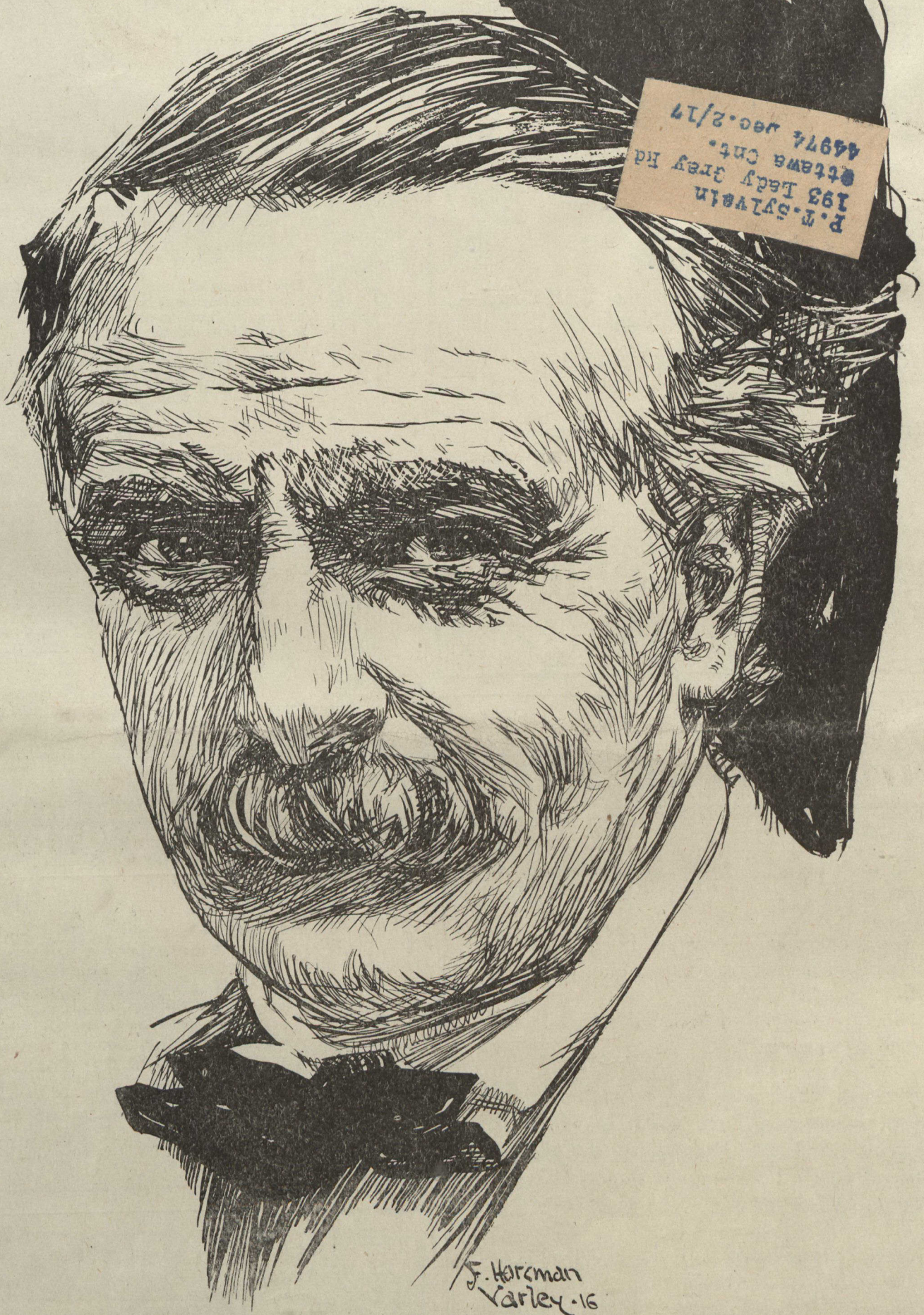


THE CANADIAN COURIER



Vol. XXI.
No. 5

Dec. 30
1916



THE MAN AND THE MESSAGE

“WITHOUT reparation, peace is impossible. Are all these outrages against humanity on land and sea to be liquidated by a few pious phrases about humanity? Germany leaves us to exact the damage for all future violence committed after the war. We must exact it now, so as not to leave such a grim inheritance to our children.

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THE CANADIAN COURIER

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

You will have noticed that with the issue of Oct. 7 the price has been reduced from 10 cents to 5 cents per copy.

EXTENSIONS

In keeping with this we are extending all subscriptions, so that the subscriber will receive extra copies sufficient to make up for the reduction in price.

CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO

ONTARIO

EDITOR'S TALK

FOR once—No good resolutions!

Ever since last summer the editorial department of the Courier has had just ONE resolution—and we are not looking for any new ones, or any better ones. We greet the New Year, as you might say, hardened in sin, the sin of believing that the resolution we tacked up on our wall-paper last summer is just as good and maybe better than the new-fangled ones that crop up along with Christmas indigestion.

So when the New Year comes sneaking along trying to collect OUR good resolutions, we just venture to observe—"Nothing Doing!" Our business is to dig up interesting Canadian reading matter for Canadian readers, and we are doing it, New Year or no New Year. We couldn't possibly have any higher resolution in the weekly-paper business.

* * * * *

You may like next week's issue—and you may not! We feel we ought to be frank about it, anyhow. Of course so far as TRYING goes—well, if you'd see the rejected manuscripts we've been forced to protect you from, and if you could just have one look at the editor's desk!—you'd like the issue quite a little.

To tell the truth, there's only one way we can tell whether you are going to like an issue or not, and that is by trying it on ourselves. We've done that, and according to that test we have succeeded.

There's probably not much use telling you what's coming unless it's to mention specially the Literary Supplement that will occupy some of the space next week. It will deal with some of the latest and most important output of the literary mills—such as the H. G. Wells' mill, and the new mill which bears the ambiguous name of "Billy." Then there will be some interesting letters from friends of yours and ours who read our little screed on the short story the other day and didn't agree with it. Maybe you didn't, either.

But, bless us, there's no need to be literary to enjoy next week's issue—any more than you have to be a fat man to enjoy plum pudding. Figuratively speaking there'll be abundance and variety as usual—turkey, vegetables, nuts, raisins, oranges and holly. What the literary equivalent to mistletoe is we haven't figured out. Bring your own. We'll supply the rest.

7th ANNOUNCEMENT.

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Everybody who goes to the West Indies likes Barbados. They like the temperature, it is tropically warm but tempered by the trade wind; they like the sea bathing, the best in the world; they like the appearance of the country, one big garden; and they like the hospitable ways of the people. There are no nicer people anywhere than one finds in Barbados, and a fortnight's holiday in this beautiful Island is indeed a rare pleasure.

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Canada must 'Carry On' If Belgium's Children Are To Be Saved - -

To punish the violation of Belgium and free its land from the Huns has been one of the strongest rallying cries of British and Canadians throughout this war. For it our men have fought hard and long, and, stronger and more determined now than ever, they are "Carrying on" to the finish.

When the soldiers first went out to fight the despoilers of Belgium, we who could not go undertook to help feed the starving women and children who were victims of German savagery. Are WE carrying on as the soldiers are doing? Or has our enthusiasm cooled—our sympathy died out—our help lessened or ceased?

Certainly the Belgians' need of help has not lessened, but rather increased! Three million women, children and old men are depending for food—for life itself—on the Belgian Relief Commission. The Commission in turn depends on us Canadians for a substantial share of the necessary food, or the money with which to buy it. If we fall short in our contributions, thousands of Belgian kiddies must go painfully, if not fatally, short in their food supply. Already an alarming number of them, weakened by scanty rations, are falling victims to tuberculosis.

There would be little merit in restoring Belgium to a nation whose motherhood and youth we had allowed to be decimated and weakened by hunger and resulting disease. Let us at home carry on the relief work as unselfishly, as steadfastly and as successfully as our soldier boys are carrying on the fighting! If YOU have not been helping, now is the time to give a hand and do your bit.

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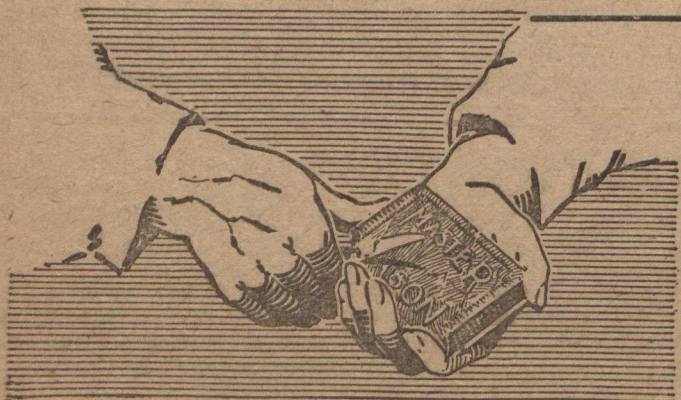
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Simple Storiottes

TWO French-Canadian citizens were travelling down a river in a houseboat. One of them knew the river and the other did not. They anchored for the night on a bar. Along toward daylight the craft went adrift. Three hours later the motion awoke one of the travellers. He poked his head out of the door. An entirely strange section of scenery was passing. "Baptiste! Baptiste!" he yelled. "Get up! We aint here!" His comrade roused himself and looked out. "No, by gar!" he said; "we're twelve miles from here."

* * *

LARRY BOYLE was one of the substantial men of a thriving Western town. "I hear you boys are going on a hike," he said one day to a soldier. "When you come to Snake River take a good look; it is full of under-currents and eddies. I am the only living man who ever swam that river." Some days later the men crossed the river on a cable ferry and the ferryman casually inquired of a waiting soldier: "You don't happen to know a man down in your country by the name of Larry Boyle, do you? They tell me he's got rich." "Yes," said the soldier, "I was talking to him the other day. He told me he swam Snake River once." "That's right," said the ferryman. "He sure did, but we was all shooting at him."

* * *

BALZAC had for a neighbour at one time a nobleman of high degree, and often used to pay him a visit in the morning, clad in the completest negligence. One day Balzac met at his neighbour's the latter's niece, and felt bound to excuse himself on the nature of his attire. "Monsieur," replied the young lady, "when I read your books I did not trouble myself about the binding."

* * *

THERE was once a Scotch farmer famed for his strength, who was often challenged by people from a distance who had heard of his reputation. One day there arrived from London Lord Darby, a well-known amateur athlete. He found the Scot working in a field. "Friend," said his lordship, after first tying his horse to a tree, "I have come a long way to see which of us is the better wrestler." Without saying a word the farmer seized him round the middle, pitched him over the hedge, and resumed his work. His lordship slowly gathered himself together, whereupon the farmer said, "Weel, hae ye onything mair tae say tae me?" "No, but perhaps you'll be so good as to throw me my horse."—The Argonaut.

* * *

TWO huge coloured men lived in a precinct at Evansville during a campaign in which a certain politician ran for mayor. "Who is you fo', anyhow?" asked one of them one morning when he met the other. "How's you goin' to vote in de 'lection?" "Why, I'se fo' Smith, that's who I'se fo'—and you already knowed it. Why you ax me dat?" "Yes, you's fo' Smith. I know who you's fo', all right. You's fo' Sale, dat's who you's fo'."

* * *

THERE was a fish dinner, and Henrietta, aged five, was doing considerable grumbling about a couple of bones that, despite her mother's caution, were in her portion. Edith, aged six, listened to Henrietta for some time without comment. Then, suddenly, she burst out, patience having apparently reached its limit, "For goodness sake, Henrietta, don't fuss so! God put 'em there!"

THE COURIER

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A MAN—AND A MOVEMENT

SIX feet three in his socks, said by those who are experts on matters to be as handsome as Laurier was thirty years ago, Premier W. M. Martin of Saskatchewan is the youngest Provincial Premier now or that ever was in this country. He is just forty. He was appointed Premier a few weeks ago. On Nov. 7th he was nominated to contest the constituency of Regina. His seconder was a woman—wife of a well-known Regina lawyer. About one-third of the audience on that occasion were women. This is worth noticing. It may have something to do with the fact that W. M. Martin is six foot three and a handsome man. But that's not the end of it. Those women were not there just to cheer an Apollo—or whatever Premier Martin may be considered by his admirers. They would have cheered pretty lustily if the candidate had been a cross between Mutt and Jeff. Because the women of Saskatchewan understand that in accepting the Premiership, and in having his nomination seconded by a woman, he was getting ready to tackle one of the most modern aggregations of problems in this or any other country.

There are movements afoot in Saskatchewan. Those women at the meeting are part of them. Premier Martin is at the apex of these movements. Saskatchewan is a very modern province. Also very lopsided politically. The present Legislature has 54 members, of whom 45 are Liberals—I was going to say Grits, but Premier Martin might repudiate that, because, according to his theory, it is the Tories in Saskatchewan who are manipulated from Ottawa, which is also the home of Grits. There should be no Grits and Tories in the West.

FOR so young a man, ex-school teacher and successful lawyer, such a preponderance in the House may look like a dangerous thing. But Martin intends to steer clear of the demoralizing entanglements of a road-rolling majority. According to his nomination speech—which strikes us as being a good one—there are bigger problems in Saskatchewan than majorities and minorities. He believes in a healthy Opposition, though at the election next year he may work tooth and nail to wipe it out. Yet one fancies from the democratic drift of his speech that the young leader of Liberalism in the West would much prefer to be elected by a popular majority with a small Legislative majority. He has not said so. But he seems democratic enough, is known to be enough of a Radical and a fighter, and a believer in popular movements and political struggles to prefer it so. That convention of agrarians at Winnipeg a couple of weeks ago was a nut for Premier Martin to crack. And he can do it. The farmers of the West understand that W. M. Martin is a radical, a free trader in wheat and implements, an advocate of tariff reduction, and very probably a believer in woman suffrage. Let us not forget also that Martin is a lawyer; that he is the son of a Presbyterian

A short study of Premier W. Melville Martin, of Saskatchewan, the Youngest Premier in Canada

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



He believes in the West before Ottawa.

minister right up from the Scotchmen's Bible region of Oxford and the Zorra giants, a brilliant student, a graduate in Greek and Latin and for some time a teacher of the same in a High School. It is necessary to remember that the whole bent of his youth and his college training was not towards the masses, but the classes, and that if he had taken book culture at its face value he might have become a right good snob instead of a democrat, a Socialist—of a sort—a radical, a free trader and a believer in the political education of the people.

All which is to stake out a large claim in public business. If Premier Martin hangs on to his democratizing programme for ten years he will see it shaken by a lot of contrary winds. But he has learned to punch through the ritual of a Greek and a Grit education and to look at things and people not merely as they are but as they may become.

Meanwhile we recall the fact that he was always at school and college a

first-class athlete. He was of that Scotch stock, the clansmen that grew up about the famous wrestling and fighting ground of old Zorra. Tommie Burns came from that part of the world; and it was often said that there were half a dozen farmers in Zorra who could still put Burns to sleep. There may be men in the little town of Norwich, Oxford Co., who can throw W. M. Martin or outjump him. But in the days when he was a jumping man and a foot artist there was nobody about those concession lines who could quite come up to Martin's hop-step-and-jump—forty-two feet, ten inches.

Born in Norwich, Oxford Co., it was in the Devonian town of Exeter, Huron Co., that Martin got his first vogue as a master of leg and foot work. Exeter, as I recall it, is a town of great temperament. There are more perfervid prayers in Exeter than in any other town its size in Canada. Those Devonshire folk hang on to their temperament. A large number of them are Methodists. But here

were enough Scotch folk twenty-odd years ago to find a place in the manse for the father and family of W. M. Martin. And it was at a great inter-county field day, when Martin was just at voting age, that he cleaned up everything in the jumping and running line from three counties. His nearest of jump and sprint was his own brother, Alec. Each of these parson's sons could put over a hundred yards in less than eleven seconds. Melville was a star at the Canadian game of lacrosse. He was never a plodder at school; always inclined to be a bit of a young "devil."

He got his public schooling in Exeter, went to High School at Clinton, under John Houston, brother of William Houston, of the Globe. In 1894, at the age of 18, he went to Toronto University, classics and political science with honours; graduated in 1898, went to Ontario Normal College under that famous celt, J. A. McLellan, who must have seen in young Martin one more relief from the wooden-headed monotony of which he used to complain. And in 1899 the young classicist pedagogue got a teacher's job in Harriston High School, where he doled out Greek grammar, Latin prose and English literature.

AT the age of 25, Martin started to Osgoode Hall and took a student's place in the office of T. C. Robinette, from whom he learned much. Being quite practical, he reported Osgoode for one of the Toronto newspapers. Being still more thrifty and an enthusiast in education, he helped in his board and lodgings bill by taking the practical advice of J. M. Godfrey, partner of Robinette, then a school trustee, and went into night school pedagogy. Where? Over in the old Elizabeth St. school, among the Hebrews and the Italians, to whom he taught the three R's for two winters, took his two lectures a day at Osgoode, attended to his office routine and spent his leisure whenever he got it.

This was a good Scotch turn. Martin was thrifty. He was "gey" industrious, diligent in business, ambitious to succeed in law, in education—and in human nature. Of course a good shrewd Tory detractor might allege that in teaching the three R's to the young foreigners in "the Ward" Mr. Martin was getting in practice for the art of the politician. Maybe he was. But it's not likely he knew it.

In 1903 he finished at Osgoode and went out to Regina to practise law. He passed the territorial exams in law, was called to the bar in 1904, and went into partnership with his cousin Balfour. And it was Balfour and Martin until New Year's, 1916, when it became Martin, McEwen and Martin.

From the very start Martin took a keen interest in the things he saw about him; whatever it might be. He had no hidebound programme to maintain. Born a Liberal and a Scotch-Canadian, he was eclectic enough to be more or less of either according to environment. And there was a lot of very changeable environment. Martin had been a practising lawyer

FRITZ THINKS THE DEVIL IS AFTER HIM



HOW the London Sphere artist saw a British "Tank" in operation. Of course he wasn't just on the spot, but he had seen the tanks at home and read the descriptions of how they affected the Germans when they first came into use. This picture of a perfectly good German trench being smashed to chaos is the result.

but a year when Saskatchewan rose up and became a Province. In that bald, bounding police-haunted little city of Regina he felt all the queer pulsations of a new life that grabbed the prairie schooner from over the border, the immigrant on the C. P. R., the plodding farmer on his quarter section, the townsman learning a new trade, the real estate bulging out his eyes for the subdivision millennium, the ambitious candidate, and the old-timer with a perpetual grouch—all these jostling melting-pot symptoms of a new way on the prairie of which Regina was the historic centre.

THOSE were colourful days; not less so, but different from what Regina had been in the bleak, trail-hammering days of Flood Davin. The carving out of Saskatchewan and the making of Regina into the capital of the Province as it once had been of the Territories, gave Martin an early big hold on public affairs. He only knew in a vague way what a vast potential province lay all about that odd big town, clean down to the Montana border and up to Prince Albert and the Pas and beyond. But he knew he would learn that province, with its scattered dots of homesteads, its winding trails and creeping railways, and its crescendoing caravans of settlers.

He played on the Regina lacrosse team and kept his eyes open for a bigger game than lacrosse. In

1906 there was a Federal bye-election in West Assiniboia. Martin was offered the nomination. He declined it. In the redistribution of 1908, the eastern part of Assiniboia became the constituency of Regina. He got the Regina Liberal convention by acclamation. He was elected by 760 majority. In the 1911 election he increased that majority to 1,730. Arithmetic on the prairies was coming his way.

But now what did Ottawa do for or against Martin? Here was a young M. P. who was too much of a progressive politician to be back-benched for long by the Ottawa Liberals. Would he enter the fold or would he become something of a broncho like Richardson and Oliver had been, like Michael Clark still was and is? For a couple of years Martin kept pretty quiet. He was studying Ottawa—and Parliament. He was also more diligently studying his own bailiwick. He knew that big movements were being cradled out there. He knew that it was only a good Exeter hop-step-and-jump from the politics of his law office to the sentiment of the whiskered man on the quarter section, the man with the oxen or the gasoline tractor, the elevator on the siding, the implement buyer and the lien note. He knew that elevators and grain growers' associations and co-operative movements were forming out there as fast as gophers burrow holes in the sand. He understood, or was beginning to comprehend, the vital difference

between a politician who takes his cue from Ottawa and one who never commits himself until he has found out what the people want round and about Regina and Saskatoon and Moose Jaw.

Martin decided that he could become a bigger political force by not traveling too far from the man whose business it was to fill the elevators and to build more. He became a grain-growers' candidate. Ottawa might or might not like it. That was for Ottawa to decide. The grain-grower movement was growing as fast as a field of Number One Hard in a good season. It was gathering into itself all sorts of political forces. It was striking at the economic roots of the country. There were basic principles which to the western farmer were bigger than eastern politics; bigger than western politics—able to give rise to other movements; to the Grain Growers' Grain Company, the co-operative buying movement, the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company—all radical organizations made up of men who down east or wherever they came from might have been old-liners.

ONE of the live-wire men in the Saskatchewan Cabinet is a winner picked by Martin. That is C. A. Dunning, President Co-operative Elevators and Minister of Agriculture for the Province. Dunning has had a remarkable and romantic history, and is one of the youngest men in western public life, one of the essentially modern type, an Englishman who became thoroughly Canadianized by experience. The present Premier's selection of Dunning is a proof of his shrewd knowledge of the political value of a man in a movement.

Martin became the kind of Liberal that just now is giving the Liberal chiefs at Ottawa a great deal of concern; the westerner who, with a university and legal education, had probed into the realities of western life and discovered that they are strange sociological phenomena which no hidebound politician is able to estimate. With all its apparent dogmas and fanaticism the grain growers' movement in that part of the world was a broad phase of evolution. The practical politician might poo-poo it. Martin knew better. Votes were not omnipotent. Price per bushel, cost of a machine, the whole ratio between production and profit and the cost of living might be a bigger fact than winning this or that election. It might even be bigger than Liberalism. Some day Liberalism would have to count all these chickens. Some of them might be missing. Ottawa's clucking—

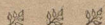
But all this is somewhat begging the question. Anyhow, Martin is Premier of a Province which is five to one Liberal in the Legislature. This is no place to examine just how Liberalism stayed so powerful there. No doubt radical movements find more support among the Liberals. But if you should examine the Liberalism of Saskatchewan with a good high power political microscope you might find it a much different thing from the Liberalism of Ontario or Quebec. What it is and what it may become W. M. Martin knows as well as anybody.

He has a large opportunity. His six foot three and all it represents will yet have to tackle a number of very radical and soul-searching problems before the politics of the West jumps with those of the East—if they ever do. And whenever Martin finds it necessary to repudiate anything in old-line Liberalism perhaps he will be good enough to let us know precisely what kind of Canadian politician he is; whether he has a mind to put the best united interests of the whole country just a little ahead of the immediate interest of Saskatchewan et al. Martin is too sane a brainy man to ignore any essential forces that make bigger politics in his own party. He is too much aware of the necessity for a clean, progressive programme, to waste his time excusing the maladministration of the former Government. His nomination speech, with all its breadth of view, was a party speech, a good deal of it concerned with muckraking the Opposition, not in Saskatchewan, but in Ottawa. Ottawa bothers Premier Martin. Yet he prefers to be independent of Ottawa. Which is it to be? It is for W. M. Martin to decide, not in the interests of Ottawa or Saskatchewan, but on behalf of the country at large.

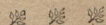
Canada has her eye on Martin quite as shrewdly as upon Premier Brewster, of B.C., Premier Gouin, of Quebec, or Premier Norris, of Manitoba. All these are Liberals. Otherwise they are as different personally and problematically as Grits differ from Tories. One of these days it will be a fine stroke to re-assemble all the Canadian Premiers, not in Ottawa, but in a place picked by a name from a hat. If they ever get together they will have a much bigger work to accomplish than any other congress of Premiers in this country—and W. M. Martin will have a large share of the work.

OVER THE WORLD IN WAR-TIME

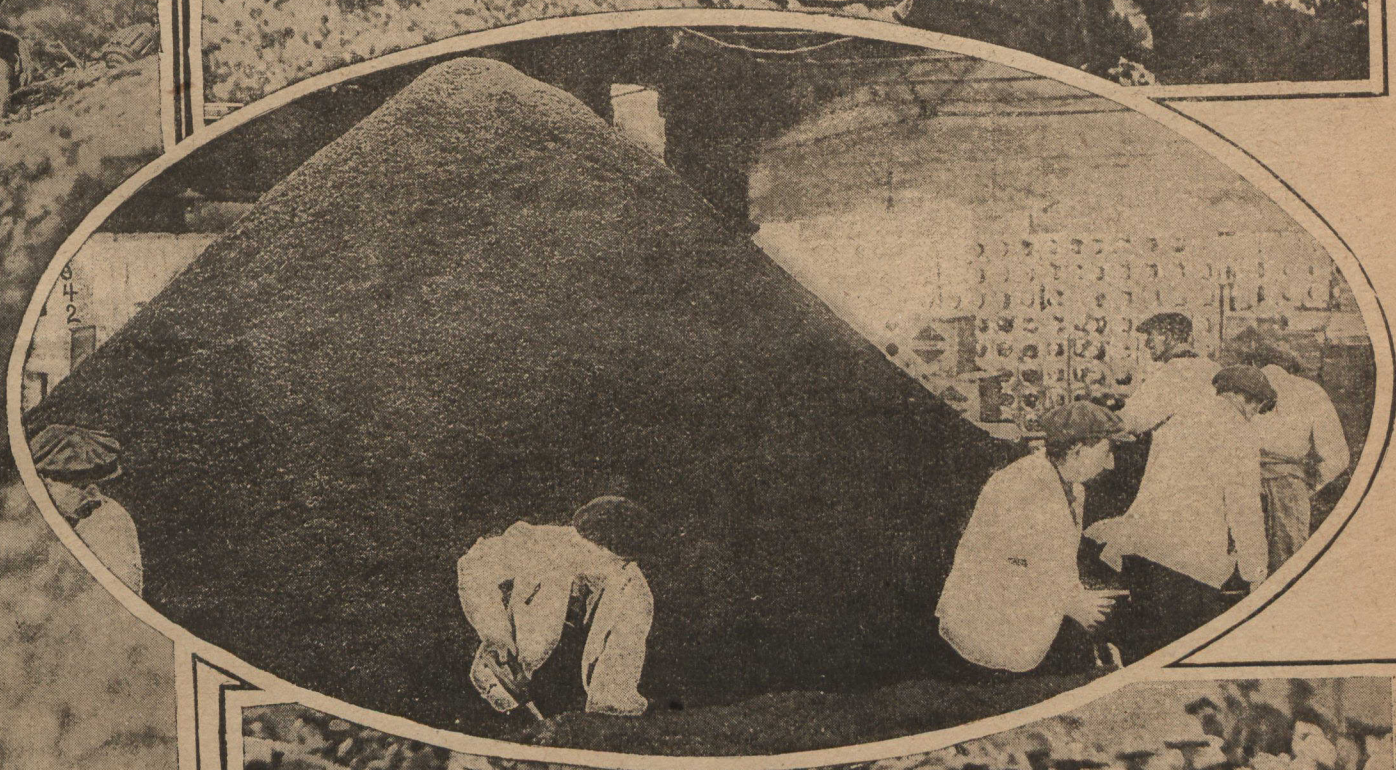
CLEANING rifles at the front is a cold, clammy business. It's bad enough to have the sights and the trigger jammed with mud, to have mud oozing up inside the barrel. But when the mud begins to freeze, it's much worse.



