

# CANADIAN COURIER

1125 Bisset Ave  
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Toronto  
Ontario  
Canada

Vol. XXIII. No. 13

TEN CENTS

March 30, 1918



Read— Shall the Native-Born Control?



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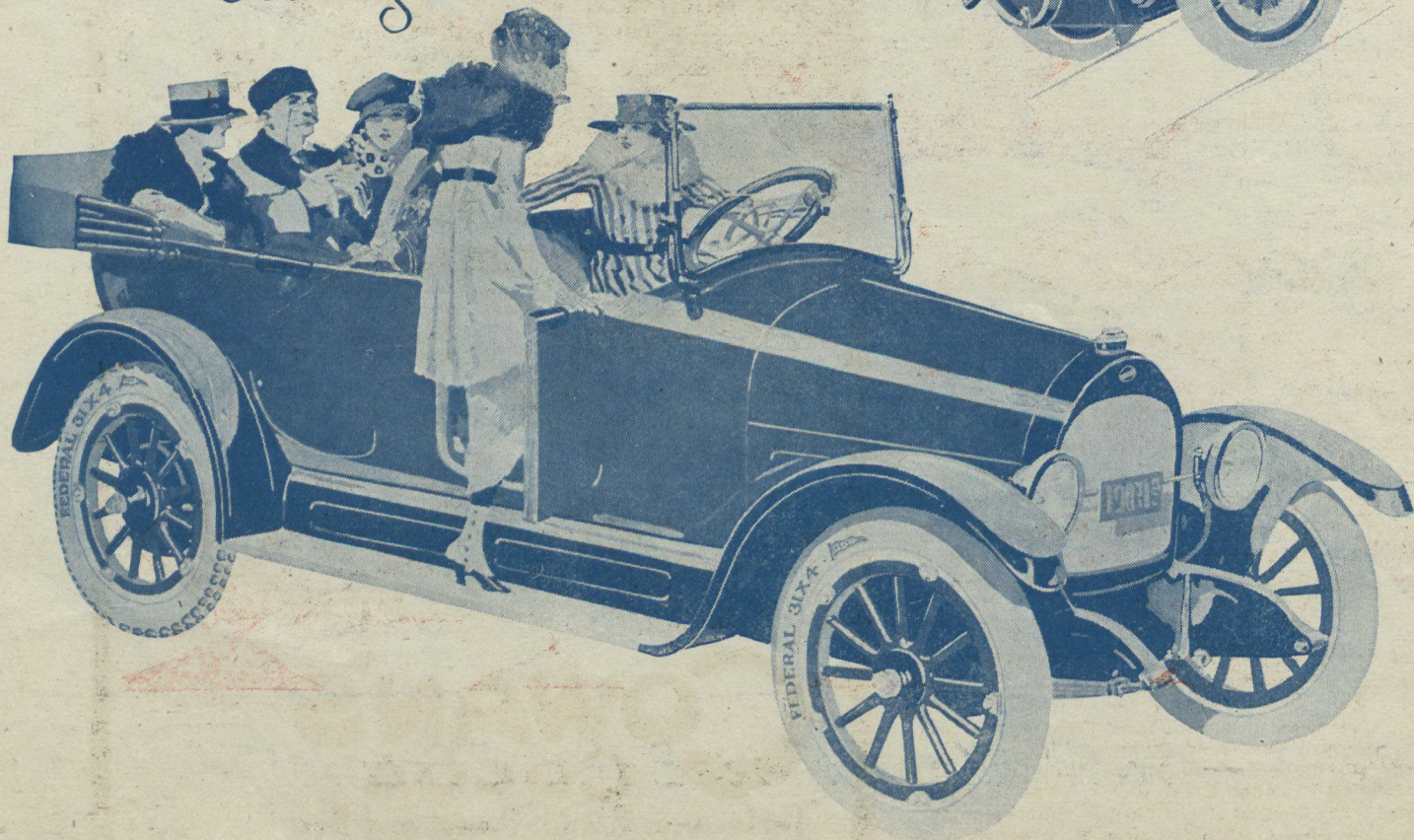
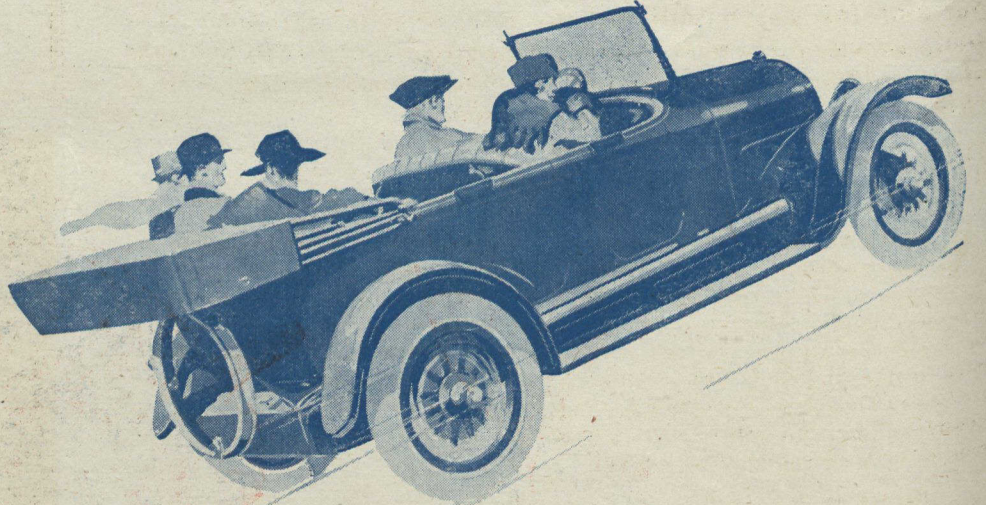
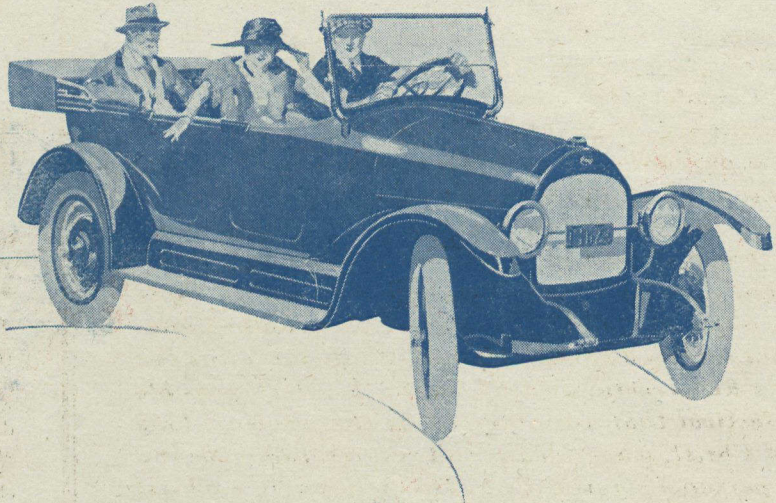
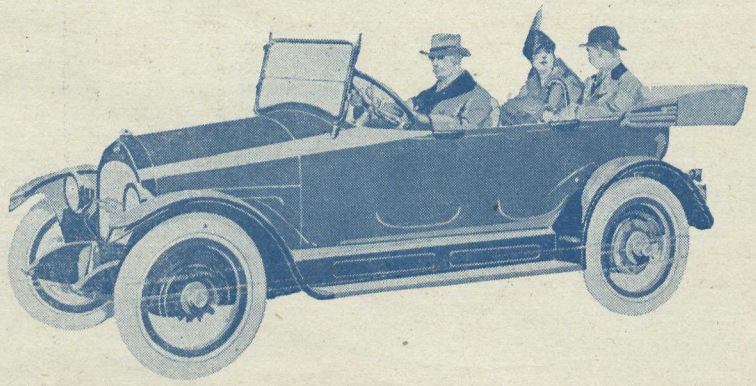
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# CANADIAN COURIER

Published fortnightly at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited, Subscription Price—Canada and Great Britain \$1.00 per year, United States \$1.50 per year, other countries \$2.00 per year, payable in advance. **IMPORTANT:** Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. **CANCELLATIONS:** We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

## The Time of Resurrection

**H**OW the dead come to life is the thing that speaks to us all at Easter. No land has a more tremendous reawakening than Canada. The uplift of the great rivers from the mouth of the mighty Mackenzie, to the Gulf of the great St. Lawrence, is a pageant of tremendous resurrection music. The honking caravans of wild geese strike into the far north of Canada when they can go no further. The fur-packs come swinging down. The vast land of iron winter rushes into summer almost without a spring. And the change is one of those miracles of nature which should thrill above all people—Canadians. Easter is not merely a church festival commemorating the miracle of Christ's Resurrection. It is in the greatest possible sense a religious festival that was observed by the ancients long before the time of Christ, whose death and resurrection gave it a deeper and more personal significance. The believer in a Christ Easter who does not believe in the Easter of the world when the great change comes over the face and heart of nature, is a long way from realizing this great Time of Awakening as Christ intended it should be perpetuated in the souls of men. The Easter hat and the Easter Anthem are in themselves symbols. Let those who wear the hats and sing the anthems, realize in the light of the millions who are dead on the fields of battle, how deep is this miracle symbolized in Easter Sunday.

## A FEW ITEMS FOR NEXT ISSUE

**A** MEDICAL doctor will tell readers of this paper what he thinks about the incompetency of the present medical programme in this country; not only in Canada, but because he is a Canadian, he speaks with particular reference to this country. He is not a disgruntled doctor, either, who, because he hasn't made a heap of money under present conditions wants medical science to be exploited by fads and Bolshevik fallacies. His ideas are sanely constructive. Since from the cradle to the grave we are all vitally interested in our bodily welfare, this article will be read with personal interest by any father, mother or grown-up child in the country.

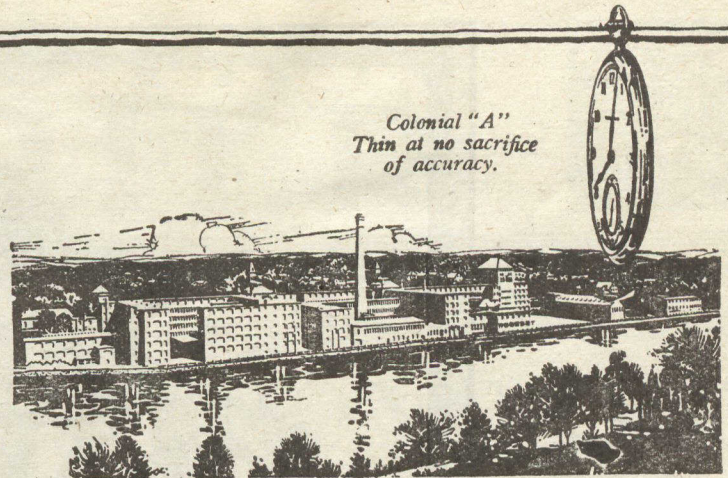
**A** BRIGHT, open-air article on birds in Canada, by one who has never been anything but an amateur in studying them. This is the time of birds, buds and flowers. If ever an open-air people needed to take inspiration from a study of things beautiful in nature, now is the time. We hope to make this article the first of a series by a number of kindly observers of what is beautiful in Canadian fields and forests.

**T**HE relatively tremendous part which Canada has played, and is now playing more than ever, in the air programme of the world's war will be told by one who has made a special investigation of the case. Canadian air-camps will soon be occupied along with the birds' nests. This illustrated article will be of great timely and patriotic interest.

**C**ANDIDA will have another energetic instalment of the problem serial, Shall the Native Born Control This Country? The second instalment will be a particular study of some of the purely Canadian phases of this radically important subject. Professor Charles Richet has been investigating the empty cradle problem in France and England. He finds that Western civilization is in mortal danger from an unprecedented decline in children born and saved to maturity. What is Canada doing—or going to do about it?—will be the theme of Candida's second article.

**T**HE second instalment of Are You Going on the Farm? will appear in this issue; along with a special farm and field cover in colors.

**O**WING to one of those exigencies that sometimes happen to copy sent from as near the front as possible, we sent the issue of March 16 to press without knowing the real name of the author of Tommy Atkins, Fatalist. But the article was so good that we published it under a pen name. The author is Sergeant W. Hartley Robinson, who went over as a bombardier, later joined the Royal Naval Air Service, and is now at the training camp in Greenwich. Sergeant Robinson was for two years a reporter on the Toronto Star.



Colonial "A"  
Thin at no sacrifice  
of accuracy.

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## Strength

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"Perfection Brand" Purest and Best

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*A skin You  
Love to Touch*

PAINTED BY  
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*How to get this beautiful  
picture in full colors  
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Your skin changes continually. Every day it is being renewed. Old skin dies—new forms. This is your opportunity, for as this new skin forms, you can keep it fresh, soft and clear as Nature intended.

Is your skin dull, colorless? Begin today to make it clear and glowing. If you are troubled by an oily skin—a shiny nose, begin today to correct it.

Learn just what is the proper treatment for your particular trouble, and use it persistently every night before retiring. In the Woodbury booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," you will find simple, definite instructions for treating your own and many other troublesome conditions of the skin. Within ten days or two weeks, you will notice a decided improvement.

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The Woodbury booklet of skin treatments is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment a 25c cake will be sufficient. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at drug stores or toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. Get a cake today and begin your treatment.

*This picture with sample cake of soap,  
samples of cream and powder, with  
book of treatments for 15c*

For 15c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—large enough for a week's treatment—with the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. In addition to the samples and booklet, we will send you a reproduction in full colors of the beautiful painting shown above, made expressly for framing. This picture will be very popular; secure your copy at once. Write to-day to *The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 3403 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*



*A special treatment for an oily skin and shiny nose is among the famous treatments given in the Woodbury booklet you get with the soap. Secure a cake today and the booklet that goes with it*



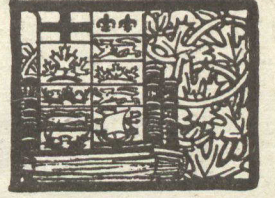
*For enlarged pores, try the treatment given in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch." With your Woodbury's Facial Soap you will get on: of these interesting booklets*







# CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 13

MARCH 30, 1918

## THE FURROW *at the* FRONT DOOR

**W**HAT concerns the greatest good to the greatest number just now is the furrow that stops at the front door.

What this country needs above all things is the man who will rip off his clothes that cost \$100 and put on duds that cost \$4.60, including the "cow-bite" hat and the braces.

About 4,000,000 people in Canada—counting children—have been deluded into the belief that they don't need furrows. Canadian cities contain the best part of a million people who were born on or very close to Lot X, Concession Y, Tp. of Z. What amazes some of us is the fact that a lot of men we meet in town never admit that they know anything about a barnyard until they get into a quiet corner at the club, where Sir Thingumbob won't hear them. And when they come to find out, Sir Thingumbob was born on a farm, and in his young days pitched manure in a real slimy barnyard. Admit it? All depends on the company. If it's farmers, and he wants votes—oh, yes. But if he wants to talk sociology, high-brow politics and art, the ancestral barnyard is taboo.

Nine-tenths of the men who read this paper live in places that enable them to escape township taxes by paying higher ones. Most of us wear collars every day, shave every other morning, ride to work in a street car, and bunco ourselves into believing that a backyard dump can always be made into a garden. The reason for our continued existence as many miles as possible from the nearest furrow is that we may pay the grocer, the butcher, the coal-man and the landlord. This kind of life was born with some of us. Others had it thrust upon them. And a large number chose it in preference to owning or operating a farm.

A lot of people's fathers left the farm in this country. It used to be all the fashion. The farms of Ontario were overstocked with boys; too much help for the work there was to do. So, by thousands, the boys got out. Some of them are doing it still. Toronto contains a large number of farmers' sons who should be man-powered out by the coming census, back to the land. These men were lured by high wages. If the Government expects to leave these able-bodied, highly-trained farm experts in the factories, and send out raw recruits from town to take their places at a sacrifice of revenue, there will be a humbug.

There are three main reasons why anybody ever left a farm in Canada:  
Ambition; Pleasure; Economics.

**N**OW, the ambition of a lot of misinformed people is to own a farm and get rid of water-rates; the pleasures of town life are a subject of argument; and the economics of living in town are in the category of exploded ideals.

The retired farmer goes to town to spend his declining years and his accumulating money; and the tired business man who has made money selling town lots to other people before he paid for them himself goes out and buys the farmer's farm, which he either chalks up for a future subdivision or at once converts into a pleasure park costing about \$50,000, and classified as a model farm. These are the big-interest farmers, town-born, who have large red barns, herds of Jersey cows and squads of automobiles; who, when the time comes, will have flotillas of airships. But the nearest these nabobs ever get to negligence is a suit of linen and a soft shirt, a pair of white boots and white duck pantaloons. You can't talk pitchforks to these people without ringing in economics, overhead—all that stuff—transportation, average acre-cost, tabulated charges, etc., topped off with another cup of polite two and a half per cent. tea on the piazza. They keep the front door, even on the farm, a long way from the furrow; and if a real farmer should upset a load of hay across the sidewalk at the front gate in the city they would straightway call the police.

What we are after just now in this country is the man who will fetch the plough to the front door by himself going to the plough. The Government, through its census department, we suppose, is about to take a man-power census of Canada. When, we don't know. But it is supposed to be a man-power and not a popular census. It will make no difference in that census what Church father goes to, or where uncle was born, or how old is Ann. It will make all the difference what percentage of the people—especially males—can be pried away as much as possible from the jobs they are holding down to other jobs that they can hold up.

*FIRST of a series of farm articles written from the town angle, intended to interest townspeople in the plain, obvious facts of farming. Any man who thinks he is likely to be taken by the man-power census will find this series of farm-talks a stimulus to his advance towards the ranks of the pitchfork brigade.*



By **AUGUSTUS BRIDLE**

other vegetables until the stocks were used up and for making a large number of men think they were too busy raising three bags of potatoes to spare time for helping a born farmer haul in his crop.

Without a doubt, backyard and vacant lot tillage increased production in 1917. It augmented the actual amount of vegetables grown. It employed labor that otherwise might have been idle. The economic idea in 1917 was not the cost, but the result. People were afraid of vegetable-scarcity—at any price. The vacant-lot campaign overcame some of the scarcity, and for a time actually kept down the price. What it did not do was to determine the cost of production as compared with the results; the cost particularly in labor, which might have been utilized at greater production.

**A** BETTER census is needed in 1918. The first charge on the labor-inventory of the country must be the farm. An able-bodied man can produce ten times as much on a farm as he can in a backyard. There is not work enough in an average backyard to occupy one man much of his spare time. One man can look after half a dozen back lots. One girl can do much.

The important thing is to release as much labor as possible for the farm. The furrow must be brought up to the front door. Those who hate the idea of farming will need to get over it. The fact that a man farmed once and is now past middle age is no bar. A man who has never farmed has no excuse for not wanting to learn right away. The whole of Canada is one huge farm. No man's front door can escape the furrow. No town can afford to shut itself up away from the land. The call of the land must be heard—and answered. The Government has as much right to organize the people for production as it has to require men for war under the Military Service Act. Food is the first of all essentials. If we are to escape the full effects of a world-scarcity, if not a world-famine, in cereals, vegetables, and fruit as well as in meat, every man and woman in Canada who can be spared for a term of weeks this season to get crops in and crops off should be requisitioned by the Government through all possible existing agencies. No M. S. A. reject, turned down because of a slight ailment or defect, should hide behind a snug job, looking busy when he is mainly concerned with wearing high-cost clothes and keeping himself amused in his hours of leisure. No retired farmer with lumbago should hang around his town house and be a slacker. No cigarette fan should escape the pitchfork. And the country should not be bamboozled by tales of vast hordes of available labor.

Hordes of labor are not available. The army of adequate labor is already encamped in a thousand cities and towns. How much of every town's non-productive population not qualified for war and not necessary for munition-making can be got for the land-labor, is for existing agencies to discover. There are such agencies. Municipal councils, boards of trade, school boards, manufacturers' associations, labor unions, farmers' unions, are all more or less able

Where are these people whose occupations can be so interrupted? In the towns. The farmer wants them. He is lying in wait. He has a large tract of land hungering for more boots. The country wants them. The country needs producers. Many of the jobs that a lot of townspeople have do not produce. They only distribute or regulate. Our main business for a good while to come will be to get as much food, clothes and comforts as can be to the greatest number of people, who, in turn, are supposed to produce every bushel and pound they can pile up for export to men at the front who are thousands of miles from the main bases of supply.

In this business of getting the necessaries of life to ourselves, and the necessaries of both life and death to the men at the front, we shall need every foot-pound of energy the country has, occupied in places where it will waste itself least. Wasted labor is as bad as wasted food.

Now, 1917 taught us a little. But the land-slackers of 1917 were a large army.

1917, after two years working up to it by production campaigns in the press, taught thousands of us to buy spades, hoes and Paris green, and sow carrots for borders. The backyard garden idea was responsible for diverting a heap of money into seed potatoes at \$1.25 a peck, and a heap of labor into potatoes that sold for a dollar a bag. It was responsible for keeping down the local prices of potatoes and



to comb and dragnet the man-power of any town for the purpose of supplying labor. And no time should be lost in doing it, whenever the Government makes it possible. It is no longer a case of voluntarism. It is a case of necessity. The pitchfork slacker is as bad as the slacker from khaki. Thousands upon thousands of people in Sunday-schools have been singing about this since they were children. How often! What a lot of hymns we have about harvest!

"We are the reapers, oh, who will come  
And share in the glory of the harvest home?"

That's one of them. Here's another:

"Ho, reapers in life's harvest,  
Why stand with rusted blade  
Until the night falls round you  
And day begins to fade?"

Here's another—even better:

"Hark, the voice of Jesus calling,  
Who will go and work to-day?"

Fields are white and harvests waiting,  
Who will bear the sheaves away?"

Scores of harvest hymns have been sung by millions of people who never knew oats from barley. Ever since we were born we have been singing hymns and songs about war—hundreds of them, when we always supposed the war would be somewhere else.

But the war has come home. And the pitchfork is standing at the door.

# LET US SING THE SONG OF THE SUGAR BUSH!

MAPLE sugar and syrup are no longer a mere luxury as they used to be in the days when granulated sugar was 5 cents a pound. This characteristically Canadian product has become a necessity. With sugar scarcity all over the world, with American beet fields under strength in cultivation, and with abnormal demands upon the cane product owing to the non-producing beet fields of Europe, the maple is coming back into more than its own as a source of supply. The maple must be worked. We no longer care whether it was the hard maple leaf or the soft maple that was meant by The Maple Leaf Forever. The soft maple may take the poetry. The hard maple belongs to production.

