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The CANADIAN COURIER
The National Weekly

Vol. XX. August 12th, 1916 No. 11

THE PLAY-PEDDLERS' TRUSTS

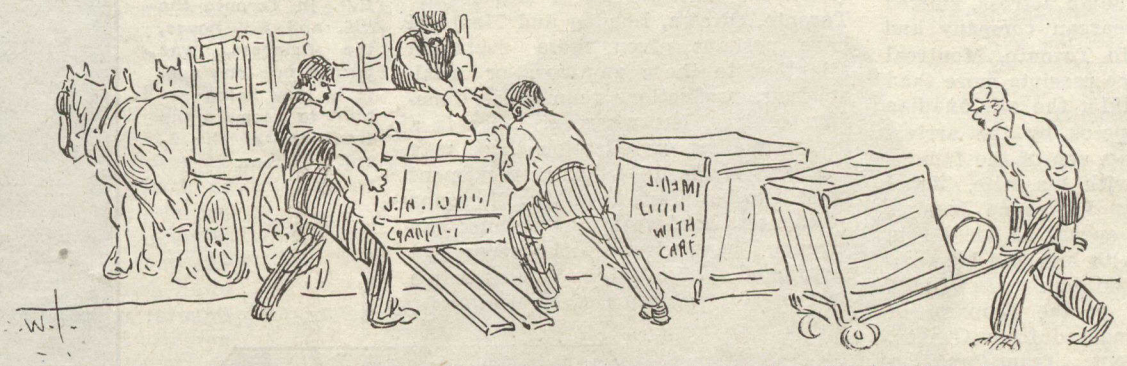
Why Canada Gets Most of the Best Productions of the Commercial Stage

By Britton B. Cooke

DECORATION BY C. W. JEFFERYS

IT takes the average child some time to learn that the stars don't just run around loose in the sky at night; and it takes many a grown-up years of theatre-going to comprehend the marvellous system on which the luminaries of the histrionic universe—the theatrical stars as they are called—come and go in their orbits. Just as an unseen stage-manager gives Saturn his cue to enter or leave a certain part of the firmament, so the Play Peddlers' Trusts—there are two of them—say when Montreal shall see John Drew in a new morning coat, or when Winnipeg is to hear Mr. Augustus Thomas's latest masterpiece—Augustus Thomas writes nothing but masterpieces—or when Toronto is to be shocked by such-and-such a tipsy musical comedy. The stage management of our nightly firmament may be a degree more mysterious than that of our theatres, but only a degree. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, and Messrs. Shubert, the two trusts that dominate the American-Canadian stage, are to most people, even to some of its own employees, mere names, but eminently powerful ones.

If the stage is as great an educational factor as the old time priests used to think it was—and no one has ever been able to deny it—then one of the most important educational influences in Canada is controlled by these two theatrical trusts in New York. As a matter of fact, there is no "if" about it. Englishmen wonder at the close resemblance between the American and Canadian sense of humour. They find the slang of New York echoed in Victoria—except, of course, among the Englishmen of Victoria. They note how closely the Canadian view of what is a "good show" approximates the American view. Though as a matter of fact these resemblances are only superficial and there are countless points—increasing in number—in which Americans and Canadians differ, the fact is that our theatres, supplied chiefly with American productions, reflect American habits and manners into the minds of Canadians. Even Canadian writers appear to approximate their work to the American public because Americans control the commercial theatre on this continent. Thus Harvey O'Higgins' "Mr. Lazarus" is in an American setting and seeks success in New York before ever it comes to play-houses in O'Higgins' native land. When next you observe a group of profane hotel porters heaving titanic trunks with American labels into the baggage-lift of that hostelry where good theatricals stay when in your city—or when you see a crew of lorry-drivers inveigling a colossal piece of American-made scenery down the back lane which leads to a stage entrance—consider then that you have just had the privilege of glimpsing one of the functions of the American trusts. You may resent the American labels and American scene carpentry. But the next time you hear that a Canadian girl—like Margaret Anglin—has been elevated to a pinnacle of glory with bill-posters about her, or that a Canadian has written a successful play and made a fortune out of it—an example of this is, for the moment, missing—remember that without the American trusts these things would not have been so easy. For the United States provides an audience over ten times as big as Canada, and therefore ten times as able to patronize a production.



When you observe a group of hotel porters heaving titanic trunks with American labels——

WHEN an old-time brother in a musty monastary wrote a morality play on a greasy parchment he probably took the thing in great trepidation, to the Abbot and with blushes asked the holy gentleman to read it over with a view to putting it on, on the "green" of the village that snuggled for spiritual warmth, let us say, against the outer walls of the monastery. So the Abbot looked it over and tapped his foot, humming the while, and clearing his throat. It has ever been the privilege of stupid people to censor works they could never produce themselves, but let us assume that the Abbot, besides being stupid, was afraid some other Abbot might get the parchment and steal whatever glory the play might yield, if he, the first Abbot, turned it down. So he abused the Monk and said the technique was rotten, but he'd see about putting it on—himself in the leading role. But nowadays when you have written a play and inflicted it on your friends you go finally to New York to some producer to whom you have a letter of introduction. The letter may be worth something or it may not. Then, the play may be or may not be worthy. Perhaps, if you haven't a leter of introduction you break your heart and your purse trying to get appointments with producers, or better still, you go to some play-reader of established reputation who reads your effort and —let us say—recommends it to a producer. Enter now the Trusts.

Many years ago plays were produced by various individuals with money and nerve. They got together scenery and actors to fit the manuscript. They played as long as they could in their home city, New York or Boston or Philadelphia, and if the play was popular they led it out later into the wilderness of small cities and towns. They took more or less chances about getting halls or "opera houses" or real theatres to play in. They sent advance agents and they moved heavily and expensively from place to place. If other producers had already pre-empted the right to use certain favourable theatres, its rival production might be held up for many weeks before it could arrange its schedule. Sometimes these plays did well, but at other times they failed miserably for want of good business management. Each company dealt as an individual with railroads and with the growing "menace" of unionism among stage mechanics. It stands to reason, producers did not always come off best in encounters over freight rates or wages of employees. Actors and actresses suffered under this system by the risk of financial collapse on the part of the producer. Theatre owners in the smaller cities were also at a loss since they could never be certain of being able to secure regular attractions at their houses.

About twenty years ago Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, chiefly known as producers of elaborate musical comedy, organized the theatrical trust. The basis of their control of the situation was a series of contracts with theatre-owners all over the continent. They made agreements with these owners to supply them with, say, forty weeks of attractions in a year, with such-and-such a division of the net receipts. They now proceeded to get together attractions to fill these contracts. They made, as it were, a programme of musical comedies, tragedy, serio-comedy with "stars" of varying magnitudes in each company. They sent these companies out on tour, keeping them all spinning like balls tossed in the air by an agile juggler. For a number of years they had practically no opposition, but about eight years after the founding of the trust the criticisms that had been brought up against it, found satisfaction, for the time being at least, in the advent of the Shubert. Cities in which the K. and E. trust had only one theatre were now able to support two and the Shuberts obtained control of the new one. Or theatre-owners seeking better terms or novelty, joined the Shuberts when their K. and E. contracts were up. Competition began to be a thing of real importance in the theatrical profession. Better plays and better players followed. To-day the two "trusts" run, as it were, neck-and-neck. The Shubert group includes such famous producers as Morosco, Shubert, Tyler, Brady and Winthrop Ames. The Klaw and Erlanger group includes Cohan and Harris, Belasco, the Frohman successors, and others. Between them they control not only all the first-class American theatres, but all the first-class Canadian theatres as well.

THE significance of Canada's lack of an evenly-distributed population between coast and coast is nowhere better demonstrated than in the arrangement of the theatrical circuits of the trusts. They prove, as perhaps nothing else shows so clearly, the north-and-south connections of our widely separated Canadian centres. The chief theatrical circuit entering Canada comes through New York State to Toronto, and possibly other Canadian cities, passing then west through Ohio to Chicago. Sometimes Montreal and Ottawa are let into this circuit, but more usually these two cities are supplied from New York via New England cities. Winnipeg and the prairies are connected with a circuit running out from Chicago via Milwaukee, St. Paul and Duluth. Vancouver and Victoria are on a circuit starting at San Francisco and including Seattle, Portland and Tacoma. Our far eastern cities are not very fortunate in the supply of productions. Their natural

alliance is with New England and New York. A play on one of these circuits may be a long time reaching the far end of another circuit, but, if it is a good play and not too costly to move, it eventually gets there, however garbled the original company may be.

That an all-Canadian circuit is possible was being proved and proved to the great satisfaction of Canadians, when the war broke out.

IN 1912 Louis Waller, the English romantic actor, tried the experiment of an all-Canadian tour. He had just had a somewhat unpleasant experience with an unsuccessful vehicle in New York. New York had rejected his offering and lost him money to boot. So Waller used a little costume play, "A Marriage of Convenience," with Madge Titheridge as leading lady, and, starting at Montreal, toured all the way to the Coast. He made a great financial success of the venture. In the following year, 1913, the incomparable Martin Harvey brought out his "The Only Way" for a trans-Canadian tour. He brought with him an all-English company and played in every important Canadian centre. He, too, made a financial success and, more than that, added to his fame as an actor by his prowess as a speaker at various Canadian gatherings held in his honour at his various stopping places. As a Britisher, Canadians had a special interest in him. His all-red-route tour might almost have been regarded as stimulating "Imperial spirit," as the Conservatives call it. In the fall of 1913, Margaret Anglin, the Canadian actress, started at Vancouver with a Shakespearean company and repertoire and came through to Toronto, Montreal and Boston. Again the box office receipts more than paid expenses. In February, 1914, the all-Canadian tour received still greater impetus by the arrival of the lamented Lawrence Irving, son of the famous Irving, playing in repertoire with his wife, Mabel Hackney. Canadians who saw Lawrence Irving's "Typhoon" or who heard him speak, as he did in various cities, were delighted with him and his company. The tour was very profitable. Unhappily, Irving was lost in the wreck of the Empress of Ireland on his way back to England from Quebec. Shortly afterward war broke out. Trans-Canadian tours are at present not possible.

These pre-war experiments show, however, what can be done. Not all "shows" would be successful, nor all actors, in such a tour. De Wolf Hopper's Vancouver-Montreal tour, in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, was a success, but musical comedy of less merit—the kind of stuff that comes over from New York at regular intervals—might not be able to stand up to the test. What makes the all-Canadian tour so risky is the long jump from Ontario to Manitoba, from Winnipeg to Calgary, and from Calgary to the Coast. Productions must be failure-proof to risk paying transportation on those long non-traffic-bearing hauls. It should be said in this connection that although the American theatrical trusts may have been put to some slight inconvenience by these all-Canadian tours, they apparently did everything they could to facilitate them. The bookings had, of course, to be made through them.

