committee with Gen. Bertram as its representative in public was not so bad after all.

And in less than two weeks everything was more or less "as you were." Canadian manufacturers were told that they must quit making empty shells such



Lt.-Col. George Stephen Cantlie, another C. P. R. expert now at the front.

as they had been doing on order, and go into making "fixed" ammunition. There was a united protest whose echoes are still booming about Parliament Hill. The critics wanted to know if Gen. Bertram knew anything about this change of programme when he made his optimistic speech about war munitions. If so, why did he not speak out instead of trying to make everybody feel good? If he did not know—why didn't he?

And the questions are still being asked. The probabilities are that Gen. Bertram did not know—or the Shell Committee—or even the Canadian Government—that when Lloyd George became Minister of Munitions he would set on foot a different programme from the old, haphazard system of munition-making. At the same time the speech of Gen. Bertram was very welcome. It raised Canadian hopes so high—to have them dashed down again. But it leaves no reflection on the ability or the perspicacity of Gen. Bertram, who is a fine manufacturer and an able soldier and does not often speak without knowing what he talks about.

That Academic Deficit

SIR EDMUND WALKER is once more dignifiedly disconsolate in Queen's Park, with the annual deficit of the University of Toronto, of which he is chairman of the Board of Governors. Sir Edmund as a financier and a man of academic culture is better able to understand this annual hard-upness of a great university than any other man in Canada. The chances are that with all his faith in governmental aid, Sir Edmund would be quite willing to have a Toronto pocket-edition of Sir William Mac-

donald to put this annual academic deficit into a nice, decent little grave.

Immortalizing Frohman

THE proposal to perpetuate the name of Charles Frohman by establishing a company known as the Charles Frohman Inc. is a fine idea. Years ago Mr. Frohman told David Belasco, his friend and sometimes rival, that he would some day have a theatre of his own. He got it. The proposal made now by Daniel Frohman, Maude Adams and another is to incorporate a company to run this theatre and the agency which Mr. Frohman had established for the engagement of theatrical stars. No doubt David Belasco would have been willing to go on the board if he had not been in the same business himself. Charles Frohman is more entitled to have his name perpetuated in the world of drama than Carnegie has to placard his on a big music hall in New York and the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg. Frohman was a theatrical creator. Carnegie is a disburser. Which is a distinction too often overlooked.

Paderewski's Patriotism

PADEREWSKI is said to have lost practically all his property through the war. He is now in America, as he has been in England, organizing relief for the Polish nation, of whom he telegraphs: "Needs enormous, help urgent, misery indescribable, 200 cities, 7,500 towns and villages, 1,400 churches are destroyed." Statistics is not a strong point with Paderewski. Poland must be a vast and populous country to have 200 cities—unless the cities are small; or 7,500 towns—unless the towns are villages. At the same time, Poland has been torn apart, steam-rollered and ground to dust under the weight of contending armies almost, if not quite, as much as Belgium. Paderewski is to play in America next season. He will make money. Suffering Poland will get it. Paderewski's patriotism is as great and as fine as his music.

A Cosmopolitan Committee

PROMINENT Canadians have also taken up with the Polish relief organization. There is a Polish Relief Committee of Canada; and its main centre of activity is naturally Winnipeg. The chairman of the General Committee is Sir Douglas Cameron, Lt.-Governor of Manitoba; chairman of executive committee, Mayor Waugh, of Winnipeg. The general committee contains Premier Norris, Archbishop Matheson, Bishop Beliveau, Rev. Salem Bland, Lady Aikins, Mrs. Colin Campbell, Mrs. H. P. Galloway, Mr. T. R. Deacon and Sir Rodmond Roblin. This is as efficient and as imposing a list of citizens as could be found in any part of Canada. It contains many people known for their good works, brain-power and benevolence. Its organization is a credit to Manitoba and to Winnipeg. Its work will go on record as one of the best examples of cosmopolitan patriotism ever known in Canada. This country is no longer a preserve for the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle. The Polish Relief Committee is a compact illustration of the fact that we have become a world country, one of the greatest in area, smallest in population and most potential in sympathy.

AT last Kipling has broken his long silence. The poet and prose-writer of British soldiering made a recruiting speech in West Lancashire last week. He put more hard-as-nails, outspoken philosophy into that speech than any of the great orators have done in the same number of words. What Germany would do to England if she were allowed to conquer he showed with a few strokes as condensed as any of his famous verse.



Brig-General Bertram, Chairman of the Shell Committee at Ottawa.

TO SLAY AND TO SPARE

The Bank Couldn't Carry Both the Man from Brunton and the Man from Shapworth

By MAX RITTENBERG

ON a distant continent, six thousand miles away across the seas, two giant-cubs of nations were battling for mastery.

The Great Powers held severely aloof. The lesson of the Balkan blaze had been branded into them. Each would have liked to grab at the spoils of victory, but dared not. They trumpeted their neutrality, proclaiming, "See how nobly impartial are we." Yet, such is the interwoven web of life on this planet, the misery of war eddied out to the continent of Europe, breaking the lives of men and women who had no say and no sentiment in the struggle. The reverberation was named a Trade Crisis, and its tale of slaughter in a score of districts living by manufacture and exporting their products to the two young nations was recorded in the news columns of the papers side by side with the lurid sensations of war.

This story tells of one small eddy.

IN the entrails of England's manufacturing area are two towns four miles apart centre to centre, joined like Siamese twins by connective tissue of textile mills, each with its feudal group of squat, harsh, grey-stone operatives' cottages and petty shops, mission halls and cinema shows. Only a borough official could specify where Brunton ends and Shapworth begins. Their life-blood flows in common. They manufacture the same class of textile goods, and they are dependent on the same world-factors of commerce. The war in South America was forcing the mills of both towns to cut down running-time, dismiss operatives, pare profits to the quick, and clench tight on all running channels of trade. Rumours of pending failures hung like the miasma of grey smoke over the hideous spawn of factory cottage-barracks and blowsy shops.

Brunton and Shapworth glory in a meaningless rivalry. They exult over adding a thousand more stunted souls to their respective tale of population; over football triumphs; over the tax-rate; over climate even, claiming for each that the polluted air is sweeter, the grimed sunshine more abundant. To the native, there is something of majesty in the mere name of Brunton or of Shapworth.

Sir James Langley, chairman of the Brunton and Shapworth Bank, had been summoned from London to decide a question that mattered vitally to the twin towns. Two of the largest mills were deep in the financial quagmire; the bank had called in its loans; they could not meet the obligations; one mill must be closed out, or both, and it was his duty by the shareholders of the bank to slay or to spare, according to the cold dictates of commercial expediency, and regardless of the misery it would entail on the thousands of operatives, clerks and petty traders whose livelihood depended on the running of the two mills.

Sir James was not in himself a hard man. His family knew him as a good husband, and an indulgent father. Charitable organizations classed him in their private lists amongst the "fair to liberal." Nor was he a man of narrow outlook. He divided control in several large business undertakings, and was known by his colleagues as far-seeing and broad-minded. His duty to-day was a painful one; but he knew that the origin of it did not lie with himself—the cause was across the seas, six thousand miles away.

Rhead, general manager of the Bank, met him in the early afternoon at the Brunton station, and sped him in a car to the private offices.

"I have arranged for Owtram and Glenn to call on you this evening,

at nine and ten respectively, in case you would want to get personal statements from them," said the manager.

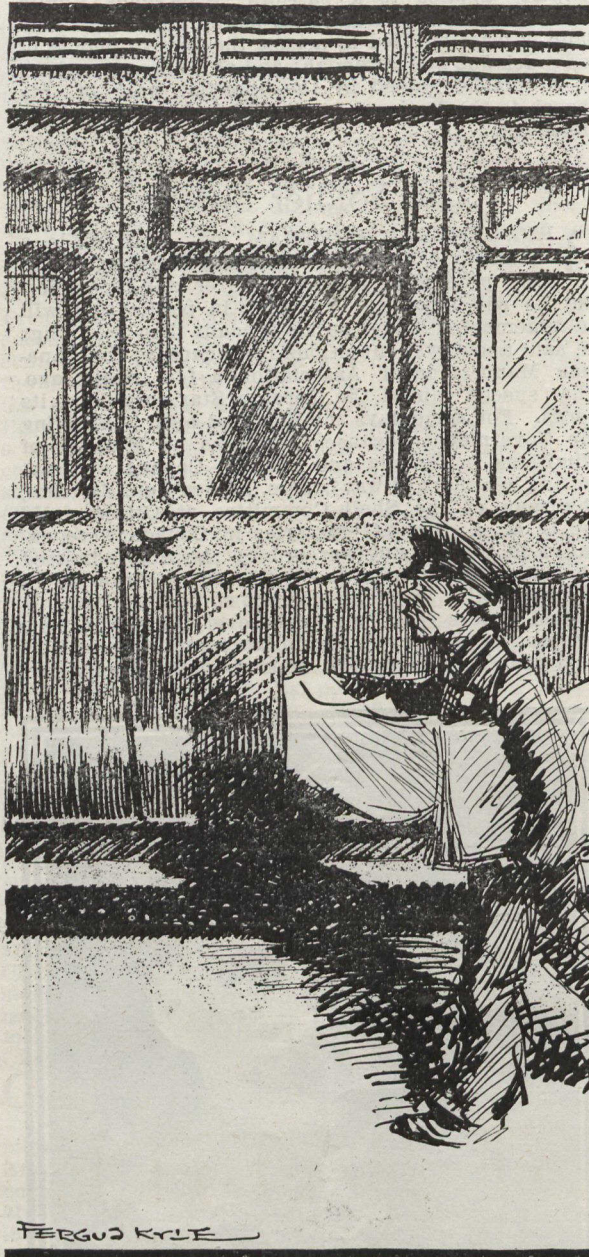
"Good."

"If that time is not convenient for you—"

"Quite convenient. I shall catch the midnight back to London. Have a sleeping-berth reserved for me."

"The papers relative to their affairs are all prepared for your inspection. They make a bad showing, Sir James. We ought perhaps to have gripped the situation earlier, but everyone here was confident that there would be no war—"

"We all breed



FERGUS KYLE

"Great Victory! Ten thousand killed!"

thoughts from wishes."

"—and closing out the mills would mean a great blow to the district—winter is coming on—I have to live here."

There was a whole volume of meaning compressed into those two last simple statements.

SIR JAMES nodded a sober understanding, and answered generously: "The responsibility will be entirely mine. You can let that be known."

In the fashion of the North, no open word of thanks was made, but the manager's relief was manifest in his features. It would not be pleasant to have to live amongst ruined mill-owners and starving operatives, who might accuse him of bringing about their misery. For Sir James, residing in London, the matter was on a different footing—the footing of cold, impersonal commercialism. His decision once made, he could return to his home and shut his ears to the human consequences.

Several hours were spent in a concentrated examination of the papers prepared by the general manager relative to the affairs of John Owtram and Son, the Owtram Mill, Brunton, and David Glenn & Co., the Brookside Mill, Shapworth.

At length the Chairman straightened himself wearily. "Both ought to go," he said.

Rhead caught at the conditional "Ought to go—yes, in strict business. But that would hit the towns very hard. And winter coming on—if you could spare one of them? The war can't last for ever. Too fierce to last long. Afterwards—"

"Spare which?"

"Glenn, I think."

"Why?"

"Well, I'm a Shapworth man myself."

"No other reason?"

"He's a decent fellow."

"And Owtram?"

"I've nothing particular against Owtram. He's hard, of course, but a man of his word. And he's done a good deal for his workpeople—the Owtram model village and all that."

"Drive me round to the two mills."

"Shall I telephone to say you're coming?"

"No—I shall not go inside."

The manager called for his car, and in the grey of the late afternoon they drove through the twin towns. Opposite the bank premises was the Brunton Town Hall, a gloomy building, almost dead-black with accumulation of soot. Corinthian in its formal design, but entirely lacking in the Greek gracefulness, as though the atmosphere of commercialism had coarsened it and killed the spirit of the original thought. At the base of the building were two marble lions recently washed white, and looking by contrast almost ridiculously meek.

The mercantile centre of the town, gloomy but substantial, was quickly left behind, and they were in the region of the factories, and rows of mean dwellings, hopelessly alike, and criss-crossing railway lines, thrusting out tentacles of track to grasp the trade of works and coal-yards. The street humped over a narrow canal of dead water, greasy, iridescent water, flanked by a vista of square-cut chunks of factory-buildings with innumerable windows, some yellow with lights, others black and lifeless.

Rhead pointed along the vista. "Two years ago there were lights in every window, and smoke from every chimney," he said.

"Boom-time and slump," commented the Chairman. "Why don't men learn the lessons of the past?"

THE street became a road bordered by oddments of fields with dispirited grass and better class dwellings struggling bravely to rear gardens in the atmosphere of miasma. Presently a huge-squared building loomed through the twilight grey, its two monster chimneys striking strangely enough, the one note of artistry in the splayed hideousness of the pilgrimage. Sir James had the car slowed to a walking pace.

"The Owtram model village?" he asked.

"Just beyond the mill."

They ascended a slight incline into a region of grey-stone, grey-tiled cottages, flank to flank in row after row, their square fronts flush to the pavement, each with its two steps leading to the entrance door, and its one parlour window on the ground-floor half filled with geranium or sombre aspidistra. These villas were cleaner than the workmen's dwellings in the more central part of the town, but otherwise there was little to distinguish them.

"Why call it a model village?" asked Sir James.

"It's well regulated. Owtram has a long set of rules for the tenants, and keeps them strictly in line . . . And that's the Helen Owtram memorial hall, built in memory of his wife."

The hall was conceived by the same mind that had designed the cottages. It was plain, substantial, hopelessly uninspired and uninspiring.

"Drive on," said Sir James.

The road plunged into brief country, and then quickly reverted to a narrow, high street of another manufacturing village. And so they passed, by this connective tissue of mill and workmen's cottages and petty shops, into the twin town of Shapworth.

"That's Brookside Mill," pointed out Rhead.

Another huge prison-house loomed out of the mist. Around it were rows of huddled cottages, this time in red brick, red-tiled.

"A shade less hopeless," mused Sir James.

"There's the recreation park. Glenn started the idea, and raised subscriptions for it."

The dark trees of the park were silently shedding their leaves to a sluggish, tired breeze.

A factory hooter boomed out the note of evening release, and a moment later, it seemed, a scurrying crowd of men and women were gorging the streets, the noise of their clogs waking a myriad echoes.

"All those," said Rhead. "And the winter coming on!"

Sir James' mouth was a straight line. He gave no answer.

The two men dined soberly at the house of the manager and his wife. No word of business passed during the meal. Afterwards they smoked in silence, and returned by car to the shuttered bank premises at Brunton.

"I will see the two men alone," said Sir (Concluded on P. 16.)

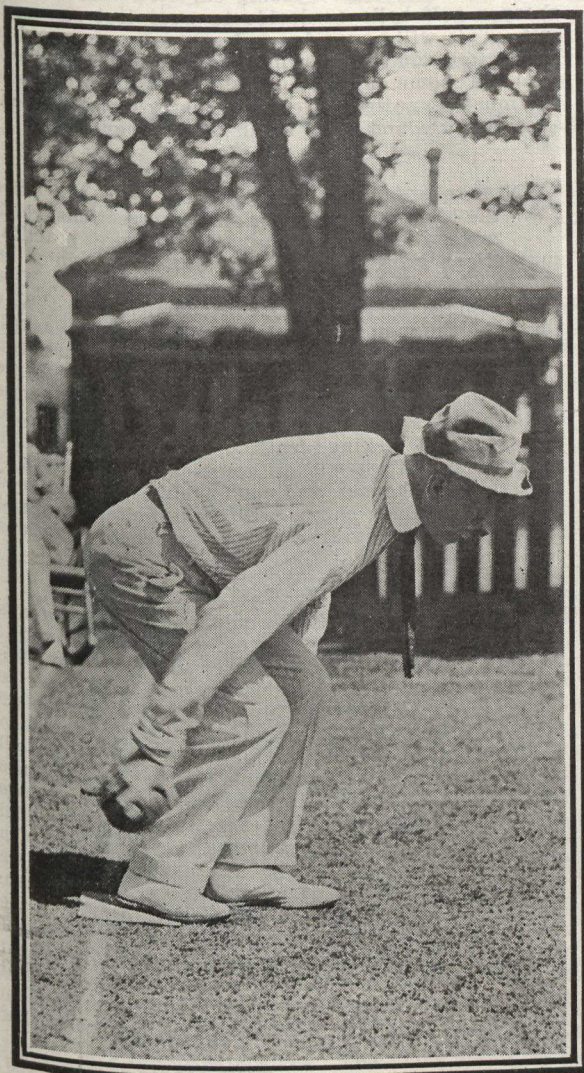


John Owtram, of Brunton.



