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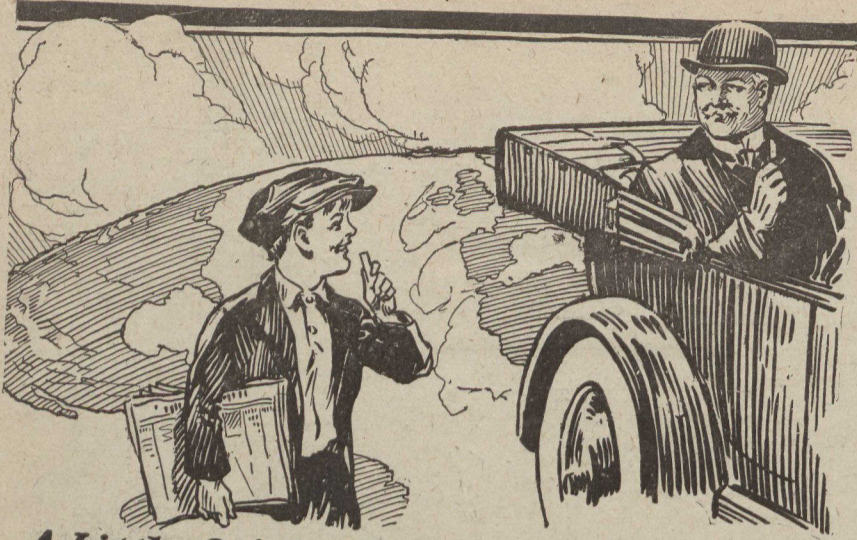
AUGUST 4th
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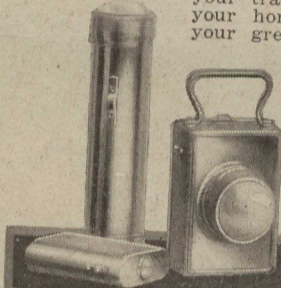
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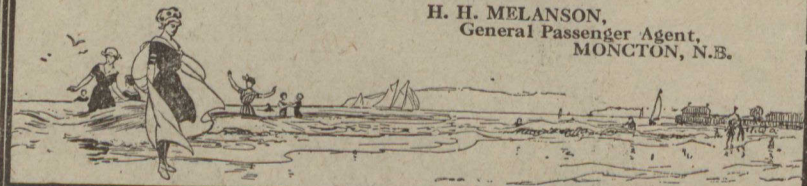
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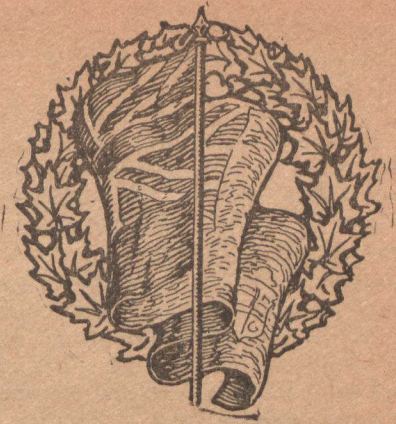
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August 4, 1917

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THIS DAY THREE YEARS AGO

CANADA went to war with Germany, August 4, 1914. Some people say Canada did no such thing. One set of objectors say that when England is at war Canada is also at war. Quite wrong. We were under no technical obligation to send a man or a gun. We could have stayed out. Any attempt of England to dragoon us into war would have been resisted. We are Imperial free agents.

Another set of critics allege that Canada was never under an obligation of any kind, to go to war when England did. Wrong again. The fact that the country went to war before Parliament met to consider the question proves that there must have been some obligation. Going to war is not an Imperial picnic. We are not a crazy people. We went to war as a matter of common duty, based upon Canadian sentiment and considerations of our own nationhood. If the Canadian Parliament which ratified the action of the Premier in offering troops went to war for anything else than a Canadian reason, there must have been a mistake. The battalions we raised and sent overseas were not British, but Canadian, battalions, paid for by Canadian money which was raised by Canadian war credits. The mere fact that Parliament did not technically declare war upon Germany proves only that in such a matter we are not a sovereign state and that such a declaration, even if it had been made, would have been of no value in the case.

Canada went to war for a very good reason. Nothing but a good reason ever would have taken 400,000 men out of civil life into khaki at such a time.

The reason was—The Stake. Canada's existence as a free people was imperilled, just as England's, France's, Russia's, Italy's, America's, Australia's. The common peril gave those nations a common reason, aim and responsibility. To have kept ourselves out of war would have been an everlasting monument of disgrace to Canada. And at that point we shift the onus from mere patriotism or historic sentiment to something more Canadian to get the real reason why we went to war, and the reason why we are now under obligation to stay in the war with a crescendo till the end of it and to the complete fulfilment of our national obligations. We don't have to believe the rumour that German agents had planted cement caissons on the Isle of Orleans to make gun-emplacements for the bombardment of Quebec. All we need to do is to consider,

Canada's Stake in The War.

And what have we at stake? As a people, far more than any other country, according to what we have borne and suffered in history. Of all countries in the world, Canada at the opening of this century had put herself most in the world's debt for so young a people. In fifteen years we had gone into the ledgers of the world for money, people and protection on the seas in order to develop the greatest resources country left in the main lines of world traffic east and west. We have spent acres of newspaper space glorifying our potentialities as a country and our achievements as a young people. Almost any railway folder in Canada was a certificate of character to what we had done, were doing and still intended to do in the epic of world-progress.

END of the much-talked-of Three Years of War finds Canada resolute, unexhausted, but not united. The great things we have done are now being discounted by the great things yet to do that we differ in opinions about the best way of doing. This is a war of Hard Facts, not of Political Doctrines. And the biggest things we have done in peace should be surpassed by the big things of war.

By THE EDITOR



ANSWERING THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR:

BELGIUM was the gatekeeper of European liberty; the highest, most onerous and most dangerous trust ever imposed on a people. The Junkers have thrown the Chancellor into the wastepaper basket, along with the "scrap of paper," and Junkerdom will follow. It is the business of the German people to form any Government they choose, but it is our business to restore Belgium to a free and independent people—and not to a protectorate. The road to Bagdad is open. The Zeppelins are gone. Now we have to deal with Turks and U-boats, good company one for the other. I would disillusion the Chancellor. England will not be put out of business.

That national achievement was part of a world-wide movement; as much a part of world-prosperity and betterment as anything ever done by any people. If we had chosen to isolate ourselves in a time of world war, we had no business world-girdling ourselves in a time of peace. All we had as a nation and all we expected to become from sea to sea, was as much dependent upon stable conditions abroad as the far greater, because older, nationhood of the United States. In mapping out Canada as a home of world peoples we had paid no great historic price for the right to stay on the world's map; no price such as has been paid some time by every great people under the sun. All we expect to make

this country—and most of it is yet to be made—is conditioned on the completion of just this world-job that the free nations have on hand August 4, 1917.

When England declared war on Germany, August 4, 1914, a man named Kitchener was on his way to Egypt. That man was recalled from his ship's state room and made Secretary of State for War. In accepting the post he said he would take office,

For Three Years or the Duration of the War.

Kitchener did not predict that the war would last three years. Those who read his words that way are the same people who read Pope's famous line, "Lo, the poor Indian of untutored mind," and ever afterwards call the Indian Lo. Kitchener was not a prophet. He was a great soldier. He knew the war would not be over in 1915, or probably 1916, whatever he knew or did not know about the war strength of Germany. He was willing to be War Secretary for longer than the duration of the war, if the war should quit before the end of three years; and if it lasted longer than three years he would stick to his guns. The only sure thing he seemed to say was that the war would not last longer than he did. But it did.

WE had been so used to regarding Kitchener as the great war-man of the world that it took us two years to realize that no one man's idea of war was being enacted in Europe. We called our army Kitchener's Army. One author called it Kitchener's Mob. The early Canadian contingent that swung away from Valcartier and Quebec in October, 1914, was part of K's army. His message to the First Hundred Thousand was a classic then along with "Tipperary."

Looking back over the war from the Canadian angle we recall a vast moving picture of impressions, hopes, fears, doubts, patriotic impulses and political disturbances. Just now they are all focussed on a possible election. For a day or two we'll forget that and remember the war. The war is the biggest thing we shall have to remember in our time. Nobody now living will ever outgrow it. And if our children don't understand this war when they grow up we don't expect them to become real citizens of Canada.

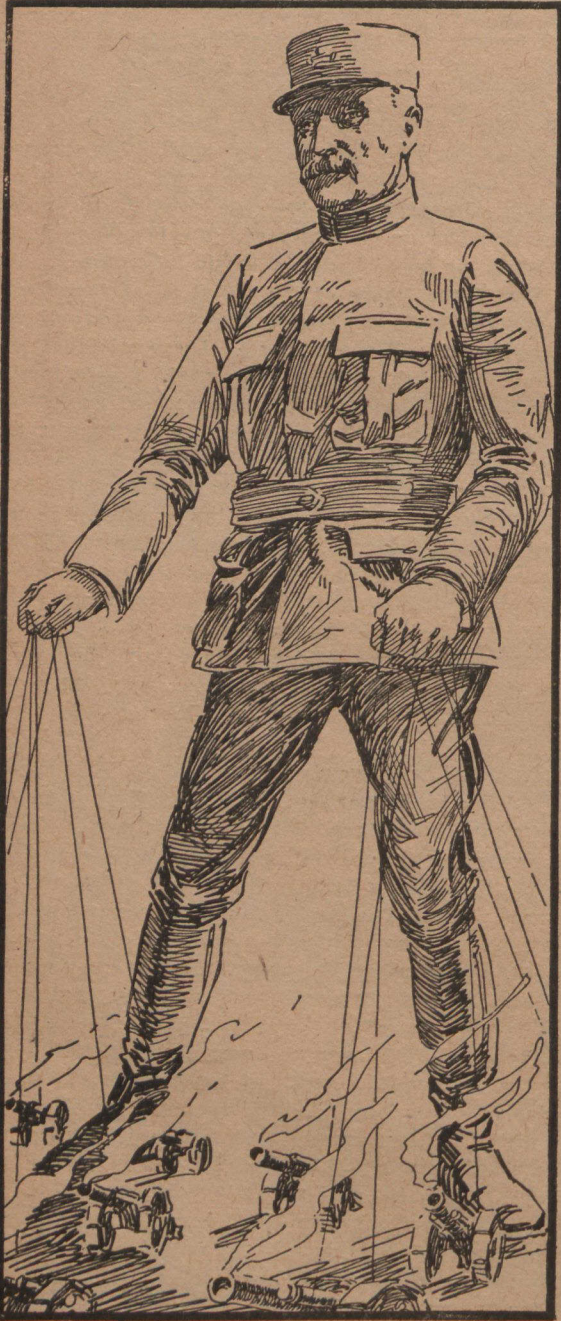
We rather expect our own historians to write the story of this with a real Canadian turn. Those writers must be bigger minds than any of our past historians. In the light of how we feel now about the war and how we felt about it the morning of August 5, 1914, we expect these philosophers to re-

alize that the great war was as much ours as any other people's.

So on Sunday morning, August 5, 1917, as you sit in church and hear the organ play and look out over the green fields of gold and brown where there is not even a shell hole or a blown-up wall or an air-raided ruin, you will find a whole panorama of images going through your mind as a Canadian. Just across the aisle or behind you near the door may be a man with crutches; or one with a single arm; or one with a seamed and scarred face or an eye out. And if you could see in one procession the whole of these maimed and disfigured Canadians on Sunday morning; and in another the tramp-tramp of those who marched away to band music down the crowded street in 1914 and never will march again, you would begin to forget what the preacher is saying about the war or what the organ says, and think about what some day it will mean when 300,000 men come trailing back to Canada in the King's khaki.

WE all have two contrasted pictures in mind. As Canadians we have never had any two mental pictures in our minds so vividly. The khaki cripple across the street has been but one of them. He felt the other. He was part of it, when in 1914 we were among the thousands lining the streets to see the long, brave line of khakis trail away to the station; when we pried into the camp just to watch them drill; when it seemed to us that no German war machine could be more perfect to respond to the call of command or of country.

We were like boys at a new game, suddenly



THE PASSIONATE STRENGTH OF FRANCE.

PETAIN, generalissimo, stands now in bigger boots than Joffre did in 1914. This great master of artillery and genius of strategy has known since the first days of Verdun in February, 1916, what it means to hold back the Hun. Petain may not be a great statesman. He is surely a great modern soldier and citizen.

aware that there was in the world a war invention such as had never been known. No, it wasn't any idea of supermen. We got that later. All we knew clearly was that a totally new sort of army had invaded France and Belgium. Able writers on the spot gave it the character of the Book of Revelations.

Against that no other army seemed possible.

But England would build an army. Canada would do part of it. There should be a Canadian army. How big? We didn't know. Perhaps a hundred thousand. In fact by the time we landed half that number the war might be over. Most of us were optimists. Children always are. In the game of war we were children—thank heaven! Some of the wise ones now are remembering that on such and so a date they said there would be a long, long war. We can't remember those predictions.



MAKING RUSSIA A NATION.

A. F. KERENSKY is the greatest visible man in Russia to-day and he has the biggest single job of any man in the world—not excepting President Wilson. The new Premier is 32 years of age. He stands as the hope of Russia against anarchy and German plots. If Kerensky can't save Russia from going to the devil with Germany—who can? He is the Mirabeau of the Russian Revolution.

You will recall some of the speeches made in the fall of 1914; the editorials written; the books that began to come out; the magazine articles; the photographs. Europe suddenly began to spill itself into our papers and magazines. It was a fine thing to know that we in Canada were part of the great show. We supposed it would be serious. But one of these days the boys would come marching home.

Some of them are home. But they are not marching.

Most of them are over there yet. They had all the thrills possible when they went away in 1914, 1915, — afterwards. They had our optimism. En-



IN THE NAME OF DEMOCRACY.

PRESIDENT WILSON has more official power than any other man living. Since he discarded the typewriter for the gun he has come out as the determined embodiment of aggressive America against the danger to freedom and honour the world over. And with all his faults Canada takes off her hat to Woodrow Wilson.

thusiasm was high. Battalions seemed to spring at us from every corner. Bands on every street. Shouting sergeants and awkward squads, with a march past somebody every little while and pictures in the press. Then a bugle band and a pack of drums. Presently another three battalions authorized. Another batch of new colonels. Some honoraries. Patriotic concerts; mass-meetings; talk of marching to Berlin — from whichever direction we decided would be the easiest. Poor mailed fist!" as Lloyd George said in 1914. "Poor shining armour!" All over Canada—skipping a few—we echoed his words. First contingent; first 100,000; battalions numbering up to 200; ships carrying out soldiers as fast as they ever carried in immigrants.

Then we got into the head-line period; the time when the war was being won by the men who wrote the display type summaries—along with "boundless Belloc," and a whole new tribe of hopeful experts who could always measure up the Germany that Richard Harding Davis saw marching through Brussels like a scene from Revelations.

The supernatural began to invade the despatches. We had the angels at Mons to play off against the Zeppelins. In the early days we had our own submarines doing incredible things. Among the supernatural things let us not forget the tragedy of the Dardanelles. Those were the days when the name Anzac was born and stuck on to a place that Australians and New Zealanders will never forget.

The making of Kitchener's Army was also among the supernatural things. Canada had a good deal to



EVERY INCH A KING.

ALBERT of Belgium has seen his kingship tried and his kingdom outraged since August, 1914, as no king has ever done under such conditions since history began. The independence and the restoration of Belgium is the first great aim of England and the Empire. And King Albert will yet rule over a free and restored Belgium.

do with a very important part of that; and Canada did a great deal of it mighty well. We did some of our tallest talking about that army. And it was a wonderful thing; the like of which the world has never seen—yet. It was almost as remarkable to reflect that Canada was mustering the biggest army that ever went overseas. The Empire rocked like a good ship in a great wind. Canada, being the largest part of it in one hemisphere, rocked a little harder than the rest. It didn't matter how far it was from a battalion headquarters to Shorncliffe or Shoreham or wherever. The greater the distance sometimes the greater the enthusiasm for helping to swell Kitchener's army. Province by province—the lead went by turns to this and that of three or four.

Ontario, says J. W. Edwards, M. P. of Frontenac, as recorded in Hansard of June 27, has contributed 101 per cent. of the number which, according to population, that province should contribute to the half million men authorized. Quebec has contributed only 32 per cent.; the Maritime Provinces 58 per cent.; Manitoba and Saskatchewan 112 per cent.; Alberta 102 per cent.; and British Columbia 137 per cent. If Quebec had recruited as well as the Maritime Provinces, it would have meant 34,935 more men in uniform to-day, and would bring our total up to 449,367 men. If Quebec had done as well as Ontario, our total enlistment to-day would be 508,805 men.

Oh, those battalions! By hundreds they went and we traced them to the mud huts and the troopship;

to the second line trenches; to the front line—and then we had the baptism at St. Julien, and Courcellette, the beginning of many.

After all, the man-element in war was the main thing. Trench gas and siege guns and Zeppelins and submarines and tanks and heaven knew what not, could not win without the men that had always won great wars. And Canada's men were among the best.

Of the 387,508 men enlisted in the Canadian Army to Jan. 15, 1917, says Francis J. Dickie (Canadian writer) in Current History, 67,890 were numbered as casualties to Jan. 11. Of these 48,454 were wounded, 10,854 killed in action, 4,010 died of wounds, 1,108 are listed as dead, 2,970 as missing, and 494 as dead of illness. There are still 310,000 effectives. Of this number 258,000 have gone over-



HE CAN AND WILL BREAK THROUGH.

SIR DAVID HAIG is the head of the greatest offensives of 1917. Thanks to him and his staff many towns of France that in 1914 and 1915 were put under the curse and horror of Germanism are now free and French. This great generalissimo may not be a war-lord in the Berlin vernacular; but he is a great soldier who has helped us to bear the loss of that other great soldier—Kitchener.

seas, 100,000 of which are now on the firing line, another 100,000 have received from one to ten months' training in Canada, and will be moved to England and the front during the Winter and Spring.

Back of the armies at the front, men were coming on and off stage; diplomats, ambassadors, generals, cabinet ministers, premiers, admirals and sea lords and secretaries of war—the strangest moving-picture of men who in other times were reckoned indispensable. In England the shift was bigger than anywhere else. The two steady immovables were Asquith and Kitchener. Politics finally moved one; fate the other.

The Canadian army overseas was now into hundreds of thousands. We were paying the price. Month by month, battalion by battalion, shipload by shipload, war loan by war loan, we were paying it because every other nation at war was paying it harder, and we understood as never before that if we were to be reckoned worth as much in the world as all the immigrants and railways and new towns and trade returns we were talking about in our census returns, we should have to do more than pay the piper of peace. War was the world's work. It took us two years to realize this. The men at the front who began to come back and never would go to war again—they kept us reminded of it even more than the khaki evangelist on the street corner.

But we were doing well. Business was good. We seldom took time to ask ourselves why, whose money was paying us, how long it might last, what would happen when the great game was over. Oh, yes; it would be over soon. Another Christmas—tired of it? But every little while something happened to make most of us angry and we forgot to be tired.

We were linto arithmetic now. As a people we were taking stock of ourselves. Canada as a whole was not equally interested in the war. There were reasons. Back of the reasons were mistakes. It is easy now to resurrect the mistakes. But few of us were up to much as prophets. And all of us were up to still less as patriots or true Canadians, unless Canada goes on with this war in the same spirit, if not under the same conditions, in which we began it on August 4, 1914.



BEATEN AND HE KNOWS IT.

HINDENBURG is a clever man. He is the great and masterful scapegoat of Germany. He is the author of more great offensives than any other general living. He is also the creator of the Hindenburg line which is the finest sample of how to beat an enemy by retreat and how to bamboozle his own people by bunkum.

Will the British Navy End the War?



British Jackies somewhere in the North Sea—march past King George to the tune of Rule Britannia.

WHEN you see Sailor King George and Admiral Sir David Beatty holding a confab on deck of the Admiral's Flagship, it may mean much—or necessarily nothing at all. If it meant anything big coming off by the navy the camera would not have been allowed to make it public.

Three years ago next Sunday morning the Grand Fleet of Great Britain sailed away to the North Sea with the message from the King,

"Capture or destroy the Enemy."

But it is fifteen months now since the Battle of Jutland and about six months since Sir John Jellicoe was taken from command of the Grand Fleet and made First Sea Lord. Sir David Beatty has been a long while waiting. He took over the mysterious silence of the great fleet in the North Sea, knowing that the silence could not always last.