Can we ever have a Canadian national drama? This is the question the discriminating and discerning play-goer loves to dally with. Some are optimistic and others cock-sure that the thing is impossible for many generations to come. So far as the commercial stage is concerned there are no doubt many difficulties to overcome. The success of the trans-Canada tours cannot be taken as a sign that the national drama is nearly possible in Canada, because, of course, the successful companies came originally from England. What we may argue from this is that we may in time have not only the bookings of the American trusts, but British productions also. This is an advantage.

SIGNS of a deeper interest in dramatic productions, and in a class of play really superior to the average commercial drama, are to be seen in what is called the "Little Theatre Movement." Toronto, Ottawa, London and Montreal have perhaps given more sustained attention to these amateur, or semi-amateur, productions than other Canadian centres, but wherever there is a lively amateur organization there may the roots of the little theatre movement be said to be taking root. Small groups of earnest, hard-working amateurs can give and have given in the cities just mentioned, delightful and inexpensive presentations of some of Maeterlinck's, Shaw's, Tagore's, and other writers' shorter works. These short works are seldom undertaken by the commercial theatres and it is only a short step from producing such plays as these, to putting on the efforts of local Canadian writers. There are those who say that as the amateur movement grows in Canada we may see a sort of "Little Theatre" circuit spring up—pure speculation at present, however.

These are some of the "stars" whose goings and comings the trusts fix. Though Madame Edvina, the Canadian, is a grand opera singer and not an actress, even her appearances have had to have "Trust" approval. In order to obtain a booking in a first class theatre in Canada the grand opera producers, like any other producers, have to consult either the Shuberts or "K. and E." In Toronto the "K. and E." house, the Princess, was burned not long ago. It is now being rebuilt to keep up the traditions of the 2-trust system.

Faversham, the inimitable, full of life and brilliant ability, is well known to Canadian audiences. As "The "Fawn" and "The Hawk" he has delighted thousands

Mrs. Fiske, many years ago, fought the K. & E. Trust by playing even in second and third class show houses provided they were free of the Trust. Some of her best performances have been given in the tawdriest 10-20-30-cent theatres, and she brought the snobs of every town to see her at that and forced the "Trust" to admit that she was not only an actress but a good business woman.

Maude Adams (as Leonora in Barrie's play) has a great following in the cities north of the American boundary. Perhaps it is because she plays Barrie so charmingly or because people in this country are particularly appreciative of whimsical drama, "Peter Pan" is part of every child's education and there has never been a better Peter Pan than Miss Adams.

Richardson Quits No-Man's Land

The Vigorous Publisher of the Winnipeg Tribune Has Fought Under Fire From Both Parties

By WILLIAM H. MOORE

WHEN the city of Winnipeg was no bigger than a two-paper town, the "Tribune" was its third paper. The struggles and sacrifices involved in the building-up of a newspaper property from this foundation, can be fully appreciated only by the newspaper fraternity. In the last year of the eighties, when the "Tribune" was born, Winnipeggers were sharply divided into hard-shell Grits and dyed-in-the-wool Tories, and looked upon partisan editorials as the staff of life, preferring to have even their daily diet of news served up with a salt-and-pepper partisan flavour. With this in mind, it is not a matter of surprise that the "Tribune"—sometimes Grit, sometimes Tory, and more often neither Tory nor Grit—did not meet with immediate favour.

And to make matters worse, the new paper had to overcome a news monopoly. The press service franchises at the time were practically in one man's hands, and this one man had no terms to offer the would-be intruder. News for the columns of the paper had to be brought in by special wire with high tolls and collecting costs that voraciously ate into the slim receipts of the initial issues. If R. L. Richardson, "the man behind," had not been in possession of the youth that believes in Destiny and looks upon life as a prolonged hurdle race, the "Tribune" would have been still-born. As it turned out, the paper had many a narrow escape from death through lack of nourishment in its infant years. However, a coroner's jury was not called upon to perform an autopsy over the body of the "Tribune." Lack of partisan patronage, and news-gathering difficulties seemed to strengthen rather than stunt its growth. The news monopoly was finally overcome; and the experience gained in the early days in which news was gathered in outof-the-way corners and through other than the ordinary channels, served to brighten the "Tribune's" pages and supplement the usual news when in after years it had acquired associated press privileges.

Fortunately, a rush of immigration to the country, largely from the United States, consisting of men and families who had not been classified and pigeon-holed by the party organizers, greatly facilitated the "Tribune's" success as a news purveyor. News-editors and reporters were brought from the United States, men who added "pep" and "ginger" and the condiments with which Americans have become accustomed in their daily newspaper meal, men who knew just what the newcomers wanted and how they preferred to have it served up. The paper began to bristle, and even the older inhabitants who frowned upon its political vagaries, bought it because of its news-value.

There is nothing quite like the Winnipeg "Tribune" in Canadian newspaperdom. It is moulded after the pattern of papers in the large cities of the North-Western States, and is Canada's most glaring example of sensational journalism: red ink—expensive in these days of dear chemicals—and huge double-column headings, are freely used to call attention to the great events of the day; and, if, perchance, there are no great events, the red ink and scare headings are used for the baseball scores or matters of like unimportance. They have become a part of the ordinary make-up of the paper. "Extras" are issued upon the slightest pretext. The "Tribune" must be first with the news and if, as sometimes happens, it is ahead of the news, then the mistake is corrected by issuing an extra "extra." In short, all the devious arts known to sensational journalism are practised by the Winnipeg "Tribune." The managing editor is a staid Scotchman, but it is a long road from the Winnipeg "Tribune" to the Glasgow "Herald." It is only fair to add that it is a long road from Manitoba to Scotland.

TO-DAY Winnipeg is a three-paper town, according to the recognized measuring-gauge of publishers, and the "Tribune" is not its third paper; as a matter of fact, it is a serious contender for first place. The once antagonizing editorial policy has, through changing times, become a strong factor in making for circulation. Men may no longer be safely classified as Grits and Tories by way of reference to the family-tree, and have learned to turn their political coats as quickly as the "Tribune" ever did. Nowadays in Western Canada political coats are made with reversible sides, as even the most casual student of public affairs in the Prairie Provinces must know.

Compulsory education in national schools, the English language, taxation of railway lands, prohibition of the liquor traffic, public ownership of public utilities, civil service reform, and a customs tariff low enough to rank as free trade, are some of the planks in the "Tribune's" platforms. One of the first parts which it played in public life was in connection with the Disallowance Question, ending in the breaking of the Canadian Pacific monopoly in Western Canada. The "Tribune" advocated sending Canadian troops to the Boer war and supported a naval grant to the motherland even before it was proposed by the Borden Government, and approves of vigorous Canadian participation in the Great European War. Born "a trust-busting" the "Tribune" hit the anti-corporation trail as naturally as a duck takes to water and followed it with more vigour than discrimination.

Richardson's is the most interesting figure in the group.

There is a strange fascination for some men in a struggling newspaper enterprise. R. L. Richardson did not have to bear the burden of the early days alone. D. L. McIntyre, who went to school with Richardson at Balderson's Corners, "somewhere in Ontario," had been West, acquired means, and placed a part of them at the service of his old schoolmate's journalistic venture. A. B. Bethune, who has a penchant for writing, took part in the new enterprise and was unsparing in his labours to spread the "Tribune" doctrines. The triumvirate was assisted by J. J. Moncrieff, a Scotchman of rugged integrity with a inordinate appetite and capacity for work. This group of four men believed in themselves and their mission, and were rather proud of being regarded by the community as Ishmaelites.

It is impossible for one who was not within the inner circle, to weigh the separate services rendered by the members of this group in the making of the "Tribune." But certain it is that Moncrieff, who was on hand when the paper first came off the press, nearly 30 years ago to-day its managing editor, has contributed substantially to its success. It is he, I suspect, who has done the organizing, answered complaints, looked after the innumerable details, and generally oiled and regulated the works.

I have referred to R. L. Richardson as "the man behind"; it would probably have been more accurate to have called him the "man in front." Newspapers in Canada are invariably mixed up in politics. And the "Tribune" is no exception to the rule. Although not partisan in the general sense of the word, the "Tribune" is by no means politically colourless. As a matter of fact, it is essentially political, aggressively and militantly political. The only difference between it and the ordinary paper, lies in the fact that, instead of drawing inspiration from one of the two great parties, the "Tribune" has followed a course mapped out for the conduct of public affairs by R. L. Richardson. And, looking from the outside in through "Tribune" windows, Richardson is the most interesting figure in the group and his the dominant personality of the paper.

FOR nearly three decades Richardson has presented a problem of varying importance to the politicians who would gain support in Western Canada—an elusive, undecipherable problem. Politics is sometimes described as a game, sometimes as warfare, and often as other things not pleasant to the ear. If politics be a game or warfare, then Richardson neither plays nor fights like most men. Perforce, Richardson, being out of the ordinary, is an interesting man.

Between the trenches of the Liberal and Conservative parties, there used to lie a vast "No-Man's-Land," possession of which was coveted by neither party, and it was from there Richardson of the "Tribune" did his fighting. He was at his best when, with a grenade in each hand, he deftly hurled them impartially to the left and the right. As might be expected, this sort of thing often brought about reprisals, and explosives were diverted from the Big Party trenches to "No-Man's-Land." When they came thick and fast, R. L. Richardson abandoned his ground and volunteered for service in the opposing trench.

Once upon a time, quite a few years ago, after having signed up for service with the Liberals and received command, he exploded with malicious intent a bomb within the Liberal front line trenches and, it is said, was court-martialed out of the party. The commanding officer of the Western battalion to which Richardson belonged was Clifford Sifton. The Honourable Clifford was righteously indignant at the conduct of his subaltern, and for years afterwards trained the party machine guns upon Richardson, who had retired to "No-Man's-Land." But in 1911 another bomb was exploded in the Liberal front-line trenches, and coming on the eve of a bayonet charge by the enemy, produced disastrous results. Sir Clifford and R. L. Richardson may be good friends now, for all I know. Their ways of leaving the Liberal party bear a resemblance. There was, however, this difference: the Richardson bomb was not as effective as that of his successor, and he shared the fate of unsuccessful rebels, while his more successful imitator was glorified as King Maker. Such are the fortunes of war! To this day, men remember the Richardson episode and say "he is not dependable."