David Glenn, of Shapworth.

FAMOUS BOWLERS AT NIAGARA

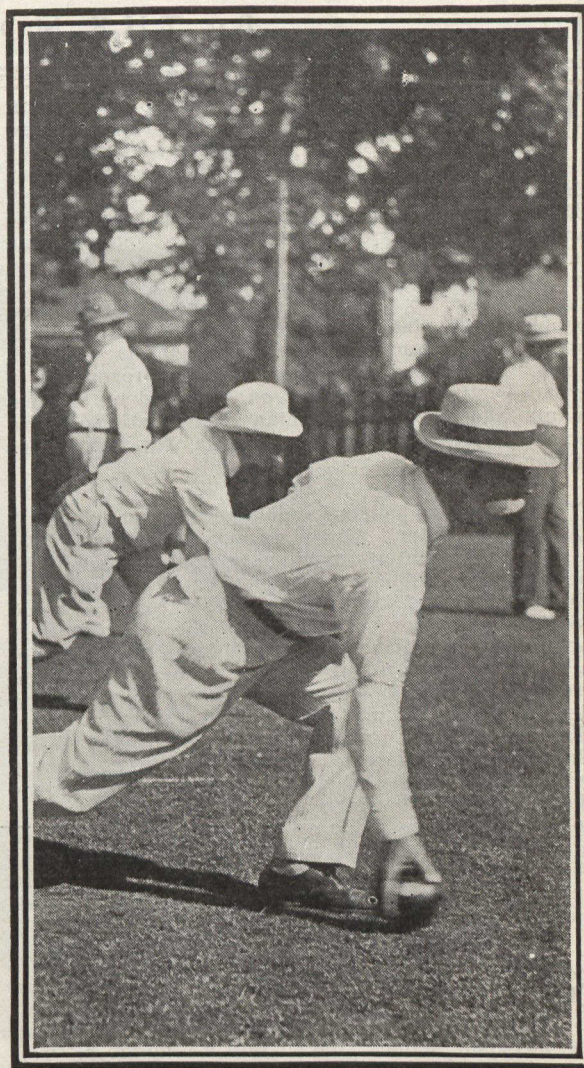


Sir John Willison (Canada Rink), the most famous journalist bowler in Canada, defeating the famous John Rennie (Granite) 13—10.



R. H. Brydon, from Guelph, was defeated by Dr. Crawford, from the Fernleigh Rink, Hamilton, 17—7.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE forgot the sound of the bugle last week when the annual bowling tournament of the Ontario Bowling Association pitched its marquees in the military town. Several of the most eminent players from Ontario gave the tournament a tinge of human interest. Sir John Willison, eminent journalist, is equally famous as a bowler. In the semi-finals of the Association Match he beat Dr. Paul, from his own rink (Canada), 14—13, and in the final tussle with Mr. John Rennie (Granite) he won out by 13—10. In the Consolation finals, President Creelman was beaten by Dr. Paul, 16—15. The honours went to Hamilton "Fernleighs" and the "Canadas," from Toronto.



Dr. Paul (Canada) defeating President Creelman, of the O. A. C., Guelph, by a narrow squeak of 16—15. Guelph was badly beaten more than once.

THE GREATEST BATTLE OF THE WAR

By NORMAN PATTERSON

ALL the military critics agree that not one of all the military critics of the period foresaw the nature of this Great War, although the War itself was clearly outlined in advance. It was the vastness and greatness of the armies engaged which was least foreseen. Sir Gilbert Parker, in his new book, "The World in the Crucible," gives credit to Mr. H. G. Wells for having, of all writers, most clearly forecasted what would occur; but even he thought that 400,000 men could hold the Franco-Belgian frontier because of swift and adequate transportation. Troops could be moved from one point to another by railways and motor cars in such a way that small armies would suffice. Yet in the greatest battle of the war, on a short front, two million men were engaged.

That greatest battle of this Great War was the Battle of Ypres, which began on October 20th and finished on November 12th. At the Battle of Leipzig, in 1813, 472,000 troops were engaged; at Waterloo, 217,000; at Sadowa, 1866, 436,000; at Sedan, 244,000; at Gravelotte, 301,000; at Mukden, 1905, 701,000; and at Lile Burgas, 1912, 400,000. These are the great battles of the immediate past. But the Battle of Ypres set a new standard for size. The French and British, acting on the defensive, had 500,000 men. The Germans, in the attack, had three times that number. The casualties on the side of the Allies was about 100,000, and on the side of the Germans, 250,000.

Nor do figures alone tell the story. Other features of this engagement were equally remarkable and uniquely modern. The German march on Paris had been stopped and the five great armies thrown back over the Aisne and the Marne. The Allies were preparing to take the offensive again after a period of rest and reconstruction, when the great outflanking movement to the west began. The German armies moved quietly to La Basse and the Hill of Cassel. Holding these points lightly they moved on Arras, Ypres and Dixmude.

There were three routes to Calais—the Yser, La Basse and Arras. The Germans first chose Arras, and from October 6th to the 26th, the French forces under Maud'huy fought stubbornly in resistance. The La Basse port to the coast was held by the British and the Yser by the Belgians. Foiled at Arras, the Germans turned to the Yser, and that port was

closed only when the plains were flooded and Dixmude a heap of ruins.

Then came the Battle of Ypres. The best short description of it has been given by a French eyewitness, and appears in the London Times of June 24th. Here it is:

THE BATTLE OF YPRES.

"BY the last week of October the attack on the three passages had slackened, and the bulk of the enemy's strength was directed against Ypres. The little city had no value in itself and it commanded no main highway to the coast; but the salient east of it seems to have exercised in the German High Command that peculiar illogical attraction which salients possess. In the battle of Ypres, which began on October 20 and ended on November 12—the greatest battle of the war, and perhaps the greatest as yet in human history—the British Army held most of the line. They had on the whole the heaviest fighting, for they held the most critical points—the front of the salient at Gheluvelt and the southern re-entrant on the Klein Zillebeke ridge. This, I think, our generous Allies would acknowledge; but it is fair to add that without French assistance Ypres could not have been held, and Germany would have won her passage to the coast. Apart from the fact that Maud'huy at Arras and Grossetti on the Yser saved our flanks from being turned, detachments of D'Urba's army played an invaluable part in the actual battle of the salient. I will take two instances only. On October 30, Sir Douglas Haig borrowed from the French 9th Corps three battalions and one cavalry brigade. The three battalions, under General Moussy, whose recent death we deplore, took up position on the Klein Zillebeke ridge between Bulfin's detachment and Allenby's cavalry. The French had come to our assistance in the nick of time, as sixty years before at the same season of the year they had come to our aid at Inkerman. On the terrible morning of the 31st, Moussy kept the line intact by a desperate effort. Reinforcements were necessary, and he collected every man he could lay hands on, cooks and orderlies and transport drivers, and dismounted the Cuirassiers of his escort. The adventure prospered, the line held, and when

that afternoon the charge of the Worcesters relieved Gheluvelt, our position on the salient was intact.

"A second instance is the superb fight of Dubois's 9th Corps, which held the line from Zonnebeke to Bixschoote with the aid of Bidon's Territorial Divisions and part of De Mitry's 2nd Cavalry Corps. He had to face the bulk of the four new German formations which had been first launched against the British, as well as the left wing of the Wurtemberg Army on the Yser.

SIGNIFICANCE FOR THE ALLIES.

"THE battle of Ypres, apart from its strategic importance, will always occupy a special place among the battles of the war. In the retreat from Mons, at the Marne, and at the Aisne we had our Allies on each side of us, but at Ypres we mingled with them, and each learned at close quarters the prowess of the other. We are still fighting there in conjunction. He who visits that blood-stained salient to-day will see as many French as British troops on the road from Poperinghe. He will hear the French 75mm. guns speaking beside the English 18-pounder, and see the lean, brown, tirailleurs moving alongside the solid British infantry. At Ypres there began that new respect and admiration between the Allies which comes only to eyewitnesses. The three-weeks' battle was in a sense a more significant achievement than the Marne. It marked the defeat of the second great German offensive. It cost the enemy a quarter of a million men. It inaugurated that winter stalemate which bore more hardly on Germany than on the Allies, and which gave France time to reorganize her levies and supplement her resources. It also established finally—if there had ever been any doubt of it—the supreme military talent of General Joffre and General Foch. The French reserves were not yet ready, but General Joffre managed to collect reinforcements when the call came. Apart from the new armies holding the front, he sent up during the actual fighting not less than five Army Corps by rail and motor. It was Foch's task to make his scanty reserves go as far as possible, placing a division here and a division there, as the stress of battle altered. Only under the most brilliant leading could half a million men between Albert and the sea have beaten off at least three times their number."

HOW TO WIN THE WAR

By THE MONOCLE MAN

WE might as well settle down to a long war. The combination of new armies and new Allies, "spring drives," and Austrian collapses, which was to give us the victory this summer, seems largely to have failed to connect. Italy did come in. She came in with rare courage and a fine chivalry when the Germans were winning in Galicia. But she came in alone. As I write, Roumania has not yet decided—Bulgaria is still the unturned "key" to the Balkans—Greece, though her people voted pluckily and strongly for war, is still under the government which replaced that of Venizelos. And it is idle to deny that the presence of a great Austro-German army on the borders of Roumania and the new Albanian complications have created a less favourable situation for the Allies in the Near East.

THIS all looks as if we should get no "snap verdict" this summer. All the nations are preparing for another winter campaign, in spite of the general belief amongst those of us who stayed at home that the sufferings of last winter in the trenches would forbid a repetition. The blood of the belligerents is up; and they will not hesitate before the horrors of a second or even a third winter in the water-soaked trenches. Nothing will now stop the war except the decisive defeat of one of the opposing groups. And that does not look to be very near. As for the Allies, they can never accept defeat, no matter how many temporary reverses their forces may meet in the field. As for the enemy, they cannot be permitted to secure a truce while we still are without visible and undeniable proof of our military superiority over them. For such a truce would never blossom into real peace, but would cover a breathless race by all parties in fresh preparations to renew the conflict.

SO we must settle down to win the war. It is quite true that in the language of the old music hall ditty, "we have the men, we have the ships, and we have the money, too." But we might as well

realize first as last that this potential superiority in men and money will not be "taken as read." We must produce the men and money, convert the first into soldiers and the second into munitions, and set them up over against the enemy's trenches where the Germans cannot fail to be aware of them. The statisticians have won many wars; but they will not win this one. We must produce the goods. And, if this is true, we ought to "get busy" in genuine commercial style to produce the most "goods" in the shortest possible time.

OUR country's growth is being stunted while this destructive war rages. We are losing money, losing settlers, losing some of the best immigrants we have secured in the past, losing many of our own most promising sons, losing precious years of what we were wont to call "Canada's Century." And we shall not get on the rails again and begin to move forward until we have finished with this obstructive war. This is the job that lies right in front of us. Our national train has been held up by a formidable land-slide squarely across the tracks. And it is pitiable trifling to sit back in the parlour car, conning over the "business as usual" plans which we will put into operation as soon as the train moves on once more and we reach our destinations. It may not move on for years if we sit still. It may never move on again on our rails, if enough of us sit still. We must all pile out and organize ourselves into an emergency brigade of track-clearers, and "make the dirt fly." The sooner we finish the war, the sooner will we have real and remunerative "business as usual." The longer we let the war drag on, the more complete will be the collapse of our "business as usual."

ORGANIZE! That is the word. We are now treating this war as if it were a holiday performance which some of us would like to see, and which the rest of us are willing that they should. We are saying to our fellow-Canadians—"Going to

the game this war?" And those of us who are not going, proceed with our ordinary occupations and amusements as much as usual as we can manage. We think that we are "doing our bit" when we buy cheaper golf balls or decide to wear last summer's suit. This will never do—unless we are prepared to have utter and entire ruin descend upon our "fools' paradise" some day, as ruin rushed down on Louvain. We must organize this entire country to bring about a swift, sure and final finish to the war.

AN earnest-faced young officer sat in my office the other day and made some suggestions which might help recruiting. They were practical suggestions growing out of the difficulties which he had to meet personally as a recruiting officer. One of the things he said struck me particularly. "Why shouldn't the men in an office or a factory," he asked, "agree to divide between them the work of such men amongst them as are willing and able to go to the front? Suppose they did have to come back nights to do this extra work. What is that to sleeping in the trenches and risking death or mutilation or imprisonment? They will go home after their work is done to warm houses, and comfortable beds and good meals, while their chums will seek shelter in ruined sheds, sleep on wet straw, and eat when their rations can reach them."

WELL, why not? That would keep the volunteer's job for him in the surest possible way, and it would enable his employer to let him go without misgiving. Why should one man at a desk be asked to give up everything, while his desk-mate gives up nothing? It is as much the war of the stay-at-homes as the war of the men who go. We are all in it because we do not think that we would quite like Canada after the Germans had landed and done a little "frightfulness," to teach us to be tame, and established the spiked helmet as the ruling force in what is now a free country. Against such a fate, we would all fight—if we could effectively. And we can. Some of us have the youth and health to fight in the trenches. But, if we are to win this war, the rest of us must be willing to be organized by the Government to fight industrially—to fight commercially—to fight in any corner we can fill—to fight for our own freedom and the future of this Canada and all the world that loves liberty.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

IS THE OTTAWA OPPOSITION ALIVE?

By JOHN A. COOPER

AFORTNIGHT ago, an article entitled "Is the Ottawa Government Alive?" appeared in this news journal. There was no intention at the time of writing a companion article under the title "Is the Ottawa Opposition Alive?" But circumstances alter cases and also the intentions of writers on public affairs.

Two reasons have arisen to compel this article. The Ottawa "Free Press," one of the first four Liberal papers in Canada, devoted a column of its editorial space to comment on that article. The editor quoted from it with warm approval, yet in a non-partisan spirit.

But the editor of the "Free Press" omitted to reprint one phrase which ran thus:

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his lieutenants are apparently lolling in their arm-chairs and allowing national affairs to drift."

The editor of the "Free Press" might reasonably have quoted that phrase and driven home the lesson which it contained. As a leading Liberal writer he is entitled to give advice to his party. Indeed, it is his duty to help keep his party leaders to their work. Here was a golden opportunity which he missed.

The second reason is the receipt of a letter from a prominent Liberal, a member of the House of Commons, asking what the Liberal leaders could do, except through a coalition cabinet. He considers that a coalition is unlikely, and that Sir Robert Borden will not ask the Liberals to join any official committees, therefore he is sincerely anxious to know what the Liberal leaders could do. Is it not likely, he suggests, that if Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues tried to do anything, their motives would be misjudged?