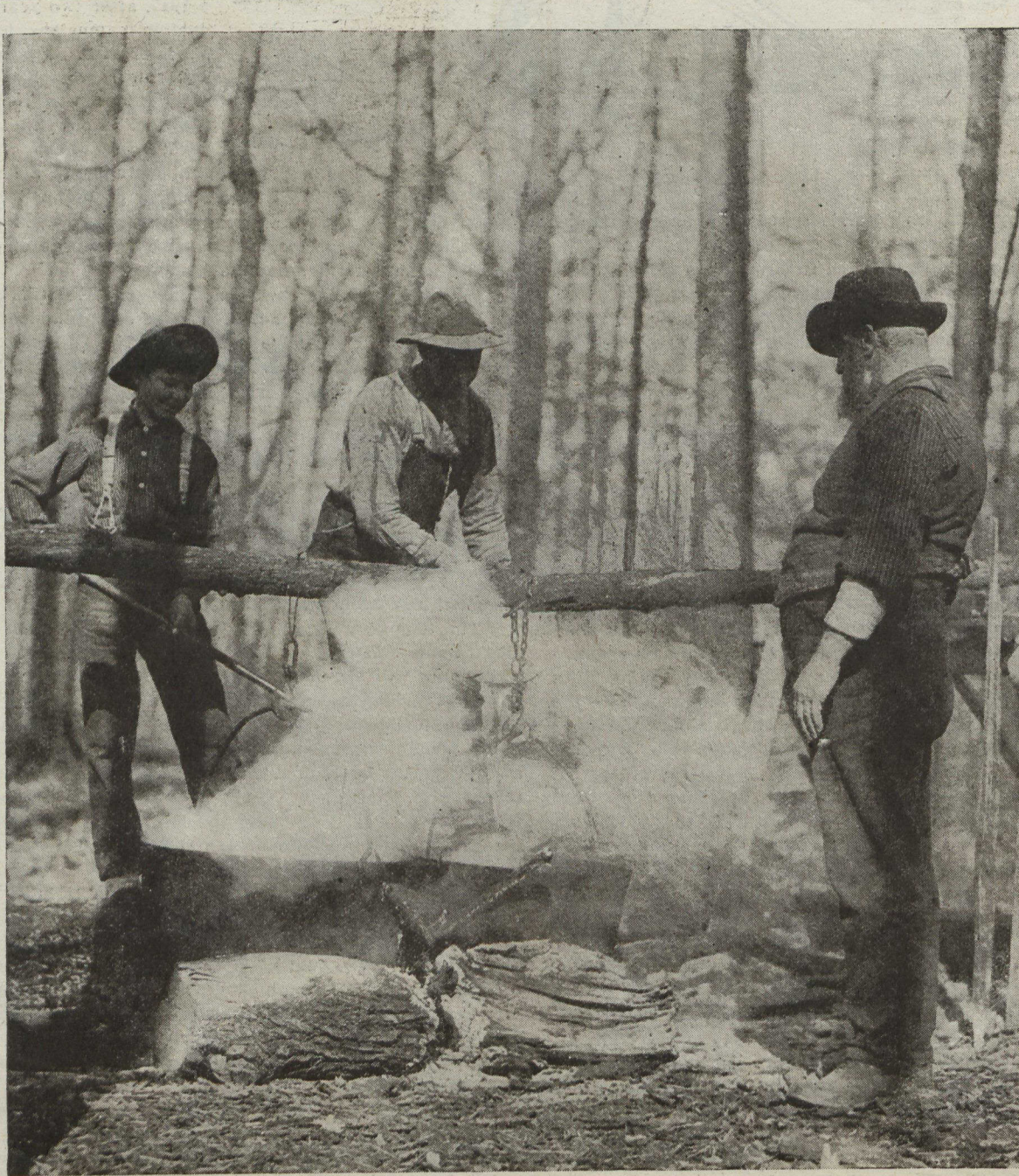
Maple syrup and sugar are the first crops of the year. The harvest is in March and early April. And the crop never was needed as it is now. The Food Controller says that Britain is on a sugar ration of two pounds per individual per month; France a little over one pound; Italy one pound. The sugar ration has not come to Canada yet. The maple can do something to stave it off. We usually consume about 75 per cent. of our total product of maple sugar

## PHOTOGRAPH BY BOYD

and syrup in Canada. The rest we have exported to the United States, who have sugar bushes of their own, but far less than we have according to population. Quebec and Ontario are the two greatest sources of supply, with odds in favor of Quebec. Western Canada has no maple tree. A large part of the middle-Canada product goes West; and will still continue to go there—if we can increase the production in the four provinces, including Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. But we must beat all previous records and keep as far as possible away from the slumps in syrup and sugar-making when the maple was only a sentiment or a luxury. We are informed in a bulletin put out by the Dominion Minister of Agriculture that from 1850 to 1890, according to Dominion statistics, the production of maple sugar together with its equivalent in syrup increased year by year, but since that time it has steadily fallen. The average yearly production from

1851 to 1861 was about 13,500,000 lbs.; from 1861 to 1871, about 17,500,000 lbs.; from 1871 to 1881, 19,000,000 lbs.; from 1881 to 1891, an average of 22,500,000 lbs. was reached. During the next decade the yearly average fell to some 21,200,000 lbs., while in more recent years it has dropped to little less than 20,000,000 lbs. Even though a decrease in production is being experienced the industry still bulks large and with the more general use of modern methods and proper encouragement there is no reason why it should not return to and even surpass the high figures of the eighties. In the Maritime Provinces the yearly output has rarely exceeded half a million pounds, Quebec turns out about 14,300,000 lbs. and Ontario 5,000,000 lbs. per year.

It is estimated that this vast industry representing an annual valuation of almost two million dollars is carried on by about 55,000 growers. While many of these operate their larger or smaller woodlots preserved upon their good farms a vastly larger number take their sap from rough and stony areas that would have comparatively little value if the trees were removed.







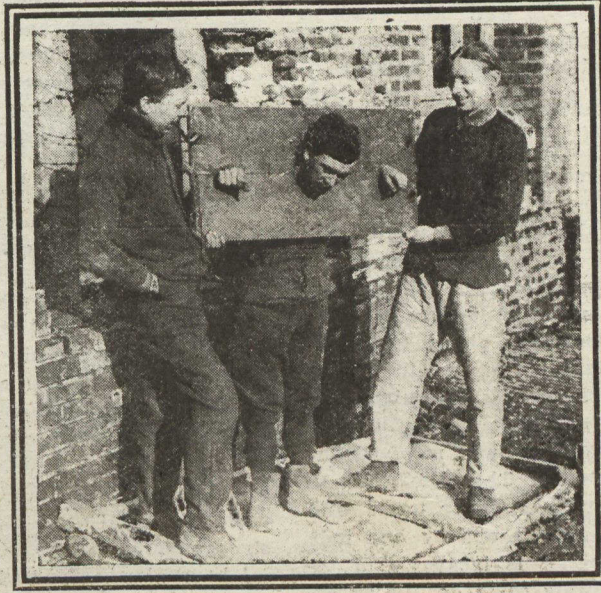
**T**HERE is in this remarkably picturesque photograph a mystery which the censor—any censor—might explain. How did these festive-looking Chinamen ever come to be celebrating the Chinese New Year in so strange a place? Thousands of miles from Shanghai or Peking, here's a juggler, by Jove! They must have carried with them these Oriental stage "props." No, not a troupe of Chinese actors. They expected to be away from home a long while

though. Man to the left looks like Kerensky; but he isn't. Which way did they go from the home town to get to where they are now? Where are they? Does anybody from Halifax to Vancouver know? Sh! This is what they call a Chinese puzzle. It wasn't made to be worked out except by those who know, and they won't tell. But anybody wise enough may find a hint of it by unraveling the phrase Rwa nhcai re clldae. And Chinamen are good workers.

### A Chinese Puzzle

### Life-Saving Pigeons

**C**ARRIER pigeons are not jealous birds. They hold no spite against mankind because humanity has taken to flying. In fact these swift and sure-winged messengers of war have joined forces with the air-men. They carry messages where aviators could not travel. A machine gun never hits a pigeon. Not long ago a carrier pigeon carried the news that four air-men had been forced to land in the water during a gale and would be lost if help were not sent. The men were saved. Here is a carrier pigeon about to start on a message from his big brother of the air to another one somewhere.



### Those Gentle Germans

### The Tommy Waacs

soldier gets tired fighting and doesn't feel like doing his orders he is put to rest in one of these nice little pillories. After which he feels so rested that, of course, he never wants to do it again. Gentle Germany!

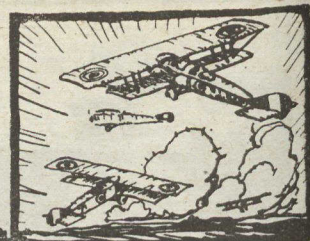


**O**N the stage of human action we have had the Lovers' Walk, Pomander Walk and the Cake Walk. In this, one of the most alluring photographs of the war, we have one of the first authentic pictures of the Waac. These gentle abbreviations of the (British) Women's Auxiliary Army Corps are a few of those whose daily task it is to bake bread for Tommy. And there never was bread baked by a Waac that found its way to any army garbage tin without either a protest or somebody's blunder. Waac bread, baked by such women as these, is almost enough to make life in the trenches feel like the exhilarating luxury of camp life. A Waac crust is treasure.

**L**ITTLE photographs sometimes suggest big stories. When some British officers came across this gentle-looking object in one of the villages deserted by the Germans they posed up this scene to show that the German officers are after all a very humane lot. When a German



# GERMAN *Might* STOPS AT WESTERN FRONT



IT is natural that the lengthening list of treaties exacted by Germany from her eastern enemies should create a certain feeling of despondency in those who have time to look only at the surface of current events. European Russia at the moment of writing is dismembered and impotent. Poland, Lithuania, and Courland are little better than German provinces. The Ukraine doubtless believes itself to be independent, but it will speedily be cured of that illusion if it should try to assert itself. Germany has signed a treaty with Finland, and Finland, too, becomes practically a German province with a German king. Turkey's Asiatic territories, so far as they were in Russian possession, are to be returned to her, and Turkish dominion over the Armenians is to be restored in full accord with the principles and policy of the Congress of Vienna. Finally we have a treaty with Roumania—or at least the promise of one—by which Roumania cedes the Dobrudja to Bulgaria, but is allowed to retain her king, who happens also to be a Hohenzollern. If Germany were able to give validity to these many treaties she would doubtless consider herself to be liberally repaid for all the losses of the war, as indeed she would be. Whatever happened to her elsewhere she would have won the war. She would be master of Eastern Europe, and eventually master of the Balkans, and of the routes to the East.

But Germany can not give validity to these treaties, and she knows it. They will become valid when she has crushed the French, British, and American armies, and not a moment before. Until then they are not worth the paper on which they are written. Germany, with the childish credulity that has always distinguished her diplomacy, doubtless believes that the possession of treaties will give her a certain status in the coming negotiations, that she will be the "man in possession," and therefore in the most favorable situation for trading. But herein she is mistaken. The President is unequivocal in his assertion that there will be no recognition of any treaties except those that have received the assent of all the belligerents. There will be no separate dealing. Germany must make terms with her enemies as a unit, and not one by one individually. Germany, of course, is incapable of believing that any of the powers could decline an advantageous offer, or shrink from an act of profitable treachery. She could not do so herself.

The fate of Roumania is a particularly hard one. She entered the war under the pressure of a Russian ultimatum, and in sending this ultimatum the pro-German government of Russia was actuated, not by the desire for an ally, but by the intention to supply Germany with a victim and a victory. The Roumanian people did not want war, and were ill prepared for it. Their armies had no real military strength. Their artillery, supplied by Krupps, had been tampered with and was nearly useless. None the less if Russia had given to Roumania the support that she had pledged herself to give, the entry of Roumania into the war might have been nearly decisive so far as Balkan territory was concerned. The Dobrudja was an open corridor connecting Russia with Bulgaria. If Russia had sent an army through the Dobrudja to cooperate with the Roumanian forces she could easily have invaded Bulgaria from the east and crushed her. She could have seized the mouth of the Danube, and so nipped a German ambition in the bud. A right-of-way through the Dobrudja seemed the one thing that Russia lacked to be able to strike one of the heaviest blows of the war. That Russia failed to seize the evident opportunity was one of the military puzzles of the day, and remained so until the perfidy of the Russian government became apparent. Then it was clear that Roumania was to be left to her fate.

A sudden flame of fighting along the western line is described by our newspapers as the beginning of a German offensive, but in that case it was a very weak beginning, and not of a kind to justify Ger-

**HINDENBURG'S Boast to be in Paris by April 1st, is as foolish as the threat to take Calais. Demoralization of small States and great Russia in the East, is more than balanced by the power of the Allies in the West. The voice of Junkerdom is a great noise. But treaties with small states and with helpless Russia are not valid, because the West Front containing the might of the Allies is unshakable.**

By SIDNEY CORYN

man optimism. None the less it may have been in the nature of a feint, and intended to mask other movements elsewhere, although we may reasonably suppose that it does no more than indicate an improvement in the ground after the winter mud. The German attack on the Belgian lines to the far north was easily repulsed, and by an inferior force. The British defence to the south was equally successful, although the Germans succeeded in penetrating the line at one point, but they were speedily ejected and driven far beyond their original holdings. German attacks were also directed against the French lines in the Bois le Pretre section, but these, too, were failures, as were other German movements on the Lorraine border near Nancy. On the other hand we are told of numerous British raids, but we are given no precise information as to the sectors. All that can be said at the moment is that these activities were no more than extensive raids, and that they were uniform failures. They may develop into something more, they may be the beginnings of a German offensive, but at the moment of writing there is no reason to suppose so. An actual offensive, if it should come, will be concentrated upon one point, and will employ a vast number of men. Moreover, the fighting will be continuous and on the largest scale. A true offensive would resemble the German attack at Verdun, or the British attack on the Somme, where the rival armies were locked in a continuous struggle for months.

I have always doubted that Germany intended to bring a real offensive on the western front. From the purely military point of view it is hardly possible that she should thus invite an inevitable and final disaster. But perhaps the military point of view is not the only nor even the dominant one. Of the

internal condition of Germany we know very little. Germany knows how to keep her own counsel in these matters. But what we do know points to the fact of a misery almost beyond description, and to a demand for peace that is becoming uncontrollable. It is doubtless true that actual revolt is out of the question unless it should be sustained by the army, but there are other kinds of pressure that are nearly as formidable. If General Von Hindenburg actually said that he would be in Paris in April 1st we could ask for no more satisfactory evidence of a desperate need to reassure the public.

This sort of thing does not come from a confidence in victory, not even in Germany. It is precisely the course that would be followed by the military caste confronted with resolute disaffection, and eager above all things to be allowed one more chance before the public shall learn how slender is the aid that can come to them from the wheat fields of the Ukraine. Germany may be far nearer the internal breaking point that we suppose. It is only the voice of Junkerdom that we hear from the newspapers and the chancellor, because Junkerdom for the moment is at the top of the wheel, and can silence all other voices than its own. But it is an oscillating wheeler, as we know from the Reichstag resolutions, from the now frequent and unprecedented speeches of warning in the Reichstag, and from the recent strike. Junkerdom, feeling its hold to be failing, knowing the hollowness of its eastern successes, would be likely to do just the things in the way of bluster and threat that it is now doing. It would implore the people for a little more patience. It would be prodigal in its assurances and its promises. By intimidation of its enemies it would console its friends. Given the requisite measure of desperation it might even decide to "put its fortune to the touch and win or lose it all" in a western offensive. If the situation in Germany is as there is reason to believe that it is, Junkerdom has no more to lose from a crushing failure on the battlefield than from the approaching Nemesis from its own people.

It is hard to see why we should be in any way uneasy lest Germany should win now where she has failed so often before. She could not reach Calais at a time when the pick of her army and an enormous preponderance of her artillery were pitted against the raw forces of England with their ill-equipment of guns. When she met the French armies in the open on the banks of the Marne she was ruinously beaten. Her tremendous efforts against Verdun accomplished nothing except to create mountains of her own dead. Her continuous assaults on the Chemin des Dames were beaten back, and with an additional loss of territory to herself.

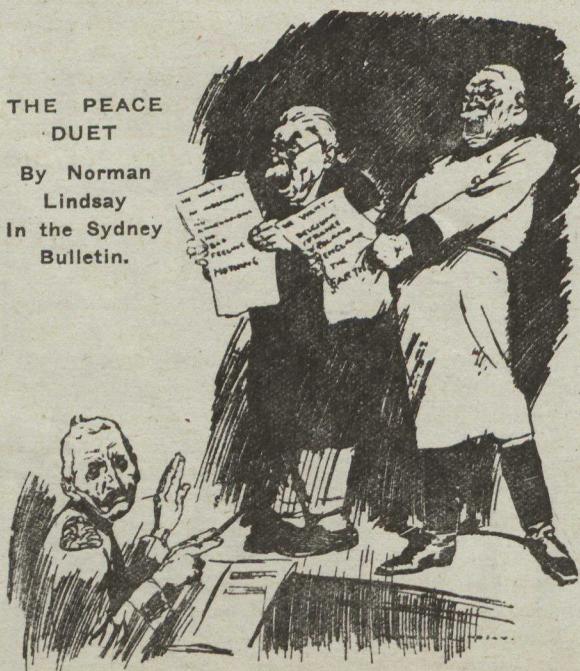
The story of her western war is one of continuous failure unrelieved by even the semblance of success except at Cambrai, where she recovered a portion of the ground snatched from her by General Byng. Why should we suppose that success may now await her where she has hitherto met nothing but failure?

But there is a single manoeuvre that she may perhaps attempt, and that would prove an embarrassment, although steps have already been taken to meet it. She might conceivably withdraw her northern forces now facing the British and retreat toward the Belgian frontier, and at the same time attack the French in the south. This would have the effect of throwing the British army out of action until they could bring themselves once more into touch with the retreating Germans.

The pursuit is always much more rapid than the attack, and in this case the flank of the retiring Germans would have to pass across the face of the French armies on the west-east line, and these armies might be able to break through to the attack. But the likelihood of this is not a large one. If Germany should be forced by her own desperation to bring an offensive in the west it will be due to her desperation, and to nothing else. It is an eventuality that we should welcome and not deplore.

## THE PEACE DUET

By Norman Lindsay  
In the Sydney Bulletin.



We Want—No indemnity, no annexations, no bad feelings—Nothing, says one Kaiserite.

We Want—Belgium, France, Poland, England—The Earth, says the other.



## PAST and PRESENT

## PURELY PERSONAL

By Stanley K. Smith

ST. JOHN, the Loyalist City, is proud of its veterans and of the younger fighting stock. In the accompanying illustration we have splendid types of the two. The old gentleman, seated, is Pte. Thomas M. Wisted, who fought at Sebastopol and helped to relieve Lucknow, and the younger man, standing, is Lieut. D. Laurence McLaren, an artillery officer who served the guns at Vimy and lost a leg in an engagement which followed. Half a century lies between the campaigning of these brave men, but it has been bridged by a kindly feeling of comradeship which dates back to the days when Lieut. McLaren as a lad in knee pants sat on the doorstep of Mr. Wisted's little coal shop in St. John and listened to thrilling tales of fighting with the "Roosians" and the black devils on the burning Indian plains.

When King George came to St. John in 1901 as the Duke of Cornwall and York the two "comrades" were presented together to the future King. Thrilled by the tales of daring which he had heard in that little coal shop, Lieut. McLaren, early in the war,

sought enlistment and crossed with one of the early siege batteries. He served with distinction and returned in December without a leg but quite cheerful and happy and ready to begin life anew. That he has made a good start is amply proven by the fact of the announcement of his engagement since his return. One of his first duties was to seek out his friend and mentor of earlier years and "swap stories" with Private Wisted regarding methods of fighting.

The Crimean veteran was born a fighter in 1835, in Tipperary, Ireland, and in October 14, 1852, at the age of 17,



WHEN an artist is a Canadian is illustrated one way by Mr. Robert J. Wickenden, who was not born in Canada, does not live here and yet by some people is considered a Canadian painter. Mr. Wickenden's claim to Canadianism consists in the fact that he has painted a large number of portraits of eminent Canadians. Most of these are of distinguished people in the Province of Quebec. Among those celebrities he counts Cardinals Taschereau and Begin, says an informant who sometimes contributes to the Canadian Courier; Archbishop Casey, Sir Adolph Chapleau and Sir James Le Moine. Who was

## REASONS for PUTTING A BAN on GERMAN

GERMAN still occupies a place on the curricula of the higher schools of learning in England and France, just as English and French do in Germany, and this for obvious reasons of a very practical nature, in which neither love nor hatred have a voice. However, in the elementary schools of these countries there is only one language in vogue, except in the higher grades of the lower schools of the great sea-ports of France and Germany, also possibly of England.

The question now arises, Is Canada in the same position in that regard as England and France and Germany? Unfortunately she is not. The reverse is the case. I have reached that conclusion with great reluctance, through sheer force of evidence. And for the consolation of people who think it would be nothing short of a calamity to discontinue the study of scientific German in our universities, I should like to state that the clumsy scientific German is not the German of literature nor the spoken German. For years I have advocated its abolition. Our students would be greatly benefited by studying good English translations of scientific German books.

The students in England and France who study German and those in Germany who study English and French, are Englishmen, Frenchmen and Germans, respectively. They do not become less English or less French or less German owing to that study. Nor does their patriotism suffer as a result

**Editor's Note: Prof. Riethdorf is in favor of what he alludes to as the "radical ban" proposed by the Godfrey Bill on the German language in Ontario. In a recent editorial we took the stand, not for the exclusion of the German language in public schools, but against the creation of any further facilities for instructions in that language.**

By H. V. RIETHDORF

of that instruction. They remain exactly the same as their fellow-students who practice their native tongue only. On the other hand, Canada is a country of immigrants. In many of our schools we find a good percentage of immigrants or children of immigrants, whose mother tongue is German and who study it on that ground. They are looked upon as belonging to a separate and different class and admit that much themselves. Here the German language produces a cleavage, and becomes a hindrance to the process of Canadianization.

But this is not all; this cleavage is being widened through the efforts of varied unscrupulous and unpatriotic leaders, to whom true Canadianism is a thorn in the flesh, and who profit by interfering with the melting pot. And we must remember that the teaching of German in our Canadian schools must needs be considered in connection with the use of

enlisted in the 73rd Imperial Rifles, at Bristol, England. This was a garrison unit and the young recruit spent some time at the Cape of Good Hope and at a post in the Channel Islands. Volunteers from the regiment were asked for when the Crimean war broke out, and Wisted, with 600 others, stepped forward to answer the call. After training at Windsor Castle with the 97th, the young Irishman was sent to Malta, and after preliminary service in Greece, where the king of that country was in difficulties, reached the Crimea in time for that strenuous winter campaign before Sebastopol. He was there for fifteen months under General Carington, and was with the famous Captain Healey Vickers when that officer was killed, March 22, 1855.

The problem of food supply had not been solved in those days, and while armies marched on their stomachs they were obliged to forget almost they had such an organ before Sebastopol. Six weeks without cooked food stand out very vividly in the recollection of Private Wisted. "Well do I remember Christmas Day, 1854," he told me. "We shivered in the trenches and our

Christmas dinner consisted of hard tack and raw pork dealt out very sparingly, which, after all, we were mighty glad to get. It was also bitterly cold and, for the most part without fire, our chance to keep warm was to wrap up snugly. For three months, however, we had but one blanket coat, and this we adapted as an overcoat, cutting three holes, one for our head and two for our arms."

Returning to England in August, 1856, it fell to Private Wisted's lot to be rushed to India. Hurrying to the relief of Lucknow he marched 1,368 miles, men in heavy marching order, carrying their own kits.

(Sir Adolph) Chapleau? The brilliant French-Canadian orator of an earlier generation? And was his name Adolph?

But mere identity of names has nothing to do with the fact that an artist born in England and now a citizen of the United States, spent a good part of his career in Canada painting a number of eminent men in Quebec. Mr. Wickenden was a personal friend of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, critic, philosophic author and essayist. At the present time a portrait of the late King Edward by Mr. Wickenden is stored in Ottawa awaiting acceptance by the authorities for the new Parliament Buildings.

German in our German press, our German speeches, our German Sunday schools, our German separate and private schools, our German societies, and what not. None of these institutions or agencies make for Canadianization. Is it therefore surprising to find thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of people of the German race in our country who are Canadian in name only? Is it surprising that many of these people call themselves Germans, although Canada is their native country?

Under these circumstances, I claim to speak with knowledge acquired through a very intimate experience with and study of, our foreign and more specially German problem so-called, when I assert that the best interests of Canada and the British Empire demand the passage of Dr. Godfrey's bill.