AND this statement is unfair. Any party leader can stake his life upon the loyalty of R. L. Richardson, so long as the party is kept true to the faith which is within Richardson, and not a minute longer. It is true that he has wandered from "No-Man's-Land" to the Liberals and from the Liberals to the Conservatives, and back into "No-Man's-Land," in a manner that has somewhat bewildered and shocked the orthodox politicians; but in these vagaries, I believe, his motives always have been honest.

Not long ago there was mimic warfare between some children that I know, and one youthful commander reprimanded her eight-year-old brother for deserting regularly when rations were being served in the opposite camp, and returning only within the home lines in time for rations. But not so with R. L. Richardson. Even his bitterest opponents will admit that greed for nations was never behind his change of parties. He has manifested, over and over again, a contempt for the good things which the party in power traditionally provides for politicians and newspaper men.

R. L. Richardson was never at his best in either

of the party camps. His most brilliant campaigns were conducted from "No-Man's-Land." But the times have changed, and fighting from "No-Man's-Land" is not as attractive as it used to be. For one thing, there isn't so much of it. The two great parties have sapped "No-Man's-Land" with trenches in different directions and now regard a large part of it as their legitimate property. And then there has grown up a huge army of grain-growers, who have built their dug-outs in the old "No-Man's-Land," and set up the "Grain-Grower's Guide" as their standard.

When the Western Grain Growers' Movement began, the wise men glibly sketched for it a course of rise and fall. When it had grown into prominence and threatened to absorb the agrarian life of the three Provinces, the wise men were undismayed, and pointed to movements of equal importance in the United States, which had come and gone, but even the wisest of the wise men are now convinced that the Association of Grain Growers, unlike its predecessors, is not a mere ephemeral organism.

Several causes have contributed to the permanency of the movement, but none more than that its seeds fell upon prairie soil fallowed by Richardson and the "Tribune." Years before the Grain Growers' Association had presidents and secretaries, the "Tribune" was engaged in the daily work of preparing the public mind for the acceptance of co-operative marketing, and the hustings rang with the eloquence of R. L. Richardson on behalf of nine out of ten planks in the Grain Growers' platform. The paper and the man carried the ideas through the perilous stages which men call visionary, and when a concerted attempt was made to put these ideas into practice, the general public were prepared to believe them practicable.

By priority of possession, R. L. Richardson is entitled to leadership of the grain growers' movement, but his leadership is not acknowledged by the Association, and this brings us to a consideration of other features in the make-up of the man behind the "Tribune."

Several times a candidate, Richardson, if memory serves me right, has been only once a member of parliament. He has been a leader in ideals rather than a leader of men. The prophets of old were apparently little given to organization, and Richardson has been all his life essentially a prophet, not a priest. Whether he lacks organizing ability or shuns the work of the committee-room from choice, is an open question. It is true he has that indefinable thing called personality, without which successful leadership is impossible, but it may be safely assumed he is lacking in a knowledge of tactics and party discipline. He who has invariably confined himself to the frontal attack is not usually a tactician, and he who has himself spurned discipline, will naturally find it difficult to subject others to its yoke. It may be that the day is coming when these things are no longer necessary in our political life.

R. L. Richardson is older by nearly thirty years than when he took command of the "Tribune," and while he still possesses most of the vigour and zest of the old days he no longer fights simply for the love of battle. Maturity has sobered the judgment and brought a better perspective of life. In the early days reliance was placed almost solely upon intuition for conclusions and upon rhetoric for their presentation to the public. Nowadays the value of a careful analysis of the case in hand is appreciated. Idealism has been tempered with humanism. Richardson, in short, has reached the second period of his active public career, the days of his best capacity for the people's service. It may be that wealth and political leadership will come his way. Be that as it may, he will never be happier than when he planned his campaigns and fought his lone battles over the wide ranges of "No-Man's-Land."

The Mystery of Marjorie Sansom

A Piquant Story of the War, and Canadians Fighting in It

By MARVIN LESLIE HAYWARD

I SAT behind the battered desk in the little office of the "Rockport Advertiser," and held forth to Lucien Emery on the adamantine hardness of a country editor's life.

"It does look tough the way you 'dope' it out," admitted Lucien; "but why can't we think of some way to make a lot of money quick."

"Better men than us have racked their brainworks to pieces over the same problem," I laughed. "Still here's a forlorn hope, if you want to take a chance," I assured him as I picked up the last issue of the "Daily Banner."

"What is it—C. P. R. on a ten point margin?" queried Lucien, carelessly.

" 'The town of Blashfield is in a ferment of excitement over the mysterious disappearance of Miss Marjorie Sansom, the only daughter of George R. Sansom, the wealthy proprietor of the Blashfield Cotton Mill,' I read. 'The young lady left home last week to visit a friend at Stanford, and has never been seen or heard of since. The distracted father is leaving no stone unturned to solve the baffling mystery, and has offered a reward of $5,000 for any information throwing the slightest light upon the matter.' "

"I haven't the honour of the young lady's acquaintance, and it is rather a long chance," demurred Lucien; "but if I hadn't made up my mind to enlist we'd play the amateur detective for a time and split the reward."

It was just what I had been expecting, and I threw the "Banner" into the little Franklin stove.

"So you've really decided to go?" I asked, glancing down at my "game" ankle with a feeling of helpless and unreasoning animosity.

"Yes. I've drilled ever since I was fifteen, and I can't stay home and look an Arab peddler in the face. And say, old man, if anything happens, you know——"

"Yes."

"I'd kind of like for you to keep an eye on my little brother Jack, and do what you can for him. Mother died when he was only a kid, and I'm the only one he has to look to. He's bright, that boy is, and he'll amount to something if he has a chance."

"Depend on me to the limit of my slight resources," I assured him, with an uncomfortable obstruction in the general neighbourhood of the larynx.

"Then I'll rest easy," declared Lucien, as he swung out the door, and I imagine he was no more anxious than I to test his voice with any further conversational demands.

IT was certainly a busy time for the sleepy little town of Rockport; during the next three days. Colonel Masterson's battalion—the 67th Lecarnot Light Infantry—was hustled together, and almost before the good citizens were aware of what was going on, the "Valcartier Special" was pulling out with the customary musical and flag waving ceremonies. The men, clothed in the old-fashioned red tunics that had done duty at a dozen training camps, jammed the step and filled the windows, and unmistakeable signs of emotion were exhibited by various parties who had been entirely unaffected by "Gipsy" Symon's series of revival services during the preceding winter.

I myself stood on the crowded platform, and between the August sun in my eyes, and some very rapid and ineffectual winking, the moving cars took on various remarkable and fantastic shapes.

"Be sure to write to me," I called, as I caught sight of Lucien on the rear steps of the car assigned to "D" Company, and felt the necessity of saying something that would sound as if we expected to meet again in the course of a few months.

"Sure. You're continually scribbling stories," he replied, in the same commendable spirit, "and my letters might furnish some 'local colour,' I think you call it."

I watched the train until it went around Bradbury's bend, and then wandered back to the despised "Advertiser" building with Lucien's parting words ringing in my ears.

Poor Lucien was very forgetful, or else the postal arrangements are very unsatisfactory in that indefinite locality designated by the overworked phrase, "Somewhere in France"; for the first and only letter I ever received from him was nearly a year after the troops sailed from Canada, and it bore the official stamp of the German prison camp at Buffelburg.

It was a typical Emery letter, however—all the familiar mannerisms and the sudden plunge into the heart of his subject without any of the commonplace openings. It is one of my most treasured possessions; but I never used it as the basis of a story, for the "story" was in the letter itself, and the "local colour" was too vivid to tamper with.

Although frequently urged to do so, I never felt it my duty to give it to the public until the shallow pated editor of the "Stanley Press" published a lengthy and mushy editorial last week to the broad, general effect that we should forget the animosities of the late war and reinstate our former enemies at the council board of civilization; and that many of the stories of Hun atrocities were grossly overdrawn by some correspondents anxious to turn out striking and readable copy.

I am, therefore, giving Lucien's letter just as he wrote it, and will abide by the decision of my intelligent readers, excluding, of course, the editor of the "Stanley Press."

"The descent into the Pit was rapid and came with sharp dramatic suddenness," Lucien wrote. "The ascent therefrom was slow and laborious, and the way led through the gates of poignant pain. How long we remained in the Kingdom of Darkness I know not; but it seemed ages after we dropped into the black minatory Pit that yawned so suddenly at the bottom of our trench, before my errant soul came back to the inert clod of clay that had once housed my sentient being. Then one morning the Shadow fled; the Pit gave up its dead, and I opened my eyes in a German prison hospital with the long, precise rows of white cots, and the quiet, efficient nurses with the red cross on their plump sleeves.

"For an instant the whole world seemed to be revolving with amazing velocity; the distorted images of the Pit still danced before my eyes, and, as if from a great distance, came the sounds of fierce primeval conflict that had hammered at my ears during my last conscious moments. Gradually and indistinctly I realized who and where I was, and after a few preliminary tentative efforts I turned my eyes slightly to the left. Then for a brief moment it seemed that I was slipping back into the Stygian darkness from which I had just emerged.

"What I saw was enough to turn even a well balanced mind; for the Captain lay on the adjoining cot, bandaged and broken and an ashen pallor on his round, boyish face. Then, with an overpowering rush, it all came back to me, and I think I must have hovered about the yawning mouth of the Pit again, my mind a partial blank, and my vagrant thoughts travelling far afield, 'along the road of memory that leads to yesterday.'

"MY mental brigade staff worked after a fashion; slowly and haltingly, out of the succession of hazy pictures that flashed before my still distorted vision, one stood out vivid and distinct. It was August again and the magic of midsummer filled the air. The metallic carol of the bobolink and the clear call of the cedar bird rang out sharply from the trees along Brewer's intervale, and the mellow zip of the gang saws at Crawford's mill floated down the peaceful valley. I was strolling through the green fields on the western bank of the old river, towards our trysting place, the rustic seat under the 'Indian elm.' On the opposite side the little town of Rockport lay as quiet as Solomon's temple the day before it was dedicated, and the river itself glittered like a great silver mirror dropped between the verdant hills. The far horizon was an opalescent shimmer, and an amber haze rested like an unspoken benediction on hill and hollow, forest and field.

"Elsie was already there, under the shadow of the old elm, and the mellow sunlight filtering through the palpitant leaves, lit up her bronze hair with a halo of golden light. She spoke, and her voice chimed through the mist that seemed to be settling down again and obscuring the brilliant scene.

" 'Oh!' she exclaimed, an uncontrollable little catch in her voice, 'isn't the war dreadful? But you're not going, are you, Boy?'