Under these circumstances it seems necessary to point out that Canada is looking to the Opposition as well as to the Government to bring the Ship of State safely through the troubled waters. Further, if the Opposition has more fear of a snub from Sir Robert Borden or Hon. Mr. White or Hon. Robert Rogers than it has a desire to assist the nation in this struggle, then the Opposition is unworthy of its calling. This is no time to study a book on etiquette. This is not the hour when men are to stand on their dignity. The first duty of every citizen, whether his name be Laurier, Graham, Pugsley, Smith or Brown, whether he be member of Parliament or a mechanic, is "to do his bit," to do it willingly, freely and courageously.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been silent. Have he and his colleagues been intimidated by the Cabinet Ministers who rule or misrule in the seats of the mighty? Are the Liberal leaders afraid of a scornful sniff from some politician, temporarily in charge of a Cabinet portfolio? Some of them were Cabinet Ministers once and know how little to be feared is a Cabinet Minister's scorn. If the silence is not due to this fear, then to what is it due?

Did Lord Derby wait until Mr. Asquith asked him to organize the dockers at Liverpool? Not likely. Lord Derby knew those dockers and had watched them all his days. That was his bit and he saw it himself.

Did John Redmond ask Mr. Asquith's permission to make recruiting speeches in Ireland? Not likely. Mr. Redmond knew Asquith was busy, and that every patriotic citizen had a piece of work to do. He saw his bit and he went out to do it.

Did Ben Tillett go over to France to see conditions at the front first hand because Mr. Asquith told him to do so? Not likely. Ben realized that as a

labour leader he must know the truth and bear the message to his fellow-men. He saw his duty and he went and did it.

Did Mr. Rowell, leader of the Ontario Opposition, wait until Sir Robert Borden or Premier Hearst asked him to go out and tell the public in a score of speeches why Canadians should fight against German autocracy and German frightfulness? Not a bit of it. He saw his duty, and he has been out doing it in Nova Scotia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and his expenses are not being paid by any Government or any party.

Did Mr. Gault and Sir Clifford Sifton and Sir Donald Mann and Sir John Eaton and Mr. Huntley Drummond and Sir Adam Beck wait until somebody asked them before they contributed of their wealth to assist Canada in this great struggle? No. They are volunteers in the work, and all the more glory to them because of that fact.

Why should not Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Pugsley and Mr. Graham and Mr. Maclean and Mr. Macdonald, Dr. Clark and all the other Liberal leaders be as active in making recruiting speeches as Hon. Arthur Meighen? Why should they not be discussing means to relieve the unemployment problem which Canada will again face in October? Why should they not help to organize bands of young men to go West and help garner the greatest wheat harvest the Prairie Provinces ever saw? Why should they not help to solve the problem of getting 800 grain vessels to take our surplus crop across the Atlantic in the autumn? Why should they not help to organize the manufacturers and the mechanics who might make munitions of war, but who are not yet doing so? Why should they not be active leaders in collecting patriotic funds, Red Cross supplies, motor ambulances, and all the other requisites which the people are willing to supply? Why should they not help in the work of caring for wounded and convalescent soldiers returning from the front? They have not been wholly inactive, but the general impression is that they are "lying low" and perfecting their political organization for emergencies.

This is a national crisis, and upon every citizen there is a duty laid. Upon every member of Parliament there is a heavier duty than upon the private citizen. It matters not whether that member be Liberal or Conservative or Independent, he is expected to help lead the nation in this, the most strenuous, period of its history. When the struggle is over and the battle won, the glory will be apportioned according to the effort and the sacrifice.

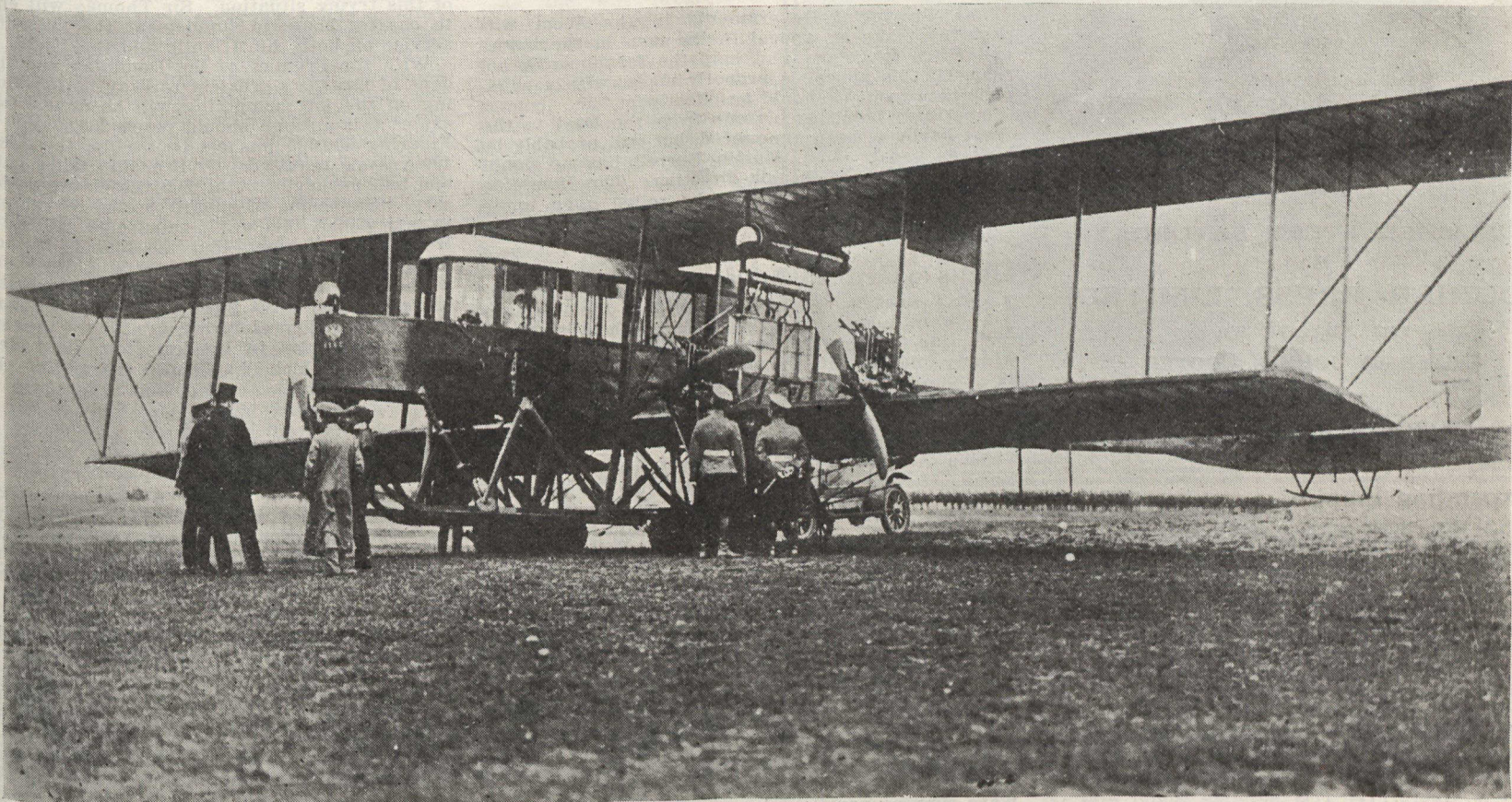
To the Liberal members of Parliament who may think that they are not called upon to do more than keep silence, let me commend the well known sentiment which appears every day in the editorial page of the Toronto "Globe": "Your King and Country need you." The "Globe" did not wait for Sir Robert Borden to ask it to use that phrase daily.

All conventionalities, all precedents, and all social or political usages have been swept aside or should be. No man should stand upon the order of his going, but should go at once to do his duty as he sees it. If he has a voice to raise let him raise it. If he has a suggestion to offer let him make it. If he has a bit to do, let him do it. The bugle has called the Liberals as well as the Conservatives. It will avail the Liberal members of Parliament nothing in the day of reckoning to say "We were not asked." That is a childish excuse, and the people will treat it as it deserves.

So long as the leaders of the Opposition at Ottawa neglect to take up these duties so will it be possible to say "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his lieutenants are apparently lolling in their arm-chairs and allowing national affairs to drift."

PICTURE - STORIES WITH FEW WORDS

Characteristic Scenes of War from the Eastern and Western Fronts



A GIANT RUSSIAN AEROPLANE THAT DID GREAT THINGS.

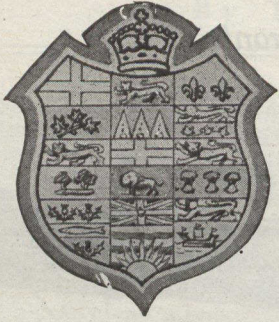
This Sikorsky bi-plane, weighing 3 tons, as heavy as a motor-truck, recently went aloft over the German lines along the River San with a quarter of a ton of explosives. The mark aimed at by the Slav bi-plane was a number of German trains, one of which was filled with artillery shells. The aim was so accurate that one train was exploded with 30,000 shells on board, and a long stretch of the railway was destroyed. Lieut. Baske, who commanded this aerial bombardment, declared that the marksmanship of his bi-plane makes a record in aviation warfare.



BRINGING IN GERMAN WOUNDED IN WOEVRE DISTRICT ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Estimates as to the total number of Teutonic casualties differ by more than a million. This photograph from the Crown Prince's army in the Woevre district is one of the thousands of similar pictures that make up the truth of the story. —Medem Photo Service.

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An Expanding Empire

BOTHA has added German South-West Africa to the Empire. This, with additions in the East Indies, must be placed as an asset against all the liabilities the Empire is assuming. Further, these events emphasize the thought that the world of to-morrow will be quite different from the world of yesterday. Not only will the map of the world be redrawn, but there will be vital changes in ideas of government, in economics, in social philosophy, and in religion. The remapped world will be over-swept with new thoughts, new ideas and new conceptions.

The Canadian Hindus

CANADIAN Hindus and Sikhs are rallying to the colours. A few days ago a Sikh resident in Toronto received a letter from his father in India, a man of seventy-five, telling him that he must enlist at once. The father threatened that if the son did not do so, he himself would again join the forces. The son obediently and gladly enrolled in the Mississauga Horse.

Nor is he the first recruit. These men from His Majesty's Dominions in Asia are showing a loyalty and a devotion which no other Canadian can surpass.

How Lucky

MEN may declare Dr. Montague is a political hoodoo and make other disparaging remarks, but Dr. Montague is one of the luckiest of the lucky. Just as he was broken in health and in serious political trouble at Winnipeg, and when he was wondering day by day what would happen to him, he gets orders to report for medical duty in England. Can it be beaten?

No doctor should go to the front, where the work is severe, unless he is in perfect health. Yet the authorities overlook that and "order" him to report. While on active service, he will not be worried with any summonses or other blue papers issued by the royal commissions of Manitoba. Yea, he may have pleasant chats with Dr. Simpson, who is also at the front, concerning the contents of the famous safety deposit box.

Who is going to order Sir Rodmond and his other colleagues to the front. And what about Kelly, don't they need him?

Rifle Superseded

WHETHER the story that the Canadians in France have discarded the Ross rifle temporarily is true or not matters little. It will be an interesting story, no doubt, but of minor importance. In his address to Parliament, on June 23rd, Mr. Lloyd George stated that the German machine guns have almost superseded the rifle.

"These have proved to be about the most formidable weapons of the war. They have almost superseded the rifle, they have almost rendered the rifle unnecessary."

If this be true, and the Minister of Munitions must have voiced the best available opinion, then Canada should be making machine guns. There is not a single such factory in Canada to-day, and several should be established at once.

Men for the Harvest

CANADA will not have any too many men to garner her promising harvest. Last winter there were large numbers of unemployed. About 150,000 men have enlisted, of whom one-half have already left the country. About 75,000 are employed in making munitions of war. This would

leave not more than 50,000 whose occupations are still desultory. Hence the number of men available for harvest is not great.

The first step has been taken by the Militia Department, which proposes to allow enlisted men a month's furlough to work in the harvest fields if they so desire. Just how far the men will care to exchange the rifle for the pitch-fork is a matter for speculation. But certainly the suggestion is excellent.

The Provincial Governments in the West will probably make an appeal to the men in the towns and cities to go out and help the farmer with his crop. If this appeal is properly made, with a patriotic turn to it, it should be effective.

No "farm help" excursions from the East to the West have yet been announced, but will probably be held as usual. Hon. Martin Burrell has no doubt used his influence in this direction. The Dominion Minister of Agriculture may be relied upon to do what is necessary and do it in time.

Limits to German Advance

LAST week it was pointed out that the Germans were advancing AWAY from their ammunition and the Russians TOWARDS their ammunition; and that in the end geography would have its way. Now we see that geography wins again, as it won when the Germans advanced on Paris and when they made their first sweep to Warsaw and Ivangorod.

German strategy is an attack in force, well pressed home. If their opponents do not retire the Germans sweep over them. But if their opponents retire promptly, as the French and British did last August and the Russians did recently in Galicia, then the German rush wears itself out. It wears out because the big guns and the ammunition are gradually left behind in the swift advance.

For the present Russia is safe, and even Warsaw is safe. It will take the Germans a long time to accumulate the men, the guns, the ammunition and the transport for another such rush. And in the meantime the Grand Duke Nicholas will make sane counter moves, which will be more pleasing to the Allies and less encouraging to the Teutons.

Russia, with her line unbroken, is once more with her back to the wall, and that wall consists of railways running parallel with her fighting front, of big guns in and around huge fortresses, and of ammunition supplies recently accumulated. True, Galicia is retaken, but the Austrians and Germans have permanently lost 400,000 soldiers in the campaign of recapture. Besides this terrific permanent sacrifice of troops, they have used up their accumulated stores of ammunition.

Let us not forget that the Teuton armies are declining in strength, while the Allied armies are increasing.

Sir Robert to the Rescue

APPARENTLY among the matters which Sir Robert Borden will take up with the Home authorities during his visit abroad is the shortage of ships to carry our crop across the Atlan-

tic. This is a matter which Sir George Foster should have attended to, but Sir George preferred to take a month's holidays in New Brunswick. Since Sir George became Minister of Trade and Commerce he seems to be enjoying life immensely. Nothing worries him very much. So Sir Robert has taken up the work his colleague does not care to do.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has also been instructed by the British Government to assist in the solution of this trying situation. Sir Thomas will endeavour to charter boats to supplement the present freight service on both the Atlantic and the Pacific.

With the Premier of the Dominion and the president of Canada's greatest railway corporation working on the job, something will be done. Our grain export this autumn should reach 200,000,000 bushels. Figuring 500,000 bushels to a ship, there would be 400 vessels required. Or if a ship takes half wheat and half package freight, 800 vessels would be necessary. Supposing that the period of shipment is twenty weeks, this would require 40 sailings a week. It will thus be seen that the task is by no means insignificant.

There is one hopeful feature—Great Britain will be as anxious to get these foodstuffs as Canada is to send them. Therefore we are likely to have valuable co-operation in London from Lord Selborne's committee which has full charge of Britain's food supply.

Beware the Knocker

A NUMBER of people in Canada are knocking the Allied cause. They profess sympathy and hope for ultimate victory, but shake their heads over present conditions. Some of these are visitors from England, and they add stories about Russia wanting to make peace, and about France not being too enthusiastic, and so on.

Canadians who hear these stories should treat them as they deserve. Nor should they be repeated. The Allies, according to the best information, are absolutely united and determined. The work of crushing Prussian military autocracy is greater than was anticipated, but victory is certain. The task of breaking through the Dardanelles is one which will test the Allies' resources and bravery, but steady progress is being made. Let us not forget that this fight is being carried on far from the Allies' bases, and that the natural difficulties are as great as the Japanese faced at Port Arthur. The loss of Galicia is a great loss, but it is better to have won and lost than never to have won at all. Galicia is less useful to the Teutons now than it was before the Russian occupation. Its fortifications and oil wells and harvest fields are out of commission for some time to come.

Confidence is the first element in victory, and every citizen must do his bit in maintaining that confidence. Even though you feel a shade disappointed, refuse to show it. Faint heart never won fair lady, and the British military forces have always won the last battle in any great war in which the Empire has ever been engaged.