In that fifteen months since Jutland, the German navy has been cached securely away at Kiel and Heligoland. There was, and is, a reason. First, it was unhealthy for the Von Tirpitz fleet to be found anywhere else. Second, Germany had a better use for her thousands of sailors than holystoning the decks and doing gun drill in the Kiel Canal.

We know now what Tirpitz needs the sea-men for. Since Feb. 2, 1917,



King George and Sir David Beatty hold a conference on the deck of the Admiral's Flagship.

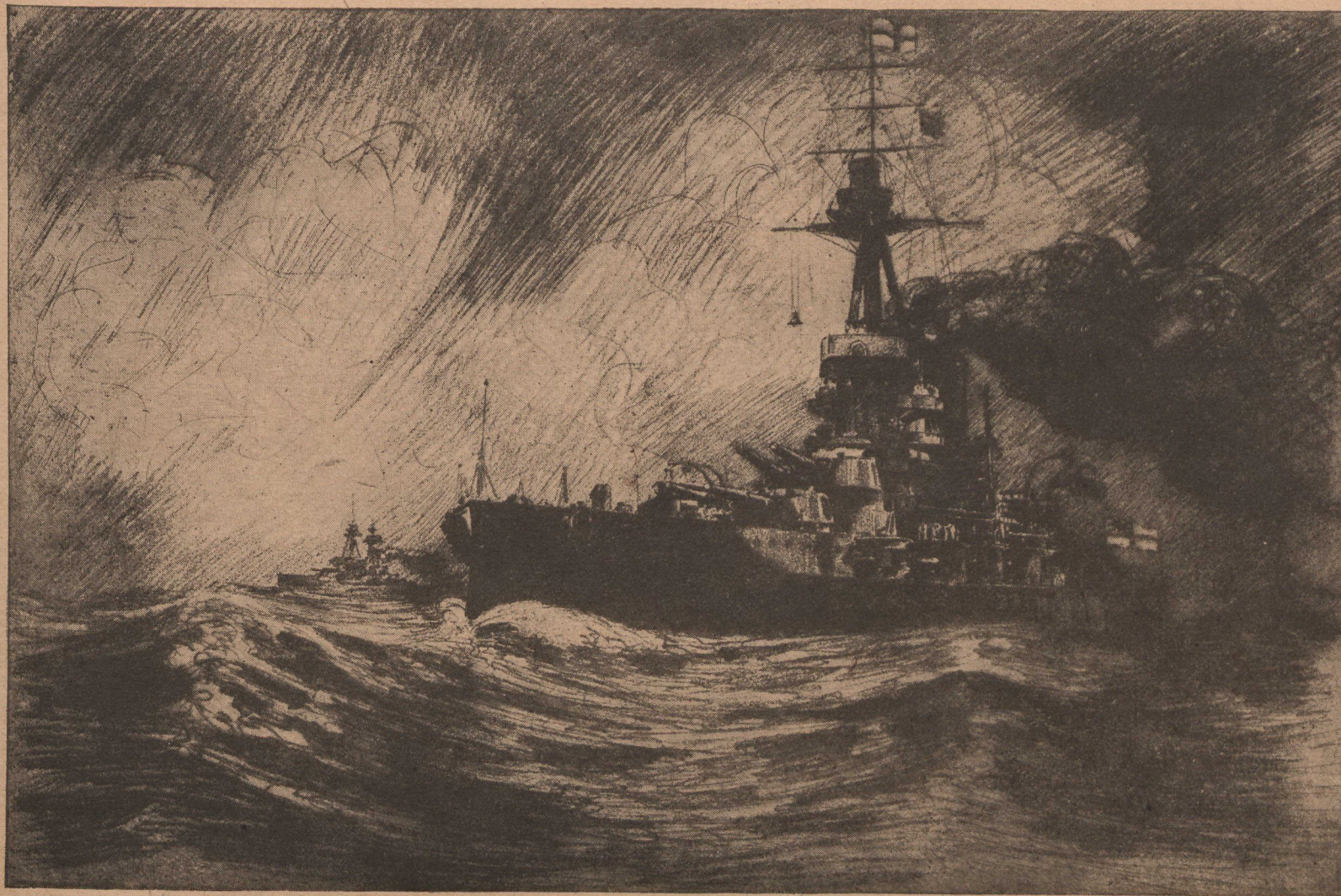
thousands of them have been drafted away from the idle battleships to the busy submarines. It takes 35 or 40 men to man a good submarine. Germany has hundreds of subs. A sub crew can't be on duty continually. It must be relieved or go to pieces on account of the under-sea strain. On a conservative estimate it must need more than half of Germany's sailormen to man the submarine fleet. What the subs. gain, the battleships lose.

This is a wearing game. Sir David Beatty knows it. So does Sir John Jellicoe. If half or any large percentage of Germany's sea-crews are in the submarines, the Grand Fleet in the Kiel Canal must be weakened by that much.

Strategy is as useful as tactics on water as well as on land. And of course strategy is always easy to the man who works a typewriter. But there are a number of experts in Europe who think it is time for the Dreadnoughts to come back. They don't explicitly say that to bring on a big open-sea fight now would smash up the submarine campaign; but perhaps they mean it.

It is reasonably certain, says Current Opinion, in view of what the military experts of the Allies are now allowed to say, that the first effect of the triumph of the big-ship theory in

THE DAY OF THE DREADNOUGHT MAY COME AGAIN



The Iron Duke, Flagship of the Grand Fleet in the North Sea

Etching by Walter R. Duff.

the strategy of this war will be a dramatic descent upon Heligoland and the Kiel Canal. The reappearance of Mr. Winston Churchill in British official councils is attributed to a perception of the validity of his view of the war. The London Nation has gone so far as to say that his idea of forcing the naval factor at the very first was sound. He was willing to take big risks and, after all, as the London World observes, war is a process of running big risks. The respect felt in German naval circles for the big-ship policy so soon to be inaugurated is seen, the London News observes, by the variations and eccentricities of the Hindenburg line. If we study that line we perceive it to be based upon land war alone. It rests nowhere upon any prospect of co-operation with a sea force. The old notion that a German invasion of England might be attempted in the Napoleonic manner finds no favour with Hindenburg. His observations upon submarines, as quoted in the Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung and repeated in Entente newspapers, are interpreted as examples of that sarcasm for which the marshal is so famed. It is significant that the French press also that the partisans of the submarine receive no recognition in the present organization of the general staff and that one or two foes of the submarine theory of the war—Ludendorff is among these, says the *Matin*—are conspicuous in Emperor William's councils. No matter what Germans in the mass may think, suspects the Rome Tribuna, the Imperial German government does not take its submarines any too seriously in the strategical sense.

It would be stretching imagination to suppose that the recent resurrection of Winston Churchill to replace Dr. Addison as Minister of Munitions has anything directly to do with any impending sea fight. But at least it means the come-back of Churchill after his retirement to the Duchy of Lancaster and a sub-command at the front. It means that Lloyd George endorses the man who said that the German Navy must be dug from the Kiel Canal like rats from their holes. And it may mean that the War Council of Great Britain have in mind a big naval

engagement as a means of relieving the submarine pressure.

With the elimination of the submarine as a strategical factor in this new phase of the war, we must look, observes the naval expert of the Paris *Figaro*, for the reappearance of the Dreadnought on the deep. These monsters have been in something like seclusion owing to the prevalent theory that this war is not an affair of big ships. The huge battleships have been bottled up, not a few of them serving the humble purpose of training the raw recruit. A tremendous controversy has arisen as a result within the British admiralty. One party, as

its views are expounded in the London *Times* and the London *Post*, argues that the function of the high-seas fleet is to seek out the enemy's ships and destroy them. Had this been done at the outset of the war, the submarine menace could not have attained any large proportions. Mr. Asquith took the view that the big ships must watch and wait. When the "ginger school" under Lloyd George took charge, an active crusade against the submarine revealed the possibility of controlling it to such an extent that the old-fashioned "command of the sea" could be restored. Henceforth the Dreadnought will be bolder.

TWO CANADIAN ARTISTS IN LUCK

TWO Canadian artists the other day fell into a bit of rare good luck. At once you will surmise that the Government gave them a joint contract to do historical panels in the new Parliament Buildings at Ottawa; or that the Militia Department asked them to do war posters, as the artists of almost every great country at war have been doing—except Canada.

Not so. The good luck of Messrs. Wyly Grier and Frederick Challenger was far more interesting. You recognize Grier as the painter who holds the record for the largest number of good Canadian portraits and Challenger as the ablest panel-designer and colorist in Canada, perhaps in America.

Well, these two celebrities were engaged Sunday before last on the Club Farm concerning which the *Courier* printed a photograph last week. They were hoeing potatoes. Each was togged in overalls with some sort of resemblance to a "cow-bite" hat. They were all alone on the Farm. At noon they knocked off for lunch, and as the thermos bottle was not in order and the thermometer was 92 in the shade, they decided to fetch some good fresh water from a neighbouring well.

On their way back with the tin pail, each with a wet burdock leaf in his straw hat, they encountered a motorist company in trouble. A party of tourists to Lake Simcoe were ditched and disabled. As some of the party were ladies it was necessary to have more man-power to help the engine lift the car from the down side of the bank.

"I say, Freddie," said Grier, "let's see if we can give them a lift."

"All right," said Challenger. "I can lift a few pounds." So they set down their water pail in the shady nook of a fence-corner and leaped to the rescue with a Hee-go-hee!

The car sputtered and stormed its way slowly to the road, and the driver turned to look at the artists who, by this time, were mopping their brows under their straw hats with the wet burdocks in the crown.

"Thanks!" he said.

He looked them over, no doubt wondering why these two farmers of all he had seen that day were in working clothes.

"Working a bit to-day, are you?"

"Oh, yes," said the art-farmers. "Improving the time." "I see. Well, say, it's awfully good of you to give us a lift. Here Dave—"

As Grier seemed to be the spokesman the motorist held his hand over the wheel and dropped into the artist's hand two nice, new, ten-cent pieces.

"Buy yourselves an ice-cream each next time you go to town, boys."

"Thanks, old chap!" murmured Grier, as his hand closed over the coins.

The car lurched to get away. The artist, scarcely able to recover his accustomed poise, began to run to throw the money back. On second thought, he changed his mind.

"Here, Freddie," he said to his companion of the hoe and the overalls. "Take your dime, old chap. It's not every day either of us can make ten cents in such a short time."

MR. POTTER PLANS A COUP

THE little town of Dutton, Manitoba, lay drowsing in the sun. It might be thought that Mr. Potter, slouched down in a substantial arm chair on his own front veranda, was drowsing too. His eyes were closed and his chin rested on the bosom of his shirt. But behind those closed eyelids a master mind was working.

Mr. Potter was accustomed to thinking with his eyes shut. In church, for instance, it was not unusual for him to become lost in thought for upwards of an hour at a time; while on the bench, as Justice of the Peace, he was even more thoughtful. There were those who accused him of sleeping on the bench, but they were mostly ignorant persons who were given to jumping at conclusions.

Mr. Potter was planning a coop—a c-o-u-p coop. Everybody knows that the main business of a leader of the people is to go around pulling off coops; and Mr. Potter was a leader. Besides being Justice of the Peace, he was a retired farmer and the father of five children. These things make a man a leader. Then again, he was a pioneer; came to the country in 18—something and took up a homestead. He had seen Dutton when it was nothing but prairie, as bare as a board, and the City of Winnipeg when it was only a collection of huts. This is another thing that gives a man prominence. Hardship! I tell you those old fellows knew what hardship was. Talk about blizzards! You ought to see a blizzard. These little flurries we have nowadays are not blizzards, not real blizzards. And you ought to see the houses they had to live in, the flimsiest things. One ply of boards, that was all, and cracks in the walls that you could throw a cat through; not a large cat, but just an ordinary common-sized cat.

It was when the children grew up and took over the management of the farm that Mr. Potter moved into town. He was not one of those persons who think they are doing enough for a town by merely living in it. He wanted to do more than that.

"What this town needs," he would say, "is waking up. They need a good live man with lots of grit in him to kind of take a holt and keep things moving."

There is no better way of waking up a town than by springing a coop on it. Therefore Mr. Potter was planning a coop.

He rose presently and shed his coat. Planning coops is hot work. A man that has been raised on the farm can't work with his coat on anyway. He took a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles from his vest pocket, wiped them carefully, and stuck them on his nose. There was nothing to read, and nothing to write; the spectacles were merely hung out as a sign that intellectual labour was being carried on within.

By three o'clock the main outlines of the coop were taking shape in Mr. Potter's mind; at half-past three he was sketching in the details; by train time he was ready to call a meeting.

A meeting is called in Dutton by hanging a notice in the post office. The entire male population, after seeing the train safely through, repairs immediately to the post office to lean against the walls until the mail is sorted. Any one hanging a notice at that hour secures the immediate and grateful attention of a representative of every family in Dutton.

Mr. Potter's notice announced that a meeting of citizens would be held in the town hall that same evening at eight o'clock to discuss the question of a boosting campaign for Dutton. Ladies were specially invited; God Save the King. That was Mr. Potter's coop, a campaign for Dutton.

He told them plainly at the meeting that Dutton was going to the dogs. He said that what the town needed was waking up. They needed a good live man with lots of grit in him to kind of take holt and keep things moving. Such a man, he said, would be called an organizer. He urged them to appoint an organizer. They did so. Mr. Potter was the organizer.

"Now," said Mr. Potter, beaming upon his fellow citizens, "what do you say to a slogan?"

They didn't say anything to a slogan. They were

A Homely Humouresque for Hot Weather on the way some citizens of Dutton, Man., undertook a real uplifting publicity campaign.

By G. L. REDMOND

not on speaking terms with slogans.

"A slogan," Mr. Potter explained, "must be short and snappy and have every word starting with the same letter. The kind of slogan I would like to see this town adopt would be something like this: Dutton Defies Defeat. How does that catch you?"

"What does it mean?" somebody asked.

"Why, it don't mean anything in particular. A slogan don't have to mean anything, as long as it's short and snappy and has every word starting with the same letter."

"Sounds kind of chesty," somebody else remarked.

Mr. Potter snorted:

"Of course it sounds chesty. That's the way we want it to sound. Nobody wants this town to adopt a wishy-washy slogan I hope. Does anybody here want this town to adopt a wishy-washy slogan?"

Apparently nobody did.

"I should hope not! I should certainly hope not! Of course it's chesty, the chestier the better. That's the kind of a slogan we want, ain't it?"

Everybody nodded. That was the kind they wanted.

"The next thing," said Mr. Potter, "is to appoint a committee."

"What for?"

"Why, to wear the badges. That's mainly what a committee is for—to wear badges, and answer questions. The meeting is open for nominations."

Mr. Rollins took much pleasure in nominating Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, on the other hand, got his pleasure out of nominating Mr. Rollins. Mr. Rollins declined to act. Mr. Smith followed suit. Other couples carried on in the same way. When most of those present had been nominated and had declined to act, Mr. Potter asked for a show of hands and declared them all elected. That's the way they appoint a committee in Dutton.

"Before we adjourn," resumed Mr. Potter, "we ought to pass a resolution. I have never known a meeting of this kind to adjourn without passing a resolution, and I would hate to establish a precedent."

The others hated to establish a precedent, too, so a resolution was passed. It bristled with whereases and aforesaid and heretofores, and was regarded as a noble piece of architecture, particularly by all those who had any kind of a hand in its perpetration; moreover, it was quite unintelligible. What better could you ask?

The meeting broke up in enthusiasm.

NEXT day a long, rakish democrat appeared on the streets of Dutton, drawn by Mr. Potter's team of blacks, and bearing a huge sign to the effect that Dutton Defied Defeat. When the train from the East pulled in there was the democrat drawn up alongside the station platform, and Mr. Potter was there ready to tell the passengers about Dutton Defying Defeat.

In all, he spoke to seventeen passengers—reached them was the way he put it—reached seventeen passengers at that one clip. Supposing only fifty per cent. of them decided to reside permanently in Dutton. That would be—let me see—that would be eight and a half head. Imagine eight and a half head of people flocking into the town in a single day. Figure out what it would amount to in a year. Even if only thirty-three and a third per cent. came, it would be something. Figures of this kind are fascinating. Mr. Potter lay awake half the night figuring out what thirty-three and a third per cent. of

seventeen is, and then fell asleep and dreamed that the entire population of Dutton had been reduced to vulgar fractions; some being halves, some thirds, and some merely quarters and eighths.

The citizens caught the spirit of their leader. Meeting on the sidewalk, they told each other that Dutton Defied Defeat. The clerks in the stores handed out a cheery "Dutton Defies Defeat" with every purchase. Farmers calling at the post office learned the same glad tidings. The children shouted it on the street, and scribbled it over the school buildings with red chalk. You never saw such a defiant town.

The Dutton Courier took a prominent part in the campaign. Every subscriber learned that Dutton Defied Defeat; learned, too, that the soil in and around Dutton was a black loam with clay subsoil, that fuel was plentiful and water abundant, that church and school were easily accessible. Extra copies were run off and sent to non-subscribers. People sent marked copies to their friends in other places. The editor sent a copy to each of the Winnipeg dailies with permission to use any of the material referring to the black loam and the other advantages. None of it was used.

THAT's jealousy for you! Those big places know well enough that if the claims of a place like Dutton ever got before the public, it would draw off trade. They know that, and they are not taking any chances.

Mr. Potter had overlooked one adjunct to a successful campaign—the campaign fund. He thought of it Sunday morning in church when the collection was being taken. On Monday he called a meeting, in the form of a caucus. A caucus is different from an ordinary meeting. A caucus must be held behind closed doors. This seemed hardly necessary in a place like Dutton, where everybody attended all meetings anyway, but you can't be too careful about caucuses. That's what Mr. Potter said. So the doors were closed.

They decided to hold a box social. In Dutton no cause is supported by direct contribution. If a church needs an organ, or a Sunday-school needs a library, or a fraternal society needs anything, they hold a box social. If it isn't a box social, it's a fowl supper; and if it isn't a fowl supper, it's some other one of the many facilities that the fertile mind of man has devised for ridding his fellow-man of superfluous and detachable coin of the realm. The date was set for Saturday night, although the Rev. Mr. Stone objected that the socialists (i.e., participants in the social) might be led, inadvertently, of course, to prolong the festivities past the midnight hour and so injure the Sabbath. Mr. Potter assured him that there was very little danger. They might chip it a little around the edges, but nothing to hurt.

The social was run off as scheduled. There were one or two hitches in the programme, but then, what can you expect?

The presence of outside talent was resented in some quarters. People said—people who could sing and recite and had not been asked to do either—said that if Dutton Defied Defeat, why did they have to get in outside talent? Jack Downey said he wished to blazes the outside talent had stayed outside; they couldn't sing for sour apples anyway. Then again, when Lillian Durkin spoke of the quality of mercy as not being strained, thus putting it in the same class as the milk that old man Rollins peddled around town, it only raised a laugh; but when she went on and likened it to rainwater, she was felt to be going too far. It might hurt the old man's business. Moreover, the Sabbath did get damaged a little around the front end—as the Rev. Mr. Stone had feared—by daredevil persons who didn't care whether they were struck down by sudden lightnings or not. Still, take it all around, there was no fault to find with the affair. It came within fifteen cents of paying expenses. This deficit, as Mr. Potter persisted in calling it, was wiped out by himself and two others; with the understanding of course that they would be reimbursed out

of the campaign fund later on. How much later on was not so well understood. In connection with the deficit Mr. Potter used the words "financial crisis."

To meet the crisis the Rev. Mr. Stone came forward and offered to conduct a trip through the Holy Land, illustrated by lantern slides. He had all the equipment necessary, except the lantern and the slides, and these could be secured from Winnipeg for one night for a nominal sum. He was anxious to see the slides himself, and he believed the citizens would evince a similar anxiety if the matter were properly placed before them. He saw that it was properly placed before them at the Sunday morning service, and again in the evening.

The trip was taken, but was not such as to arouse enthusiasm. The lecture part was merely a sermon in disguise, for one thing; and then the lantern refused to do anything but stink. Bud Green swore he had smelled skunks that were no worse than that lantern. It spoiled a good part of the

evening for those who sat near it. The Rev. Stone was forced to give his sermon without the slides, thus spoiling the remainder of the evening.