"The golden fancy faded like the trick moving pictures they used to show years ago at the old 'Lyric Hall.' There was an interregnum of darkness. Then a blare of familiar military music, and our Company was drawn up in front of the Rockport Dominion Building, waiting for the noon express that would take us to Valcartier. The officers were all in their official stations; the sober people thronged through the little square, and Moses Calder's 'bush' band conscientiously rendered the 'British Grenadiers.'

"The Company, as you know, had not been got together without considerable difficulty, and that martial spirit was markedly absent that used to animate the countryside when the summer training camps were running. Major Barton and Captain

FIGHTING OFF THE HOT SPELL

Summer Sports in Wind and Water

YOU know exactly what's happened in this upper righthand picture. One of this jolly party—one who isn't anxious to show herself to the camera—has just had a ducking at the hands of a big, friendly, easy-going wave. The rest of the crowd didn't get quite so much of the wave's rollicking embrace. They can afford to giggle while the unfortunate one gets the water out of her bronchial tubes. The

second picture is a very important one, at least important for the camera man to get just right. This kind of a dive isn't a bit hard, but when you jump from a high enough trestle it's exciting enough for the onlookers. The diver himself has all the indifference of a man walking down a street among friends. Hot days make the cool touch of the water feel more than welcome—necessary.

Our canoeists, in the third picture, are obviously women. Why is it that the female of the species never misses an excuse to show

herself with her hair down—unless she happens to have no hair worth showing. These girls look cool, capable and barbarous. Perhaps it is the instinct of the cave-women, or memories of hair-ribbon days that makes them loose their tresses to the breeze. Or maybe they've been reading about fairy princes who climbed up to the princess's tower by means of her golden strands. Whatever the reason, it's strictly feminine. These same girls will spend great time and pains doing up this very hair when they get back to town.

In the very bottom picture—not the picture of our small friend the wharf-master—everybody is trying to beat everybody else into the "drink." This sort of thing is frightfully hard on the nervous little fishes, but it's great for the crowd. It is also hard on the people who cook the meals at this particular summer resort. You can't pitch yourself into a Canadian lake many times and not have a hankering for your food thereafter. Note the little girl who faces the camera. She is of that round, plump build that floats like a bubble and swims like an eel. All these pictures were taken along the shores of Lake Simcoe during the big hot spell.

The photographer, on his way to lunch, met the little fellow in the lower-right-hand picture. His mother wouldn't let him in paddling, so he was playing Admiral Jellicoe and the fleet—though to tell you the truth he had only one dreadnought, and a five-cent one at that. But it's surprising what you can do even with a five-cent boat in the way of sinking Germans and settling the affairs of the Empire.

Ward, officers in the inactive and peace time militia of Canada, were very much in evidence, however, on the side lines.

"'They were too d— scared of their skins to go themselves', a man from Monquat remarked audibly, and of the boys who went that day not more than three had ever worn the King's uniform with me on the warlike and canteened field of Sussex.

"The band came to the ragged end of the selection, and then, after the younger members of the 'Woman's Institute' had distributed some cigarettes and other creature comforts, Mark Ford, the young and assertive attorney, whom you know so well and dislike so cordially, delivered an oration from the post-office steps. Ford, as O'Henry would say, was 'some gravy' at delivering himself of audible sounds relating to 'matters and conclusions', and one could hear the traditional pin drop as he drew a realistic and plagiarized word picture of the brave soldier boys parting from those they loved and 'marching proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand wild music of war, marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory, to do and to dare for the eternal right. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by the forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge when men become of iron with nerves of steel.'

"That all seemed a long time ago; but as I lay in the little hospital I could imagine the patriotic and eloquent Ford still back in his dingy 'two-by-twice' Rockport office, scanning, no doubt, a divorce libel, or advising a client how to 'swear out' of jail with a Waltham watch in his pocket.

The reel seemed to flicker out, and then the Captain's face swung into alignment again. The young Captain who had taken charge of our Company the second week at Valcartier, and whom we had vowed to follow to the brink of h—. I, at least, had followed him through that undesirable region and on to this hospital camp on the sunny banks of the historic Rhine. The rest of the Company were back at ——, no doubt, at the bottom of the Pit that had almost held me in its iron grasp.

"The old parade ground stood out clearly in the yellow sunlight; but the trip over, the weary wait on Salisbury Plain, the sail across the Channel in the crowded transport, all seemed hazy and indistinct, and then the three weeks that we spent at the little French village of ——, within sound of the thundering delirious artillery, passed in rapid review.

"I saw again the quaint French streets—the old-fashioned houses; the people—their warm, unobtrusive kindness, and their unutterable wrongs. For the village had been occupied twice by the enemy during the march to Paris—going in the flush of victory, and coming back in the bitterness of defeat—and we had entered it close on their heels.

"I tried to shut out the scene, for my still unstable mind reeled with the thoughts of our first few days in that village, and if I were to write the hundredth part of what we saw and heard, it would make the Bryce report look like a boy's story paper, and would be set down by you and the good people of Canada as the vagary of a half-unbalanced mind.

"There, for instance, was the body of a young girl we found at the first cross road beyond the village,

(Continued on page 17.)

THE MORALS OF MANITOBA

Unscrupulous Thermometers—Rampageous Rust—Two Per Cent. Alcohol—The Clock With Two Hour Hands—and the Assize Court

WINNIPEG, July 31, 1916.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

HERE is a pilgrims' chorus programme—set down for Friday, 28th of July. Begin with a long, cool lemonade at the Royal Alexandra. Decide at once that you will walk down Main St.—which seems up—as far as the Fort Garry. You give no man a reason. All you explain is that you will journey afoot to the Fort Garry when every conscientious thermometer on the route swaggeringly proclaims at least 96 in the shade, and in some cases 100 plus.

On a day like this Main St. is a fine pilgrims' promenade. It was designed so that during the high-sun part of the day there should be no shady side, or even a cranny where you can draw a breath of anything but a blast-furnace until you get down past the City Hall, where Mayor Waugh sits in his corner office with no braces over his shirt. From there to Portage Ave. there is a shady spot or two. Keep on. Just north of Portage you glance left at a long white-brick building that seems to be expanding three new storeys with the heat. That is said by some, my friend, to be the headquarters of all this weather-inferno. It is the Grain Exchange. Pass it by. At 100 in the shade it's no place to be looking at wheat, oats and barley. Persevere. You are at Portage, where the bold, benign front of the Bank of Montreal blocks out the sun. Gasp your way, coat over your arm, past a car-hunting mob, past palpitating dogs, smothering horses, and sweltering people, over to the steps of the Bank. There heaven permits you to breathe freely. You note the lines of super-heated humanity that meet here and cross at the busiest junction in the City of Wheat; great broad streets of which Portage Ave., once the trail of the Red River carts, is now the main artery of prosperous traffic.

But keep on. Fight your way up past the Industrial Bureau, white as wood can be made to look like stone or marble, reflecting all the heat it gets. Remember the goal. The Fort Garry rears its pile of new stone American style nine stories into the heat. You are still to go three blocks, past the new Union Station, the old Hudson's Bay stores—then here you are in the shadows of the hotel on Broadway, up comes a new bus that looks like a small submarine—and in five minutes the desire of your life is accomplished.

You order another long, cool lemonade!

PEOPLE here say this kind of heat is not a common thing. In fact, it's not good for the wheat, they say; especially when it's humid. The regular Winnipeg specifications for wheat weather this time of year just past the milk stage is a dry, hot day with a fine pranking breeze that keeps the rust from crawling up the stalks of the wheat, then cool nights when the thermometer flirts with ten degrees above frost; an occasional shower. Mix well—and you have a good chance of a high-grade sample of No. 1 Hard.

Thus far the weather has not been so virtuous. Hot, humid days are said to create rust, which is technically the little, red parasite that tickles the bulls on the Grain Exchange. Rust has had the stage

"You will walk down Main St.—which seems up . . ."

of late. He has a host of friends. Average citizen as you are, concerned with the greatest good to the greatest number, you must learn that to be so sincere about grades and acre-averages is quite superfluous if you want to be a bull at the Exchange.

"But why," through a mist of moist heat you inquire of the cheerful one telling you discretely, cocksure tales of wheat and weather, "why should one want to raise the price of wheat? Isn't it high enough?"

"Closed to-day, July wheat at $1.25, barring a point or two," says he.

"Dear loaf!" you murmur.

He glares at you. Do not pester him with too much economics. He is a bull. And a bull is never an economist, except to argue.

"My dear sir, don't you see that high wheat means a heap of money for the farmers?"

"Yea, verily," you consent. "But I am not a farmer. Neither are you. I am one of those who cannot afford wealthy farmers produced by H. C. of L. to other people."

"Farmer is basic," he blurts with a fresh gulp of heat.

"We are all basic," I insist.

"Look at the prosperity from last year's crop. If we have within a hundred million of it this year—"

"No so fast my friend. You are beginning to cheer for a large crop. But if rust is on the rampage, how can that be?"

"Too much velocity," he insists. "High price is the thing. As much money with less wheat."

"But the railways?" I venture. "How about the haulage? High prices don't raise freight tariffs. Next to the farmer, isn't the railwayman—?"

He gulps another harmless and moralizing dink.

"Not the point, sir. Railways are common carriers, but not common political economy. Nobody understands railways. And entre nous—there's a whole lot of guff about this rust talk. Most of it starts across the line. Chicago is headquarters. Wheat-prices are international—like war, and art. Our couple of hundred million bushels a year more make very little difference to it. There's the United States, Russia, Argentine, India—all to figure in the annual bulk of supply visible. What I want to get at is—it's important to have those rust artists across the line hand out enough scare dope to force up the price. Suppose the rust in Western Canada doesn't amount to one per cent. of damage. Our price goes up just the same. Our bulls buy in the rising market. The farmers buy—"

"Excuse me," I interrupt. "I thought the farmer's business was to sell."

He gazed at me charitably.

"So it is. But doesn't he want to sell high?"

"Surely."

"If he wants to sell more than he raises, he must buy. If he buys while the price is going up over a rust-gambling period, isn't he as much entitled to sell higher than he buys on a rising market, as you or I?"

"Presumably—yes."

"Well," he chuckled over two gurgling straws, "he doesn't do it—as a rule."

He went on to explain that the farmer is constitutionally a bull, because to him as a producer dear wheat is good business no matter who pays the piper. Cheap wheat is disastrous. Anything that boosts the price is a good thing. It may be low visible supply, poor crops in other wheat areas, war, bad weather—anything."