There are those who will say that the bill in question tries to interfere with the free exercise of the language and religion of our Germans. To this my reply is, that anyone may use German to his heart's content in the privacy of his home, and teach his children at home. The bill puts a ban on the use of German in the schools, in the press and the public places only. Thus there is no intent of interference with the free exercise of anyone's religion. Any religious sect or denomination may continue to worship as in the past. All their religious leaders are asked to do is to use the language of this country in their worship.



# EDITORIAL

## RIGHT . . . FIGHT! . . . MIGHT

**A** GREAT many people, especially at this awakening time of year, are reviving again the old query. When is the war going to end, and what will happen to the world when it does? Let us on this side of the war-thinking fence admit that we are war agnostics; that we don't know when the war will be over and what will happen to the world when it is.

Having got rid of that responsibility let us take on one more important. We have heard a lot of this right against might talk and we believe a good deal of what we have heard. We also agree that right is might—ought so to be. We know that civilization is fighting for liberty against enslavement; that a set of ideas cooked up by a gang of ruffian slave-drivers in the middle of Europe is in great danger of organizing itself to enslave the world. A few years ago we should have laughed at this. We did laugh at it. And whenever we got tired of trying to understand the man-power and war-map experts we fell back on the comforting dictum, "Oh well, we're bound to win anyhow, because you see we're in the right and the world either has to be controlled by the right or it has to quit altogether."

Well and good. But suppose the world takes a notion to go plump to the devil? Of course with so many millions of good people in it and so many national phases of civilization all bonded together to boost the right, such an end of the world is impossible. But is it? Let us be sure. We know that society is built on the law of contract and a number of other things expressing the power of groups of people to reason together for getting along in the world. But suppose a power arises that rubs out all social contracts and substitutes the power of running the world just as it sees fit, whether those of us who think we are right like it or not?

Coming to the point, let us balance up this right vs. might proposition, and see where it lands us. We know that Germany is not right, and that we are. We know also that Germany has might and that up to date, after 44 months of unbelievable war, she seems to have a good deal more of it right where she want it and when she needs it than we have. By organized might, regardless of right, Germany has added Serbia, Rumania, Poland, Ukraine

### THE WISH AND THE THOUGHT.



Whenever we think the job is too big we can always make an ally of what we call German democracy. Why not try to revive the Dodo?

and Finland to the eastern part of her slave states. She has taken the top off Italy, disrupted Russia, and still keeps a good part of Belgium and a part of France. By organizing, but not organized, right we have kept Germany from doing worse and have made a friendly pact of three of the greatest nations in the world against Germany. On the war map might has so far beaten right.

Because you can organize might by force and right demand discussion. Any time Germany paused to consider whether any part of her blood and iron programme was right or not she was done. She did not consider it. Therefore in the devil's name and in a work that would puzzle him to do she has succeeded.

We call her state of mind unity. Germans hang together like a gang of thieves. There is no other way. Opinions are not wanted. Swag and the war map is what they want. And they are getting it, while we act as though the war will be won if only we insist that we are always in the right and don't neglect any essential item in the programme. Which is precisely what Germany wants us to do; because in so doing we spend a large part of our energies on moral issues and being benevolent.

Long ago, at the time of the siege of Paris, Bismarck asked, "From whom do we learn such words as humanity and civilization but from England?" Heaven help us if we forget either of them. But heaven won't be of much use to us if we don't organize our right as thoroughly as Germany does her might. It won't do to talk like Horatio Bottomley about the race that never knew defeat and about John Bull pounding the table with his fists, dictating a British peace and saying, "To hell with the Kaiser!" That's all very well if we have as much strength of unity as the enemy. And as yet we haven't. Far from it. And it's all very unwell so long as we stick to the notion that right is bound to win so long as enough people are on that side. Let us clearly understand that right is going to lose unless the peoples who stand for right generate in themselves a force that beats down enemy's might.

Are we doing it? Consider our own country. Notice whether the part of Canada you live in is really organized for this greatest struggle since ever the world began. Try to imagine that any part of Germany is so poorly organized. Take particular note of the person who in one breath quotes the preacher as saying that the war won't be won till every woman in Canada gets down on her knees to pray, and the very next minute declares that it's simply awful that somebody should be taken for service now when he was exempted only a month ago.

Plenty of people want to see Germany beaten, but they'll be as good as hanged if they will turn a hand more than paying war taxes and the like to help do the beating. These are the people who keep the country from becoming a unity on the side of right. Right among those who have long ago sent their last son, and if need be will give their last dollar or anything else to win the war, are the people who persist in saying the war has no business depriving them of anything.

Well, it's just that kind of disunity and fundamental inertia that Germany expects to win her the war. She believes that democratic nations are not capable of sacrifice, because there is no power strong enough and brutal enough to force sacrifice upon them. She knows that in too many cases from many parts of the organized entente there is not forthcoming the punch and the will and the desperate concentrated determination to win for the sake of the right that Germany is able to put forth in winning by might for the sake of the wrong. And until every part of the vast ring of nations arrayed against Germany organizes its actions for right as thoroughly as Germany has long been marshaling hers for the wrong, the war will keep going to Germany. The turn must come. Being angry at the Ger-

**I** HAVE just visited London, after an absence of five years. Much "as usual" in many things! And yet, how odious is the rush, the scramble, the roar of the main streets—far worse even than in 1912, when I left them, as I thought for ever, to find a little rest in my last years. Modern mechanism has brutalized life. And in this rattle and crash and whirl, wild luxury, games, shows, gluttony, and vice work their Vanity Fair with greater recklessness than ever. As I walked about streets blazing with gems, and gold, and every form of extravagance, I asked myself—and is this the war for very life of a great race? If the Kaiser could come and see it all, he would say—"I shall conquer yet, for all they threaten me!"

FREDERIC HARRISON.

mans is out of date. They don't mind it, and it does us no particular good. Most of us would enjoy helping to give Kaiserites their personal deserts. But the Kaiser's gang are safe inside a ring of big guns and steel. And they will stay there as safe as a whale at the bottom of the sea till we quit wasting our moral emotions getting angry at the Kaiser and start something else.

Plainly the people to get angry at if we are to get any results are the people who are helping to keep this nation from putting the whole body punch of Right in the face of Might. There are plenty of them. Most of us don't have to stir far from home to find them. They are of many kinds. They don't talk disloyalty or quitting or anything that would get them behind barb wire. The most they do is done in secret. In most cases the worst they do is what they don't do, and the way they hamper other people in doing.

Every man and woman that isn't working at top energy in the best way possible to lick the Kaiser is helping the Kaiser to lick the rest of us. This war is going to be won by the last ounce, by the crowd that put their weight on the war when and where it is needed—and all the weight. Holding back is the thing that helps Kaiserism. Half measures, cynicism, emotionalism, are all allies of the Kaiser. The people who refuse to find in themselves any power of organization for the thing they propose and put it all up to the Government one minute while they abuse the Government the next; the people who persist in promoting disunion and race cleavage; those who say this is England's war and that we can't suffer so much if it's lost anyway; those who believe in rations for England but full meals in as many varieties as possible for Canadians; those who believe that industry ought to be concentrated in the war, but themselves demand things to wear that cost more than they are worth when they wear them; those who say the war loans should be met by the people, but must have fine clothes and other luxuries for themselves; finally—those who won't stir themselves to do an extra pound of work in a day—at home, when the armies at the front are wallowing in the death mire and fighting the devil for the rest of us. These are the people upon whom we should turn our anger.

If a pan-German Thug-Bund can impose a spiritual unity on a nation of slaves and turn them into a mighty machine for the downfall of right; if despotism in the most brutal form ever known imposed upon vast masses of people by means of terrible armaments and a lack of conscience can cement nations into what the Central Powers have become, what hope is there for the rest of mankind if we do not spiritually organize ourselves so that the will on the side of right becomes the power that shall strike the feet from under might?

### WHAT A JUMP!

**A** YANKEE was hurrying to catch a steamer. As he reached the end of the pier the last hawser was loosed and the steamer moved off. He sprang aboard. The decks were slippery. His feet went from under him and he fell heavily on his back. When he recovered his breath, he rose and looked back at the pier-head, which was by that time a hundred yards away. He lifted up his hands in astonishment and exclaimed, "Jehoshaphat, what a jump!"

Did you ever find anybody who had that same kind of illusion about how we are winning the war?





## SHALL *the* NATIVE-BORN CONTROL *this* COUNTRY ?

**B**EFORE I make any fuss about the ideas which are buzzing in my bonnet on this subject, I want to point out a few things I would immediately do—as immediately as only a woman can—if I were given the nice little easy job of reconstructing society. I would impose a prohibition tax on all wilful, eligible bachelors over 30 years of age. I would compel municipal councils to regulate house-rents so that people with families can find houses without paying “through the nose.” I would have every public utility that has to do with making a home comfortable placed in the control of the civic corporation, so that profits might go to the reduction of the cost of living. And I would make it absolutely impossible for grocers, butchers, bakers, plumbers, et al, to combine for the boosting of prices.

With these little impediments to home-making out of the way—so Utopianly easy, isn't it?—let us come to the problem of what Canadian women are confronted with in the business of continuing to make this a nation of homes.

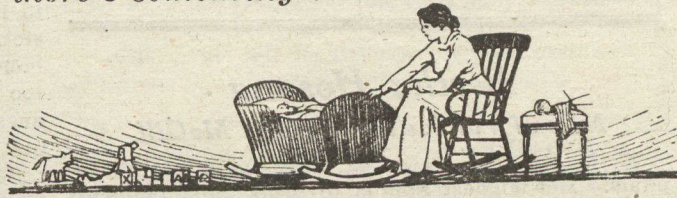
Of all people who feel nationally women should be first. Nationhood and motherhood are very much of a piece. Remember—most great nations speak of native land as mother. Germany and Japan do not. Maybe in the case of Germany, at least, there is more than a verbal reason. Trace out the idea in Fatherland and see. It is not emotion. It is pride of propagation. There is no real femininity in the German people. They desire, not that the motherland should influence the emotions of her children anywhere in the world, but that the fatherland should dominate the world. So they have boasted.

And the reason they make the boast is that they take it for granted that the native-born in any other country can be German-inoculated. It makes no difference who the mothers may be; so long as the fathers are German. The seeds of Germanism have blown all over the world like thistle-down. Such is the fatherland idea. Mothers who have pride in native-born must put up with it. And after the war see how Germans will spread their fatherland nationalism clear through those serf peoples of the East; the slaves whom they propose to give a place in the sun.

We shall never cherish our nationism unless we recognize the power of this germanizing idea. In this connection we might write a revised version of *The Old Woman That Lived in a Shoe*; a fatherland version; the legend of the king who because he had the wealth of his country in his own hands had 100 wives and 500 children. That king could have founded a nation—even without a country; a propagating nation that might thrive in any clime. Germany has the same idea but she has also a fatherland country in the centre of Europe. So—the Masculine Nation is determined to dominate. Here is what the *Fortnightly Review* for May, 1917, says on the subject in an article, *Germany Against the World*:

Germany went to war to carry on the vast aims of her Pan-German agitators. According to the teachings of the Pan-German League the Germans were entitled to dominate Europe, and, eventually, the world, not only because they were the most civilized and the most warlike nation, but because they were numerically the most powerful race. Among the 84,000,000 Germans in Europe there were 5,200,000 domiciled in Holland, 3,600,000 in Belgium, 2,313,000 in Switzerland, 1,721,000 in Russia, 500,000 in France, 100,000 in the United Kingdom, etc. Apart from this very composite nation of 84,000,000, there were supposed to be 13,600,000 Germans living in the non-European continents. As the Boers were classified as “Low Germans,” there were 601,000 Germans in Africa who eventually were to be reunited with the German Motherland. In Asia there were 131,700 Germans, largely “Low Germans,” living in the Dutch Indies. In Australia there were

*AS we must make citizens of millions whose cradles were rocked somewhere else, why not see to it that the cradles of Canada are not used for junk-baskets in the attic? “While the brutal German is borrowing Polygamy from his ally the Turk” says Frederic Harrison. Perhaps there's something in it.*



By CANDIDA

*Who Especially Recommends Men to Read it*

supposed to be 111,000 Germans. According to the Pan-German League there were 12,000,000 Germans in the United States, 360,000 Germans in Canada, 400,000 in Brazil, and about 100,000 in the remaining States of the American Continent. Altogether, there were, according to the figures constantly quoted by the Pan-Germans and other expansionists, 97,600,000 Germans throughout the world.

Of course these figures are exaggerated, but they indicate the root idea. Wherever the seeds of Germanism come up they are Germans. Motherland passion for the land of one's birth is not enough to overcome the Fatherland tenacity of these people. One fatherland is enough—so Germans seem to think—to balance any number of motherlands. Germany intends to multiply fatherland Germans in all countries. Germany considers itself the masculine propagating nation. All other lands are essentially feminine—unless perhaps Japan.

What of Canada? Obviously we are the most feminine great country on earth because we have the fewest people for the room they occupy. We can't send out sons and daughters to other countries—much; though years ago we did more than our share. Germany is—or has been an overcrowded country, like Japan. She must have room. For more Germans. Here? Not in Germany.

Well! Canada then is a motherland. She must have more children. Obviously by only two methods. Either by birth or adoption. Those who tell us we should populate Canada to the limit as soon as possible—heaven grant them a safe asylum somewhere—will remind us that by natural increase we shall be many generations doing it. Our spaces are so vast. Our families so few. And it is, after all, a matter of families.

**B**UT why families? asks a modern social reformer; perhaps the wife of the Premier of New South Wales who in a recent article—so I am told on good authority—recommended free love and State nurseries in lieu of families. That sounds almost unmotherly enough to be a German idea. No families—unless optional. What then? One shudders to think.

Between the free-love, state-nursery scheme and the promiscuous immigration method of filling a country with people we should not be long deciding. Yet it is possible some freethinking souls will tell us that the native-born should control, as against the imported immigrant, no matter by what means. If not by families, then by State nurseries.

Just here is not the place to investigate this. I merely suggest it, along with the fatherland idea and the fact that Canada is essentially a feminine nation. Thank heaven we have in the main gone slowly in the matter of peopling this great country.

After 50 years of nationhood since Confederation, we are able to count 78 per cent of our people born in Canada. By provinces thus: P. E. I., 97; N. B., 95; Que., 94; N. S., 92; Ont., 79; Man., 58; Sask., 51; Alta., 43; B. C., 43.

As time goes on we shall probably increase the immigrant percentage. Let us hope—wisely; and with particular attention to British and French. Fortunately we have a high percentage of British-born who have the motherland idea. Eleven per cent. of British-born by the 1911 census. By provinces: B. C., 31; Man., 20; Alta., 18; Sask., 16; Ont., 14; N. S., 5; Que., 3; N. B., 2½; P. E. I., 1.

Unfortunately we have a low percentage of French-born. In an Anglo-French bilingual country we have fewer native French than we have native Germans. Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, intimates that after the war his Government will undertake French colonization in Canada. Let us hope he will succeed. He has no need to fear any rivalry between

Quebec-born and native French. His Province stands far at the top among native-born. Scan that admirable Statistical Year-Book of Quebec, and see.

**F**ROM that document we learn that of all countries in the world Rumania stands first in birth-rate with 444 per 10,000—in 1912. Poor Rumania! a land of mothers, now under the awful heel of fatherland Germans. Quebec is second with 375; Italy, 326. Others come in the order of percentage—Austria, Manitoba, Australia, Germany, New Zealand, England, Ontario, which has 230. Manitoba has 305. The important thing here is that Quebec and Ontario are separated by a ratio of 375 to 230. Mothers of Ontario might take notice of this. Mothers of Canada will observe that the average native-born increase in the three provinces is just about 300 per 10,000, which is a trifle higher than the English rate of increase.

Over against this must be placed the death rate. What we are after is net results. Here, as might be expected, Rumania stands at the top with 229, which leaves a net increase of 215; Quebec 162, with a net increase of 213; Manitoba 172, net 203; Ontario 125, net 105. So that the net increase in the three Canadian provinces mentioned is 210; which is higher than the net increase in Germany.

Why, it may be asked, are we bothered about Germany, whose normal birth-rate is lower than Quebec and higher than Ontario, and whose net increase is less than the average in the three central Provinces of Canada? Because Germany had no room for more increase—and now unless he is forced to give up territories he has occupied, he will have the room. The increase of native-born Germans born in countries slave-controlled by Germany will be preponderately greater than ever was known. Germany will see to it that even half-breed populations under him become thoroughly Germanized.

What remains? That every country now opposed to Germany must mend itself, rebuild itself by increasing the rate of native-born and decreasing the death-rate. Canada must continue wisely to import people. Canada must largely increase the number and the size of her families born in this country. In this programme let us join hands with Quebec. I agree with the article in last issue of the *Canadian Courier* recommending that Canadians learn both French and English. In the business of keeping this vast country Canadian instead of having it dominated by conglomerate peoples, Quebec and Ontario and all other provinces should be a unit.

And that brings me back to my prologue about bachelors, spinsters, prices and rents. Here I must stop this time. In my next article I shall elaborate a few of the main features presented in this sketch.



# ORIENTAL WOMEN CANADIANIZE BY EDUCATION

**Dr. Ah MacWong**

*Now of Shanghai, Late of Toronto*

QUIETLY, unobtrusively, but with serene dignity, Miss Ah MacWong took her place in the graduation line that streamed across the University of Toronto campus to Convocation Hall in the summer of 1906. Several dozen huge crimson American Beauties in her arms testified to her popularity and seemed to impress on one with greater vividness the dusky, calm and intellectual countenance. The class of 1906 was the first to graduate from the new Convocation Hall, and among its members probably none, since, has achieved greater distinction than Dr. Wong. Although handicapped by the use of a foreign language Miss Wong succeeded in proving her ability as a student by covering the field from entrance to matriculation in six months.

During the last few years a good many Chinese women of the upper class have become interested in the study of medicine. Part of the reason for this is due, no doubt to the influence of missionaries, but more to the natural awakening of Oriental women to a long-felt need and a consequent reaching-out towards a higher development. Chinese women have been great sufferers from their quack medicine men. Superstition has been rampant and the care—or, rather, the lack of it—which they receive in any illness has been worse than negligible.

Immediately after she graduated in medicine from Toronto University, Dr. Wong returned to her native country and practised for some time in one of the Northern Provinces. Her work attracted considerable attention in Government circles, and she was shortly placed in charge of a new hospital building. She was so remarkably talented in this work that she had added to her regular duties that of physician to several members of the Viceroy's family. Her medical work, especially in obstetrics, has been described by a Toronto doctor as "brilliantly successful," and many mothers owe their lives, as well as their children's, to her gentle and modern ministrations.

Only once since her graduation has she returned to visit Canada. This was in the summer of 1915, and while here she devoted herself almost completely to post-graduate work in Canadian and American hos-



THE first Chinese girl to graduate from a Canadian University, Bertha Hosang, B. A. of McGill. When she graduated she went back to her home town—not Shanghai in this case, but Vancouver—and took up the study of law. She is said to be the first Chinese woman lawyer in history, as well as one of the pioneer women lawyers in Canada, the first of whom graduated about twenty years ago.

—Photo from Francis J. Dickie.

**Bertha Hosang**

*Now of Vancouver, Late of McGill*

pitals. Her highest aim is to bring enlightenment along with surgical skill and gentleness into the thousands of Chinese women's lives which are even yet often full of such pitiable ignorance and superstition.

At present Dr. Wong is practising medicine in Shanghai, her native city, and making a favorable impression on both educated Chinese, Europeans and Americans. Such prominent physicians as Dr. Helen MacMurchy, the Provincial Inspector of the Feeble Minded, say of her: "I consider Dr. Wong a remarkable woman; I am proud to have her as a friend."

**Hanayo Sakamoto**

*Now of Toronto, Soon of Tokio*

A YOUNG Canadian visitor in Tokio suddenly got a start when she attended a cooking class for Japanese women.

"But I always understood Japanese lived on rice

and fish, and—oh!—I don't know—vegetables and pickles—and things like that," she said. "I didn't know they had to be taught to cook them." "They don't," rejoined the missionary lady, "those are the staples, and, to be sure, all the women can cook them, but nowadays, very few Japanese women of the better class in the cities, do not include at least one foreign dish a day in their menus. Many of them have as much as a whole foreign meal once a day. Japanese men, on the whole, are very fond of foreign food, so it is up to the women to learn the proper methods of preparing it."

The regulation Japanese diet being hard on the digestive apparatus, foreign food is used a lot—especially in families where there is a delicate member. Appetizing stews and soft puddings, such as custards and blanc mange, are among the first recipes learned.

Even in country places the women are all anxious to learn how to make different articles of diet for sick people, for no matter how nourishing hard boiled rice, fish and such things are, they are much too strong for a patient, whether foreign or Japanese. So at first, gruels, custards and light cakes are among the most popular combinations.

Several mission schools now have departments of Household science with university graduates in charge. But, typically, the Japanese wish to have instructors of their own nationality trained for these positions. Consequently, while as yet few have studied abroad, an odd one or two is blazing the trail, and Miss Hanayo Sakamoto is one of these.

In Japan the ancestral name is a sacred thing, and must, under all circumstances, be carefully preserved so the only child is just as precious an article there as in Canada. Otherwise, who would carry on the family history and traditions? Therefore, Miss Sakamoto experienced considerable difficulty in breaking away from her family in Tokio last spring. For a year she debated whether the wisest course would be to come, and as she was finally persuaded that it was, she is at present studying Household Science at Toronto University. She plans to return to Japan after graduation and teach it in the Y. W. C. A. in Tokio. She is taking the regular four-year course, and has already shown pronounced ability in many of the practical subjects on the curriculum.

## WHY NOT SUPERVISE MOVIES FOR CHILDREN?

By GERTRUDE SEMPLE

LITTLE Robbie Bettles was on his way to see Episode No. 5 of "The Kingdom of Terror." The thread of events which held that unhappy realm together had firmly enmeshed Robbie, and he would not have missed one link in the sombre chain.

He was going along the street after a manner he connected with some of the scenes in the tale; in stealthy fashion he dodged behind people and doorways, studying footprints and looking furtively over his shoulder. He liked to imagine he was being followed, and that he was putting an unseen enemy off his trail. He had been attending "The Exploits of Algernon," too; and just the other day he had started with "The Castle of Flame" at the Crescent Theatre. In this last film the detectives search in vain for the man who is always setting the place afire, but he was clever enough to fool them every time, as the story showed.

It had kept Robbie busy that winter, following them all up, these movies. He had to be at home sometimes, and he was even obliged to go to school. His father insisted upon this, just as his mother determined that the stove be cleaned out every morning, and the wood chopped, for a fresh fire. He thought all this an imposition, but for the sake of peace he gave in, and while he swept off the sidewalk, he shouted to Jimmie Slack, across the way, about the doings of the Grand Vizier and the Crown Prince, and advised him to follow them up, too.

At first his mother, herself, had taken him to the pictures, but she soon perceived that the stories ran through his frowsy little head, to the exclusion of all else. During meals he showed her how the Queen's enemies had put poison in her bread, and

when he chopped the wood for the stove he told how that same lady's head had come off—that the revolutionists had stuck it on a spear, and then cheered and cheered!

So it was, all day long it seemed. There came complaints from school, for he was woolgathering there, indeed, just as often as not. Over the top of his grammar he noticed, strangely enough, that the teacher's hair stuck out stiffly about his ears, just like the Grand Vizier's hair. Then, again, the schoolroom was changed into a thieves' den; they were making their way upwards, under the floor of a bank where money was kept.

Finally, his mother said she would not take him any longer to the pictures; that if he did not mend his ways she would tell his father about it. For his father came home late at night when Robbie was safe in bed.