This war is exceptional in every respect, and our expectations must be exceptional also.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY TRAGEDY AT QUEENSTON HEIGHTS LAST WEEK



Visitors from Toronto viewing the curve where the Niagara Falls and Victoria Park trolley, carrying 170 Sunday-school picnics from Toronto, ran off the track at a terrific speed from a down grade. Fifteen lives were lost and scores more or less seriously wounded in the wreck. The tragedy is still to be investigated, but the great cause of it, aside from the wet rails, was the fact that the car was carrying almost a double load. The point where the car plowed in and struck the trees is shown at the right, where a visitor is examining the spot. The military authorities prevented photographs from being taken till the wreckage was all cleared away.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

The Play-time of the Year

SOME years ago, a few of the very wisest citizens in the world put their sagacious heads together and said that there must be public playgrounds for our city children, where they may have that opportunity to exercise lungs and limbs, for which every natural child craves. On a day, which was one of June's few perfect exhibitions of what the sixth month of the year can do, I noticed the crowds in three of these Toronto playgrounds, to be convinced that they are one of the best Makers or Menders of Canada that we possess. The youngsters were having the best of good times, and many a jaded magnate of large means and little leisure might have envied their building of castles in the sand or that one-legged achievement of "hop Scotch."

We all need a play time, and we need it more in 1915 than we ever did before. Someone will say: "Heartless! Think of our soldiers and what they are doing!" It is just because our soldiers set us an excellent example in this matter that we venture to suggest that the summer should have a play-time for each one of us. The men in the trenches fight hard when they are in the midst of the fray—but are the veriest school-boys for fun and frolic when once they are out of them. That story of how the heroes of Festubert went singing and laughing to that orchard fight brings a choking sensation to the reader—but it shows us the way to win victories at home. Don't let us forget the play-time of the year.

Patriotism in the Yukon

Vancouver, July 8th.

THE call of the Empire, which has been heard and answered by women all over Canada, has in no part of the country met with a more eager or generous response than that which has come from its furthestmost territory. Upon the declaration of war, the women of Yukon rallied for service under the leadership of Mrs. Black, wife of the Commissioner of the territory.

In Dawson, the capital city of Yukon, there were two chapters of the Daughters of the Empire which had been organized by Mrs. Black during the early years of her regime at Government House, and it was through them that the first call for women's help came when Mrs. Gooderham telegraphed to Mrs. Black asking that they help to raise the fund which was intended for the purchase of a hospital ship. How nobly the members of the Dr. George M. Dawson Chapter and the Inspector F. J. Fitzgerald Chapter replied to that first call was shown in the amount of the collection taken for that purpose, which resulted in the sum of \$6,450.

On the inauguration of the Canadian Patriotic Fund the Commissioner of the territory requested the two chapters to undertake to raise a contribution toward it, and at a meeting of the executive of the Yukon Patriotic Fund, held in December, Mrs. Frank Osborne, on behalf of the members of the two chap-

ters, handed to the committee \$6,716.

As the war progressed and the full realization of its magnitude came home to the people, and the needs of the soldiers and those dependent on them became better known, the interest of many women not connected with the Daughters of the Empire became enlisted, and through the efforts of Mrs. Black the Women's Patriotic Service League of Dawson was formed with a large membership of enthusiastic workers who have since met regularly at Government House.

The Commissioner's wife, who has been a leader in all the patriotic movements in which the women of the territory have engaged, has the distinction among Yukoners of being a "Sour-Dough," a term applied to the pioneers of "The Land of the Midnight Sun." She went to that little known land with her brother, Mr. George M. Munger, with the great rush of gold-seekers, in 1898, making her way on foot across the Chilkoot Pass and experiencing many thrilling adventures, not the least



MRS. GEORGE BLACK.

Wife of the Commissioner of the Yukon, under whose leadership the women of our furthestmost territory are doing their splendid share to supply the Empire's needs.

for Quebec and Standard Bearer of the Order. In this splendid body of 30,000 women, whose motto is "Imperialism," and whose object is service to their country, Mrs. McDougald is an outstanding figure, a recognized leader, and an invaluable and earnest worker in every form of accomplishment at which the Order aims.

Mrs. McDougald, nee Annie Bethune, daughter of the late James Bethune, Q.C., of Toronto, has organized all the Chapters of the I. O. D. E. in Montreal and in the nearby towns in Quebec Province. The particular work to which she has devoted herself in connection with the Order is the stimulation of the "entente cordiale" between the English and French-speaking women of the Province, with the result that since the outbreak of war the two nationalities are working together irrespective of race or creed for the welfare of the nation. This is the end toward which Mrs. McDougald has worked for five years, and it is due to her efforts that this further link has been forged in the chain of the Empire. Speaking in this connection at the convention, of the I. O. D. E., held in Halifax in the latter part of May, Mrs. McDougald said:

"The women of Quebec have without distinction of race or creed for the first time worked together under the direction of the Daughters of the Empire. The good sisters of the various Roman Catholic orders, and the church guilds of various Protestant denominations have joined hands in a way that has been most inspiring.

"Great as is the intrinsic value of these socks, and the Quebec socks become a much prized article to the troops, far greater is it to my mind that French and English women are working together as their men are fighting side by side with a new and deeper meaning of the bond of empire."



MRS. COLIN SEWELL.

President of the Red Cross Society of Quebec and an earnest worker in all forms of patriotic endeavour. Mrs. Sewell is here photographed with her two grandsons.

of which was the running in a small boat of the turbulent waters of Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse rapids.

Five years later Miss Munger married Mr. George Black, a native of New Brunswick and a member of an old United Empire Loyalist family. Not long after her marriage she left Dawson, but returned after a few years' residence in other parts of Canada upon the appointment of her husband to the Commission of the territory, to take the position of mistress of Government House, the official residence maintained in Dawson by the Federal Government.

Mrs. Black is a charming hostess, as many visitors to Yukon can testify. She is a great lover of out-of-door life, a skillful horsewoman and a good shot, and has accompanied her husband on many fishing and shooting expeditions in the wilds of Yukon. She has won distinction as a botanist of more than ordinary attainment. Until the present year, much of her leisure was given to the study of this science and to research work. Since the beginning of the war, however, all her time and thought have been applied to patriotic endeavour.

MABEL DURHAM.

A National Service

THE steady growth and expansion of any organization may generally be traced to individual inspiration rather than to combined effort. Such has been the case with the I. O. D. E. of Montreal and surrounding districts, the motive force behind the creation of its many chapters being Mrs. A. W. McDougald, Provincial Organizing Secretary

The Woman Patrols of England

OF all the activities into which women have plunged as a result of the war, one of the most novel and most useful is that of the Women Patrols. Their work is carried on by a committee of the National Union of Women Workers, with Mrs. Creighton as chairman. A most enthusiastic supporter is the secretary of the Union, Miss Norah E. Green, whom I found at the headquarters of the organization in Parliament Mansions, a very smiling, grey-haired young lady, in a very businesslike setting of books and files.

"When the war broke out," Miss Green told me, "many girls between fourteen and sixteen completely lost their heads. To make friends with these girls and help them not to hinder the men is the aim of the Patrols."

There are now over 2,000 of them in Great Britain and Ireland, and an organizer has gone to initiate the work in South Africa. It is all voluntary effort excepting in the case of a small band of organizers who train the workers.

The Patrols operate in the vicinity of military camps and are chosen from dwellers in these neighbourhoods. They are women "not too old and not too young," as Miss Green puts it; they always go about in twos, and never speak to a girl until they have had a good training in tact. A friendly word to a foolish girl hanging about a camp, an invitation to come into a club where she can learn to do something really helpful for the men, or to bring her soldier friend into a recreation room, where the

(Concluded on page 18.)



MRS. A. W. McDOUGALD.

Of Montreal, Organizing Secretary of the I. O. D. E. for the Province of Quebec and Standard Bearer of the National Chapter.



Courierettes.

MILWAUKEE has put pool tables in its schools. No doubt they will be more popular than the multiplication tables.

Marconi has invented a way to see through a stone wall. Now look for something to happen those stone walls at the front.

Mexico is in the throes of a food famine. What of that? They'd rather fight than eat down there.

We're willing to wager that Dr. Dernberg was no more anxious to see England than England was to see him.

It seems clear that American boats should carry "Stop, Look and Listen" signs while in the war zone.

Down in Long Island they plan to hold a homely baby show. Impossible. Who ever heard of a homely baby?

It is just a question whether war does not unsettle more than it can settle.

A New York woman rushed to the divorce court when her husband spanked her. The average woman would have reached for the broom or the flatiron.

Some folks are awfully concerned about dodging microbes, and then they'll drive 50 miles an hour in a motor car.

A feminist writer indignantly asks if women are people. Of course they are, and several kinds of people, too.

Rockefeller spent \$250 for fireworks the other day. The I. W. W. would gladly have given him a fiery display for nothing.

Experts report that fishes suffer from too much air in the water. Why not put the water through a clothes wringer?

A Kansas City marshal resigned because he had so little to do that he was ashamed to draw his salary. Chances are that he intends to run for a higher office.

If there are many more such long waits between diplomatic notes, people may forget all about the Lusitania.

Annapolis midshipmen stated in examination that they would take any unfair advantage they could. That's what comes of reading the war news from Berlin.

Are we downhearted? No! The farmers are already sending in their orders for the 1916 autos.

The thirteenth international navigation congress has been called off. Why? Because it was international.

The Way It Will Be.—Turkey is said to be anxious to sue for a separate peace. The only peace that Turkey will get will be a "piece" of Asia Minor, about the size of a grave for the "Sick Man" of Europe.

Many of Them.—After this war is over it would be interesting to know just how often "the world's greatest battle" has been fought, and in how many places.

A Long Time to Wait.—A preacher in Syracuse, N. Y., declares that the time will come when there will be no liars in the world. Well, the world is due to end sometime.

The Old Query.—We note that a chap named Makepeace is employed

as a military instructor. What's in a name?

It Might Be Worse.

Look on the brighter side, my friend, It might be worse, you know, Your neighbor might a trombone play Instead of a piccolo.

Unpopular.—Thomas Edison has invented a searchlight that will throw its rays for several miles. We fancy that the great inventor has earned and will get the undying dislike of the spoony lovers.

The Penalty.—Mexico must be good. If she does not behave there is grave danger that Uncle Sam will not speak to her.

War Notes.

The Kaiser seems to think that the hand that wrecks the cradle will rule the world.

Italy's army seems to be capturing a lot of pretty scenery in the Tyrol, anyway.

Of course Germany will say it's just the luck of the bystander if neutral ships are sunk.

Spain has declared her neutrality. Personally we would prefer to have her neutral than an ally. She always gets the worst of it.

Dernberg says his visit to America was quite successful. Probably he means his safe return voyage, by British permission.

England has forbidden yarn exports. Are the censors not doing their duty?

Woodrow Wilson seems to have the backbone and William Jennings Bryan has a monopoly of the jaw bone.

Uncle Sam is talking of raising a vast aviation corps. Of course the whole thing is in the air as yet.

The war may be hard on some of the arts, but no doubt it will stimulate the fine art of dodging taxes.

American passengers detained by British warships should not complain, but rather offer up thanks that they did not meet a German submarine.

Rivals.

The hack horse seems to know That he's no longer "it" When, speeding to and fro, He sees the busy "jit."

Never Too Late.—In the newspapers we find a tale of a couple of lovers who have just made up and married after a quarrel which took place 50 years ago. These little lovers' spats do delay Cupid's conquests at times.

Timely.—We note that the army worm is on the march in many parts of the country. Is this a natural consequence of the belligerent trend of the times?

Very Probable.—An auto in Kansas was chased by a bullsnake that bit its rear tires. It is altogether likely that the machine had been fed with more than gasoline.

The German Need.—Germany, with the aid of the Krupp factory, is putting up a big fight, but what the Kaiser

wants now is the invention of a big gun that can be set in the middle of the country and can fire both ways at once.

He Knows.—Judge Alton B. Parker calls on the United States to prepare for war. Having run for the presidency against Teddy Roosevelt he knows what war is.

Results Count.—Billy Sunday, the slangy evangelist, is accused by his secretary of "borrowing" his sermons. Many other preachers have done the same thing, but few with the same effect as the ex-ball player. Billy gets results, even with the borrowings.

Which?—Down in Indiana there's a woman who wants a divorce from her thirteenth husband. What's the matter with her? Is she after a record in the matrimony line or is she just naturally a bad picker?

An Oddfellow.

He is a most peculiar chap, In his peculiar way, For he will not say anything If he has nought to say.

Not Parallel.—"Marrying a second time," says a wise Minnesota professor, "is like buying another book by the same author." Not exactly, Professor. Books generally have happy endings.

Very Likely.—We note that General Rohr has been removed from the command of the Austrian army opposing the Italians at one point. Perhaps he was all Rohr.

Too Late.—The Port Huron Times tells how Arthur Dodge married Agnes Quick in that city. It is evident that the young man did not dodge quick enough.

Extremes.—Judge Landis, of Chicago, who some years ago fined the Standard Oil Company \$29,000,000, fined a farmer the other day the amount of 2 cents. That judge will have a hard time making ends meet at that rate.

Warm Weather Breezes.—There were as many amateur Orangemen in some Canadian towns on Monday as there are usually amateur Scotchmen at Scotch picnics. And its the amateur that keeps up the interest. You never can tell when he may become a professional.

Kipling may be a burned-out volcano when it comes to writing literature nowadays, but that recruiting speech he made last week certainly takes the place of any stories or poems he might have written.

Among the many things that Kaiser Bill used to say that he now wishes he hadn't, remember that cablegram of sympathy to Kipling when the poet was ill in New York years ago.

Hon. Walter Long says England is now an armed camp, whereas a few months ago it was a land of peace and haystacks. That's only a mild way of observing what would happen to German invaders if those legendary aluminum boats ever try to land them on the coasts of Albion.

Will some one make a motion that the 1914-15 musical season is definitely past, done, complete, and all over with till next September? Carried unanimously.

Summarized.—Our impression of William J. Bryan's policy is that it may be summed up as "Peace at any price—except silence."

For Clean Clear Glassware



It is important that you use this **Hygienic Cleanser**

On your table glassware and fruit jars.

MADE IN CANADA

Write to THE CUDAHY PACKING CO., TORONTO, CANADA, for our booklet "HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES."

Grow Corns If You Will But don't keep them

One can't well avoid corns in these days of dainty shoes. But it's folly to keep them, pare them and doctor them.

A chemist has invented a way to end corns quickly. It is known as **Blue-jay**. Attach it and the corn pain stops at once. Then a bit of wax—called B & B wax—loosens the corn very gently. In two days the whole corn disappears without any pain or soreness.

It seems magical. After a **Blue-jay** plaster is applied, the shoe can't hurt the corn. After 48 hours there is no corn to hurt.

Folks have proved this on some 70 million corns. They are removing in this way a million corns a month.