THIS French soldier in the Balkans has a precarious job. His business is to fire signal rockets at night, and he is naturally a much exposed individual. The presence of French soldiers on that front long ago proved that France's main object in going to war was not merely to regain Alsace-Lorraine.



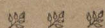
WHAT looks like a heap of chaff from a Western Canada threshing machine is really a huge pyramid of tea for use by the soldiers at the front. There never was such a tea war as this. The heap



shown in the picture contains 48,000 lbs. The men are mixing it with wooden spades about the same as navvies mix gravel and cement. So much tea is needed for the troops that people in England are beginning to advocate the abolition of afternoon tea, which seems about as radical as proposing to abolish the British constitution. Commenting on a letter by Mr. Chadwick, the Times says:

"During recent years there has been an extraordinary growth in the observance of the tea hour in London restaurants and cafes. Those who cater for the habit have encouraged it by the provision of pleasant music as an accompaniment to tea drinking and cake nibbling and chatter; and the newer tea-rooms and lounges have been made as bright and charming as is possible through the art of the decorator.

"In some of the more popular restaurants hundreds of light teas are served every day, and on Saturday afternoons it is a common thing to see scores of people waiting patiently to get a seat at the tables. Whatever order is given usually ends with the words, 'and bring some cakes.' The pastries favoured are cream-filled eclairs, or cakes coated with sugar icing. What the afternoon sugar consumption may come to in the aggregate in the West-end is a matter for conjecture, but the figure if it could be ascertained by a census would probably prove to be alarmingly high."



AUSTRALIA has recently voted down a conscription measure, preferring the spectacle of free men voluntarily enlisting and marching to war as shown in the accompanying excellent photograph of typical Australians now being recruited.



GERMANY MUST BE BEATEN

PUBLICISTS and orators who are interesting themselves in the subject of peace, whether it be a peace which looks to the immediate end of the present hostilities or a permanent world peace at the normal conclusion of the war predicated upon an international court with sufficient power to enforce its decrees, would do well if they grew more specific and considered some few of the numerous essential and underlying difficulties which beset this question. It would be well if they limited their proposals to things within the possible range of concrete achievement instead of painting for us beautiful pictures of a world such as there is no justified hope of seeing this side of death.

Let us begin by giving an example. If we are to have an immediate end of the present war as the result of negotiations between the belligerents, such peace must be based upon a treaty, which is a contract between nations instead of individuals. Now when two individuals enter into a contract, they do so with the expectation that the contract will be kept and they base their expectation on the reputation and the antecedent behaviour of the parties thereto. No wise business man ordinarily makes a contract with a competitor who has shown in the past that he will not keep a contract when made or respect the law which supports it. Yet our friends who propose a negotiated peace at the present time are asking the Allies to make a new contract with Germany when Germany started this war by a breach of existing contracts, which breach the Imperial Chancellor in the Reichstag publicly acknowledged in the damning phrase, "Wir haben das Voelkerrecht verletzt," and when she has followed this act by so many other violations of the law of nations that her general contempt for international law is now accepted as axiomatic by most Americans.

Is a new contract to be made with Germany before she has shown remorse for her infamous breach of her late contract to respect Belgium? Is a fresh contract to be signed with this Teutonic Power so long as she shows no sense of shame for having treated as a scrap of paper a contract as solemn as any she ever entered upon; when she has, within the month, again shown that in her eyes might makes right and laws exist to be broken or at least to be evaded on the flimsiest of pretexts? For here she is compelling the Poles to fight under her colours and against their own countrymen, and her excuse is that she has declared Poland to be an independent (!) Kingdom, though without a king, and a new Country, though without a boundary, by which subterfuge she affects to believe she has avoided those provisions of basic law which forbid a conqueror during the continuance of war to impress the conquered into his own armies, on the theory that Poland being now independent (sic) is no longer conquered territory. The next thing on the cards will be for Germany to declare, on paper, that Belgium is free, although Germany alone is enslaving her, and to use this as a sufficient ground to force the Belgians into German trenches. Before publicists go into details as to the terms of possible treaties upon which peace might be based, it will be well for them to tell us how the Allies can make any treaty of any sort with Germany until she shows some realization of the fact that treaties are made to be kept and international law is made to be respected and not to be broken or interpreted by sophistry and equivocation; and that those nations which break treaties and violate laws and seek to circumvent them by artifice and evasion are guilty of such gross outrages upon the rights of mankind that new treaties may not be made with them until they either repent of their immoralities or at least discharge the rulers who were guilty of the crimes.

WE are told, however, though in a vague and general way, that the world is about to create some new instrumentality by and under which all future treaties may be enforced. We may easily find reams of speculation upon this subject, yet what we cannot do is to get details, and these are precisely what should interest us. But again let us try to fix ideas by way of concrete example. If, with all the knowledge we have gained in the last two years, we can suggest no world organization, no supreme body, no powerful combination of military apparatus by which the present war could have been stopped before it was started, will any one ask us to trust such instru-

The Opinion of a Neutral
The time to force Germany to terms is—Now!
We have our International Police now in the field. If we wait for the Keeping of Agreements it will be too late

By GUSTAV BISSING

Editor's Note: Owing to the Christmas holiday it has been impossible to get Mr. Sidney Coryn's copy through in time for the press. The accompanying article by another neutral takes the place of the war summary this week. The writer is a well-known New York lawyer of German extraction.

mentality, whatever be its nature, to stop the next war? Surely not.

Now what possible collection of armed forces could have prevented Germany which, during the closing week of July, 1914, had assumed a more or less innocent air of detachment in the Russo-Austrian differences, from suddenly sending her ultimatum to Russia on the very day on which Russia and Austria had resumed negotiations in an attempt to secure a peaceful settlement, from thereupon immediately mobilizing her armies and then instantly striking with all her might? Germany started this war with such speed that no conceivable aggregation of military forces in the nature of a police, which would or could normally be maintained by the world at large, could have been expected to have exercised a forcible restraint upon her.

But it may be suggested that under the new arrangement a nation which springs to arms before the International Police can be brought into operation will be subsequently punished. If this suggestion be made, the complete answer is that this is precisely what the Allies are trying to do to Germany at the present writing. In other words, the Allies are trying to do to-day what the assumed International Police, under the plan proposed, is intended to do to a nation which has violated its contracts, broken its treaties and suddenly precipitated a war upon the world. What is more, there is every reason to believe that the Allies have a far greater chance of success than would an International Police. If we of the United States wish to round out what is already, in effect, a great International Police which is seeking to re-establish order on this sphere, we have merely to join the Allied armies in the present war. Then we shall have, as nearly as we may ever hope to reach it in this imperfect world, a practical embodiment of a strong armed instrumentality constituted by practically all the great nations of the earth, bent upon preserving, as against an outlaw nation, the very foundations of law and morality upon which civilization must rest. So much for the proposed International Police force, at least in this discussion.

LET us now come to the International Court or body of men who are to be empowered to decide the various questions upon which the nations themselves cannot agree and who are to control the International Police which is to execute its decrees. We need not point out the difficulties which surround the selection of the membership of such a court, whether the number of judges appointed by each nation is to be in proportion to its population, for instance; nor need we lay stress upon the comparatively small body of recognized basic international law upon which such a court could base its decisions or enumerate other difficulties which it would take volumes to adequately set out and to describe which volumes have been written. One thing is certain. Such a court, if it is not to be more autocratic and absolute than Caesar with an overlordship extending from Pole to Pole, would have to proceed upon the basis that the territorial status quo is to be preserved.

If South America should seek to compel the United States to sell the Panama Canal or at least to give them a share in its operation; if Japan should claim the right to buy Hawaii because of the large number of Japanese there found; if Mexico should insist on her right to keep insurrection alive near our border without let or hindrance from us; if India should ask for its independence from Great Britain, Algiers from France, Tripoli from Italy or Formosa from Japan, the answer would have to be a negative absolute and the nations concerned would certainly refuse to even discuss the questions raised,

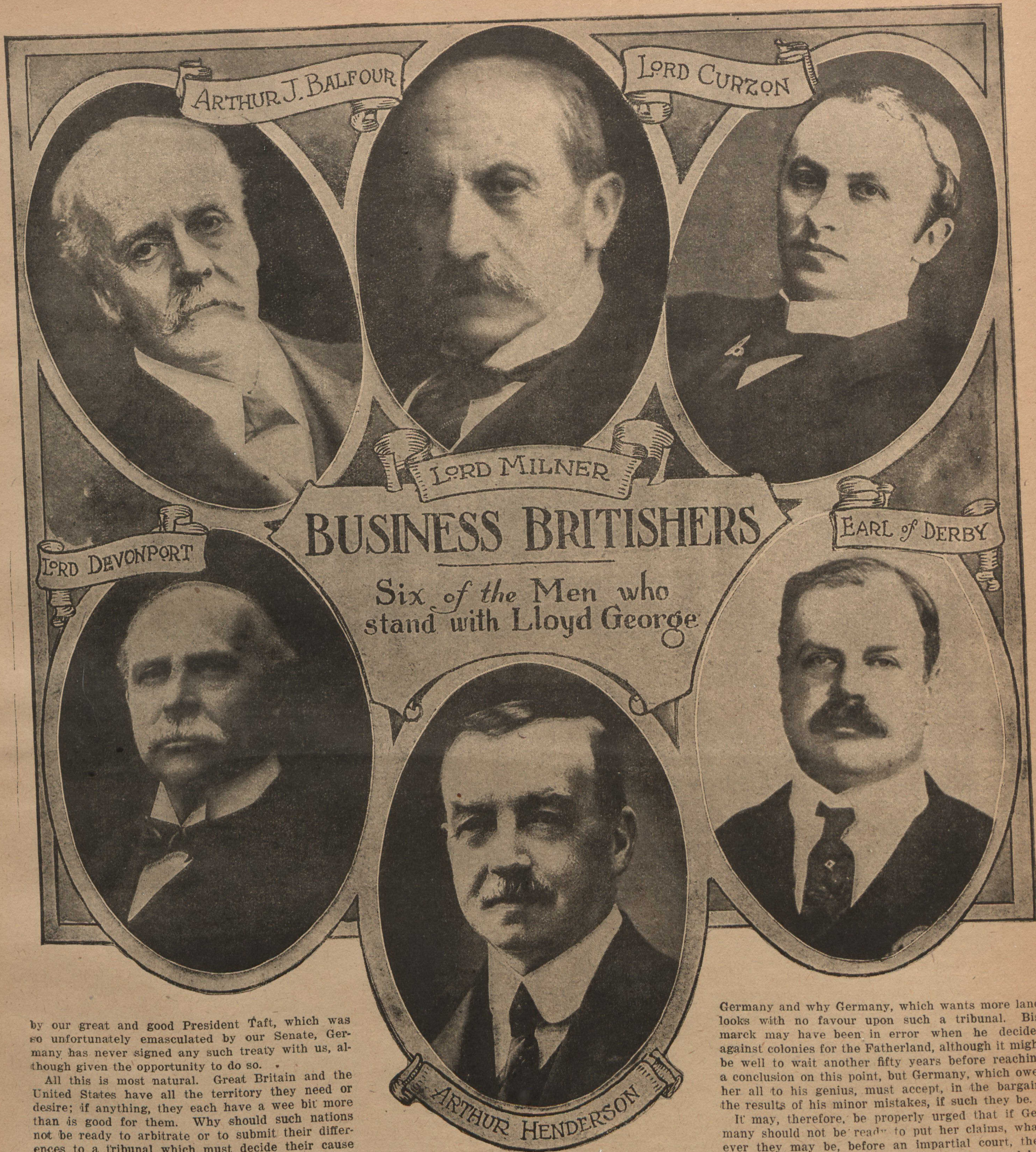
just as we should decline to entertain suggestions about parting with Texas or California which we acquired, in effect, by conquest from Mexico or of giving up Alaska which we bought from Russia or of doing without Wisconsin which we took upon our defeat of Black Hawk, or of yielding, against our will, the Philippine Islands which we have so recently conquered and taken from Spain. How similar, in the large, are the histories of Great Britain and the United States in this regard!

It is, therefore, inconceivable that any sets of peoples will ever, within periods with which we are concerned, enter into a general contract to establish a Super-Supreme Court which shall have the power of dismembering them or of taking land from one of them and giving it

to another. It may be a splendid thing to thrust the Turk from Europe, but any tribunal which should have power to do this would, at the same time, have the right to eject the United States from Porto Rico or Alaska. If we are to have an International Super-Supreme Court, its functions will, therefore, clearly have to be restricted by an absolute prohibition in at least one particular, and that is in any attempted exercise of rights to decrease the existing territory of any nation against that nation's consent.

NOW it is interesting to note that, in the last analysis, Germany engaged in this war because she was not satisfied with such progress in the acquisition of territory as she could make on the basis of a peaceful or gradual development of the status quo. Bismarck did not believe in colonies and did but little to acquire them; he preferred to use them as counters by which to set France, Italy and Great Britain by the ears with the result that Italy stuck by his Triple Alliance and France and Great Britain were kept in constant hot water until they signed the entente. Before Bismarck's death, however, the German people got to want colonies and to want them badly, and this at a stage when the good ones were about gone, which was the reason for their cry for a place in the sun. That England, in an attempt to preserve the balance of power was, for a time, not friendly to extensions of Germany's spheres of influence is a fact; but it is equally true that in the years immediately preceding the war Anglo-German relations had been growing increasingly cordial and that England was in the way of consenting to Germany's realization of her wishes in the direction of Bagdad and the Persian Gulf. But the speed of enlargement of its territorial influences by peaceful means was not sufficient to satisfy German aspirations. Her writers insisted that since Great Britain had obtained many of her colonies by what they conceived to be forceful methods, Germany should not suffer for the accident of coming too late upon the scene and be restricted to a peaceful and, therefore, slow and minor enlargement of her territorial interests, especially as she excelled, as she thought, in all the arts of peace and at the same time possessed the most efficient army in the world.

We repeat that an International Court must necessarily proceed upon the basis that the existing and settled territorial distribution of lands among the nations of the globe is beyond its power to change against the objection of any party in interest just as a civil court cannot arbitrarily give property long owned by one man to another. But Germany's writers and thinkers have contended and still contend that this principle is wrong and that a nation which quickly develops great powers both in the arts of peace and of war is entitled to make that power felt in the shape of a larger territorial influence quickly arrived at. It follows that an effective International Court is the very thing which would most seriously interfere with Germany's chief unrealized ambition and the very thing which she could under no circumstances, in the long run, tolerate. Germany does not want arbitration or decisions such as a court can give, for such methods will withhold from her the very things to which she thinks she is entitled. Her Chancellor a few days ago expressed his lack of faith in such expedients and frankly acknowledged Germany's similar attitude in times past. The entourage of the Kaiser, Prof. Kuno Francke tells us, sees after this war yet another peace based upon military prestige. Nor will it be unproductive to add that though Great Britain has signed an arbitration treaty with us of limited scope and was willing to sign one as broad as that which was recommended



by our great and good President Taft, which was so unfortunately emasculated by our Senate, Germany has never signed any such treaty with us, although given the opportunity to do so.

All this is most natural. Great Britain and the United States have all the territory they need or desire; if anything, they each have a wee bit more than is good for them. Why should such nations not be ready to arbitrate or to submit their differences to a tribunal which must decide their cause upon principles which safeguard property rights? It is the man who has not and not the man who has who wonders whether courts are all they are cracked up to be. An International Super-Supreme Court must necessarily be guided by principles of law and jurisprudence and must respect established rights. It cannot safely become a mere dictator or a modern Caliph, dispensing justice upon no other basis than its own conceptions of what may be good for mankind. War is terrible, but more horrible still would be a world governed by an autocratic committee with absolute powers unrestrained by any settled body of law and precedent; a Czar of Czars as Czars existed centuries ago. We see, then, why Great Britain, France, Russia and the United States, all of them nations with an abundance of land, may be expected to cheerfully acquiesce in submitting their claims as to boundaries to an International Court as against

LORD MILNER, member of the War Council of Five, is a man of Imperializing deeds. He is a doer first, a thinker afterwards. Lord Curzon, President of the Council, is a man of action. He administrated India. Since the war began he has been on the shelf. He is now free—to act. Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour, unfitted for the Admiralty, in his new position as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, will translate his vast world knowledge into action. Lord Devonport as Third Controller was once errand boy in a tea house, made a fortune in the grocery trade, and won public fame as a man of action by his remarkable administration of the Port of London. The Earl of Derby, the new War Secretary, is already famous as a shirt-sleeves organizer.

Germany and why Germany, which wants more land, looks with no favour upon such a tribunal. Bismarck may have been in error when he decided against colonies for the Fatherland, although it might be well to wait another fifty years before reaching a conclusion on this point, but Germany, which owes her all to his genius, must accept, in the bargain, the results of his minor mistakes, if such they be.

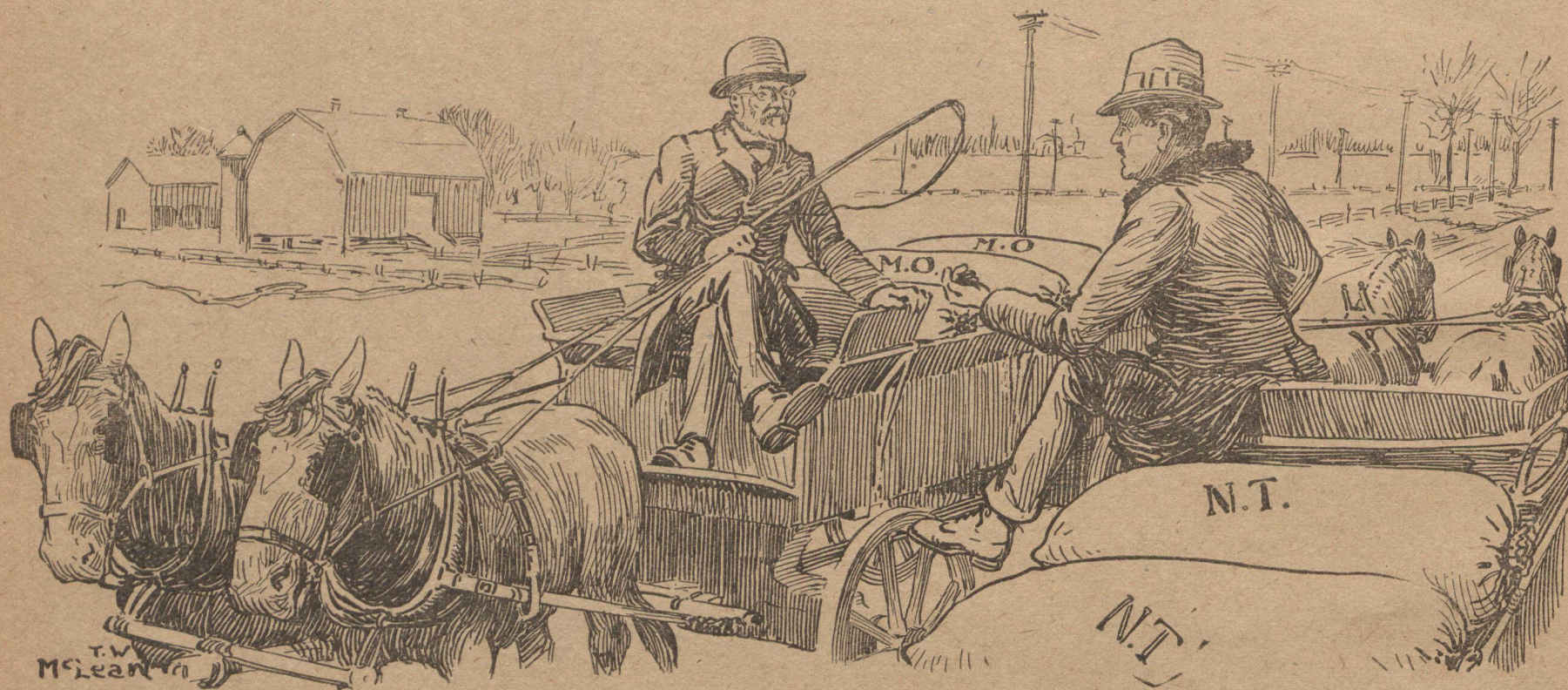
It may, therefore, be properly urged that if Germany should not be ready to put her claims, whatever they may be, before an impartial court, then the other nations should join hands and compel her so to do. But from one and a very fundamental point of view this is precisely what the Allies are attempting to do to-day. Great Britain has repeatedly and truthfully declared that she is fighting for the inviolability of treaties and for the rights of small nations to live their lives in their own way, and these are the root causes which Great Britain started out to defend. The fact that this paramount issue has since been somewhat clouded by the German inhumanities and atrocities only strengthens the correctness of the original position.

It is clear nonsense to talk about International Courts in a world in which treaties themselves have recently been considered as scraps of paper by one great nation now at war, with no present sign of a

(Concluded on page 18.)

THE DREAD AND HOPE OF PEACE

Our New National Economics Since the Revolution



THE NEW NATIONAL TRUST

SOMEWHERE about the fifth of August, 1914, men and women commenced scrutinizing the faces of the passing days and asking: "When will there be any peace?"

When 1915 sent his first day slowly across the sky we strained our necks and asked with our eyes: "Have YOU seen any sign of peace?"

When the last of 1915 was merely a dim figure retreating down the street, we addressed ourselves to his heirs of 1916, and while we repeated the question we feared the answer. We were afraid that one of those inscrutable passersby would suddenly turn her face and show us what we hoped and what we dreaded—Peace! For we were told that Peace was bound to bring unutterable confusion. We were advised that if we failed to prepare for peace—!

Comes now 1917's first Day. The new set of mannikins begin to pass us—just as they always do—one by one: a blonde, a brunette; another blonde, another brunette, draped now in gold, now in blue, now in carmine and purple—saffron, green and white! And there are still people who watch the days with upturned, eager faces—like children lost on a pavement—eager for the word of Peace! For any hint or sign that the war will end before what THEY hold dear is swallowed up. And yet, in Canada at least, the anxiety is no longer so tense. The Hope of Peace remains. The Dread of Peace is fading. Though for Great Britain, France and Russia, Peace holds more problems than the war itself, and though the United States is afraid that then its neglected customers will be lost, afraid that its towering mountain of profits may topple over and swamp Wall Street in a golden flood, Canada, of all the nations, seems best able to face the beginning of world-reconstruction with equanimity.

Not long ago there was great talk of "Preparing for Peace" in this country. A politician who presides at least eloquently over a certain Ottawa department, urged our business men to convene, to plan for a raid on new markets after the war. Speakers at Canadian clubs lashed their gorged audiences—or thought they were lashing them—with fiery words. Writers in various papers—the writer of this article was one of them—took up various phases of "Prepare for Peace" propaganda—

And did anybody budge?

Did one Canadian manufacturer miss a meal thinking over the tremendous thoughts that had been peddled to him by his—seemingly—more able Canadian brethren?

Not one.

Talk of a business man's conference has dwindled sadly. Articles on "What are we going to do about this and that post-bellum problem" are forgotten. The manufacturer is calm and the country—so far as business is concerned—is calm. With seeming stupidity, but rare common sense, the Canadian

Farmer Tom White: "What have you got on, neighbour?"

Farmer Flavelle: "Oh, couple of hundred million war orders, up to Ottawa to grist. What's your jag?"

"Me? Oh, just a few bags o' national thrift. Another war loan soon. And as long as you keep on gathering munition orders, Joe, I guess I won't have much trouble with the loans."

♦♦♦♦

By BRITTON B. COOKE

manufacturer has refused to be roused. He continues to run his factory. Very probably he is figuring on a new car to placate his wife for something or other. Thrift campaigns may wax and wane, but he has somehow known all along what the professional wise men are only finding out: Canada is in a better position to meet Peace than any of the interested nations.

EVERYONE knows that the advent of the war saved us from the bailiff in 1914. It is even yet told in Ottawa how Sir Sam Hughes had unspeakable difficulty getting the home guard in British Columbia DE-mobilized. For the scare of a German invasion of our Pacific Province was a god-send to many a westerly Canadian who, without his home-guard wages, might not have been quite as happy as is good for the digestion. Toronto and Montreal suffered agonies trying to live up to the "Business as Usual" signs, and real estate fell on its stomach. War intervening solved for the time being the problem of surplus population, brought more money to the country in the form of munitions orders, and now, to quote from a Toronto morning paper, "For the first time in the winter history of the Toronto House of Industry no soup is being made for outdoor or for casual poor. . . . The number of inmates shows a decrease of twenty-six per cent . . . and there is a credit balance (instead of the usual deficit) of \$3,566." In short, the Canada of 1912 was NOT a solvent company, so far as its actual transactions during the year could show. We bought abroad more than we sold. We were not even feeding ourselves, though we boasted of our agricultural prowess. We were in debt not merely for money to build our cities and lay railway track, but we were in debt for common necessities of life. In 1914 we were approaching a day of addition and subtraction, and were saved only by the war. In this, the third year of the war, we have a big credit balance as the result of each month's trading abroad. There is no unemployment. Wages are high. We are NOT going in debt for the necessities of life.

Our good name is saved. Our prospects are brilliant! That is the existing condition. Now, what if Peace intervened?

I MET again, recently, a young Toronto man who had built up since 1910 a successful shirt-waist factory. We were in the smoking-room of a railway carriage on a train east-bound from Toronto. In the course of a long conversation he told me that he was on his way to the town of —, not far from Kingston, to start a new factory.

"Not shirt-waists?"

"No," he said, with a hint of emphasis. "NOT shirt-waists. Shells."

"But look here," I said—I had known him a long time. "That's a bit thick. What do you know about making shells?"

"Nothing."*

"Then how can you make 'em?"

"I've a contract for 75,000 four-point-fives."

"But how are you going to handle it?"