"I admit all that," realizing that another starched collar has become a rag.

"And whether his own particular crop is good or bad, the high price is the thing."

"I get you."

"So the farmer fetches in the rusty stalks. Go up to the Exchange and you'll find sheaves of 'm littering about. The farmers made a raid on the fields, and if they didn't pick out the worst stalks they could find, they'd be too good to live in a world as hot as this."

"Undoubtedly." I was weakening. The new political economy, new to me, but old to my friend, was getting in its work like the rust. "So up goes the price. I buy in a rising market, expecting to unload before she goes down."

"Doped by a Rube?" I ask him.

"Not so fast. The farmer sells. But he gets the fever and buys too. He wants to be happy same as the rest of us on a bull market. Some of these farmers buy up into the hundreds of thousands. Then they go home to hang on. They think that the market will stay bull a long while. They live in an atmosphere of bull. We don't. Closer to the barometer than the farmer is with his yesterday's paper, we let go while it's going up—before she breaks. The farmer intended to. But he didn't move in time. He is caught. But if he sells his own crop high his losses average up on his buying high and selling on the downward market. And he is always a bull. He can't help it. There's no other way for the producer to be."

Heat and wheat have gone to my brain. There's

no escaping either. The heat may be gone tomorrow. Already there's a weird, cyclonic caravan of black clouds thundering up from the west. The heat-market will break soon. But the wheat will remain. In this city now there's neither whisky nor real estate to make rival sideshows.

But first as to the whisky. Winnipeg and Manitoba are "dry." Two months ago the Temperance Act went into effect. And it went with a bang. King Alcohol packed his household gods and went—not west, because in Saskatchewan the Government is dispenser of alcohol; but across the boundaries into Minnesota and Ontario. Kenora just now is visible supply. In September that will be gone, thanks to the movement that put the Hearst into thirst. Winnipeg bars closed—absolutely. Hard vanished. Soft set up shop. Windows of shops and bars now display seductive pyramids of fruit extracts, grape emulsions and 2 per cent. beer. The big hotels calmly go on housing and feeding the public. The small ones do their best to make a little at a phase of the business they know least about. So long as the warm and mild weather continues they can go on. When the thermometer gets below zero some of them will shut up shop, because they can't make enough to pay for the coal, which in the case of poor hotels was paid for by profits on alcohol. In the windows of wholesale shops appear cunning bulletins advising clients to place orders which will be filled to entire satisfaction by the importers.

Meanwhile drunkenness has disappeared. Since the Act went into force observant citizens have seen no drunken men on the streets. Police court convictions are almost uncomfortably low. Travellers throughout the Province allege that hotel accommodation is no better, is perhaps in some cases worse—but orders are going up. They claim that the unearned increment of booze is already going into necessities of life. Business is better. To be quite frank, it is some while since it was bad. Last year's crop is still moving out. In one day last week a thousand cars were inspected at Winnipeg. When the navigation season opened there were still about 100,000,000 bushels of wheat east of the terminal elevators. About 20,000,000 bushels is still left. A photograph was taken the other day of a farmer threshing last year's crop alongside a new field of wheat almost ready to cut.

But this is mixing wheat and whisky—which is sometimes unavoidable. Prohibition has succeeded in Manitoba. There are few fond regrets. Those who used to take their friends out at 90 in the shade for hard, cool drinks now point enthusiastically at the water-bottle and say, "Help yourself. We have good water here. Have another."

ATTEMPTS were made in Winnipeg to start blind pigs. One blind-pigger was caught in Brandon and mulcted $700. He will now play the wheat market. From all sources one learns that the movement to disfranchise alcohol was accompanied by no difficulty greater than getting cured of a cold or getting along without real estate sharks.

It must be inferred that the hard-liquor habit was a mere illusion, not indispensable. As long as the ban on booze continues to be an apparent boost for legitimate business there will not be any organized or even sentimental effort to revert to the alcoholic era.

But we must also make room for the moral aspect. Winnipeg is not, Manitoba is not, merely economic. The vanishing of the land shark was an economic necessity. He must either get out or starve out. Whether immoral or not, he will come sneaking back again — unless the vigilance of Mr. P. A. McDonald, Public Utilities Commissioner, puts a lasting crimp in his collar. The wheat gambler also is indigenous like the weather. The alcoholic parasite has been proven to be both uneconomic and unmoral. Manitoba with its hold-fast programme of prosperity caused by the war's removal of the unemployment problem which two years ago was here most acute, by the increased efficiency of those at home, by the greater production of those on the land, by the revenues from war contracts reflected here, has come to a point where sound economies and a high state of morals are seen to be parts of the same problem. This view of morality may be very practical; but it is certainly not academic and is not likely to be affected by backsliding after a revival.

So alcohol, whatever his ultimate fate in this Province, is no longer regarded as a basic necessity. The last lingering chance of his retention here seemed possible a while ago when the Hudson's Bay Company, who have always conducted a large liquor trade, talked of contesting the right of the Manitoba Legislature to interfere with a business which in their case was established by an arrangement with the Federal Government to whom they sold Rupert's Land. But as the sale of Rupert's Land was made after the passage of the B. N. A. Act which established provincial rights over public utilities and civic property, there seems to be a feeble chance for the great company regaining its alcohol business.

But if it could—what a monopoly that would be! Imagination fails to conceive the possibilities of the Hudson's Bay Company, our parent trading and transportation concern in all Canada, possessed of a monopoly in one branch of trade as thorough as that once granted to the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Rupert's Land.

ANOTHER phase of Manitoba's newer morality programme is the clock with two hour hands down at the Royal Alexandra. That clock is one of the problems of Winnipeg. At Fort William, following the custom, you put your watch back one hour to get standard time. At the northern depot you are escorted to a motor-cab by a dusky gentleman to whom you hand a quarter for carrying your luggage and being so kind. In a jiffy the driver lands you up town. As you pass the City Hall clock you make the startling discovery that it is exactly one hour ahead of your watch. At the terminus of the run, which lasts about nine minutes, you ask:

"What's the fare?"

"One dollar, sir," is the smiling reply.

You gasp and protest.

"Tariff, sir," he reminds you as you look at your watch again and reflect a bit.

"Oh, to be sure," you reply. "I got in here at 7.30 standard time. It is now 8.39 city time. My dear sir, as you have apparently been one hour and nine minutes driving me here, don't you think your charge is a trifle too low?"

But he murmurs that he doesn't mind making the sacrifice if you don't. You hand over the dollar. He takes it. And the policeman goes on waving at the street cars.

The clock with two hour hands in the hotel is the railway's method of working out the two times in Winnipeg. Last spring daylight saving sent a petition of various interests to the City Council asking for city time one hour ahead of standard. The petition was too largely signed to be ignored. Daylight saving went into effect for the city of Winnipeg. All trains run on standard time. They arrive city time. Thus you are always at least an hour late.

The mix-up is almost monumental. Anywhere outside the city limits you are at once an hour earlier. Straddle the boundary and your right foot is one hour ahead of your left. Getting off the train your valise in your right hand is one hour ahead of your umbrella which pokes out behind you into the vestibule. Go to bed by city time and get up by standard, you begin a process of mental arithmetic that makes you dizzy. Arrange with a friend to have dinner at 6.30 and you arrive an hour late, because he dines city time and you being a transient, the ward of a railway and its hotel, are on standard. Your apologies are made in city time.

The movie operators allege that the city is robbing them of revenues by taking the people home an hour earlier. The Mayor replies:

"All the better. We don't want the people at the movies in summertime. We want them at the parks."

The Grain Exchange opens on standard time because the markets must synchronize with Chicago. The grain offices close on city time because the employees sleep and eat as city people who have nothing to do with grain markets opening and closing.

But daylight saving in these long western days, from May to October, has became a phase of the forward—and moral—movement in Manitoba. Next season it may become a Manitoba measure, whether by municipal agreement or legislation enactment, makes no difference to the perplexities of the traveller.

CRESCENDO. The new moral programme of Manitoba is highly reflected, now and until harvest-over at least, in the Assize Court. Three of the most distinguished public citizens of the Province are on trial for conspiracy with Thomas Kelly, contractor, to defraud the people of Manitoba of $800,000 surplus moneys paid on a $3,000,000 contract in building the new Parliament buildings which are yet far from complete. The three men on trial are Sir Rodmond Roblin, ex-Premier, Hon. J. H. Coldwell, ex-Minister of Education, and Hon. Mr. Harden, former Provincial Attorney-General. The trial began the day after the Courier representative's arrival in Winnipeg. Recently Thomas Kelly, contractor, was found guilty by a jury of conspiring to defraud the people by diverting public money—the said $800,000—to himself and to a Conservative campaign fund. Hs is still in jail without bail and awaiting sentence until his case is decided by the Court of Appeal to which it was carried by his counsel now engaged in defending the three ex-Ministers.

The case is now an old one. Public interest in it is not startling. The public are somewhat weary of a case which in its bare outlines is dramatic enough to startle a modern novelist. The case is being tried in the new Assize Court, to the sound of hammers, plasterers and painters; a chaste and classic building which seems to be altogether too beautiful to be associated with criminality in its erection. Across the street and a block further west are the still incomplete walls of the new Parliament Buildings, designed to make with Manitoba University, the Court House and the Fort Garry Hotel eastward, a noble and inspiring group of architecture.

The court-room itself is disappointingly low, with a heavily-paneled ceiling, and a shell-like alcove behind the Bench, where day by day sits a blonde, demurely serious Judge—His Honour Justice Prendergast, once a member of the Greenway Cabinet, a dissenter from the Greenway school policy, afterwards elevated to the Bench in Saskatchewan, now in the Supreme Court of Manitoba; a French-Canadian, once an eloquent speaker, now an oddly undemonstrative Judge who seldom raises his voice loud enough to be heard at the door.

The twelve jurymen, six of them farmers, are allowed on the hottest days to remove their coats. They are doing their best to forget any other interest except the fact that they are peers of the accused ex-Ministers engaged in determining the justice or injustice of the Crown's charges.

It is a most unusual scene. In any other Province but Manitoba it might be startling. This article has nothing whatever to do with the probable or improbable guilt of the accused. It is concerned only with appearances and moral values. Twelve jurymen, six of them farmers, one labourer, one builder, one plasterer, one engraver, one horse-dealer, one manager, not one of them what might be called a professional gentleman, are engaged in preparing a verdict on a former Premier, Minister of Education and Attorney-General. Could any phase of democracy be more unconventional, even in the West?