After the warning Robbie talked less about the stories for a while, but managed to go just the same. When he reached the corner of the street, this afternoon, an older boy was waiting for him, and together they shuffled in to the common little theatre. Nearly every seat was taken, half of them by children. It was a damp, rainy day, and the unpleasant moisture from without, mingled with an over-heated ill-ventilated atmosphere within. They sat there devouring peanuts in a glare of light. On the stage was an illuminated placard, "The Pursuit of the Crown Prince"—and soon the pictures began. He reappeared suddenly—after the tragedies of Episode No. 4—in a tropical land, and wanted to lead a quiet, peaceful life, but the savages who discovered him,

would not hear of it. They were Voodoos—a very wild race—and they sent a wireless to the Great Vizier that they had recognized the Crown Prince, and to come for him. The Grand Vizier left at once in an automobile, to cross the continent. Just as he turned the corner and was lost to sight, the king was stabbed by ten revolutionists, while picking flowers in his marble conservatory. There he lay breathing his last, dying! Afterwards the rebels, a whole army of them, climbed into motor cars, and away they went, too, after the Crown Prince. But the Grand Vizier had the start; he tore up and down hills, across rivers, through mountain passes, at a frightful rate of speed, and after him went the desperate band, who had determined to be rid of all

The Old Way





crowned heads. On the way they burnt villages, driving the people into the flames. The women and children begged for mercy on their knees, but they only laughed at them. When they had destroyed quite a number of villages, a fearful hurricane overtook the rebels, and many of them died suffocated by dust. You saw them, rolling about in agony. Houri, the leader, escaped with a few others, and they buried the dead, playing music and looking very sad. . . . And so—on and on, and on.

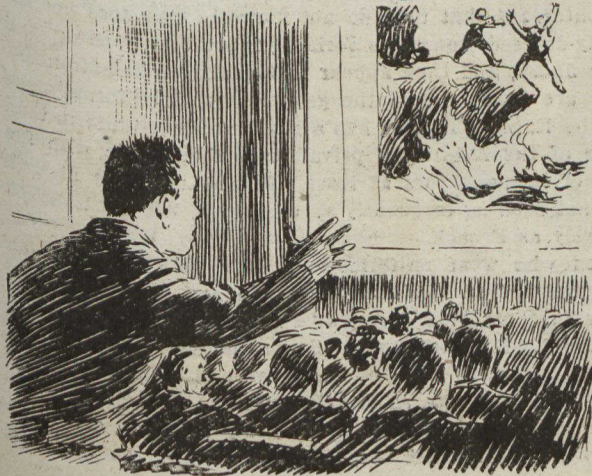
Robbie straightened up in his seat and closed his eyes as if to hide the stage from sight. Whether because of the bad air he had been breathing, or the heat, or the peanuts he had eaten, he knew not, but a feeling of suffocation and nausea oppressed him. He felt he could not bear it a moment longer, and with a gasp he struggled to his feet. His one thought was to get away from it all—the lights, the sea of faces swaying slowly about him, the stifling air. He moved slowly up the aisle, through the doors and out into the street. Once there he revived a little, but he put his hand up to his eyes for the flickering scenes still danced before him and the grinning faces of the savages seemed to mock his distress.

His mother—he wanted only her—and frightened by the phantasms of a bewildered tired little brain, he ran towards home. A few moments later he dashed into the house, and with a sob of despair threw himself, a trembling heap, into her arms. Bit by bit, he told what had happened, and as she listened she soothed and quieted him as best she could. That evening while Robbie tossed and muttered in his sleep, upstairs, his parents made plans for his future, below; it did not include the "Movies," that book of romance being closed for good.

A few years ago, the theatre was a place almost unknown to the average child. Occasionally the children of well-to-do parents were taken to some particular entertainment suited to them. On or about December 25th, they went to see, perhaps, that delightful thing known as a pantomime. There, in a forest of pine trees, spangled fairies danced, and in the distance, you heard the Christmas carols sung by the sweet voices. You saw a pretty play by people the children knew well from their picture books. Sometimes it was Cinderella's story that was told—a wonderful ball-room scene with the Prince and the glass slipper. Just as often as not, at the end, old Father Christmas himself came riding on to the stage to the jingle of sleigh bells, and distributed gifts to the audience. It was very like a big family party, quite in keeping with the spirit of the season and the youthful minds of the spectators—little girls in frilled white frocks, their hair in pigtails, and small boys in large stiff collars tied in front with bows.

As for the children of the poor, the only amusement provided for them in a professional way, was the old-fashioned circus. Its approach was heralded by pictures of the animals, and in large towns certain vacant lots of land were known as the "Circus Ground." It came once in three years, perhaps, and the children flocked to the entrance gates. They ate thin ice cream and hard sponge cakes, and whirled about in merry-go-rounds. There were clowns and clever ponies, a fat man from Borneo, and tents for fortune telling. What the children thought the best of all were the "wild" animals—tigers and lions, giraffes, bears and elephants—some so tame that one could feed them. A circus was held in the summer, so there was plenty of air and sunshine,

### The New Way



laughter and frolic, and Susie and Jack went home in the late afternoon with sticky hands clasping bags of gum drops and popcorn, tired but supremely happy.

The movies have come to stay, of this there is no doubt; and there is this to be said of them—it is the only form of theatrical entertainment within reach of the poor, who, like the rest of mankind, want amusement after their hours of labor. But why include children? The average child does not ask for entertainment. He wants to make his own fun—to skate and slide, play bat and ball, and in summer, if near the water, to swim and fish. Give them plenty of space and children amuse themselves. People are being urged to go back to the land, to settle on it, but if children are fostered in unhealthy abnormal conditions, if their minds are trained to crave morbid excitement as recreation, what appeal will a rural life have for them? When we read the records of juvenile courts, we see the result of the moving picture "habit" among the unfortunate youth in big cities. Instead of children being protected they are exposed to danger. If we must have picture houses, let children up to the age of fifteen be excluded, and if we must have them for children as well, let them be for them exclusively and under municipal control.

## SMOKE and RAIN

Another Hopeful Chapter in the  
Canadian Story of

Jonathan Gray's Woman

By THE EDITOR

**B**Y the light of imagination and humor we can look back to the older Canadian days when Jon Gray and his woman Martha came out of their winter quarters. You may have seen in a movie how the Eskimos go from the dog sleds and winter igloos to the grand drama of rushing rivers and reeling Kayaks. It was somewhat so with Martha, Jon and the big family—all but two of whom were kept home from school beginning with the first mud until snow flew again.

Jon now became a smudgy, muck-handed desperado, and his two older boys little villains of grime. Above all things first in the springtime was to log up. Plunging horses, boys and a man busy among the slash heaps making another small field. Fire that crawled and crept and gnawed at the wet log piles built by Jon and the boys. Water and trees were the enemy. Fire was the salvation. And day by day the small clearing of the Grays became a heavy smudge of smoke. Down among the swamp-level logs where ditches were yet to be, the men and the boys tussled in the dirt primeval.

Never an April that Jon Gray did not make smoke and ashes of timber that would cost thousands of dollars to buy in 1918, and he never knew it.

"Hist!" he would say, when the value of wood was mentioned. "The Lord made the trees, I warrant you. But if we don't get them down and burned up the devil will be after us when we've not got one more field every year—every year! Heave ho, then!"

And up went another ten-dollar log to the wet pile that in May should burn if enough sun and wind came before corn-planting time. That five-acre slash to log, stump, burn, ditch, fence and plough was enough, God knew, to make men and boys seem to Martha like heaven-descended mortals for whom she must wash and bake and sew. Every logging day was death to clothes. And every day Jonathan saw his very hungry small band of lean cattle pick the trail back among the logs to snip at the first new grass; presently as the green came on the bush they got back among the underbrush to browse—for the cornstalks were all used up and the strawstack was nibbled to the size of a muskrat mound. Three lambs came to the ewes of Jon that spring; out on the stone-ridge field next the barn. Sheep-washing days would be along soon.

A pack of crows swung across the open. They chuckled at the men and boys making the field.

"Ay," muttered the man as he heard them, "I'll be poppin' some o' you into kingdom come, ever I catch ye pullin' up my corn, I will that."

But he never could snipe a crow with the old muzzle-loader on the kitchen wall. Crows were wise



to all such men as Jon. They kept out of gun-shot. They could smell him ramming in the powder. Of all birds in the bush they were the wisest.

So one day, on Jonathan's chip-hill, there was a busy scene. Jon was shelling ears of seed corn, rubbing one against another, and soaking his seed corn in a solution of tar.

"They'll nowt pluck that up, I think," he said, as he scrambled the mess in a half-bushel and spread it out to dry on the boards. "And the wire-worms can't abide the tar—drat them!"

The log-heaps were smoking against the walls of green. And the chip-hill was smoking. A huge butterwood gum was smoking near an old crotchety apple-tree. Every now and then Martha looked inside to watch how the hams and sides dug from the pork-rind brine were getting their coat of tan for the summer in that smoke-house. That morning she was the mother of modern industry as the frogs piped up in the pools and the cows trailed away, slowly back to the lane to the smoke-lines to nibble grass. Jon stood up and gazed growlingly at those cows! but what he said to Martha about them the young ones knew not—except that it was soon to be better time for milk, please God. The hens held a caucus round the corn.

"Drat ye!" spoke Jon. "Ye've been stuffed on the boil cheat all winter. Why don't ye lay more, then, and not be lookin' for corn?"

He also added, with a squint at a fine green field next the house-yard, "I'm 'opin' ma, that yon wheat field doesn't turn to cheat on us."

By "cheat" he meant the chess that so often fooled the men who had sown good wheat and reaped what was neither wheat nor oats nor rye. Good farmers don't have cheat now. It was one of the characteristic ingredients in Jon's time.

Martha was mysteriously diligent. She had a little plant in active operation. On a pole supported by stakes she had a large open pot which she stirred and prodded; now and then dumped into it parts of lye from a near-by barrel on a sloping stand, and still more handfuls of judicious pork-rinds.

Martha was making soft soap. For the cost of nothing but her labor, she had soap enough brewing in that cauldron to keep her washing clothes until this time next year. Some of it she would work into cakes of hard soap, just as she could make soft white curds for a meal to-morrow, and good, hard cheese for eating months from now.

Jon stood and looked at the brew a moment. It was a grand day for him to feel the goodness of God. Here were all things working together for good; the log-heaps sizzling down to ashes yonder under a lake of smoke; the corn soaking in the tar; the hams browning in the butterwood gum; the soap brewing and the lads sawing up wood, the lambs bleating after the ewes and the cows trailing back to the bush lines; when a wagon rattling on the distant road somewhere was like a voice in the glory of all that thrift and industry.

Then the day changed to a vast grey cloud in the silence of the clearing. An east wind churned up from the lake. Rain swept over the smoking log-piles, much to the disgust of Jonathan. It drove the soap-makers and the ham-smokers and the wood-sawyers under cover. Martha clapped the cover on the

(Continued on page 16.)



## A Letter from Victoria, B. C.

**N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN** in a charming woman's way describes what seems to interest in the place she calls an *Outpost of Empire*.

**A**BOUT a week ago we had our first real frost for the winter, two days and two nights of it, accompanied with a nor'easter; but it was not enough to wither the growing things in the gardens. It was followed by a Chinook wind that brought a mild rain and some hours of intoxicating, warm sunlight, until now the snowdrops are in the bed-borders, the pussy-willows grace the roadsides in their grey velvet and golden tassels, the new grass is thrusting up, and, in the warmest, tucked-away corners of Beacon Hill Park, we have found the first vivid blossoms of the broom.



Mrs. Ralph Smith took her seat in the House in a bower of roses

First and foremost in the way of news, it would be most fitting to describe the opening of the Legislature, the second session of the fourteenth Parliament of British Columbia. Its outstanding feature was the introduction for the first time in this province of a woman member, Mrs. Ralph Smith, whose late husband was a well-known figure in Canadian politics. She was accompanied from her home in Vancouver by a large delegation of woman friends, in fact, the chamber and galleries of the House were filled for the most part with interested women spectators. Mrs. Smith's desk was piled high with floral tributes, and on her introduction she was accorded an enthusiastic ovation.

The governor, who rejoices in a new title, and who has changed his name—or have the newspapers done it for him?—from plain Mr. Frank Barnard to Sir Francis, opened the proceedings with his usual dignity. Mr. John Keen, the veteran member for Yale, was appointed Speaker. He will have his hands full, for the debates of the coming session promise to be fast and furious. The Opposition has been strongly reinforced by the labor leader, J. H. Hawthornthwaite, straight from the mining centres of B. C.; and Mr. W. J. Bowser, K.C., the leader of the Opposition, was never in finer fighting fettle.

Chief among the enactments to be brought down at the coming session is the New Election Act, whereby party election funds will be limited to \$25,000, and an attempt made to eliminate the old-time practise of promiscuous contributions. Taxation reforms and a colonization scheme will doubtless bring about some sharp, controversial argument. The Land Settlement Board is presenting recommendations to open up vast settlement areas, and to force private individuals who hold such areas to take part in a far-reaching co-operative plan. There will be legislation introduced to enable the Government to undertake the completion of the Pacific Great Eastern line to Fort George, and subsequently carry it into the Peace River country. It is hoped that an effort will be made to provide immediately for transportation between the Pacific coast and this, the richest territory in the whole province. These are the most important questions which will come before the House.

As an outpost of Empire, marine matters and ship-building are questions which concern us here very largely at all times, but especially just now. Our water-fronts are hives of activity, and our one chief desire is to constantly enlarge the ship yards and their output. Scarcely a week goes by that does not see the launching of a new boat in Victoria or Vancouver. An order recently placed with firms in the two cities calls for forty more ships of large tonnage to be completed as soon as possible. There is no shortage of labor, and work goes on merrily, though one must not boast, for there is a rumor that a strike is pending over the ten per cent. bonus.

An interesting event took place the other day in Victoria harbor, when, for the first time in history, the British ensign was hauled down in a Canadian port and the tri-color of France took its place. It was the occasion of the transfer of one of the Victoria-built ships from a Canadian to a French firm, the Societe Maritime Francais. She has been rechristened "Stasia," and will leave for the Far East on her maiden voyage across the Pacific. From Japan she goes to Java, and then—God be with her—to Marseilles.

Speaking of ships, now and then there comes sailing in through the Straits of Fuca a mystery-ship from the East. She carries a great cargo, but what it is one must not say. But one may speak of the boats that come from the South, with their little companies on board of British-born, soldiers in embryo, who come to British Columbia to line up with our boys.



Hon. W. J. Bowser is in fine fighting fettle this season.

## AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER

**ESTELLE M. KERR** writes and illustrates a breezy narrative of how the world's greatest city feels and acts in the fourth year of war.

**M**ONDAY next, if no hitch occur I hope so, for I'm having a London, and it is particularly in spite of the food scarcity conversation. Living at a hotel where titles, can be obtained more readily, realized to what inconvenience, and po age housekeeper was put. With an app sea voyage, I have eaten rather more fast am I forced to make any economy, sweeten my porridge, only one lump for allowance of margarine, and not quite like. The knowledge that marmalade is scarce makes me prefer it to plum jam, and my waitress tries to procure me a little, but unless I help myself very quickly another waitress will snatch it from my table—which makes me desire it tremendously. In fact, all this talk of food (the subject is greatly over-emphasized) makes one apt to over-eat whenever it is possible.

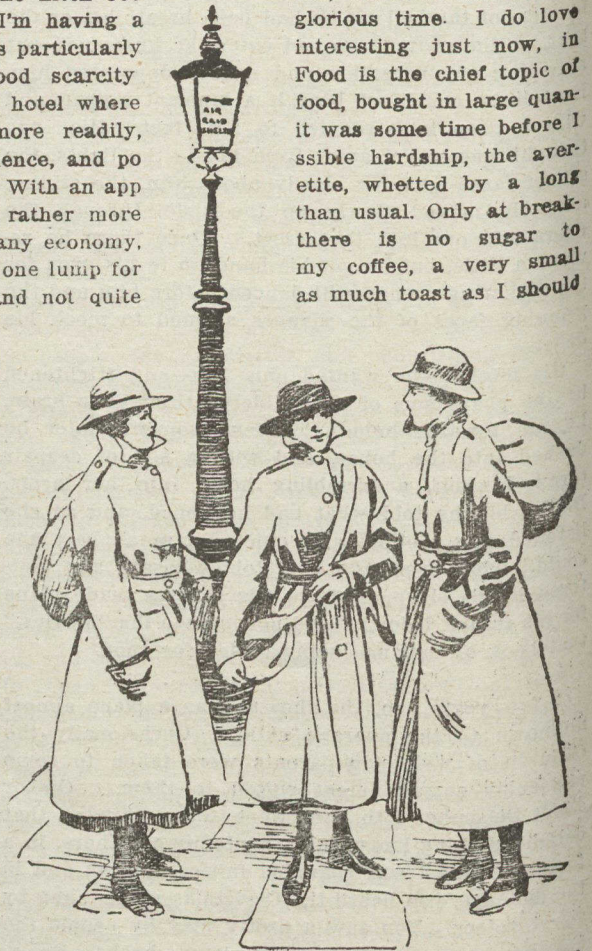
Some hostesses imagine that you decline sugar from kindness or patriotism, and insist on giving you two lumps from their precious rations; others insist that their guests should observe the food restrictions as much as they do, and if they think you have eaten more bread than you are entitled to eat, will not pass you the cake. Of course, there are two meatless days a week, but with plenty of fish, eggs and tasty dishes concocted from beans or spaghetti, they pass by unnoticed.

It annoys me that as a hotel-dweller I cannot get a sugar card and buy a little sugar to carry around in my purse in a pretty little box as house-dwellers do! When I go into a restaurant I must take my tea unsweetened, and when all the cakes are iciness and biscuits unsweetened, my childish love of sugar has returned. We are only allowed bread or cake for tea—not "and" as in the good old days! There is no cream in London for rich or poor, and almost no butter—that all goes to the officers in France! The men on leave say they want to go back to the front to get a square meal.

Since sugar has been rationed there are no more sugar queues, and as soon as the new rations are in force others will disappear, but at the time of writing it is no uncommon sight to see a line of women stretching for half a block before a butcher shop with several policemen to preserve order. There are also smaller queues for margarine and tea. Nearly all the shoppers are women, there are a few little girls, and, very occasionally, a man. Once a brigadier-general with a sick wife was forced to stand in line. The compassionate shop girl served him before his turn came, and the poor old gentleman was nearly mobbed. Some of the women go from queue to queue, and are hoarding, running the risk of fines, confiscation, and imprisonment. During "hoard surrender week" people were supposed to hand over their stores, but the majority of conscience-stricken people preferred to hand over their supplies to hospitals anonymously.

**W**E hear much of grief-stricken London. I suppose it is, but to a stranger the sorrow is not apparent. The percentage of people in heavy mourning is not so great as in Toronto—not that they do not mourn! One does not see nearly so many fashionably-dressed women as formerly; but the shops are full of beautiful and expensive finery, and they appear to be fairly well patronized. The cafes and restaurants are crowded, and the gay medley of uniforms make them most picturesque. The English Tommy has a much smarter uniform than the Canadian; while some of the Australian privates, in their tunic with the Norfolk cut, have the air of being majors at least. French uniforms abound. The usual horizon blue is not seen as frequently as the khaki, but the tasselled caps mark them unmistakably as French.

It is not only the men who wear uniforms—oh, dear no! There is an infinite variety amongst women, from the little telegraph and post girls (who ought to be at school!) with their blue coats with red pipings and childish, round straw hats, to the dignified policewomen who are perhaps the most impressive of all. The burrowing species (tube and underground ticket collectors) are also in blue, these with white pipings, so are the omnibus conductors, while khaki is worn by the huge army of "Waacs," as the army auxiliary corps are called, and these are very numerous and very active just now, as they are





## FROM the GREATEST CITY

A WOMAN'S and an Artist's observant view of the details of dark streets, cheerful people on rations, and women in uniform.

calling for thousands of new recruits to increase their already enormous army. Women are wanted also for the "Wrens" as those attached to the Royal Naval Reserve are called, they are wanted for the Flying Corps and for the Land Army. The omnibus companies are advertising for more, so are most commercial enterprises. Where do all the women come from? That is a question that forever puzzles me.

Nurses, nurses everywhere in the streets and yet the far greater proportion of them are, naturally, in the hospitals. The territorial nurses wear an ugly coat of dark grey with red pipings, most of the V. A. D.'s wear simple coats and caps of navy blue, the Canadian army nurses are the smartest of all the regulars that I have seen, but many of the assistants in smaller hospitals wear charming costumes of gray or brown, with floating veils that make any tolerably pretty girl look like a Madonna. My own uniform is still at the tailors. I am counting the days until I can put it on. No one in "civies" looks quite right in London now.

And the streets. I never knew how dark a street could be till I came to London. There are dark streets in Canadian cities—a black darkness, rendered still more opaque by the gleam of light from a distant lamp post, but the streets of London have a darkness all their own—a blue theatrical darkness pierced with a multitude of dim orange lights, varied by red and an occasional dot of green, while the shifting searchlights in quest of enemy airplanes, make white paths across the sky. As there are no points of brightness to dazzle the eye, you gradually become accustomed to the dimness, and pedestrians and vehicles move about at the usual speed. The light from the lamp-posts is directed downwards, and cannot be seen from above, and the globes are all frosted or painted to subdue the glare. Each vehicle is provided with a pair of dim lights, but with such vaguely discernible outlines it is a wonder that collisions are not more numerous. White blinds have largely been replaced by black; there are no lights in the doorways, even the big hotels show little sign of habitation. Cafes and restaurants, doing a thriving business, turn a blind eye to the street, some of them have the word OPEN in faintly illumined red letters, but only the initiated can find a particular cafe by night without the assistance of the omniscient London policeman.

My first walk through the dark streets alone was rather terrifying. I hesitated to stop one of the dim shapes that seemed to appear so suddenly before me and then vanish into the night, but I had to ask my way more than once, and each time the voice that answered me was so kind and friendly that I regained confidence, and now would not hesitate to set out after dark to any part of the city, so great is my confidence in the policeman and the underground railways. Above ground I am more timid. I feel sure that I shall never become familiar with the labyrinth of London streets that twist and turn and are called by a new name in every district.

AIR-RAIDS had occurred on the two nights preceding my arrival in London, and the people who were expecting another one that night were gathered in groups gazing up at the sky, but gradually a fog descended, and we learned the next morning that the German air men had turned their attention to Paris. All next day the fog persisted; sometimes the sun could be seen looking rather like an orange balloon, beloved in my childhood, escaped from its string. Near the river the fog was very dense, and many omnibusses had to discontinue service, and the people whose fear of air-raids on moonlit nights amounts to terror, slept in peace.

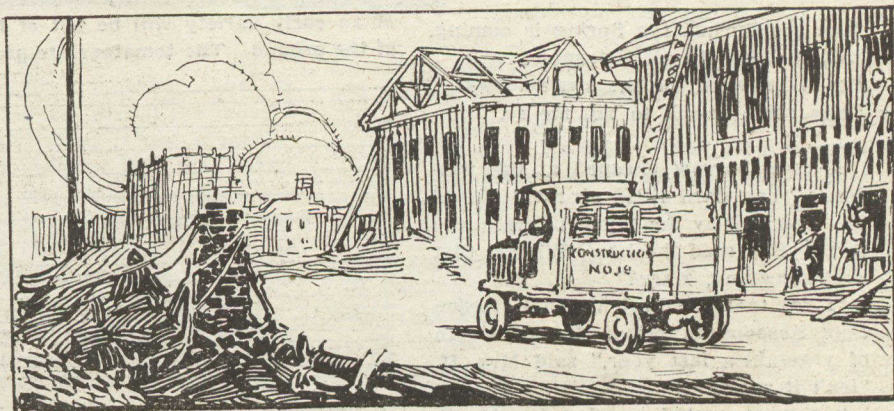
Some people sleep peacefully through the raids, or mutter curses at the noise as they draw the coverlets over their ears; others turn on the gramophone and try to forget it, others leave London when the moon is full, and some have made their permanent homes in an insane asylum through sheer terror of the raids. Yet the casualties are slight. There are more people killed yearly by motor cars—an average of two a day in London; amounting to more than the 1917 total of air-raid fatalities.