"I've bought an old woollen mill down here in —. I've spent two thousand patching her up and I've put in \$75,000 worth of machinery. I'm dealing with a big Canadian company that not only sells you the machinery, but assembles it, arranges the factory system, digs up shell-makers to train your staff."

"But what if Peace comes?"

"I'm safe."

"But what about the seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of machinery?"

"It will be so much scrap metal on the hands of the British Government—or the Imperial Munitions Board, which is the same thing."

"And then—"

"I'll just go back to my shirt-waist factory."

In that you have a characteristic illustration of a Canadian munition manufacturer's attitude. In Canada to-day there are probably between one and two hundred factories making shells or parts of shells. There are many thousand men and women at work on shells. The A. R. Williams Machinery Company, of Toronto—a firm that designs, equips, sets in operation and even finances munition plants—gives me a rough estimate of the value of shell-making machinery that has been installed in Canada since the war began, as "between fifteen and twenty million dollars." All of this gigantic system of munitions production is liable to be stopped at a moment's notice—and yet the Canadian manufacturer is free of anxiety.

"There will be no serious dislocation," one of them assured me, when we discussed the possibilities of

*In fairness to the Imperial Munitions Board, it should be stated that this man's ability as an executive, as a "producer," was ample ground for his being given a contract.

Peace. "Canada will be in a better position to meet Peace than any other nation."

"Can any of this munition machinery be turned to any other kind of work?"

"I doubt it. The power equipment, the shafting and belts and motors, may be useful. Some of the smaller machines that turn out small shells may perhaps be convertible for other work, but I doubt it. And as for the big lathes used on the 9.2 shell—they'll be good only for the scrap heap."

"And yet you say there will be no serious dislocation of industrial affairs in Canada?"

He nodded in assent.

"NOW," he said, "just pick up Canada between your thumb and your forefinger, and look her over. There's your thumb, just under the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. There's your forefinger close to Vancouver. Remember, what you hold in your hand is not an old country with brittle bones and fixed habits. Remember, it's young—" He stopped.

"Ever see a child fall down stairs? . . . Not a scratch! . . ."

"Well that's Canada. In England, for example, things will unfortunately be very different. The gloom-mongers who talk about social and industrial revolutions over there have at least got something to go on. The return of England's armies will be a very difficult thing to arrange. The English workman has been shown just how valuable he IS to the State, and he is going to take a great deal of

'moral' fitting before he'll work snugly back into a place in the English community. But in Canada we have neither the rigidity of social and industrial fabric nor the class antagonism that exists abroad.

"However—"

"First you must consider Canada facing Peace IN HER PRESENT CONDITION. Remember, it will take many months to bring back our soldiers, so that to start with, all we have to consider is the dislocation of our industrial machinery as it NOW exists. Our manufacturers' first concern will be to get back into their old lines of work. Mind you, very few of them have closed down their plants altogether. I know several firms that have refused to handle munition work simply because they felt the necessity of keeping up their regular trade connections, for example, in boots and shoes, hosiery and so on. There will be a big demand for certain lines of goods."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well—up in Ottawa, for example, there is a power house which used to operate five turbo-generator sets at once. Now it is using only three. The reason for this is that certain cement mills have shut down and no longer take the power they used to take. Those cement mills will re-open very soon after the war is over. Not only will they resume their former business, but they will very likely have a peak-load of orders to meet. Certain kinds of work requiring cement are now being held up on account of the war. But they cannot be put off indefinitely without

imperilling former public investments. For example, side-walk repairs and sewer works that are now being held off will be certain to demand cement as soon as the war is over. That will mean the re-opening of the mills and the re-opening of the idle turbo-generator sets in that Ottawa power house.

"In that very connection, too, take this fact. One of those generators required a new water wheel. When the war broke out, the company had such a wheel on order in Germany. . . . Now that wheel is on order in Canada and will be made in Canada as soon as the steel situation and the labour situation are relieved by the signing of peace. Then there will be steel available and men available to make that wheel."

Questioning other manufacturers in connection with other lines of work, one finds other evidence of backed-up peace orders. The work on the Welland Canal is now at a standstill. This is not entirely because the Government wishes to economize in money, but because, too, labour is scarce. How important is the shutting down of this work may be judged from the fact that it had been consuming the entire output of one cement mill. When peace is declared it is reasonable to expect that the work on the Welland Canal will be advanced again and that the direct labour there, and the indirect labour in the plants that supply raw material for the construction of the canal will be in demand again.

Instances might be multiplied of this "piling up" of
(Continued on page 23.)

HOW TO GET THRIFT IN CANADA

WE are told that we ought to exercise war-time thrift. Every now and then somebody says something about it publicly in a mild tone of voice. Far more frequently the grocer, the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick-maker mention it in figurative language—that is, the language of figures conveying to us the h. c. of l. prices which we must now pay for everything. But do you see any signs of thrift? Go out on the street, and look at the passing show. Do the dazzlingly-dressed ladies look as if they were practising a painful thrift—are there fewer motor cars flashing by—are people economizing on entertainment? How do the spending habits of the community strike you—an increase of careful thrift or an increase of easy money? I think you will say that we are certainly spending more on non-essentials than we were for several years before the war.

A Problem which has a lot to do with Temperament as well as Circumstances

By THE MONOCLE MAN

of the war while other men are giving their lives and all they hold dear to the same cause.

NO matter how good preaching is, it is much more effective to preach with the facts than against them. I know some men to whom it is not necessary to preach thrift in war-time. Their pay envelopes do

people of ours a worthy example, and they will follow it. Give them a bad example, and "ditto."

DID you ever think how easy it would be to make thrift fashionable—"good form"—"the thing"? And if you once did that, everybody would be thrifty to a painful extent. We had a flurry of that experience at the outbreak of the war. It became for a brief period "the correct pose" to say that the war had hit you hard and that you were cutting expenses. And everybody did it—even many who had no need to. The example was set by the right people, and we all followed it. To admit poverty did not carry with it social degradation. The ladies were proud to appear in last year's rig—all the ladies, the real ladies and those who are in society. It is all and always merely a matter of public opinion. Take the case of the French peasant who lends his carefully saved gold to the Government, and then never cashes in his bond. He frames it and hangs it on his wall. Thereby he earns the approval of his neighbours to a far greater extent than if he cashed it in and bought new furniture or gay clothes with the proceeds. And it would be chiefly for the approval of his neighbours that he would buy these things. He is just as happy, physically, without them. All he seeks is the pleasure of boasting his gold—which is the proof of his prowess as a successful man. His framed Government certificate does that for him, without putting him to the trouble of wearing uncomfortable clothes and using unaccustomed furniture.



Some of our new economists.
—From London Sketch.

IT is only the mounting cost of living which prevents the present from constituting "boom times" for the majority of people. Of course there are certain folk who have been hard-hit by the war—men on fixed salaries which do not even keep pace with the price of potatoes, and men engaged in businesses which the war killed and who have not been able to transfer themselves to other lines more in demand. But, adding up all the activities of the community, there is far more money being earned in Canada than there was, say, in 1912-1914. This not only helps the men who are earning it—for example, the munition makers—but it helps all the trades which depend on the earnings of others. That is, the grocer does not care whether money is spent in his shop by Nos. 10 and 12 on his street or by Nos. 20 and 22, so long as it is spent. The first two may now be out of business, but the last two have more than ever in their lives, and most of their neighbours are like them.

JUST at this stage in my scribbling Mr. J. W. Flavell butted in and stole my thunder. He has said what I wanted to say—and he has said it with more authority and in front of a better sounding-board. He says that "we are almost drunk with the prosperity which comes to us through the expenditure of immense sums of borrowed money." And into this delirium of dizzy, "easy money" dissipation, well-intentioned folk are distributing most industriously tracts and preachments of thrift. They might as well set up their pulpits on Broadway. The men who are to blame for the extravagance of our people are the men who did not take pains to make sure that there would be no undue war-profiteering. Admitted that we were in a bit of a fluster to begin with, and that munition-making was a great deal of a gamble for most of us; but now we have been reaping experience for two years and more, and it ought to be possible to-day for some one in authority to make certain that no man is coining money out

that. They have simply got to be thrifty. But I know a lot of people to whom the preaching of thrift comes as a message which they well know they ought to heed, but who have been given the option by increased war-time pay of turning a deaf ear to it if they so desire. They can be extravagant. And what describes them to choose the reckless path of waste?—when the stock market flurry the other day, on the mere announcement that Germany was asking for peace negotiations, warns them that a time of want is surely coming. Simply the spectacle of the easy money war-profiteers wallowing in sudden wealth. That is what drives them mad and drowns all the thrift-preaching in the world. Give these good

YOU can't tell me that our ladies get physical comfort out of their extravagant new clothes. They would be far more comfortable in some plain, old dress. And they would look ten times as well. But they have simply got to advertise in some way how much money their husbands and fathers can earn. Make it fashionable to refrain from so boasting, and that is what they will do. And all the little people, who cannot afford to be extravagant, will be saved from the folly of wasting their money that way—the easy money they ought to be putting by to carry them through the hard times that will follow the sudden close of the war and dislocation of business. That is the way to bring in a reign of thrift. Make it impossible for the war-profiteers to dazzle the envious with their lavish expenditures, and it will not be necessary to preach thrift to the relieved common or garden citizen. The human animal has been taught by aeons of evolution to enjoy thrift and hate waste. Waste is an acquired taste, like olives. Watch how a man chuckles over a saving he can achieve without social punishment or shame before his fellows. Watch how shallow and false is his professed enjoyment of extravagance! The cure is simple and sure—prohibit or render impossible the bad example that is leading him astray.

DIS-FRENCHISING CANADIANS

II---Historical View of the Ancient Pledge

By WILLIAM H. MOORE

HOW did it come about that men and women claimed the right to have their children taught the French language in the Provinces of Ontario and Manitoba, and were as surprised and as angry when the claim was denied as you and I would be if our children were refused an education in English?

We are wont to accept our rights without paying much attention to their origin: manhood suffrage, representative government, freedom of speech, and the safety of property and person are regarded as among our most precious rights, and yet few of us laymen know upon what we base our claims for their possession. These and kindred important claims may or may not depend upon a legal foundation, the sort of security that may be enforced in a court of law.

Several hundred thousand Canadian citizens claimed that they were deprived of rights, theirs by legal and moral considerations. The Privy Council, the court of last resort within the Empire, has determined some, not all, of the legal rights of the case, but obviously it did not, and could not, pass judgment upon what for lack of a better phrase, we may call the moral rights of the descendants of the ancient inhabitants to the use of their language. It is only by a reading of the history of the country that we can understand and determine the merits of claims which rest solely or mainly upon a sense of fair-play.

When the Seven Years' War was over, and the title deeds of this country were registered by the Treaty of Paris in the name of Great Britain, Canada was deliberately continued on as a French colony. A significant starting point! Canada could have been thrown in with the New England colony. That colony was British, near at hand, and its influence might have been counted upon to dis-Frenchise and anglicise the "new subjects."

But no attempt was made to dis-Frenchise Canada. It was continued on as a separate colony. There was a change of sovereigns, but the "new subjects" were given a pledge of the enjoyment of their "property and possessions, together with all customs and usages relative thereto, and all other, their civil rights." That language was included in these words, has been the contention of eminent lawyers. Apparently, the Privy Council has said "No." And we must accept the decision. But the claim of the French-Canadian to the language of his forefathers does not rest upon the construction of words in treaties and statutes. It lies imbedded in the history of the country, and it remained for someone to uncover the mass of detail with which it is surrounded; and thus, these articles.

Since I have proclaimed myself a propagandist, and frankly admit that I see in the co-existence of the French language and the English no evil, but a great good, which will strengthen, not weaken, the Canadian people, it may be thought I will not fairly state the circumstances under which Canada was continued French by the British Government. A Wyatt Tilby is an English historian, and cannot be accused of bilingual partisanship. Let him state the attitude of Great Britain at that period. It will be regarded as important by all save those who look upon pledges and precedents as made of putty or clay, to be moulded or broken according to the expediency of the hour.

To quote Mr. Tilby:

"In these unpromising circumstances various courses were open to British statesmen in their dealings with Canada. They might treat their French subjects frankly as a conquered people, allowing them no more privileges than were stipulated by the cession of 1763, and ruling them with the iron hand of unsympathetic despotism. They might attempt to anglicise them by forbidding the use of the French language, by introducing English schools and English laws, and by giving official posts only to those few Canadians who forsook their own people and made common cause with the British. They might endeavour, by planting sufficient settlers of English origin, to put the French in a minority; and having thus counteracted any possibility of foreign dominance in a British possession, they might confer upon the people of Quebec as a whole those parliamentary institutions which prevailed in every British colony in America; or, in the alternative, they might restrict the privilege to men of British stock. Or finally, they might in time pursue a policy at once more rare and generous; and by a liberal treatment of their new subjects, they might in time convince the French-Canadians that they had not lost, but gained, by the change of rule. The world's history was not lacking in examples of each method of dealing with a conquered people.

"Happily for the Empire, the British Government decided to act generously. They made no attempt to overwhelm the French by planting British settlers in Quebec; on the contrary, the absurd arrogance displayed by the few hundred English immigrants who entered the colony of their own accord was frequently restrained by the Imperial authorities. The French-Canadians were among the most devoted and loyal sons of the Catholic Church, whose precepts they obeyed and whose doctrines they believed with unquestioning faith. An important clause in the treaty, which ceded Canada to Britain in 1763, had stipulated that they should be free to exercise their religion; and that stipulation was always scrupulously observed, in spite of the complaints and agitation of the more bigoted Protestants in England and America.

"Nor were the old French customs and laws of the province changed or interfered with more than was absolutely necessary; and the advice of those enthusiasts who believed that every British institution was of inestimable benefit and of universal application was sensibly rejected."

But even Mr. Tilby may be wrong in his conclusions, and it is only fair in a matter of such importance to look upon the words of the architects, the master-builders and workmen who planned and laid the foundation stones in the structure now called the Dominion of Canada.

The Quebec Act was the first charter in the constitution made for the Government of Canada. The people had been governed from 1760 to 1763 by military rule; and on the conclusion of peace, civil government was established by a commission issued to General James Murray. The terms of the Treaty of Paris, relating to the Government of Canada, and the terms of the commission issued to General Murray, were the only stones previously laid in the constitutional structure of the country. These were necessarily desultory, the work of ministers irrespective of Parliament. The Quebec Act was thus the first well-thought-out tier in the structure, and its debates undoubtedly express the real intention of the representatives in Parliament of the people of Great Britain as to the rights which should be conferred upon His Majesty's Canadian subjects.

LORD NORTH, Charles Fox, Edmund Burke, the Earl of Chatham and Lord Thurlow took part in the debate of the Quebec Act. Was Canadian legislation ever devised by men more famous in the Empire's history? There were differences as to the policy of the Quebec Act, but the objections raised to the Act were not to the privileges to be granted to the "new subjects," but to the form of government which it was proposed should be established in the colony.

Charles Fox took a leading part in the Opposition. There is a school of Hindu philosophers who maintain that men really live after so-called death, in their deeds while in the flesh. They call this Karma. Let us put to the Karma of Fox two pertinent questions and look for our answers in the debates on the Quebec Bill.

The Quebec of the Quebec Act extended beyond the Ottawa River, across the wooded land lying between the Great Lakes and the Hudson Bay into the prairies of the West. "Did you, sir," I ask, "intend to reserve this country for future generations of English-speaking Protestant settlers to the exclusion of the French-speaking Catholic Canadians?"

"The Canadians are my first object," is the reply, "and I maintain that their happiness and their liberties are the proper objects, and ought to be the leading principle of this bill."

Mr. Fox was in favour of the granting of a free assembly rather than a Legislative Council, and we may well ask this second question: "Were you aware that an assembly would give to French-Canadians the control of the Government of the country?"

"No one," he sternly replies, "has urged the circumstances of the people of Canada being Roman Catholic as an objection to an assembly, and I trust I shall never hear such an objection stated; for no one who has ever conversed with Roman Catholics can, I think, believe there is anything repugnant in their views to the principles of political freedom."

The great Edmund Burke was a consulting architect in the laying of that tier of stones; and, although opposed to features of the bill, and particularly the Legislative Council which it proposed, raised his voice in behalf of liberty for the Canadians. "I consider," said Burke, "the right of conquest so little,

and the right of human nature so much, that the former has little consideration with me. I look upon the people of Canada as coming by the dispensation of God under the British Government. I would have us govern it in the same manner as the all-wise disposition of Providence would govern it."

But it was the Attorney-General, Edward, afterward Lord Thurlow, who laid down on behalf of the Government the policy by which it was proposed to govern this new country wrested from France by force of arms, and it is in his words we find the keystone which should unite the two great races of Canadians in a nation within the Empire. We would have expected Lord Thurlow to have championed the cause of the "new subjects." He was an outstanding figure in this parliament of notables, and I cannot resist deviating from my argument to relate an anecdote which throws light upon this great parliamentarian.

In the House of Lords, Lord Thurlow was once reproached with his plebeian extraction and recent admission into the peerage. He rose from the woolsack, advanced slowly to the place where the Chancellor generally addressed the House; then, fixing on his opponent, a noble duke, the look of Jove grasping the thunder, he said in a level tone, "No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but I must say, my lords, the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as guardian of His Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered—AS A MAN—I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add I am at this time as much respected—as the proudest peer I now look down upon."

Thurlow was at his best in the Canada debate; and there are many questions I would feign ask his Karma; but there is one I must ask since it so frequently arises these days: "The French were beaten, driven from the America that lies north of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. Surely the victor may do with the vanquished as he will, and lay upon this vast country such obligations of language as will ensure British North America to the English-speaking people?"

"My notion is," comes the answer in Thurlow's own words, "that it is change of sovereignty. You acquired a new country; you acquired a new people; but you do not state the right of conquest as giving you a right to goods and chattels. That would be slavery and extreme misery. In order to make the acquisition either available or secure, this seems to be the line that ought to be followed—you ought to change those laws only which relate to the French sovereignty, and in their place substitute laws which should relate to the new sovereign; but WITH RESPECT TO ALL OTHER LAWS, ALL OTHER CUSTOMS AND INSTITUTIONS WHATEVER, WHICH ARE INDIFFERENT TO THE STATE OF SUBJECTS AND SOVEREIGN, HUMANITY, JUSTICE, AND WISDOM, EQUALLY CONSPIRE TO ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE THEM TO THE PEOPLE JUST AS THEY WERE. Their happiness depends upon it; their allegiance to their new sovereign depends upon it."

SUCH was the principle upon which a new constitution was framed for the people of Canada. There was a change in sovereignty, and a change in the laws which affected sovereignty, but "with respect to all other laws, all other customs and institutions whatever," they were to be left to the people just as they were. Could words have more clearly expressed the intention of leaving the people in the possession of their language in the land which Great Britain acquired from France at the conclusion of the Seven Years' War? And, further, it is all important to remember that the Act under discussion proposed no boundary line for French influence at the Ottawa River, but set forth boundaries wide enough to include Ontario and Manitoba—the provinces in which the rights to the use of the French language are to-day the subject of dispute.

I do not pretend to say that the words actually drafted into the Quebec Act and subsequent Acts bearing upon the rights of the French-Canadians were sufficient for this purpose. Apparently, they were not. But I do maintain that these words from British statesmen, who mainly laid the foundations of the constitutional structure called Canada are

(Concluded on page 23.)

NEWFOUNDLAND HAS DONE WELL



Some of the Jack Tars now in the British Navy who were formerly Naval Reservists in Newfoundland.

St. John's, Nfld., Dec. 7, 1916.

WHILE you are recounting what the various Provinces of Canada have done and are doing for the Empire in the war, please not to forget Newfoundland. Nobody ever takes the trouble to tell what this ancient colony is doing to hold up her end. This is almost unpardonable, both because her great age entitles this eldest daughter of the British house to considerable respectful notice and because, further, she has exerted herself to the utmost during the past couple of years to provide men and material for both the senior and junior branches of the British services.

Some time in the musty past the British authorities allotted to the self-governing colony of Newfoundland a rather striking coat of arms, bearing an assertive legend, stated in Latin terms which, being rather freely translated, signify "I bring thee gifts." The legendary central figure being Britannia and the gift-bearer a fisherman, holding out a codfish, the meaning of the designer of the Coat of Arms is quite apparent. But these stirring times of war have given the motto of "Ye Ancient Colonie" a newer and broader significance, for, in keeping with the exigencies of the times, she is now dedicating her men as well as her codfish to the Empire.

While Newfoundland had no militia to serve as a nucleus for a trained military force when war's alarms were first sounded in Europe, she possessed a magnificent trained force of Naval Reservists, who were at once summoned to active service. Recruits were also asked for and there was a splendid response from the young fishermen of the country, close on a thousand of whom enrolled within a very few weeks, bringing the total strength of the Newfoundland Naval Reserve up to about fifteen hundred men.

It is distressing to review the years that passed before the outbreak of war and to note the prodigality with which the Imperial authorities flung away their opportunities of raising and training a body of first-

By H. M. MOSDELL

class seamen for service in just such an emergency as the present. The Admiralty have told the Canadian authorities that five thousand seamen are urgently needed for the British Fleet. That force might have been available here in Newfoundland had the Home authorities done as the Colonial Government so frequently urged them.

And even now the most is not being made of such opportunity as remains. Recruiting for the Navy is slow in this colony, because the rate of pay for seamen on active service is not made equal to that of the military volunteers. When a young man has the army open to him with \$1.10 per day, and field allowances beside, he is extremely unlikely to turn it down for service on a British warship where he would receive but 50c. per day. He can do his "bit" for his Empire in the army and receive a fair rate of pay, even if by training, instinct and inclination he is far better suited to serve on the high seas. Probably at some time in the future, which may Providence hustle along to us, the powers-that-be will learn how to employ efficiently the material that lies ready to hand for shaping into weapons with which to smite the foe.

The Newfoundland Naval Reservists have done excellent service in all parts of the world since the outbreak of hostilities. Some were drafted to the Niobe, and the commander of that ship characterized them as "a physically fine body of men who carried out their duties in a most satisfactory manner." Others were sent to man some of the numerous armed merchantmen employed by the British naval authorities for various services. Many are serving on the little ships which patrol the North Sea. Newfoundland sailors were well spoken of as members of the companies on the ships engaged in the unfortunate Dardanelles enterprise; in fact, it was during these operations that a Newfoundland Naval Reservist was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.

And Newfoundland has also helped pay the "price of Admiralty." Twenty-five of her gallant seamen went down with the Viknor, during the opening months of the war; a week or so later the Clan MacNaughton was lost at sea with all hands, including twenty-two Newfoundlanders, and within a couple of months thereafter a German submarine torpedoed the Bayano, sending eleven more to their deaths on the North Sea.

Official notification of the Declaration of War on Germany by Great Britain had scarcely been received before the local authorities decided that Newfoundland should also endeavour to assist the Imperial cause by raising a military contingent for service at the Front. A force of five hundred men was regarded as a splendid initial offering from a fishing country. But the authorities did not understand the spirit of the people, for, within a couple of weeks, the young manhood of the city of St. John's alone had filled up the ranks of this force and left a couple of hundred men over for a second regiment of equal strength. Ten times the initial number aimed at has been recruited since, and still volunteers are pouring in, this, mind you, without any systematic recruiting campaign having been undertaken by the military authorities.

For upwards of two years now Newfoundland's Volunteers have served in all quarters of the Globe. They first saw service in Egypt, where they helped the Anzacs repel the Turks. Then they were drafted to Gallipoli, where their courage, dash and initiative elicited the highest praise from Brigadier-General D. E. Cayley, in command of the immortal 29th Division, to which the Newfoundlanders were attached.

"By their conduct," declared General Cayley, "the Newfoundlanders have brought distinction to the Brigade and have proved themselves to be possessed of self-reliance, bravery and tenacity, the first qualities of a good soldier."

Surely it is but natural for one to wonder what
(Continued on page 22.)



And Now—1917

TENNYSON'S notion of a New Year poem was appropriate enough when 1913 was born and we danced on the grave of 1912. But just as Tennyson's pretty chattering about life seems incompetent to express the profound distresses to which men have grown accustomed in a brief two years, so does "Ring Out, Wild Bells . . . Ring out the Old! Ring in the New!" express only the old trifling life, rather than the soberer, sturdier life we needs must live to-day. Far be it from us to discourage optimists. Happy laughter is as priceless as sunlight, and brooding over what has passed is as wrong as ever it was. We are not less cheerful than Tennyson, but wiser. We used to be like children whose innocent greetings take no account of what grave news or what great news the stranger in the drawing-room may bring. Those who suffered, kept their sufferings to themselves—it was not permitted to thin the wine of good spirits with tears. Tennyson and his age might well have refused to believe that a single year could paint such horror on men's minds, or press through the horrid mill of war such world-wide heroism. We know now what a year can bring. We cannot lightly turn our backs on the year that is dead. For the New Year—we can only look resolutely, cheerfully, steadily into its face, receiving what it may bring to us without too great elation—without wincing, confident only that the ultimate gifts of the years are good gifts.



Welshmen Are Popular

STRANGE how the Welsh begin to crop up in our very midst now that one of them presides over the destiny of the Empire. It is not because they are any less modest in disposition, but because we who are not Welsh have now something definite to associate with the name. In other times if some big man with a queer snarling music in his voice confided to you that he came from Gwynedd or Deheubarth or Powys, you paused a moment to wonder how he spelled the name—you may even have tried to say it after him; but in a moment you forgot that he was anything but an Englishman—a term which is about as accurate as though one described an Englishman as a European. But now two million Welshmen in Wales, to say nothing of those in other parts of the world, are distinguished before all mankind by the fact that it is one of their breed that directs the Empire's forces in the present war. Like another Rhodri Mawr, who led his Welsh against the Saxons on land and the Danes on the sea, Lloyd George leads now the very people who spent so many centuries putting the lid on Snowdon. Like the Chinese who have conquered wave after wave of conquerors simply by making them Chinamen, so the Welsh have conquered London. It is a compliment both to Wales and to London: to Wales because it could produce a Lloyd George; to London because, like no other city in the world, it can absorb and put to such excellent service, men of all parts of the Empire.



The Psychological President

AN intellectoscope turned on the brain of President Wilson when he wrote that remarkable note to the belligerent powers would have shown that the President was having a serious time with his inner consciousness. The note is a masterpiece of inversion. As a literary document intended to prove to both sides of the war in his own country that the nation did right in re-electing him it deserves to become famous. It was evidently more important to be re-elected than to be right. But if Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University, had been sent such an essay by one of his students in logic and history he would have smiled and put down several bad marks for lack of judicial acumen. The passage that best reveals the peculiar workings of the President's mind is as follows:

He takes the liberty of calling attention to the fact that the objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war are virtually the same, as stated in general terms to their own peoples and to the world. Each side desires to make the rights and privileges of weak peoples and small States as secure against aggression and denial in the future as the rights and privileges of weak peoples and small States now at war. Each wishes itself to be made secure in the future, along with all other nations and peoples, against the recurrence of wars like this and against aggression or selfish interference of any kind.