A BOYISH Crown lawyer traverses the case in outline, telling the jurymen what to expect, in the way of evidence, how to adjust their minds to the problem, how to estimate their responsibility. At the conclusion of his address the Court briefly adjourns for the calling of the first witness; the Star witness for the Crown, Mr. Horwood, late Provincial Architect, through whose hands passed all the plans and specifications for the buildings, and to whose knowledge came most, if not all, of the schemes said to be manipulated by Kelly, now under conviction. He is a red-faced, embarrassed-looking stout man with a chronic protuberance on the right side of his face that excites pity, and a hesitant, somewhat bewildered manner that suggests weakness.

Horwood has turned King's evidence. Counsel for the Crown, Mr. R. A. Bonnar, leisurely and kindly examines him in a broad-toned, resonant voice that contrasts oddly with the soft, scared undertones of the witness. Bonnar is something of a Court humorist. Counsel for Sir Rodmond Roblin—Mr. Andrews—has called him a melodramatist. Mr. Andrews is a chronic objector to the smiling suavity of Mr. Bonnar, who spends much of his time being heckled by the defence. Much more latitude seems to be given to Manitoba lawyers than seems customary to an easterner. But there are the united as well as individual interests of three accused men to consider, following upon the trial of Kelly, in whose conviction Horwood's evidence was the most instrumental.

Whatever the verdict of the jury may be, this trial is one of the most discouraging episodes in all the political history of Manitoba. It is not a matter of party politics, but of public morality without which all politics is a disgusting business. It takes a pretty determined imagination to see in this house-cleaning process of Manitoba as yet anything that inspires optimism. At the bottom of the whole business, behind the public indignation, back of all the partisan arguments one way or another, there is a cynicism that unless it is treated as drastically as the liquor problem, or unemployment, or immigration or the war, in which Manitoba has taken so splendid a part, will yet be the worst enemy to the public conscience in this Province. No one can go to that Court, unless for mere entertainment or party diversion, without coming away discouraged at this evidence of political sin. As old as the hills, as broad as both parties, as experienced as criminality itself, and deep enough to become a detriment to the best interests of public life in a young and great country for longer than this generation.

Manitoba is indeed cleaning up. While doing so, let her broom out the cynics.

Who Fired the Bush?

Loss of Lives and Property Repeated in New Ontario Despite Earlier Experiences

HUNDREDS are dead. Hundreds are homeless. Hundreds are penniless. Thousands are bereaved. Millions of feet of valuable standing timber have been wiped out by the recent fires in Northern Ontario.

Whose fault was it?

Was it the fault of the settler who invoked the aid of fire and favorable wind to help him clear his bit of land?

Was it the fault of the railways, whose engines emit dangerous sparks?

Or was it the fault of the Government?

It is always easy to blame somebody. The danger lies in blaming the wrong man, as a rule. But, if there were an inquest held on the remains of any one of the—as yet—unnumbered victims of this Northern Ontario fire, it is safe to say the verdict would be a verdict of criminal negligence against the Government in whose jurisdiction these forests lay.

Even if the settlers did start the blaze—

Even if it was a spark from an engine—

Even though careless campers or all three causes may be cited—

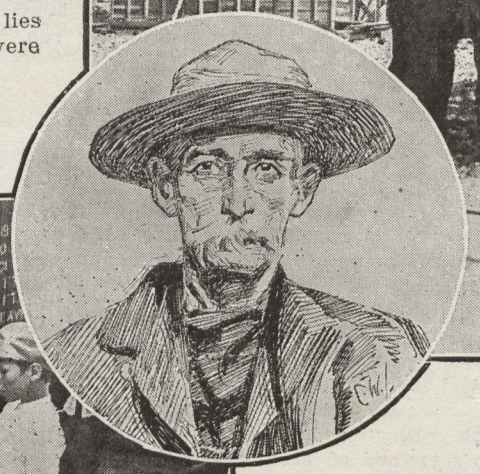
The real blame falls upon a Government that provides too few fire rangers and inspectors. The Government should have made it impossible or unprofitable for rash settlers to clear their land by fire. It should have made clear that heavy penalties would be assessed against offenders, and it should have seen to it that there was a vigilant police force to watch for offenders.

Furthermore:

It should devise ways of helping the settler, so that, in his anxiety to keep the wolf from the door, he would not be tempted to set the bush on fire.

As for the railways—British Columbia has long since enforced the use of oil-burning engines. That is because British Columbia understands the value of its forests.

The fire in Northern Ontario serves to illustrate the inefficiency of governments—Liberal and Conservative alike—in respect to agricultural assistance. Both the Federal and the Provincial Governments spend yearly hundreds of thousands of dollars in teaching our farmers how to farm. Experiments of many kinds are carried on but too many of them are theoretical, not practical. Too many practical problems have been ignored while theoretic research has been going on. For the rehabilitation of the burned-out areas, and for the benefit of all farm districts in



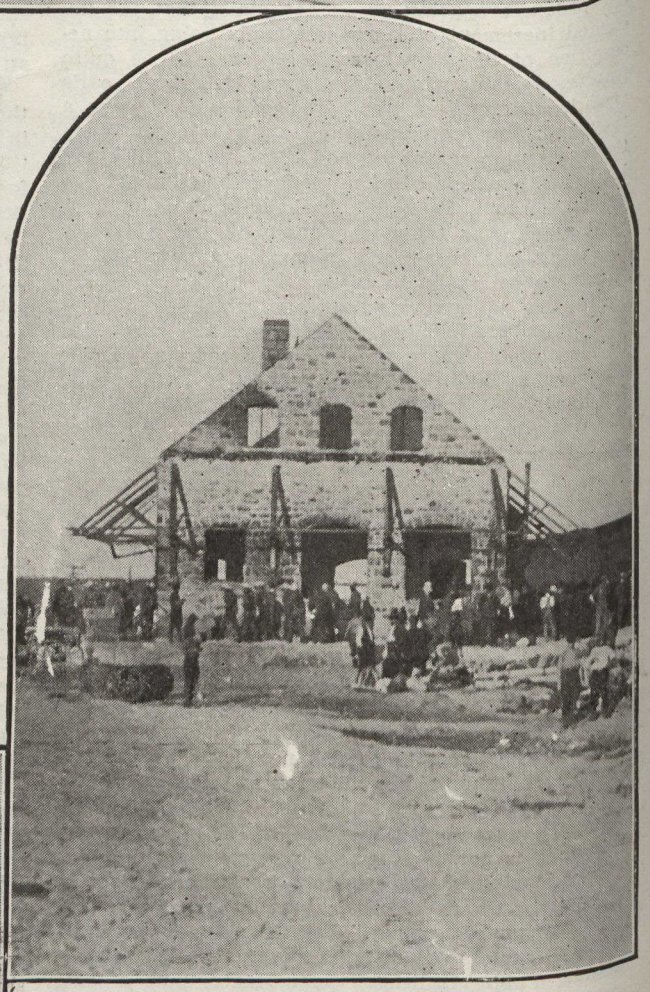
Cochrane rising from the flames. New buildings erected before the ruins were cold.

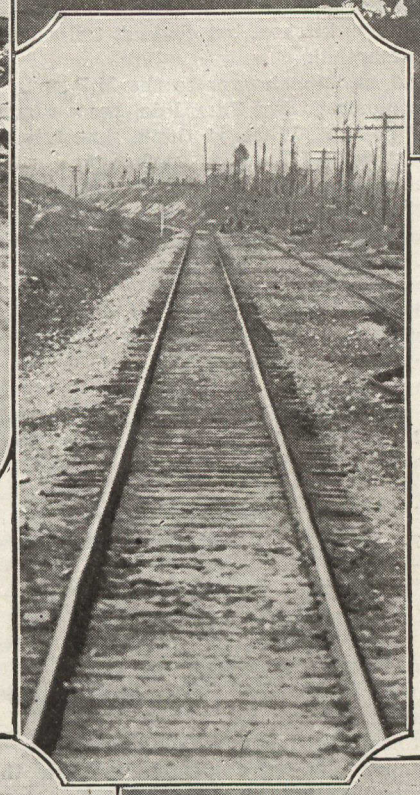
A typical settler.

A refugee family having its first meal in many hours in the shadow of the relief train.

The ruins of the T. & N. O. station at Matheson. The relief train has just pulled in.

Unloading supplies from the relief train for the survivors. The Government's relief measures were prompt and generous. The Provincial officials were quick to let it be known that they would undertake all relief measures. Nevertheless generous donations poured north from private persons.





What was left of the Imperial Bank at Cochrane.

A scene taken while the fire was attacking Timmins. In the background the flames are to be observed. In the foreground the last of the inhabitants of the town are packing their chattels. In the immediate foreground is a baby carriage which has been used to carry goods out of the houses into the waiting wagon. The ladder leaning against the house to the left was used by the occupants to carry water to the roof. For many hours they fought off the flying embers, but at length had to give up.

In this railway cut a number of refugees from Nushka, a French-Canadian settlement, met their death. Driven at last from their homes they ran in panic down the track and crouched in the cutting which is to be seen just where the railway tracks turn out of sight to the left. They hoped that the flames would jump the cut, leaving them untouched. Rescuers found them here later, burned in the attitude of prayer.

This man is W. H. Fairburn, of 999 Logan Avenue, Toronto. He was working with a gang for the Canadian Stewart Company, erecting a bridge over the Abittibi River, not far from Matheson. Fairburn himself is not loquacious and would give the newspapermen very little satisfaction as to his part in the catastrophe, but people from Matheson say it was he who came running in from the Abittibi—a considerable distance, and under a blazing sky—to warn the townsfolk to fly for their lives. From his vantagepoint on the Abittibi he had seen the flames coming.

Ontario for that matter, we need better roads and more aid to settlers—and wiser fire prevention systems.

There should be an inquest on this fire.

Any candid fire ranger will confess promptly his helplessness against fire in the forest. There is no finer body of young men than those who have from time to time served

the Ontario Government in this capacity. Their lonely vigil, with canoe, tent, grub and water-bucket, is in itself an epic. Many a fire that has never been mentioned in the newspapers escaped this unenviable distinction simply because one of these dogged lads labored for a day and a night to put out the blaze started from some neglected camp fire left by a tourist.

But, though fire rangers were giants in pluck and endurance, they cannot do much against a serious fire under conditions as they exist at present.

"Me!" exclaimed an exhausted ranger seen by a newspaper writer in the bush this summer; "what can I do?

"I got a tent five miles over yonder," he said, pointing across the lake. "I got a chum, and we live there together. We take turns cooking and washing and mending. We got two canoes and some pails—and a beat of 10 miles wide by 80 miles long."

"How do you cover it?"

"Canoe and afoot."