One Canadian war-bride was telling me that her husband and cousin, both on leave, were trying to teach her to play bridge during the last raid, when it sounded as though tons of shrapnel were falling on the roof. "And they kept on scolding me because they said I didn't concentrate!"



## Little Stories from Halifax

GRACE TOMKINSON tells some of the little comedies that came to the attention of workers helping to rebuild our stricken City of the Sec.



HALIFAX is being reconstructed. In the spring weather when everything everywhere speaks of growth and renewal the re-emergence of Halifax from the sadness of its ruins is something that stirs the imagination.

Rehabilitation and Reconstruction are the two words. They cover, in their broad scope, not only repairing of broken bodies and shattered houses, but also inspiring fresh courage in sad hearts and listless drooping spirits. Their practical demonstration meets one at every turn, in Relief Depots, Hospitals and Shelters; in the long rows of apartment houses rising on the Commons.

The destruction was so universal that, at first, Reconstruction work demanded the most strenuous effort of every available helper, and few had time to realize that they were seeing history in the making, and even helping to make it. But now that a little time has elapsed, the pace is somewhat slackened and the strain relaxed. There is leisure for even the more unfortunate victims to recall their experiences, or it may be, their own actions, on that day, with some little amusement.

The idea of attempting to discover a humorous side to such an appalling tragedy may seem absurd to an outsider, and even unfeeling. But tragedy and comedy lie very close together in real life.

But no one, at that time, felt in the least inclined to laugh at anyone else, for all were alike. While one woman had rushed out in a thin housedress, with not even a wrap, another had taken time to dress in full street costume, with hat, furs and gloves. Those who had been in bed when the crash came were out in kimonos and bedroom slippers and only their night clothes underneath. Invalids, who had been bedfast for weeks and even months, joined the company, on wheel chairs, stretchers and handbills.

It is interesting to note the ideas regarding the origin of the terrific reports, which, forty miles distant, were louder than the loudest thunder ever heard. Many attributed the shock to the bursting of the hot water tank in their own kitchens. Others were convinced that an air raid or submarine attack was in progress. It was thought in a large school that there had been an explosion in one of the furnaces, though the janitor protested vigorously that he "didn't put nothin' in." A number, particularly among the children, were of the opinion of a certain old lady in Richmond. Though more or less stripped of her clothing by the terrific force, she refused the great coat offered by a soldier, saying, "What do I want of clothes when the Judgment Day has come?"

It argues well for the future of Halifax that so many of its citizens can rise above their broken fortunes and make light of their afflictions.

The relief which was so graciously sent, and which brought untold comfort to the suffering and destitute, also entailed a vast amount of labor. Dense crowds thronged the food depots, while the demand for clothing was no less eager. During the first, never-to-be-forgotten days barrels of warm garments stood outside the "Green Lantern," one of the first distributing centres opened. The needy were allowed to help themselves from these, as well as from the heap of old shoes, lying on the snowy sidewalk. The food parcels given out were unwrapped, and it was a common occurrence to see passersby laden with all the staple articles of diet, and clasping, in addition, a flapping salt cod.

There have come in the course of the Rehabilitation work many stories. Indeed every survivor has a more or less interesting experience to relate. The man who was blown a quarter of a mile through the air and landed at Fort Needham, does not tell his story half as dramatically as the south end lady, who thrillingly depicts where she might have been standing and how terribly she could have been hurt.

A steward named Jones, from one of the large steamers in the harbor on December sixth, is convinced that he was born under a lucky star, and his adventures seem to prove it. He was a survivor of the great munitions explosion in Archangel, Russia, where 3,800 Russians were killed; shortly after this his ship was captured by the German Cruiser Moewe, and after being a prisoner of war for fifteen days he contrived to make his escape. He sailed next on the Arabic, and on her he experienced being torpedoed. His most hair-breadth escape, however, was in Halifax harbor. All on board the "Picton" were killed with but one exception. That exception was the steward, Jones, who found himself on dry land after the shock. He was minus his wearing apparel, though he had been standing on deck, fully clothed, a moment before; but he sustained no more serious injury than a broken leg.



**M**R. and Mrs. Hopalong Hope were discussing vacant-lot prospects for 1918. In the backyard two stockings, one tea-towel and a bib were still buried in snow that came early in December, 1917, and had been itself buried five times by other snows. Not a robin, not a song-sparrow had yet been heard. Mr. Hopalong Hope was cynically humming:

"For the Spring, the Spring is coming, 'Tis good-bye to all the snow. Yes, I know it, for the swa-a-lows Have come ba-ack to tell me so."

A cock-sparrow cheeped at the window. "You darn little air-rat!" hissed the man. "Why don't you migrate and forget the road back? What's that you're reading, Mary?"

"I see that the Fort William Garden Lots Association raised \$42,000 worth of vegetables last year," said Mrs. H. "Isn't it splendid?"

"At what cost?" growled Mr. H. H. "What does it matter? I daresay it didn't cost more than a thousand dollars or so—outside of the labor."

"I'll admit that a town may do a good thing by adding \$42,000 worth of vegetables to the total amount raised," went on Mr. H. H., who was sparring for time to be released from the necessity of gardening a backyard in 1918.

"A lot of vacant lots eating their heads off in taxes should produce something. But I've no enthusiasm for it this year. I think I'll leave home and go on a real farm."

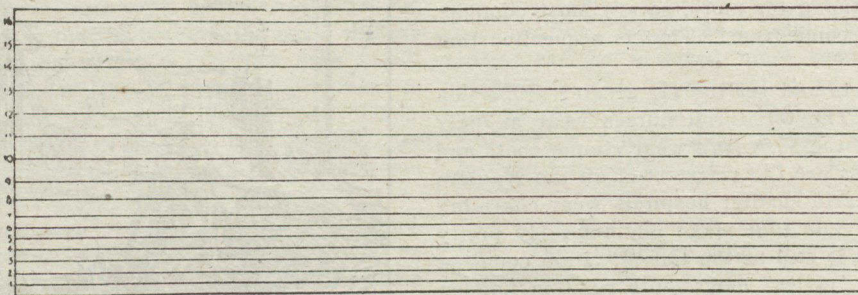
"Indeed, you'll not. What should I do?" "Operate the backyard brick-yard, my dear."

"Oh, no, that's too tiresome." "Well, my labor's too valuable to be wasted on a 25 by 40 patch of plaster and broken bricks."

"I thought you got them all out?" "I did. But they keep coming up. A backyard isn't the same as a vacant lot. A backyard isn't vacant."

## GARDENING DIALOGUE

**P**LAN made at Ontario Agricultural College to suit average sized garden. The crops in brackets are late, planted after the other crops have been removed, which would be the last week in June or the first week in July, except the radish in rows one and two, which seed is sown at the same time as the parsnip seed, but, being very rapid in growth, is up and the crop harvested before the parsnips are requiring 2nd room. In row 16 the tomatoes and corn are in alternate hills eighteen inches apart; the corn being of an early variety will be out of the way before the tomatoes require much of the ground. The tomatoes are grown on stakes to a single stem.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Parsnips (Radish), rows 1 ft. apart.         | 8. Early Cabbage (Celery), rows 18 ins. apart.   |
| 2. Parsnips (Radish), rows 1 ft. apart.         | 9. Lettuce (Late Carrots), rows 18 ins. apart.   |
| 3. Onion Seed, rows 1 ft. apart.                | 10. Early Peas (Late Cabbage), rows 2 ft. apart. |
| 4. Onion Seed, rows 1 ft. apart.                | 11. Beans (Turnips), rows 2 ft. apart.           |
| 5. Onion Sets (Late Cabbage), rows 1 ft. apart. | 12. Potatoes, rows 2 ft. apart.                  |
| 6. Early Beets and Carrots, rows 1 ft. apart.   | 13. Potatoes, rows 2 ft. apart.                  |
| 7. Lettuce (Late Beets), rows 1 ft. apart.      | 14. Potatoes, rows 2 ft. apart.                  |
|   | 15. Potatoes, rows 2 ft. apart.                  |
|   | 16. Tomatoes and Corn, rows 2 ft. apart.         |

"You're losing your grip, Charlie."

"I am. A backyard that joined up with a pack of bad weather to fool me in 1917 isn't likely to find me pranking round in the role of a Poet and Peasant this year. No, thanks. I had too much experience with potato bugs that even Paris green wouldn't kill, slugs by the million that ate my turnips, cold rains that took the life out of my onions, and heavy rains that sent my potatoes into a jungle of five-foot tops that refused to blossom and produced 50 per cent. rotten potatoes—from seed that cost me at least a dollar a peck!" he shouted indignantly.

Mrs. H. laughed with exasperating sweetness.

"We see," said Charlie. "By the sun-dial business these rows are supposed to run north and south. Why?"

"Why—get the sunlight straight up between the rows so that the foliage won't shade the ground too much, I daresay."

"And it's all on the rotation plan, a little of this now and something also a week later. All in a two-by-four plot. Oh, no, it's too much like fancy work for my feet. I think I'd prefer the ten acre field."

No doubt hundreds of men who read this woman's section of the Canadian Courier are debating this subject in the spring of 1918.

## Another Hopeful Chapter of Jonathan Gray's Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.

soap-cauldron and let the fire dwindle. Sheep and lambs went to the shed. The birds chattered into silence. The clearing was a vast web of smoke and rain and mystic bush walls full of frogs in the dusk as the cattle came slowly and stolidly up the lane, up to the shed where the little nibble of stack was left. Jon saw them first. And he started.

"Ma," he said, as he poked his head in at the kitchen, "that crinkle-orn cow—I told you so." "Not come up, Jon? Surely!"

"Surely!" he repeated. "She's nowt with the others. She's stayed be'ind—in the buosh."

He spoke sadly and went about his chores. At supper nought but the missing cow was talked about. It was early yet for cattle to be getting lost in the bush.

"She never should have been let to go," said Jon. "I knowed it. But 'twas so bright a morning, and it was gude to 'ave 'er nip the new grass."

About the stove the young ones whispered of the crinkle-horn cow. It was a mystic grey ending to a day of riotous works on the land. If it should rain long, as Jon said, they would be late getting the new log-field ploughed and ditched for the corn; and there was fencing yet to do. Not an idle moment could any of them afford, if corn-ears were to come on that new field next the bush that year.

Nevertheless, there was a certain joy in Jon's gloom as he flung on his smock after supper; and said he must be going on a journey and might not be back until morning as he thought.

Which was a cause of great mystery to all the young ones.

"We've a little more milk this night, Jon," said Martha as the pail came in.

"Ay, ay, it's the grass nips does it," he said. "Please God we'll 'ave more soon—I 'ope so."

Then he asked for a little pack of salt which he stuck into his pocket and he was gone.

"Where's dad, mother?" said one or another of the lads before bed-time.

"Gone to find the crinkle-horn cow," she said. "And I'm thinking he'll be a long while gone. Who knows?"

Who knew, indeed? Such things were beyond the ken of mortals. But there was soon to be more milk. More milk!

And they went to bed, for every lad must be up bright and early in the morning, when sun and wind might send them to the big work again. But what did dad want the salt for? They asked one another, but none of them knew.

In the silent house no sound but the drip-drip of the eaves as Martha sewed diligently by lamplight at a pair of overalls needed in the log-field. And in the silence of her soul she was thinking of her man Jon wherever he might be. Alone in the bush by night after the crinkle-horn cow.

The clock hands crawled to midnight. No Jon. The rain now was but a drizzle. Martha looked out. Never a sound but the sizzle of the rain on all things. Dark.

And none of the children knew when Martha pulled on a pair of old leg boots belonging to Jon, over her shoulders an old smock, and with the other lantern—the old tin one with the candle inside—wended her way from the house, back the lane into the smudgy wilderness of the smoking, rain-swept log-piles, on and on, till she came to the wet and pattering bush where the elm tops of last year's log-haul cluttered the way.

underbrush, back and back into the thick of the uncut trees on the trail of Jon and his crinkle-horn cow. Jon had not asked her to come. Indeed, he might be angry. But what of that? More milk! And why should he be alone?

Once she lifted her head and called into the vast and solemn spaces of the bush.

"W—hoo, Jon! Wahoo!" Did he hear her? What sound? Was it but the echo? Or some beasts far back yonder—no, it never could be just a beast.

But there was no answer. She saw no light.

She crept on and on, stopping every little while to listen in the wet patter of the bush. Wet to the skin she was. And so must Jon be.

"Wahoo!" the echo startled her.

"O then! O's that? Boomed a voice. "It's me, Jon. Where—?"

The smashing of twigs and the low mooing of a cow stopped her voice. She held up the tin-box lantern.

Out of the wet and the leaves of the great trunks came the man—a strange primeval man on whose great shoulders lay a calf; the legs of it were tied with basswood bark, and it was surely alive.

"Is it—all well, Jon?" she asked of him as he came smashing up to the knoll where she stood, while the crinkle-horn cow came trailing close behind.

"Ay," he said from the wet. "It's a beauty calf, but the old fool went 'arf a mile be'ind the clearing to 'ave it—and in sech a rain! But we'll 'ave more milk to-morrow. More milk!"

(To be continued.)

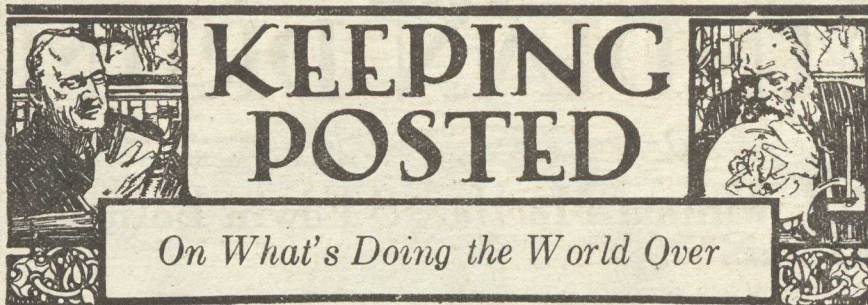


## Our Tidal Wave of Sobriety

Christian Science Monitor

## Chess and the Game of War

London Times



## Crime Psychology in Russia

North American Review

## The Leave Club in Paris

London Daily Mail

WHEN the Canadian Inter-Provincial Prohibition Act, under which it will be illegal to transport liquor from one province to another, goes into effect on April 1 next, says the Christian Science Monitor, the Dominion will have taken its penultimate step toward that national prohibition which is coming to be one of the imperative demands of the war everywhere. Canada has made tremendous strides, during the past few years, toward complete liberation in this direction. Led by the little Province of Prince Edward Island, which has had prohibition for many years, the other provinces have been steadily coming into line, ever since the war broke out. In 1915 the Province of Alberta decided, by referendum, to inaugurate province-wide prohibition the following year. The year 1916 was a memorable one in the history of the movement in Canada, for Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were added to the prohibition list. British Columbia reached a similar decision last year, and within the last few weeks, the Legislative Assembly of Quebec has passed a prohibition bill, which provides for the establishment of province-wide prohibition on May 1 of next year. When this measure becomes an act, as it seems certain to become in the near future, there will have been removed the last obstacle to the establishment of prohibition throughout the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As the Hon. W. N. Rowell, president of the Privy Council, put it, "Canada will become bone dry on May 1, 1919."

Already, from all parts of Canada, there comes the same story. Prince Edward Island records, without any surprise, that her jails are practically empty; that her poorhouses have no inmates, and that petty crime is so rare an occurrence that there is nothing for the police magistrate to adjudicate upon. In Manitoba, where prohibition has been in force only two years, we are told that business men would not have the liquor back at any price. Storekeepers speak of increased business; recent statistics show a remarkable lessening in crime of all kinds; the project of a prison farm, which had been decided on, has been abandoned, and, most remarkable of all, it has recently been found necessary to hire labor to do the ordinary work about the police courts.

Canada is the first of the world's greater democracies to declare itself for prohibition. Although the Tzar's ukase of the autumn of 1914, abolishing vodka in Russia, resulted in a practical demonstration of the value of prohibition, it was of comparatively little value as a waymark of human progress. In Canada, it is the people who have been debating the question, on all occasions, during the past years. They have dealt with it in a truly democratic way, province by province, until now, when the feeling of the nation is beyond all question, the Federal Government has gathered up the loose ends, and, by its notable Order in Council of last December and the promise of legislation in the near future, has placed Canada well in the van of progress.

IS it realized, asks a correspondent of The Times, that the warlike game of chess has had some influence on the war? Many generals who have made their names immortal in history have been keen chess-players. Four thousand or 5,000 years ago chess was the war game of the Persians, Indians, Babylonians, and Chinese; it was played by the Greeks during the wearisome 10 years' siege of Troy. Centuries ago a Chinese general recommended it as a mental exercise which would help students of strategy to develop their talents for leadership when the time should come for them to command soldiers upon the battlefields of Manchuria.

Chess is admittedly a scientific game; it is strategi-

cal and mathematical, and although it taxes the intellect, it rests the brain at the same time by eliminating from it every thought except the thought of the moment. In England chess is not a popular pastime—more is the pity—though we may pride ourselves on turning out a Blackburne, a Burn, and one or two other masters. But before the war English chess clubs were on the increase. Germany offers a great contrast. There the male adult who has not some elementary knowledge of the game is the exception. Picture, for instance, a railway station, with its conglomerate mass of luggage, passengers, officials, the arrival of the train, the pandemonium of meetings and "good-byes" and "welcomings." At a small round table on the platform are seated an English traveller and the gold-braided German station-master deeply engrossed in chess. It is the German's move, and until he has analyzed the position and played, the train must wait.

The similarity of chess to war is startling; rename the pawn, call him an infantryman; then shall we say the bishop represents the cavalry; the knight, the light guns; the castle, he of course, must stand for the heavy howitzer. What about the king and queen? Let the king remain the king, the States, and the country—in short, what we are fighting for. The queen, she is the general staff, or the very fount from which issue the plans for victory.

Are the statesmen and diplomatists who guide, during war time, the ships of State in the belligerent countries as good chess players as the generals? At any rate, Mr. Bonar Law is a fine, keen player, and several other politicians and Ambassadors know the pleasures and usefulness of the game. The late Baron Marshall was a skilful player. He played chess and evolved the idea of the Baghdad Railway.

NOT long ago there was an amazing item in the despatches telling how a purse supposedly lost in a Russian railway carriage caused the instant butchery of three Russians by other Russians. The last of the three butchered was the woman who thought she had lost the purse, but afterwards found it under a cushion. Soldiers at once tore the clothes

from her, subjected her to all kinds of indignities and stabbed her in the back. From which we infer that ferocity of the incalculable brutal type does not all belong to Germany. And it is by reading such an illuminative article as Dostoevsky's Mystical Terror, by Charles Gray Shaw, in a recent contemporary, that we find how essentially barbaric a great writer can make the souls of his fellow-countrymen.

According to Dostoevsky's calculation, and in his own language, says the writer, man is a "diamond set in the dirty background of life." In his mystic intuition of life, Dostoevsky could behold nothing between the black, barren earth, and the endless shining of the sky. "It has always been a mystery to me," says he, "and I have marvelled a thousand times at that faculty in man (and in the Russian, I believe, more especially) of cherishing in his soul his loftiest ideal side by side with the most abject baseness, and all quite sincerely."

Catalogue the characters which move about in the romances of this Slavonic apostle, and you will find, never a human being, but always an animal or an angel. "Strong natures, says he, "often find it difficult to bear the burden of their own strength." According to his amiable psychology of strength, everybody loves crime. His strong man turns to crime to cleanse his soul of the sense of power whose super-abundance has become a burden to him. In this spirit, Rogozhin, in "The Idiot," with a garden-knife slays a family of six for the sake of killing them, from which act of disinterested devilry he turns to the murder of his beautiful bride.

In this novelist's depiction of Rogozhin the Idiot we may find the explanation of the woman's purse and the triple butchery recorded in the despatches.

HOW many people in Canada have sons who have been members of the Leave Club in Paris? Probably a great many, if one may credit the statement of F. G. Falla in the London Daily Mail.

Out in the great rain-swept Place de la Republique, says Mr. Falla, little knots of khaki-clad men sheltering from the December drizzle under the glass marquise. All around one every accent of the British Empire. Thrown together by the great welter, men born thousands of miles apart, of the same clear-eyed, clean-tempered race, are here in the very heart and middle of Paris, with the heroic figure of Liberty looking down upon them.

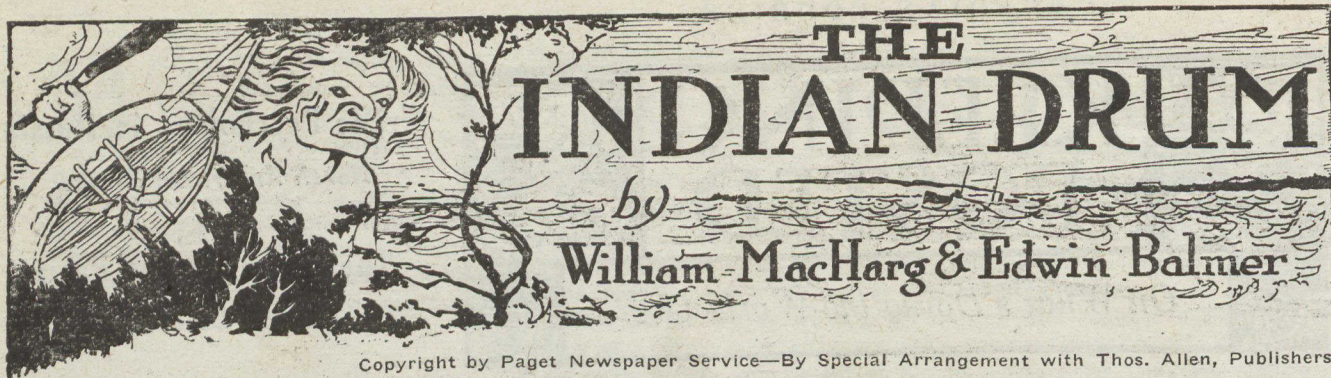
Justice, a vision of an immense staircase mounting skywards and ending in a great painting of the Union Jack. Opening out on each side of the staircase reading and writing rooms, a theatre and concert hall, dormitories—all peopled with the same khaki-clad men from the ends of the earth. Everywhere a sense of space and freedom, of orderliness without stiffness or restraint; an atmosphere of friendliness and camaraderie. Such are one's first impressions of the British Army and Navy Leave Club in Paris.

The Leave Club? Few people, it is true, even in Paris, know of its existence. But thousands of British soldiers during its short life have found it a haven and rallying-place during their brief respite from the trenches. Mostly they are the Lion's overseas cubs, who, having neither kith nor kin in the United Kingdom, have chosen to spend their leave in Paris, capital of the second Motherland of us all. Here until a few months ago they wandered aimlessly about the streets or loafed in bars and backwaters, an easy prey to the sharks who lurk in the shoals of a great city. Then one day someone happened to remark that these men ought to have "a better 'ole" to go to. The editor of the Continental edition of The Daily Mail took up the suggestion, and with the help of the British colony, headed by Mr. Hearn, the Consul, the Leave Club was founded.



The Artillery-man's Nightmare.  
(From Cartoons Magazine.)





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ALAN, upon the morning of second of these days, was driving northward along the long, sandy peninsula which separates the blue waters of Grand Traverse from Lake Michigan; and thinking of her, he knew that she was near. He not only had remembered that she would be north at Harbor Point this month; he had seen in one of the Petoskey papers that she and her mother were at the Sherrill summer home. His business now was taking him nearer them than he had been at any time before; and, if he wished to weaken, he might convince himself that he might learn from her circumstances which would aid him in his task. But he was not going to her for help; that was following in his father's footsteps. When he knew everything, then—not till then—he could go to her; for then he would know exactly what was upon him and what he should do.