When the nominal sum for the lantern and slides had been paid, it left a nominal deficit somewhat larger than the previous one. It was, however, wiped out in the same manner, and with the same understanding. Mr. Potter repeated the word "crisis" and added the word "emergency." He urged the citizens to keep their shoulders to the plow until they burned the last bridge. He told them they had one more shot in the locker.

A Tag Day for Dutton! That was the shot in the locker. Look at the double advantage in it; the fund would be replenished and the citizens would be furnished with badges at one stroke. Most of them had badges, as members of the committee, but that was nothing; they could wear two badges, couldn't they?

The Tag Day was a success, even a financial success; and that was where trouble began. As long

as the citizens were struggling against a deficit, with their shoulders to the plow, they were a happy and united people; but the moment they became opulent, things changed. It is hard to withstand prosperity. Little things began to crop up and make trouble, that wouldn't have been noticed at the beginning of the campaign. The surplus which superseded the deficit was deposited at the bank in Mr. Potter's name. That made talk. Mr. Potter paid certain unauthorized expenses, such as the sign on the democrat. They called him a grafter. One after another the citizens left off wearing their badges. One after another they dropped back into their old ruts. Mr. Potter was the last to give in.

"I ain't carin' one way or the other," he said. "If they want to let Winnipeg and Brandon get ahead of them it don't make any difference to me. I'm satisfied." He was thinking of the surplus standing at the bank in the name of Silas Benjamin Potter, Organizer. It still stands. There has lately been added to it six cents interest.

THE FIGHTING EDITOR

NOT that old John Heeley, fighting editor, sought trouble. He did not despise peace. But if difficulty appeared, he was unwilling it should always enjoy the right of way.

"Don't run," he used to say, with a flourish of his worn spectacle case. "Don't let 'em scare you. Stay with it, and see who makes the grade."

Heeley's earthly battles ended a few years ago. Stricken with pneumonia in the wilds of Cariboo, he started for the coast, 300 miles away and died on the trail. He knew the west. Born in Ontario, for thirty years he had followed the frontier. In many a hectic camp, from Old Mexico to Yukon, he had set up his printing outfit, only to move on when the flush of boom times began to fade.

John looked the part. A shaggy head of hair, shot with gray, crowned a sallow, deeply-seamed face. A grizzled, untrimmed mustache shaded thin, humorous lips. His dress? Careless, as a rule. His choice of hats was fixed. In all seasons it was a high crowned, black slouch. If he liked you, he abused you.

A decade ago, the builders of a Canadian transcontinental railway were blasting a path to the Pacific. An industrial army toiled in the Rockies. From the mist wreathed peaks along the Skeena River, to the Alberta border, dynamite broke the silence of ages. Down in Vancouver, Heeley scented a virgin field.

"Never yet saw the terminus of a big railway," he soliloquized, "that wasn't a likely enough place. And I've seen a few."

Came a day when it was known where the twin lines of steel, pushing westward, would reach tide water. Away to the north, where the curving tip of the Alaskan pan handle loomed opposite Canadian territory, would the new transcontinental end, and to quote the real estate men, a great city begin.

Heeley's preparations were simple. A small hand press, type, forms, ink, paper and office effects were packed and swung aboard the little steamer that made regular calls at the town toward which many calculating eyes were already turning.

Two days' steaming along a picture-gallery coast, and the boat slowed down in a harbour that looked more like a remote mountain lake than a salt water haven, fourteen miles long and one across.

On the site of the city that was to be, a small clearing had been gashed in the wooded shore line. A wharf was under construction. The company offices, and shacks and tents of the townsite engineers clung to the stump-studded slopes of sodden muskeg. Creighton was harbour engineer, and fully aware of this fact. Short and spruce, he walked as if on parade. In spare moments, he was not above cultivating flowers. Behind his back were those who referred to him as "the main squeeze." He heard the whistle of the boat and strode down to where the vessel was about to dock. So did every-

A character story of Frontier Days in the time of founding Prince Rupert, B. C. Written on the spot.

By W. M. J. RAYMOND

one else who had the time. The coming of the boat was a welcome break in the week's routine. There would be strangers, newspapers, precious letters and the fag end of gossip from the outside.

"What's this?" queried Creighton, later in the day, indicating a few packing cases marked J. H.

"Can't say," said the freight clerk. "Owner came up with us. Better see him."

Old timers still chuckle when they describe Creighton's owlish look as Heeley, in his offhand way, said he had come north to start a paper.

"So that's why I'm here," concluded John. "Thought I'd come along and be sociable. You're putting what ought to be a good town on the map. Who ever heard of a railway terminus without a newspaper? Any thing wrong?"

Creighton drew a long, wheezy breath.

"Wrong? Don't you know this town is closed. No one save engineers and workmen are allowed here as yet. I'm not authorized to let anybody in. Of course, things may be different a year or so from now, but not before."

"Say, son, listen to me," said Heeley. "Did you ever hear tell of the ground floor? That's the thing I want to get in on." His voice was edged with defiance.

"Can't help it," stated Creighton. "Company's orders," and he gave instructions to lock Heeley's press in the warehouse.

* * * * *

"This 'ere isn't fire ply."

IT was a stocky Londoner—a youth with snapping, black eyes and an engaging smile, destined to die at Ypres—who spoke. He sat in the tent that sheltered newly arrived government officials, and which stood in the doubtful shade of a gnarled jack pine. This was on the day following Creighton's decree that the press be locked up. Heeley's plight had become the chief topic of the small community. By all the rules of the game, it was agreed that no one had the right to take possession of the property of another.

"No fire ply about h'it," repeated little Briggs, pouring fine cut into a brown cigarette paper. He was a special constable, and what he lacked in height he made up in grit. "Just you fellows give me the 'igh sign, and oue comes that press."

"You can go to it with my blessing," said Heeley, whose temporary home was in the government tent. "No use parleying any longer with Creighton. My press is in there to stay, so far as he's concerned."

Briggs cocked an inquiring look at Thomson, his official superior, who gave just the suspicion of an

acquiescent nod. But it was enough.

That afternoon, a strange and small procession, headed by Briggs, marched to the warehouse. Creighton, forewarned, watched it gloomily.

"Please don't start something you can't stop," he requested, joining Briggs, and pacing along to the barred door.

Briggs, clothed with power, had no time or inclination for pleasantries. He stated his position.

"Sorry," said Creighton, crisply, "but you can't get what you've come for."

"Open the door in the name of the King."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Then Briggs and two assistants lifted up a fir deal, smashed the warehouse door, loaded the press on a truck, and gravely chanting, "Rule, Britannia," drew it to the government tent.

Creighton fumed. Heeley said he reminded him of a smelter. Creighton realized that the press was gone, and with it, some of his prestige. Still he could take comfort reflecting that the publication of a paper would be a difficult matter, for there was no ground on which Heeley could build his office. He would trespass, no matter which way he turned. Creighton was a good and faithful harbour-engineer, but he was not celebrated for his knowledge of mining.

HEELEY, as the lengthening spring days wore along, chose to leisurely explore the neighbourhood of the camp. He found it a region of crags and bogs and brooks; a place of underbrush and raw stumps and smouldering logs left by the clearing gangs. One morning, scouting along the base of a small cliff, the old man paused to chip off a piece of rock. To a "chechako," that reddish brown fragment looked a good deal like any other bit of rock. But to Heeley—prospector—publisher—wanderer—it meant metal, and something else as well. In it lay traces of ore, and the germ of an idea that would open a trail out of his difficulties.

Why not stake a claim? Here was a chance to gain the coveted foothold. It was contrary to law to stake a mineral claim on an Indian reserve, or in enclosed ground, but neither description applied to a railway townsite. Heeley drove his discovery post, strolled back to the tent and said nothing. Next day, the scheme having been slept on, looked even more feasible and promising. Heeley paid for a free miner's license and took the next boat for Victoria.

Creighton, with quiet satisfaction, watched him approach the vessel.

"Not leaving us?" he queried, with mock anxiety. "This is going to be a good town. You said so yourself. And how can we get along without a paper?"

He gave him a playful nudge.

"You asked me that, too."

Heeley looked dejected.

"Oh, what's the use? I can't buck a corporation

(Continued on page 23.)

QUEBEC *The* PACIFIST

An Interview with Tancrede Marsil

By VERNE DeWITT ROWELL

"PACIFICISM organized to the Nth degree"—that in brief is the situation which one finds in Quebec to-day, if one seeks to form an unbiased estimate of the attitude of the French-Canadian province towards conscription in particular and war in general. Problem—Find "N".

"They are drilling every night in basements with guns to fight conscription," the English-speaking Montrealer will tell you on the street, and in Toronto the ultra-loyalist will declare fervently, "Now is the time to force Quebec to submit; we must fight to put down insurrection."

"Put a revolver to the heads of the slackers and make them enlist," is what an army officer in the Toronto-Hamilton district said at a patriotic meeting not so long ago.

But when you talk to the Nationalist leaders in Montreal, something sinister but sincere strikes you in the laugh with which they poo-poo the story of stores of guns and ammunition in readiness for rebellion, and you wonder if, after all, there is a "method in their madness" and they are evolving some mysterious system of fighting without rifles and bayonets.

"We are for peace and liberty," said Tancrede Marsil, the young leader and organizer of the "Sons of Liberty," whom I found hard at work writing an editorial behind a screen in one corner of his miniature newspaper plant at 71A Rue St. Jacques. "We have only one country—Canada, not England, not France, but Canada. We don't want a mother country, or a grandmother country, but just our own country where we were born and where our fathers were born. And we are all one family whether French or English.

"I will tell you what I believe. I am an American. My head is not in France or England, but in America. The others keep their eyes on France or England and forget that we are living in America, not in Europe. I am for liberty above all, but also for peace and voluntary enlistment. I have always been for these. Bourassa tried to show that when England was in war, Canada need not be, but I know my law better than that. I know that when the motherland is fighting, Canada is also at war, but Canada must continue to stand for voluntary enlistment. England, France and other countries have adopted conscription. We must preserve Canada as the one country that will not have conscription.

"Bourassa at first favoured conscription, and says he would have supported it had it been introduced at first. But I have always been opposed to it and have not changed my stand."

The brown eyes of the tall, rather handsome-looking Frenchman flashed fire and he went on to show why recruiting had suffered in Quebec. The military authorities had been afraid of Quebec. They had not permitted any rifle clubs to be organized. They had refused to authorize any heavy artillery units for the French-Canadians.

Borden was an autocrat, who would not be tolerated in France.

"I am not a slave nor a — what you call it, for 'mouton'—nor a sheep. I am an independent. Before conscripting us, the government should get the feeling of the population. Everywhere the people are against conscription." And then to prove his point, Marsil went on to tell about the letters he receives from the English-speaking Canadians in British Columbia, and other provinces, even from Ontario, encouraging him in the stand he is taking. The letters are not addressed directly to him. He would not get them, if they were. They censor his mail, he complains, but he has found a way around this drawback. He has dozens of friends who receive mail for him and they cannot censor all the letters, he points out.

"Not a word about the 'Sons of Liberty,'" he said, when asked just what were the plans of "La Ligue des Fils de la Liberte" are. "Not a word until the right time comes. Then I will give you the biggest story you have had in

Canada for a long time."

No estimate of the numbers of this organization could their chieftain be induced to make public. That they are holding nightly secret meetings in Montreal and throughout Quebec, also in some other provinces, he admitted frankly. But they have no guns. That is all a joke. They have other plans than actual fighting to defeat conscription in Quebec. What are those mysterious plans, I could not ascertain definitely, but that is what I style the "organized pacificism" of Quebec. With the approval of Marsil many of his followers are accepting employment in mines, forests, and factories. But why? In order to make more trouble, strikes, disorder, if any attempt to draft them or their comrades is made?

Marsil counts on the support of organized labour, solidly in Quebec; to a considerable extent in the other provinces. Henri Bourassa hasn't time to receive the labour men any hour in his editorial sanctum sanctorum. He is writing tons of editorials and pamphlets to show the misguided Ontarians where they are mistaken. But Labour representatives came and went freely to the editorial desk behind the screen in the little business office of "La Liberte." Apparently they are his intimate friends. Marsil may be a fool, a rebel, an irresponsible—but he is obviously a man of action. "The Villa of Quebec," one instinctively styles him, after five minutes' conversation with him. And he is not afraid of reporters, friends or enemies. He has his plans. They will work. They won't conscript Quebec. Wait and see, he tells you. How much of what he says is press-agent dope or pure bluff; how much is well-organized determination, one cannot say after an hour's interview with the man, but yet one somehow feels that he is going to make more trouble for the Canadian conscriptionists than Bourassa or Laurier when it comes to fighting the last ditch and en-



The editor of La Liberte may be trying to make you imagine what he would look like marching with the Highlanders as depicted on the opposite page.

forcing compulsory military service in Quebec. Big Canadian interests—they mention several freely in Montreal—are said to be behind the anti-conscription agitation. Department store owners and manufacturers are encouraging their employees to fight conscription, not all of them—for the Montreal board of trade has declared in favour of conscription—but some big firms whose names are freely quoted. The "Chambre de Commerce," the local French-speaking business organization, is with the "Antis."

"Canada is not ready for independence," says Marsil, and he is not in favour of annexation to the United States, now spoken of on the streets as one of the probable results of the war. That England was borrowing money from the United States with Canada as security, was one of the arguments advanced by Nationalist speakers some time ago. Some of the French-Canadians were not frightened by this. Their French-Canadian cousins in New England take less interest in politics, but live quite happily. They are not even opposing the American draft system. Recently "The Labour World," a bilingual weekly in Montreal, published under a three-column head a long letter from a reader favouring annexation, but did not translate and reprint the letter in its English pages. Annexation to the United States, said the editor, was a very probable project. The question was not a new one, and he believed that at the end of the war Great Britain would "regard without fear the possibility of the fruition of the dream of uniting all the countries of America in one." He invited letters on the subject from other readers.

No, really the French-Canadians don't wish to fight, not even against conscription. But if the vague hints of Marsil are anything more than mere bluff, they are effecting some kind of pacifist or anarchist organization that will make the enforcement of conscription in Quebec a very costly and difficult matter. It would be easier to bring back the young Quebecois from the United States than from the remote districts of their own province, where they will probably take refuge. And sabotage, boycotts, strikes, all the means of non-militant resistance yet known, and others still in reserve, appear to be "up the sleeve" of Marsil and his organization. Concentrated in employment where they are not likely to be the first conscripted, but where through strikes or similar action, they could hamper the conscription of their comrades, they do not all need to be in the backwoods or remote from railways. Why is Marsil encouraging his members to accept employment in places like the Thetford Mines?

"The League of Sons of Liberty," he says, "does not solely occupy itself with directing the agitation against conscription. It acts; organizes our vital and economic forces. It aids the workers without work and it leads the opposition against compulsion. It comes to the aid of the French-Canadians whom the imperialists throw out on the streets. It is necessary to act as well as talk," he announces in big letters calling for 100 men for the Thetford Mines.

On the other hand there is Bourassa's "Patriotic League of Canadian Interests." Marsil is preparing against conscription. Bourassa is preparing for it. Bourassa's League, he stated in an interview, would give legal help and money for the French-Canadians who would be unjustly charged with desertion when the act becomes effective, those in outlying districts who may not hear of the law until after they have broken it. Marsil, in Bourassa's estimation, is an irresponsible noise-maker, a fire-brand, who will fail when the conflagration is timed to take place. But, somehow one feels after meeting both men, that although Marsil may not write quite so classic and polished sentences, he is a very bad and dangerous man from the Ontario loyalist standpoint.

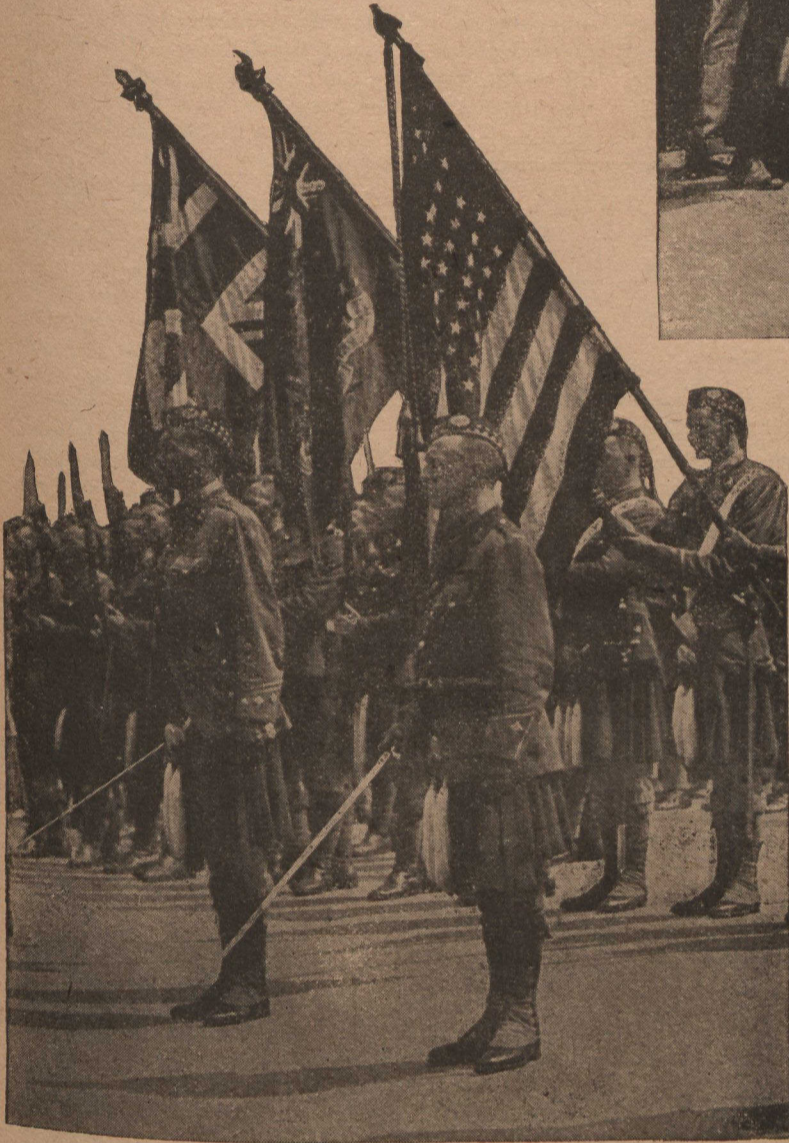
"You don't dissipate, do you?" asked the physician, as he made ready for the tests. "Not a fast liver, or anything of that sort?"

The little henpecked man hesitated a moment, looked a bit frightened, then replied in a piping voice: "I sometimes chew a little gum."

WAR THRILLS

OF 1914
IN 1917

*Our Old 48th Spreading the Gospel of True
Canadianism Over the Border*



OUR 48th Highlanders in New York, Boston, Chicago, Newark, and other places, have been going back to the good old days of three years ago, when all you had to do to get a new battalion was to march a regiment and a brass band down the street. We don't get battalions that way in Canada now. The 48th marched over the border to the country where war is in its infancy and gave the Americans a few thrills. They didn't go to inspire Uncle Sam to do his duty. He doesn't need it. What they went after was to get Canadians in the United States to enlist under their own colours. One of the results is said to be the idea of forming several battalions of Yankee Highlanders. We don't know about that. Somehow we don't imagine our American cousins parading as "the ladies from —." We won't mention the name of the place as they did in New York. They are not just built that way; nor for the bagpipes and the kilts and all that. The twin flags explain themselves. The middle one is not the Canadian red ensign which Hon. W. S. Fielding says is out of order on land, but apparently the regimental flag of the 48th. When the Kilties get back from over the border they might take a resurrecting tour through a few of our Canadian cities.

RUSSIA CAN END THE WAR

NOTHING has happened to show that the check administered to the Russian forces at Kalusz is a serious one, or that it marks the end of the Russian offensive. The veil of uncertainty that has been cast by the Russian revolution precludes all those definite judgments that would be possible if the situation were purely military. At the moment of writing comes the news of fresh disturbances at Petrograd, ostensibly due to ministerial resignations, but actually the work of German agents who are moving heaven and earth to sow the seeds of distrust and sedition. We may be sure that their efforts are not confined to the civil population, and that the same sinister forces are at work in the army and the munition plants. The Russian soldier has a certain child-like susceptibility to plausible blandishments. His enthusiasm is apt to wax and wane under the spell of oratory and suggestion. The intoxication of democracy has already made his gait a somewhat unsteady one, and it would be rash to assume that he will henceforth keep to the straight and narrow path of military rectitude.