That's why corns are not so common as they used to be. **Blue-jay** plasters came—folks found them out—and half the corns that grow today are quickly ended by them.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents — at Druggists
Samples Mailed Free
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

Completing a Great Tunnel

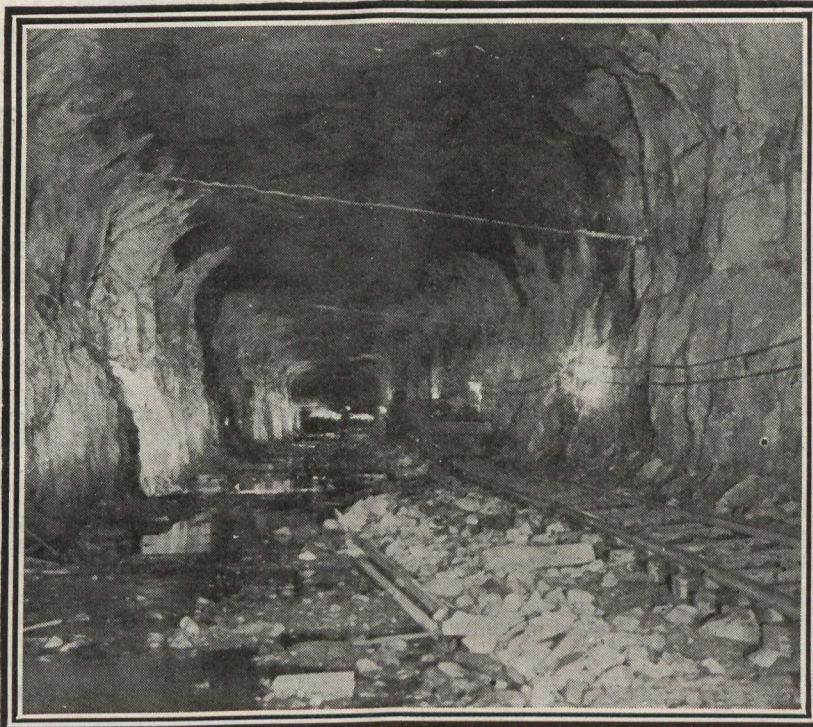
THE construction work upon the Mount Royal Tunnel is rapidly drawing to a close. The excavation is now almost completed; the concrete block lining is over 90% completed, in the soft ground section at the City End, and the special twin tunnel approach to the Portal Station, at the back of the Mountain, is entirely concreted and ready for tracks. Soon there will be nothing left but the concrete lining, track laying, and the installation of electrical provisions and equipment, before the Canadian Northern Transcontinental trains will be finding their way through Montreal's great natural barrier, into the very heart of Canada's commercial metropolis.

Owing to the war and its resultant industrial depression, the tunnel work has, like almost everything else of a commercial nature, been somewhat delayed. It has, however, never stopped, and the most vital portions have been driven with redoubled vigor, due to the peculiar economies required by the times. Perhaps never before, at least since the days of slave and convict labor, has hard rock excavation come out of a tunnel for costs even approaching those attained here.

From the back of the Mountain a fifty-ton steam shovel, operated by compressed air, has been plowing its

concrete blocks are erected as the shield progresses, forming a very heavy and substantial tunnel lining as the excavation material is removed. This shield is merely a great false roof of steel, with a cutting edge in front, and a tail piece which laps back over the complete masonry. As the shield is shoved ahead, on pre-constructed side and center walls, the roof is built under the tail piece, so that the earth above the roof is never exposed or left unsupported.

Although this shield is peculiarly interesting, with its almost human machinery and gigantic hydraulic pressures, often exceeding 5,000 pounds to the square inch, which are used in its movement and apparatus, the other end of the tunnel has the more spectacular interest. During the last few weeks several parties have been through this portion of the works. The "City Fathers," the Newspapers, The Builders' Exchange, and many others, have all examined the great bore now so rapidly nearing completion. While visitors are undoubtedly thrilled when in the midst of such strange and extraordinary surroundings, it is interesting to note, that the thing which impresses them most is the fact that so great a work, requiring the excavation of hundreds of thousands of tons of rock, with the



DAYLIGHT AT THE OTHER END.

This picture of the Mt. Royal tunnel was taken from about midway in the tunnel, which was lighted with magnesium flare torches.

way through the heaped and shattered rock: 1st, in the tunnel approach, near the great rock crushing plant, where Mackenzie, Mann & Co., Limited, are piling up stores of ballast and graded concrete material for their own work, and for sale to those who wish peculiarly hard and durable stone; 2nd, in the tunnel proper, where the shield advanced often over one hundred feet a day. This was the final excavation, clearing up the benches left on either side of the tunnel, after the center bottom heading and break-ups (being that excavation for the full size of the tunnel above the heading roof) had been completed. Thus we see a great finished bore, thirty feet wide by twenty odd high, reaching into the Mountain from the Model City toward Montreal; under Mount Royal Heights, Cote St. Catharine Road and Outremont; beneath the old Municipal quarry and new Outremont reservoir, the Cemetery, Mountain Park and Look Out, to the McGill College campus.

From the campus two practically completed tubes extend to beyond St. Catharine St., where a shield is slowly forcing its way through the mixed geological formation that lies under that part of the city. Here massive

explosion of thousands of tons of dynamite, could be done in the midst of a great city with so little disturbance.

War and the Ten Commandments

MR. Bryan discloses that war violates three of the commandments. He objects to it on that account and gives notice to intending war-makers that "Jehovah's justice cannot be evaded."

But how does Mr. Bryan know anything about the ten commandments and "Jehovah's justice"?

Read about 'em in the Bible, of course.

And does he notice that Moses, who produced the ten commandments, was himself a man of no special aversion to war, and that Joshua, his successor, by express direction of "Jehovah," promptly walked into the Canaanites in precisely the fashion that the Germans strove to emulate in Belgium (Deuteronomy 2: 26-37)?

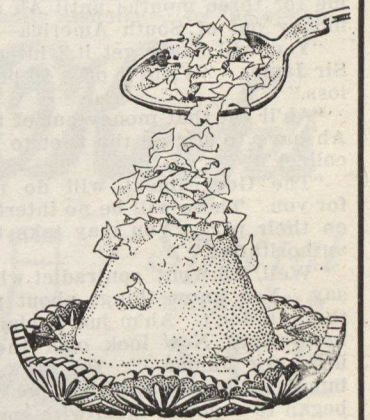
There is precisely the same authority for war that there is for the ten commandments. They come walking down to us hand in hand out of Jewish history.—Life.

A new idea for a fascinating dish! Ice Cream and

Kellogg's

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

(10c per Package)



Place a cone of ice cream in the dish and smother with Corn Flakes at serving. You will find this delightfully refreshing.

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Keep Absorbine, Jr. In Your First Aid Cabinet

It is a dependable preparation for the numerous household accidents. Applied to cuts, bruises, wounds and sores, it makes the part aseptic, kills the germs and promotes rapid healing.

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It is purely herbal—contains no acids or minerals and is harmless to the most sensitive tissues. USE ABSORBINE, JR., to reduce inflammatory conditions—sprains, wrenches, painful, swollen veins or glands. To reduce bursal enlargements and infiltrations. (Absorbine, Jr., is a discutient and resolvent). To allay pain anywhere—its anodyne effect is prompt and permanent. To spray the throat if sore or infected—a 10 per cent. or 20 per cent. solution of Absorbine, Jr., is healing and soothing and will destroy bacteria. To heal cuts, bruises, lacerations, sores and ulcers. \$1.00 4-oz., \$2.00 12-oz. bottle at druggists or postpaid. A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE will be sent to your address upon receipt of 10c in stamps. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 282 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

By reason of the changing shape when in motion this tire cleans itself of all mud and slime.

T. 102

DUNLOP TREAD TRACTION

Hand Made Lace From England

That beautiful Lace straight from the peasant workers of Bucks, England. Due to the war these English peasant lace makers are in real need. Just or unjust this struggle is not of their making, but they, peace loving folks are sufferers. Therefore purchases now will be good deeds, as well as profitable to you.

You'll be delighted with the free book we want to send you. Write for it to-day.

Mrs. Connie Armstrong's Lace Makers
Newmarket, Ont.

Should your copy of the Courier not reach you on Friday, advise the Circulation Manager.

To Slay and to Spare

(Concluded from page 8.)

James. "It will be better for them to feel that the decision is entirely mine."

At nine o'clock to the minute John Owtram entered the private office. It was characteristic of him that he was neither before his time nor after his time. He never wasted minutes. He wasted nothing. His mill was run on lines of rigid efficiency. The financial crash in which he was now involved was not due to bad management of detail, but to a trade crisis which he had not been farsighted enough to imagine and prepare for.

"Those damned half-breeds in South America!" he told Sir James, speaking out in his plain blunt fashion. "That's what's tied me up. There's nothing wrong with my mill. The cleanest-run mill in the district. Ah've worked my way up from the loom, as you know, and Ah'm a practical man, with every string of my business here." He thrust out a broad fist, palm upwards. "Carry me for three months until Ah get my money out of South America—"

"You will never get it," interrupted Sir James. "Write it off a 90 per cent. loss."

"Ah'll get that money out of them if Ah have to stir up the fleet to go and collect it!"

"The Government will do nothing for you. There will be no interference on their part. You may take that as authoritative."

"Well, Ah won't contradict what you say. You know things about politics that Ah don't. Ah'm just a plain business man. Now look over these figures, Sir James—" He drew out a bundle of sheets from his pocket and began to expound them with emphasis, driving home point after point about the past profits of the mill and the future expectations.

The Chairman listened to him with patience and courtesy, but his mind was not on the figures. That part of the affair he had already examined concentratedly during the afternoon. He was now weighing up the man rather than the money element.

AT the end of three-quarters of an hour Sir James remarked: "Mr. Glen, of Brookside Mill, is to see me at ten o'clock on a matter similar to yours."

"Ah thought he was hard hit."

"The Bank cannot carry both of you."

"You mean that it's either him or me?"

"One of you two must meet your loans."

John Owtram's bull-dog jaw hardened, and the glint of battle came into his eyes. "Brunton or Shapworth is it? Look here, Sir James, your wife was Brunton-born. That makes you in a way a Brunton man—same as myself. That must weigh with you surely?"

Sir James gave no answer.

"You wouldn't send thousands of Brunton men and women to starvation, would you?" pursued the mill-owner. "That's what it means if you won't carry me another three months. Starvation for them. Now Ah've treated my workpeople well. Made them a model village, and given them the Helen Owtram memorial hall."

"Mr. Glenn has given his people a recreation park."

"No—raised the subscription to make it."

"From my point of view, the park is there, and whether he gave the money himself or induced others to give it matters nothing."

"Ah'll back my mill against David Glenn's any day—for management, output, percentage costs, or any other comparison. Mine is the cleanest-run mill in the district, and Ah defy any man to prove the contrary!"

"I am not drawing comparisons between the two mills," was the quiet answer.

"Then it's Brunton or Shapworth, Sir James, carry Brunton!"

"I will post you my decision to-night," said the Chairman, and his tone conveyed that the interview was at an end.

IN an outer office, David Glenn had been waiting for a half-hour past.

That was characteristic of him. Though the interview was fixed for ten o'clock, it was possible that Sir James might be disengaged before the hour. In that case an early coming would save time for the Chairman and anxiety for himself.

David Glenn was a quieter, less self-confident, much less dogmatic man than Owtram. There was even a perceptible nervousness in his gait as he entered, and in his voice as he began to lay before Sir James the facts and figures relative to his business. For half an hour or so the Chairman listened with courteous patience, and as before, his mind centred on the worth of the man rather than the facts of his trade. Every big organization is but the lengthened shadow of a man.

Finally Sir James put to him the same test observation he had made to the other mill-owner. He remarked: "Mr. John Owtram has just seen me on a matter similar to yours."

"I'm very sorry to hear that."

"The Bank cannot carry both of you."

Silence.

"One of you two must meet your loans."

David Glenn could not repress a shiver. "Sir James," he answered unevenly, "do you realize what this means to the twin towns? Starvation for thousands of men and women—operatives and traders who depend on the running of my mill and John Owtram's. Whichever of us you close out, it means black misery for the twin towns. I'm not speaking for myself alone, but for all of us. Carry us for three months longer!"

"Us?" queried Sir James.

"Myself and Owtram."

"One of you must go."

"Surely it would be possible to split the extended credit between us?"

"I am afraid that is impracticable, Mr. Glenn—I will post you my decision to-night."

Heavy of heart, David Glenn rose to leave.

Shortly before midnight, Sir James Langley was in the London train, pulling down the blinds of his sleeping berth to shut out, if possible, any further thought of Brunton and Shapworth. In a post-box lay two letters written on the notepaper of the Bank and signed by himself personally. His duty by his shareholders and his colleagues was finished.

The one letter began:

"John Owtram, Esq.,

"Dear Sir,

"The Bank regrets"

The other letter began:

"Dear Mr. Glenn."

It was a long letter, covering many pages, but only the last paragraph would be of general interest. This said:

"You may care to learn the reason why the Bank will carry yourself and not Mr. John Owtram. My decision had necessarily to be based on the broad principles of business. I consider that you are the more likely to further the eventual prosperity of the twin towns. I was glad to note that you made no reference to the insane rivalry between Brunton and Shapworth. The wellbeing of the two is interlocked. Try to further the broader patriotism. Work for the uniting of the towns in sentiment and in governance. On the prosperity of the twin towns—not of Brunton alone or of Shapworth alone—depends the prosperity of the Bank. Hence my decision."

A newsboy ran along the station platform shouting a night extra of the local paper. "Great Victory!" he yelled. "Ten thousand killed!"

"There across the seas," thought Sir James, "are a magnified Brunton and Shapworth."

How It Works Out.—"Jones preaches home rule very emphatically."

"Yes, and his wife practices it quite effectively."

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager JOHN AIRD, Ass't. General Manager

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

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Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

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Nothing diminishes a man's resources so rapidly as imprudent investment. Protection of the principal sum is every investor's first duty.

We invite inquiries about the details of our Guaranteed Trust Investment plan for investing clients' funds in carefully selected first mortgages on improved real estate.

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National Trust Company

Capital Paid-up, Limited Reserve,
\$1,500,000. \$1,500,000.

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your family, and cannot be bought, sold, or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5,000.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS.

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"Made in Canada"

When You Are on Your Holidays

Resting your tired brain and body there is nothing as invigorating and altogether satisfying as a cool, sparkling bottle of

COSGRAVES

(CHILL-PROOF)

PALE ALE

It fills the demand for a delicious, refreshing, wholesome, appetizing beverage and tonic.

As light as lager, but better for you.

Any dealer will ship your order wherever you wish.



JAEGER

Neglige Shirts Have a Distinctive Style

Made of fine pure wool Zephyr and wool Taffeta, in exclusive dainty patterns, they have all the "appearance" which superior material and skilled workmanship give to Jaeger Goods.

Far superior to cotton or linen, not only for exercise and outdoor sports, but also for year round wear in office, or when travelling.

Made in all sizes, with single or double cuffs, shirt or coat style.

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DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen Co. Limited.
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Incorporated in England in 1883, with British Capital for the British Empire

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CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

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First Vice-President—W. D. Matthews.
Second Vice-President—G. W. Monk.
Joint General Managers—R. S. Hudson, John Massey.
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The Canada Permanent Trust Company

Incorporated by the Dominion Parliament. This Trust Company is now prepared to accept and execute Trusts of every description, to act as Executor, Administrator, Liquidator, Guardian, Curator, or Committee of the Estate of a Lunatic, etc. Any branch of the business of a Legitimate Trust Company will have careful and prompt attention.

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Deflect our Canadian day light into obscure interiors, making them not only light, but sanitary and healthy. The saving in artificial illumination will more than repay the initial outlay.

Let us advise regarding your problems and figure on the installation you may require.

"Made in Canada."

The Luxfer Prism Co., Limited
100 King St. W., Toronto, Can.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Is There a New Canning Trust?

A FORTNIGHT ago some comment on the canned goods situation appeared in this column, under the title, "Gambling in Canned Goods." The Windsor Record, commenting on The Courier's article, says:

"The so-called 'canning trust' has finally succeeded in gobbling every canning factory in Essex County, with the exception of the one at Essex, which remains independent. The effect of the consolidation in operation is that the producers—the farmers who grow the corn, the tomatoes, and everything else that is 'canable'—get minimum returns, while the consumer is charged maximum prices."

Does the Windsor Record intimate that the Dominion Cannery is still buying up independent factories, or does it mean that there is a new "combination" which has bought up Dominion Cannery and is now proceeding to pick up the independents?

There has been an intangible rumor for some time in financial circles that some sort of reorganization was proceeding. Whether it is to be a holding company or a merger is not definitely known, but the inclination is to a holding company. This would not mean any change in ownership of the different canneries, and would not require any issue of stocks or bonds. The holding company would simply take over all the stocks of all the canners and equalize the sales, so as to prevent price-cutting, which might force some factories into bankruptcy.