"How often?"

"Often as we can. Maybe once in ten days."

"How many miles a day can a man do in a canoe?"

"Depends."

"Not enough to cover all your territory in one day?"

"Should think not!"

"But how can you tell if a fire has started?"

"Can't tell at all, unless it's pretty big. Then we see the smoke. When we see that—it's too late, as a rule.

"Best way for a man in this job is to have a good nose. Keep smellin' the wind. That's what tells.

"Then, again, y' can keep your eye on the general track of the tourists and sort of nose around after them and remind 'em to put out their fires. If y' could get around often enough, or if we had any real authority over the careless settler, we could do some good there.

"You can nearly always get t' know the lazy settler from the other kind, and it's the lazy man that causes the fires. A good settler doesn't set fire to a timber-slash till he's mighty certain of the wind. Even then he's extra careful, and like as not he sends us word. But with this strip of territory m'chum and I cover—it's too much. We just get around often enough to hear of the new babies. Settlers don't pay any attention to us.

"Other day, m'chum climbed a tree to look things over.

"'All serene,' he shouts, and then changes his mind. 'No, it ain't,' he calls down, 'there's a little smoke down by Dead Man's Island!'

"I climbed the tree. Thought at first it was a cloud, but soon saw it wasn't. Well, we paddled for it. When we got there, Dead Man's Island was a goner."

THE CANADIAN COURIER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY

COURIER PRESS, LIMITED

181 SIMCOE STREET

TORONTO, AUGUST 12TH, 1916.

Englishmen in Canada

WHY, ASKS A CORRESPONDENT, do Englishmen not get along as well in Canada as Irishmen and Scotchmen? Why do the men of the latter races win positions of trust and authority ahead of the Englishmen? Why do they find friends in Canada when the Englishman is eating his heart out in loneliness?

This is not the first time we have heard this complaint, but until now it scarcely seemed serious. Yet it is apparently true in a general way, and requires explanation.

This guess may be hazarded: that that man does best in Canada who gives not only his time, but his heart and his hopes to Canada. If Scotchmen and Irishmen are better able to do this and to keep their respective recollections of Scotland and Ireland in abeyance, then they naturally have an advantage over the man who chafes at the new customs of a new country and whose heart is so filled with his native land that there is no room for affection or even gratitude to the new land.

If Englishmen do differ from the Scotch and Irish in this way—and it is just possible they do—then there is no wonder that their faces show their lack of deep interest in Canada, and their success here is affected accordingly.

That country does well whose sons love her best. Those men prosper who enter into the spirit of the land they live in. But when a man quits his native land for a new one he must make room in his heart for love of the new one—a greater love, in time, than he had for the old one. It may not be easy, but it is necessary. The land has a right to something in return for whatever it gives. That something must be paid in the coin of affection.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Surely Not

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA Government knows no shame. To interrupt the business of war to collect votes for Bowser is cheek incomparable. Surely men who face death every moment should not be asked to listen to the appeals of would-be legislators and political bosses smoking cigars at home in B. C.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Sir J. A. M. and Norris

DEMOCRACY, LIKE STAGE BEAUTIES, cannot withstand too close scrutiny. Her complexion is good at fifty feet away and fair at twenty-five, but at ten the powder shows.

For example:

The people of Manitoba rejected Sir J. A. M. Aiken's offer of political leadership not long ago. It refused the Conservative candidates with almost rude abruptness, and crowded the Norris Liberal administration with smiles—and votes. Sir J. A. M. Aiken was almost brutally turned down. Democracy refused to have him even as a plain M. L. A.

Thus did Democracy.

Yet lo on yonder horizon, what man is this toddling along toward the vacant Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba? See, he nears the coveted seat. He reaches out his hand! He mounts to the deputy-deputy-throne! It is Sir J. A. M. Aiken. The Borden Government at Ottawa has appointed him.

There is no harm in it. There have been parallel cases such as that of Sir John Gibson in lieut.-governing in Ontario while Conservatives occupied the Treasury Benches. But it is amusing to ponder. The men whom Manitoba chose lovingly to live down the record of the past—must have their sessions opened and closed and their acts O.K.'d by Sir Jam.

Inconsistency—thy name is Democracy.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Police Methods

A CITY MAY DIRECT its police-force under one of two general policies. The first is to measure the efficiency of the policeman by the number of cases he brings to court and the convictions to his credit. The second is to observe the orderliness of the district or section for which the officer is responsible. The first system is used in many Canadian cities, such as Toronto. The second prevails in London. The first puts a premium on prosecutions and the waste of public funds. The second puts a premium on order.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Colonel!

UNLESS THE RUBBER STAMP at Ottawa wears out soon, all self-respecting commanders of battalions will insist upon being known as "Mister" instead of Colonel. For the Colonels in this land of sometimes easy promotion promise to outnumber the misters and to be a mister will be to wear a crown of democratic distinction.

A certain M.P. met in Ottawa last week, a brilliant little lawyer of about sixty, who knows the law from front-door to kitchen, but couldn't tell a private from a field marshal.

"Say," said the lawyer to the M.P., puckering his face in gloom. "Say, Tom, I do' know what I'm goin' t' do. . . . What y' think that fellow Hughes wants t' do? Wants to make me an honorary colonel. . . . I . . . . I . . . . don't know just what I ought t' do about it. . . . I . . . . I'm worried, y' know. Don't like to refuse him. . . . 'n yet. . . ."

"What do you think of it?"

"Ridiculous!"

"Well . . . n-not quite . . . ridiculous. But . . ."

"Why," exclaimed the jovial M.P., "I wouldn't worry too much. Tell y' . . . I'll speak t' Sam if y' like and drop him a hint . . . y' know . . . that may be you'd rather not. . . . I'll speak to him right away. . . ."

"Oh! Oh, no!" returned the lawyer, with sudden anxiety. "Really . . . I wouldn't have you trouble. And——"

"Oh, no trouble. I'm just going that way——"

"Oh, yes, yes . . . I know . . . but I wouldn't like to offend the General. Better . . . better just let things take their course."

The merry little lawyer drooped with long-suffering resignation.

But to-day, he, too, is a Colonel. He has it on his letter paper. He has a uniform, breeches that cause him agony to climb into, and puttees that sweat his old calves frightfully.

But he wears 'em with fortitude and struts with gusto. He wouldn't think of failing to do so. . . . Might offend Gen'l. Sam.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Question?

WOMEN TALK ABOUT THE degradations of the past. What about this modern Canadian woman?

She lives with her husband in a flat.

Both husky and young.

They get all their meals in the dining-room downstairs.

The laundry goes out.

The sweeping is done by the janitor.

The dusting is the duty of a maid.

The maid makes the beds.

The husband puts the garbage pail out on the back entrance at nights.

The laundry does the mending.

This woman, having had one child, which died at three—because the woman didn't know the simplest emergency rules—has made a vow she will bear no more.

Now what is that apartment: a home? Or is it what is meant by a certain use of the word "menage"?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Tupper and Nickel

WHEN SIR CHARLES TUPPER was Canadian High Commissioner in London, he was invited to an exhibition of nickel-steel products. The great possibilities of nickel-steel had just then been discovered, and at the same time the uncovering of large bodies of nickel ore in Canada was being discussed. The steel industry was completely revolutionized. The navies of the world were at once made obsolete.

Sir Charles Tupper thought he saw in this situation great possibilities for Canada. Canada held the only other considerable quantity of nickel outside New Caledonia. He wrote at once to Sir John A. Macdonald, pointing out the possibilities of Canada. Canada could, he thought, by a judicious admixture of firmness and tact, compel the great steel makers of the world, or some of them, to come to Canada with their mills. Canada held the key to the steel industry, and to the prosperity which would follow the establishing of large mills here.

But the Father of Confederation and his cabinet did not see as clearly as did Sir Charles. Only to-day is Canada able to coax the nickel exploiters to refine our ores in Canada. We are a decade or two late in taking up Sir Charles' recommendation.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Prairies and Judge Hughes

THE WEST WILL WATCH the American presidential campaigns with special interest. If Wilson is returned to the office the standing offer of reciprocity between Ottawa and Washington will no doubt remain on the statute books of the United States. If Hughes wins, that offer is likely to be cancelled. Thus the West foresees a defeat for one of its dearest projects brought about by forces over which it has no control. If Wilson wins the prairies can continue to importune Ottawa for free wheat, free implements, free clothing and so on.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Chirography

HANDWRITING OUGHT TO HAVE individuality and character, but it can have too much of it. The average Old Country youth in Canada writes a copper-plate hand. The Canadian child, too often, writes like a fly reeling home from a party round the ink-well. Copper-plate lacks character and may sometimes indicate a clerk-like mentality. But it has its advantages and, after all, writing is intended to be read.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Typhus

WORD RECEIVED IN TORONTO by private despatches lets new light on the inaction at Salonika. Typhus germs are said to infest the area between the hostile armies, and to be so prevalent and virulent as to menace any army crossing the country. Probably some change in weather conditions will be necessary to kill the germs. Generals who would face the worst artillery and the most audacious infantry imaginable, are held in check by an infinitesimal organism which no one can see with the naked eye.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Saved!

IS THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY being run by ex-Liberals?

Consider the list: Sir Robert Borden—came to grace in early political years; Sir Thomas White, a brilliant young convert of 1911 vintage; Sir John Willison, a gloomy penitent from the Globe; Black Jack Robinson, of the Toronto Telegram, a fire-eating zealot, furiously busy saving heaven for the elect; and Sir Clifford Sifton, the curt intellectual.

The only real danger among these distinguished converts is Sifton. He tends toward political higher criticism.

Besides these men, who are there among the mouth-pieces of Conservatism—that count?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Assistant

IT IS OF COURSE NOTORIOUS how dogs have loved men, even since before the days of the Egyptians, who, returning the sentiment, wished for a dying man, no more glorious future than that his soul might take the form of the dog at his side.

The assistant-baggage smasher on the crazy dock at ——, where the little lake steamer drops summer-resorters and their dunnage, is such a dog as the priests of Rameses great-grandfather might have delighted to honour. The moral aberrations of this dog's master—the baggage-smasher—are without number. When called upon to haul aboard the dripping bow-line of the steamer and drape it over the snubbing post, he is rarely sober. Between whiles he is gloomy, morose and profane, so profane as to warrant any merely intelligent dog quitting his ideal and sponging his way to the heart of some new master—and new masters frequently offer, too!