*Though a Country in a State of Revolution
is always unreliable, the effect of the present
Russian Offensive will be felt in every part of
the Ring of Steel that Surrounds the Central
Empires*

By SIDNEY CORYN

It would also be rash to assume that he will receive from Petrograd the steady support and encouragement that he needs. The latest disturbances seem to have been suppressed, and that they have been suppressed and not merely wheedled away is an encouraging evidence of the stiffening of the official backbone. But the situation is too dubious to permit of definite forecasts.

From the purely military point of view there is no cause for concern in the fact that the Russian forces have been compelled to evacuate Kalusz. The

town lies on the western bank of the Lomnica River, which was crossed by the Russians in their first advance. It was evidently not occupied in great force, and we suppose that the main Russian strength remained on the eastern bank. Now an army with a river behind it is always in a vulnerable position. If it is not strong enough to hold its ground it may be driven to disaster in its efforts to fall back across the stream. It would do well to retreat betimes if there is any likelihood of a dangerous assault, and that is what the Russians seem to have done. Probably it was to avoid a retirement under strong attack that the town was evacuated. The reports speak of heavy rains in Galicia, and these may have increased the difficulties of the position by threatening a river flood which would make a retreat under fire still more difficult.

It was precisely the same situation that caused the British loss on the Yser. The ground captured here by the Germans was on the east bank. It was held by a small British force with the river behind it. A retreat was impossible because the

Germans had destroyed the bridges. Reinforcements could not be sent for the same reason, and consequently the ground and the men were lost. But the destruction of the bridges that conduced to the British reverse was equally effective in preventing the Germans from following up their advantage, and so the little conflagration died away without any important result.

The Russians are holding the eastern bank of the Lomnica just as the British are holding the western bank of the Yser. Even if the Russians could be held there immobile they can still advance northwest from Halicz toward Lemberg, and incidentally strike at the rear of the Teuton forces around Brzezany. And they can still advance southwest toward the Carpathians. Moreover, we may remind ourselves once more that the supreme value of the Russian offensive is not to be measured by the ground gained or the victories won, but by the fact of a new campaign in the east which causes Germany to divert her troops from elsewhere, and to concentrate her armies to meet a fresh and unexpected danger.

The Russian armies are advancing fan-shaped with Kolusz at the centre, and therefore at the most advanced point to the west.

But they can afford a check at Kolusz if they are able to continue their advance toward the passes of the Carpathians, for this would cut in two the Austrian forces strung along the mountain range, and would be likely to compel the surrender of the eastern half of those forces. Moreover, we have to remember that there is a Teuton army in Roumania, and this, too, would be cut from its support by a Russian seizure of the Carpathian passes.

WITHIN the last few days we have read some roseate reports as to the readiness of the Roumanians to strike another blow, but even if these reports are true the Roumanians would probably wait to see the issue of the Russian move southward that, if successful, would make their task an easy one.

In fact we may say that everything in the eastern field now depends upon the Russian tenacity and continued willingness to fight. So far there are no signs of a slackening. Indeed the signs point all the other way, but it would be well not to be too confident. It is evident that the Teutons are gravely alarmed by the situation in Galicia, as is shown by the sudden attack that they have made in the far north around Riga, an attack that seems to have been vigorously repulsed. This attack was intended, of course, to create a diversion from the south, and it is satisfactory to note the readiness and the willingness of the Russian forces at this end of the line, and in such close touch with Petrograd. So far as the armies themselves are concerned there is not the least evidence of faltering,

and the ammunition supply appears to be abundant. The only cause for concern is the possible fluctuation in the resolve of the men under the incitements of German agents and the outbreaks in Petrograd. If the Russian armies now prove themselves to be staunch, and if they continue to receive the support of the authorities, it would be hard to be too sanguine of the result. Russia has it now in her power to end the war.

BUT the Russian offensive may have a still more radical result, and one with a definite bearing upon the duration of the war. Austria has been the weak link in the Teutonic chain from the very beginning and it is hard to resist the conviction that the chain might have been broken at this link by a powerful and continuous and concerted effort. But no such effort was made. Russia began the war by a futile and disastrous invasion of East Prussia which ended with the battles of the Mazurian Lakes. Not until later did she begin to concentrate her efforts against Austria, and even then there was a failure on the part of her allies to recognize that this was the key position, and that with the collapse of Austria the whole Teutonic fabric would be likely

to go, too. The concentration of the Allies on the west front meant an attack upon the strongest link instead of the weakest. It meant that the German armies must be forced painfully backward from one position to another, and without the certainty that they would capitulate even after they had been driven across their own frontier. And in the meantime Roumania was conquered, the banks of the Danube passed into Teutonic hands, and the chief Teutonic war aims of a road into Asia were being actually accomplished. Then came the Russian revolution, with the opportunity to Austria to recuperate so far as it was possible for her to do so, and also to pursue her campaign against Italy, in which she need have no apprehensions of Slav defections.

But the situation has now been changed by the Russian offensive, and the change finds Austria in a much worse position than before the Russian revolution with its great proclamation of freedom for oppressed nations. If the Slav regiments were unreliable before the revolution they will be still more unreliable now, and Austria seems already to be giving signs of her resulting distress. Without giving undue weight to the rumours of Austrian defection which have now been rife for a long time we

have the indisputable facts of the downfall of Tisza, the acrimonious debates in the Reichsrat, and the explosions of wrath and menace that have been directed toward Austria by the German Junkers. The efforts of the German government to persuade Russia into a separate peace or at least into an armistice, must have been due mainly to apprehensions on behalf of Austria, for Austria would have been the chief beneficiary by such an arrangement. Germany would, of course, have profited if she had been able to recall her armies from the eastern front, but her almost pitiful efforts to prolong the Russian quiescence if only for a few days point to a realization of the weakness of Austria if forced once more to meet a Russian attack. They point also to a recognition on the part of Germany that she would be unable to come to the relief of her debilitated ally as she has done on other occasions, and of her inability in this respect we need not have any doubts. Her reverses and her impotences on the western front are conclusive evidence that she needs all of her maximum strength, and more, to face her own difficulties, and that she can not safely spare a man or a gun to strengthen the wavering force of Austria. That Austria should still be able to make a brave showing in the Trentino is due, not to the strength of her armies there, but to the strength of her fortifications, and even these are now likely to avail her nothing in the presence of the new peril from the advancing Russians further east.

We may therefore re-
(Continued on page 21.)

A Cry From the Canadian Hills

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

If you don't read any more of the Canadian Courier's war anniversary literature than this poem you will have found this issue of the paper worth your while. The author was inspired to write it by the death of her brother, Pte. Frank Leveridge, 39th Battalion, C. E. F., who died in France. As you read it you also will go over the dream hills with "Laddie," and you will have a fresh vision of what it really means to be a Canadian bereaved by the war.

LADDIE, little laddie, come with me over the hills,

Where blossom the white May lilies,
and the dogwood and daffodils;
For the Spirit of Spring is calling to our spirits that love to roam
Over the hills of home, laddie, over the hills of home.

Laddie, little laddie, here's hazel and meadow rue,
And wreaths of the rare arbutus, a-blowing for me and you;
And cherry and bilberry blossoms, and hawthorn as white as foam,
We'll carry them all to Mother, laddie, over the hills at home.

Laddie, little laddie, the winds have many a song
And blithely and bold they whistle to us as we trip along;
But your own little song is sweeter, your own with its merry trills;
So, whistle a tune as you go, laddie, over the windy hills.

Laddie, little laddie, 'tis time that the cows were home,
Can you hear the klinge-klangle of their bell in the greenwood gloam?
Old Rover is waiting, eager to follow the trail with you,
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as you go.

Laddie, little laddie, there's a flash of a bluebird's wing,
O hush! If we wait and listen we may hear him caroling.
The vesper song of the thrushes, and the plaint of the whip-poor-wills,
Sweet, how sweet is the music, laddie, over the twilit hills.

Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should we cease to weep
Could we glance through the golden gateway whose keys the angels keep!
Yet love, our love that is deathless, can follow you where you roam,
Over the hills of God, laddie, the beautiful hills of Home.

Brother, little brother, your childhood is passing by,
And the dawn of a noble purpose I see in your thoughtful eye.
You have many a mile to travel and many a task to do;
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as you go.

Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over the sea,
A call to the best and bravest in the land of liberty,
To shatter the despot's power, to lift up the weak that fall.
Whistle a song as you go, laddie, to answer your country's call.

Brother, soldier brother, the Spring has come back again,
But her voice from the windy hilltops is calling your name in vain;
For never shall we together 'mid the birds and the blossoms roam,
Over the hills of home, brother, over the hills of home.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! "Somewhere in France" you sleep,
Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien winds that weep.
Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your life laid down,
You unto death were faithful, laddie; yours is the victor's crown.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! How dim is the sunshine grown,
As Mother and I together speak softly in tender tone!
And the lips that quiver and falter have ever a single theme,
As we list for your dear, lost whistle, laddie, over the hills of dream.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

The entry of the British into Bagdad took place several weeks ago. The first photograph of the event has just come through. The importance of the event is quite equal to the pageantry of the picture. The Berlin-to-Bagdad railway won't look very prosperous to the Kaiser with the Bagdad Terminal in the hands of England. And that is one of the reasons why England sent such a large force so far afield when men were so urgently needed on the western front. If Russia attends to her knitting Bagdad in British hands will be a very important link in the chain of steel around Germany and Austria.

German prisoners taken in the recent British offensives look rather glad they were taken.

Canadians recently played a baseball match at Lord's cricket ground in aid of the Canadian Red Cross Funds. The match was between the 13th Canadian Reserve Battalion and the Pay Record Office. The score is not given. This is said to be a striking photograph.



EDITORIAL

WE have never believed in nationhood by mathematics. When discussing Canadians and Canadianism we have always preferred not to analyze the vote. Analysis leads to hyphenism. This country has a right to outgrow the hyphen.

But there are times when we must observe the mathematical method in order to talk the language of other people. The present dispute over conscription is one of the times. Conscription as a measure is, of course, not restricted to any particular class. It affects all classes of those who do not enlist, no matter from what country they were derived, and of course excluding enemy aliens who as they are not expected to fight for this country should by inference not be allowed to vote for it.

But in most quarters the aim of conscription is supposed to be at the Canadians of French origin. They are in the majority of those who do not enlist. In order to understand the argument of those who black-list French-Canadians for not enlisting, we must resort to mathematics. We get our figures from Hansard; from the speech of Mr. J. W. Edwards, of Frontenac. He says that:

"Out of a population of 3,564,702 English-speaking Canadians born in Canada, 125,245 have proceeded overseas, or over three and one-half per cent. Out of a population of 813,714 English-speaking people born outside of Canada, 155,095 or 19 per cent. have answered the call of King and country."

In a previous part of his speech Mr. Edwards shows that about seven-tenths of one per cent. of the French population of Canada had enlisted.

So that the three groups by enlistment percentages are: 3½; 19, 7-10.

Observe that the 19 per cent. English-speaking non-Canadian born enlistments from Canada are at least 4 per cent. higher than the maximum quoted from any conscripted country. The 3½ per cent. of Canadian born enlistments are 11½ per cent. lower. To put it another way the English-speaking non-Canadian born enlists at almost six times the rate of his Canadian-born brother. Can we find a reason? We must assume that the English-speaking, non-Canadian born took it for granted that when England was at war—he also was at war. We assume that he considers himself in war time more of an Englishman than a Canadian, because in a time of war men revert to their old patriotic passions. Probably more than half of the Canadian-born English-speaking enlistees had British-born fathers or ancestors, to whom England or Scotland was still home. A generation or two made a difference. Another generation or two will make other differences. If not, we shall never have a real Canada.

Comparing the 3½ with 7-10, we get a ratio 5 to 1. That is, the difference in the percentage of enlistment between the two kinds of Canadian-born is 5-1, whereas between the Canadian-born English-speaking and the non-Canadian born English-speaking it is just about 6-1. By arithmetic therefore the advantage of comparison, working both ways towards the middle, is in favour of the French-Canadian by a score of about 6-5.

These uninspiring ratios are resorted to only because, so far as we know, it is not the 19 per cent. but the 3½ per cent. who are objecting to the 7-10 per cent. If so, it might be as well to turn the ratio of 6-1 against the ratio of 5-1 to get the advantage of 6-5; on the assumption that pure mathematics are at the bottom of patriotism which we have never believed and never shall.

A YEAR ago now Northern Ontario was devastated by one of the worst forest fires in the history of Canada. The dry spell season is with us again. A year ago we were impressed by

the burning alive of people, the destruction of homes, the wastage of property and the devastation of a countryside, with the importance of safeguarding the timber belt. Are we doing it? Or shall we soon again have to rush relief trains, turn the country into mourning and read about holocausts in the newspapers?

WE are also into the season of rock-the-boat and stay-out-in-the-squall. On an even keel the fatalities from accidental drownings that might have been avoided are higher than from forest fires. A difference is that in one we have no de-

THE NEW CANADIAN SAYS:

CANADA, the land I am studying, is in the new world. I have been here more than half my life: it still comes to me with a sense of novelty. I know there are regions into which, if I had the money and the time, I could penetrate and feel as awed as Columbus. I say this not forgetting the magic of my native land with her 'cloud-clapt towers and gorgeous palaces.' That will always remain a thing apart. But when I saw the hills and the valleys and the villages of the St. Lawrence years ago I thought to myself that a few generations might easily repeat on those shores some of the glory of great France; and in older Ontario and the Eastern Provinces much of the character of England. On this the anniversary of Three Years of War, the thought of what a country means to a man comes home with great power. Especially to a man who was born in one and lives in another. I had rather love two countries. I love England. I am a citizen of Canada. I am thinking of why Canada went to war; that if she had not done it she would have been unworthy of a place in any new world where men act with the courage and the chivalry of those old explorers, French and British. I sometimes wonder how the spirits of Montcalm and Champlain, Cartier and La Salle, Marquette and Joliette would feel if they could come back to this part of their new world of long ago and find us a house divided. They flung their all behind them to find more in a bigger world. Is Canada to be behind those nations who are united in a far greater crusade of discovery than that which found America? I say Canada, not—another New England.

struction of property. Another difference is that it is much easier to prevent accidental drownings than to insure against forest fires.

ON the subject of avoidable waste let us repeat our indictment of the ice-cream saloon. We are abolishing the bar in Canada as fast as we can, and the reasons are obvious. Booze ruined many families and blighted many characters. But one of its worst indictments was that it wasted time, money and material which might be used in the production of food. Figures are not at hand to show how the number of people that consume ice-cream in summer compares with the number of those who put down booze all the year round; neither to show how the total amount spent in ice-cream and its variations compared with that spent for all the variants of alcohol. What is more important is to point out respectfully to the attention of our Food Controller that if he is concerned about

the relative scarcity of cream to make butter for export and the wisdom or otherwise of importing margarine, it would be a stroke in the public interest to issue an edict preventing all ice-cream from being sold over the bar. If the man who drinks must have it at home in a bottle the person who consumes ice-cream should be asked to carry it home in a brick.

CONVENTIONS multiply. One of the latest is the recrudescence of the Win-the-War crowd in the shape of a protest against the Win-the-Election Liberals. There is to be a preliminary congress in Hamilton this week followed by a convention in Toronto. The avowed aim of this Win-the-War convention is somewhat more specific because more political than it was in Montreal two months ago when the Conscription announcement snowed the convention under in popular interest.

One of the main planks in the programme is a Union Government. The Win-the-Warites do not believe in Coalition as such; neither in the present party Government; neither in any one-party government; and above all not in an election. They call for a reorganized Cabinet. They want the strong administrators of Canada to be in the position of managing this country under the Premier at a time when business management is above all things necessary. To that extent we wish the Convention may become the voice not of any party or sections of any parties or sections of the country or creeds or whatsoever; but the voice of the people who do not care so much what becomes of eventual politics as they care what becomes of Canada in the war.

AT this time all people must make a clear distinction between a coalition and a union government. Straight coalition is out of the question. The parties will not coalesce for purposes of government. That is not a bad sign. A coalition government carries with it an ultimate political advantage for either party when the coalition is over. A national government that takes no heed of the balance of interest in political makeup involves nothing but the immediate and ultimate interest of the country. We talk of union government. Let us call it unity government. We believe in unity. It is the business of all Canadians of whatever race-extraction to unite against the common enemy, the German who has tried to disrupt every free country under the sun. In such a unity government surely it is possible for any man fit to take rank in the Cabinet to forget for the time being that he belongs to one party or another. The men at the front are not asking us what party we prefer or what politics we profess. They are asking for a square deal on the firing line. They went to the front to fight Germans. We did not expect them to turn round and fight one another as the Russians are doing on the verge of anarchy. They do not expect of us any less than we of them. When we cease fighting Germans at home to contend with one another in party camps, we dishonour the men who went from us — without being sent — to fight against the common enemy for the common good of Canada.

TALK of disfranchising all alien-extracted residents of this country is too often party-political in its origin. Canada has thousands of alien-extracted citizens born here and elsewhere who are first of all Canadians. We have also thousands of the same classes who in a show-down are not Canadians. It is not impossible, if we are even as determined and as patriotic as they are in the United States, to discover which is which. To treat them all as subjects for disfranchisement is to admit that the proper place for them is the internment camp. To say that in any one Province one party has come to power by means of a gang of enemy aliens working for the good of Germany is to indulge in the kind of talk that can't win the war and should not be of any value in winning an election.

HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

ONE may well ask: Who is this "Col." Geo. Harvey, editor of the North American Review, who, in a recent number of his magazine, indulges in a somewhat ecstatic adumbration of Lord Northcliffe by the not original process of endeavouring to blast the reputation of Lord Kitchener. The main points of this article are reprinted in the Canadian Courier of last week without a word of disapproving criticism. Mr. Geo. Harvey achieved some notoriety by discovering a Princeton Professor who made an admirable Governor of New Jersey, and who drove out the corrupt Smith Tammany gang of his predecessor. Pressing forward to a higher arena, Mr. Geo. Harvey rendered valuable assistance in making the successful State Governor the winning candidate for the Presidency of the United States, but for some reason the now disgruntled "Colonel" unsuccessfully opposed his re-election to that distinguished position.

Having in the meantime achieved a military title, "Col." Geo. Harvey now joins with Lord Northcliffe in attacking the military reputation of Lord Kitchener. If "Col." Geo. Harvey had read—and he surely must have read—his near neighbour, the Atlantic Monthly, he would have seen, a few months ago, an instructive contribution from Mr. A. G. Gardner, on this very question, that should have convinced him as a military man of the rank injustice of his paper

A Letter to the Editor Answering Col. Harvey

in his Boston magazine. Boston Brahmin, as he has no doubt become, deeply engrossed in profound meditation upon his own intellectual processes, and looking out upon the common world from his

"lofty pinnacle of sequestered greatness," he has probably forgotten all about Mr. Gardner, or may have been unaware of his existence. There are many people in Canada who know that Mr. Gardner is a London journalist and essayist of great ability and distinction, a personal friend of Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, and other Liberal leaders, and no doubt of Mr. Balfour and other leading Parliamentarians.

Mr. Gardner pungently pricks the bubble that Lord Northcliffe forced the Asquith Ministry to replace the amiable Col. Seeley as Secretary of War by demanding in his numerous papers the appointment of Lord Kitchener. This particular appointment had been decided upon some eight or ten days before Lord Northcliffe heard about it, but he promptly anticipated it by demanding the appointment, in a furious fusillade in his numerous newspapers. Lord Kitchener was not, and never had been, in the "black books" of the Asquith Government. There was only one difficulty: the question of giving him occupation fitting his high rank and great reputation. Appointed Secretary for War, Lord Kitchener devoted himself with untiring energy to the organization of the great army that Britain sent as speedily as possible to France and Belgium. It is positively absurd to state, and Col. Geo. Harvey appears in the Courier reprint to have stated that Lord Northcliffe "discovered, to his horror," that "the fault" of the trials and troubles of the early days of the war (after the Marne victory, and the duel commenced on the German trench lines in Belgium and France) "lay in the incompetence of the man whom he (meaning Lord Northcliffe) had raised to supreme authority and whose popularity he (still Lord Northcliffe) had fanned into a flame."