His visits to the people named on those sheets written by his father had been confusing at first; he had had great difficulty in tracing some of them at all; and, afterwards, he could uncover no certain connection either between them and Benjamin Corvet or between themselves. But recently, he had been succeeding better in this latter. He had seen—he reckoned them over again—fourteen of the twenty-one named originally on Benjamin Corvet's lists; that is, he had seen either the individual originally named, or the surviving relative written in below the name crossed off. He had found that the crossing out of the name meant that the person was dead, except in the case of two who had left the country and whose whereabouts were as unknown to their present relatives as they had been to Benjamin Corvet, and the case of one other, who was in an insane asylum.

He had found that no one of the persons whom he saw had known Benjamin Corvet personally; many of them did not know him at all, the others knew him only as a name. But, when Alan proceeded, always there was one connotation with each of the original names; always one circumstance bound all together. When he had established that circumstance as influencing the fortunes of the first two on his lists, he had said to himself, as the blood pricked queerly under the skin, that the fact might be a mere coincidence. When he established it also as affecting the fate of the third and of the fourth and of the fifth, such explanation no longer sufficed; and he found it in common to all fourteen, sometimes as the deciding factor of their fate, sometimes as only slightly affecting them, but always it was there.

In how many different ways, in what strange, diverse manifestations that single circumstance had spread

to those people whom Alan had interviewed! No two of them had been affected alike, he reckoned, as he went over his notes of them. Now he was going to trace those consequences to another. To what sort of place would it bring him to-day and what would he find there? He knew only that it would be quite distinct from the rest.

The driver beside whom he sat on the front seat of the little automobile was an Indian; an Indian woman and two round-faced silent children occupied the seat behind. He had met these people in the early morning on the road, bound, he discovered, to the annual camp meeting of the Methodist Indians at Northport. They were going his way, and they knew the man of whom he was in search; so he had hired a ride of them. The region through which they were traveling now was of farms, but interspersed with desolate, waste fields where blackened stumps and rotting windfalls remained after the work of the lumberers. The hills and many of the hollows were wooded; there were even places where lumbering was still going on. To his left across the water, the twin Manitous broke the horizon, high and round and blue with haze. To his right, from the higher hilltops, he caught glimpses of Grand Traverse and of the shores to the north, rising higher, dimmer, and more blue, where they broke for Little Traverse and where Constance Sherrill was, two hours away across the water; but he had shut his mind to that thought.

The driver turned now into a rougher road, bearing more to the east.

THEY passed people more frequently now—groups in farm wagons, or groups or single individuals, walking beside the road. All were going in the same direction as themselves, and nearly all were Indians, drab dressed figures attired obviously in their best clothes. Some walked barefoot, carrying new shoes in their hands, evidently to preserve them from the dust. They saluted gravely Alan's driver, who returned their salutes—"B'jou!" "B'jou!"

Traveling eastward, they had lost sight of Lake Michigan; and suddenly the wrinkled blueness of Grand Traverse appeared quite close to them. The driver turned aside from the road across a cleared field where ruts showed the passing of many previous vehicles; crossing this, they entered the woods. Little fires for cooking burned all about them, and nearer were parked an immense number of farm wagons and buggies, with horses unharnessed and munching grain. Alan's guide found a place among these for his automobile, and they got out and went forward on foot. All about them, seated upon the moss or walking about, were Indians, family groups among which children played. A platform had been built under the trees; on it some thirty Indians, all men, sat in straight-backed chairs; in front of and to the sides of the platform, an audience of several hundred occupied benches, and around the borders of the meeting others were gathered, merely observing. A very old Indian, with inordinately wrinkled skin and dressed in a frock coat, was addressing these people from the platform in the Indian tongue.

Alan halted beside his guide. He saw among the drab-clad figures looking on, the brighter dresses and sport coats of summer visitors who had come to watch. The figure of a girl among these caught his attention, and he started; then swiftly he told himself that it was only his thinking of Constance Sherrill that made him believe this was she. But now she had seen him; she paled, then as quickly flushed, and leaving the group she had been with, came toward him.

He had no choice now whether he would avoid her or not; and his happiness at seeing her held him stupid, watching her. Her eyes were very bright and with something more than friendly greeting; there was happiness in them too. His throat shut together as he recognized this, and his hand closed warmly over the small, trembling hand which she put out to him. All his conscious thought was lost for the moment in the mere realization of her presence; he stood,

holding her hand, oblivious that there were people looking; she too seemed careless of that. Then she whitened again and withdrew her hand; she seemed slightly confused. He was confused as well; it was not like this that he had meant to greet her; he caught himself together.

Cap in hand, he stood beside her, trying to look and to feel as any ordinary acquaintance of hers would have looked.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### The Owner of the Watch.

"SO they got word to you!" Constance exclaimed; she seemed still confused. "Oh, no—of course they couldn't have done that! They've hardly got my letter yet."

"Your letter?" Alan asked.

"I wrote to Blue Rapids," she explained. "Some things came—they were sent to me. Some things of Uncle Benny's which were meant for you instead of me."

"You mean you've heard from him?"

"No—not that."

"What things, Miss Sherrill?"

"A watch of his and some coins and and—a ring." She did not explain the significance of those things, and he could not tell from her mere enumeration of them and without seeing them that they furnished proof that his father was dead. She could not inform him of that, she felt, just here and now.

"I'll tell you about that later. You— you were coming to Harbor Point to see us?"

He colored. "I'm afraid not. I got as near as this to you because there is a man—an Indian—I have to see."

"An Indian? What is his name? You see, I know quite a lot of them."

"Jo Papo."

She shook her head. "No; I don't know him."

She had drawn him a little away from the crowd about the meeting. His blood was beating hard with recognition of her manner toward him. Whatever he was, whatever the disgrace might be that his father had left to him, she was still resolute to share in it. He had known she would be so. She found a spot where the moss was covered with dry pine needles and sat down upon the ground.

"Sit down," she invited; "I want you to tell me what you have been doing."

"I've been on the boats." He dropped down upon the moss beside her. "It's a—wonderful business, Miss Sherrill; I'll never be able to go away from the water again. I've been working rather hard at my new profession—studying it, I mean. Until yesterday I was a not very highly honored member of the crew of the package freighter Oscoda; I left her at Frankfort and came up here."

"Is Wassaquam with you?"

"He wasn't on the Oscoda; but he was with me at first. Now, I believe, he has gone back to his own people—to Middle Village."

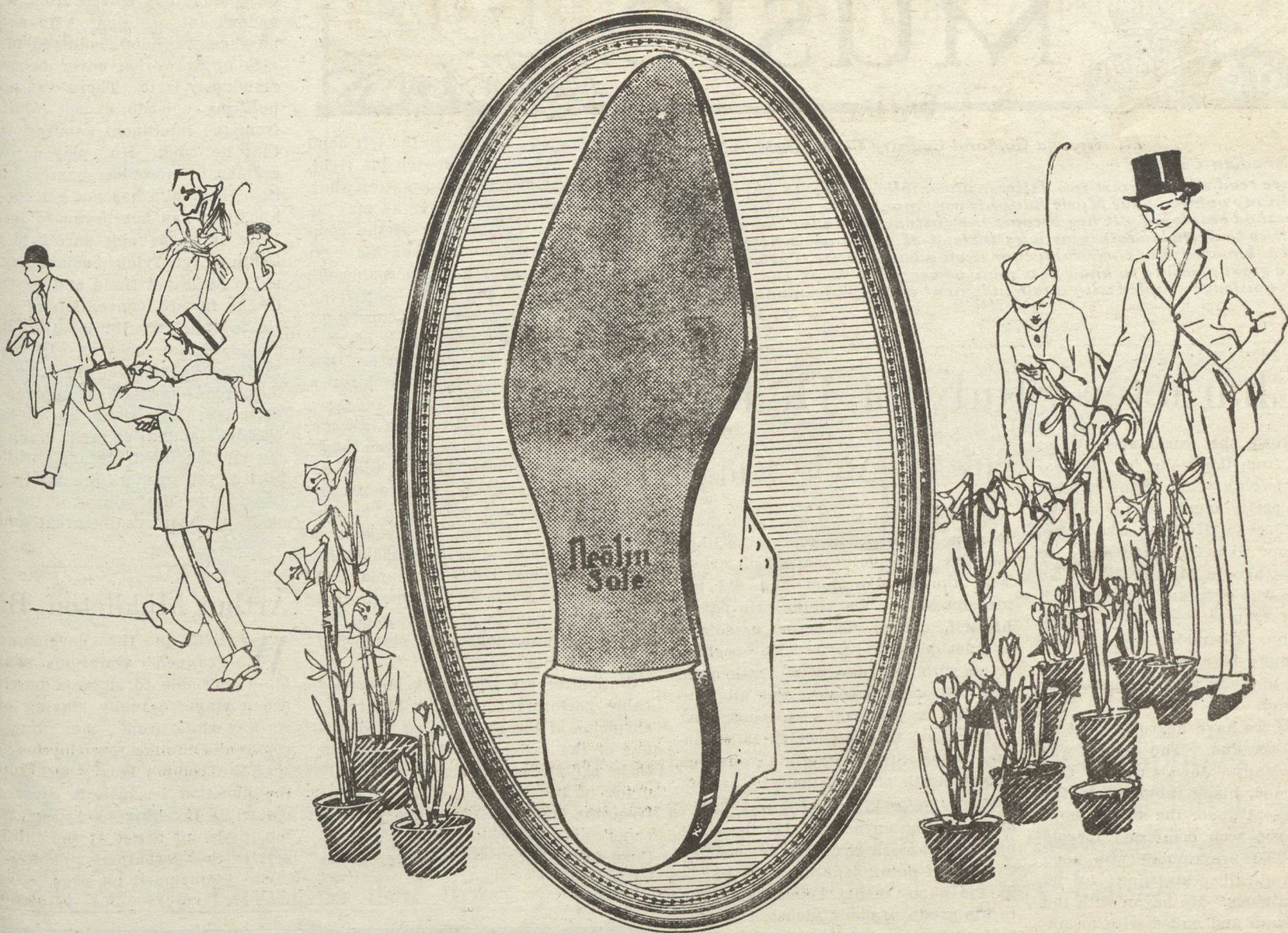
"You mean you've been looking for Mr. Corvet in that way?"

"Not exactly that." He hesitated; but he could see no reason for not telling what he had been doing. He had not so much hidden from her and her father what he had found in Benjamin Corvet's house; rather, he had refrained from mentioning it in his notes to them when he left Chicago because he had thought that the lists

(Continued on page 24.)

**ALAN CONRAD, of mysterious origin, at his foster home in Kansas, receives a letter with instructions to go to Chicago and look up certain people. Old Ben Corvet, head of Corvet, Sherrill & Spearman, great lake shippers of Chicago, and the party who sent for Conrad has disappeared. Conrad becomes convinced that he is Corvet's son. Searching his father's house for evidence he comes upon an intruder who is trying to find something and who thinks Conrad is the ghost of somebody connected with the "Miwaka." Conrad makes a secret enemy of Spearman, who is in love with Constance Sherrill. He identifies Spearman as the one who attacked him in his father's house. An old drunken character named Luke calls at Conrad's house, demanding blackmail, and while in a delirium dies there. Old Ben's Indian servant Wassaquam shows Conrad the secret drawer containing the long-sought-for papers. Spearman makes an effort to snatch them but is frustrated by the Indian. The papers contain only names and addresses and newspaper clippings. The addresses given are around the north part of the lake, and Conrad starts out to look up these people. Constance, at her summer home, receives a parcel from an unknown address, to be forwarded to Conrad. In the parcel was Old Ben's scarf, an old pocket knife, a water-soaked watch, some rusty coins and a woman's wedding ring—but no explanation**





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Mississauga Golf and Country Club, 7th March, 1918

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I have read with interest two letters, uncomplimentary to your Music Editor. In my opinion your Music Editor is very much to be admired for the honest method employed. It has become the custom of late for the so called Music Critics to write laudatory articles instead of Critiques, whether from want of real knowledge of their subject or from a base motive, I know not, so that it is a great pleasure to know of a man whose work bears the stamp of Musical Knowledge coupled with a fair judgment of the performances given.

F. W. K.

## A Character Study of Heifetz

By The Music Editor

WHAT the world may expect from the violin for the next twenty years seems to hang pretty much on a youth by name of Jascha Heifetz, who made his first bow to a Canadian audience a few days ago in Massey Hall. No violin star was ever heralded by such a blare of trumpets as this blond, young, conventional-looking athlete with the fluffy hair, who a few years ago began to study with Leopold Auer in Petrograd.

Now that we have heard him let us give him his due. The house was packed. Many Jews came. One heavy-bearded, black rabbi sat in the very front seat under the artist's bow. The audience was composed largely of men. The programme was good but not radically startling; by no means prodigious. He began with the Handel Sonata and ended with an unsayable thing by Sarasate. Between these two extremes he played a Wienawski concerto and a group of five short pieces with a number of encores.

In the whole performance there was no absolutely new sensation. If the crowd came for thrills they got none. There was a packed gallery. Heifetz never even noticed it. He came out without any mannerism more unusual than that of a church usher. He never smiled. His mother, a comely sure-looking Jewess, occupied the guest box at his right. He



Listening to Heifetz.

was on his best behavior; might have been in Auer's studio for all the liberties he took. He played no tricks with the handkerchief and did not attempt to bite his violin. He poised himself, curved his arm gracefully and let himself play. The big tone came with the ease of a gentle rain. And the opening sonata was all Handel; not a powerful rendering; just a touch of the superficial 18th century when Strads like his were unknown north of the Alps.

His Wienawski concerto was rather disappointing in scope. He tossed it off with amazing ease and seemed capable of doing a dozen more like it in the same night. When he came to his group of short pieces, the original enthusiasm of the crowd had begun to adjust itself to mere admiration and the gallery had become a little weary of being ignored. The Schubert Ave Marie would surely fetch a trapeze of sobs to the top row. Not so. Heifetz played it without a sob; with an exulting resonance on the G string, a clean silken repeat on the A and a big vibrant finale on the E. By means of an absolutely technical treatment of an emotional piece he showed that the tonal resources of his bow—with that amazing Strad—were quite inexhaustible. For so young a man not to lose himself in a violet tantrum on so tempting a truism as this gallery Serenade was a triumph of either deliberate restraint or an accident of frigid temperament incapable of anything but technique. Which?

In the succeeding pieces he came along with some double-stopping that was altogether prodigious. In unisons the middle and lower register of his violin seemed sometimes like a whole section of cellos. In his harmonics he seemed endlessly capable of tempo rubato, decrescendo and sheer tonal warmth totally devoid of passion.

In fact there is nothing in the gymnastics of the violin which Heifetz cannot do with the sure ease of a genius. His bow was a strong-arm wand of startling tone, even to a crescendo at the heel. On the top of the E string where most violinists approximate to the cigar-box fiddle his bow continued to sing and to vibrate. If one were to decide whether his right or his left is the stronger, the decision might go to the bow arm. Seldom do we see such graceful bowing with such unflinching strength.

But there was nothing in the left hand that did not seem to match his right. Given a set of pieces, no matter what, he can play them as near as may be judged after the manner of the composer, imposing nothing of his own personality except his impeccable detail of rhythm and the satisfying grandeur of his tone; a consistent breadth and depth and purity of tone that never becomes common and fiddling even on the A string which many violinists reserve for most of their raucous feats. Heifetz was always tonally great because he was emotionally restrained. All the tone he wanted he got in its absolute purity. He never allowed a passion to disrupt a tone. In his performance a purist, in his renderings a classicist, in his rhythmic content we may set him down as a human metronome that has just begun to discover itself capable of tempo rubato; the statue just coming to life.

But, after all, with such an impeccable performance so devoid of any suspicion of the cabaret and so oblivious of the gallery, is Heifetz cut out to be a dress circle artist? Certainly much of the heaviest encoring came from the balcony. Or is he a musicians' artist? The talent were enthusiastic. But does he interpret? Is he a genius?

So far as we can say from one programme Heifetz seems to be the sort of genius that comes from a super-endowment of talent. He expressed no sheer abandon, indulged in no orgies of fireworks, never became tremendously lyric. There was never an uplifting episode except what came from the intelligent admiration of all that he did. He played without ecstasy. Heifetz has mastered his violin. His violin has not yet conquered him. He has not begun to interpret. With an unshakable surety in all the baffling, terrifying business of technique he is yet timid and hesitant as to the inward conception of a piece. He is waiting. He is still in the studio of the maestro. Unless New York spoils him he will emerge into the broad daylight of master interpretation; and when he does the world's standard of great violin music during the next decade, while the present top masters are gradually retreating to the wings of the stage, ought to be in really great and safe keeping.

## Arthur Middleton, Basso

WHEN in the development of "canned" vibrations shall we be able to sit at a movie and see a singer actually singing on the screen while from the foreground comes the lifelike reproduction of the song? We don't know. I merely ask the question because it occurred to me while listening to Arthur Middleton, assistant artist at the third concert of the Toronto Symphony. Mid-

(Concluded on page 22.)

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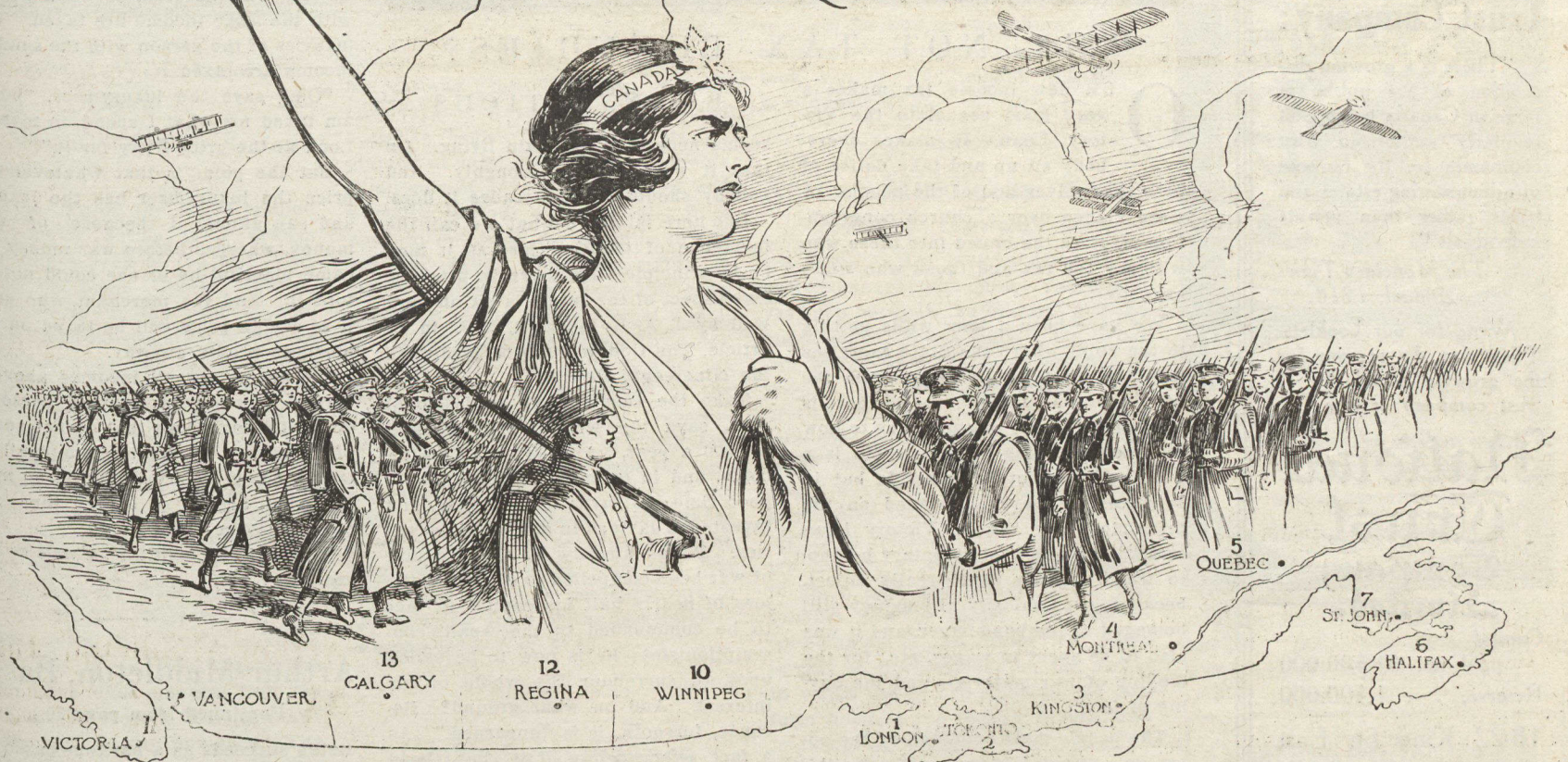
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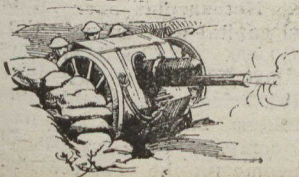
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## FINANCIAL

### WHY NOT TAX LUXURIES?

By INVESTICUS

OUR new income tax makes a very good sequel to the Victory Loan. It makes everybody sit up and take notice of both themselves and of the people. A mere glance over a church congregation resolves the crowd into those who will pay the tax and those who won't have to.

We have been a long while getting to the point where the State exercises the right to take dividends from the people for war purposes. And there is a lot of difference of opinion as to how far such a taxing of the people is a wise policy. Not in principle but in practice. We are all agreed on the principle. The whole Victory Loan campaign was a vast voluntary holdup, to which nobody could really object, because, economically, the money still belonged to the bond-buyer, and it was also to be spent in wages, etc., for the making of war materials and the buying of food.

The people most benefited by the operations of the Victory Loan were the farmers and the wage-earners, other than those on fixed salaries. Figures are not available to show whether these two classes took up a great majority of the loan. We assume that they did. But the aim of the Loan was to set free money in Canada for the purchase of food and war supplies in Canada; which had for its effect the benefit of those who grow the crops and those who do the work in war-supply industries.

We know that war money benefits the farmer, because the price of everything he has to sell is increased. We know also that war conditions do not help the farmer, because they compel him to get along with less help, to pay more for what help he gets, as well as for his machinery and implements. We know that war money helps the wage-earner—outside of those on fixed salaries—because we see evidences of dress luxury on every hand among people who before the war did not enjoy such things.

Now the aim of a war-income tax is to take from those who by thrift, hard work, or crookedness may have accumulated more yearly revenue than

seems necessary for plain living. On that it works very thoroughly. And nobody should object because it does.

But here is where what we call the incidence of taxation just as it may be in principle, falls down in practice. One aspect of the future is hit off very well by J. A. R. Marriott, M.P., in an article, The Conscription of Wealth in the Nineteenth Century.

Take the case of two professional men, says the writer, each earning £1,500 a year. A lives up to his income, and in common parlance, has a good time. B saves £500 a year, and invests his savings in gilt-edged securities. B has already by the accident of war been compelled to submit to the loss of nearly half his capital (a fact to be commended to the wealth-conscriptionists); he is now to be called upon to surrender the whole of his interest. And on what ground? Because, forsooth, it is "unearned." As a fact, every penny of it has been earned by the sweat of his brow, but instead of spending it upon personal indulgence, he has to the great advantage of his fellow-citizens in general, and in particular of those who depend for their subsistence upon remunerative employment, postponed his own enjoyment of his earnings, and by this innocent and beneficent process he has entered the detested ranks of the capitalist class. The interest upon his accumulated savings, the fruits of his prudent and patriotic abstinence, must be confiscated by the State which he has already so largely benefited, by the community whose interest he has served.