Let us deal with it briefly seriatim. "Calling attention to the fact that" . . . down to "the world" should read "calling attention to the fiction." The President knew right well this was not a fact when he penned it. But it was a fiction that could be fixed up to look like a fact. The brains of diplomacy abroad are able to see through this inversion. Germany chuckled at it. This fiction masquerading as a fact suits Germany. President Wilson knows it.

Further . . . "Each side desires to make" . . . down to "are at war." This is a finely regulated sequence to the other. And it contains a world of professorial ingenuity. Having pleased Germany and nettled the Allies in the first statement he proceeds to try pleasing the Allies in the next by hinting at the wrong done to weak peoples and small States. Of course, in his inner consciousness he knew very well that none of the Allies had the least design upon weak peoples and small States—and that Germany had. He knows that Austria bludgeoned by Germany intended to eat up Serbia; and that Germany without consulting Austria committed a world crime against Belgium. The Allies are welcome to extract comfort from this oblique insinuation in the form of a fact perverted to a double meaning that makes it into a fiction.

In this same psychic sentence also may be traced a desire of the ethical President to ease the national consciousness embodied in himself. When Germany violated the rights of Belgium, and England went to war because of it, the United States made no protest. Neutrality was elaborately defined by the President. It included an utter omission of any reference to the wrong done to Belgium in defiance of the signatories at the Hague, which included the United States. Another paragraph of the note explicitly states that the United States has as much interest in respecting and preserving the rights of small nations as has any of the belligerents. This again is a furtive attempt to square the President with the Allies.

Take the passage, "Each wishes itself"—down to "interference of any kind." Here indeed the President must have rubbed his hands and smiled to think how he was beguiling everybody. He takes Germany's oft-repeated protestations that she was in danger of being over-ridden by France, Russia and England at their face value. That pleases Germany. He also admits that each of the Allies desires to be made secure; and they do. Here again, by the neat trick of doubling up, the President produces a fiction that looks like a fact.

And so on throughout the document which, as a piece of solemn buncombe dressed up to look like diplomacy, must seem to any of the belligerent powers like a well-educated elephant trying to walk a tight rope without a parasol.



A Matter of Business

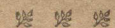
A BULKY issue emerges in the recent action of chief Mr. John Stanfield, member for Colchester, resigning his position as chief Conservative whip because he disagrees with Mr. Gutelius in the management of the Intercolonial Railway. That is putting it broadly. Mr. Stanfield does not differ with the general manager of our national railways on the expert railroading end of the business. The difficulty arises over the placing of contracts. We refrain from calling it patronage, which is a very uncomfortable word, and should be read out of court. But whatever it may be called

Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Gutelius do not agree on just who are to get certain contracts on the Intercolonial. Mr. Stanfield claims that certain contracts should go to easterners. He may have much ground for his belief. He surely would not resign his position as chief whip on a slight pretext. We imagine he could make out a very good argument to justify his action. But would the same argument put Mr. Gutelius in the wrong? At this distance it looks as though the only way to make a national railway or a national anything effective is to make it a matter of straight business. We are finding out now as never before the value of big business men in public places. Mr. Gutelius is a big-business railroader. He was put in charge of the Intercolonial because he is a railwayman, not a politician. Under his management the Intercolonial has made progress. Without the management of some such man no such railway ever could make progress. Therefore Mr. Gutelius must be responsible to the Government for the complete management of the system—including the placing of contracts. Whatever political and provincial argument Mr. Stanfield may have on his side, the national business argument is in favour of Mr. Gutelius.



Standardize Free Land

BONAR LAW promises that some sort of central bureau will, if possible, be established in London to handle the applications of returned soldiers for land in the various colonies. He intimated to a number of callers not long ago that it was the hope of the British Government and the colonial Governments at least to standardize the conditions under which land is to be given the fighting men, and to control to some extent the tide of emigration from the Old Country. It must be borne in mind that this one of the Ministers is a Centralizationist. In some things it may not be possible to agree with his policy, but the standardization of the Empire's free land policy is at least sound. There will have to be many conferences or consultations between the various provinces in this country before we can say just what sort of land scheme Canada will endorse. Just at present British Columbia seems to have made more progress than any other province. Her suggestion for "group settlement" around co-operative centres is the wisest yet put forward.



De-Railroading Us

PROPOSE to take a thousand miles of railway from this country and you see at once how we have prepared ourselves for tracks and traffic. We don't really like to part even with a mile of what we have—yet one might have thought, six months ago, that thousands upon thousands of miles could have been spared. Of course, we shall spare the thousand, more than a thousand for the sake of defeating Germany, but one of the first tasks that must be undertaken by our steel mills when the need for munitions is at an end, will be the making of new rails to take the place of those we part with now. Our railways, expensive though they may have seemed, guarantee to us that we shall be able, better than any of the belligerents, to re-absorb, re-digest our armies when they are returned to these shores. They are our surety against "clotting." With this machinery at hand it is going to be possible to handle our returning men and whatever new peoples may come with them or follow them, wisely and with ease.



EPIGRAMS that express action are more useful nowadays than the quintessence of wisdom. One of the most useful epigrams coined within the past two weeks is that of Lloyd George: "You can't run a war with a Sanhedrin." Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour must have chuckled over that. It was the kind of hustings phrase that never could be found in "The Foundations of Belief."

NOW THE NEW YEAR

"Now the new year reviving old desires"

By ESTELLE M. KERR

THOUGH we quote from Omar Khayyam, it is not his gospel that we preach. Patriotism or prohibition, or both, have put an end to the pleasures of the fruitful vine, and the war has made our favourite pastime of reclining with "a book of verses underneath a bough, a flask of wine, a loaf of bread—and Thou"—impossible. Nearly all the Thous (from a feminine point of view) are in England, France or Flanders, or they can snatch but an occasional hour from their military duties. Others who have gone will never return—not even when the New Year's bells ring Peace on earth. . . . Anniversaries should be suppressed in war-time!

"Now the New Year reviving old desires,
The thoughtful soul to solitude retires."

There are more thoughtful souls this year than formerly—more solitary ones. I have become thoughtful myself, and retrospective, though that is contrary to my best convictions which tell me that only people whose life work is over brood on the past.

NEW YEAR'S day is the supreme holiday in many lands, but with us it is so overshadowed by Christmas that my recollections of that anniversary are few and fragmentary. The day is associated in my childhood's memories largely with callers, a wonderful array of frock-coated men who came to call on my mother, while my sister and I in wide blue and pink sashes peeked at them from behind a door. Hardly were they out of sight when we pounced on their calling cards, examining them critically, comparing them. Staid old married men had simply written "Compliments of the Season" on their usual visiting cards, but the more fashionable had gilt-edged cards with "A Happy New Year" embossed in gold and their name engraved below. Other cards were decorated with a spray of holly, a bird on a bough, or a little frosting, and one, which particularly pleased me, had a piece of striped ribbon pasted across the corner. A gentleman whom we called a "dude," because he came in a cab and wore very pointed shoes and a large white flower in his buttonhole, had his name neatly printed on a tastefully-cut section of orange peel. Could artistic ingenuity go farther?

Bachelors usually came in couples, sharing a cab which they engaged by the day and stayed only a few minutes, sometimes just long enough to murmur "Compliments of the Season." They refused the invitation to go to the dining-room, where a cold collation was laid out on the sideboard—salads and jellies and creams. Our house was known to be strictly temperance and the same menu, with wines as well, was served by other hostesses, but it was customary to say: "At least you will taste my Christmas cake. Each cake you sample means a lucky month, so be sure you get twelve!" The young men loudly bemoaned the fact that they had so many places to go and yet seemed proud of it, but the married men were apt to come with a frankly bored expression—obviously their wives had sent them—but my mother proved so sympathetic that they seemed loath to leave. After saying good-bye to them she would sometimes open the door of the library where my father was in hiding and say:

"Now, John, you really must call on Mrs. P—, she has sent her husband to see me," then hurriedly return to her guests in the drawing-room.

Calling began in the morning. A neighbour with handsome black whiskers came first:

"My wife says it is lucky to have a dark man for your first caller," he said. "So she sends me out

early. I trust I am the first."

I always remembered that remark and when, at the age of seventeen, I received on New Year's day, I was quite upset because a fair youth was my first caller. I was barely civil to him.

My mother apparently grew tired of receiving on New Year's day, and on several occasions a dainty little basket ornamented with a blue bow hung from the door-knob so the callers might leave their cards without ringing. Each year the cards were simpler and fewer, and the men more addicted to "neglecting their social duties" (as their wives put it) for curling and other frivolous pursuits. But when I was old enough to receive, I wouldn't hear of such a thing as a basket—besides, it was not "done" any more. Perhaps New Year's calling had gone out of fashion, perhaps I was less popular than my mother, for the young men never arrived before three o'clock, and though they were apt to stay longer, the strips of white pasteboard on the card receiver was pitifully meagre compared to the ornate masses that

more uniformly garbed in black, but there will still be gaiety in the boulevards, for the soldiers on leave must be feted and the recent victories celebrated, for, in spite of the cruel war on her soil, France still lives, and "Everything might be worse than it is," says the philosophical French soldier.

It is the poilu's gospel, set forth in his litany, that we would like to adopt for the New Year, and though the French soldier is all for action, he has something in common with lazy old Omar, who said:

" . . . What boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our feet;
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday,
Why fret about them if To-day be sweet!"

AND why should not To-day be sweet? If the French, with their land invaded and every available man under arms, can say, "There is no need to worry," surely we in Canada, with our homes intact and our food supply still bountiful, should be still more cheerful. Through years of war or peace we must each continue to do our little individual task, and do it well and find pleasure in it if possible.

In war-time we should put ourselves under military rule in as much as we should make our lives as efficient and useful as possible. Those employed in regular war work, such as munitions or nursing, are less subject to fits of depression than people who have more leisure, for, like the soldiers, their lives are ordered for them. A student who had recently enlisted said in writing home:

"All the bother about what one has to do with oneself is over. One has disposed of oneself. That has the effect of a great relief. Instead of telling oneself that one ought to get up in the morning, a bugle tells you that. . . . And there's no nonsense about it, no chance of lying and arguing about it with oneself. . . . I begin to see the sense of men going into monasteries and putting themselves under rules. One is carried along in a sort of moral automobile instead of trudging the road. . . ."

MAY I become retrospective once more? When in my teens I was spending the Christmas holidays with a school friend. Three of us were gathered in a bed-room brushing

our hair and talking of New Year's resolutions.

"Why bother about so many?" said the gayest and brightest girl present. "I made one years ago and it still holds good for everything. I try to live each day as though it were my last."


"Clare!" cried her cousin. "How can you be so sacrilegious!"

"But I'm in earnest! If you only had one day to live would you spend it praying? I wouldn't. If you want to die happy, you must live happily. I'd hate to die feeling that I had been angry or unkind—so in case I do lose my temper or get annoyed at fancied insults, I never leave it till to-morrow to make it right again. I'd hate to die feeling that I'd neglected my work. . . . I'd hate to die and have people find my room untidy and all my clothes in need of mending. . . . Some girls study hard all week long and plan for a wonderful spree on Saturday, some men work hard all the best years of their lives and hope to retire and enjoy themselves when they are old. . . . That's all wrong. Each day should be a sample package of your life. I wouldn't spend my last year on earth calling on people I don't want to see, entertaining people just because they have entertained me, so I'm not going to spend to-morrow the way you have planned. Call

(Concluded on page 31.)

THE POILU'S LITANY

"Everything might be worse than it is," says the French soldier, and so he has composed this litany. Every regiment has a different version, but always with the same basis:



OF two things one is certain,
Either you're mobilized or you're not mobilized.

If you're not mobilized, why there is no need to worry,
If you are mobilized, of one thing you are certain,
Either you're behind the lines or on the front.

If you're behind the lines there is no need to worry;
If you're on the front, of two things one is certain,
Either you're resting in a safe place or you're on the firing line.

If you're behind the lines why worry?
If you're exposed to danger, of two things one is certain,
Either you're wounded seriously or you're wounded slightly.

If you're wounded slightly there is no need to worry.
And if you're wounded seriously, of two things one is certain,
Either you recover or you die.

If you recover there is no need to worry,
If you die you can't worry.

used to cover it in my childhood's days, and after one dull day of being formally polite, I decided that it was far more fun to go skating instead.

NEW YEAR'S eve has memories quite apart from the day that followed. A night of prayer was often followed by a day of feasting, and on one memorable occasion my pious parents took me to a Watch Night Service. I was thrilled with the idea of being allowed to stay awake so late, but later found it impossible to do so and slept very soundly through the solemn moment when all the big bells rang out and ushered in the New Year. Then there were New Year's eves when I sat at my desk filling large sheets of ruled paper with good resolutions, to be mislaid and forgotten at the end of a week. In later years there was often a party on that night, and as the bells began to ring we toasted the New Year, then all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne."

One happy New Year's eve I was a student in Paris and in true French fashion we combined solemnity with frivolity, going first to a midnight service in a vast, dimly-lit cathedral, and later joining the gay crowds in a cafe on the Boulevards. This year the midnight mass in Notre Dame will be more solemn than ever, and the people who attend it

KING—OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

A New Serial Story

A Tale of Daring and Deep Intrigue in India During the Great War---and how a Captain Defeated the Famed Yasmini, in the Very Shadow of the Himalayas

By TALBOT MUNDY

THE men who govern India—more power to them and her!—are few. Those who stand in their way and pretend to help them with a flood of words are a host. And from the host goes up an endless cry that India is the home of thugs, and of three hundred million hungry ones.

The men who know—and Athelstan King might claim to know a little—answer that she is the original home of chivalry and the modern mistress of as many decent, gallant, native gentlemen as ever graced a page of history.

The charge has seen the light in print that India—well-spring of plague and sudden death and money-lenders—has sold her soul to twenty succeeding conquerors in turn.

Athelstan King and a hundred like him whom India has picked from British stock and taught, can answer truly that she has won it back again from each by very purity of purpose.

So when the world war broke the world was destined to be surprised on India's account. The Red Sea, full of racing transports crowded with dark-skinned gentlemen, whose one prayer was that the war might not be over before they should have struck a blow for Britain, was the Indian army's answer to the press.

The rest of India paid its taxes and contributed and muzzled itself and set to work to make supplies. For they understand in India, almost as nowhere else, the meaning of such old-fashioned words as gratitude and honour; and of such platitudes as, "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

More than one nation was deeply shocked by India's answer to "practices" that had extended over years. But there were men in India who learned to love India long ago with that love that casts out fear, who knew exactly what was going to happen and could therefore afford to wait for orders instead of running round in rings.

Athelstan King, for instance, nothing yet but a captain unattached, sat in meagerly furnished quarters with his heels on a table. He is not a doctor, yet he read a book on surgery; and when he went over to the club he carried the book under his arm and continued to read it there. He is considered a rotten conversationalist, and he did nothing at the club to improve his reputation.

"Man alive—get a move on!" gasped a wondering senior, accepting a cigar. Nobody knows where he gets those long, strong, black cheroots, and nobody ever refuses one.

"Thanks—got a book to read," said King.

"You ass! Wake up and grab the best thing in sight, as a stepping stone to something better! Wake up and worry!"

King grinned. You have to when you don't agree with a senior officer, for the army is like a school in many more ways than one.

"Help yourself, sir! I'll take the job that's left when the scramble's over. Something good's sure to be overlooked."

"White feather? Laziness? Dark Horse?" the major wondered. Then he hurried away to write telegrams, because a belief thrives in the early days of any war that influence can make or break a man's chances. In the other room where the telegraph blanks were littered in confusion all about the floor, he ran into a crony whose chief sore point was Athelstan King, loathing him as some men loathe pickles or sardines, for no real reason whatever, except that they are what they are.

"Saw you talking to King," he said.

"Yes. Can't make him out. Rum fellow!"

"Rum? Huh! Trouble is he's seventh of his family in succession to serve in India. She has seeped into him and pickled his heritage. He's a believer in Kismet crossed on to Opportunity. Not sure he doesn't pray to Allah on the sly! Hopeless case."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite!"

SO they all sent telegrams and forgot King, who sat and smoked and read about surgery; and before he had nearly finished one box of cheroots a general at Peshawur wiped a bald red skull and sent him an urgent telegram.

"Come at once!" it said simply.

King was at Lahore, but miles don't matter when the dogs of war are loosed. The right man goes to the right place at the exact right time then, and the fool goes to the wall. In that one respect war

is better than some kinds of peace.

In the train on the way to Peshawur he did not talk any more volubly, and a fellow traveler, studying him from the opposite corner of the stifling compartment, catalogued him as "quite an ordinary man." But he was of the Public Works Department, which is sorrowfully underpaid and wears emotions on its sleeve for policy's sake, believing of course that all the rest of the world should do the same.

"Don't you think we're bound in honour to go to Belgium's aid?" he asked. "Can you see any way out of it?"

"Haven't looked for one," said King.

"But don't you think—"

"No," said King. "I hardly ever think. I'm in the army, don't you know, and don't have to. What's the use of doing somebody else's work?"

"Rotter!" thought the P. W. D. man, almost aloud; but King was not troubled by any further forced conversation. Consequently he reached Peshawur comfortable, in spite of the heat. And his genial manner of saluting the full-general who met him with a dog-cart at Peshawur station was something scandalous.

"Is he a lunatic or a relative of royalty?" the P. W. D. man wondered.

Full-generals, particularly in the early days of war, do not drive to the station to meet captains very often; yet King climbed into the dog-cart unexcitedly, after keeping the general waiting while he checked a trunk!

THE general cracked his whip without any other comment than a smile. A blood mare tore sparks out of the macadam, and a dusty military road began to ribbon out between the wheels. Sentries in unexpected places announced themselves with a ring of shaken steel as their rifles came to the "present," which courtesies the general noticed with a raised whip. Then a fox-terrier resumed his chase of squirrels between the planted shade-trees, and Peshawur became normal, shimmering in light and heat reflected from the "Hills."

(The P. W. D. man, who would have giggled if a general mentioned him by name, walked because no conveyance could be hired. Judgment was in the wind.)

On the dog-cart's high front seat, staring straight ahead of him between the horse's ears, King listened. The general did nearly all the talking.

"The North's the danger."

King grunted with the lids half-lowered over full dark eyes. He did not look especially handsome in that attitude. Some men swear he looks like a Roman, an others liken him to a gargoyle, all of them choosing to ignore the smile that can transform his whole face instantly.

"We're denuding India of troops—not keeping back more than a mere handful to hold the tribes in check."

King nodded. There has never been peace along the northwest border. It did not need vision to fore see trouble from that quarter. In fact it must have been partly on the strength of some of King's reports that the general was planning now.

"That was a very small handful of Sikhs you named as likely to give trouble. Did you do that job thoroughly?"

King grunted.

"Well—Delhi's chock-full of spies, all listening to stories made in Germany for them to take back to the 'Hills' with 'em. The tribes'll know presently how many men we're sending overseas. There've been rumours about Khinjan by the hundred lately. They're cooking something. Can you imagine 'em keeping quiet now?"

"That depends, sir. Yes, I can imagine it."

The general laughed. "That's why I sent for you. I need a man with imagination! There's a woman

you've got to work with on this occasion who can imagine a shade or two too much. What's worse, she's ambitious. So I chose you to work with her."

KING'S lips stiffened under the moustache, and the corners of his eyes wrinkled into crow's-feet to correspond. Eyes are never coal-black, of course, but his looked it at that minute.

"You know we've sent men to Khinjan who are said to have entered the Caves. Not one of 'em has ever returned."

King frowned.

"She claims she can enter the Caves and come out again at pleasure. She has offered to do it, and I have accepted."

It would not have been polite to look incredulous, so King's expression changed to one of intense interest a little overdone, as the general did not fail to notice.

"If she hadn't given proof of devotion and ability, I'd have turned her down. But she has. Only the other day she uncovered a plot in Delhi—about a million dynamite bombs in a ruined temple in charge of a German agent for use by mutineers supposed to be ready to rise against us. Fact! Can you guess who she is?"

"Not Yasmini?" King hazarded, and the general nodded and flicked his whip. The horse mistook it for a signal, and it was two minutes before the speed was reduced to mere recklessness.

The helmet-strap mark, printed indelibly on King's jaw and cheek by the Indian sun, tightened and grew whiter—as the general noted out of the corner of his eye.

"Know her?"

"Know of her, of course, sir. Everybody does. Never met her to my knowledge."

"Um-m-m! Whose fault was that? Somebody ought to have seen to that. Go to Delhi now and meet her. I'll send her a wire to say you're coming. She knows I've chosen you. She tried to insist on full discretion, but I over-ruled her. Between us two, she'll have discretion once she gets beyond Jamrud. The 'Hills' are full of our spies, of course, but none of 'em dare try Khinjan Caves any more and you'll be the only check we shall have on her."

King's tongue licked his lips, and his eyes wrinkled. The general's voice became the least shade more authoritative.

"When you see her, get a pass from her that'll take you into Khinjan Caves! Ask her for it! For the sake of appearances I'll gazette you Seconded to the Khyber Rifles. For the sake of success, get a pass from her!"

"Very well, sir."

"You've a brother in the Khyber Rifles, haven't you? Was it you or your brother who visited Khinjan once and sent in a report?"

"I did, sir."

He spoke without pride. Even the brigade of British-Indian cavalry that went to Khinjan on the strength of his report and leveled its defences with the ground, had not been able to find the famous Caves. Yet the Caves themselves are a by-word.

"There's talk of a jihad (holy war). There's worse than that! When you went to Khinjan, what was your chief object?"

"To find the source of the everlasting rumours about the so-called 'Heart of the Hills,' sir."

"Yes, yes. I remember. I read your report. You didn't find anything, did you? Well. The story is now that the 'Heart of the Hills' has come to life. So the spies say."

King whistled softly.

"THERE'S no guessing what it means," said the general. "Go and find out. Go and work with Yasmini. I shall have enough men here to attack instantly and smash any small force as soon as it begins to gather anywhere near the border. But Khinjan is another story. We can't prove anything, but the spies keep bringing in rumours of ten thousand men in Khinjan Caves, and of another large lashkar not far away from Khinjan. There must be no jihad, King! India is all but defenceless! We can tackle sporadic raids. We can even handle an ordinary raid in force. But this story about a 'Heart of the Hills' coming to life may presage unfty of action and a holy war such as the world has not seen. Go up there and stop it if you can. At least, let me know the facts."

King grunted. To stop a holy war single-handed

would be rather like stopping the wind—possibly easy enough, if one knew the way. Yet he knew no general would throw away a man like himself on a useless venture. He began to look happy.

The general clucked to the mare and the big beast sank an inch between the shafts. The sais behind set his feet against the drop-board and clung with both hands to the seat. One wheel ceased to touch the gravel as they whirled along a semicircular drive. Suddenly the mare drew up on her haunches, under the porch of a pretentious residence. Sentries saluted. The sais swung down. In less than sixty seconds King was following the general through a wide entrance into a crowded hall. The instant the general's fat figure darkened the doorway twenty men of higher rank than King, native and English, rose from lined-up chairs and pressed forward.

"Sorry—have to keep you all waiting—busy!" He waved them aside with a little apologetic gesture. "Come in here, King."

KING followed him through a door that slammed tight behind them on rubber jambs.

"Sit down!"

The general unlocked a steel drawer and began to rummage among the papers in it. In a minute he produced a package, bound in rubber bands, with a faded photograph face upward on the top.

"That's the woman! How d'you like the look of her?"

King took the package and for a minute stared hard at the likeness of a woman whose fame has traveled up and down India, until her witchery has become a proverb. She was dressed as a dancing woman, yet very few dancing women could afford to be dressed as she was.

King's service uses whom it may, and he had met and talked with many dancing women in the course of duty; but as he stared at Yasmini's likeness he did not think he had ever met one who so measured up to rumour. The nauch he knew for a delusion. Yet—!

The general watched his face with eyes that missed nothing.

"Remember—I said work with her!"

King looked up and nodded.

"They say she's three parts Russian," said the general. "To my own knowledge she speaks Russian like a native, and about twenty other tongues as well, including English. She speaks English as well as you or I. She was the girl-widow of a rascally Hill-rajah. There's a story I've heard, to the effect that Russia arranged her marriage in the days when India was Russia's objective—and that's how long ago?—seems like weeks, not years! I've heard she loved her rajah. And I've heard she didn't! There's another story that she poisoned him. I know she got away with his money—and that's proof enough of brains! Some say she's a she-devil. I think that's an exaggeration, but bear in mind she's dangerous!"

KING grinned. A man who trusts Eastern women over readily does not rise far in the Secret Service.

"If you've got nous enough to keep on her soft side and use her—not let her use you—you can keep the Hills' quiet and the Khyber safe! If you can contrive that—now—in this pinch—there's no limit for you! Commander-in-chief shall be your job before you're sixty!"

King pocketed the photograph and papers. "I'm well enough content, sir, as things are," he said, quietly.

"Well, remember she's ambitious, even if you're not! I'm not preaching ambition, mind—I'm warning you! Ambition's bad! Study those papers on your

way down to Delhi and see that I get them back."