The rest of the article is equally absurd. It is supremely ridiculous. Lord Northcliffe appears to have re-organized cabinets, inspired legislation, retired incapable generals, promoted military geniuses, planned campaigns, financed the Imperial treasury, reconstructed the Index Expurgatorius, done everything, in fact, with a quickness and despatch that must have made Napoleon turn enviously in his grave, lest he should have to take second rank among



Easy Reading for the Hot Weather

A Lindsay, Ont. reader goes after the North American Review quoted in these columns two weeks ago

the great ones of the world. And, last but not least, "got rid of Kitchener."

But he, or his foolish admirers, cannot destroy or even impair the great and splendid reputation of Lord Kitchener. That is in the keeping of Lord Kitchener's countrymen. The memory of the British people all over this red-marked world will guard it with solemn round. He went to the death on the "Hampshire" in the service of his country as truly as if he had fallen on a field in Flanders.

"On Fame's immortal camping ground

His silent tent is spread,

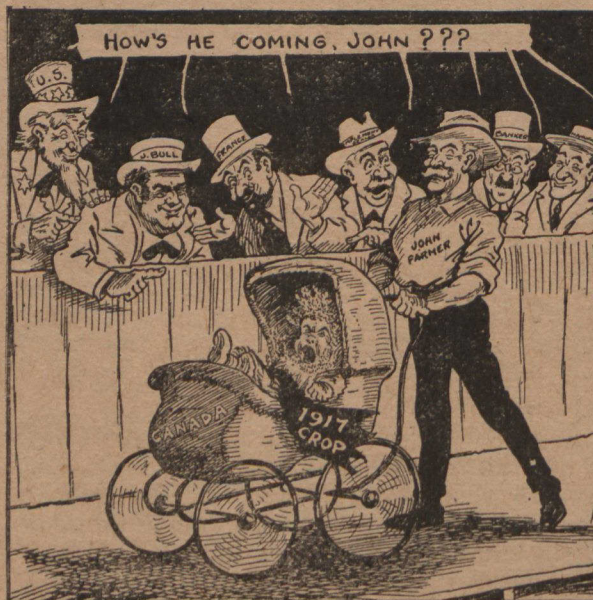
And Memory guards with solemn round

The bivouac of the Dead."

"If"—the "ifs" of great battles and great wars is always an attractive subject. The late John C. Roper, of Boston, some years ago made a very interesting contribution to this phase of the question. "If" Marshal Count D'Erlou, with 10,000 men, had quickly joined either Ney or Napoleon at Ligny or Quatre Bras, Wellington or Blucher would have been very badly beaten, and Waterloo might have remained an unheard-of hamlet, or might have been Napoleon's victory. "If" Kitchener had taken command in France soon after the Marne, he would undoubtedly have discovered at a much earlier stage the necessity of an unlimited supply of big guns and high explosives. The vaunted German Great General Staff, with forty years of lavish preparation, did not have an unlimited artillery supply, and had to use Austrian big guns to batter down the Belgian fortresses that held up the German rush over the fateful ten days that enabled Joffre and Sir John French to perfect their defensive alignment. "If" Kitchener had been in command after "the Marne" and at the beginning of the trench system dug in by the German defensive offensive, there is no doubt that he would have achieved a speedy solution of the new problem in the mechanics of war, for he was not only the last word in thorough preparation, as his career abundantly shows, but it still more abundantly shows that he was quick, fertile and ingenious in the application of new ideas and methods to new problems.

Lindsay, Ont., July 18, 1917.

C. D. B.



ALL EYES ON HIM, THE MOST IMPORTANT YET.

—The Grain Growers' Guide

THERE is a tale of telepathy told in "The Open Court" by one who seeks to mask the fame he has achieved as a psychic researcher behind the anonymity of the initials "P. C." This is something worth knowing about "psychology." The incidents of his adventuresome quest for a Thuringian ghost in the wooded mountains of central Germany are no doubt true—his recital is replete with the necessary corroboration to establish conviction. He even succeeds in establishing the absolute truth of the flight of a telepathic bullet which killed a Prussian stag and fed the guests at Hohenstein Castle—some forty years ago—with royal venison.

P. C. went from America to Germany to investigate the strange phenomena of a mysterious forester who, by the practice of some magic art

(learned, some said, at the price of his eternal soul in a trade deal with the devil), could shoot up the chimney and will the bullet to kill a stag and so save many days and much hunting in the thickets of the forest. The reports of these mystic marvels came to P. C. stamped with the seal of indisputable authority. And, what is more, the account of his investigations proves that the Thuringian hunter, Schutz, who, because of his wizardry, gained a wife and position as Oberforster of Hohenstein Castle, did shoot a magic bullet up the chimney of the forester's lodge and a royal stag was found fresh-killed

in the place where the man of mystery had declared his telepathic vision had seen it fall in a death-agony following his shot.

The account of the phenomena was held from the annals of the

Society for Psychical Research by a promise of secrecy given by "P. C." to Oberforster Schutz and which was to be observed "for forty years." Other reasons, which P. C. explains also kept the account from the official records. The investigator found the whole country-side divided between fear and worship of the weird forester. Too many spectators had witnessed the event for any doubt to exist that his bullets were guided in their flight by unearthly forces. He was acclaimed a magician and held as such by all his neighbours.

The facts, as P. C. learned them follow. Old Herr Muller, predecessor of Schutz as Oberforster, was ordered by the ducal lord of the castle to furnish a stag for Sunday's feast. It was Friday night and a fearful thunder storm was raging. Herr Muller demurred, but the Duke's messenger insisted. Finally, Schutz, who was at the forester's lodge because the forester's fair daughter was "at home," volunteered to procure a stag right on the spot. He took his rifle to the chimney corner, looked up the soot-lined tunnel and "saw" a stag. Translating his telepathic vision to the astounded audience he described the stag and the manner of its browsing. Then, pointing his rifle up the chimney he fired the hunting piece, continued to look intently and then explained just where he had seen the stag fall mortally wounded. He finally persuaded the Oberforster to send a cart to the place and this came back a little while later carrying an immense and freshly killed stag.

The supplementary "facts" which P. C. was forced to hold for forty years because of his oath of secrecy, are these: Earlier in the day of the event which made him feared and famous, Schutz was returning through the forest from a gun-smith's workshop in the village. He saw an immense stag and had killed it with the first shot. Noting that it fell on Prussian reserves he let it lay until night would cover his removing of the carcass. The storm; the urgency of the Duke's demand for Sunday night venison; the wish to escape the labour of hauling the stag and a quick wit all combined into his perpetration of a prank which set the knees of his neighbours a-knocking and brought psychic researchers from half

around the world to "investigate." The forester's "vision" was nothing more than a recital of the facts of the stag's demise as they had really occurred earlier in the day. But it would be useless to tell them now to the people of the Thuringian forests who firmly believe that the weird secret of the mysterious forester's magic art has been given to the higher authorities and that somewhere in Essen telepathic bullets for telepathic batteries are being milled out by the million. Which may explain why the strafers believe Berlin's accounts of Bosche bombardments.

WHEN Wells and Kipling followed Verne's flight of fancy and carried their crowds on aerial excursions—sent the overland mail hurtling through the ether and ran the world on an A. B. C. plan—meaning that an Aerial Board of Control would govern everything, they set the times about three generations too far forward. But now that Claude Grahame-White, with Harry Harper, to set the piece to words, makes a bid for centre-stage on the prophetic platform in the Contemporary Review, the time-gauge seems more accurately set. Of course the war has done a lot to speed the coming of the air age. As Grahame-White-Harper puts it, "The air-craft industry, weak and struggling no longer, thanks to the stimulus of war, is planning already the building of machines which will be sufficiently powerful and air-worthy to maintain regular services by air for passengers, mails, and light express goods."

In a year or so, it seems, we will have the choice between a week-end trip to London "home" or a four-day excursion from anywhere on this continent to the top of Fujiyama and return, "meals, berth and alighting expenses" included. Three hundred miles in an hour is the speed limit set for the joy-riders in the cloudland. The end of the war will mark the beginning of the business. It could be started now, says Mr. Grahame-White, if the air-craft industry were not preoccupied with its work in connection with the war. "There are no technical difficulties," he says, "which should prove insuperable."

Mr. Harper, writing for Mr. Grahame-White, to be heard by an English audience, says "The first use of commercial aircraft should be as mail carriers; and it is possible that the first experimental services will be attempted over localities remote from large centres of population, where the nature of the country makes it difficult to maintain regular communication by land; also to link up by air-mail the widely scattered communities such as exist in our dominions oversea." And being in one of "our dominions oversea" Canadians are likely to be the first to see these "larger craft, fitted with motors developing thousands of horse-power, which should attain speeds of 200, 250, and even 300 miles an hour."

The mention of mail carriage as the first use of commercial air-craft predicates Government subsidies, of course. Mr. Grahame-White says nobody should object against the enormous expenditures of public money which must be made "to ensure to the operators of these first air-mail service a freedom from financial anxiety during the period of experiment and improvement of services." And when the business has been established as a going concern he says "The Government must be equally ready with

assistance—undeterred by cries which may be raised for retrenchment in expenditure—to ensure that commercial flying in all its aspects develops rapidly and successfully." After all, Sir William Mackenzie may have been looking ahead as usual when he gave place in the clan to the premier bird-man of the day. Then Mr. Grahame-White proceeds to tell what the tax-payer will get in return for his money. First of all he describes the luxuries and delights of travelling at high speeds in high altitudes. "There will be no vibration or noise from the machinery, and no sensation whatever of an earth contact." A little later he gives many reasons to support a very positive statement that all factors of risk will be eliminated so that his reference to unconsciousness

of earth contact has no sinister significance. Going further afield he speaks of the new world influences which will be beaten out of the upper air by the giant wings of the commercial air-craft. "Instead of being a series of widely-scattered communities," he says, "knowing little of each other, and prone in consequence to suspicions and mistrust, humanity will find itself drawn closer and closer together through the speed of aerial transit. In the process of time the individual man will cease to regard himself as the citizen of any one nation, and will recognize that he is a unit in a world-wide organization, labouring not for the furtherance of purely selfish aims, or even of local or national ambitions, but for the betterment of conditions throughout the globe. That, at any rate, is the ideal. It will be some time, naturally, before it is realized, if it is ever realized. But this much is certain: it would never be possible to realize it at all were it not for the promise which is offered by the coming of the air age. After the war, therefore, every nation, as well as every individual, should work whole-heartedly for the development of flight. Though the aircraft now figures in our minds principally as an instrument of destruction, its role in

point, they were generally shooed out, but here again without any apparent consideration for the speaker. It interested me to see how gradually I came to be on the side of the audience in this informal procedure. They were there, partly, at least, for entertainment. This was not a school; this was a place to go to with the children; and if you could not keep them quiet by force of what you had to offer, it was up to you to endure what you got.

You Had to Get Used to the Babies, says Ida Tarbell

occasionally they seemed to have a real interest in you.

At the start, I began to be curious about the women, and why they came so regularly. One day, on the train, a woman came and sat down beside me. She told me that she had heard me the day before. It was the third year, she said, for the Chautauqua in that particular community. "It is a great thing for us, particularly for us younger women with growing children. There are none of us in this town very rich. Most of us have to do all our work. We have little amusement, and the Chautauqua brings us an entire change. We plan for weeks before it. There is hardly a woman I know in town who does not get her work done up for Chautauqua week."

In many places the Chautauqua was taken by the women, not merely as an entertainment and a tonic, but as an antidote to certain influences in the community which they felt were harmful. On the whole, they felt that it was lessening the power of the saloon. They think about what you say, but you may or may not influence the opinions which they hold. You are simply one of several sources to which they look for the stuff to form their judgments.

He who undertakes a Chautauqua circuit may be able to contribute little to the education of his audiences, but let him be assured that if he is open-minded, they will do much toward his own education.



J. Bull, Jr.—What does the "U" mean on the German U-boats, daddy?

J. Bull, Sr.—It now means UNABLE, my son!

"So far from our starving . . . our food supply for 1917-1918 has already been secured."—Lloyd George.

the future will be that of a great instrument of construction—an instrument by means of which we may establish such a world-wide friendship, such a mutual understanding, that the ruthless ambitions of a few men will never again be able to throw millions of their fellow-citizens at each other's throats. This is the hope, at all events, of those who view the coming of the air age, not as a further menace to the world, but as a change which will tend always to strengthen the peaceful inclinations of mankind.

BEING endowed with a light-hearted propensity to do whatever is suggested by a friend, says Ida M. Tarbell, in the Atlantic Monthly, I have at various times found myself with undertakings on hand, for which I had no preparation. It was this propensity which led me to go on what they call a "Chautauqua circuit."

My usual audience on the circuit was what is technically known as the "shirt-waist audience," that is, it was overwhelmingly feminine. The women of the towns practically filled the tents in the afternoon. They came in clean shirt-waists, no hats, frequently carrying a baby, or leading a child. It was an audience which never took its business of listening over-seriously. If a baby cried, there was considerably more sympathy for the mother than for the speaker.

More often than not, the little groups of children would fall to whispering and giggling, and sometimes to frisking, which would end in an occasional rough-and-tumble fight. When things reached this

NOW that boiled shirts and swallow tails have been set aside for negligee and near-pongee, the moth-ball and mosquito both remind us that the product of the camphor tree is a social necessity. That it is quite as indispensable to almost every branch of commercial industry is a statement supported by a multitude of arguments in an article written by W. F. French, in the Illustrated World. And now, says Mr. French, practically all commerce is to be camphorated since a way has been found to break Japan's monopoly of the market for the original product and the Department of Agriculture at Washington is instructing the owners of suitable groves in the United States to cultivate a camphor crop.

So far the Laurus Camphora, of Formosa, has escaped the axe of the synthetic chemists. Germany tried at the beginning of the war to flaunt a declaration of independence in the shape of a laboratory formula before the alert-eyed faces of the Japanese monopolists. By adding one atom of oxygen to C₁₀H₁₆—which is pure turpentine, they produced C₁₀H₁₆O₁₀ which is camphor. The synthetic camphor was identical with the finest product imported from Japan. There was much hoch-hoching in the camp of the Kaiser's chemists when the Japanese shippers cut the price of their product in two to meet the competition. But turpentine is, if anything, more scarce than the oil distilled from the laurels of the Indian Archipelago, which, being an obvious thing, had escaped the blue-spectacled vision of the German chemists. They tore up the formula as a scrap of paper after they had bumped into their mistake.

But the American manufacturer had tasted the first fruits of free trade in the camphor market, and looking to the tree itself he set the botanical experts to work out the problem. "Englishmen, too," are allowed some credit by Mr.

Facts About Camphor for the Moth-Ball Season

Kipling's Night Mail to be a Fact, says Grahame-White

French for the ultimate discovery that it is not necessary to wait fifty years for the camphor tree to mature—as has been the practice up to date—before distilling the oil from the wood. Experiments proved that the young twigs and the leaves would yield a profitable distillate and the results obtained at the University of Kansas showed the following percentage of crude camphor could be secured from various parts of young camphor trees grown in the United States:

Wood	0.61%
Twigs	1.50%
Green Leaves	2.37%
Dried Leaves	2.52%
Dead Leaves	1.39%

The trees are hardy and will stand a temperature of 15% above zero. They flourish in weather much colder than generally prevails in the western and southern fruit groves. The new practice of cropping the twigs and leaves gives an annual crop without destroying the tree as is the case with the old system. The Washington Department of Agriculture, says Mr. French, "estimates that camphor trees planted in hedges fifteen feet apart with the plants six feet apart in the row, grown and trimmed to eight feet high, will give about eight thousand pounds of trimmings per acre for each two cuttings, making a total of eight tons per acre each year. This will give from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred pounds of marketable camphor per acre. The usual yield of pure gum camphor from leaves and twigs, according to the government figures, is from 1.35 to 1.50 per cent., calculated on the green weight of the material. Just now pure gum camphor is wholesaling at about eighty cents a pound. According to the estimate above mentioned this would mean that about \$150 an acre could be obtained from the camphor hedges."

And so it seems likely that the laurels of the trade have been taken from Japan and planted on this continent.

ASK ten average men which is the most musical nation in the world—and ten of them will never so much as mention England, not even as a possible runner-up. Even Englishmen have never boasted of English creative music, though most Englishmen will have you understand, quite rightly, too, that they know how to sing and play organs in England rather better than anywhere else.

In the July issue of the Contemporary Review, Mr. C. A. Harris goes back into history to show that Britain was a musical nation when Italy, Germany and France and Russia were far back in the woods of music. He means by this musical composition, not merely performance.

We have been famed for our choral singing, says Mr. Harris, since, and probably before, the days when Thomas A. Becket, and later, Henry V., took English choirs over to the continent. To-day our festival choirs are the finest choruses in the world, and the standard of singing in our cathedrals and larger parish churches is far higher than is the case abroad. The same may be said of organ-playing; as lieges of the King of Instruments we stand higher than any other people in the world. In part it is a reluctant admission of this, and in part satire on our lamentable weakness, since Purcell's day, in orchestral music, that Continental critics never tire of calling us "a nation of organists."

In educational works Great Britain has often given us a lead. Of the twenty most important treatises on music from Boethius, in the sixth century, to Rameau in the eighteenth, nine were by Englishmen, and several of these remained authoritative for centuries here and abroad. Under Edward III., the art formed an integral part of the system of education;

students of the Inns of Court learned both to sing and to play instruments. And, as we learn from the prologue to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," music was cultivated more or less

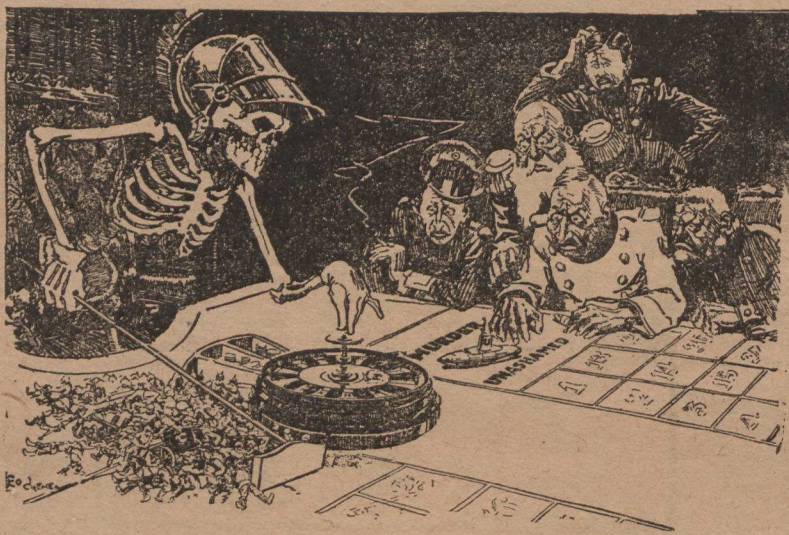
by persons of all conditions.

In the 16th century inability to sing from notes was regarded as a sign of deficient education; and after another hundred years even English servant girls were expected to possess this accomplishment.

The Musicians' Company, of London, the direct descendant of those "beloved minstrels" to whom Edward IV. granted a charter in 1469, is the oldest living musical society in the Western World. But perhaps the feature of highest value, and of greatest promise for the future, is the fact that the Island Kingdom can boast a longer continuous musical history than any other country in the western world! The Russian school penetrates time to about seventy years; the French and German to about 350 years; the Italian barely 400; Great Britain, reckoning as is usual from Dunstable, 500 years.

WHAT I. D. Graham found in a wilderness is possible for any man like him to discover, at this time of the coming dog days.

"I was fat, I was soft, and I wasn't hungry, ever," writes Graham in "Outing." And he was sixty years old to boot. But that was before he bought an old shack and a slice of lake shore in the rock-ribbed wilderness some place north of the upholstered "tourist line." He found a man's job up there charing the shack and choring around camp. He found thimble-berry patches; lily-pads in the back-waters—and a finned bundle of black fury when he hooked his



THE GAMBLER'S LAST STAKE.

—The Passing Show, London.

first bass. He found an enormous appetite and lost his fat. He found that sixty is below the age limit for bodily vigour and mental alertness; that flaccid flesh becomes eager sinew and an inert will is galvanized in the power-house of the open. He found youth because he stumbled on to the abundant source of it—and he did all these things just "a-holidaying in the wilderness."

JOSEPH MARTIN, M.P., manages to make enough noise now and then in the British House of Commons for a whisper of his wailing to be heard even over here. Somehow or other he generally succeeds in convincing his old friends on the Pacific Coast that Joe is on the job "over home." He sits in St. Stephens for the district of St. Pancras, but he won't stand for any "Imperializing" of Canada either in St. Stephens or out of it. And now that three Canadians have been let into the upper House he has broken out in prickly heat and print over what, in Maclean's Magazine, he terms "The Menace of Canadian Titles."