The idea of a holding company is a good one, if those behind it will treat the public fairly. If it is used as an instrument to maintain exorbitant prices, then it must be condemned.

The Wind-Jammer Comes Back

WHILE Sir Robert Borden is in England discussing the question of ships to carry Canada's 1915 crop to England, and while Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is trying to charter vessels to carry both munitions of war and food, one help to the situation has come of itself. The old wind-jammer has reappeared in our Atlantic harbours.

Our correspondent at St. John, N.B., writes as follows:

"Not for many years has there been such a showing of ocean-sailing craft in this harbour as there is at present. Ships, barques, schooners of varying size, line the wharves or ride at anchor in the stream; there are a few steamers, but the more striking-looking 'wind-jammers,' with their forests of masts and yards, are the most conspicuous. Freight rates are a little easier just now, deals having dropped in price in the British market. While chartering has been quiet for ten days or more, there has been little reduction in rates; the latest steam charters having been 140s, and in sailing craft 130s. The presence of so many ships in the harbour in July has served to stimulate general business, while at the same time solving the unemployment problem."

Conditions in United States

AN admirable summary of commercial conditions in the United States appeared in the New York Herald of July 6th:

"The agricultural outlook is fine. There will be less cotton than last year, as indicated by the government report on acreage and condition—probably 2,500,000 bales less—but the yield will be ample in the circumstances. It will all be wanted, however, and arrangements being made in the South for safe storage and insurance of the staple, making it good security for bank loans, will avert its being thrown upon the markets before it is needed for consumption, or at less than its value. Prospects for wheat are brilliant, and Europe's continued demand will assure the American farmer a remunerative price for every bushel that can be spared."

"In the realm of commerce there is continued, although somewhat irregular, improvement in domestic trade, while foreign trade is larger in volume than ever before was dreamed of. It is one-sided, of course, for the time being, with reduced importations and enormously increased exports of breadstuffs and provisions, plus the vast shipments of materials of war. The balance in this country's favour has been sufficient to pay off all our current indebtedness abroad, lend more than \$200,000,000 to foreign borrowers, and, in addition, import \$120,000,000 during the present year. Besides all this we have taken back from Europe a great volume of our own corporate securities formerly held abroad, and are accepting further amounts every day in payment for the continued excess of our exports."

"The best index to industrial conditions is furnished by the production of steel, which is now fifty per cent. greater than in January last and steadily increasing, with substantial advances in prices."

Mining Boom Overdone?

CAN it be possible that the mining boom is overdone? Is it conceivable that the mining stock manipulators are looking for suckers? Are you one of those who is likely to be sheared at any early date?

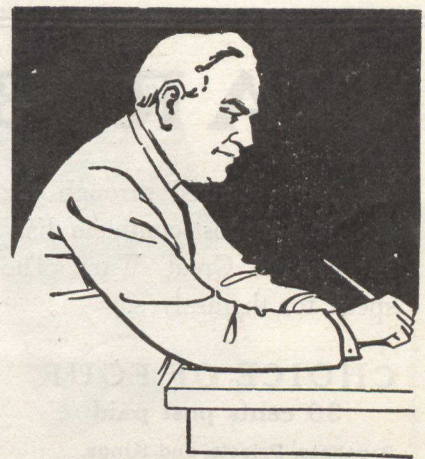
Most of the mines in Ontario are showing decreased earnings because of the low price of silver and for other reasons, yet in face of bad reports, common to all industries, the brokers are marking up the price of stocks to coax the public in.

What is the theory? As expressed by one broker to the writer, the theory is, "People must speculate and mining stocks offer the best chance for a gamble. Buy all you can while the war lasts and then sell it quick." This is the theory of a gambler—even though he be dignified with the name of broker.

Motor Cars Reduced

NEW prices for automobiles are being announced in the United States. These include: Reo Four, \$1,050, and Reo Six, \$1,385; Buick Six (5 passenger), \$985; Hudson Six, \$1,350; Packard Twin-Six, \$2,600, and \$2,950; Haynes Six, \$1,385; Mitchell Six, \$1,250; Overland Four, \$750; Paige Six, \$1,095; Regal Four, \$1,085; Studebaker Four, \$985, Six, \$1,485; Hupmobile, \$1,085; Cadillac Eight, \$1,975; Oldsmobile Four, \$1,095; Oldsmobile Eight, \$1,295.

Canadian prices are also being reduced: McLaughlin Six 30-35, \$1,085, and 40-45, \$1,385; Hupmobile, \$1,385; Chandler Six (imported), \$1,750; Mitchell Six (imported), \$1,700; Ford Parts, 10 per cent. lower; Overland Four (imported), \$1,060; Studebaker Four, \$1,250; Studebaker Six, \$1,750; Reo Four (imported), \$1,445; Reo Six, \$1,895; Russell will have a cheaper car, but price is not yet announced.



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in an easily digested form. O'Keefe's Special Extra Mild Ale comes under both heads. It has the rich nutriment of the choicest barley malt from which it is brewed. And its food properties are readily assimilated by the system.



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By A. G. Gardiner
Over 10,000 copies sold in Canada. King Edward the VII.; George Bernard Shaw; Rudyard Kipling; G. K. Chesterton; Arthur James Balfour; John Singer; Edward Grey; James Keir Hardie; Lord Northcliffe; Dr. Clifford; John Redmond; Florence Nightingale; The Prime; David Lloyd George.

Under the German Ban in Alsace and Lorraine.

By M. Betham-Edwards
In this book Miss Betham-Edwards gives her impressions gathered in the course of her travels in the Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. She describes very vividly the longing of the people to be under French rule, owing to their detestation of German tyranny.

The Master Beggars of Belgium.

By L. Cope Cornford
An historical novel which gives a vivid account of the Wars of this Guild of Beggars of the Low Countries against the Spaniards, under the Duke of Alva, during the 16th century.

The above from Wayfarers' Library (new titles issued monthly, 72 now ready). Cloth bound, illus., 4½x7.

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By Georges Bourdon
Editor Paris Figaro
What Germans think. What they want. What they can do. Cloth, 7½x5¼, 360 pages.

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By L. Cecil Jane
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By F. A. M. Webster
Progress of Liberty, Social Progress, Progress of Commerce, Progress of Science and Learning, Progress of Justice. Cloth, illus., 8x5½, 305 pages.

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The Woman Patrols of England

(Concluded from page 13.)

NEW EDMONTON CLUB.

people and organizations of the towns very generously co-operate to provide amusements, often works wonders.

The movement has met with very little unfriendliness. Lord Kitchener and the Home Secretary have both given instructions that military and police officers shall afford it every possible backing, and they have done so with a will.

Of course there are difficulties to

THE opening of the Ladies' Club House at the Highlands, Edmonton, June 23rd. The figures from left to right are: Mrs. G. H. V. Bulyea, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta; Mrs. Ayearest, the president of the club; Mrs. Arthur Murphy ("Janey Canuck"), who made the inaugural address; Mrs. W. J. Magrath, chairman of the Building Committee,



SOME PROMINENT EDMONTON WOMEN.

A snapshot on the occasion of raising a flag over the first privately owned Women's Club in Alberta.

overcome. "One girl greeted an appeal to her loyalty with, "Get along. Think I don't know a lady 'tec when I see one."

But her suspicions were finally allayed and she joined thousands of other English girls in becoming "a help rather than a hindrance."

MONA CLEAVER.

and Mrs. W. T. Henry, the Mayoress of Edmonton.

The flag was presented by Mr. J. A. MacGregor, the superintendent of the C.P.R., and raised by Mrs. Bulyea. The club has been erected in the interests of the "City Beautiful" movement, and overlooks the Saskatchewan River.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Savage Hunger.—Mary and Tommy had been to hear a missionary talk at Sunday school.

"Did he tell you about the poor heathen?" father enquired at the dinner-table.

"Yes, sir," answered Mary. "He said that they were often hungry, and when they beat on their tum-tums it could be heard for miles."—New York Evening Post.

A Poser.—He was a member of a regimental band, and he did not forget to brag about it.

"Why, man, we can play the most intricate airs at sight," he was saying.

"Indeed!" said the unbelieving listener. "I should like to hear you play the airs the drum-major puts on."—Tit-Bits.

Could Fill the Bill.—He had told her the age-old story, and, torn with emotion, waited for a few short words that would decide his fate.

"George," she said, "before I give you my answer you must tell me something. Do you drink anything?"

A smile of relief lighted his handsome countenance. Was that all she wanted to know? Proudly, triumphantly he clasped her in his arms and whispered in her shell-like ear.

"Anything," he said.—The Medicine Man.

Faithful to His Memory.—After a period of six months of widowhood, Bridget consented to again enter the married state. Some weeks after she

was led to the altar her old mistress met her in the street dressed in the deepest mourning.

"Why, Bridget," she exclaimed, "for whom are you in black?"

"For poor Barney, me first husband, mum. When he died Oi was that poor Oi couldn't afford to buy mourning, but Oi said if iver Oi could Oi would, and me new man, Tim, is as ginerous as a lord."—Argonaut.

The Irony of It.—Are you a millionaire, father?

"No, my boy. I wish I was."

"How much money do you get, father?"

"Oh, well—sometimes I make as much as a hundred pounds in a month."

"A hundred pounds a month!"—(slowly, after a pause) "and he gives me tuppence a week!"—Punch.

A Gloomy Outlook.—Small Johnny was wriggling and twisting in a vain endeavor to put his arms through the sleeves of an undergarment and then get it over his head. After several futile attempts he called out to his mother:

"Say, mamma, when I get to be an angel, and have wings, I don't see how I'll ever get my shirt on!"—New York Times.

Case of Necessity.—Madge—My favourite authors are Browning and Henry James. I read them over and over again.

Marjorie—You have to.—Life.

The Real Destroyers of American Neutrality

(New York Herald.)

THE attack made by Germany and her agents and supporters upon the policy this government has followed in maintaining neutrality has been merely a fog to cover up the real activities of Kaiserism. Muentner, alias Holt, was one thread in a vast fabric. Few Americans can agree with Professor Hugo Munsterberg, Muentner's associate at Harvard, that the dead dynamiter was acting alone and on his own responsibility.

In his letter to his wife Muentner spoke of a ship to leave this port on Saturday, which would be lost on the 7th, or five days later. He thought it was the Philadelphia or the "Saxony." This indicates the work of associates. Muentner knew a ship had been marked for attack; that was all. As a matter of fact, the steamship was the Minnehaha, which cleared on Saturday but did not steam until Sunday. The Minnehaha took fire on the 7th.

With the attack by fire on this ship, carrying no passengers and devoted

Come twenty years—shall you and I
Hear these same babes that shrilly cry
Call, grown to manhood, call once
more
The awful calls of real war?

And shall those tiny, tender limbs,
Grown to great strength for better
deeds,
Lie scattered for the wicked whims
Of some foul beast that on War feeds?

Those little hands that gently cling
Be maimed and shrunken by some
shell?

Those voices that so shrilly sing
Be silenced by the cannon's yell?

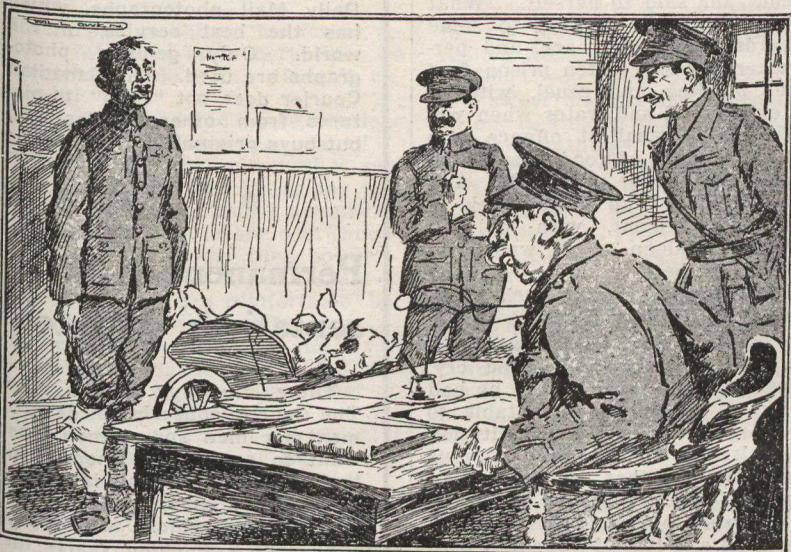
Those eyes so bright, where love
shines now,
Wherein we read the dreams of fame,
Be blinded and the puckered brow
Strive to conceal the socket's shame?

Shall you and I who give our all,
Or what we can, to dam the flood
Of present war, let war befall
Once more the children of our blood?

Let none forget—our politics
Are but an ape's disjointed tricks,
If ever more the war-news greet
The grown-up children from my street.

—London Chronicle.

TOMMY, THE COLONEL AND THE DOG.



Colonel to Tommy, in trouble for bayonetting a dog: "Why didn't you come at him with the butt end of your rifle?"
Tommy: "Why didn't he bite me wiv his tail?" —Tiddbits.

In Defence of Conscience

THE meanest thing ever said about conscience were the words put into Hamlet's mouth by William Shakespeare: "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

This remark has caused many people to believe that conscience was nothing but a coward-maker, and consequently they have refused to have anything to do with it. Never was anything more unjust. Shakespeare's assertion is true only on the assertion that we are all sinners. To be fair, he should have said: "Thus conscience does make cowards of all of us who have sinned or who are about to sin." Then he would have been more in agreement with Solomon, who was wiser, and who said: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion."—Life.

A Long War Ahead

Rudyard Kipling.

Up to the present, as far as we can find out, Germany has suffered some three million casualties. She can suffer another three million, and, for aught we know, another three million after that. We have no reason to believe that she will break up suddenly and dramatically, as a few people still expect. Why should she? She took two generations to prepare herself in every detail and through every fibre of her national being for this war. She is playing for the highest stakes in the world—the dominion of the world. It seems to me that she must either win or bleed to death almost where her lines run to-day. Therefore, we and our allies must continue to pass our children through fire to Moloch until Moloch perish. This, as I can see, is where we stand, and where Germany stands.

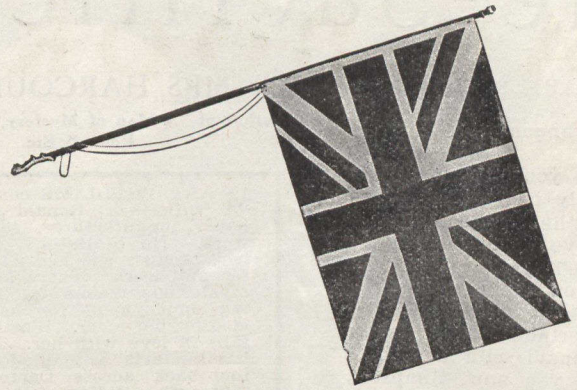
solely to transporting munitions, the United States has no concern except as this country was used as the base for the deed. But the Muentner case sheds a glare of light on what has been going on here in defiance of the laws of this country.

It will be difficult for the United States to continue friendly relations with Germany in view of the constantly increasing list of violations of our neutrality. The operations of the wireless station at Sayville, which led to the seizure of that plant by the government and its being placed in the hands of the United States navy, is the latest disclosure. The activities of these conspirators will assuredly bring about a break. Perhaps that is what they are seeking to hasten.

The Children in My Street (1915-1935)

By Hardress O'Grady.

Their tramp resounds the livelong day
And all day long their shrill, sweet
cries,
Their "Right about," "Charge," "Hip-
hurray,"
The worker's patient ears surprise.
When storming some rose-hedge re-
debt,
Some sweet-pea trench, some lily bed,
The martial valour of their shout
Tells that the enemy has fled.
And to and fro, and to and fro
With banners flying, swords un-
sheathed
For mimic death, in gardens go
The gentlest souls that ever breathed.
Still in the star-glow of their eyes
There shines the light of summer
skies,
Still in the loud, stern, martial word
The childish, trustful note is heard.