Translate this into Canadian and tell us why people who have suddenly taken to luxury in any form because of war money should not be taxed regardless of income. Why should one person be taxed on thrift and hard work and another be exempted on luxury? A man with a large family and a \$3,000 a year income, every cent of which he needs to get the necessities of life in order to make that family good citizens, is taxed. Well and good. Perhaps he can arrange matters so as to pay it, and he will. But he is already spending every cent he can

make on his family; and none of them are extravagant.

The man or woman who makes less than a certain sum a year and spends a large part of it in luxuries is not taxed. The necessities of the man with the large income are taxed. The luxuries of the person with the smaller income are taxed.

"Oh," says the luxury-user, "but I am taxed for what I spend on myself. Look at the price I pay for it."

But the point is that whatever the price the luxury-user has the luxury, and can afford it because of war money, whereas before war money became plentiful he or she could not afford it. And the merchant who sells it at a high price will be taxed on his business profits anyway.

We are to tax all incomes above a certain figure regardless of personal or family conditions that do not admit of luxuries. We are to exempt all incomes below a certain figure, no matter what degree of luxury those incomes may be spent to get.

Why not tax luxuries as well as necessities?

### Arthur Middleton, Basso

(Continued from page 20.)

Arthur Middleton succeeds as a baritone-basso by avoiding most of the uncomfortable ways of basses and baritones. He is not a basso profundo of course, and not a high baritone. But having the essential good qualities of both he is somewhat better than either. So seldom does a basso arrive the same day. So many baritones are concerned only with tonal climaxes. Middleton sings. He is not concerned with the evolution of a tone. All he wants a tone for is to enable him to sing. And a lot of so-called great singers don't look at it that way.

American by birth and training, he seems to have acquired some of the Southern qualities of song; a certain velvety smoothness of tone-fabric that is in itself delightful. But he never seems to think of it. What his audience want is a song. And his first—by Verdi, was a tiptop bit of character-acting in tone. He has done lots of operas. His style is perhaps rather operatic than lyric. He made his two operatic arias, that on the bill and the Figaro encore from the Barber of Seville, sound as good songs should, like talking in music, having regard to tone, rhythm and local color. He knows how to make a swallowtail for

(Concluded on page 23.)

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### Montreal Bonds

THE Bank of Montreal, acting as fiscal agent for the City of Montreal, is offering for public sale \$6,900,000 five-year 6 per cent refunding gold bonds of the City of Montreal at par, flat.

The bonds are dated December 1st, 1917, and as a full half year's interest will be paid on June 1st, although subscriptions for the issue will not be due until April 8th, the privileges of the first coupon makes the net yield of the bonds about 6½ per cent. The bonds will be issued in coupon form in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000.

The issue is being made to refund \$6,900,000 three-year five per cent. notes of the city which fell due in New York last December, and has, we are informed, the approval of the Minister of Finance.

### Sun Life Expands

A YEAR of remarkable progress has been achieved by the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. The results of operations for the year 1917 show a continuance of the notable expansion that has marked the career of this company.

Its assurances in force now total \$311,870,000, policies issued and paid for during the year amounting to over \$47,800,000. Assets increased by over \$7,000,000 during the year to \$90,160,174. Net surplus over all liabilities and capital now exceeds the sum of \$8,550,000. The policyholders received last year total payments of \$8,840,000, bringing the total sum paid policyholders since the organization of the company to over \$69,000,000. Cash income for the year reached the total of \$19,288,997.



# BOOKS

## The Lone Wolf Comes Back

"THE FALSE FACES." By Louis Joseph Vance.

TO get a line on the latest fashion in popular fiction it is always safe to take a peek at the last thing produced by Louis Joseph Vance. Louis was one of the first to coin royalties from the regard felt by the rabble for a crook who could run two establishments, rob the rest, and rummage about in the underworld without losing his halo of heroism. But evidently the polite plunderer has faded away from the best-seller class, and it would seem that the underworld has been worn too shabby even for use as a background for the stuff that passes as romance these days.

So, shaping his characters to suit the new styles, Mr. Vance makes a pass or two in the first paragraph and *The Lone Wolf* emerges from *No Man's Land* dressed in field grey and up to his neck in spy intrigues. The terror of Paris becomes the worry of the Wilhelmstrasse—and the trick is turned. "The False Faces" will no doubt be quite as popular as the previous Vance novels. It is up-to-date in all the dressy details. As an international spy, submarine chaser, and blockade dodger, the *Lone Wolf* will again clutch tight hold of a host of breathless interests. The tale is crowded with tremendous adventures and incredible incidents and is told in an easy, swift style which speeds by the interrogation points with skilful plausibility.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart; \$1.35.

## Training for Public Service

"UNIVERSAL TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP AND PUBLIC SERVICE." By William H. Allen.

PREPAREDNESS for peace is the pith of the preachment delivered by William H. Allen in his book on universal training for citizenship and public service. After protesting against the procrastination of every but the war work "until-after-the-war" he sets down in a series of fourteen chapters suggestions for rules to regulate citizenship and direct it to higher levels. The book is frankly intended for lay students only and leaves many of the more serious problems and controversial questions well alone. Mr. Allen's effort seems to have been confined to listing aims and next steps that are feasible everywhere and at once.—Macmillan; \$1.50

## Threads of Steel

"THE U. P. TRAIL." By Zane Grey.

TIME was—and not so very long ago at that—when railroading had a romantic tang about it and the builders were acclaimed as some sort of super-men who went out into the wilderness, tamed it and tied it up with threads of steel tamped down on tamarac. And notwithstanding the

stodgy mess of statistics to which the railway story has been reduced nowadays by Royal Commissions and such-like bodies, the tale, in its beginning at least, has all the elements of an epic of adventure, conquest and a really glorious achievement. It is good to get back for a while to the brawny days before an agility in stock-juggling became the chief characteristic of the railroad chief and it is a good thing that Zane Grey has done in setting down the tale of the U. P. Trail. The completion of the Union Pacific put the first transcontinental line on the map of North America. Into its building went the best and worst of the human effort of the day. Mr. Grey flashes pictures of every phase of it in a story which lines the whole thing from the first hub stake driven by the surveyors to the tamping down of the last spike.—Musson Book Co.; \$1.50.

## Courageous France

"FRANCE BEARS THE BURDEN." By Granville Fortescue.

DEEP and full appreciation on the part of the author of the wonderful courage and endurance of France is evident in all the articles in this book; but most, perhaps, in one sad little chapter headed "Who Pays for the War" He tells of Verdun, "the battle epic"; of the spirit of the wounded poilu; of the fighting on the Somme; and gives a vivid record of a German prisoner in Verdun.

Convinced that it is not the losses of to-day, but what those losses mean in the future, that must be reckoned as part of the burden France bears, Mr. Fortescue has tried to show this in a book which would prove stimulating reading to everyone.—Macmillan; \$1.25.

## A Brilliant English Novel

"SONIA." By Stephen McKenna

THERE have been many forecasts made lately announcing the dawn of a new epoch in the English novel; such, for instance, as the prophecies which padded the paragraphs which were printed about Mr. Britling, et al. Even H. G. Wells himself seemed quite sure that he had ordered up a new day—and he convinced quite a few who had forgotten Chantecler. But now that "Sonia" has come to this side of the water hope has been quickened into belief that the old order—which was getting rather wearisome—really has changed, and that Stephen McKenna has, with a brilliant, big, and fine piece of work, brought in a new era. The outstanding quality of Mr. McKenna's book is its lack of any one particularly distinguishing feature. As a political novel it is far finer than anything seen since *Disraeli* was published. And yet, its keen analysis of the political situation is no finer than its interpretation of the psychological effects

wrought by the war on typical representatives of various groups of English life. It probes with deftness and daring the ailments which affected England before the war and some sicknesses still unsubdued. But it tells of strength as well as weakness; in examining viciousness it does not overlook virility.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart; \$1.35.

## Arthur Middleton, Basso

(Concluded from page 22.)

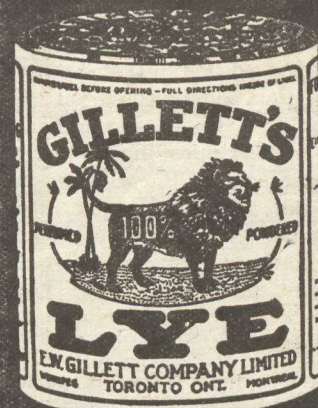
get itself. His long experience in oratorio taught him how. There is a vast gap between the oratorio and the opera singer which only a big artist can bridge over. A large number of people have Middleton records. On first hearing one fancies that he would lose considerable in transmission because of the man's personality on stage—a rather fat, jovial man who knows how to be either seriously dramatic, or picturesquely funny. But it's the art of a man like Middleton to get a high percentage of his personality into the record. And the record-singing of the future will hinge largely in development on the extent to which the record-machine can conform itself to the technic of the films in a moving picture. The logical development, of course, looks to the union of these two separate agencies, not merely in singing, but in speech.

Middleton's capability as a lyric artist was shown in his acutely sympathetic rendering of the Sidney Homer encore, which we may as well call "You damn old niggah!" After all, the real test of any singer is the song; not the stage, not the make-up, nor the oratorio setting. Commend us to the great lyric singers; all the rest will take care of itself. In this simple negro song Middleton showed how to be excessively simple in subject and delightfully complicated in variety of expression. His use of the mezzo voice is one of the best things about him. In this he does not equal a man like Graveure, who has a vox humana stop in his voice. And in the pictorialized rendering of a song he does not go the length of Cecil Fanning, who frequently over-interprets.

The orchestra did a very suitable programme, beginning with the *Mozart Symphony*—I forget the number, if any—a nice open-work bit of the 18th century, when orchestras were never more than enough to fill the end of a room. The conductor perhaps consciously reflected this comparatively colorless effect; though it is quite possible to hear such a simple chamber-music sort of thing done with a lot of modern color not indicated by Mozart's alignment of the orchestra. The *Danse Macabre* of Tchaikowsky was done in good spirit, with a real suggestion of delightful gruesomeness, much aided by Mr. Frank Blachford's picturesque performance of the death's head melodies in solo.

"WHAT are you doing in the kitchen, Thomas?" inquired the inquisitive wife. "I'm opening a can of tomatoes, if you particularly wish to know," he immediately rejoined. "And what are you opening it with?" "Why, with a can-opener. Did you think I was using my teeth?" he added, savagely. "Oh, no, dear," she sweetly replied; "but I do know you are not opening it with prayer."

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# THE INDIAN DRUM

(Continued from page 18.)

would lead to an immediate explanation; they had not led to that, but only to a suggestion, indefinite as yet. He had known that, if his search finally developed nothing more than it had, he must at last consult Sherrill and get Sherrill's aid.

"We found some writing, Miss Sherrill," he said, "in the house on Astor Street that night after Luke came."

"What writing?"

He took the lists from his pocket and showed them to her. She separated and looked through the sheets and read the names written in the same hand that had written the directions upon the slip of paper that came to her four days before, with the things from Uncle Benny's pockets.

"My father had kept these very secretly," he explained. "He had them hidden. Wassaquam knew where they were, and that night after Luke was dead and you had gone home, he gave them to me."

"After I had gone home? Henry went back to see you that night; he had said he was going back, and afterwards I asked him, and he told me he had seen you again. Did you show him these?"

"He saw them—yes."

"He was there when Wassaquam showed you where they were?"

"Yes."

A LITTLE line deepened between her brows, and she sat thoughtful.

"So you have been going about seeing these people," she said. "What have you found out?"

"Nothing definite at all. None of them knew my father; they were only amazed to find that any one in Chicago had known their names."

She got up suddenly. "You don't mind if I am with you when you talk with this Indian?"

He arose and looked around for the guide who had brought him. His guide had been standing near, evidently waiting until Alan's attention was turned his way; he gestured now toward a man, a woman, and several children who were lunching, seated about a basket on the ground. The man—thin, patient and of medium size—was of the indefinite age of the Indian, neither young nor yet old. It was evident that life had been hard for the man; he looked worn and under-nourished; his clothing was the cast-off suit of some one much larger which had been inexpertly altered to make it fit him. As Alan and Constance approached them, the group turned on them their dark, inexpressive eyes, and the woman got up, but the man remained seated on the ground.

"I'm looking for Jo Papo," Alan explained.

"What you want?" the squaw asked. "You got work?" The words were pronounced with difficulty and evidently composed most of her English vocabulary.

"I want to see him, that's all." Alan turned to the man. "You're Jo Papo, aren't you?"

The Indian assented by an almost imperceptible nod.

"You used to live near Escanaba, didn't you?"

Jo Papo considered before replying:

either his scrutiny of Alan reassured him, or he recalled nothing having to do with his residence near Escanaba which disturbed him. "Yes; once," he said.

"Your father was Azen Papo?"

"He's dead," the Indian replied. "Not my father, anyway. Grandfather. What about him?"

"That's what I want to ask you," Alan said. "When did he die and how?"

JO PAPO got up and stood leaning his back against a tree. So far from being one who was merely curious about Indians, this stranger perhaps was coming about an Indian claim—to give money maybe for injustices done in the past.

"My grandfather die fifteen years ago," he informed them. "From cough, I think."

"Where was that?" Alan asked.

"Escanaba—near there."

"What did he do?"

"Take people to shoot deer—fish—a guide. I think he plant a little too."

"He didn't work on the boats?"

"No; my father, he work on the boats."

"What was his name?"

"Like me; Jo Papo too. He's dead."

"What is your Indian name?"

"Flying Eagle."

"What boats did your father work on?"

"Many boats."

"What did he do?"

"Deck hand."

"What boat did he work on last?"

"Last? How do I know? He went away one year and didn't come back? I supposed he was drowned."

"What year was that?"

"I was little then; I do not know."

"How old were you?"

"Maybe eight years; maybe nine or ten."

"How old are you now?"

"Thirty, maybe."

"Did you ever hear of Benjamin Corvet?"

"Who?"

"Benjamin Corvet."

"No."

Alan turned to Constance; she had been listening intently, but she made no comment. "That is all, then," he said to Papo; "if I find out anything to your advantage, I'll let you know." He had aroused, he understood, expectations of benefit in these poor Indians. Something rose in Alan's throat and choked him. Those of whom Benjamin Corvet had so laboriously kept trace were, very many of them, of the sort of these Indians; that they had never heard of Benjamin Corvet was not more significant than that they were people of whose existence Benjamin Corvet could not have been expected to be aware. What conceivable bond could there have been between Alan's father and such poor people as these? Had his father wronged these people? Had he owed them something? This thought, which had been growing stronger with each succeeding step of Alan's investigations, chilled and horrified him now. Revolt against his father more active than ever before seized him, revolt stirring stronger with each recollection of his interviews with the people upon his

list. As they walked away, Constance appreciated that he was feeling something deeply; she too was stirred.

"They all—all I have talked to—are like that," he said to her. "They all have lost some one on the lakes."

In her feeling for him, she had laid her hand upon his arm; now her fingers tightened to sudden tenseness. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Oh, it is not definite yet — not clear!" She felt the bitterness in his tone. "They have not any of them been able to make it wholly clear to me. It is like a record that has been blurred. These original names must have been written down by my father many years ago—many, most of those people, I think—are dead; some are nearly forgotten. The only thing that is fully plain is that in every case my inquiries have led me to those who have lost one, and sometimes more than one relative upon the lakes."

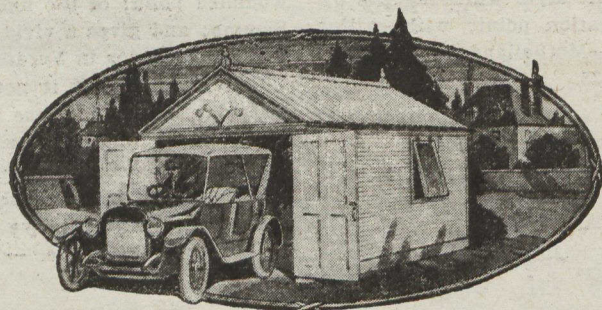
Constance thrilled to a vague horror; it was not anything to which she could give definite reason. His tone quite as much as what he said was its cause. His experience plainly had been forcing him to bitterness against his father; and he did not know with certainty yet that his father was dead.

SHE had not found it possible to tell him that yet; now consciously she deferred telling him until she could take him to her home and show him what had come. The shrill whistling of the power yacht in which she and her party had come recalled to her that all were to return to the yacht for luncheon, and that they must be waiting for her.

"You'll lunch with us, of course," she said to Alan, "and then go back with us to Harbor Point. It's a day's journey around the two bays; but we've a boat here."

He assented, and they went down to the water where the white and brown power yacht, with long, graceful lines, lay somnolently in the sunlight. A little boat took them out over the shimmering, smooth surface to the ship; swells from a faraway freighter swept under the beautiful, burnished craft, causing it to roll lazily as they boarded it. A party of nearly a dozen men and girls, with an older woman chaperoning them, lounged under the shade of an awning over the after deck. They greeted her gaily and looked curiously at Alan as she introduced him.

As he returned their rather formal acknowledgments and afterward fell into general conversation with them, she became for the first time fully aware of how greatly he had changed from what he had been when he had come to them six months before in Chicago. These gay, wealthy loungers would have dismayed him then, and he would have been equally dismayed by the luxury of the carefully appointed yacht; now he was not thinking at all about what these people might think of him. In return, they granted him consideration. It was not, she saw that they accepted him as one of their own sort, or as some ordinary acquaintance of hers; if they accounted for him to themselves at all, they must believe him to be some officer employed upon her father's ships. He looked like that—with his face darkened and reddened by the sun-



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mer sun and in his clothing like that of a ship's officer ashore. He had not weakened under the disgrace which Benjamin Corvet had left to him, whatever that might be; he had grown stronger facing it. A lump rose in her throat as she realized that the lakes had been setting their seal upon him, as upon the man whose strength and resourcefulness she loved.

"Have you worked on any of our boats?" she asked him, after luncheon had been finished, and the anchor of the ship had been raised.

A queer expression came upon his face. "I've thought it best not to do that, Miss Sherrill," he replied.

She did not know why the next moment she should think of Henry.

"Henry was going to bring us over in his yacht—the Chippewa," she said. "But he was called away suddenly yesterday on business to St. Ignace and used his boat to go over there."

"He's at Harbor Point, then?"  
"He got there a couple of nights ago and will be back again to-night or to-morrow morning."

The yacht was pushing swiftly, smoothly, with hardly a hum from its motors, north along the shore. He watched intently the rolling, wooded hills and the ragged little bays and inlets. His work and his investigations had not brought him into the neighborhood before, but she found that she did not have to name the places to him; he knew them from the charts.

"Grand Traverse Light," he said to her as a white tower showed upon their left. Then, leaving the shore, they pushed out across the wide mouth of the larger bay toward Little Traverse. He grew more silent as they approached it.

"It is up there, isn't it," he asked, pointing, "that they hear the Drum?"  
"Yes; how did you know the place?"  
"I don't know it exactly; I want you to show me."

SHE pointed out to him the cove, dark, primeval, blue in its contrast with the lighter green of the trees about it and the glistening white of the shingle and of the more distant sand bluffs. He leaned forward, staring at it, until the changed course of the yacht, as it swung about toward the entrance to the bay, obscured it. They were meeting other power boats now of their yacht's own size and many smaller; they passed white-sailed sloops and cat-boats, almost becalmed, with girls and boys diving from their sides and swimming about. As they neared the Point, a panorama of play such as, she knew, he scarcely could have seen before, was spread in front of them. The sun gleamed back from the white sides and varnished decks and shining brasswork of a score or more of cruising yachts and many smaller vessels lying in the anchorage.

"The Chicago to Mackinac yacht race starts this week, and the cruiser fleet is working north to be in at the finish," she offered. Then she saw he was not looking at these things; he was studying with a strange expression the dark, uneven hills which shut in the two towns and the bay.

"You remember how the ship rhymes you told me and that about Michabou and seeing the ships made me feel that I belonged here on the lakes," he reminded her. "I have felt

something—not recognition exactly, but something that was like the beginning of recognition—many times this summer when I saw certain places. It's like one of those dreams, you know, in which you are conscious of having had the same dream before. I feel that I ought to know this place."

THEY landed only a few hundred yards from the cottage. After bidding good-by to her friends, they went up to it together through the trees. There was a small sun room, rather shut off from the rest of the house, to which she led him. Leaving him there, she ran upstairs to get the things.

She halted an instant beside the door, with the box in her hands, before she went back to him, thinking how to prepare him against the significance of these relics of his father. She need not prepare him against the mere fact of his father's death; he had been beginning to believe that already; but these things must have far more meaning for him than merely that. They must frustrate one course of inquiry for him at the same time they opened another; they would close for him forever the possibility of ever learning anything about himself from his father; they would introduce into his problem some new, some unknown person—the sender of these things.

She went in and put the box down upon the card table.

"The muffler in the box was your father's," she told him. "He had it on the day he disappeared. The other things," her voice choked a little, "are the things he must have had in his pockets. They've been lying in water and sand—"

He gazed at her. "I understand," he said after an instant. "You mean that they prove his death."

She assented gently, without speaking. As he approached the box, she drew back from it and slipped away into the next room. She walked up and down there, pressing her hands together. He must be looking at the things now, unrolling the muffler. . . What would he be feeling as he saw them? Would he be glad, with that same gladness which had mingled with her own sorrow over Uncle Benny, that his father was gone—gone from his guilt and his fear and his disgrace? Or would he resent that death which thus left everything unexplained to him? He would be looking at the ring. That, at least, must bring more joy than grief to him. He would recognize that it must be his mother's wedding ring; if it told him that his mother must be dead, it would tell him that she had been married, or had believed that she was married!

Suddenly she heard him calling her. "Miss Sherrill!" His voice had a sharp thrill of excitement.

She hurried toward the sun room. She could see him through the doorway, bending over the card table with the things spread out upon its top in front of him.

"Miss Sherrill!" he called again.

"Yes."

He straightened; he was very pale. "Would coins that my father had in his pocket all have been more than twenty years old?"

She ran and bent beside him over the coins. "Twenty years!" she repeated. She was making out the

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dates of the coins now herself; the markings were eroded, nearly gone in some instances, but in every case enough remained to make plain the date. "Eighteen-ninety—1893—1889," she made them out. Her voice hushed queerly. "What does it mean?" she whispered.

He turned over and reexamined the articles with hands suddenly steady. "There are two sets of things here," he concluded. "The muffler and paper of directions—they belonged to my father. The other things—it isn't six months or less than six months that they've lain in sand and water to become worn like this; it's twenty years. My father can't have had these things; they were somewhere else, or some one else had them. He wrote his directions to that person—after June twelfth, he said, so it was before June twelfth he wrote it; but we can't tell how long before. It might have been in February, when he disappeared; it might have been any time after that. But if the directions were written so long ago, why weren't the things sent to you before this? Didn't the person have the things then? Did we have to wait to get them? Or—was it the order to send them that he didn't have? Or if he had the instructions, was he waiting to receive word when they were to be sent?"

"To receive word?" she echoed. "Word from my father! You thought these things proved my father was dead. I think they prove he is alive! Oh, we must think this out!"

HE paced up and down the room; she sank into a chair, watching him. "The first thing that we must do," he said suddenly, "is to find out about the watch. What is the phone number of the telegraph office?"

She told him, and he went out to the telephone; she sprang up to follow him, but checked herself and merely waited until he came back.

"I've wired to Buffalo," he announced. "The Merchants' Exchange, if it is still in existence, must have a record of the presentation of the watch. At any rate, the wreck of the Winnebago and the name of the skipper of the other boat must be in the files of the newspapers of that time."

"Then you'll stay here with us until an answer comes."

"If we get a reply by to-morrow morning; I'll wait till then. If not, I'll ask you to forward it to me. I must see about the trains and get back to Frankfort. I can cross by boat from there to Manitowoc—that will be quickest. We must begin there, by trying to find out who sent the package."