He begins by attacking the Imperial idea. He says: "An agitation has been carried on for many years by a small group of political agitators both in Canada and in the United Kingdom. The object of this agitation has been to establish a great Imperial Government with its centre at London, and for such a purpose it would be absolutely necessary to altogether destroy or seriously impair the complete self government which Canada and the other Dominions now enjoy. "The only logical outcome of such an Empire as

these agitators desire to foist upon us is an Imperial Parliament, Representative of all these Dominions and of the United Kingdom, and according to the latest theories of India also.

In such a parliament the Canadian people would be in a hopeless minority, at any rate until a long time after the death of all living Canadians. It is idle to suppose that this Imperial Parliament would be different from other Parliaments, the majority would necessarily rule.

A question primarily affecting Canada would have to be discussed and decided from the standpoint of the whole Empire. The protests of the Canadian representatives would avail

nothing, except so far as they might be used in a log-rolling way to perpetrate some iniquity on some other part of the Empire." Then Joe makes mention of "the menace" so: "In this state of affairs the creation of Canadian Peers is a momentous episode, and is an indication of the kind of influence that would be brought to bear upon the representatives of the different Dominions in the Imperial Parliament.

"What satisfaction would it be to the Canadian people should it happen that some measure were passed by the Imperial Parliament unfavourable to the best interests of Canada to find their representatives in this parliament who had supported the measure, comfortably seated later on in the Gilt Chamber?"

FOR sheer animation of action and the true telling of the trick of the thing this fish story will set all who know the "word" which passes to the inner counsels of the Lodge of the Open a-longing for rod and line—and a companion just like "Bill." The yarn is told by "Piscator," in the August "Rod and Gun," and at the point where the scissors clipped in "Bill" had just made a few preliminary casts from "a large, flat rock which rose, mid-stream, a little above the water."

"Suddenly Bill's figure underwent a remarkable change. He bent forward; alert as a panther in sight of its prey. His mouth was open; his eyes full of animation. The supple wrist bent swiftly. The flies sprang up and flashed backward; the line sang in its flight. Where the squirrel rose a big trout had sprung above water and come down with a splash. But he had missed his

aim. Again the flies lighted precisely where the trout sprang and wavered slowly through the bubbles. A breath of silence followed. The finned arrow burst above water in a veil of mist, down he plunged with a fierce grab at the tail-fly. The wrist of the fisherman sprang upward. The barb caught, the line slanted straight as a lance and seemed to strike at the river bottom. The rod was bending. The fish had given a quick haul and now the line's end came rushing in. The shrewd old trout knew how to gather slack on a fisherman. Bill rose like a jack-in-the-box. His hand flashed to the reel. It began to play like the end of a piston; he swung half round and raised his rod; the fish turned for a mad rush. With hands upon rod and silk the fisherman held to check him. Bill's line ripped through the water from mid-river to the bank. The strain upon the fish's jaw halted him. He settled and began to jerk on the line. Bill raised his foot and tapped the butt of his rod. The report seemed to go down the line as if it had been a telephone message. It startled the trout and again he made a long run. Then slowly he went back and forth through an arc of about twenty feet, and the long line swung like a pendulum. Weakened by his efforts he began to lead in. Slowly he came near the rock, and soon the splendid trout lay gasping from utter weariness an arm's length from Bill."

There is more about the netting of that fish and a secret rite which Bill performed on an altar of hot stones and ashes of balsam twigs. If you really know the "word" you'll know how that rite was performed.

Joe Martin seems to Dislike Canadian Titles

So England is a Musical Nation. Eh, What?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

July 11, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I AM taking the liberty of sending you the enclosed article on what one Ontario Liberal thinks of the present situation at Ottawa and Sir Wilfrid Laurier's relation thereto. I believe this to be a legitimate subject for discussion in your esteemed National Weekly. I appreciate the work you are trying to do in your "National Weekly," and can assure you that its coming each week is pleasurably anticipated. The question of conscription and the attitude of Sir Wilfrid Laurier thereto, has caused a commotion among many Ontario Liberals. There is an inclination in some quarters to feel that our Liberal Leader has made a serious mistake. With this I cannot agree.

I have for some time felt that our only solution of the enlistment problem was conscription. I had come to this conclusion before the leader of the Government made his announcement in May last. Democratic freedom and equality carries with it a corresponding responsibility and equality in its defence when the enemy is at our gates. I do not see how anyone can deny this fundamental truth.

The presumption underlying the voluntary system is that all free men will voluntarily defend their freedom—A voluntary individual conscription. But when it is found that there are some who, from selfishness or cowardice, will not thus conscript themselves, the democratic state has both theoretically and practically the right to remind them of their high duty, and take them, arm them, and place them in a position of defence. Such persons cannot set up the claim that they are being forced to fight for someone else, or for some other country. As the life of Canadian democracy is threatened, so is the life and freedom of each individual threatened, hence the duty of each individual to defend, and the right of the State to insist upon that defence.

I am quite sure that our Liberal leader would be among the first to concede this. But there may be other conditions and influences that might—temporarily at least—suggest a referendum, as the preferable course. Now, the question is: How far have such conditions and influences operated to cause the Liberal leader to take the stand he has taken? It seems to me that it would clear the atmosphere if this question were calmly and dispassionately discussed.

The only system of government that has yet been found workable for a democracy is government by party. This is comparatively easy where a nation is of one race and language. But when it is made up of two races and two languages, and still further complicated by religious differences, the task is much greater. A portion of the people of Canada are living under primitive conditions, while others are living in the full rushing of 20th century progress, philosophically, materially and spiritually.

The people of Quebec we have with us. We cannot and shall not allow them to establish themselves separately. We cannot boycott them, nor drive them into the St. Lawrence. We must try and reason with them. This is our only hope.

Sir Wilfrid is of the French race. He is their most distinguished leader. Can he lead them, if he deserts them? Manifestly this is impossible. In their present state of mind they believe they are right, we believe they are wrong. Is it not better that Sir Wilfrid should remain with them, whether they are right or wrong? Can we not trust him to ultimately lead them to see the right? Has he not devoted the best of his life to bring about the unity of the two races and make their interest common? I think this is generally conceded, even by his party enemies—let us hope he has no other enemies.

Now, what is the reason why Quebec is wrong—i.e., in our opinion wrong? Let us concede that Bourassa was an honourable man—but ambitious. Why could not he be a leader in Quebec as well as,

Mr. Hurley's letter is that of a Conscriptionist Liberal, who gives his version of the reasons why the Liberal leader is not a Conscriptionist. We have lately published both sides of the wheat story. We shall be glad to do the same with this.

or instead of, Laurier? Laurier's Naval Bill gave Mr. Bourassa his opportunity to declare to the people of Quebec that Laurier was too English for him. At this time Sir Wilfrid was at the head of the Canadian Government, and the uncrowned King of Quebec.

Can we blame Sir Wilfrid Laurier for staying with his own people, trying as far as is possible to smother the flames of racial hate for which he is in no wise responsible?

The wild speeches and writings of the Nationalists have been exploited in Ontario by some of the more partizan of the Conservative press, with veiled insinuations to the effect that "this is the opinion of the Quebec Province of which Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the leader."

This may be thought to be good party politics, but there is no reason why sensible Liberals should be led astray by it. Some think it very wrong for the Liberal Leader to meet the strategic moves of his opponents during the war, but the Government may make such moves with impunity. It has played party politics from the beginning of the war to the announcement of conscription. Keeping in mind the pledges given by Sir Robert Borden that conscription would not be introduced, his announcement of conscription on his return from England before even his own party was consulted was a breach of faith. If he had become convinced that conscription was at last necessary, he should have been wise enough to know that it could only be successfully introduced and carried through by a reorganized National Government. Then we would have had a united country.

There is a world of difference between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse; so is there a great difference between conscription and coalition and coalition and conscription. Is it not just possible that it was thought that conscription would prove a good election lever in Ontario in case of necessity? Is it fair to assume that conscription was announced first and coalition sought after, solely for the purpose of embarrassing Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who would be obliged to turn his back upon the people of his own province, or appear disloyal to the electors of Ontario; thus putting him between the devil and the deep sea?

There are some Liberals who fail to see this, and are ready to set Laurier adrift. Some think he has made a great mistake. Possibly this is true from the viewpoint of a leader of one of the great parties. But keeping in mind the Conservative-Nationalist Alliance can we blame him if he stands with his own people? If we reach that unfortunate condition in our national life, where we will be "fighting like devils for conciliation and hating each other for the love of God," the fault will lie at the door of the Conservative party in Canada.

Brantford, Ontario. JAS. J. HURLEY.

Chelmsford, Ont., July 7, 1917.

Dear Editor:

SEE in your columns with title "As Others See Us," a few lines which are not correct.

Now, you write, How many were ever told that a French descendant considers himself a French-Canadian, while the Englishman considers himself Canadian only. Now, this is wrong; for you never hear a French-Canadian say, I am a French-Canadian; but always, I am a Canayen, as we pronounce it, which means Canadian. And whenever you hear a Canayen talk with others, you will hear him say Canadian only of himself; and he considers the others not Canadian, but English, or Irish or Scotch,

whatever they may be; but never a Canadian, when he is not of French descent.

I hope you will correct this little error in your next week's Courier.

Yours very truly,
JOS. BRUNET.

Editor's Note:—The statement in question appeared in a reprint summary of an article by Eleanor Franklin Egan, and as such did not present the views of the Canadian Courier, but those of Eleanor Franklin Egan. As Mr. Brunet's claim that a "Canayen" considers the others not Canadian, but English, Irish or Scotch, or whatever they may be, but never a Canadian, we can only say that the Canadian Courier has consistently argued that all men who consider Canada their home are Canadians, no matter where they may happen to have been born.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

YOUR summary and translation of "What Bourassa Tells Quebec," published 23rd June, was shown to me to-day.

Mr. Bourassa has much to say about Canada, but Canada to him is Quebec and that little bit of Ontario he knows as a member of the Dominion Parliament. The West is beyond the range of his narrow mind just as the Falkland Islands, Tasmania and Natal are. Were Quebec an independent state, with Bourassa and his friends in power, how much seditious talk would be tolerated? Probably very much less than is permitted while Quebec is a province of the British Empire. Even Socialists and religious agnostics would have to be very law-abiding indeed if they wished to live and expound their views in a state run by Bourassa, Lavergne & Co.

But the point which interests me most is the composition of this army of 420,000. It is generally believed that the majority of these men were born outside the Dominion of Canada. Elaborate recruiting returns are sent to Ottawa from the various military districts, but who has ever seen the number of Canadian-born men who have volunteered for active service? I don't believe the Department of Defence of the Commonwealth of Australia or of New Zealand would hesitate to give the number of native-born recruits. Publication would probably tend to stimulate recruiting among the sons of the soil if they are not taking an equitable share of the burden. Maybe Mr. Bourassa, who seems to delight in figures, can obtain and make public the number referred to.

I am, etc.,
J. CARRINGTON.

852 Yates St., Victoria, B.C., Can. 20th July, 1917.

JUST TO READ ALOUD

PROPOS of the recent decision of the French authorities to increase the pay of the French soldier serving in the trenches from twenty-five centimes to one franc a day, a story is recalled. In October, 1915, the French soldiers' pay was raised from five centimes a day to twenty-five, and a poilu, on being asked how he liked his raise, replied simply: "I don't like it much; people will now call us mercenaries."—Argonaut.

LEO GEISMAR, one of the agricultural experts of Michigan, was getting up school garden clubs and neighbourhood garden clubs and in many ways insuring a great increase in the county's food production next fall. He suggested to the golf club of Detroit that it plow the rough and plant potatoes. "What's the sense of our spending \$5 to get a dollar's worth of potatoes?" was a demurrer filed by one member. "You'll have the dollar's worth of potatoes," answered the expert.

THE PLAGUE OF POLITICS

By DOOWLE SENOJ.

Embodying a new indictment for the Canadian political system, and an endeavour to place the blame for the High Cost of Living. By Doowle Senoj, author of "Canada in Part of the New World," and "The Co-Mate of Victory."

My dear Mr. Editor,—Nationalize! We hear it on every side, at every turn and on the lips of everybody. What does it mean?

It means that you and I have got to help to save Canada, save the Empire and save the world. I need not tell you that the liberty, the freedom and the civilization of the world is being trampled on by the hordes of the Hun, in an endeavour to exterminate it. No! I need not tell you. You know it; so do I.

The war that is staining the winter's snow and the summer's green of Europe, red, is the clarion-call to the readjustment of the whole world to a new era.

Switzerland can't see it; neither can Holland, Norway nor Sweden, but that makes it none the less true.

We in Canada to-day must economize and nationalize, and it is only now after almost three years of hostilities that we are beginning to "feel the pinch."

The cost of living is going up; but that is nothing new, for it had adopted that policy many years ago, and fully four years ago we thought it had reached the "roof-garden," but it is still "going" and "going strong."

Flour has reached almost the fifteen-dollar-per-barrel mark, and wheat on the Winnipeg Exchange calls down a figure that nears the four-dollar mark.

Daily we find the papers publishing special menus to reduce the cost of living; but we find that they command little attention on account of certain companies who grow bananas or some such product using this method of forcing their product on the market by making the people believe that they are reducing the cost of living by the use of it; whereas in reality they are only padding the pockets of the shareholders.

Not long ago I read a luncheon menu, in one of the leading magazines, that was supposed to be a "cost-of-living-reducer," and which it was claimed would cost but twenty-four cents. The first item was some kind of omelette; the first ingredient of which was four eggs. Eggs were worth sixty cents on the open market that day. . . . I didn't read any more, I'd read too much then, but probably would have found somewhere in that receipt an ingredient manufactured by a firm who was trying to make money in the crisis.

A friend of mine said to me the other day, "I can't see why the cost of things should be so high with Britain in control of the seas and practically all the resources of the world at her disposal; or why there should be any scarcity of foodstuffs." He had failed to see that there was an internal reason for the High Cost of Living.

To-day throughout the entire Dominion there is arising a labour unrest, a kind of uprising, or in common terms, "strikes" are occurring everywhere. The cause is, of course, that the cost of living soars and the

salaries are at a standstill, and I pause here to ask every fair-minded Canadian if he would blame every man in Canada if he walked out on strike to-morrow under the present conditions with the food market at the present level, if his salary does not go up in proportion?

No. Mr. Editor, we are not going to reduce the cost of living nor improve the national conditions by eating "ruffage", by composing special menus, by nationalizing and economizing, nor any such methods until we Canadians join together to stamp out the "Plague of Politics", the real cause of it all.

National directors have been appointed to assist the people and advise the Government in the process of nationalization of everything that surrounds us in our daily life! and as far as I can see have advised the nationalization of everything but our politicians.

We citizens of the Dominion, we in civil life are striving to our utmost to stem the onslaught of the extravagance that is bound to arise in peace times, to cut the expenditures everywhere, in order that every cent of money and every ounce of material, that it is possible to save may be devoted to war purposes, and yet in spite of it all the cost of living is rising and each day the expenditures for the necessities of life are greater than they were the day before.

High Cost of Living investigations are daily occurrences over the entire Dominion; but, sir, I fail to find in the reports of any of these any information as to the real cause.

We trace the cost back. Why is bacon forty-five cents a pound where it used to be, in the days when we thought things had reached the "top-rung" eighteen cents?

We ask the packing-house, "Why is bacon so high in price?" "Oh!" says the trust, "We have to pay the farmer so much for pork and then the cost of curing, and we have to make a fair profit above that."

That's perfectly true, they pay the farmer the high price alright, and buy the whole produce of the country because they have the money to do it, and thus form a monopoly of trade and in their own sweet time put that produce out to the public in sufficient quantities to keep the price at such a level as to pay their shareholders dividends that make us shudder to think about.

"You can't blame the farmer," everybody says, and everybody is right, no more can you blame the packing-house. Then who's to blame for the High Cost of Living? and, sir, my answer is "The Plague of Politics."

Why does our Government, in war times allow a monopoly on any market? Why does it allow the combines to buy up the produce of our country and store it in cold-storage plants until the time is ripe to boost the price? Just because in our haste to nationalize the country we have forgotten to nationalize our politicians and make statesmen.

We go into the market to buy manufactured goods, and stand amazed when we hear the clerk gently whisper in our ear, a price over

double what we used to pay for the same article. We wonder why the cost of Canadian manufactured goods is soaring; but the answer is simple. It is not alone on account of the increase of material and labour, for these are a mere fraction of the increase of the manufactured product, but simply because the Canadian market is "protected," or I should say the manufacturer and the stockholder in these concerns is protected by a protective tariff, which does not protect the country, because it is merely a license for the manufacturer to keep the price up, and who is the loser but the Canadian people?

Why, you ask me, does not our Government remove the obstacle in the way of our progress? and again I can only answer you, "The Plague of Politics."

War time seems to be the harvest for the politician; the time when big national positions are being filled by men who "are in it" for "what they get out of it," and not because they see a great national need, nor because they hear a great national cry for men of brains, men of principle.

This theory is not a vague, unreal product of a vivid imagination; but it has proven itself time after time, and to this cause, I venture to state, can be traced most, if not all our national evils.

I am not a Liberal, no more am I a Conservative, and I direct my remarks not against any Government nor party, but I believe that this plague is rampant in our Dominion, and in this apparent crisis in the cost of living is only one more case of its dread work, and that it is spreading and will spread until we as a people rise in one great national endeavour and declare defeat and destruction to the greatest of national evils, "The Plague of Politics."

MUSIC

A suitable reminiscence for a war anniversary number is the announcement of the Mendelssohn Choir for the coming season. The Choir is adding to its repertoire Elgar's "Fourth of August," which is Part I. of the Trilogy, "The Spirit of England," Part III., "For the Fallen" having been sung under Dr. Vogt, the late conductor of the Society, last Febru-

ary. In a critical review of this new and splendid work, Ernest Newman, the famous Birmingham critic, writes: "And it is because Elgar has risen, as no other composer has done, and as no mere beating of the traditional patriotic drum could do to the full height of this sacredness of love and time-transcending righteousness of hatred, that I, for one, accept with gratitude the succession of works in which is so nobly expressed not only our love for our own, but our hatred, not indeed of Germany, but of the foul thing for which Germany has come to stand amongst the nations."

Hesselberg Leaves Canada.

FOR the past five years Mr. Edouard Hesselberg, pianist and pedagogue, has been a conspicuous figure in the musical life of Canada. He has done a great deal of concert work of his own, given a large number of high-art student recitals with the accent on the aesthetic, and has put into circulation a goodly number of piano pieces and songs, the lyrics of most of which were composed by his talented wife, Lena Shackelford Hesselberg. During a recent visit to New York and Chicago he had something to do with the performance of his new National Anthem, "America Thy Country," dedicated to President Wilson. But a more interesting phase of his visit was his acceptance of the Chair of Music at the Academy of Fine Arts of the Standard Chautauqua System Incorporated, of the United States of America. This system is said to be the second largest organization of its kind in the world, operating at present in eighteen States, including the Pacific Coast.

With headquarters in Lincoln, Neb., the Systems Academy of Fine Arts is a professional school for artists—artistic in its ideals, technical in its purpose, vocational in its methods, and "service" in its policy. The system is establishing its conservatories from coast to coast, and has a personnel of three hundred in the field, exclusive of faculties.

Mr. Hesselberg's contribution to our musical life here will be distinctly remembered and proportionately missed. He always aimed at a high culturist standard in his teaching, and his recitals were always marked by a high degree of the aesthetic. His racial metier was the Russian school to which he belonged by birth and early training, though prior to his coming to Canada he had a long experience in the United States. Those readers of the Canadian Courier who have been made more or less familiar with his work through the services of the musical editor, will join with him in wishing Mr. Hesselberg all the success possible to a man of great refinement, and high ideals and practical ability in his work.

St. Saens and a Roman Organ.

FROM a valued contemporary we get an interesting account of how the venerable St. Saens—lately ovationized in Rome—once ran foul of a Roman (Concluded on Page 21.)

A Family Duty

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FINANCIAL

Law of Broker and Customer

By M. L. HAYWARD, B.C.L.

ORDINARY transactions in corporate stocks frequently lead to lawsuits, and cases involving the rights and liabilities of stock brokers and clients have been before the Canadian Courts on several occasions. The decisions in such cases are of considerable interest to all parties engaged in stock dealings, and it is proposed to give in brief form the facts and results of a few of these cases.