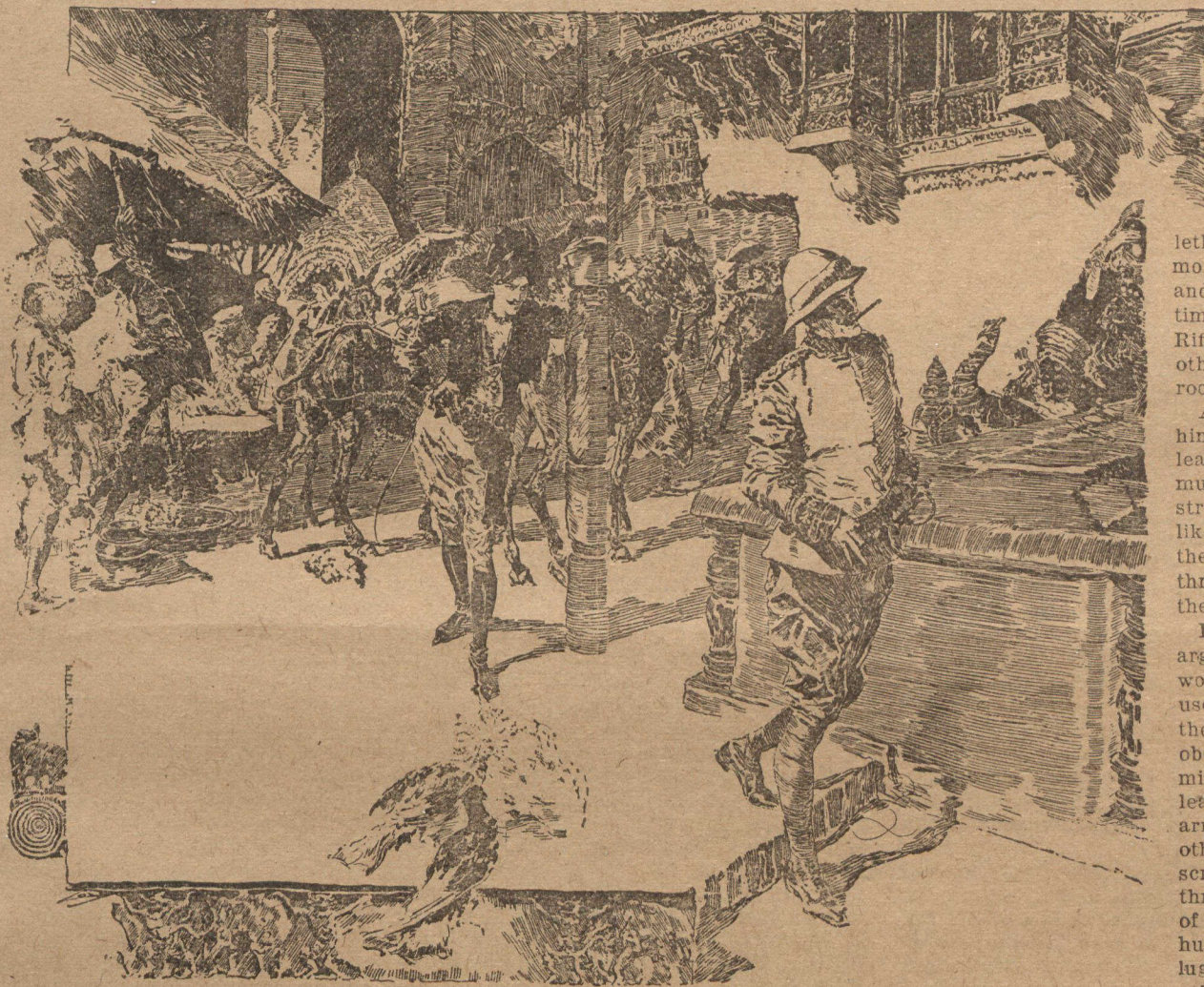
The general paced once across the room and once back again, with hands behind him. Then he stopped in front of King.

"No man in India has a stiffer task than you have now! It may encourage you to know that I realize that! She's the key to the puzzle, and she happens to be in Delhi. Go to Delhi, then. A jihad launched from the Hills' would mean anarchy in the plains. That would entail sending back from France an army that can't be spared. There must be no jihad, King! There must—not—be—one! Keep that in your head!"

"What arrangements have been made with her, sir?"

"Practically none! She's watching the spies in Delhi, but they're likely to break for the Hills' any minute. Then they'll be arrested. When that happens the fate of India may be in your hands and hers! Get out of my way now, until tiffin-time!"

In a way that some men never learn, King proceeded to efface himself entirely among the crowd in the hall, contriving to say nothing of any account to anybody until the great gong boomed and the general led them all in to his long dining table. Yet



The native who was following him drew closer.

he did not look furtive or secretive. Nobody noticed him, and he noticed everybody. There is nothing whatever secretive about that.

The fare was plain, and the meal a perfunctory affair. The general and his guests were there for no other reason than to eat food, and only the man who happened to seat himself next to King—a major by the name of Hyde—spoke to him at all.

"Why aren't you with your regiment?" he asked.

"Because the general asked me to lunch, sir!"

"I suppose you've been pestering him for an appointment!"

King, with his mouth full of curry, did not answer, but his eyes smiled.

"It's astonishing to me," said the major, "that a captain should leave his company when war has begun! When I was captain I'd have been driven out of the service if I'd asked for leave of absence at such a time!"

King made no comment, but his expression denoted belief.

"Are you bound for the front, sir?" he asked, presently. But Hyde did not answer. They finished the meal in silence.

After lunch he was closeted with the general again for twenty minutes. Then one of the general's carriages took him to the station; and it did not appear to trouble him at all that the other occupant of the carriage was the self-same Major Hyde who had sat next him at lunch. In fact, he smiled so

pleasantly that Hyde grew exasperated. Neither of them spoke. At the station Hyde lost his temper openly, and King left him abusing an unhappy native servant.

The station was crammed to suffocation by a crowd that roared and writhed and smelt to high heaven. At one end of the platform, in the midst of a human eddy, a frenzied horse resisted with his teeth and all four feet at once the efforts of six natives and a British sergeant to force him into a loose-box. At the back of the same platform the little dark-brown mules of a mountain battery twitched their flanks in line, jingling chains and stamping when the flies bit home.

FLIES buzzed everywhere. Fat native merchants vied with lean and timid ones in noisy effort to secure accommodation on a train already crowded to the limit. Twenty British officers hunted up and down for the places supposed to have been reserved for them, and sweating servants hurried after them with arms full of heterogeneous baggage, swearing at the crowd that swore back ungrudgingly. But the general himself had telephoned for King's reservation, so he took his time.

There were din and stink and dust beneath a savage sun, shaken into reverberations by the scream of an engine's safety valve. It was India in essence and awake!—India arising out of

lethargy!—India as she is more often nowadays—and it made King, for the time being of the Khyber Rifles, happier than some other men can be in ball-rooms.

Any one who watched him—and there was at least one man who did—must have noticed his strange ability, almost like that of water, to reach the point he aimed for, through, and not around, the crowd.

He neither shoved nor argued. Orders and blows would have been equally useless, for had it tried the crowd could not have obeyed, and it was in no mind to try. Without the least apparent effort he arrived—and there is no other word that quite describes it—he arrived, through the densest part of the sweating throng of humans, at the door of the luggage office.

There, though a bunnia's sharp elbow naged his ribs, and the bunnia's ser-

vant dropped a heavy package on his foot, he smiled so genially that he melted the wrath of the frantic luggage clerk. But not at once. Even the sun needs seconds to melt ice.

"Am I God?" the babu wailed. "Can I do all these things in all the world at once if not sooner?"

KING'S smile began to get its work in. The man ceased gesticulating to wipe sweat from his stubby jowl with the end of a Punjabi head-dress. He actually smiled back. Who was he, that he should suspect new outrage or guess he was about to be used in a game he did not understand? He would have stopped all work to beg for extra pay at the merest suggestion of such a thing; but as it was he raised both fists and lapsed into his own tongue to apostrophize the ruffian who dared jostle King. A Northerner, who did not seem to understand Punjabi almost cost King his balance as he thrust broad shoulders between him and the bunnia.

The bunnia chattered like an outraged ape; but King, the person most entitled to be angry, actually apologized! That being a miracle, the babu forthwith wrought another one, and within a minute King's one trunk was checked through to Delhi.

"Delhi is right, sahib?" he asked, to make doubly sure; for in India where the milk of human kindness is not hawked in the market-place, men will pay overmeasure for a smile.

"Yes. Delhi is right. Thank you, babuji."

He made more room for the Hillman, beaming amusement at the man's impatience; but the Hillman had no luggage and turned away, making an unexpected effort to hide his face with a turban end. He who had forced his way to the front with so much violence and haste now burst back again toward the train like a football forward tearing through the thick of his opponents. He scattered a swath a yard wide, for he had shoulders like a bull. King saw him leap into a third-class carriage. He saw, too, that he was not wanted in the carriage. There was a storm of protest from tight-packed native passengers, but the fellow had his way.

The swath through the crowd closed up like water in a ship's wake, but it opened again for King. He smiled so humorously that the angry jostled ones smiled too and were appeased, forgetting haste and bruises and indignity merely because understanding looked at them through merry eyes. All crowds are that way, but an Indian crowd more so than all.

Taking his time, and falling foul of nobody, King marked down a native constable—hot and unhappy, leaning with his back against the train. He touched him on the shoulder and the fellow jumped.

"Nay, sahib! I am only constabael—I know nothing—I can do nothing! The teerain goes when it goes, and then perhaps we will beat these people from the platform and make room again! But there is no authority—no law any more—they are all gone mad!"

King wrote on a pad, tore off a sheet, folded it and gave it to him.

"That is for the Superintendent of Police at the office. Carriage number 1181, eleven doors from here—the one with the shut door and a big Hillman inside sitting three places from the door, facing the engine. Get the Hillman! No, there is only one Hillman in the carriage. No, the others are not his friends; they will not help him. He will fight, but he has no friends in that carriage."

The "constabael" obeyed, not very cheerfully. King stood to watch him with a foot on the step of a first-class coach. Another constable passed him, elbowing a snail's progress between the train and the crowd. He seized the man's arm.

"Go and help that man!" he ordered. "Hurry!"

THEN he climbed into the carriage and leaned from the window. He grinned as he saw both constables pounce on a third-class carriage door and, with the yell of good huntsmen who have viewed, seize the protesting Northerner by the leg and begin to drag him forth. There was a fight, that lasted three minutes, in the course of which a long knife flashed. But there were plenty to help take the knife away, and the Hillman stood handcuffed and sullen at last, while one of his captors bound a cut forearm. Then they dragged him away; but not before he had seen King at the window and had lipped a silent threat.

"I believe you, my son!" King chuckled, half aloud. "I surely believe you. I'll watch! Ham dekta hai!"

"Why was that man arrested?" asked an acid voice behind him; and without troubling to turn his head, he knew that Major Hyde was to be his carriage mate again. To be vindictive, on duty or off it, is foolishness; but to let opportunity slip by one is a crime. He looked glad, not sorry, as he faced about—pleased, not disappointed—like a man on a desert island who has found a tool.

"Why was that man arrested?" the major asked again.

"I ordered it," said King.

"So I imagined. I asked you why."

King stared at him and then turned to watch the prisoner being dragged away; he was fighting again, striking at his captors' heads with handcuffed wrists.

"Does he look innocent?" asked King.

"Is that your answer?" asked the major. Balked ambition is an ugly horse to ride. He had tried for a command but had been shelved.

"I have sufficient authority," said King, unruffled. He spoke as if he were thinking of something entirely different. His eyes were as if they saw the major from a very long way off and rather approved of him on the whole.

"Show me your authority, please!"

King dived into an inner pocket and produced a card that had about ten words written on its face, above a general's signature. Hyde read it and passed it back.

"So you're one of those, are you!" he said in a tone of voice that would start a fight in some parts of the world and in some services. But King nodded cheerfully, and that annoyed the major more than ever; he snorted, closed his mouth with a snap and turned to rearrange the sheet and pillow on his berth.

Then the train pulled out, amid a din of voices from the left-behind that nearly drowned the pant-

ing of the overloaded engine. There was a roar of joy from two coaches full of soldiers in the rear—a shriek from a woman who had missed the train—a babel of farewells tossed back and forth between the platform and the third-class carriages—and Peshawur fell away behind.

King settled down on his side of the compartment, after a struggle with the thermostidote that refused to work. There was heat enough below the roof to have roasted meat, so that the physical atmosphere became as turgid as the mental after a little while.

Hyde all but stripped himself and drew on striped pajamas. King was content to lie in shirt-sleeves on the other berth, with knees raised, so that Hyde could not overlook the general's papers. At his ease he studied them one by one, memorizing a string of names, with details as to their owners' antecedents and probable present whereabouts. There were several photographs in the packet, and he studied them very carefully indeed.

But much more carefully of all he examined Yasmini's portrait, returning to it again and again. He reached the conclusion in the end that when it was taken she had been cunningly disguised.

"This was intended for purpose of identification at a given time and place," he told himself.

"Were you muttering at me?" asked Hyde.

"No, sir."

"It looked extremely like it!"

"My mistake, sir. Nothing of the sort intended."

"H-rrrr-ummmmmph!"

Hyde turned an indignant back on him, and King studied the back as if he found it interesting. On the whole he looked sympathetic, so it was as well that Hyde did not look around. Balked ambition as a rule loathes sympathy.

After many prickly-hot, interminable, jolting hours the train drew up at Rawal-Pindi station. Instantly King was on his feet with his tunic on, and he was out on the blazing hot platform before the train's motion had quite ceased.

He began to walk up and down, not elbowing but

percolating through the crowd, missing nothing worth noticing in all the hot kaleidoscope and seeming to find new amusement at every turn. It was not in the least astonishing that a well-dressed native should address him presently, for he looked genial enough to be asked to hold a baby. King himself did not seem surprised at all. Far from it; he looked pleased.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man in glib babu English. "I am seeking Captain King sahib, for whom my brother is verree anxious to be servant. Can you kindlee tell me, sir, where I could find Captain King sahib?"

"Certainly," King answered him. He looked glad to be of help. "Are you travelling on this train?"

THE question sounded like politeness welling from the lips of unsuspection.

"Yes, sir. I am travelling from this place where I have spent a few days, to Bombay, where my business is."

"How did you know King sahib is on the train?" King asked him, smiling so genially that even the police could not have charged him with more than curiosity.

"By telegram, sir. My brother had the misfortune to miss Captain King sahib at Peshawur and therefore sent a telegram to me asking me to do what I can at an interview."

"I see," said King. "I see." And judging by the sparkle in his eyes as he looked away, he could see a lot. But the native could not see his eyes at that instant, although he tried to.

He looked back at the train, giving the man a good chance to study his face in profile.

"See that carriage?" he asked, pointing. "The fourth first-class carriage from this end? Well—there are only two of us in there; I'm Major Hyde, and the other is Captain King. I'll tell Captain King to look out for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the native oilily. "You are most kind! I am your humble servant, sir!"

(Continued on page 29.)

GERMANY MUST BE BEATEN

(Concluded from page 9.)

change of heart. The very first step toward the creation of a condition in which an International Court is thinkable is a world in which international law shall again be respected. Great Britain is now fighting to secure this end, to rebuild the foundations of the edifice in which international law resides which Germany has done her best to destroy. Before we talk of an ultimate court of last resort which is to rule the world's affairs by law and justice and established right, let us create a respect among the peoples of the earth for international law itself and a determination either to bring the nation which has so ruthlessly, fundamentally and repeatedly violated it to a realization of a sense of its guilt or to reduce it to a second class power where its guilt or innocence will no longer be of moment to seriously affect the destinies of mankind.

It may be well at this point to go back to our own Civil War. The history of the world shows no more humane character than Lincoln and no man ever lived who felt the horrors of war more deeply than he and yet, when there arose an endless agitation for a cessation of hostilities, with nothing as yet definitely achieved, what did he do? He said that if any responsible person would come to him from the South with power to negotiate a peace on the basis of the abolition of slavery and the integrity of the Union, the two things which the war was being fought to secure, he would grant a safe conduct and show himself most liberal on collateral issues; but he never for a moment considered stopping the war before he had encompassed the ends which the North was fighting to achieve. Our humanitarians who are talking peace to-day have no greater dislike of war than had Lincoln, and the publicists who are discussing a negotiated peace at the present time have no profounder knowledge of state-craft than was possessed by him, so that we shall all do well to learn some of the lessons our great President, perhaps our greatest, has taught us.

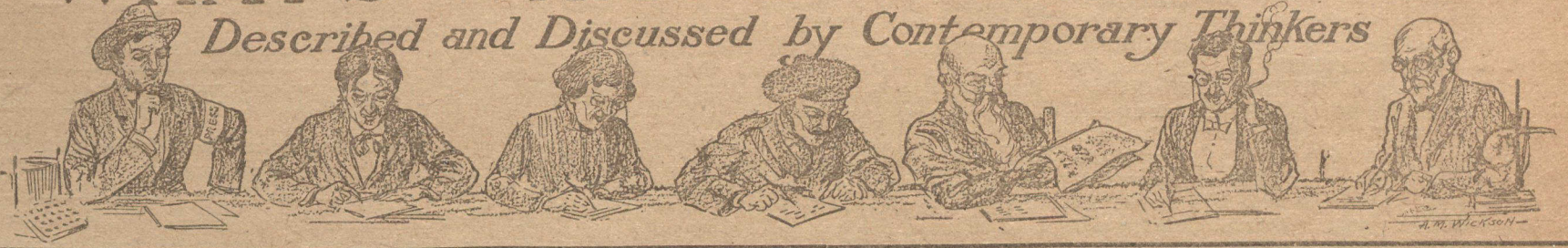
After all, the issues in our Civil War were less irreconcilable than are those in Europe to-day. The South fought for what it believed to be a correct interpretation of our fundamental law, our Constitution. Germany is fighting to show that might is superior to all law, however fundamental. The South fought like gentlemen and Jonnie Reb was respected by his antagonist. In Europe to-day a new word has had to be invented in an effort to express the profundity of the contempt which the Frenchman tempting as they are, to establish the principles that

We are not fighting this fight and the Allies, attempting as they are, to establish the principles that treaties must be kept and the rights of small nations respected, are fighting our battles for us. It seems that the least we can do is to stop meddling, more especially as there is no antecedent probability that we advise as experts. Our railroads are the finest on the globe, our business men are second to none, our manufactories are the admiration of all mankind, our Captains of Industry peerless and even our scientific achievements, in certain branches, stand on a par with the world's best. But our political leaders are largely of the second class because our first-rate men do not go into politics but into business, and our experience with the administrative machinery in their hands has been so unfortunate that we have not gotten entirely past that stage of our progress at which we seek a royal road to perfection and a short cut to governmental efficiency, the ism part of our career, as it were. When legislatures fail us, we swear by the initiative and referendum; when segregation fails in the matter of the social evil, we try spreading it broadcast. In these international matters we have but little knowledge, except for that we have so recently acquired, and even less experience and naturally, being unacquainted, as it were, with the topography of such questions of state, we are all too likely to think we see short cuts across country which, on close acquaintance, would prove completely impracticable. We should not, then, allow our sympathy to affect our judgment or undertake to give advice to peoples who are far better informed on the questions in hand than are we, and who are led by men whose experience in international affairs far transcends that of any men in our own land.

In conclusion, let us not forget this fact. Any attempt on our part to urge the Allies to negotiate a treaty of peace at the present time will set the stamp of our approval upon the proposition that a nation may take years to prepare for war while other nations are relatively unprepared; that it may thereupon plunge into war with the object of securing a larger share of world dominion; that in case of success it will get what it wants, and in case of failure it can count on the United States to come to its aid to close hostilities before the nations attacked have gotten completely ready—so that it may have another try later on. War may be Hell, but if so another word will have to be invented to describe the condition of the world under a peace thus effectuated.

WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



THE BULU'S WOMEN

The terrible story of present-day depravity in Africa

LIFE in the Southern Kamerun is not yet all it should be. If the Bantu is master, writes Jean Kenyon Mackenzie in the Atlantic Monthly, his woman is slave. She is slave to the Bantu triple obsession of goods and sex and fetish. "A girl," says the Bulu proverb at her birth, "is goods." She may be, among certain tribes, the subject of a tentative bargain before she is born. "A girl is not known," says another proverb, "till the day of her dowry."

Ask of that little nine-year-old, who is not yet tattooed, whose young head is shaved in designs—the headdress of the little girl,—whose sleek body is belted with beads, tailed with dried grasses, and aproned with leaves, ask of that childish creature, "Who is giving goods on you?" and she will know. How many goats have been given, how many dogs and dog-bells, how many sheets of brass, and whether an ivory. Or if she is to be given in exchange for another woman,—a wife for her father, or a little girl for her brother who must be set up in the world,—she will know that. The name of her tentative master she will know, who comes to consider his bargain from time to time. There he will sit in the palaver house with her father. There will be long talk of dowry, arguments for more or less.

The little girl comes out of the sun-smitten street with food that her mother has cooked for her father and his guest,—a peanut porridge steamed in a great leaf, a roll of cassava bread, mashed plantains. She will put her wooden tray at the feet of her masters. She is a precocious child, born to the language of sex. If the buyer is old she will hate him. She need make no secret of this, she may tell whom she pleases that, having "come to her eyes," she hates the man who buys her. All but her mother will laugh at the venom of the little tongue, the heavings of the little chest. And the day when her master brings the ivory, or the woman, or the last articles of barter, that day there will be a feast in her father's town and the songs of marriage. If the little girl weeps—why, so they always do, the hearts of children are thus. And in the evening, when the sun goes down the path to its setting and she moves away in the caravan of her husband's people, you will not ask which of the children in that caravan is the little bride; you will know because she weeps.

In her husband's town they will be dancing the marriage dances, they will be singing the songs of marriage. Her husband's kin will be singing little songs of mocking:—

"There is a little goat capering in the clearing,—
A neglect of cooking,
A neglect of work!
There is a little kid capering in the clearing!"

"O little bride, hurry in the house and grind the meal!—hurry!
Hurry and get your hoe, hurry!
O little bride, hurry!"

"While the boiled greens are still quaking she hides the kettle behind the bed!
He ye—e!

While the hot greens are still quaking!"

"You come to steal—He ye—e!
You come to grudge—He ye—e!
You come to deceive—He ye—e!"

"There is a weed in this town, there is a little weed—
—he!
There is a child with sharp eyes in this town—He!"

So sing the husband's kin. And the bride's mother sings too, little conventional petitions that the child be adequately fed, that the tender child be spared—little phrases of maternal solicitude:—

"Don't send my child to fish in the stream,
There are little snakes—O!
Don't send my child to fish in the stream!"
"They count the bananas they feed my child—
They count them!
One, two bananas as they feed my child,
They count them!"

So sings the mother, and the child's kinfolk before they leave her in the care of strange women; and the little girl stands bewildered at the heart of the circling dances.

Or if it be her father's pleasure to delay the delivery of the goods, do not think that the girl is bred in innocence under her mother's roof. She was not born to the possession of her body; this is hired out to her father's material advantage among young bucks—prospective purchasers, men who bring wealth to the town. Not her father only, and her elder brother, may thus make profit of her person, but her husband will do so, in the times of the great clearings when a new town is to be built, or a great garden planted—she will then serve as hire to strong young men. Through her use a successful hunter may be attached to her husband's service, and she, if she is desirable, may be a token of hospitality to an honoured guest. By way of being security she may be lodged with her husband's creditors. How many women wear out weary years in this friendless bondage! Or, not having borne children to her husband, she may be sent on a visit to the town of his tribal brother.

But her children, born of whatever connection, be-



The First Member of the Reichstag: So, der Reichstag suspended ist. Himmel; must ve here Oliver Cromwellisiert be?

—Drawn by Will Owen, in London Sketch.

long not to herself, nor necessarily to their father, but to the man who owns her. To her own father, or other male guardian, if born before marriage, and to her husband if born after marriage. As she is not born to the possession of her body, so she is not born to the possession of her children. Women who have been sold from marriage to marriage may leave little children at every station of that aimless wandering. Thus the slave is branded on the heart.

And it is by way of the heart that the woman is slave to fetish. By her body she is slave to goods, and alas, by the consent of her body, to sex. But by her heart—the pangs of it, its maternal pangs, its hunger for permanent affections, its need to cast

anchor in some certain good—by that she is slave to fetish. To keep her husband's love, what love-potions! To ease her jealousies, what evil charms! To safeguard her little one, what plaitings of grass anklets and bracelets, what desperate hopes tied up in little amulets, in little things of magic! And if she die—this slave to fetish—they will tie a belt of bells about her baby's middle, and the sound of these bells will continually drive away that maternal spirit—still a slave.

ROUMANIAN TRADE

Presents great opportunities to those nations that can supply the goods

THE future of Roumanian commerce, including the finding of fresh export markets and new sources of supply for imports was equally involved with political considerations in that country's adhesion to the cause of the allies. Her declaration of war naturally meant the cessation of all business intercourse with the enemy countries, whose manufacturers and merchants had always been assiduous in penetrating this market, and as Roumania is now soliciting other commercial relations, Canada, says the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa, should be in a position after the war to supply in larger quantities more of the local requirements.

Roumania is almost entirely an agricultural country, with an area of 50,800 square miles (nearly that of England and Wales), and a population of over 7,000,000. The land is cultivated by peasant proprietors, who form the great majority of the people, and their existence is largely due to the Land Act of 1889, when the State Domains, amounting to nearly one-third of the total area of the country, were distributed among the labouring peasants in lots of 12½, 25, and 27½ acres. The principal products of Roumania are wheat, maize, barley, oats, flour, petroleum, and lumber; and these form the leading exports. The total exports were valued in 1911 at £27,688,000. Of these Belgium received in that year £10,500,000 worth; the Netherlands, £3,076,000; Austria-Hungary, £2,514,000; The United Kingdom, £2,239,200; Italy, £1,983,000; France, £1,995,000; Germany, £1,320,000; and Turkey, £841,000. The Belgian and Dutch imports from Roumania, which appear excessive, doubtless include considerable quantities on their way to Central Europe. Our total imports from Roumania have varied considerably, depending as they do upon the results of the grain crops. In 1914 they were valued at £3,200,000, while we exported to Roumania in that year £1,985,000 worth of goods. But while Great Britain's imports from that country have been showing a rising tendency during the last few years before the war, British exports to Roumania have been losing ground.

To the new territory which Roumania acquired in 1913 from Bulgaria there will doubtless in due course be added a huge slice of Austria-Hungary, which like that south of the Dobrudsha, is essentially agricultural. The latter covers an area of some 3,000 square miles, but the territory which the Roumanian armies are now conquering promises to be three or four times as large. These new territories will need railways and roads, farm equipments, buildings, agricultural implements and machines, and it will be desirable when peace terms are arranged to bear in mind that the Allies can supply all of these things. The abolition of the most-favoured-nation clause as regards German exports, a principle in the Economic Decrees endorsed by the British Government, should ensure a preferential market for British products in the Roumania of the future.

Roumanians are enterprising as agriculturists, and more than three years ago imported a number of foreign motor plough tractors, using petrol, which were sold in the Braila district, and there is no reason why similar British tractors should not meet with the same success. At the chief ports, where the export of grain is the main factor in shipping busi-

ness, up-to-date elevators are found, and several were in course of construction when the war broke out. Braila has a new electric elevator, and at Constanza a third grain elevator was in course of construction. Here there is an opportunity for the investment of capital in this and similar directions, for a number of such elevators and warehouses which are needed. Petroleum refineries and pipe lines are awaiting development. A heavy demand may be anticipated for agricultural machinery of all kinds. The German ploughs might well be supplanted by British makes. Light-running reapers and binders are in demand; and petrol motors have an important market opening for them. There are many small articles which British firms might prepare to push into Roumania. For instance, cutlery, razors, china and earthenware, glassware, electric lamps and fittings, firearms, pens and soaps. Readymade boots and shoes are also increasingly popular; £50,000 worth of these being last year imported from the United States.