PATRIOTISM AND FLAGS

go hand in hand. The display of our flag is a patriotic expression.

Do Canadians display their flag enough? THE CANADIAN COURIER thinks not. There can be too much flag waving, but there can also be too little. We believe

A MOVEMENT IN THE RIGHT STEP.

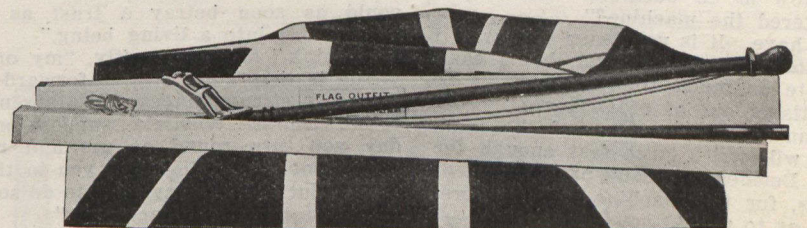
A subscriber from Western Canada, writing to us, ordering a flag, said: "This is a movement in the right step, and is deserving of hearty support throughout the Dominion."

that Canadians have been guilty to a fault of displaying too little the flag we all love so well.

A FLAG FOR EVERY HOME.

Believing this, THE CANADIAN COURIER has arranged to supply to its readers suitable home flags at the moderate prices quoted below.

These flags are Made-in-Canada, and their wearing qualities are guaranteed by THE CANADIAN COURIER. They are cheap enough for the most modest purse and good enough for the wealthiest home.



This Union Jack 32x48 inches, complete with pole (6 feet long), halyard, and window socket, at \$1.45, post paid, is a real bargain. It is designed to fly from an upstairs' window.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

All orders promptly filled by return mail. Send to-day, using coupon. No letter necessary if coupon is carefully filled out.

The Canadian Courier,
Toronto, Canada.

COUPON

Send me a flag. I have indicated with an X the one I want, and am remitting herewith the amount quoted above for this flag.

Name.....

Address.....

SIZES AND PRICES:

- Union Jack, 32x48 inches 51 cents, Mail Post Paid (Canadian Ensign, same size, 5 cents extra.)
- Union Jack, 32x48 inches (same flag as above), complete with pole (6 feet long), halyard and window socket, \$1.45, Mail Post Paid (Canadian Ensign, same size, 5 cents extra.)
- Union Jack, 24x36 inches 25 cents, Mail Post Paid
- Union Jack, 20x28 inches 20 cents, Mail Post Paid
- Set of Allies' Flags, 6 in number, 15x20 inches, 60 cents, Mail Post Paid

The Sacrifice of Enid

CHAPTER VI.

Arrangements.

By MRS. HARCOURT-ROE

Author of "A Man of Mystery," "The Silent Room," Etc.

"THIS young woman is the only one," said Simpson, as he entered the office; "I've been telling her she'll have to work hard, and mayhap you'll increase her pay before long."

"She will certainly have to work hard," said Ronald with a smile. "I won't detain you now, Simpson; I must see if Miss Williams is suitable."

"Factory work ain't suitable to her, sir," Simpson replied as he departed, "she looks fit to drop sometimes when the day is over."

"And you never told me the work was so trying," said Ronald reproachfully when the door had closed upon the foreman.

"The standing was a little trying during the heat, but it was the same for me as for everyone else. What would have been the use of complaining? Would you have provided arm-chairs for all of us?"

"I am afraid I should not."

There was an expression of delight in his eyes as he spoke; he was rejoiced that he could now secure her society every day.

"And surely the conditions of your factory are very superior to those of a large number of mills; there is plenty of air, and every reasonable comfort."

"I believe our mill to be very superior to a great many others. All the same it isn't fit for you. How glad I am that you are coming here. Guileless Simpson!"

"You will remember, sir," she said demurely, "that the appointment is altogether Simpson's."

"I will remember it. Are you going to call me 'Sir'?"

"I certainly am during business hours."

"And out of them?"

"I shall not see you."

"I suppose you will have too much of my society in them."

"Very likely, sir," she replied mockingly.

"Now as to business. Have you mastered the machine?"

"I have. It is very easy to learn. I cannot write fast as yet, but I shall devote as much time as possible to practising out of office hours."

"You will do nothing of the kind. You will write quite fast enough for me. Besides, you can't practise out of hours, for the machine will be here. Now as to pay."

"I am not worth much at present."

"You will receive market price, neither more nor less. You will begin with two pounds a week, and I make you a present of the machine. If we quarrel at the end of a week it will be yours to take away."

"I accept your handsome present with gratitude. I will pick a quarrel with you, and then offer my services, and my machine, to someone else."

"You had better not."

"Seriously, Mr. Westlake, you must not give me so much at first. I am not worth it. It is the price of a skilled typist, while I am only a learner."

"Am I the master of the mill or are you?"

"You are very much master."

"As I unfortunately had occasion to tell another young lady who was staying in our house. She went away this morning in consequence."

"Do you mean that handsome girl who went over the factory with that young officer?"

"Yes. I am indeed sorry that you were subject to any annoyance, and so was Mr. Haselfoot. You will surely be glad to avoid strangers."

"I am delighted to avoid them."

"You will work in the inner room at transcribing my letters and papers. Sometimes I shall come in and dictate them to you, otherwise you will be entirely undisturbed. Your hours will be from ten to one, and from two

MARY WILLIAMS comes to the office of Ronald Westlake, paper manufacturer, to ask for work. He hesitates to employ her, because she looks too genteel for mill work. There is a special mysterious reason for her wanting employment for herself, and also for her lover. Westlake really falls in love with her. Mary Williams starts a long journey on foot back across Dartmoor — to Plymouth. Riding out, Westlake meets her and tries to induce her not to sleep on the moor. Mary Williams goes on her way. Along the road she leaves a parcel with a cottager which she pays him to keep till it is called for by a man; afterwards a bicycle which she buys on the road. At Princetown she visited the gaol—and watched the convicts on the plantation; afterwards returned to Willowbridge and the paper mill. Her duties at the mill are much enlivened by the peculiar attentions of her employer who becomes very unpopular with his fiancée, Miss Ormonde, in consequence. He offers Mary a position as typist. Two people find themselves each between two fires.

to five. I hope six hours will not be too much, but you needn't work all that time, you know."

"I certainly shall, if there is any work to do."

He smiled; he was resolved that some of the time, at all events, should be spent in talking to him.

"What a determined young lady you are!"

"I am obliged to be with so determined a man. The hours are by no means long, and I repeat I am not worth so much money yet."

"But you are. I shall give you my confidential letters to write, and trust you as I should trust no other person on the premises. You will have it in your power to betray my trade secrets to other employers, and injure my business vastly."

"BUT why do you trust me? As I said before, what possible grounds have you for doing so?"

"Are our senses given us for nothing? You are true as steel. You could as soon betray a trust as a statue turn into a living being."

"I think," she said softly, "my one virtue is that I am straightforward—as far as circumstances will allow me to be. Oh, Mr. Westlake, suppose one day you turn round on me and reproach me for having kept you in the dark. But it is not my wish to do so."

"I will never reproach you."

She looked at the clock.

"Do you know what time it is, Mr. Westlake? I must be off at once or I shall be late for the factory."

"You are not going back to the factory. I will speak to Simpson. Take a holiday this afternoon, and come tomorrow morning at ten. Oh, I forgot to tell you; Saturday is a half day, and whenever you want a holiday you have only to ask for it."

"Thank you, sir," she replied with merry eyes, and the mocking air which always made him feel he was her humble slave instead of her master, and that she knew it well.

"But you must ask deferentially, you know."

"Certainly, sir; I will go on my knees to you, sir, if you desire it."

"That is a very safe 'If,' and you know it."

"I do know it, sir, and I have the honour to wish you good morning."

Her radiant air died away as soon as she had left the mill premises. It was as if a heavy weight had been lifted from her shoulders to quit the uncongenial toil and society of the mill, and every day she appreciated Ronald's kindness more, let it proceed from his regard for her or not. She knew that he would treat her with every deference, and never presume on their respective positions by word or deed, still the load of care which she always carried could never be wholly removed. She might forget it for a

short time, but the bitter, black facts remained, and could not be set on one side, or more than momentarily forgotten. Her life, as she regarded it, must continue to be one of trouble and anxiety.

"I'm afraid your dinner's cold," said Mrs. Mason, who met her at the gate of the farm house. "I thought you were in as usual, and put it on the table."

"It doesn't matter at all," replied Mary. But she was tired after her morning's work, and the coarse tablecloth, the black-handled blunt knife, the worse fork, the common crockery ware, all filled her with disgust, which was not lessened at the sight of the dish of half-cold meat and potatoes mixed, with fat floating on the top of the gravy.

She pushed it away and ate some biscuits and ripe currants, then took herself severely to task as she suddenly remembered the convicts she had seen engaged at Princetown in hard toil.

"You are not a bit better than some of them," she said to herself. "What you want is to be treated to some real hardships as they are, and perhaps after you had eaten prison fare of suet pudding and gruel, with at times only bread and water when you committed the smallest offence, you would not grumble at good meat which is cold through your own fault. And if you were shut up for a week in solitary confinement, with only a plank bed to sleep on, it would, no doubt, be the best thing for you, and would teach you to value such blessings as are left to you."

She laughed, and finally went upstairs, and indulged in a good cry. Simpson was quite right when he had said factory work was unsuitable to her. In spite of her fine constitution it had already affected her nervous system. Happily that time was over.

Ronald Westlake returned home joyful. He was in the highest spirits, and both he and Haselfoot roared with laughter at one another's anecdotes.

"You are two heartless fellows!" said Mr. Westlake. "You ought both to have been in tears over Louise's departure. You made a great mistake, Haselfoot, in not inducing her to stay. Are you aware she has thousands of pounds in her own right, an uninterfering mother and no father?"

"But what has that to do with me?"

"I thought perhaps it might have something to do with you. Never heard of such a thing in your life before, did you; no naval man ever has."

"I will not profess to misunderstand you," said Haselfoot with a smile, for no one ever took Mr. Westlake's jokes in bad part even if they objected to them, as they were given with such evident good-heartedness; "but as far as I am concerned I like to be captain in my own ship, and I intend to be."

"AND you think Miss Ormonde would take command? Well, I daresay she would. Ronald seems to be of your opinion."

Ronald made no reply; he did not think it necessary to publish his disagreement with Louise, even if she had mentioned the fact herself. He followed his mother when she left the table instead of going back to the office.

"Simpson has been telling me," he said, "that my handwriting is the despair of the mill, it is so vile, and that I ought to engage a typist. I have accordingly done so."

"Dear me! that's quite a new-fangled notion," returned his father; "in my time people could write plainly without all these modern inventions. Still I must say it may be an improvement when anyone writes like you do."

"He writes a beautiful hand," said Mrs. Westlake, "not a bit like a business clerk would. It is a thorough gentleman's hand."

"I grant you it is excellent to look

For Home and Country

Thousands of people who have been accustomed to buy only American periodicals are now giving preference to British and Canadian periodicals. They find a comfort there — a message there—which cannot be got from the writings of foreign authors, however clever they may be.

Subscribers to The Canadian Courier are more generous in their praise these days than they have ever been. The burden of their letters is, "You are giving us the real stuff—telling us just what we want to know."

Since the war opened, The Canadian Courier has spent money freely to get the best photographs from the front. These are secured through the photograph agencies in London, England, who have their camera men on every front. The Canadian Courier has a choice of the Daily Mail photographs, which has the best service in the world. Only genuine photographs are used. The Canadian Courier does not "steal" its pictures from other publications, but buys originals.

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at," Mr. Westlake retorted, "but it has the slight drawback of being at first sight quite unintelligible. I defy you to tell which are o's or a's or e's, or again which are m's or u's or w's. There is some slight possibility of making out the i's, because they are dotted—usually at long and irregular distances—but if it were not for that and an occasional easy capital letter, or perhaps an s, you could never tell what he was writing about."

"I could," said Mrs. Westlake; "his letters when he was away were my greatest treasure."

"I'm afraid they didn't come very often, mother dear," said Ronald. "My father is quite right, my writing is vile. It comes, I suppose, of being educated at a public school where nothing so common as handwriting (which affects the comfort and convenience of hundreds of people you come in contact with), was of any consequence. Well, anyhow, I have engaged a typist; she is coming to-morrow."

"Who is she?"

"A Miss Williams; a lady. Now my inner office isn't furnished. That is to say there may be a bare table and chair in it, but they won't do. Can you spare me a little furniture from the house, or shall I buy it in Plymouth?"

"Don't buy anything," his father replied. "We have more here than we know what to do with. Haven't we, mother?"

"Yes. Go round the house, my dear boy and take whatever you want."

"That is just what my mother said to me when I was furnishing my cabin," said Haselfoot, "and I astonished her by taking some of her best things. But she did not grudge them to me."

"And I have often urged Ronald to make his office more comfortable, but he won't," said Mr. Westlake.

"How can I have carpets and luxuries when mill hands are in and out. But perhaps if you make the inner office comfortable I might go and sit there sometimes when I am tired, if the typist will let me. I am awfully afraid of her; I am really."

"You afraid of anyone?" exclaimed his mother. "Oh, don't have her then."

In her own mind she conjured up a vision of a stern-featured, grim, spectacled female, who would make things very unpleasant for her darling boy. But a light dawned on Haselfoot, and the historian regrets to say that he gave a quiet wink behind everyone's back.

"I must have her because I have engaged her," said Ronald. "I must try to behave well, and then perhaps she will be kind to me. I will choose the things this evening, and take them in."

"The servants will, of course, take them for you."

"I would rather do it myself."

"Let me help you," said Haselfoot. "I am a first-rate hand at furnishing. I have chosen no end of things before now for cabins."

AFTER a moment's hesitation Ronald accepted the offer. When work was over the young men went the round of the house.

"Miss Williams?" asked the lieutenant.

"Miss Williams," replied Ronald briefly.

"I'm awfully glad of it. It made me miserable to see that exceptional girl among the hands, and I felt like a fool because I didn't know whether I ought to recognize her or not. I would have done it in a moment only I was afraid that she might not like it. You'll introduce me, won't you?"

"That I cannot do. She is most particular, and declines even my society except purely as a matter of business. But I shall get my mother to call on her, and perhaps she may be induced to visit at our house. Then you may know her."

"I don't know that I had better. That girl could bowl any man over in no time, and I have little besides my pay," said the lieutenant laughing.

"She has certainly bowled me over," thought Ronald.

"We must set to work," said he aloud. "There isn't too much time."

The room had been cleaned by his orders in the afternoon. The young men selected a square of the richest

carpet from the study, two easy chairs from the drawing-room, two chairs for work, a table and various other things, carrying them in at dusk with great satisfaction. The lieutenant was invaluable; he vied with Ronald in thinking of Mary's comforts.

"She must have a bookcase, with new books in it," he said.

"My dear fellow, that is a first-rate suggestion. She certainly shall. I will select the books myself when we have finished."

"And handsome curtains."

"Yes. And pictures."

And he ruthlessly denuded some of the rooms of a few choice gems.

Having started with the firm belief that Ronald was desperately in love with the pretty typist, and would probably marry her in time (for any dishonourable thought in connection with her had never entered his mind), Haselfoot saw nothing incongruous in the proceedings, and entered into them with the heartiest good-will.

THE work table for the machine was of course bare, except for business stationery.

"The only blot in the elegance of the furniture," said the naval officer at length, as he surveyed their work with pride.

"Except that it is the entire reason for the presence of everything else," replied Ronald, laughing.

"Don't you think you might put a few sweet biscuits and chocolate, and so on, in tins in that cabinet? Girls like sweet things," said Haselfoot at the conclusion of the proceedings.

"I will. She might not always be home in good time if there is much work to do. Preserved fruits and things like that always come in."