One case of considerable interest is that of *Conmee vs. The Securities Holding Company*, decided by the Supreme Court of Canada in 1907, and leave to appeal to the Privy Council was refused, so that it is a decision by the highest Court in the Empire so far as Canada is concerned.

In this case *Conmee*, a customer of a Toronto firm of brokers, instructed them to purchase for him 300 shares of Lake Superior stock and advanced \$3,000 as a margin, leaving a balance of \$6,225 due thereon. The brokers also had orders for 300 additional shares of the same stock for other customers and sent to their Philadelphia correspondent an order for 600 shares of Lake Superior stock. The Philadelphia brokers bought the stock at 30½ and the Toronto brokers remitted them \$9,000 on the 600 shares, which left a balance of \$9,375, and the whole 600 shares were left in the hands of the Philadelphia brokers as security for the balance. The Philadelphia brokers borrowed money from a Philadelphia bank and put up all the shares as collateral security for the money borrowed.

Then the Philadelphia brokers drew a draft on the Toronto brokers for the balance of \$9,375 and interest and attached a stock certificate for the 600 shares to the draft, but the draft was unpaid and returned to Philadelphia with the stock certificate. Then the Philadelphia brokers sold 475 of the 600 shares and returned the balance of 125 shares to the Toronto brokers which closed the account between the Toronto and Philadelphia firms.

It will be seen from the above statement of facts that from the time the Philadelphia brokers purchased the 600 shares until the sale of 475 shares they continually held the 600 shares as a pledge for their claim against the Toronto brokers for a greater sum than *Conmee*, the customer, owed the Toronto brokers at any time, and there was nothing in the evidence to show that the Toronto brokers on behalf of their customer had the right to redeem his 300 shares from the Philadelphia brokers or the Philadelphia bank on payment of the balance that *Conmee* owed the Toronto firm. As a matter of fact the Toronto firm never had the 600 shares in their possession and they dishonored the draft for the balance of the purchase money for the 600 shares of which their customer's 300 shares formed a part.

The Toronto firm then brought action against the customer for the balance of the 300 shares with interest and commission.

On the trial it was shown that the

bought note of the transaction contained the usual memo stating that "when carrying stock for clients we reserve the right of pledging the same or raising money upon them in any way convenient to us," and it was argued that this authorized the Toronto firm to pledge the stock with the Philadelphia brokers, but the Court held that it did not entitle the brokers to pledge the stock for a greater amount than was due from the customer, unless the broker had an arrangement with the party to whom the stock was pledged, whereby the customer's stock could be released on payment of the balance due on that stock, and that, as the Toronto broker in the *Conmee* case was never in a position where he could appropriate 300 of the shares pledged to the customer on payment of the balance due by him, they could not recover the balance.

"What the plaintiffs contracted to do," said one of the judges, "was to buy 300 shares for the defendant, and to advance for him the price, over and above the sum of \$3,000, and to hold the shares as security, ready to be delivered on payment of their advance, with interest and commission.

"The defendant's right upon such a contract clearly was to require delivery of the shares upon payment of what he owed with interest and commission. He became a debtor to the plaintiffs for an ascertained sum, and upon payment of that sum was to be entitled to delivery of the shares. But the plaintiffs, had in the very act of purchase encumbered the shares, not merely with the sum which would have been due to them on a purchase of 300 shares, namely, \$6,300, but with a sum of \$9,300.

"That being so, I think it is clear that plaintiffs did not perform the contract on their part. They had not the 300 shares which they had agreed to buy, at any time ready to be delivered to the defendant on payment of the balance of the purchase money. There never was even a moment when he had a legal right to receive those shares on payment of what he owed. If the plaintiffs demanded them of *Chandler & Co.*, they could not, as of right, have them without paying \$9,300, instead of \$6,300, which was all the defendant owed. Nor could either the plaintiffs or *Chandler & Co.* have them while they remained pledged to the bankers of the latter, without paying the bankers' whole claim."

St. Saens and a Roman Organ

(Continued from page 20.)

organ that gave him the most uncomfortable session he ever had. The chronicle of the event says:

The occasion was a disgraceful fiasco which occurred on the visit of *Saint-Saens* to Milan in 1880, to give a concert of organ music at the Royal Conservatory. Unfortunately the Master had not taken the precaution to inform himself beforehand of the sort of instrument upon which he was expected to perform, nor did anyone interested in the occasion think it necessary to do so. Conse-

quently, *Saint-Saens* found himself before an organ whose pedal-board was antique in form and limited in extent, whose action was the most noisy of tracker constructions, and whose combination action was beautifully simple, being in fact one unwieldy "tiratutto." His feelings may be imagined! He bravely attempted a performance, but had to declare himself worsted, and to the horror of the directors and the scandal of the audience ceded his place at the console to the usual operator, what time he went off to pour his woes into the sympathetic and stupefied ears of the Benedictine monk who was at that time vice-custodian of the Ambrosian Library, *Dom G. Amelli*. From that conversation came the reform in Italian organ-building, for the Benedictine opened a vigorous campaign in the *Journal of Music* which he superintended. Later, with the aid of *Remondini*, of Genoa, he inaugurated a new periodical, *The Organ and the Organist*, which was entirely devoted to the reformation of the organ in Italy. The good fruit of this campaign is, perhaps, nowhere better shown than at the *Augusteum* itself, which for nearly eight years has boasted a magnificent organ, heard to splendid effect on this occasion in the accompaniment of the superb expression of the victory of Spirit over matter which is the basis of the third *Symphony of Saint-Saens*.

Russia Can End the War

(Continued from page 12.)

gard the Russian offensive as putting a wholly new face upon the situation, and one that promises a much quicker ending to the war than might otherwise be expected. Without losing sight of the fact that a country in a state of revolution is always unreliable, we may nevertheless believe with some confidence that if the present Russian activity is maintained, of which there is every likelihood, its effect will be felt at once upon every part of the circle of steel that surrounds the Central Empires. Germany must either abandon Austria to her fate, or she must come to her aid at the cost of weakening her own defences in the west. It is hard to say which course would be the more mischievous to her. Either might be fatal. The elimination of Austria would automatically dispose of Bulgaria and Turkey, who are certainly already greedy for any sort of peace that would enable them to preserve the tatters of their dignity. A withdrawal of German forces on the western front would necessitate another retreat to new and more economical lines, and possibly even to the German frontier. But of one thing we may now be sure. There will be co-ordination between the Allied forces in the west, the south, and the east. There will be no failure to take quick advantage of the Russian stroke and so to deepen the gloom that is spreading over the German people with a belated realization of the adversities into which their armies have fallen.

Nothing of great importance has happened in the west, although we may confidently believe that something of importance is about to happen, and that the Germans know it. It would be hard to imagine anything more like an insensate desperation than the German attacks upon the *Chemin des Dames* and upon *Verdun*. That the Germans should be anxious to ward off any blow that the French may be contemplating against *Laon* is reasonable enough, but that they should be willing thus to incur defeat after defeat looks more like a military dementia than anything else. And this effect is increased by the

(Continued on Page 23.)

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Educational "Dope" From the Trenches

By Lieut. W. J. Wright

SOME months ago an article on Culture in Education, words to that effect appeared in the Canadian Courier. It was written by S. H. Howard, as a critical commentary report at the annual gathering of the Ontario Educational Association. The chief point in the article was the distinction between those educationists who believe in culture and those who believe in a high percentage of utility.

A copy of the Courier containing this article got into the hands of an educationist in the trenches. His reply, written with lead pencil on checkerboard paper, came into the office a few days ago. We do not know under what circumstances except those of absolute patriotism, the Principal of the St. Mary's (Ont.) Collegiate Institute came to enlist as a lieutenant. But we know something of the high standing of St. Mary's among collegiates in Ontario.

And if all Canadians at the front are following the affairs of their native country as closely as Lieut. (Principal) Wright, the organized sentiment of the returned soldiers in this country will become a huge factor in our after-the-war politics.

What Principal Wright Wrote:

"What's the dope about the next raid" or "What's the dope about our relief" are common expressions on the Canadian-French front. A recent article in the Courier leads me to give a little "dope" about education.

One of the favourite amusements of Britishers, and particularly of Ontarionites, is to jump on our educational system. Everyone takes a kick, as the boys say, "Hitchin, he has no friends."

This time Mr. Sid Howard takes a pot shot at the old target. He cleverly insinuates that there culture is antagonistic to utilitarianism, whereas there is no real reason why the cultured man should not be a very useful man, and on the other hand, surely the useful man, should not be robbed of his due reward, namely, culture.

The statement that culture is based on money is absolutely absurd. Every one of us has known men without wealth who yet were cultured gentlemen. The poor country preacher, the thoughtful mechanic, the hard-working teacher, the well-informed farmer—all these may be cultured and yet not able to buy an auto.

The cultured man or woman is, after all, the one who possesses a keen, well-informed mind, combined with a thoughtful, cheerful and kindly outlook on life. He is deeply interested in the real necessities of life, which, of course, are poetry, politics, religion, art and philosophy. He is one who naturally detests filth and also avoids the vulgarity of ranking wealth higher than character.

With this conception of culture, one is surprised that attacks should be made upon it. If any ratepayer wants the long list of school subjects increased or changed, by all means let him agitate for this, but why attack culture, which is one of the finest assets of a nation.

Mr. Howard succinctly asks, Who is the goat? Many of his friends probably know, if he doesn't. The secret

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was out years ago. The people of Ontario are the goats. The provision for a wider education is in the educational regulations, trained teachers can be got, but the people will not provide the funds. The chief difficulty lies in the traditional stinginess of the Canadian people towards education.

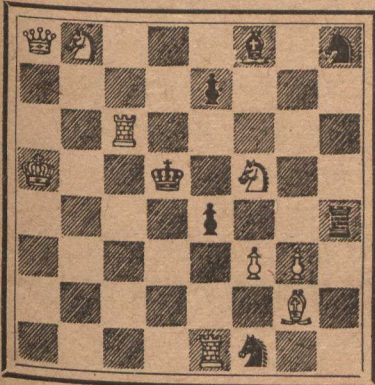
Manual training, domestic science, agricultural instruction are all good, and if the local authorities will forward the cash, the great educational push will be continued (not begun). But Mr. Howard should cease his sniping at men like Principal Hutton and concentrate his guns on the superparsimony of the average Ontario municipality.

CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

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

PROBLEM No. 147 by Comins Mansfield.
(?) 1917.
Black—Seven Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 145, by A. J. Fink.

- 1. Kt-B5, threat; 2. Q-K8 mate.
- 1. P-Q3ch; 2. R-B7 mate.
- 1. B-Q3; 2. R-B8 mate.
- 1. BxPch; 2. R-Kt6 mate.
- 1. KtxBP; 2. R-K6 mate.
- 1. KtxQP; 2. R-K4 mate.
- 1. Kt-KB6; 2. RxB mate.
- 1. B-B2; 2. KtxP (Q7) mate.

Correspondence Chess.

The following entertaining game was played in England recently, in the correspondence match, Lincoln vs. Norfolk and Norwich. We have taken the liberty to rearrange and abridge the notes by the Rev. F. E. Hamond, of Norwich, which appear in the "British Chess Magazine."

Scotch Game.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| G. H. Hill | H. P. Coulton |
| (Gainsborough) | (Norwich). |
| 1. P-K4 | 1. P-K4 |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | 2. Kt-QB3 |
| 3. P-Q4 | 3. PXP |
| 4. KtxP | 4. Kt-KB3 |
| 5. KtxKt | 5. KtPxKt |
| 6. B-Q3 | 6. P-Q4 |
| 7. Q-K2 | 7. B-K2 |
| 8. Castles | 8. Castles |
| 9. B-KB4 | 9. R-Ksq |
| 10. R-Ksq | 10. B-Q3 |
| 11. B-KKt5 | 11. B-K4 (a) |
| 12. Kt-B3 | 12. Q-Q3 (b) |
| 13. P-KKt3 (c) | 13. Kt-Kt5 (d) |
| 14. PXP | 14. PXP |
| 15. P-KR3 (e) | 15. Kt-B3 |
| 16. BxKt | 16. QxB |
| 17. KtxP | 17. Q-Q3 |
| 18. QR-Qsq | 18. B-Q2 |
| 19. B-K4 | 19. QR-Qsq |
| 20. P-KR4 | 20. BxQKtP (f) |
| 21. Kt-B4 | 21. Q-Bsq (g) |
| 22. Q-B4 | 22. B-K4 |
| 23. B-Q3 | 23. B-Q3 |
| 24. R-K4 | 24. RxB |
| 25. QxR | 25. P-Kt3 |
| 26. Kt-Q5 | 26. Q-Kt2 |
| 27. P-R5 | 27. P-KB4 (h) |
| 28. Q-QB4 | 28. B-K3 |
| 29. R-Ksq | 29. B-K4 |
| 30. P-R6 | 30. Q-Rsq (i) |
| 31. Q-KR4! (j) | 31. RxBkT (k) |
| 32. Q-K7 (l) | 32. B-B2 |
| 33. R-Ktsq | 33. B-Kt7 (m) |
| 34. QxP | 34. Q-K4 (n) |
| 35. Q-B8cl | 35. B-Ksq |
| 36. RxB | 36. K-Bsq |
| 37. R-Kt8 | 37. Q-K8ch (o) |
| 38. K-Kt2 | 38. R-K4 |
| 39. Q-Q7 | Resigns (p) |

- (a) Black's Bishop has moved three times, but he is now well placed.
- (b) Perhaps R-Ktsq would have been better before Q-Q3.
- (c) This move is somewhat weakening.
- (d) Black should have replied 13.... B-KKt5 and if 14... P-B3, then 14.... B-R6, threatening 15.... BxKtP.
- (e) 15. KtxQP would, perhaps, have

been better for 15.... QxKt, then 16. B-K4 would win the Rook! KtxKRP cannot be sound for Black, and therefore his Knight is weakly placed and should not be driven.

(f) A doubtful capture.
(g) If the Black Queen had been moved to her side of the board 22. RxB, followed by 23. BxRPch, would be most unpleasant. It could be played now as a matter of fact and would probably win the end-game.

(h) If 27.... PXP, then 28. Q-KR4 would follow, and win.

(i) The Queen should have gone to B2.
(j) Not 31. Kt-K7ch, K-B2; 32. Q-B5, B-Q3; 33. Q-B6, Q-Q5! and Black would win. The text-move is a very fine conception, temporarily giving up a piece, but winning against any play.

(k) 31.... R-Q2 would be better. (White would continue 32. B-Kt5, R-B2; 33. Kt-K7ch and the Rook must take for if 33.... K-Bsq, then 34. KtxKtPch, and mates in two. Ed. C.)

(l) The beautiful sequel.
(m) If 33.... P-B3, then 34. R-Kt7, Q-B3 (forced); 35. R-Kt8ch!

(n) If 34.... Q-B3 or Q5, then, of course, 35. RxB (Ed. C.)

(o) The check is useless, but if 37.... P-B5, with a view to opening out the White King, White replies 38. Q-Kt7 and the check at KKt7 is fatal. Or if 37.... Q-K2, then 38. B-Kt5, R-K4; 39. BxB, QxB; 40. Q-B7.

(p) Of course if 39.... R-K2, then 40. RxBch and mate follows. The advanced King's Rook Pawn is an important factor in the game, which is a complicated and interesting one.

Russia Can End the War

(Concluded from page 21.)

new attacks upon Verdun, also renewed with heavy losses, but renewed again and again. The explanation is probably to be found in the inexorable need for a victory of some kind that shall allay the discontent at home, even though it have no military value whatever. The same explanation will hold good of the aeroplane raids upon England. If they furnish the basis for inflated bulletins of successes they may be considered to serve their purpose. To attempt to separate the operations of the German forces from the state of German public opinion lands us in an impasse, because the nature of the fighting in the west can be explained in no other way than as desperate and despairing efforts to quiet the misgivings at home, as snatches at everything and anything that can pass muster as a victory.

The Fighting Editor

(Continued from page 9.)

and the Government of Canada. You needn't rub it in. It hurts. I'm licked." He turned toward the gangway.

Creighton stuck out a chubby hand.

"On the level, though, you can't get a look-in at this time. You know that. I have my instructions. Good luck, anyway."

The succeeding fortnight proved extra busy for Creighton. He was in a fair way to forget he ever had been bothered by a cross-grained editor who tried to start a paper. But glancing from his office window, one afternoon, just as the boat from Vancouver tied up, he registered mild surprise, and squinted again.

"Now, what the devil does he want," muttered the harbour engineer. "Thought I'd seen the last of him. Wonder what his game is?"

Heeley—for the man on his way across the wharf was Heeley—breezed into Creighton's office.

"Home again," he said, regarding the engineer with a hard smile. "Just couldn't stay away. And now let me show you what I've brought with me." He tossed a few papers on Creighton's desk, and continued.

"I've staked a claim on your town-site. Everything, as you will see, is according to Hoyle. You can't put me off. I am going to start business

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on that claim, and intend to stay there until—well, until I feel like leaving. Let me put you down on my subscription list."

So it came to pass that Heeley pitched his tent on that claim, and within its rough and roomy boundaries he was monarch of all he surveyed, and his right there was none to dispute. His defiance of great captains of industry was complete, and the knowledge soothed and refreshed him. Soon the newspaper building was finished. It was just a shack. Heeley himself stuck type—thought out the story as he went along. Sometimes, wandering printers, drifting north from Vancouver or Seattle, worked a while and passed on. The little sheet prospered. Copies, fresh from the handpress, worked by a profane and sweating

typo, were read and digested. The subject matter ranged all the way from burning thoughts by the editor and financier, to placid personal items. The paper grew. It did not overlook the progress of the camp, or choice morsels of gossip. Now and then, an editorial brickbat went sailing, not at, but in the general direction of one Creighton.

From Ashcroft to Dawson—across solitudes ending under Polar stars—stretched the Canadian Government telegraph wire. And from Hazelton, a branch wire extended down the surging Skeena to the new railway terminus. Soon brief despatches commenced to appear in the paper. Metropolitan journalism was budding.

Secure on his claim, old John observed the trend of events, commenting thereon sometimes by word of

mouth and sometimes in type. More strangers arrived. They wanted sites on which to do business. To obtain a site, anywhere outside of Heeley's domain, was impossible. And it was not easy to stake another claim and hope to get by with it. To their entreaties, Heeley turned a friendly ear. He understood the situation.

"I'll allow you to start up on my claim," he told applicant after applicant, "and carry on any legitimate line. But I won't stand for Asiatic labor or the peddling of booze. You savvy?"

Promises are made to be broken. The claim became the throbbing heart of the camp. Blind pigs flourished. Sleek Orientals multiplied. What did old John, in his wrath, finally do? But that, as a great man once remarked, is another story.



able to do so got up. Those who could not rise remained seated. The silence was not only painful, it was oppressive. A steel-grey, generalistic eye

CANADA IN WAR PAINT

By CAPT. RALPH W. BELL

Published in Book Form by J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

WHEN we got into the bally place it was raining in torrents, and the air was also pure purple because the Colonel found some one in his old billet, and the Town-Major, a cantankerous old dug-out who seemed to exist chiefly for the purpose of annoying men who did go into the front line, was about as helpless as the fifth wheel to a waggon. Finally, the Colonel shot out of his office like an eighteen-pounder from a whizz-bang battery, and later on the tattered remnants of our once proud and haughty Adjutant announced to us, in the tones of a dove who has lost his mate, that there were no billets for us at all, and that officers and men would have to bivouac by the river.

Under all circumstances the Major is cheerful—and he has a very clear idea of when it is permissible to go around an order. Also the Town-Major invariably has the same effect on him as such an unwelcome visitor as a skunk at a garden-party would have on the garden-party. Having consigned the aforesaid T.M. to perdition in Canadian, English, French, and Doukhobor, he said: "We are going to have billets for the men, and we are going to have billets for ourselves." That quite settled the matter, as far as we Company officers were concerned. In the course of the next half-hour we had swiped an empty street and a half for the men, and put them into it, and then we gathered together, seven strong, and proceeded to hunt for our own quarters.

There is a very strongly developed scouting instinct among the Canadian forces in the Field. Moreover, we are not overawed by outward appearances. In the centre of the town we found a chateau; and an hour later we were lunching there comfortably ensconced in three-legged arm-chairs, with a real bowl of real flowers on the table, and certain oddments of cut-glass found gleefully by the batmen) reflecting the bubbling vintage of the house of Moët et Chandon. Our dining-hall was about sixty feet by twenty, and we each had a bedroom of proportionate size, with a bed of sorts in it. Moreover, the place was most wonderfully clean—it might almost have been prepared for us—and McFinnigan, our cook, was in the seventh heaven of

delight because he had found a real stove with an oven.