GERMAN WOMEN

*Show their National Qualities in War Time,
says American*

D. THOMAS CURTIN, writing in the Times about his observations as an American in Germany, claims that it must not be supposed that the life of feminine Germany is entirely a gloomy round of duty and suffering. Among the women of the poor things are as bad as they can be. They are getting higher wages than ever, but the food usury and the blockade rob them of the increase.

The middle and upper classes still devote a good deal of time to the feminine pursuits of shopping and dressing. The outbreak of war hit the fashions at a curious moment. Paris had just abandoned the tight skirt and a comical struggle took place between the Government and those women who desired to be correctly gowned.

The Government said, "In order to avoid waste of material, you must stick to the tight skirt," and the amount of cloth allowed was carefully prescribed. Women's desire to be in the mode was, however, too powerful for even Prussianism. Copies of French fashion magazines were smuggled in from Paris through Switzerland, passed from dressmaker to dressmaker, and house to house, and despite the military instruction and the leather shortage, wide skirts and high boots began to appear everywhere.

This feminine ebullition was followed by an appeal from the Government to abandon all enemy example and to institute new German fashions of their own making. Models were exhibited in shop windows of what were called the "old and elegant Viennese



THE FIRST "ULTIMATUM."

Spain, on the whole friendly to Germany, is becoming exasperated owing to the sinking of Spanish vessels.

—From L'Esquella de la Torrafaxa, Barcelona.

fashions." These, however, were found to be great consumers of material, and the women still continued to imitate Paris.

The day before I left Berlin I heard an amusing

conversation in the underground railway between two women, one of whom was talking about her hat. She told her friend that she found the picture of the hat in a smuggled fashion paper, and had it made at her milliners, and she was obviously very pleased with her taste.

The women in the munition factories, who number millions, wear a serviceable kind of uniform overall.

The venom of the German women in regard to the war is quite in contrast with the feeling expressed by English ladies. German women have read a great deal about English and American women and they cordially detest them. Their point of view is very difficult to explain. When I have told German women that in many States in my country women have votes, their reply is, "How vulgar!" Their attitude towards the whole question of women's franchise is that it is a form of American lack of culture and lack of authority. The freedom accorded to English and American girls is misunderstood. It is regarded as a form of laxity of morals. Many of the older-fashioned German folk forbid their daughters playing lawn tennis because they regard it as indecent.

A Dutch girl who, in the presence of some German ladies, expressed admiration for certain aspects of English feminine life, was fiercely and venomously attacked by that never-failing weapon, the German woman's tongue. The poor thing, who mildly expressed the view that hockey was a good game for girls, and the fine complexions and elegant walk of English women were due to outdoor sports, was reduced almost to tears.

The intolerance of German women is almost impossible to express. I know a case of one young girl, a German-American, whose parents returned to Hamburg, who declined to repeat the ridiculous German formula, "Gott strafe England," and stuck to her point, with the result that she was not invited to that circle again.

There is a notion here that the "Gott strafe England" cry has ceased in Germany. I found no sign of its lessening and to it has been added "Gott strafe Amerika," the latter being even more popular with the German women than the German men. The pastors, professors, and the Press have told the German women that their husbands and sons and lovers are being killed by American shells. A man who ought to know better, like Prince Rupert of Bavaria, made a public statement that half of the Allies' ammunition is American. At one not far distant moment the feeling against America on the part of German women became so intense that the American flag had to be withdrawn from the American hospital at Munich, although that hospital, supported by German-American funds, has done wonderful work for the German wounded.

My own position with regard to these discussions was one of great difficulty, and as far as possible I endeavoured to avoid them, opening my mouth as little as possible in railway and other restaurants, lest my accent betray me, although my rule was to enter into as many conversations as possible, but to do so with great care.

Arguments with German women about the war are absolutely futile. The Allies have just scored successes on the Western front and on the Carso. The German women, who, after their own method follow the war very closely, will blindly believe that these defeats are tactical rearrangements of positions, dictated by the wisdom of the General Staff, and so long as no Allied troops are upon German soil, so long will the German populace believe in the invincibility of its Army. I am speaking always of the middle and upper classes, who are on the whole, but with increasing exceptions, as intensely pro-war as the lower classes are anti-war.

The neglect, and in some case, refusal, to attend the English wounded by German nurses are a sign both of their own intensity of feeling in regard to the war and their entirely different mentality. Again and again I have heard German women say, "In the event of a successful German invasion of England the women will accompany the men, and teach the women of England that war is war." Their remarks in regard to the women of my own country are equally offensive. Indeed, States that Germany regard as neutral, and who are treated by the officially controlled German Press with a certain amount of respect, are loathed by German women. Their attitude is that all who are not on their side are their enemies. American women who are making shells for the British, French, and Russians are just as much the enemies of Germany as the Allied soldiers and sailors. One argument often used is that to be strictly neutral America should make no munitions at all, but it would not be so bad, say the Germans, if half the American ammunition went to Germany and half to the Allies.

I lost my temper once by saying to one elderly red-faced Frau, "Since you have beaten the English at sea, why don't you send your ships to fetch it?" "Our fleet," she said, "is too busy choking the English Fleet in its safe hiding places to afford time to go to America. You will see enough of our fleet one day, young man."

UNCERTAIN STRAUSS

*Richard the Famous is both good and bad in
his new work*

IN the Alpine Symphony, writes Lawrence Gilman, in the North American, Richard Strauss is, pre-eminently, at his worst; only occasionally at his best. It is comfortingly true that here, as in his other scores, his best is extremely fine and memorable. The Olympian Strauss speaks out of the mag-



HIS SECRET SORROW.

"I reckon this bloke must 'ave caught 'is face
against some of them forts at Verdun!"

—Bairnsfather.

nificent sunset music near the close of the work; in the far-sweeping and rhapsodic song of the violins that soars above the majestic chanting, of trombones and trumpets and the sustained sonorities of the organ, there is not only a rendering for the imagination of a transported vision of the natural world—an unforgettable indication of the dying splendour of evening skies viewed from the heights—but there is music of superb strength and beauty, music that is nobly simple, music in the great style. Here, and elsewhere momentarily, there speaks out of this score the Strauss of unflagging pinions, the mighty Strauss of Ein Heldenleben, Zarathustra, Don Quixote, Elektra, Don Juan. But side by side with these few outstanding episodes are passages in which simplicity has become commonplace, plainness has become ignoble; where, instead of the lofty nudity of such classic conceptions as the Hero's theme in Ein Heldenleben, we get cheap and shameless salon-music—like the descending theme that the orchestra thunders forth with its full power to picture the Alpine dawn; or we get the hackneyed formulas of the "Flowery Meadows" section; or the stale and facile platitudes of the finale (in the section entitled Ausklang), which are doubly afflicting, since they come immediately after the imperial pages that reflect with so beautiful a dignity that noblest of tonal sunsets.

But it is useless to rail at Strauss. Mark Twain complained that people are always talking about the weather, "yet nothing is ever done." It is so with Strauss. In his case there is nothing that can be done. He has all of the arrogance and none of the humility of creative genius; and he is impervious and complacent. It has been remarked that it is a sorrowful destiny to set traps for birds of paradise and catch—well, let us say hens. That has often been the deplorable fortune of Richard Strauss; and the tragedy of the case is, of course, that he does not know they are hens. It is, however, a tragedy whose gloom is lightened by the circumstance that

the Straussian skies are seldom empty of birds of paradise, and that many descend unurged, and fly happily and in beauty about this poet's head. It is reported, too, that nightingales have been known to sing in his woods at dusk, and that eagles soar above his mountain-peaks.

ENGLAND'S FUTURE

A Study of Industrial Conditions as They Lately Existed

ENGLAND is a customer of ours and—sentiment aside—her future welfare concerns us closely.

The following excerpt from an article in the Round Table has an important bearing on Canadian affairs, too.

It is admitted, says the article, that there are many weak points in our industrial armour. In the first place it is generally agreed that the equipment and plant of our industry is in many respects inferior, and sometimes markedly inferior, to that of America, and probably in a good many cases to that of Germany. We were before the war, and still are, in many respects inferior to the United States in the application of machinery and automatic mechanical appliances; we are greatly behindhand in the case of power, particularly electrical power, by the efficient utilization of which our industrial life might be largely transformed.

The causes of our mechanical inferiority are various. One is the lack of research, to which reference is made later, and which results in the use of antiquated processes. Another is that we started earlier than our competitors. We built our railways and factories and docks on too small a scale; our tunnels too narrow, our platforms too small, our terminals too cramped; our workshops in crowded towns, where there is no room for expansion. Different industries grew up separately—e.g., blast furnaces, and steel works, which to-day should probably in certain cases be combined. Everywhere we are handicapped in the re-equipment and reorganization of our industry by our having started on a scale too small for to-day, to say nothing of the further handicaps caused by the reluctance of the British workingman to take kindly to new labour-saving devices, and of the British industrialist to accept new ideas.

These difficulties have been increased by the ruinous tendency of most industrial businesses to divide profits up to the hilt, a tendency encouraged by our taxing laws. Reserves for depreciation and betterment are usually inadequate and accordingly large expenditure on re-equipment becomes impossible. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of this matter. There never has been an age when developments in new inventions and processes were more rapid, or when more money was required by all the great industries, if they are to keep abreast of their foreign competitors. Unless they build up their reserves they cannot take advantage of new developments; their profits are reduced in the face of more up-to-date competition, and they become less and less able to regain their position. Take an electric power company as an example. The coal consumption of a power station constructed to-day should for the same output be certainly not more than half that of one built in 1900. If a company which built its power station in 1900 has not been able to put by money wholly to re-equip it, it must either charge its customers much higher rates for power than should be necessary or face such a reduction in profits as may ruin it. A very large proportion of the coal used in the country is still used in plants involving a coal consumption from five to fifteen times greater than the best that can be done to-day. Everyone knows that our railways have been great sinners in the past in not conserving their resources. Does anyone suppose that, if some of our southern lines were in the United States, they would not be reorganized within a year?

Another defect in our industry is generally thought to be our inferior organization, both in manufacturing and in selling, and particularly our organization for competing in foreign markets. Often there are too many small firms making the same thing, with the result that the scale of manufacture is too small, and overhead expenses inordinately large. Then, again, there is want of co-operation in selling. British industry is organized to meet individual competition, not the organized selling of cartels and great combinations. It is often necessary actually to create the demand, and to compete in fields where we must

meet the huge American industries, and the highly organized German competition. Each trade must scientifically investigate foreign markets and lay out its plans in a thorough and far-seeing manner. Whatever we may think of cartels and combinations for home trade, they are undoubtedly necessary for foreign trade, and it is significant that recently the



"How do you expect to join the colours, little one?"
"Why, don't you know, colonel, that my small size will make me indispensable in scouting?"

—From Boudilnik, Moscow.

American anti-trust law prohibiting trusts and combinations has been amended so as not to apply to export business. Moreover, a Trade Commission now sits permanently at Washington, the chief activities of which are said to be the organization of each separate American industry for export trade.

TEMPLES OF HOPE:

An Account of the French Re-Education System

THREE wards, writes Marc Loge in the World's Work, describing a visit to the Grand Palais for wounded soldiers in Paris, impressed me as being true Temples of Hope. These are the Wards of Electrotherapy, Thermo-therapy and Radio-therapy. The men lying there so patiently seemed all to be awaiting in silence some great miracle from the healing forces of Nature which science has captured for the benefit of man.

The Radium Service contains three or four hun-



Kaiser: "How is it working on them, Hollweg?"
"Bethmann Hollweg: "Majesty, we have blundered again! We have given them laughing gas instead of poison peace gas. Listen to them laughing at us."

dred thousand francs worth of radium which achieves remarkable results in cases of retraction, though the actual "how and wherefore" of its working is per-

haps not for man to tell. A no less intense silence reigned in the ward of Electrotherapy, where gentle-faced nurses supervised the different treatments applied. In the Thermo-therapy Service, heat baths are administered, whilst baths of red light tonify and excite the circulation in weak and flaccid tissues.

Before leaving the Medical wards of the C. R. P. we visited the modelling studio directed by the sculptor, David, who, within a few months, has executed a fine collection of plaster and wax casts of all the most remarkable cures which have been obtained. A series of water colours by the painter Prevost reproduces very strikingly some rare lesions. All these unique documents of high scientific interest are grouped in the Record Room where they form a rare, if rather gruesome, record of the services that Art is able to render to Science.

Besides being at the head of this small museum, Mr. Fernand David directs a little workshop of prosthesis in which are created numerous elementary apparatus of prosthesis, to uphold limb segments or to serve as substitutes to paralyzed or atrophied muscles, or again to exert a gentle yet continuous traction on fibrous or muscular retractions.

Leaving the Medical department we descend to the ground floor where, in the great halls looking out on the Avenue Alexandre III., a series of workshops have been organized by the School of Professional Re-education, created by the Union of the Foreign Colonies in France. Dr. Valle is more specially entrusted with this branch of the C. R. P. in which mutilated soldiers, following the Physiotherapeutic Services, and unable to resume their pre-war professions, are taught new careers which will permit them to earn their living when liberated from military service.

The workshops are numerous and varied; each one is directed by a competent "chef d'atelier," to whom a great deal of personal initiative is allowed, and in each division many were busy learning a new profession. The tin-ware department is especially popular, for the men realize that a "ferblantier" earns a good living in the French provinces, where he often combines the trades of ironmonger and hardware dealer. The locksmiths were also numerous, as well as the carpenters, whose budding skill was revealed by a set of chairs and a quite decorative desk.

The tailor's shop is perhaps less successful, for a long training is necessary to become an efficient tailor. However, the suit which clothed the mannikin presented a truly elegant appearance. A special atelier is devoted to frame-making, and the saddler's shop is also doing good work, as many men know that they will thus be able to earn a liberal living when they return to their villages—for saddlers are rare in the French countryside, the villagers being often obliged to go to the neighbouring township to find one.

But the atelier which is perhaps the most popular and the most successful, and which is certainly the most unexpected, is the soap-work! As the profession of soap-maker does not necessitate any particular output of strength, even quite severely wounded men can adopt this profession. One of the men had lost the middle finger of his right hand, which involved a radial paralysis, which would prevent him from following any trade in which manual dexterity was indispensable. Yet he has become an expert soap-maker and works with much eagerness.

The "savonnerie" of the Grand Palais, which at first provoked much criticism and opposition, is a real success. It is even a paying industry, as several large Parisian shops send in important orders! And I further strongly suspect the Medical Staff of the C. R. P. of buying absolutely unnecessary quantities of soap in order to encourage those still clumsy, eager-faced boys.

Before leaving the Grand Palais I was allowed to peep into a small ward reserved for the treatment of extremely nervous subjects who, when necessary, are even completely isolated. This ward has given excellent results, ably directed by Dr. Massacre, who by persuasion and auto-suggestion, by a kind firmness, has obtained some quite remarkable cures.

I saw one man, who for weeks had remained lying upon his bed, convinced that he could not walk, who was at length persuaded to rise alone, slowly from his couch, and to cross the length of the room. It was a rather tottering, fearful walk, but the glad light in the man's eyes when he reached his bed again, having discovered that he could walk, is a thing not easily forgotten, and was but one more tribute to the wonderful organization of the "Corps de Re-education Physique." Many cases of nervous breakdown and shock have been happily treated in this special ward.

THE GOVERNMENT OWNED TELEPHONES OF MANITOBA

WHEN the chair of political economy was established in the University of Toronto, some twenty years ago, confident predictions were made that it would be of great service in the examination of the economic conditions of Canada. Although the chair has been occupied by two brilliant scholars, W. J. Ashley and James Mavor, its contributions to Canadian economics have been few. Both Ashley and Mavor have done their best work in investigating the economic conditions of other countries. Professor Mavor's "Economic History of Russia," two ponderous but very readable volumes, brought fame to their author and the university of which he is a professor. This is pleasing. But in the meantime the economic history of Canada is unwritten, and there are many who regret that the learned professor went so far afield for material when there was so much undigested economic data at home.

All this by way of introducing the fact that Professor Mavor has recently written a very timely book on the government ownership of telephones in Manitoba. The book is from the press of Moffat, Yard & Company. Students of government ownership in Canada cannot afford to miss the coordination of facts and the conclusions contained in this book.

Most readers will remember that ten years ago the unfortunate Roblin Government committed itself to the policy of ownership and operation of telephones by the Province. Professor Mavor traces in an interesting way the beginnings of the policy:

"The chief spokesmen of the Government were the Premier and the Attorney-General. On September 5, 1906, the latter publicly declared that 'the Government will be able to accomplish a result that will cut the cost of the telephone in two.' In an interview published on December 10, the same official said: 'In the country the reduction will be one-half the existing rates.' On the same day the Premier said: 'It is simply a matter of those who use telephones paying for them, and also, only to pay half what the Bell people now charge.' Three or four days later the Premier said: 'We will more than cut the Bell figure in two'; and, speaking in Neepawa on December 20th, he said that by one year from that time 'they would be able to speak over a Government-owned long distance line from Neepawa to Winnipeg at less than half what is charged by the Bell Telephone Company at the present time.' These glib promises are typical of many others which the Government asked the voters of the Province to believe."

To secure popular support, the Government made a number of definite promises both before and after the acquisition of a public-owned telephone system, and these Professor Mavor reduces to three cardinal pledges, as follows:

"1. That the Bell rates would be greatly reduced, 'cut in two' being the term generally employed;

"2. That the entire cost of operating the service would be borne by the telephone users, i.e., that the system would be self-supporting;

"3. That the management of the system would be on a strictly commercial basis, absolutely free from political considerations or influence.

"In considering the history of the Government telephone enterprise, these pledges must constantly be borne in mind."

And then follow several interesting chapters fully authenticated, of the marvellous maladministration of the telephone utility in Manitoba:

"With the resignation of the Telephone Commissioners, the first phase of the history of the Manitoba Government telephone system comes to a close. The entire period was dominated by political influence and political considerations, more or less effectually concealed behind the

elaborate pretences and the fair words of the Government. The pledge of non-partisan commercial management was not kept. The Bell rates, far from being 'cut in two' as promised on so many occasions, were maintained intact for fifteen months, when the Government effected such slight reductions as might best redound to their political advantage. These unwarranted reductions, when combined with the political accounting methods employed by the Government, contributed largely to the disastrous failure to fulfill the promise that the service would be self-sustaining. Finally, finding themselves in jeopardy from the wrath aroused by the force of the contrast between promise and performance, the Government deliberately sacrificed their loyal servants that their own sins might go unpunished. After four years of public ownership a prosperous business was well along the road to ruin."

Three years after the Roblin Government had offered up its faithful commissioners as a sacrifice, in a vain endeavour to stay public wrath, it was compelled to make a declaration of political bankruptcy.

Crawford Norris had taken full advantage of the weakness of his opponent's record in telephone administration during the strenuous years in which he fought for power. But when power was obtained, as Liberal Premier, he promptly followed many of the vicious practices of his Conservative predecessor:

"Promises in regard to the telephone system were once again used to attract votes; and the Government made no effort to conceal the fact that they were ready to use the system for political advantage by instituting an expensive 'searching inquiry' which could serve no useful purpose. This attitude on the part

NEWFOUNDLAND HAS DONE WELL

(Concluded from page 13.)

feats of derring-do these sons of a seafaring people would have performed, had they been placed in their proper element, serving on board the ships of "the King's Navee."

The Gallipoli campaign fizzled out—tragically enough—and the Newfoundlanders were sent to France. They arrived just in time to learn the ropes and take part in the initiatory stages of the Big Offensive in the Somme region.

The battalions sent into action in the neighbourhood of Beaumont-Hamel exhibited the utmost gallantry, but were virtually decimated, proving that the positions against which they were sent were almost impregnable to direct assaults. Less than a hundred of the twelve hundred who advanced that fatal First of July returned to their billets. The remainder lay out on the field, in shell holes or close up to the German barbed wire defences—sacrifices to the great cause they held dearer than life itself.

The wail of the bereaved was heard right around the shores of the Island, though the grief of Newfoundland was somewhat tempered by a message from the Commanding Officer, who declared that the Newfoundlanders had "done better than the best."

The Island has given freely of its manhood; it has also given freely and ungrudgingly of its resources. Every appeal for money for patriotic purposes has been readily responded to, and the total of these cash contributions is now close on one million dollars.

The movement to raise funds for the purchase of two aeroplanes for presentation to the British authorities demonstrated the spirit of the people in these matters. Sufficient funds were raised in a couple of weeks to provide

of the present Government clearly indicates that a change of political masters has not meant a change of political methods."

Very apparently the failure of Government ownership in Manitoba was due not to the fact that it was administered by a Conservative government. It is not a question of this party or that party. The reason for failure lies in the fact, established over and over again, that Canada and Canadian Provinces have far to progress before operation of complicated large labour-employing utilities can be successfully conducted by the elected or appointed representatives of the people.

Professor Mavor summarizes his conclusions in the last twelve paragraphs of the book. The nature of the summary may be gathered from these, the last two:

"The entire history of the Government telephone enterprise in Manitoba affords evidence of the most positive character against Government ownership. Practically all of the defects which have emerged elsewhere in the management of industries by State officials have made their appearance in the case of the Manitoba Telephones. The management has been ineconomical, the enterprise has been handicapped by political intrigue, the finances mingled as they have been with the general finances of the Province have been unsoundly administered from the beginning, and the obligations of the public have been enormously increased without adequate compensatory advantages.

"It is possible that only by repeated and costly failures such as the Manitoba Government Telephones, will the public realize that the proper function of Government is not the conduct of industries but the impartial inspection of them under intelligent laws adapted to the character and conditions of the community and the country."

four first-class machines and, in addition, the Reid Brothers, managers of the Reid Newfoundland Company, donated a fifth machine, so that "somewhere in France or Flanders" there are now five first-class machines emblazoned with the name of Newfoundland and helping to pilot the Empire's forces through the enemy's lines and on to that decisive victory for which we long and for which we are determined to war on.

BOOK NOTES

MARSHALL SAUNDERS has provided a charming volume for dog lovers and for young boys and girls—who ought to be dog lovers if they aren't—in his new volume "The Wandering Dog" (Messrs. Copp, Clark Co.). Those who read Beautiful Joe are usually of the opinion that it meant a great deal to them; it provided something they would not like to have missed out of their lives. The same might also be said of the Wandering Dog. He is a terrier who has travelled widely and finally foists himself upon a wealthy New Yorker. He tells in highly diverting language not only his own story but the story of his Master and his Mistress and several other delightful people. His comment on dogdom is keen and spicy.

UNDER the title, "The Beech Woods," six delightful essays on Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Night and Morning have been brought together by the author, Mr. Duncan Arbrest, a young Canadian, now with the King's colors. It is possible to raise funds for the purchase of two aeroplanes for presentation to the British authorities demonstrated the spirit of the people in these matters. Sufficient funds were raised in a couple of weeks to provide

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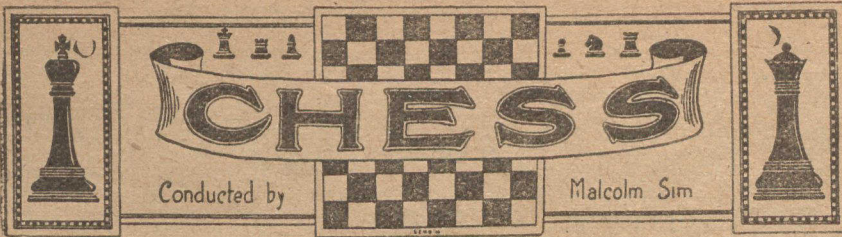
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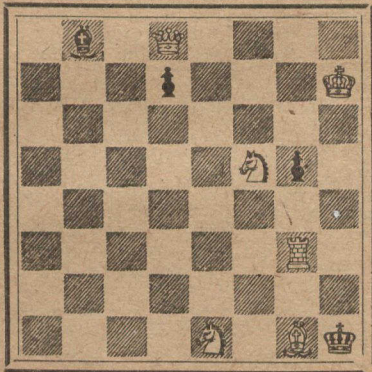
Canadian Courier

181 Simcoe St., Toronto

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Solutions to problems and other correspondence should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto. PROBLEM NO. 105, by Frank Janet. "A New Year's Gift." Black.—Four pieces.



White.—Six pieces.

White to play and mate in two. Problem No. 106, by V. Marin. First Prize, (ex-aequo), Rice Memorial Tourney.

White: K at QBsq; Q at QKt8; Rs at K6 and KKtsq; B at QKt5; Kts at QB5 and Q3; P at Q2. Black: K at KB6; Rs at QR3 and Q3; B at QR7; Kt at Qsq; Ps at QR6, Q5, K2, K4, KKt2 and KR6.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 101, by D. J. Densmore.

- 1. R-Rsq, B-Rsq; 2. R-Kt7, threat; 3. B-B6 mate. 1., P-R7; 2. Q-KBsq, BxP; 3. Q-Kt2 mate. 1., BxP; 2. B-B6ch, B-Q4; 3. R-Kt4 mate.

The clearance key is of the two-mover "annihilation" type. White's second move in the main play is termed a "shut off."

Problem No. 102, by C. Promislo.

- 1. B-B6, RxB; 2. KKtXR mate. 1., R-B5; 2. Kt-Kt3 mate. 1., threat; 2. Q-Q2 mate.

A REMARKABLE AMBUSCADE.

The remarkable ambush of the key-move in the following four-mover by W. Holzhausen will receive the more satisfactory explanation by perusal of the main variation. Later we will submit two specimens of the surprising influence of a White Queen along a rank and diagonal notwithstanding several intervening pieces.

Deutsches Wochenschach, 1910.

White: K at QRsq; Q at QB7; B at KB4; Kts at QB5 and KB2; Ps at Q4, K2 and KKt6. Black: K at QB8; R at QKtsq; B3 at Q4 and Q7; Kts at QR2 and K3; Ps at QR4, QKt4, QB3 and QB7. Mate in four. 1. B-Kt5! BxB; 2. QxRP, P-Kt5; 3. Kt-Kt3ch, BxKt; 4. QxB mate! if 1., R-K or KBsq; 2. QxRP, etc. The threat is 2. Q-B4.)

Correction.

A Black Pawn at KB7 will make Problem No. 90 sound.

CHESS AMONG THE ENEMY.

The following highly interesting game, contested as far back as last May, between Dr. Tarrasch and Mieses in Germany, recently reached the United States via Holland. Mieses was the victor, his conduct of the Black forces being in his best style. It is not at all improbable that the outcome of this game may have led up to the subsequent match in which Mieses was decisively vanquished.