"Henry Spearman's already sent to have that investigated."

Alan made no reply; but she saw his lips draw tighter quickly. "I must go myself as soon as I can," he said, after a moment.

She helped him put the muffler and the other articles back into the box; she noticed that the wedding ring was no longer with them. He had taken that, then; it had meant to him all that she had known it must mean. . . .

In the morning she was up very early; but Alan, the servants told her, had risen before she had and had gone out. The morning, after the cool northern night, was chill. She slipped a sweater on and went out on the veranda, looking about for him. An

iridescent haze shrouded the hills and the bay; in it she heard a ship's bell strike twice; then another struck twice—then another—and another—and another. The haze thinned as the sun grew warmer, showing the placid water of the bay on which the ships stood double—a real ship and a mirrored one. She saw Alan returning, and knowing from the direction from which he came that he must have been to the telegraph office, she ran to meet him.

"Was there an answer?" she inquired eagerly.

He took a yellow telegraph sheet from his pocket and held it for her to read.

"Watch presented Captain Caleb Stafford, master of propeller freighter Marvin Halch for rescue of crew and passengers of sinking steamer Winnebago off Long Point, Lake Erie."

SHE was breathing quickly in her excitement. "Caleb Stafford!" she exclaimed. "Why, that was Captain Stafford of Stafford and Ramsdell! They owned the Miwaka!"

"Yes," Alan said.

"You asked me about that ship—the Miwaka—that first morning at breakfast!"

"Yes."

A great change had come over him since last night; he was under emotion so strong that he seemed scarcely to dare to speak lest it master him—a leaping, exultant impulse, it was, which he fought to keep down.

"What is it, Alan?" she asked. "What is it about the Miwaka? You said you'd found some reference to it in Uncle Benny's house. What was it? What did you find there?"

"The man—" Alan swallowed and steadied himself and repeated—"the man I met in the house that night mentioned it."

"The man who thought you were a ghost?"

"Yes."

"How—how did he mention it?" "He seemed to think I was a ghost that had haunted Mr. Corvet—the ghost from the Miwaka; at least he shouted out to me that I couldn't save the Miwaka!"

"Save the Miwaka! What do you mean, Alan? The Miwaka was lost with all her people—officers and crew—no one knows how or where!"

"All except the one for whom the Drum didn't beat!"

"What's that?" Blood pricked in her cheeks. "What do you mean, Alan?" "I don't know yet; but I think I'll soon find out!"

"No; you can tell me more now, Alan. Surely you can. I must know. I have the right to know. Yesterday, even before you found out about this, you knew things you weren't telling me—things about the people you'd been seeing. They'd all lost people on the lakes, you said; but you found out more than that."

"They'd all lost people on the Miwaka!" he said. "All who could tell me where their people were lost; a few were like Jo Papo we saw yesterday, who knew only the year his father was lost; but the time always was the time that the Miwaka disappeared!"

"Disappeared!" she repeated. Her veins were pricking cold. What did he know, what could any one know of the Miwaka, the ship of which nothing ever was heard except the beating of the Indian Drum? She tried to make

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him say more; but he looked away now do. . . to the lake.

"The Chippewa must have come in early this morning," he said. "She's lying in the harbor; I saw her on my way to the telegraph office. If Mr. Spearman has come back with her, tell him I'm sorry I can't wait to see him."

"When are you going?"

"Now."

She offered to drive him to Petoskey, but he already had arranged for a man to take him to the train.

She went to her room after he was gone and spread out again on her bed the watch—now the watch of Captain Stafford of the Miwaka — with the knife and coins of more than twenty years ago which came with it. The meaning of them now was all changed; she felt that; but what the new meaning might be could not yet come to her. Something of it had come to Alan; that, undoubtedly, was what had so greatly stirred him; but she could not yet reassemble her ideas. Yet a few facts had become plain.

A MAID came to say that Mr. Spearman had come up from his boat for breakfast with her and was downstairs. She went down to find Henry lounging in one of the great wicker chairs in the living room. He arose and came toward her quickly; but she halted before he could seize her.

"I got back, Connie—"

"Yes; I heard you did."

"What's wrong, dear?"

"Alan Conrad has been here, Henry."

"He has? How was that?"

She told him while he watched her intently. "He wired to Buffalo about the watch. He got a reply which he brought to me half an hour ago."

"Yes?"

"The watch belonged to Captain Stafford who was lost with the Miwaka, Henry."

He made no reply; but waited.

"You may not have known that it was his; I mean, you may not have known that it was he who rescued the people of the Winnebago, but you must have known that Uncle Benny didn't."

"Yes; I knew that, Connie," he answered evenly.

"Then why did you let me think the watch was his and that he must be—dead?"

"That's all's the matter? You had thought he was dead. I believed it was better for you—for every one—to believe that."

She drew a little away from him, with hands clasped behind her back, gazing intently at him. "There was some writing found in Uncle Benny's house in Astor Street—a list of names of relatives of people who had lost their lives upon the lake. Wassaquam knew where those things were. Alan says they were given to him in your presence."

She saw the blood rise darkly under his skin. "That is true, Connie."

"Why didn't you tell me about that?"

He straightened as if with anger.

"Why should I? Because he thought that I should? What did he tell you about those lists?"

"I asked you, after you went back, if anything else had happened, Henry, and you said, 'nothing.' I should not have considered the finding of those lists 'nothing.'"

"Why not? What were they but names? What has he told you they

were, Connie? What has he said to you?"

"Nothing — except that his father had kept them very secretly; but he's found out they were names of people who had relatives on the Miwaka!"

"What?"

Recalling how her blood had run when Alan had told her that, Henry's whiteness and the following suffusion of his face did not surprise her.

He turned away a moment and considered. "Where's Conrad now, Connie?"

"He's gone to Frankfort to cross to Manitowoc."

"To get deeper into that mess, I suppose. He'll only be sorry."

"Sorry?"

"I told that fellow long ago not to start stirring these matters up about Ben Corvet, and particularly I told him that he was not to bring any of it to you. It's not—a thing that a man like Ben covered up for twenty years till it drove him crazy is sure not to be a thing for a girl to know. Conrad seems to have paid no attention to me. But I should think by this time he ought to begin to suspect what sort of thing he's going to turn up. I don't know; but I certainly suspect—Ben leaving everything to that boy, whom no one had heard of, and the sort of thing which has come up since. It's certainly not going to be anything pleasant for any of us, Connie—for you, or your father, or for me, or for anybody who'd cared for Ben, or had been associated with him. Least of all, I should say, would it prove anything pleasant for Conrad. Ben ran away from it, because he knew what it was; why doesn't this fellow let him stay away from it?"

"He—I mean Alan, Henry," she said, "isn't thinking about himself in this; he isn't thinking about his father. He believes—he is certain now—that, whatever his father did, he injured some one; and his idea in going ahead—he hasn't told it to me that way, but I know—is to find out the whole matter in order that he may make recompense. It's a terrible thing, whatever happened. He knows that, and I know; but he wants—and I want him for his sake, even for Uncle Benny's sake—to see it through."

"Then it's a queer concern you've got for Ben! Let it alone, I tell you."

SHE stood flushed and perplexed, gazing at him. She never had seen him under stronger emotion.

"You misunderstood me once, Connie!" he appealed. "You'll understand me now!"

She had been thinking about that injustice she had done him in her thought—about his chivalry to his partner and former benefactor, when Uncle Benny was still keeping his place among men. Was Henry now moved, in a way which she could not understand, by some other obligation to the man who long ago had aided him? Had Henry hazarded more than he had told her of the nature of the thing hidden which, if she could guess it, would justify what he said?

In the confusion of her thought, one thing came clearly which troubled her and of which she could not speak. The watch of Captain Stafford's and the ring and the coins, which had made her believe that Uncle Benny was dead, had not been proof of that to Henry. Yet he had taken advantage of her belief, without undeceiving

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her, to urge her to marry him at once. She knew of the ruthlessness of Henry's business life; he had forced down, overcome all who opposed him, and he had made full use for his own advantage of other men's mistakes and erroneous beliefs and opinions. If he had used her belief in Uncle Benny's death to hasten their marriage, it was something which others—particularly she—could pardon and accept.

If she was drawn to him for his strength and dominance, which sometimes ran into ruthlessness, she had no right to complain if he turned it thus upon her.

She had made Alan promise to write her, if he was not to return, regarding what he learned; and a letter came to her on the fourth day from him in Manitowoc. The postoffice employees had no recollection, he said, of the person who had mailed the package; it simply had been dropped by some one into the receptacle for mailing packages of that sort. They did not know the handwriting upon the wrapper, which he had taken with him; nor was it known at the bank or in



any of the stores where he had shown it. The shoe dealer had no recollection of that particular box, Alan, however, was continuing his inquiries.

In September he reported in a brief, totally impersonal note, that he was continuing with the investigations he had been making previous to his visit to Harbor Point; this came from Sarnia, Ontario. In October he sent a different address where he could be found in case anything more came, such as the box which had come to Constance in August.

SHE wrote to him in reply each time; in lack of anything more important to tell him, she related some of her activities and inquired about his. After she had written him thus twice, he replied, describing his life on the boats pleasantly and humorously; then, though she immediately replied, she did not hear from him again.

She had returned to Chicago late in September and soon was very busy with social affairs, benefits, and bazaars which were given that fall for the Red Cross and the different Allied causes; a little later came a series of the more personal and absorbing luncheons and dances and dinners for her and for Henry, since their engagement, which long had been taken for granted by every one who knew them, was announced now. So the days drifted into December and winter again.

The lake, beating against the es-

planade across the Drive before Constance's windows, had changed its color; it had no longer its autumn blue and silver; it was gray, sluggish with floating needle-points of ice held in solution. The floe had not yet begun to form, but the piers and breakwaters had white ice caps frozen from spray—harbingers of the closing of navigation. The summer boats, those of Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman with the rest, were being tied up. The birds were gone; only the gulls remained—gray, clamorous shapes circling and calling to one another cross the water. Early in December the newspapers announced the closing of the locks at the "Soo" by the ice.

That she had not heard from Alan was beginning to recur to Constance with strange insistence. He must have left the boats by now, unless he had found work on one of those few which ran through the winter.

He and his occupation, instead of slipping from her thoughts with time, absorbed her more and more. Soon after he had gone to Manitowoc and he had written that he had discovered nothing, she had gone to the office of the Petoskey paper and, looking back over the twenty-year-old files, she had read the account of the loss of the *Miwaka*, with all on board. That fate was modified only by the Indian Drum beating short. So one man from the *Miwaka* had been saved somehow, many believed. If that could have been, there was, or there had been, some one alive after the

ship "disappeared"—Alan's word went through her with a chill—who knew what had happened to the ship and who knew of the fate of his ship-mates.

SHE had gone over the names again; if there was meaning in the Drum, who was the man who had been saved and visited that fate on Benjamin Corvet? Was it Luke? There was no Luke named among the crew; but such men often went by many names. If Luke had been among the crew of the *Miwaka* and had brought from that lost ship something which threatened Uncle Benny that, at least, explained Luke.

Then another idea had seized her. Captain Caleb Stafford was named among the lost, of course; with him had perished his son, a boy of three. That was all that was said, and all that was to be learned of him, the boy.

Alan had been three then. This was wild, crazy speculation. The ship was lost with all hands; only the Drum, believed in by the superstitious and the most ignorant, denied that. The Drum said that one soul had been saved. How could a child of three have been saved when strong men, to the last one, had perished? And, if he had been saved, he was Stafford's son. Why should Uncle Benny have sent him away and cared for him and then sent for him and, himself disappearing, leave all he had to—Stafford's son?

Or was he Stafford's son? Her thought went back to the things which had been sent—the things from a man's pockets with a wedding ring among them. She had believed that the ring cleared the mother's name; might it in reality only more involve it? Why had it come back like this to the man by whom, perhaps, it had been given? Henry's words came again and again to Constance: "It's a queer concern you've got for Ben. Leave it alone, I tell you!" He knew then something about Uncle Benny which might have brought on some terrible thing which Henry did not know but might guess? Constance went weak within. Uncle Benny's wife had left him, she remembered. Was it better, after all, to "leave it alone?"

But it wasn't a thing which one could command one's mind to leave alone; and Constance could not make herself try to, so long as it concerned Alan. Coming home late one afternoon toward the middle of December, she dismissed the motor and stood gazing at the gulls. The day was chill, gray; the air had the feel, and the voices of the gulls had the sound to her, which precede the coming of a severe storm. The gulls recalled sharply to her the day when Alan first had come to them, and how she had been the one first to meet him and the child verse which had told him that he too was of the lakes.

She went on into the house. A telegraph envelope addressed to her father was on the table in the hall. A servant told her the message had come an hour before, and that he had telephoned to Mr. Sherrill's office, but Mr. Sherrill was not in. There was no reason for her thinking that the message might be from Alan except his presence in her thoughts, but she went at once to the telephone and called her father. He was in now, and he directed her to open the mess-

age and read it to him.

"Have some one," she read aloud; she choked in her excitement at what came next—"Have some one who knew Mr. Corvet well enough to recognize him, even if greatly changed, meet Carferry Number 25 Manitowoc Wednesday this week. Alan Conrad."

Her heart was beating fast. "Are you there?" she said into the 'phone. "Yes."

"Whom shall you send?"

There was an instant's silence. "I shall go myself," her father answered.

She hung up the receiver. Had Alan found Uncle Benny? He had found, apparently; someone whose resemblance to the picture she had showed him was marked enough to make him believe that person might be Benjamin Corvet; or he had heard of some one who, from the account he had received, he thought might be. She read again the words of the telegram . . . "even if greatly changed!" and she felt startling and terrifying warning in that phrase.

CHAPTER XV.

Old Burr of the Ferry.

IT was in late November and while the coal carrier *Pontiac*, on which he was serving as lookout, was in Lake Superior that Alan first heard of Jim Burr. The name spoken among some other names in casual conversation by a member of the crew, stirred and excited him; the name James Burr, occurring on Benjamin Corvet's list, had borne opposite it the legend "All disappeared; no trace," and Alan, whose investigations had accounted for all others whom the list contained, had been able regarding Burr only to verify the fact that at the address given no one of this name was to be found.

He questioned the oiler who had mentioned Burr. The man had met Burr one night in Manitowoc, with other men, and something about the old man had impressed both his name and image on him; he knew no more than that. At Manitowoc!—the place from which Captain Stafford's watch had been sent to Constance Sherrill and where Alan had sought for, but had failed to find, the sender! Had Alan stumbled by chance upon the one whom Benjamin Corvet had been unable to trace? Had Corvet, after his disappearance, found Burr? Had Burr been the sender, under Corvet's direction, of those things? Alan speculated upon this. The man might well, of course, be some other Jim Burr; there were probably many men by that name. Yet the James Burr of Corvet's list must have been such a one as the oiler described—a white haired old man.

Alan could not leave the *Pontiac* and go at once to Manitowoc to seek for Burr; for he was needed where he was. The season of navigation on Lake Superior was near its close. In Duluth shippers were clamoring for cargoes; ships were lading in haste for a last trip before ice closed the lake's outlet at the Soo against all ships. It was fully a week later and after the *Pontiac* had been laden again and had repassed the length of Lake Superior that Alan left the vessel at Sault Ste. Marie and took the train for Manitowoc.

(To be continued.)

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# PLAYS

## What's Wrong With the Stage?

**M**R. HORNBLow, editor of the Theatre Magazine, is perhaps the best entitled to a sane opinion on what is the matter with plays nowadays. And in his leader article this month he finds a good deal the matter.

What I ask in the theatre, he says, is the appeal to my deeper emotions, my better self, something in the nature of a spiritual uplift, something that will take me out of my everyday, humdrum existence, fire my imagination, stimulate my mental faculties and make me ponder. Certainly none of the pieces of our up-to-the-minute dramatists succeed in doing that.

Don't accuse me of being a high-brow. I deny the slanderous insinuation. I know little Latin and less Greek. I also wear my hair short. I claim to be an ordinary, average human being, who, if he consents to be enticed from his coalless fireside on a winter's night to go to the theatre, is justified in expecting to see something worth while.

How often do we get anything worth while? Isn't it true that most of the plays written to-day are the merest duff, flimsy dramatic carpentry, with shallow, artificial situations, suggestive dialogue, unredeemed by a single original or virile thought? These pieces are, for the most part, the cheapest claptrap, hastily thrown together by industrious wights intent only on catching the nimble dollar. They are not the matured work of big minds, of men who burn the midnight oil penning a message to humanity. Can great plays be rattled off on a typewriter while the manager's messenger waits at the door, snatching one page at a time? Hardly. Yet if the theatre has any raison d'être, if it deserves to live and prosper, it cannot be regarded only as a place of amusement for the idle and the thoughtless. It must do its share in trying to solve the problems of to-morrow by improving, not degrading, the taste of to-day. Now more than at any other time, when the whole world lies agonizing, the dramatist has tremendous responsibilities. By putting spiritual quality into his plays, he can encourage the despondent, give cheer to those who have almost lost hope, whereas now with his inept, frivolous, salacious pieces, he is leading the way to degradation and despair.

**W**ILLIAM A. HOLDEN, in The Theatre, says that a wave of indecency has recently swept the New York stage. A perverted idea of life, a sort of commercialized vice propaganda, is being carried on in the open, with the unblushing connivance of certain theatrical producing firms. The morals of the younger generation are being endangered by unclean plays that twist right and wrong in queer directions, and try to cover vice with a honeyed coating of soft words. From its earliest history the stage has had to suffer from the ill-repute undeservedly given it by the ignorant and the bigoted. Those who

love the drama at its best have tried to fight this absurd prejudice, and by the production of good plays had almost succeeded in giving the theatre a high place among our worthiest social institutions. But now comes the greedy manager who, solely to fill his pockets with ill-gotten shekels, undoes all that has been done, and prostitutes the stage for love of the dollar. Bare



This sketch from life of the man who escaped from a terrible catastrophe with his only remaining child—as told by himself—is one kind of thing that would not be out of place in many demoralizing modern plays.

legs, insinuating lines, suggestive scenes are being nightly presented in our best theatres to young and old alike. Innocent sounding titles lure unsuspecting women and children to

see plays that are frankly indecent and grossly immoral. Of course, there are clean plays on the boards and we still have managers with scruples, thank Heaven! The truth is the most successful box-office attractions to-day are for the most part productions that have a healthy atmosphere about them.

**M**R. HERBERT THOMAS, English, has produced a new type of play calling for but two actors. You remember that Dunsany did this very successfully in his two-man comedy, the Glittering Gate, where two rummies hold a dialogue at the gates of heaven. Thomas has made his play a counterpart by calling it Out of Hell. The London Times says it is a "thrilling, amazing little play." The Telegraph says:

Clever, vehement work it is, but after all, rather noisy, and you come away thinking of its ingenuity, perhaps of its violence, perhaps of the queer tricks of the story, impressed once more, no doubt, with the horrors of war, but wondering whether all the woe was worth while. Mr. Herbert Thomas knows how to make his hearers suffer, and he has the right of a clever man in earnest. He does contrive to suggest for us something of the beauty and the nobility of the sacrifices which women and men are making every day. But his play is of situations and sensations, and his people are puppets of queer circumstance; in fine, it is melodrama.

## An Unstaged Canadian Romance

**R**OMANCES are not all dead. The latest Count of Monte Cristo romance that has not yet, so far as we know, got into print, is that of the telephone girl in Quebec Province—somewhere not far from Ottawa—who was suddenly inflicted with \$74,000,000.

The story goes—that the young woman was an operator in a small exchange, supporting a sister and mother who lived with her on a fourteen-acre run-down farm. The mother and sister both died, leaving the poor little farm to the telephone girl, who would have been better off without it and wondered what she would do with the wretched little place all tied up with debts as it was—

Till suddenly some wise expert wandered along that way and took a look at the farm. Other experts came. They were not wanting to buy farm land, at least not to farm it. But they wanted to buy this farm; wanted it very badly.

To tell the truth—as legends go—they told the girl that her little farm on the hill was almost a solid mass of pure radium and platinum, an unheard-of mixture, of the world's most precious metals; and would she consider taking the small sum of \$74,000,000 for it?

Not being an expert in minerals the

poor girl was compelled to take the money. She woke up to find herself a multi-millionairess, richer than any man in Canada! What did she do? Go to New York, or build a castle in Montreal? No, like a real romancer as she was, she stuck to her job in gratitude to the telephone manager who had kept her at work when other girls were laid off. She made him a present of \$100,000. To all the other operators she made promises of large gifts of money, subject to good behavior. She took over the running of the exchange. When the operators displeased her she threatened to cut off their allowance, or to reduce it by a few thousands.

What is she going to do with the rest of the money? Poor girl! She will worry herself into an early grave trying to discuss how to die without having too much money.

"**N**OW," said the colonel, looking along the line of recruits, "I want a good, smart bugler." At that, says London Opinion, out stepped a dilapidated fellow who had a thick stubble of black beard. "What!" said the colonel, eyeing him up and down. "Are you a bugler?" "Oh, bugler!" said he, "I thought you said burglar."



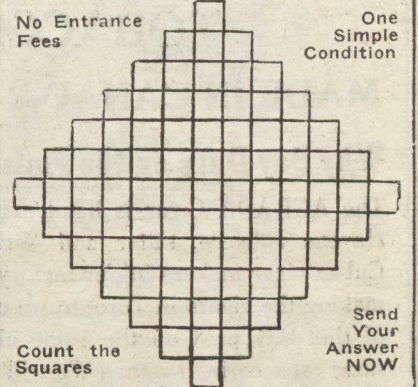
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### SUPER-ODDITIES

WITH the easy grace of those who are accustomed by long habit two persons swung and swayed upon the street-car. As they chatted pleasantly a man sitting near arose and offered his seat to a lady. And then one of the original two commented to his neighbor: "I've been riding on this line for eight years," he said, "and I have never given up my seat to a lady." "Then you have never had any manners," snubbed the friend, severely. "Not so," answered the first. "I have never had any seat."

A LOCAL lawyer the other day recalled an experience of his when, as a newly fledged barrister, he was called upon to arbitrate in a compensation case in regard to certain slum property. Accompanied by an official from the City Hall he proceeded to inspect the houses—there were six of them—and directly they set foot in the first one they noticed a distinctly disagreeable smell. In the second it was the same—only more so. The third one they entered was even worse. The official sniffed and sniffed. "What an unpleasant—ahem—odor," he said at length. "Can it be the drains?" The owner of the property shook his head. "Can't be the drains," he replied emphatically, "there ain't none."


"GOOD-MORNING, judge," said the prisoner, cheerfully. "You seem in a good humor for a man who has spent the night in jail." "So I am, your honor. I had a good night's rest and that always refreshes me. You see, my wife is a timorous woman and when I sleep at home I'm compelled to investigate many strange noises. No doubt there were burglars all around me last night, but I didn't have to get out of bed and look for them."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

IN a small town where something of importance happens perhaps once a year signs were posted on every tree and pole which read, "He is coming. He is coming." About two weeks later new signs appeared proclaiming, "He is here. He is here. He is at the Town Hall to-night. Admission, 10 cents." All the townsfolk, enticed by the prospect of seeing a distinguished person, gathered at the hall at the time appointed. At 8 o'clock the curtain was raised displaying a large sign which read: "He has gone."

DOROTHEA'S aunt was visiting with Dorothea's somewhat wealthy and particular parents, who had brought up their daughter after their own manner. The aunt and the girl were about to go out, when the girl observed: "Are you going out, auntie? You've got a hole in your veil." "Have I?" replied the aunt. "I'm afraid I haven't time to change it now." "Oh, well, it's not a very big one," replied the girl, "and, after all, I don't suppose any one will know you're my aunt."

"HOW do you like being a soldier?" "All right," answered the enlisted actor, according to Judge. "But our manager is a fiend for rehearsals."

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