"I cannot understand," said the Major, "how it is no one is in this place. It's good enough for a Divisional Commander."

There was actually a bath in the place with water running in the taps. Jones, always something of a pessimist, shook his head when he saw the bath.

"Look here, all you boys," he said, "this is no place for us. There is an unwritten law in this outfit that no man, unless he wears red and gold things plastered all over his person, shall have more than one bath in one month. Now I had one three weeks ago, and I am still—but why dwell on it?"

Needless to say he was ruled out of order.

Just to show our darned independence, we decided to invite most of the other officers of the battalion to dinner that evening, "plenty much swank" and all that kind of thing. Would that we had thought better of it. Of course we eventually decided to make a real banquet of it, appointed a regular mess committee, went and saw the Paymaster, and sent orderlies

SERIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

DURING the hot weather we have been wading through the cool breakers of fiction in the quest for a new serial that for a few weeks may cause readers of the Canadian Courier to forget politics and thermometers. Among so many eligible good stories the choice of one to do this trick of beguiling you into forgetfulness is not easy.

We have decided upon Number One in our forthcoming series of Serials. The name we shall not yet divulge. But in our issue of next week we shall print one quarter of this story. Beginning on August 11, the first new Serial is expected to end in the corresponding week in September. The first instalment will be strikingly illustrated by our staff artists.—The Editor.

dashing madly forth to buy up all the liqueurs, Scotch, soda, and other potations that make glad the heart of man. We arranged for a four-course dinner, paraded the batmen and distributed back-sheesh and forcible addresses on the subjects of table-laying and how to balance the soup and unplug the bubbly.

Nobody came near us at all. As far as the Town-Major was concerned we might have been in Kamschatka. The Major had gone to the C. O. (after lunch) and told him we had "found a little place to shelter in," and as the latter had written a particularly biting, satirical, not to say hectic note to the Brigadier on the subject of the Town-Major's villainy, and was therefore feeling better, he just told the Major to carry on, and did not worry about us in the least.

Nineteen of us—Majors, Captains, and "Loots"—sat down to dinner. It was a good dinner, the batmen performed prodigies of waitership; the wine bubbled and frothed, frothed and bubbled, and we all bubbled, too. It was a red-letter night. After about the seventeenth speech, in which the Doc. got a little mixed concerning the relationship of Bacchus and a small statue of the Venus de Milo which adorned one corner of the room, some one called for a song. It was then about 11 "pip emma."

We were in the midst of what the P.M. called a little "Close Harmony"—singing as Caruso and McCormack never sang—when we heard the sound of feet in the passage, feet that clanked and clunk—feet with spurs on.

A hush fell over us, an expectant hush. The door opened, without the ceremony of a knock, and in walked not any of your common or garden Brigadiers, not even a Major-General, but a fully-fledged Lieutenant-General, followed by his staff, and the Town-Major.

In our regiment we have always prided ourselves on the fact that we can carry on anywhere and under any circumstances. But this fell night our untarnished record came very near to disaster. It was as though Zeus had appeared at a Roman banquet being held in his most sacred grove.

The General advanced three paces and halted. Those of us who were

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slowly travelled through each one of us, up and down the table, adorned with the remnants of many bottles, the half-finished glasses of many drinks. Just then the Town-Major took a step forward; he was a palish green, with an under-tinge of yellow.

"What is the meaning of—" said the General, in a voice tinged with the iciest breath of the far distant Pole, but he got no further.

There was a sudden rending, ear-splitting roar, the lights went out, the walls of the chateau seemed to sway, and the plaster fell in great lumps from the frescoed ceiling.

That (as we afterwards discovered) no one was hurt was a marvel. It is the one and only time when we of this regiment have thanked Fritz for shelling us. In the pale light of early dawn the last member of the party slunk into the bivouac ground. The General, where was he? We knew not, neither did we care.

But it was the first and last time that "A" Company rustled a Corps Commander's Chateau!

Bombs

WE counted them as they came up the communication trench, and the Commander of "AK" Company paled; yet he was a brave man. He cast a despairing glance around him, and then looked at me.

"George," he said (you may not believe it, but there can be a world of pathos put into that simple name). "George, we are Goners."

By this time they had reached the front line.

My thoughts flew to the Vermoral sprayer, last time it had been the Vermoral sprayer. Was the V. S. filled, or was it not. . . .?

They came from scent to view, and pulling himself together with a click of the heels closely imitated by the S. I. C., the O. C. "AK" Coy. saluted.

"Good morning, sir!"

The General acknowledged the salute, but the ends of his moustache quivered. G. S. O. one, directly in rear, frowned. The Colonel looked apprehensive, and glared at both of us. The Brigadier was glum, the Brigade Major very red in the face. Two of those beastly supercilious Aides looked at each other, smiled, glanced affectionately at their red tabs and smiled again.

It was exactly 2.29 "pip emma" when the mine went up.

"Discipline, sir," said the General, "discipline is lacking in your company! You have a sentry on duty at the head of Chelwyn Road. A sentry! What does he do when he sees me? Not a damn thing, sir! Not a damn thing!"

Of course the O. C. "AK" made a bad break; one always does under such circumstances.

"He may not have seen you, sir."

G. S. O. one moved forward in support, so that if overcome the General could fall back on his centre.

A whizz-bang burst in 94—we were in 98—and the Staff ducked, taking the time from the front. The Aides carried out the movement particularly smartly, resuming the upright position in strict rotation.

The General fixed us with a twin Flammenwerfer gaze.

"What's that? Not see me? What the devil is he there for, sir? I shall

remember this, Captain—ah, Roberts—I shall remember this!"

Pause.

"Where is your Vermoral sprayer?"

Like lambskins followed by voracious lions, we lead them to the Vermoral sprayer.

I was at the retaking of Hill 60, at Ypres, long months ago, at Festubert and Givenchy, but never was I so inspired with dread as now.

Praise be to Zeus, the V.S. was full!

We passed on, until we reached a bomber cleaning bombs. The General paused. The bomber, stood to attention, firmly grasping a bomb in the right hand, knuckles down, fore-arm straight.



"A frightened face appeared around the corner."

"Ha!" said the General. "Ha! Bombs, what?"

The bomber remained apparently petrified.

"What I always say about these bombs," the General continued, turning to the Brigadier, "is that they're so damn simple, what? A child can use them. You can throw them about, and, provided the pin is in, no harm will come of it. But"—looking sternly at me—"always make sure the pin is safely imbedded in the base of the bomb. That is the first duty of a man handling bombs."

We all murmured assent, faintly or otherwise, according to rank.

"Give me that bomb," said the General to the bomber, waxing enthusiastic. The man hesitated. The General glared, the bomb became his.

We stood motionless around him. "You see, gentlemen," the General continued, jocularly. "I take this bomb, and I throw it on the ground—so! It does not explode, it cannot explode, the fuse is not lit, for the pin—"

Just then the bomber leapt like a fleeting deer round the corner, but the General was too engrossed to notice him.

"As I say, the pin—"

A frightened face appeared round the bay, and a small, shaky voice broke in:

"Please, sir, it's a five-second fuse—an' I 'ad took HOUT the pin!"

After all the General reached the traverse in time and we were not shot at dawn. But G. S. O. one has gone to England "Wounded and shell-shock."

"S. R. D."

WHEN the days shorten, and the rain never ceases; when the sky is ever grey, the nights chill, and the trenches thigh deep in mud and water; when the front is altogether a beastly place, in fact, we have one consolation. It comes in gallon jars, marked simply "S. R. D." It does not matter how wearied the ration party may be, or how many sacks of coke, biscuits, or other rations may be left by the wayside, the rum always arrives.

Once, very long ago, one of a new draft broke a bottle on the way up to Coy. H. Q. (The rum, by the way, always goes to Coy. H. Q.) For a week his life was not worth living. The only thing that saved him from annihilation was the odour of S. R. D., which clung to him for days. The men would take a whiff before going on a working party, and on any occasion

when they felt low and depressed.

There are those who would deny Tommy his three spoonfuls of rum in the trenches; those who declare that a man soaked to the skin, covered with mud, and bitterly cold, is better with a cayenne pepper lozenge. Let such people take any ordinary night of sentry duty on the Western front in mid-winter, and their ideas will change. There are not one, but numberless occasions, on which a tot of rum has saved a man from sickness, possibly from a serious illness. Many a life-long teetotaler has conformed to S. R. D. and taken the first drink of his life on the battle-fields of France, not because he wanted to, but because he had to. Only those who have suffered from bitter cold and wet, only those who have been actually "all-in" know what a debt of gratitude is owing to those wise men who ordered a small ration of rum for every soldier—officer, N. C. O., and man—on the Western front in winter.

The effect of rum is wonderful, morally as well as physically. In the pelting rain, through acres of mud, a working party of fifty men plough their weary way to the Engineers' dump, and get shovels and picks. In single file they trudge several kilometres to the work in hand, possibly the clearing out of a fallen-in trench, which is mud literally to the knees. They work in the mud, slish, and rain, for at least four hours. Four hours of misery—during which any self-respecting Italian labourer would lose his job rather than work—and then they traipse back again to a damp, musty billet, distant five or six kilometres. To them, that little tot of rum is not simply alcohol. It is a God-send. Promise it to them before they set out, and those men will work like Trojans. Deny it to them, and more than half will parade sick in the morning.

It is no use, if the rum ration is short, to water it down. The men know it is watered, and their remarks are "frequent and painful, and free!" Woe betide the officer who, through



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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

innocence or intentionally, looks too freely on the rum when it is brown! His reputation is gone for ever. If he became intoxicated on beer, champagne, or whisky, he would only be envied by the majority of his men, but should he drink too much rum—that is an unpardonable offence!

As a rule, one of the hardest things in the world to do is to awaken men once they have gone to sleep at night. For no matter what purpose, it will take a company a good half-hour to pull itself together and stand to. But murmur softly to the orderly Sergeant that there will be a rum issue in ten minutes, and though it be 1 a.m. or the darkest hour before dawn, when the roll is called hardly a man will be absent! That little word of three letters will rouse the most soporific from their stupor!

Few men take their rum in the same



"Few men take their rum in the same fashion or with the same expression."

fashion or with the same expression. The new draft look at it coyly, carry the cup gingerly to their lips, smell it, make a desperate resolution, gulp it down, and cough for five minutes afterwards. The old hands—the men

of rubicund countenance and noses of a doubtful hue—grasp the cup, look to see if the issue is a full one, raise it swiftly, and drain it without a moment's hesitation, smacking their lips. You can see the man who was up for being drunk the last pay-day coming from afar for his rum. His eyes glisten, his face shines with hopefulness, and his whole manner is one of supreme expectation and content.

It is strange how frequently the company staff, from the Sergeant-Major down to the most recently procured batman, find it necessary to enter the inner sanctum of H. Q. after the rum has come. The Sergeant-Major arrives with a large, sweet smile, acting as guard of honour. "Rum up, sir." "Thank you, Sergeant-Major." "I've detailed that working-party, sir." "Thank you, Sergeant-

Major." "Is that all, sir?" "Yes, thank you, Sergeant-Major." He vanishes, to re-appear a minute later. "Did you call me, sir?" "No" . . . long pause . . . "Oh! Still there? Er, have a drink, Sergeant-Major?" "Well, sir, I guess I could manage a little drop! Thank you, sir. Good-night, sir!"

Marching

WE have left the statue of the Virgin Mary which peeks horizontally over the Rue de Bapaume far behind us and the great bivouacs, and the shell-pitted soil of the Somme front. Only at night can we see the flickering glare to the southward, and the ceaseless drum of the guns back yonder is like the drone of a swarm of bees. Yesterday we reached the last village we shall see in Picardy, and this morning we shall march out of the Departement de la Somme, whither we know not.

It is one of those wonderful mid-October days when the sun rises red above a light, low mist, and land sparkling with hoar-frost; when the sky is azure blue, the air clean and cold, and the roads white and hard. A day when the "fall-in" sounds from rolling plain to wooded slope and back again, clear and mellow, and when the hearts of men are glad.

"Bat-ta-lion . . . Shun!"

It does one good to hear the unison of sound as the heels come together, and a few moments later we have moved off, marching to attention down the little main street of Blondin-par-la-Gironde, with its 300 inhabitants, old, old church, and half-dozen estaminets. Madame, where we billeted last night, and her strapping daughter Marthe, are standing on the doorstep to see us go by. "Bonjour, M'sieurs, Au revoir, Bonne chance!"

"Left, left, left—ri—left," the pace is short, sharp, and decisive, more like the Rifle Brigade trot. Even the back-sliders, the men who march as a rule like old women trying to catch a bus, have briskened up this morning. Looking along the column from the rear one can see that rhythmical ripple which betokens the best marching, and instinctively the mind flashes back to that early dawn three days ago—no, four—when they came out of the trenches, muddy, dead-beat, awesomely dirty, just able to hobble along in fours.

Ninety-six hours and what a change! "March at ease."

The tail of the column has passed the last little low cottage in the village, and the twenty-one kilometre "hike" has begun. Corporal McTavish, mindful that he was once a staff bugler, unslings his instrument, and begins—after a few horrid practice notes—to play "Bonnie Dundee," strictly according to his own recollection of that ancient tune. The scouts and signallers are passing remarks of an uncomplimentary nature anent the Colonel's second horse, which, when not trying to prance on the Regimental Sergeant-Major's toes, shows an evil inclination to charge backwards through the ranks. The bombers are grouching, as usual; methodically, generally, but without bitterness. "They will not sing, they cannot play, but they can surely fight."

"A" Company band, consisting of the aforesaid Corporal McTavish,

reached in a single mo
ave fought for so stubbornly,
without success by Gen. Brus-
phant forces of last sum

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**FOOD CONTROLLER
URGES RESTRICTIONS**

Consumption of Wheat, Beef and
Bacon Must Be Reduced.

WILL PREVENT WASTE.

Allies Are Looking to Canada,
Says Mr. Hanna.

OTTAWA, July 11.—Hon. W. J. Hanna, the food controller, in a statement issued to-night, says that the consumption of wheat, beef and bacon in the Dominion must be reduced by at least one-third to meet the needs of the allies, and people must economize in the use of foodstuffs.

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Save the Wheat—Use Corn

Hon. W. J. Hanna, the food controller, says the Allies look to Canada to relieve their food shortage. He urges all Canadians to economize and have at least one wheatless meal a day. Your family will gladly comply with this request if you serve

Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES



It's fine for breakfast, with milk or cream, and a real treat with fruit of any kind at any time of day or night.

Get the original in the red, white and green package.



ONLY MADE IN CANADA BY

The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited.
Head Office and Factory: London, Ont.



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No need now to waste time soaking your feet so often. Nor run the risk of paring.

BLUE-JAY plasters have ended millions of corns. This very night thousands of people will say goodbye to painful corns forever. Touchy corns are needless, even foolish.

Blue-jay brings instant relief. And in 48 hours the average corn is gone. Only a few stubborn ones require a second or third treatment.

A Blue-jay plaster, with its healing wax, is applied in a jiffy. No soreness, no inconvenience. The pain is not temporarily eased, as with paring. There is no danger, as with harsh liquids. Decide to join the happy crowd tonight which has won freedom the Blue-jay way.

BAUER & BLACK, Limited
Toronto, Canada

Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay

Stops Pain—Ends Corns
Sold at all Drugists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters



More Miles for Tires

Remember that air is the backbone of your tire, and that a limp backbone cannot withstand a heavy burden. Siffen the backbone of your tire whenever it needs stiffening.

The SCHRADER Universal Tire Pressure Gauge

will tell you when that is
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Highest award at the
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Exposition

GOOD LAGER BEER



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Made only of pure hops and malt. Real beer with the good old flavor conforming to the Temperance Act.

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Prepaid. Full directions with each tin. Agents Wanted.

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three mouth-organs, an accordian, a flute, and a piccolo, plus sundry noises, is heartily engaged with the air "I want to go back (dim), To the farm (pizzicato)," which changes after the first kilometre to "Down in Arizona where the Bad Men are." They are known as the "Birds," and not only do they whistle, but they also sing!

"B" Company is wrapped in gloom; they march with a grim determination, a "just-you-wait-till-I-catch-you" expression which bodes ill for somebody. Did not a rum-jar—a full jar of rum—vanish from the rations last night? Isn't the Quartermaster—and the C. S. M.'s batman, too—endowed with a frantic "hang-over" this morning? This world is an unfair, rotten kind of a hole anyhow. The Company wit, one Walters, starts to sing "And when I die." He is allowed to proceed as far as "Just pickle my bones," but "in alcohol" is barely out of his mouth when groans break in upon his ditty, coupled with loud-voiced protests to "Have a heart."

For six months past "C" Company has rejoiced in the generic title of "Scorpions." Their strong suit is limerics, the mildest of which would bring a blush to the cheek of an old-time camp-follower. Within the last twenty-four hours their O. C. has been awarded the Military Cross. His usually stern visage—somewhat belied by a twinkling blue eye—is covered with a seraphic smile. Cantering along the column comes the Colonel. The artists of the limeric subside. Pulling up, the C. O. about turns and holds out his hand. "I want to congratulate you, Captain Bolton. Well deserved. Well deserved. Honour to the regiment . . . yes, yes . . . excellent, excellent . . . ahem . . . thank you, thank you. . . ." With one accord the old scorpions, led by the Company Sergeant-Major, break into the refrain "See him smiling, see him smiling, see him smiling just now." And Bolton certainly does smile.

By this time we have marched for an hour, and the signal comes to halt, and fall out on the right of the road. The men smoke, and the officers gather together in little groups. It is wonderful what ten minutes' rest will do when a man is carrying all his worldly goods on his back.

A few minutes after starting out again we see ahead of us a little group of horses, and a red hat or twain, and red tabs. The Divisional Commander and the Brigadier. The Battalion takes a deep breath, slopes arms, pulls itself together generally, dresses by the right, and looks proud and haughty. There is a succession of "Eyes Rights" down the column, as each unit passes the reviewing base, and then we all sigh again. That's over for to-day!

On we march, through many quaint little old-world villages, every one of which is filled with troops, up hill and down dale, through woods, golden and brown, tramping steadily onward, a long green-brown column a thousand strong. Cussing the new drafts who fall out, cussing the old boots that are worn out, cussing the war in general, and our packs in detail, but none the less content. For who can resist the call of the column, the thought of the glorious rest when the march is done, and the knowledge that whatever we may be in years to come, just now we are it!





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is the "chum" of more pipe smokers, than any other tobacco smoked in Canada

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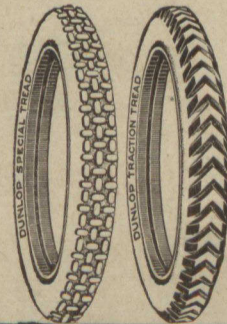
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Tire you see the most of

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Most
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A. 75



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Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

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The times demand alertness—energy—efficiency.

The call for extra effort has been heard and answered by men, women and even children.

Do “your bit”—but keep fit. If you work harder play harder too.

Have a motor car.

It will enable the whole family to do more each day with less fatigue.

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Have efficient equipment for

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This is the famous 35 horsepower Overland.

Among cars of such comfortable size it has been the leading favorite for years.

And it is the car of the hour.

With a brand new body design, it is far more beautiful this season than ever before, and with its new cantilever rear springs is far easier riding.

And we have made it a bigger, roomier car.

No one now has money to waste.

With tremendous resources, un-

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We effect greater economies and therefore give more for the money in this car than can be had in any other similar car.

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This Overland is small enough to be economical to operate, yet it is big enough not to cramp you, and so easy riding that it will not tire you.

It represents the maximum of economy possible without

sacrifice of comfort—true economy—true efficiency.

In this 35 horsepower Overland there is not one hint of experiment—not one hint of extravagance—not one hint of false economy.

It is the car of the hour.

Run over the specifications of this car—compare it with others and you will find more car in size, in comfort, in power, in convenience, in beauty, than \$1250 will buy in any other car.

Go to the Overland dealer and get your Model Eighty-Five Four to-day—the car of the hour—efficient equipment for efficient living.

Five passenger capacity 112-inch wheelbase 35 horsepower motor Cantilever rear springs Auto-Lite Starting and Lighting

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