French Defence.

- Dr Tarrasch. White. 1. P-K4 2. P-Q4 3. B-Q3 4. BxP 5. B-Q3 6. PxB 7. Kt-KB3 8. Castles 9. B-Kt5ch 10. Q-K2 11. B-QB4 12. P-QR3 13. B-Q3 14. P-KKt3 15. P-B4 16. PxB 17. B-KB4 18. Kt-B3 19. Q-Q2 (f) 20. Kt-QR4 (g) 21. Kt-B3 22. Kt-K5 23. BxR 24. Q-Kt5 25. Q-R4. Black. J. Mieses. 1. P-K3 2. P-Q4 3. PxB 4. Kt-KB3 5. P-B4 6. BxP 7. Kt-B3 8. Kt-QKt5 9. B-Q2 10. Castles 11. R-Bsq 12. QKt-Q4 13. Q-B2 14. KR-Ksq 15. P-K4 16. P-K5 17. Q-Kt3 18. PxB 19. B-R6 20. Q-Kt4 21. Q-B5 22. RxKt (h) 23. KtXP 24. P-B3 25. QxQ

- 26. PxQ 27. KtxKt 28. Kt-K3 29. PxB 30. KxB 31. K-Kt2 32. QR-Qsq 33. P-Kt3 34. R-Q2 35. R-Qsq 36. R-QBsq 37. R-B7 38. K-B2 Resigns. 26. PxB 27. R-Qsq 28. BxKt 29. BxR 30. R-Bsqch 31. P-K5 32. R-B4 33. K-B2 34. K-Kt3 35. K-R4 36. R-B6 37. RxP 38. P-Q7

(a) It has been the custom to retreat with the Bishop to Q3. Instead, it might be well worth experimenting with B-B3, where the Bishop would exercise control over Black's Queen's Wing, the scene of the manœuvres which pave the way for White's subsequent troubles. It is doubtful whether Black, in that case, would have continued with P-B4.

(b) Causing White to lose time in order to retain his King's Bishop.

(c) In order to prevent Kt-B5, as he did not wish to exchange his Queen's Bishop in case the Knight were to seize upon that important point. Moreover, Black would be left with both of his Bishops and the preferable position. As it is, the advance weakens the White Pawn position somewhat.

(d) Very fine play and in Mieses's most forceful style. Among other things, the move forestalls B-KB4 on the part of White.

(e) To be sure, White might play BxPch, before capturing the Knight, but the ensuing position would not be favorable.

(f) If 19. QxP, then 19., QxP, threatening BxPch.

(g) White cannot very well move his King's Rook out of danger, as Black would counter with Kt-Kt5.

(h) Carrying out his combination in the proper spirit. From now on it is Black for choice.

(i) It is clear that White cannot play KtxKt, as the exchange would bring about a mating position, against which he would be quite helpless. The text move is about all at his disposal, because Black threatens KtxKt, followed by Q-Q4.

(j) Much superior to BxR.

(k) If 32., R-B6, then White can play RxP.

(Score and notes from the New York "Evening Post.")

years have regarded the Quebec Act as containing a precise "pledge" to the French-Canadians of the preservation of language in the territory ceded under the conquest. Such was clearly the intention of the statesmen who designed the Act; if the words actually drafted into the Act were not sufficient for the purpose there yet remains an obligation, surely not the less sacred because it is moral. However, the case does not rest here. There are even stronger foundations upon which have been built the rights of French-Canadians to racial self-expression.

The Dread and Hope of Peace

(Continued from page 11.)

Peace work, but I will cite only four more. First, the tearing up of a thousand miles of Canadian steel rails and their export to France, means that the steel mills will have to turn in and make rails when the demand for munitions steel has ended. Second, take so hum-drum an industry as the making of sewer and gas pipes. This trade is demoralized for lack of raw materials, and yet the wear and tear on sewer and gas mains goes on and will have to be made good. A big demand is bound to ensue as soon as Peace relieves the raw material situation. Third, in regard to one of the greatest of Canadian industries, that of car-building and car-repairing. At present the activities of our plants are concerned chiefly with product for foreign countries or with munitions. Even if that were not the case they would be unable to get raw material or labour to carry on the ordinary car-building and car repair work of this country. Consequently there will be a heavy demand on these concerns after the war. In recent months the inability of these plants to meet the requirements of our railways was made clear by the car shortage. The fourth example is extremely important. It lies in the statement of a financier connected with a Collingwood ship-building con-

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DIS-FRENCHISING CANADIANS

(Concluded from page 12.)

important, nay vital, to a proper understanding of the position to-day.

There may be those to-day who disagree with the views expressed at Westminster towards the close of the eighteenth century, and refuse to acknowledge that they now have any binding force.

"Surely we are progressive!" exclaims a critical reader. "It is the privilege of all sovereign peoples to make and unmake laws! Are we to be eternally bound by the views of our predecessors? We are a sovereign people!"

But there are changeable laws and unchangeable laws. Sovereignty falls far short of complete liberty of action. A writer in a recent issue of the Hibbert Journal expresses this now gen-

erally accepted dictum in these words:

"The independence of nations has many limitations, financial, moral, even legal in character; and though the regard paid to such limitations depends largely on the forces at command, they cannot be ignored even by the strongest among the nations of the earth. The theory of independence, in its fulness, would postulate not merely plenipotentiary rights of internal administration, but equally untrammelled rights of unrestricted and unprovoked aggression. It is simply disingenuous to maintain that the actual situation to-day, however much it calls for improvement, gives any practical justification to such a theory as this."

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National Service Week

NATIONAL Service Week is draw-
ing very near, and the fact that
the first week of the New Year
bears that title is something in which
everyone in Canada has an interest.
The men are interested because it is
obligatory upon each of them, between
the ages of 16 and 65 years, to fill out
one of the cards which the Govern-
ment is sending to them through the
Post Office authorities. The women
are interested because their co-oper-
ation is being invited, in seeing that
their men-folk attend to this important
duty. The children are interested be-
cause their school teachers have ex-

plained to them the meaning of Na-
tional Service, and the way in which
father and the big brothers at home
have to reply to the various questions.

To write in the answers and return
the card promptly is a good New
Year's resolution for every man
throughout the Dominion, and it has
the advantage of being easy of fulfil-
ment. It only means a few minutes'
careful thought. The postman in the
cities gets the hard work, for he has
not only to deliver the cards; he is
responsible also for their proper re-
turn. Prompt mailing of the answers
will make the postman's work very
much easier.

National Service means that we are

to get into that frame of mind which
will cause us to think of the needs of
the country, to realize that the inter-
ests of the State have a greater claim
on us than our self-interest. This ap-
plies to everyone, from the highest in
the land to the lowest. The Prince of
Wales' motto, "I serve," may well be
the motto of every citizen of the Brit-
ish Empire at this time.

There are many ways of serving the
nation besides going to the front. The
man on the farm and the mechanic in
a workshop may be serving the nation
as usefully as the man in the trenches.
Every man should be doing the work
which represents his most efficient ser-
vice to his country.

The war is teaching us, or should be
teaching us, great lessons. Terrible as
are its effects, those who have faith in
Canadian manhood hope and believe
that the nation will emerge from this
experience a stronger and better peo-
ple. If the meaning of National Ser-
vice is thoroughly grasped and prop-
erly understood, if the Government's
call for information is responded to in
the right spirit, the coming year will
be the banner year in Canada's history.

SOVEREIGNTY RECOGNIZED.

Agent—Is the boss of the house in?
Proud Father—Yes; he's asleep up-
stairs.

MUSIC AND PLAYS

Fat Falstaff, said by a Canadian University Professor to be the most intellectual character in Shakespeare, convulses Canadian audiences in an up-to-date farce. New Italian opera premiere at the Metropolitan Friday last.

FAT old Falstaff held down the boards at the Royal Alexandra, Toronto, all last week. With him were Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, Justice Shallow, Master Slender, Mistress Ann Page, Mr. Ford, Mr. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and a pack of other nonsense-mongers fresh from the farce mill of Will Shakespeare. The name of the farce was Merry Wives of Windsor, the play that Queen Bess ordered Shakespeare to write in order to depict Falstaff in love; and of course as Falstaff was already dead, Shakespeare had to dig him out of his grave and make the old corpse go through another spasm. And it was the liveliest resurrection of a corpse in the shape of a real George M. Cohan burlesque ever known in those days—or since? If our modern playwrights had a few queens to order them round we might have a few revivals with more punch in them than some of the new things they hatch up to please the box office.

But there was no box office in those days except the tavern Mermaid Inn and a few other choice tea rooms. And the utter prodigality of the time was all rolled up the size of a feather tick in the rolling, squinting, spluttering personage of Sir John Falstaff, stewing and sweating and guzzling in his wit and wisdom and his fine orange colored swatch of pleated clothes that came to one end at his shoepacks and to another at his carrot red face. He was a good old swine philosopher and not one who made a religion of having a good time and never failed to embrace the opportunity in the shape of another man's wife or a fresh flagon of ale.

As impersonated by Mr. Tom Wise he was a very obvious caricature, true to the original and disturbing nobody's preconceived notions of Falstaff. Wise



Madame Benita Le Mar, who for some years was a teacher of singing and recital artist in Toronto, now a Red Cross nurse at the front. Her English husband, Mr. Somers-Cocks, enlisted more than a year ago. The Madame herself is an American, but has spent much of her life in England.

had the role tumbled on him by chance when he was understudying for Hackett, and succeeded so well in it that he decided to form a Falstaff company of his own. He probably did not know that Prof. Malcolm Wallace, of Toronto University, used to tell his

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

Shakespeare classes that he considered Falstaff the most intellectual of all Shakespeare's men—not excepting Hamlet. But it probably did occur to him that The Merry Wives as a farce is as modern as anything George M. Cohan, George Ade or George B. Shaw ever turned out. And modern farce gives the mediaeval character of Falstaff a fine chance to work out. He rolls about the streets of Windsor, in and out of the Gaster ale house—a long time between drinks—sends his page boy with duplicate letters to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, making identical love to each, arranges with Mrs. Quickly to see that the husbands are away from home when he calls; as un-moral as Caliban but as mirth-provoking as a circus clown and as wise as an owl. The way he plotted to make love to Mesdames Ford and Page is a masterpiece of blundering strategy. He is the natural ancestor of all the circus clowns and slapstick artists that ever lived. He could give a swift answer to any woman or man—especially woman. To Sir John there was as much voyage of discovery in the swindling skirts and fluffy-ruffles of a fair married lady as there was to Columbus in the New World. He was a fine, fat, old pirate, a sort of un-murderous Bluebeard who never hesitated to embrace an opportunity in the shape of a lady so long as she was another man's wife, had no visible means of support except the booty chucked to him by other people, and didn't seem to care a penny for the pomp of courts, or the perplexities of Parliament, or the whole circumstance of England, so long as he could keep Bardolph, Pistol and Kym scurrying around like knaves to carry him out of one trouble into another worse, his page boy to carry love letters to the ladies.

But, of course, it never would do to have Falstaff succeed without troubles. The glorious scope of this sixteenth century farce that might have given pointers to George M. Cohan or George B. Shaw, was at its height when the merry old rounder found himself about to be discovered by Mr. Ford in Mrs. Ford's house, when the two ladies bundled him into the clothes hamper and the two flunkies lugged him out, to dump him into the Thames. Then it was that Sir John delivered himself of the side-splitting lines:

"Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a New Year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen in the litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should drown. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy."

Tom Wise delivered his lines with fine, rollicking distinction. There was a fine convivial ease about his work in sharp contrast to the stilted utterances of Mr. Ford and Mr. Page, both of whom were well represented by W. Lawson Burt (brother of Clara the giantess contralto), and Mr. Gordon Busley. Constance Collier as Mrs. Ford was enough of a lady of leisure and devilish enough to match the rather more unctuous and beautifully

amiable Mrs. Page so cleverly impersonated by Isabel Irving.

* * *

A MUSICAL Canadian, now resident in New York, had arranged to come home for Christmas by middle of last week. He was sick of Broadway, gorged with opera, and wanted to come back to the simple



A NEW CURTAIN-RAISER.

Parrot and chatterbox in the hands of Miss Teddie O'Neill proves a very popular vaudevillesque. We are betting on—the chatterbox.

life for as long as possible. At the last moment he relented and wrote to a friend:

"I have decided to stay until the end of the week. I simply must hear that wonderful new opera of Riccardo Zandonai—Francesca da Rimini, on Friday evening at the Metropolitan."

Who is this Zandonai? He is a young Italian who has already had one work produced in New York; not much to look at in a photograph, an olive-eyed, spiky-haired youth with large ears set low down next to his collar. He is probably well known in Milan. In New York he is a novelty; and Gotham feeds on novelties. The performance last Friday at the Metropolitan was the first given in America; just as the performance of Strauss' Alpensinfonie by the old Philharmonic Orchestra noted on another page of this issue, was the premiere of that work this side of the Atlantic.

The story of the opera is as follows: The action of the tragedy takes place during the hostilities between the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, and

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principally concerns the fortunes of the family of the Malatesti at Rimini. Francesca, daughter of Polenta, has for reasons of state been betrothed to Giovanni, son of Malatesta. Giovanni has two brothers, Paolo the Handsome, and Malatestino.

The scene of the first act is a court in the house of Francesca's ancestral castle at Ravenna. Francesca's women are exchanging taunts with a jester, when the voice of her brother Ostasio, in conversation with the notary, causes them to flee. Ostasio states that a plan has been made to substitute Paolo for Giovanni, during the courtship; for since Giovanni is lame, they think that Francesca would never consent to marry him. The marriage is to take place on the morrow.

Just then Paolo approaches, and Francesca is taken eagerly into the garden by her women, to see her lover. They stop motionless, and stand facing each other without a word.

At the beginning of the third act Francesca is reading the story of Lancelot and Guinevere to her women.

At the end Smaragdi appears and whispers in her mistress's ear and Francesca tells the women to leave her until vesper-time. When the room is empty, Francesca, who has already expressed fear at the return of Paolo, tells Smaragdi to run out and tell him not to come to her.

The message is in vain, however, for in a moment Paolo, sick with longing for Francesca, enters the room.

Together they start to read the romance of Lancelot and Guinevere. He urges her to read the words of the heroine, and their cheeks almost touch as they lean over the book. Finally, no longer masters of their feelings, they yield to the spell of the moment, fall into each other's arms, and their lips meet in a kiss.

The last act is in two parts. Francesca is in another room of the castle, with Malatestino, the younger brother, standing at her feet. Then Giovanni comes in, fully armed, and learns that Paolo had visited Francesca. He decides to find out if a meeting takes place again, and goes that night to the castle. Paolo is there, and tries to escape down a trap-door. He is caught, and Francesca receives the dagger-thrust intended for him. They die in each other's arms.

* * *

A Comprehensive Programme.

MISS MARJORIE HARPER, Miss Edith Buckley, and Mr. Simeon Joyce, artist pupils of Mr. Frank Welsman, gave a most successful piano recital at the Conservatory of Music a week ago. A comprehensive programme ranging from Bach to Paderewski was played with unusual skill and finish, each of the participants giving evidence of the most thorough preparation and familiarity with the compositions in hand.

Mr. Joyce, in the Bach-Tausig D Minor Toccata and Fugue, displayed real virtuosity, producing at will effects of great power, breadth and tenderness. He was entirely at his ease in the difficult G major concerto of Beethoven, which was well conceived and rendered in a finely convincing manner. Miss Harper played the Allegro from Beethoven's E flat Sonata, Op. 31, in truly classical style and with clearly defined phrasing and nuances. Her strong temperament found greater scope in a group which she played on her second appearance, consisting of Rachmaninoff's Prelude, Grieg's "To Spring," and the Rigoletto Paraphrase. In these numbers her big technic and wide range of tone, effectively used in piling up a dramatic climax at one moment and again hushed to a delicate pianissimo, made her playing a delight to her hearers. Miss Edith Buckley won her audience by her impassioned reading of Chopin's Etude in C sharp minor, and by her delightful rubato and rare beauty of tone in the Scriabine Prelude for the left hand alone, and a Glazounow Etude. She also played the Paderewski Variations and Liszt's 11th Rhapsody—brilliantly so far as technic is concerned, and with animation and splendid mental grip in the interpretation.

Debussy's Evasive Sonata.

DEBUSSY'S new Sonata for cello and piano, written in the summer of 1914, is a strange piece of tone-painting. This work has not yet been publicly played in Canada. It was given its first production in America in Boston by Mr. Pablo Casals doing the cello part; its second in America and first in New York by Mr. Boris Hambourg last season. A few days ago it was played privately in Toronto by Mr. Leo Smith and Mrs. A. H. Chapman. Still more recently it was done by Mr. Boris Hambourg and Mr. Richard Tattersall at an art club in Toronto.

And it is a curious, shifting but eloquent piece of musical evasion. On first hearing it sounds like a piece of



"EXTRA SPECIAL."

Miss Chloe O'Hara is in the new revue at the Kingsway Theatre, "Extra Special." In the Newspaper Office scene at the beginning she appears as Still Another Advertiser, and in the Garden scene as one of the Dollar Princesses. Later she assists in an amusing incident in which, as a muscular Lady from Spain, she gives a shy young man (Mr. Lupino Lane) a first lesson in one of the arts of self-defence, and in the ardour of the contest simply "wipes the floor" with him.

subterfuge or a sort of tone-colour intrigue. Like most of Debussy's music, it evades any main point at issue and proceeds to play in the most furtive manner with the melodic idioms of our musical speech. It is sad, whimsical, capricious, eloquent, syncopated to the limit, pizzicato'd in the extreme, always shifting its base with a most elusive, wandering quality on the piano, answered by an equally fugitive but delightful evasion in the cello. Yet it has a personal message. It was Debussy's tribute to his deceased wife. And if in her life Claude Debussy was as oblique in his compliments as he was in his music to her after she was dead, Madame Debussy must have been in a state of bewilderment most of the time.

Yet it is a beautiful and worth-knowing work, and Messrs. Hambourg and Tattersall gave it a splendid interpretation in performance.

* * *

The Old Songs.

MR. ROBIN H. LEGGE, father of Leginska, the famous pianiste, is apparently one of the most simple-souled men alive in the matter of music. Mr. Legge is the well-known critic of the London Daily Telegraph.

Writing in that great paper recently he said:

"Let me make a humble confession. I went one day during this week to a concert of no great pretensions, yet a perfect thing in its quiet, unassuming way. It began at the orthodox hour of three, or thereabouts; I was there when it began, anyway, and I remained not only to the end of the programme but even to hear the encore piece with which the concert ended. Now, my humble confession is this: I can bear usually with an hour of really good music really well played, and when I go a-concerting I always study the programme beforehand in order to note what I take to be the clou of the concert. On the present occasion I could not find a clou. It was all clou, so to say. But in truth I did not realize this fact until the concert was well under way. And now when I come to look over the programme there seems precious little in it to stir up one's soul, if so be a similar programme should present itself again next week or the week after. Yet my soul was stirred. It may be that that element of my being "threw back" over the centuries, for there was not a note in the scheme that was less than about 200 years old. But for all this hoary antiquity I loved 'The Laird o' Cockpen,' 'As I Walked out one May morning' (in announcing which even the accomplished singer could not refrain from getting the accent wrong. Read it and try!), 'Buy broom bizums,' or 'Young Waters,' or the delicious yarn of 'The Hundred Pipers.'

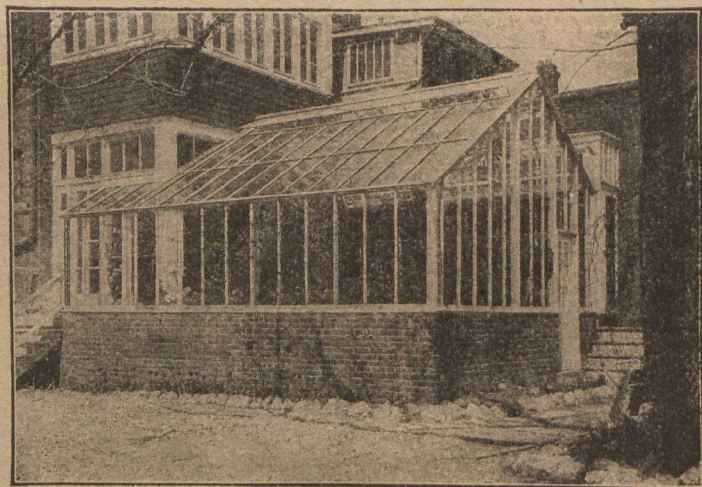
"I wondered then while listening, and I am wondering still. Yet I feel sure that in my heart of hearts I know perfectly well why I revelled in the comparatively unsophisticated strains of the old-world music. It rang true. There you have it. In these old English and Scottish tunes there was that

which was unmistakably of the soil or in the blood. But, as I said, it is all 'hundreds of years' old!"

Book Notes

(Concluded from page 22.)

sible his sources could be many times duplicated in this Dominion, but these sketches, which are illustrated voluminously by photographs and drawings by the author, weave around a select portion of the Niagara peninsula and certain sylvan recesses therein, a very distinct sort of woodland personality. His method is that of a young, enthusiastic, and somewhat poetic mind, desiring by a few strokes rather than by vain repetition to convey vivid impressions of the sights, sounds, odors, too, of the deep and gloomy woods. Therefore, one may expect something different from Gilbert White, Richard Jefferies or John Burroughs. These, the classic naturalists, have more facts to the page manifold; and facts properly may be the subject of nature studies; but they become dry as dust to the reader who is something more than a botanist. Using a slender network of facts, Arbrest seeks to clothe tree bole, branch and leaf and the outer rimming air with something of the mystery and magic that attends woodlore. Poetic prose sketches they are, and a very creditable contribution to the literature of Canadian woods. His intimacy with his beech woods helps the reader to a more intimate and joyous recollection of the woods he knew. He paints the seasons decorously, and there is no mention of anything so joyously jocund as the "old swimmin' hole." The book, in its delicately tinted gray beech jacket, is in the charming "gift" class. Toronto: William Briggs.



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CONSIDERING OUR NEXT BOOM

THERE is going to be a boom in this country within five years of the conclusion of the war. That is a solemn and fairly substantial prophecy made—not by Investicus, who recalls the foolish prophets whose mouths, according to that philosopher of the adolescent, Omar, were stopped with dust. It is the profound belief of a surprising number of Canadian men of affairs. On the surface everybody is glum. We have so many shells to turn out and such short time to do it that there seldom seems to be any opportunity for getting a glimpse of the future. But the truth of the matter is that if our financial and industrial captains were not so infernally busy, and if they weren't just a little bit afraid of talking optimism in the midst of the war, they would be letting out some of this bottled sunshine to warm the hearts and gladden the minds of the Canadian investing public.

What sort of a boom? I asked a certain banker.

"An industrial boom."

"Manufactures?"

"Yes."

"And will it be sound?"

"No boom was ever sound."

"Then why the cheerfulness?"

And he explained:

"Putting this and that together, taking the sum total of all the opinions I hear expressed by the men I come in contact with," he said, "there will come a period in Canada when the newspapers will be choked with advertisements of glowing prospects and glowing prospectuses of new industrial concerns. Why—for that matter—I have been noticing a certain full page ad. in the morning papers for some days past, referring to the enormous profits in the drug and dye business—obviously a preliminary to some sort of a stock-selling proposition. But that is a War-boom affair. What's coming will be a Peace-boom. And there will be money made in it too. And a whole lot lost.

"There are a number of sound reasons for anticipating an industrial boom in this country shortly after peace is signed. Mind you, I don't think it will be exactly the kind of boom Sir George Foster has been talking about. I don't think that we are going to be able to jump right in and share the big orders coming from the re-constructionists in Europe. There may be a period, right after the war, when the Americans will seem to be getting all the plums. But it will only be a short time till that phase passes, and Canada begins to earn a sort of war dividend.

"My first reason is this:

"This country will contain more skilled machine workers after the war than we would have had in ten years if the munition orders had not come our way.

"Secondly: Our big manufacturing concerns—and scores of little ones as well—have been piling up their capital reserve. I KNOW this from our own customers' accounts. It is not only Bethlehem Steel and those concerns that are salting away their surplus profits—but Canadian firms have been doing it too. Some of it in the form of government securities of course, but all of it good, and all of it to be available for the extension of Canadian manufacturing plants when things come back to normal.

"My third reason is this: The big American manufacturers will have so much money in hand they will also be looking for an outlet—for means of expansion.

"My fourth reason is: that they will find—they are already finding—Canada

By INVESTICUS

the nearest and the best field for expanding in.

"My fifth reason is: that with a tariff preference among the Allies after the war, Canada is going to be still more attractive to the opulent American manufacturers, and I look to see Canada become the chief exporting area on the North American continent. The American manufacturer who wants to get his goods into the Italian, Russian, French, Belgian, Serbian or British market on the best of terms after the war, will have his factory in Canada. Not only will he get tariff preference, in all probability which he would not get in the United States, but he will find our power supply, our raw material supply and our labour supply attractive. He is bound to come. This will mean in time a heavier export trade for Canada, and greater employment for all classes of Canadians. There will be a big boom."

What that banker said may be taken as fairly characteristic of the line of optimistic reasoning circulating in the

big business clubs. It is further to be borne in mind that the steel production in this country has gone up sixty per cent. since the war began. Although our production of coal has unfortunately **FALLEN** twenty per cent., the significance of the first fact **MUST** be borne in mind. The steel which is now being turned into shells, will still be in demand when the shell business is at an end, and if we are at all alive to our opportunities we shall never let the steel production fall, but keep it going up. Steel, as everybody ought to know, is a sort of index industry, or rather a **BASIC** industry. If we keep the steel industry flourishing it makes possible the building up of many other kinds of important industry such as ship-building, tool-making, machine-making, and so on. To-day we have to import most of our heavy machinery. Textile mills that could be doubling their output in Ontario are held up for lack of looms—looms made in Britain. Slowly, but surely, if our steel industry were well-founded, we could become manufacturers of our own tools.

The Dread and Hope of Peace

(Concluded from page 23.)

cern to the effect that that company (and it is not an exception among Canadian companies) has enough work on hand—enough orders for ships to keep it busy at full capacity for five years!

THIS may occur to you:

Why do not the same happy facts apply to Great Britain or to the United States.