"And," he thought, "if her meals are scanty or badly cooked, as I very much fear they may at that farm, she can supplement them here."

Another brilliant idea came into his mind, but he kept silence about this. It was eleven o'clock before the young men went away, both very much pleased with the result of their work.

"I don't grudge you anything, my dear boy," said his mother the next morning, "as you very well know, but don't you think that carpet is a little too good for an office. It was very expensive."

"Never mind, mother. I will buy you another for the study out of my hard earnings."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said his father; "office furniture is supplied by the firm; it is a necessary."

Mr. Haselfoot thought that the senior partner of the firm would open his eyes if he saw what was included under the head of "necessaries," but he was not at all likely to see it. He never entered the office.

"It was all my fault, Mrs. Westlake," said the lieutenant. "I recommended the carpet, and put him up to all sorts of extravagances. He must propitiate the typist, you know, so I advised him, when he was about it, to do the thing handsomely."

"Yes," returned Ronald, "you are responsible for a good deal. And when I have to dictate a letter I shall enter in fear and trembling."

"I am sorry she is so disagreeable," said Mrs. Westlake. "Do have some one else."

As soon as they were alone he informed her that Miss Williams was only formidable, not disagreeable, and he should be much obliged if she would call on her.

"She is quite a lady," he said, "and living as she does alone, in an uncomfortable farm-house, she might be glad to see you. And," he added, with some hesitation, "don't you think you might beg her, as a favour, to lunch with us of a day. You know I may want her at any time, and it is a long way for her to go home."

"Of course I will," replied good Mrs. Westlake. "And I daresay she doesn't get very good meals, poor thing! She will make our lunch her dinner, no doubt."

"If you put it on any other ground than a favour to us—which it is—she won't come."

"I will take care of that." It was with some anxiety that Ron-



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ald awaited the coming of his typist the next morning. Perhaps she would be angry at what he had done, but surely he had a right to furnish his own rooms as he pleased.

He ushered her in as if she had been a princess.

"This an office!" she exclaimed in amaze.

"It isn't like the outer office," he replied deprecatingly.

But she understood. "How kind! How good of you!" she said warmly. "And books, too! I have longed for books of late. You will, no doubt, let me take these home one by one. I will be very careful of them, for I love books. I would almost as soon ill-treat a child as a book."

"They are yours to do as you please with. When you are tired of them, or have left them at home, I will replace them with others. Tell me what books you like and you shall have them. I mean the office shall have them," as he foresaw a reproof from her.

"I cannot take any more presents from you. I have already accepted the very handsome present of the typewriter."

He had sent for this; it was on the table.

"Please tell me what my work is," she continued gravely.

"Don't make me feel like a culprit," he pleaded. "I haven't done anything wrong, have I?"

He wondered as he spoke why she was the only woman he had ever met who had the power to make him uncertain as to the wisdom of his acts. He did not know that it was the hesitancy of love.

"You have been most kind—as you always are. Now, please set me to work."

He dictated a letter, but he was astonished when he read it over, and tore it up.

"I'm afraid I haven't expressed my meaning clearly," he said. "I have had other things to think of."

He produced some papers for her to copy, and, going into his own office, shut the door of communication until lunch time. Then he told her his mother was going to call on her.

She declined the honour firmly. "Indeed I am most grateful to her for her kind thought," she said, "but I cannot let her come. Please tell her I appreciate her kindness notwithstanding."

He saw that appeal was useless. In his vexation he revealed the fact that he had hoped his mother might induce her to come to lunch of a day. She thought of the farmhouse meals and acknowledged that the prospect was tempting.

"But I should have refused," she said, and added: "It seems to me that I am now, and shall be henceforth, obliged to refuse most of the good things of this life."

going to increase your salary by fifty pounds," he announced one day, "for you are fully worth it to me."

"The question is, am I worth it in the market? You know that I am not."

"I know nothing of the kind. If you were to leave me I should never again employ a woman. I couldn't after having had you, and a man would cost £150 to £200 a year. I can't do without a typist after being accustomed to one, and he would not be nearly so useful to me as you, for I should not trust him with the letters I give you to write. Now, do you see that one hundred and fifty pounds a year—vast income!—is only your due. Whether you see it or not, however, I intend to give it you."

She liked this masterful tone from him; her only fear was when his tone became soft, for she was not sure that she could always hold him in check.

"If you are sure I earn it I must admit that the extra money will be very useful to me." But it was not of herself she was thinking in connection with it.

"I am quite sure. Resistance is useless."

Notwithstanding, in spite of the value of her services (and this was real, not imaginary), the extra fifty pounds was not inserted in the office accounts. Ronald paid it out of his own pocket, and said to himself it was a luxury he could well afford.

"I DON'T want my father to be telling me what is the ordinary rate of pay for female clerks," though, indeed, Mr. Westlake, as a matter of fact, would have said nothing of the kind, and was wiser than his son imagined. He had felt some amount of curiosity concerning this typist for whom such preparations had been necessary, and had in his heart laughed to scorn the idea that she was an elderly dragon. He watched quietly one day until she had left the office, and followed her some little distance, unknown to herself, noting her appearance, her gait, her style, all of which he declared to be "tip-top." For though not of the highest class, he had of late years mixed with it a good deal, and could rightly estimate a lady.

"No wonder expensive carpets were necessary!" he chuckled to himself. "Well, I shan't say anything to the missis. Let her find it out for herself. A proud girl, I can see, but a good girl, too. If he doesn't fall in love with her he's a greater fool than I take him to be, though he ought to look much higher for a wife. It isn't my business, though, to meddle with a man of Ronald's age; he must conduct his own affairs."

It was with no slight wonder that Mrs. Westlake had heard of Miss Williams' decision not to be called on. She could not understand so great an honour being refused.

"Ah! poor thing!" she exclaimed one day. "I dare say she's not accustomed to any society, and is afraid of me. Still, it's a pity she wouldn't come to lunch of a day, poor soul! I would have taken care she should at all events have one good meal a day."

"Yes, poor old soul!" Mr. Westlake replied solemnly, but there was a twinkle in his eye, which made his son sure he knew the typist was not old.

Sometimes of an afternoon when there was not much work on hand, Mary would allow Ronald to take an easy chair in her office and talk to her. He kept her supplied with all the new books and periodicals, which were a great solace to her in the lonely evenings, and they discussed them afterwards together, his clear-cut intellectual face lighting up with pleasure. Occasionally they disagreed hotly, when the conversation would end with a laugh. He discovered all her tastes and opinions, and revealed his own as he had never done to anyone before. The more he saw of her the more he realized how wisely his admiration and respect had been grounded, while on her part she turned to him and found comfort in his unflinching friendship and care of her. He informed her that the chocolate and French sweetmeats had been entirely Mr. Haselfoot's idea, and impressed upon her how ungrateful it would be

CHAPTER VII. A Declaration.

MARY WILLIAMS was now firmly established as a typist to Ronald Westlake. In a business point of view he declared that she was invaluable to him. Punctual to a moment both morning and afternoon, orderly, methodical, quick, clever. Although their acquaintance was of so recent a date, he consulted her about everything connected with the business, exactly as he would have consulted a very clever wife who was greatly interested in his work.

It is true that she was ignorant to begin with, but she quickly acquired a vast deal of knowledge, and her experience amongst the mill hands, as one of themselves, helped her in making suggestions to him when he formed plans for their welfare or amusement. He now gave her only bare drafts of his letters; she amplified them with the ability of a skilled clerk, and presented them to him, neatly typewritten, for signature; thus saving him hours of work. She had really toiled to gain speed in her writing, and was now a rapid typist. He watched her white fingers flying over the keys of the typewriter with admiration. "I am

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not to eat them. Her oak coffer was never without choice fruit.

"Who takes it away when I do not eat it?" she asked one day.

"I do. I throw it away."

"How wicked of you, when so many people would be glad of it!"

"I can't help that. When you don't eat it I suppose it's not good enough for you, and so, of course, I don't offer it to anyone else. It goes into the river, and furnishes me with a text on the sermon entitled *The Impossibility of Pleasing Some Women.*"

"Have you adopted a theory that I consider nothing good enough for me? If so, I must be a very ungrateful girl."

"If you were really grateful you would accept my humble offering in the spirit in which it is made."

"Which means that in the future I must eat everything. I obey your orders, sir."

"When you call me sir I know you are laughing at me."

"I am laughing at you, sir."

"Yes," he replied, his deep feeling suddenly expressing itself in rage. "I know you are. I know that if I were to wear my life out in efforts to serve you it would not weigh one jot with you, and I should be of no more consequence to you than I am now."

He went into his office and shut the door.

She resumed her work, going on without a moment's cessation, a pink spot of colour burning in her cheeks. At half-past five she collected her pile of papers, and, after putting on her hat, took them in to Ronald.

"I have finished the work, Mr. Westlake."

HE had been fidgetting for the last half hour, wondering why she did not make her appearance. He longed for her to do so, but he would not intrude upon her. He was heartily ashamed of his outbreak.

"Finished it!" he exclaimed. "How you must have worked! You must not work overtime, Miss Williams," he added gravely.

"I very often work undertime. Good afternoon."

"I beg you to remain a moment," he said in a low tone. "Once more I entreat your pardon. Why do you rouse me as you do?"

"I have nothing to forgive. Once more, good afternoon."

"The coldness of your voice shows me that you have not forgiven me. Can you not be generous?"

"I think this conversation a little uncalled for, Mr. Westlake. I have already told you that I have nothing to forgive."

She went away as she spoke. But she had purposely assumed this coldness, for she was afraid to be kind. She felt very unhappy, and, instead of going back to the farm took the road behind the factory, and wandered on to the moor.

Ronald was wretched. "She works me up until I am beside myself," he said, "and then I behave like an unmitigated brute, knowing as I do that she must see me." His self-reproach was perhaps somewhat exaggerated, but it was very genuine.

She had reached the moor when he overtook her. The evenings were closing in fast, and already the sunset lights and shadows were falling over the grand hills. As soon as she saw him a charming smile appeared on her face, and his own lit up with joy. She had forgiven him, and he had the sense to know that further apology would be out of place.

"As you are with me," she said, "I think we might walk to Sharp Tor. It is too far for me to go alone, now that the days are getting shorter."

Both thought of her journey across the moor, when she had slept two nights in the open air, but neither alluded to it. It was a most painful subject to both—to her because of the actual facts; to him because he sought in vain to realize what reason there could be for such an extraordinary proceeding.

"This moor makes me feel," she said. "I could watch it for hours. It is like the sea, having always some new beauty."

"I am very glad you are of one mind with me about it. It is so good of you to let me walk with you this evening.

It is the first time you have allowed me to do so. I wish I could show you more of the beauties of the moor. Do you ride?"

"I used to do so. I am very fond of horse exercise."

"Why should you not ride with me here?"

She smiled. "I think you forget our respective circumstances. It would slightly surprise the mill hands to see me set out in a habit accompanied by you."

"I could meet you outside the village."

"It is out of the question, Mr. Westlake."

"Not just once?"

"Not once."

"Would you do so if we were differently situated?"

"I would do so with pleasure. It would delight me to gallop over the moors on one of those ponies, but the thing is impossible. On reflection you will see this."

"Perhaps you are right. Yet why should you, in your youth and beauty, be cut off, as you said the other day, from nearly everything that makes life pleasant. Where are your friends? What can they be made of?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed sadly. "It feels to me as if my feet were in a net. In coming here I thought that I should work for some hard, business employer, and live amongst the poor, unknown and unnoticed—in that case matters would have been simple enough—but, instead of this, you treated me from the first as a friend, and I seem now incapable of distinguishing right from wrong. I should like to tell you everything; perhaps I ought to do so. I feel that I am deceiving you in accepting your kindness; as it might be, if you knew everything, you would shut your doors upon me. Alter your conduct; treat me as an ordinary clerk, and then perhaps I shall not feel this compunction. But one thing I must tell you. My people are not to blame—from their point of view—and whatever I have gone through has been from my own voluntary choice."

"I SHUT my doors upon you?" he returned, speaking with excitement. "I must speak. I can be silent no longer. From the first day I saw you I have not only loved, but worshipped, you. You are never out of my thoughts, morning, noon, or night. When you choose to exercise it you have the power of driving me almost beside myself. Were you about to marry a man in your own station I would be silent, let it cost me what it would; but I entreat you to consider well whether you are doing wisely, in marrying a man who has not even sufficient determination to come and claim you. Give him up, and make me the happiest man in the world by marrying me."

"You must not speak to me in this way again, Mr. Westlake," she said in low tones, and he saw that her usually bright eyes were dim with tears. "And you are mistaken in two points. He is not below me in station, and he is coming the very moment he can do so."

"The mystery is beyond me," he continued, "but I will trust you now as I have trusted you from the first. Are you quite sure you will not marry me?"

"I am quite sure," she replied in low troubled tones.

"Then from henceforth my lips shall be sealed. I hope I have some manliness about me, and I will not persecute you. I expected this answer—that is to say, I should have expected it had I intended to propose to you, which I did not—but still it is a heavy blow. Give me a little time."

He turned his back on her and went a little distance away. She remained standing, looking at the ranges of hills across the valley with a heart full of pain. As before, droves of ponies ran about merrily, the stately red cattle grazed around, the heather was still in bloom, but she looked on all around her with unseeing eyes, the perplexed tangle of existence oppressing her.

"So good to me, so kind, so manly, and clever, and honourable, and yet it is my hand that causes him this pain."

(To be continued.)

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So when we tell you the 1916 Hupmobiles are the best cars this company has ever built, and when we offer you our best cars at a reduction in price, you may well take our word for it that you will make no mistake in selecting a Hupmobile.

But we don't ask you to accept our word alone. We do ask you to see the 1916 Hupmobile—to ride in it—to drive it if you will.

Write for your copy of our new catalog which illustrates and describes in detail all the 1916 cars. And ask the Hupmobile dealer in your city to show you in an actual merit test that the 1916 Hupmobile is just what we say—truly "the best car of its class in the world."

MADE IN CANADA

1916 HUPMOBILE PRICES

Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1385
 Roadster, \$1385 · Sedan, \$1820 · Limousine, \$3185
 All-Year Touring Car, \$1525 · All-Year Coupe, \$1500
 Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1635

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
WINDSOR, ONT.

Electric Service

Means comfort, convenience, economy, and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of housekeeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

At our showrooms all these devices are ready for your inspection. Competent demonstrators will operate and explain them for you.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

12 Adelaide St. E. Telephone Adelaide 404

OUR ADVERTISING POLICY

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

"I said Dominion"

THERE'S no reason why a dealer shouldn't gladly supply you with "Dominion" Tires—unless he prefers to make a bigger profit and give you less value for your money.

Nor is there any reason in the world why you shouldn't get "Dominion" Tires—unless you let a dealer switch you.

Say "Dominion"—and stick to it!

Nobby Tread

Best for all-round service, all the time, everywhere.

Grips the slipperiest pavements—saves 90 per cent of punctures.

Chain Tread

An effective anti-skid tire at a moderate price.

Plain Tread

The basis of all "Dominion" Tires—the masterpiece of tire-making skill.

Every "Dominion" Tire carries our regular warranty of perfect material and workmanship, and all adjustments are made on a basis of mileage—5,000 for Nobby and 3,500 for Chain and Plain Treads. Though they may cost a little more at first, "Dominion" Tires are most economical in the long run, because they give you extra mileage and service. Say "Dominion"—and stick to it!

And stick to the dealers who sell "Dominion" Tires and are proud of it. They promote their own interests by first looking after yours. If you have any trouble in finding those dealers, write our nearest Branch or our Home Office in Montreal. We will see that you are supplied promptly.

CANADIAN CONSOLIDATED RUBBER CO., Limited

28 BRANCHES IN CANADA

Head Office: MONTREAL, P. Q.



Nobby Tread | Chain Tread | Plain Tread

Say
DOMINION
—and Stick-to-it!