The answer is this:

These countries depend for their industrial prosperity on their export trade. England will be short of ships and for at least a year will be using most of them in sending back the colonial armies to their native countries. The United States has been neglecting her South American trade—all her trade with neutrals, in fact. She, too, will be short of ships and will be in a hurry to placate her neglected customers. These old established countries will be embarrassed by the necessity for re-establishing their foreign connections promptly and in the face of the world scramble. It is certain that the confusion which must follow that effort will profoundly disturb their economic machinery. Canada's export trade, on the other hand, is not the sort that can be so easily upset. Though it is a disgrace in this country that we have failed to develop the export of finished materials as against raw materials, this fault will be for the time being an advantage. Our export of wheat and other raw materials will continue—though prices will not, of course, be as good as they are at present—because the world must have them. They are essentials. On the other hand, our manufactured exports in normal times amounted to something like seven million a year out of a total manufacturing output of \$1,165,975,639 (figures for 1910; see Volume III, Census Report). Thus, if all our normal manufacturing exports cut off, it means only seven dollars in every \$1,165 of our industrial production.

"But," you say, "what about the returning armies?"

First, can employment be found for them?

Second, how is confusion to be avoided in the interval before each man can be placed?

The second is in itself a big problem, and yet, not as serious as it looks, nor as complicated as it will be in the case of Great Britain, and France. There, when the armies are disbanded they will stand in the midst of the community, glutting the labour market unless wise provision is shown to-day. Shrewd observers in France and Eng-

land to-day are urging that arrangements be made to keep the armies together, employing them in road-making or other public works, until they can be scientifically distributed in a civil life again. That is to say, the experts advocate a very skillful analysis of the various trades and industries so that the men required in the **BASIC** industries may be fitted back into civil life first. **THEN** the lower grades of labour would be withdrawn.

One fact remains which cannot fail to simplify the problem, i.e., the fact that the Military Hospitals Commission at Ottawa has already shown how a national organization can fit small lots of men—disabled or sick—back into civil life, and has given reason to hope that by the time Peace is achieved this organization will be able to deal with the larger consignments which must then be redigested.

As for whether we can find employment for this additional population, it is to be noted that with our return to normal production these men will actually be **NEEDED**. Although the ex-soldier will be averse to going back to the land under some merely casual colonization scheme, it is not at all unlikely that he may be induced to settle on the land under arrangements such as those being made by the Province of British Columbia, where soldier-farmer communities are being planned. This should enable us to take care of any surplus of unskilled labour.

This, of course, does not take into account the possibility of expanding our manufactured exports. The opportunities for the Canadian manufacturer to expand may seem to lie chiefly in his own home market. Our imports before the war were a startling advertisement of the Canadian manufacturer's neglect of home opportunities. For those firms who **ARE** in a position to undertake exports, there will be abundant opportunities under the tariff arrangements which are sure to be made among the members of the entente. To the hundreds of American branch factories now in Canada, other hundreds are sure to be added. It is not inconceivable that Canada may become the base for "American" exports. For the Americans will not be slow to appreciate the entente tariff preference arrangement. And as for capital—there is more in Canada than there ever was before, and we are the nearest neighbour and favoured borrower in this country which at present has more cash to lend than any other nation.

The New Year

is a time for making resolutions, taking stock of the mistakes and neglected opportunities of the past and turning over a new leaf.

RESOLVE

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SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
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KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

(Continued from page 18.)

King nodded good-by to him, his dark eyes in the shadow of the khaki helmet seeming scarcely interested any longer.

"Couldn't you find another berth?" Hyde asked him angrily when he stepped back into the compartment. "What were you out there looking for?"

King smiled back at him blandly.

"I think there are railway thieves on the train," he announced without any effort at relevance. He might not have heard the question.

"What makes you think so?"

"Observation, sir."

"Oh! Then if you've seen thieves, why didn't you have 'em arrested? You were precious free with that authority of yours on Peshawur platform!"

"Perhaps you'd care to take the responsibility, sir? Let me point out one of them."

FULL of grudging curiosity Hyde came to stand by him, and King stepped back just as the train began to move.

"That man, sir—over there—no, beyond him—there!"

Hyde thrust head and shoulders through the window, and a well-dressed native with one foot on the running-board at the back end of the train took a long steady stare at him before jumping in and slamming the door of a third-class carriage.

"Which one?" demanded Hyde impatiently.

"I don't see him now, sir!"

Hyde snorted and returned to his seat in the silence of unspeakable scorn. But presently he opened a suit-case and drew out a repeating pistol which he cocked carefully and stowed beneath his pillow; not at all a contemptible move, because the Indian railway thief is the most resourceful specialist in the world. But King took no overt precautions of any kind.

After more interminable hours night shut down on them, red-hot, black-dark, mesmerically subdivided into seconds by the thump of carriage wheels and lit at intervals by showers of sparks from the gasping engine. The din of Babel rode behind the first-class carriages, for all the natives in the packed third-class talked all together. (In India, when one has spent a fortune on a third-class ticket, one proceeds to enjoy the ride.) The train was a Beast out of Revelation, wallowing in noise.

But after other, hotter hours the talking ceased. Then King, strangely without kicking off his shoes, drew a sheet up over his shoulders. On the opposite berth Hyde covered his head, to keep dust out of his hair, and presently King heard him begin to snore gently. Then, very carefully he adjusted his own position so that his profile lay outlined in the dim light from the gas lamp in the roof. He might almost have been waiting to be shaved.

The stuffiness increased to a degree that is sometimes preached in Christian churches as belonging to a sulphurous sphere beyond the grave. Yet he did not move a muscle. It was long after midnight when his vigil was rewarded by a slight sound at the door. From that instant his eyes were on the watch, under dark closed lashes; but his even breathing was that of the seventh stage of sleep that knows no dreams.

A click of the door-latch heralded the appearance of a hand. With skill of the sort that only special training can develop, a man in native dress insinuated himself into the carriage without making another sound of any kind. King's ears are part of the equipment for his exacting business, but he could not hear the door click shut again.

For about five minutes, while the train swayed headlong into Indian darkness, the man stood listening and watching King's face. He stood so near that King recognized him for the one who had accosted him on Rawalpindi platform. And he could see the

outline of the knife-hilt that the man's fingers clutched underneath his shirt.

"He'll either strike first, so as to kill us both and do the looting afterward—and in that case I think it will be easier to break his neck than his arm—yes, decidedly his neck; it's long and thin;—or—"

His eyes feigned sleep so successfully that the native turned away at last.

"Thought so!" He dared open his eyes a mite wider. "He's pukka—true to type! Rob first and then kill! Rule number one with his sort, run when you've stabbed! Not a bad rule either, from their point of view!"

As he watched, the thief drew the sheet back from Hyde's face, with trained fingers that could have taken spectacles from the victim's nose without his knowledge. Then as fish glide in and out among the reeds without touching them, swift and soft and unseen, his fingers searched Hyde's body. They found nothing. So they dived under the pillow and brought out the pistol and a gold watch.

After that he began to search the clothes that hung on a hook beside Hyde's berth. He brought forth papers and a pocketbook—then money. Money went into one bag—papers and pocketbook into another. And that was evidence enough as well as risk enough. The knife would be due in a minute.

KING moved in his sleep, rather noisily, and the movement knocked a book on the floor from the foot of his berth. The noise of that awoke Hyde, and King pretended to begin to wake, yawning and rolling on his back (that being much the safest position an unarmed man can take and much the most awkward for his enemy).

"Thieves!" Hyde yelled at the top of his lungs, groping wildly for his pistol and not finding it.

King sat up and rubbed his eyes. The native drew the knife, and believing himself in command of the situation—hesitated for one priceless second. He saw his error and darted for the door too late. With a movement unbelievably swift King was there ahead of him; and with another movement not so swift, but much more disconcerting, he threw his sheet as the retiarius used to throw a net in ancient Rome. It wrapped round the native's head and arms, and the two went together to the floor in a twisted stranglehold.

In another half-minute the native was groaning, for King had his knife-wrist in two hands and was bending it backward while he pressed the man's stomach with his knees.

"Get his loot!" he panted between efforts.

The knife fell to the floor, and the thief made a gallant effort to recover it, but King was too strong for him. He seized the knife himself, slipped it in his own bosom and resumed his hold before the native guessed what he was after. Then he kept a tight grip while Hyde knelt to grope for his missing property. The major found both the thief's bags, and held them up.

"I expect that's all," said King, loosening his grip very gradually. The native noticed—as Hyde did not—that King had begun to seem almost absent-minded; the thief lay quite still, looking up, trying to divine his next intention. Suddenly the brakes went on, but King's grip did not tighten. The train began to scream itself to a standstill at a wayside station, and King (the absent-minded) very nearly grinned.

"If I weren't in such an infernal hurry to reach Bombay—" Hyde grumbled; and King nearly laughed aloud then, for the thief knew English and was listening with all his ears,—"may I be damned if I wouldn't get off at this station and wait to see that scoundrel brought to justice!"

The train jerked itself to a standstill, and a man with a lantern began to chant the station's name.

"Damn it!—I'm going to Bombay to act censor. I can't wait—they want me there."

The instant the train's motion altogether ceased the heat shut in on them as if the lid of Tophet had been slammed. The prickly heat burst out all over Hyde's skin and King's too.

"Almighty God!" gasped Hyde, beginning to fan himself.

There was plenty of excuse for relaxing hold still further, and King made full use of it. A second later he gave a very good pretence of pain in his finger-ends as the thief burst free. The native made a drive at his bosom for the knife, but he frustrated that. Then he made a prodigious effort, just too late, to clutch the man again, and he did succeed in tearing loose a piece of shirt; but the fleeing robber must have wondered, as he bolted into the blacker shadows of the station building, why such an iron-fingered, wide-awake sahib should have made such a truly feeble showing at the end.

"Damn it!—couldn't you hold him? Were you afraid of him, or what?" demanded Hyde, beginning to dress himself. Instead of answering, King leaned out into the lamp-lit gloom, and in a minute he caught sight of a sergeant of native infantry passing down the train. He made a sign that brought the man to him on the run.

"Did you see that runaway?" he asked.

"Ha, sahib. I saw one running. Shall I follow?"

"No. This piece of his shirt will identify him. Take it. Hide it! When a man with a torn shirt, into which that piece fits, makes for the telegraph office after this train has gone on, see that he is allowed to send any telegrams he wants to! Only, have copies of every one of them wired to Captain King, care of the station-master, Delhi. Have you understood?"

"Ha, sahib."
"Grab him, and lock him up tight afterward—but not until he has sent his telegrams!"

"Atcha, sahib."

"Make yourself scarce, then!"

Major Hyde was dressed, having performed that military evolution in something less than record time.

"Who was that you were talking to?" he demanded. But King continued to look out the door.

Hyde came and tapped on his shoulder impatiently, but King did not seem to understand until the native sergeant had quite vanished into the shadows.

"Let me pass, will you?" Hyde demanded. "I'll have that thief caught if the train has to wait a week while they do it!"

HE pushed past, but he was scarcely on the step when the station-master blew his whistle, and his coloured minion waved a lantern back and forth. The engine shrieked forth with of death and torment; carriage doors slammed shut in staccato series; the heat relaxed as the engine moved—loosened—let go—lifted at last, and a trainload of hot passengers sighed thanks to an unresponsive sky as the train gained speed and wind crept in through the thermantidotes.

Only through the broken thermantidote in King's compartment no wet air came. Hyde knelt on King's berth and wrestled with it like a caged animal, but with no result except that the sweat poured out all over him and he was more uncomfortable than before.

"What are you looking at?" he demanded at last, sitting on King's berth. His head swam. He had to wait a few seconds before he could step across to his own side.

"Only a knife," said King. He was standing under the dim gas lamp that helped make the darkness more unbearable.

"Not that robber's knife? Did he drop it?"

"It's my knife," said King. "Strange time to stand staring at it, if it's yours! Didn't you ever see it before?"

King stowed the knife away in his bosom, and the major crossed to his own side.

"I'm thinking I'll know it again, at

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President.

JOHN AIRD, General Manager.

H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. General Manager.

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RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

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.

National Trust Company Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending December 30th, at the rate of

TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM

has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company, and that same will be payable on and after January 2nd, 1917.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 30th December, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

W. E. RUNDLE,

General Manager.

Toronto, December 6th, 1916.

FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

The Royal Bank of Canada

GENERAL STATEMENT
30th November, 1916

LIABILITIES.

To the Public:		
Deposits not bearing interest	\$59,365,396.12	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement	140,862,199.46	\$200,227,595.58
Notes of the Bank in Circulation		18,178,228.49
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	\$1,464,467.85	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries	6,683,108.63	
		8,147,576.48
Bills Payable		478,392.16
Acceptances under Letters of Credit		452,677.26
		\$227,484,469.97
To the Shareholders:		
Capital Stock Paid in		12,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	\$12,560,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward	852,346.28	
		13,412,346.28
Dividend No. 117 (at 12 per cent. per annum), payable Dec. 1st, 1916	\$359,840.71	
Dividends Unclaimed	4,770.25	
		364,610.96
		\$253,261,427.21

ASSETS.

Current Coin	\$16,072,763.38	
Dominion Notes	14,249,110.25	
	\$30,321,873.63	
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	\$ 6,500,000.00	
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund	595,340.00	
Notes of other Banks	3,857,573.80	
Cheques on other Banks	11,805,508.55	
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	1,199.79	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	5,092,067.54	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value	1,029,374.10	
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value	14,012,089.69	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value	15,464,604.22	
Call Loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	11,076,005.90	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada	21,372,026.45	\$121,127,663.67
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	\$36,936,631.39	
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)	37,928,027.25	
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	466,640.93	
		125,331,299.57
Real Estate other than Bank Premises		1,095,473.24
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off		5,138,398.14
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra		452,677.26
Other Assets not included in the foregoing		115,915.33
		\$253,261,427.21

H. S. HOLT,
President.

EDSON L. PEASE,
Managing Director.

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

We report to the Shareholders of The Royal Bank of Canada: That in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.
That we have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office at 30th November, 1916, as well as at another time, as required by Section 56 of the Bank Act, and that we found they agreed with the entries in the books in regard thereto. We also during the year checked the cash and verified the securities at the principal branches.
That the above Balance Sheet has been compared by us with the books at the Chief Office and with the certified returns from the Branches, and in our opinion is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Bank.
That we have obtained all the information and explanations required by us.

JAMES MARWICK, C.A. } Auditors
S. ROGER MITCHELL, C.A. }
of Marwick, Mitchell, Peat and Co.

Montreal, Canada, December 18th, 1916.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1915	\$676,472.16	
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management and all other expenses, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	2,111,307.65	\$2,787,779.81
Appropriated as follows:—		
Dividends Nos. 114, 115, 116 and 117, at 12 per cent. per annum	\$1,417,207.02	
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	100,000.00	
Written off Bank Premises Account	250,000.00	
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation	118,226.51	
Contribution to Patriotic Fund	50,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	852,346.28	\$2,787,779.81

H. S. HOLT,
President.

EDSON L. PEASE,
Managing Director.

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager.

Montreal, 18th December, 1916.

all events!" King answered, sitting down. "Good night, sir."

"Good night."

Within ten minutes Hyde was asleep, snoring prodigiously. Then King pulled out the knife again and studied it for half an hour. The blade was of bronze, with an edge hammered to the keenness of a razor. The hilt was of nearly pure gold, in the form of a woman dancing.

The whole thing was so exquisitely wrought that age had only softened the lines, without in the least impairing them. It looked like one of those Grecian toys with which Roman women of Nero's day stabbed their lovers. But that was not why he began to whistle very softly to himself.

Presently he drew out the general's package of papers, with the photograph on the top. He stood up, to hold both knife and papers close to the light in the roof.

It needed no great stretch of imagination to suggest a likeness between the woman of the photograph and the other, of the golden knife-hilt. And nobody, looking at him then, would have dared suggest he lacked imagination.

If the knife had not been so ancient they might have been portraits of the same woman, in the same disguise, taken at the same time.

"She knew I had been chosen to work with her. The general sent her word that I am coming," he muttered to himself. "Man number one had a try for me, but I had him pinched too soon. There must have been a spy watching at Peshawur, who wired to Rawal-Pindi for this man to jump the train and go on with the job. She must have had him planted at Rawal-Pindi in case of accidents. She seems thorough! Why should she give the man a knife with her own portrait on it? Is she queen of a secret society? Well—we shall see!"

He sat down on his berth again and sighed, not discontentedly. Then he lit one of his great black cigars and blew rings for five or six minutes. Then he lay back with his head on the pillow, and before five minutes more had gone he was asleep, with the cold cigar still clutched between his fingers.

He looked as interesting in his sleep as when awake. His mobile face in repose looked Roman, for the sun had tanned his skin and his nose was aquiline. In museums, where sculptured heads of Roman generals and emperors stand around the wall on pedestals, it would not be difficult to pick several that bore more than a faint resemblance to him. He had breadth and depth of forehead and a jaw that lent itself to smiles as well as sternness, and a throat that expressed manly determination in every moulded line.

He slept like a boy until dawn; and he and Hyde had scarcely exchanged another dozen words when the train screamed next day into Delhi station. Then he saluted stiffly and was gone.

"Young jackanapes!" Hyde muttered after him. "Lazy young devil! He ought to be with his regiment, marching and setting a good example to his men! We'll have our work cut out to win this war, if there are many of his stamp! And I'm afraid there are—I'm afraid so—far too many of 'em! Pity! Such a pity! If the right men were at the top the youngsters at the foot of the ladder would mind their P's and Q's. As it is, I'm afraid we shall get beaten in this show. Dear, oh, dear!"

Being what he was, and consistent before all things, Major Hyde drew out his writing materials there and then and wrote a report against Athelstan King, which he signed, addressed to headquarters and mailed at the first opportunity. There some future historian may find it and draw from it unkind deductions on the morale of the British army.

CHAPTER II.

DELHI boasts a round half-dozen railway stations, all of them designed with regard to war, so that to King there was nothing unexpected in the fact that the train had brought him to an unexpected station. He plunged into its crowd much

as a man in the mood might plunge into a whirlpool—laughing as he plunged, for it was the most intoxicating splurge of colour, din and smell that even India, the many-peopled—even Delhi, mother of dynasties—ever had evolved.

The station echoed—reverberated—hummed. A roar went up of human voices, babbling in twenty tongues, and above that rose in differing degrees the ear-splitting shriek of locomotives, the blare of bugles, the neigh of led horses, the bray of mules, the jingle of gun-chains and the thundering cadence of drilled feet.

At one minute the whole building shook to the thunder of a grinning regiment; an instant later it clattered to the wrought-steel hammer of a thousand hoofs, as led troop-horses danced into formation to invade the waiting trucks. Loaded trucks banged into one another and thunderclapped their way into the sidings. And soldiers of nearly every Indian military caste stood about everywhere, in what was picturesque confusion to the uninitiated, yet like the letters of an index to a man who knew. And King knew. Down the back of each platform Tommy Atkins stood in long straight lines, talking or munching great sandwiches or smoking.

The heat smelt and felt of another world. The din was from the same sphere. Yet everywhere was hope and geniality and by-your-leave as if weddings were in the wind and not the overture to death.

Threading his way in and out among the motley swarm with a great black cheroot between his teeth and sweat running into his eyes from his helmet-band, Athelstan King strode at ease—at home—intent—amused—awake—and almost awfully happy. He was not in the least less happy because perfectly aware that a native was following him at a distance, although he did wonder how the native had contrived to pass within the lines.

The general at Peshawur had compressed about a ton of miscellaneous information into fifteen hurried minutes, but mostly he had given him leave and orders to inform himself; so the fun was under way of winning exact knowledge in spite of officers, not one of whom would not have grown instantly suspicious at the first asked question. At the end of fifteen minutes there was not a glib staff-officer there who could have deceived him as to the numbers and destination of the force entraining.

"Kerachi!" he told himself, chewing the butt of his cigar and keeping well ahead of the shadowing native. Always keep a "shadow" moving until you're ready to deal with him is one of Cocker's very soundest rules.

"TURKEY hasn't taken a hand yet—the general said so. No holy war yet. These'll be held in readiness to cross to Basra in case the Turks begin. While they wait for that at Kerachi the tribes won't dare begin anything. One or two spies are sure to break North and tell them what this force is for—but the tribes won't believe. They'll wait until the force has moved to Basra before they take chances. Good! That means no especial hurry for me!"

He did not have to return salutes, because he did not look for them. Very few people noticed him at all, although he was recognized once or twice by former messmates, and one officer stopped him with an outstretched hand.

"Shake hands, you old tramp! Where are you bound for next? Tibet by any chance—or is it Samarkand this time?"

"Oh, hullo, Carmichel!" he answered, beaming instant good-fellowship. "Where are you bound for?" And the other did not notice that his own question had not been answered.

"Bombay! Bombay—Marseilles—Brussels—Berlin!"

"Wish you luck!" laughed King, passing on. Every living man there, with the exception of a few staff-officers, believed himself en route for Europe; their faces said as much. Yet King took another look at the piles of stores and at the kits the men carried.

(To be continued.)

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Now the New Year

(Concluded from page 15.)

and be called upon if you like, make yourself social successes, but as soon as I've finished my work I'm going sleigh riding with the children. So there!"

That girl lost her sweetheart at St. Julien, and is now working in a hospital, but her philosophy, like that of the poilu, still holds good. "Nothing's too hard to bear when you're up against it!" she says. "It's only fear and dread that make life impossible."

So we can still say: "A Happy New Year" when the bells ring in 1917, even if it does not fulfil our great desire for a speedy termination of the war—an honourable peace. It will be a year of hard work, without gaiety, but everything might be worse than it is! Let the bells ring!

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more:
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

A Smile or Two

TRUE GENEROSITY.

"Did you tip the waiter?"
"Most liberally. I ordered two boiled eggs and gave him one of them."—Washington Star.

THE COST OF HIS VOTE.

THE candidate was giving the first speech of the campaign in a country district. The hall at first was pretty well filled, but the audience was not long in finding out that they did not like the speaker's style of oratory and began to leave. At last only one man remained. Still, he represented one vote, and as he listened with close attention the candidate felt encouraged to continue. At the end of fifteen minutes the speaker stopped and politely asked:

"I beg your pardon. I hope I am not trespassing on your kindness. I shall have finished in ten minutes."
"Ten minutes?" said the listener. "You can go on as long as you like, for all I care, only don't forget that you engaged me by the hour."

Then the candidate found that his earnest audience was the cabman who had driven him to the hall.

WONDERFUL ALL ROUND.

TWO English officers in billets were longing for a drink, but dared not indulge, as their landlady was a staunch tee-totaler and would probably read them a lengthy lecture.

"I know the trick!" exclaimed one, in glee. "Let's ask her for a drop of whiskey to clean our pipes with."

The good woman was truly sympathetic when informed regretfully by the wily twain that their pipes were too foul to smoke, and promptly supplied them with the desired "cleansing fluid."

Later she asked with a kindly smile: "And was the whisky successful?"

"It was," replied one of the conspirators. "It was awfully kind of you."

"Not at all," replied the landlady. "I was glad to make use of it. I only bought it the day before yesterday to wash little Fido in, and the results were wonderful."—Liverpool Post.



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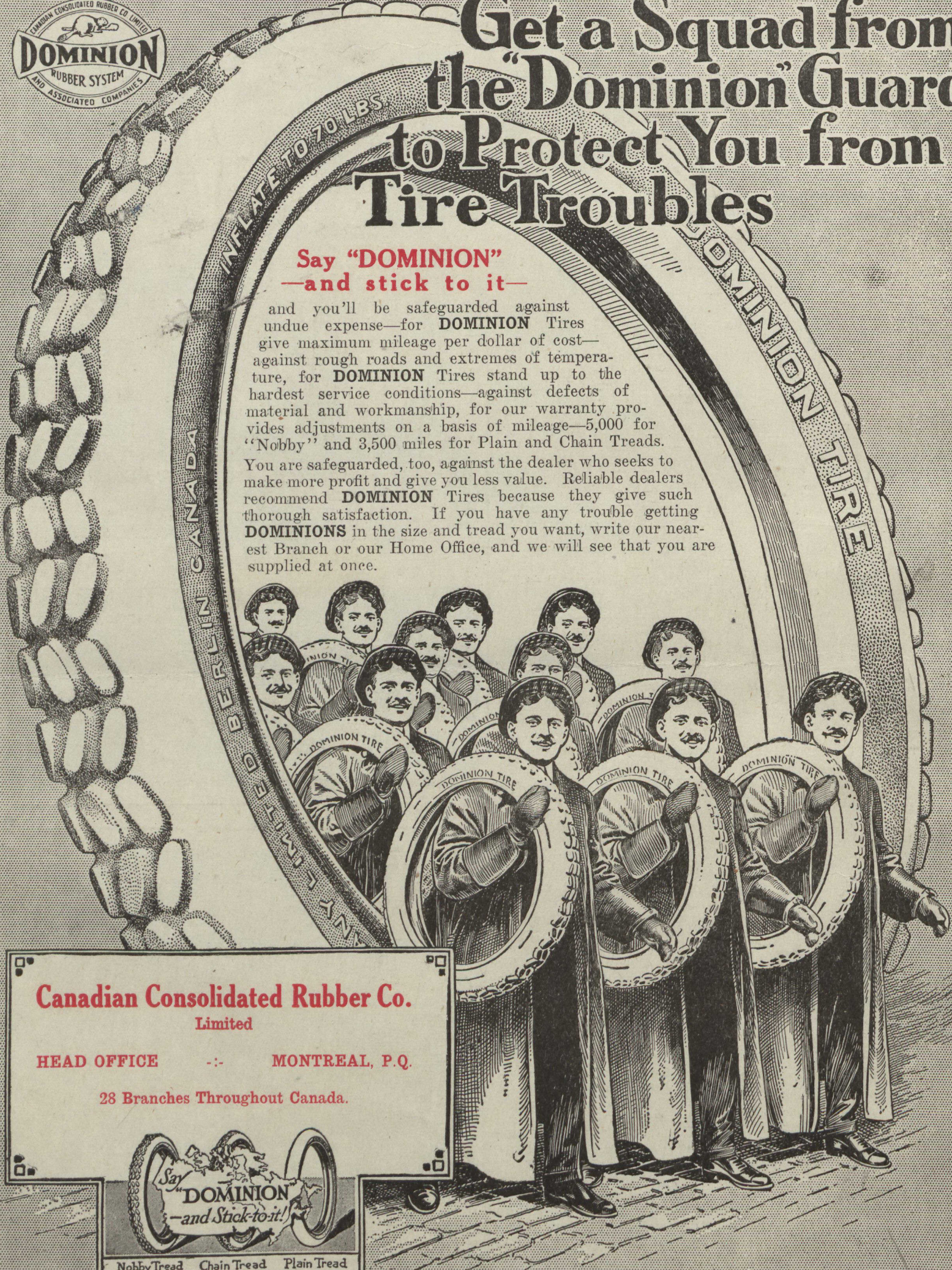
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