Needless to say, this collie is true to the traditions of his kind. Whatever the weather or the temper of his—to him—illustrious chief, he meets the boat, welcoming it with every appearance of pleasure, as though he and his chief and the boat were friends who met for no other purpose than to honour one another at the tumble-down wharf. There is a suspicion in some quarters that the collie thinks his chief owns the boat. This is scarcely accurate, but the man who does own the boat has been heard to say that so long as the baggage-smasher keeps his assistant, and continues able to drag the hempen loop over the snubbing-post, he won't fire him. This great man covets the love of this collie, but is, withal, an honourable man.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

EDITED BY ESTELLE M. KERR

SUMMER IDYLLS AND IDLERS

THERE are various ways of spelling it: "idyll" was what we called it before the war. It suggests a canoe that accommodates two persons, hero and heroine, or a hammock that seats the same number, with a background of dark pine trees, silver birches, and water, and a clear sky, sunlit or starry. In the good old days it frequently lasted for the whole summer, but now when this languorous dalliance is continued beyond the two-week limit, we are apt to call it "idle," and there is an ugly name beginning with an S that sometimes supplants the term of hero. It should be given to the heroine as well. We believe in equal rights. But don't let us be too hasty. I was the unwilling witness of a very pretty little romance the other day, which proved to be pathetic as well. "He has a bullet in his lungs," someone told me afterwards, "but it doesn't trouble him, so he's going back." "Judge not that ye be not judged." I, too, am idling away my time at a summer resort and doing nothing more patriotic than acquiring a new stroke in swimming and greater skill in the management of a canoe. Do not underestimate these accomplishments. A little twelve-year-old who swims gracefully around the pier every morning, survived the Lusitania disaster on account of this proficiency, and if you can climb into an empty canoe in the middle of the lake without shipping water (I am inordinately proud of this attainment) your name will not be apt to appear in the drowning accidents that are always chronicled with 90 degrees of heat.

BUT I am no Annette Kellerman, in spite of the fact that my swimming suit is marked with her name. Swimming is not my life-work, though if I had to spend the rest of my days here (which God forbid!) it probably would become so. It would be difficult for me to lead the life of a lady of leisure and I marvel greatly at the sight of so many able-bodied women who have settled here for the entire summer. Yet all the resorts are thronged with these idlers, whose health, energy and talents might be effectively directed for the good of the country! The shortage of chambermaids and waitresses from which this and every other hotel is suffering, shows how valuable labour has become. In almost every branch of industry workers are greatly needed.

"I CAME here on account of my little girl," said a robust young matron.

"But I have never seen her with you!"

"No, she stays with nurse most of the time. They have their meals in the children's dining-room. Mother and Auntie are going to take her for a walk this afternoon, but I'm wanted to make a fourth at bridge. This is my third rubber to-day."

And there are dozens just like her! But mention the word patriotism and they bristle with pride. "Do you know, we made $60 for the local battalion at our bridge the other night, $94 at our golf tournament, and $500 for the bazaar and tag day (though the cottagers were largely responsible for that). If we aren't patriotic, I'd like to know who is!"

Oh, Patriotism, what a lot of good times can be had in thy name!

If you cite munition workers as examples of patriotic endeavour they disagree.

"But they are paid for it. That class of women has to do something and there's heaps of money in munitions, everybody says so."

THIS is but one summer resort. Will you who have been at others tell me have you noticed any economy in dress? The men at our hotel wear flannels and running shoes all day long—except the few who have not the right to lay aside their khaki—but the women vie with each other in splendour. In the day-time there is a bewildering array of silk sports suits and sweaters, striped skirts of the very latest cut, panama hats of the finest weave, felts of the most delicate colours. The evening dresses are for the most part of chiffon and lace, and are cut low, revealing necks very white in contrast to sunburned throats and faces.

"Is this customary?" I asked a lady who frequents this hotel year after year.

"I never knew the women to dress so much," she answered. "Last year we blamed the Americans for doing it, but this year there are very few of them. Yet the place is crowded. The country must be very prosperous!"

Prosperous at what cost!

Busy Women

OF course there is a certain amount of knitting, done chiefly by the older women, but there is no organized Red Cross work in this vicinity and a great deal of complaining against existing conditions—the servants, the cooking, the orchestra, the heat—but the department of labour that has aroused the greatest animosity is the laundry. In hot weather we all want to wear white clothes and change them frequently. We become more fastidious about towels, sheets, table linen. Since many homes are closed for the summer these things are sent to the public laundries. The operators (mere girls most of them) feel the heat, too. Many of them refuse to work on the hot machinery when it's only 91 degrees on the coolest part of the verandah—inhuman of them, isn't it, when we are waiting for our clean towels and shirt waists?

MILITARY hospitals are busier than ever this summer and constantly their number is increasing to supply the added demand. A new hospital for Canadian officers was opened July 19th, at Putney Windows, with Miss Fitzpatrick, of Hamilton, as matron. A letter of appreciation was read from the first five officers to occupy the hospital, who came from Vancouver, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary and Halifax. Still busier are the nurses at the front, and a letter just received from a trained nurse in charge of a hospital on the Lines of Communication gives an interesting description of their activities:

"My regular work is still at this little hospital. There is only one other trained nurse, the remaining four being voluntary aid detachment members, usually known as V. A. D's. About 14 miles off at a station on the 'Lines of Communication' there is an 'Aid Post.' This is left in charge of two V. A. D's. They have to keep up a supply of surgical dressings, etc., and they also have hot cocoa or lemonade (according to the weather), ready to give the men on the reinforcement trains which pass through daily on their way to the front. The regular ambulance trains, carrying the medical officer, sisters, and sick and wounded, also pass through on their way from the front to the Base Hospital, and are supplied with magazines and papers. (That is where I would take any you send).

"There are certain times, however, when in addition to these regular trains, there are what are called 'improvised ambulance trains.' These are in charge of a medical officer, but carry no sisters or surgical dressings. Sometimes there are orderlies, but not always. The carriages are not always connecting, so it is necessary to have a halt at certain places on the Lines of Communication, where the worst dressings at any rate can be done and the men fed. Directly the V. A. D's. at this Aid Fort get a notification of 'Improvised Trains,' I have to go over and take charge. It is altogether an extraordinary and interesting bit of work.

> Softly as a cloud we go,
> Sky above and sky below,
> Down the river; and the dip
> Of the water as it shakes
> From the blades, the crystal deep
> Of the silence of the morn,
> Of the forest yet asleep;
> And the river reaches borne
> In a mirror, purple grey,
> Sheer away
> To the misty line of light
> Where the forest and the stream
> In the shadow meet and plight
> Like a dream.
>
> From "Morning on the Lievre," by Archibald Lampman.

There may be two or three days and not one improvised train comes through. Then follows, perhaps, a night of absolutely working against time, with two or even three trains in twelve hours.

"The Railway Transport Officer will, perhaps, come up and say: 'I can only give you one hour, sister!' Sometimes it's only 40 minutes, and in that time we have to try and give a drink to about 500 or 800 men and do about fifty or eighty dressings! We also have cigarettes and chocolates for those who are able to enjoy them. One thing always brings a little lump in my throat whenever I see it—when on the railway lines, side by side, there are the two trains, one full of men going to the front, the other an ambulance train, on its way to the Base; the cheery and often really funny remarks they make, which somehow don't make me laugh. After the war I will try, perhaps, to write some account of just the little bits that I have seen and heard, or better still, tell you, but the censorship rules of the Red Cross are very strict.

"For two days and nights we have now heard the incessant boom of the guns in the distance. Horrible, isn't it?

"No. I don't think at all that your letter sounds too gay; amusement is just about as necessary as food and drink! Even we gave a little entertainment to the men at one of the camps near here at Easter, and hope to repeat it shortly at another. All this, of course, is 'subject to the exigencies of the service.' One is certain of nothing till the last minute. I shall be so glad of any Canadian magazines and papers you will send for the men in the hospitals and on the ambulance trains."

NOT only abroad are nurses—both trained and voluntary — engaged in relieving the wounded and suffering, for the forest fires have waged cruel warfare on non-combatants and destroyed picturesque villages with more than Teutonic efficiency. Plucky women in the North country have improvised hospitals and many accounts of suffering bravely borne and help promptly rendered show that our heroes and heroines are not all on the line of battle.

MANY wealthy women are devoting themselves to the manufacture of munitions, beginning their daily toil at 7.30 a.m. and continuing throughout the long hot day. Red Cross workers must keep up their shipments of goods, though some of the packers have retired to their cellars for comfort,

(Concluded on page 23.)

What's What the World Over

New Phases of the World's Thinking Recorded in Current Periodicals

The Hun's Finances . . . . Cameroon's Now Ours . . . . Coconut Romances . . . . Russia's Revival

THE HUN'S FINANCES

Analysis of Germany's Monetary Position Shows Serious Plight

THE tendency in human nature to let the wish be father to the thought is, according to H. J. Jennings, in the North American Review, seldom more noticeable than when one sits in judgment upon an enemy country's economic status. A Britisher writing of German finance, like a German writing of British finance, is disposed, through the subtle influence of patriotic prejudice, to paint his enemy's case blacker than it really is. The writer of this article is an Englishman, and in addressing a neutral audience, he has endeavoured to hold the scales fairly and to avoid the exaggerations of bias.

Exact information is unobtainable in some particulars owing to the rigour of the German censorship; and side by side with the suppression of disagreeable facts there are the couleur de rose pictures painted by the Finance Minister and the Government journals that take their cue from him. There is something suspicious in this conjunction. If the financial conditions are so good, why should it be necessary to stifle criticism? Is not the explanation to be found in an official desire for the people to believe that the sacrifices they are called upon to make are incompatible with danger to the economic structure? Dr. Helfferich's soothing syrup is evidently prepared for home consumption. Its undue proportion of glucose cloys on the palate. Even thoughtful Germans must have felt, as they read his sugary utterances, that the ministerial comparisons of economic stability and financial staying power are much too good to be true.

One has only to refer to the Reichsbank's weekly returns to see how enormously the notes in circulation exceed the gold which it is claimed is in its vaults. On this showing alone, the State could not redeem its paper in the proportion of more than four marks in twenty. There may not be any immediate danger in this so far as internal business transactions are concerned. If a piece of paper impressed with an engraved plate has the same purchasing power as coined money, it answers all the requirements of home trade as long as its par value is maintained. It matters not what the internal currency of a country consists of—whether silver tokens, or cowrie shells, or fiat money—provided it is an effective medium of exchange and is stabilized by having a fixed standard of value. The latter proviso is important. All the difference in the world exists between paper currency that is convertible and paper currency that is not. The German people cannot demand gold in exchange for their notes; all they can do is to use them as legal tender, and discharge their liabilities with them. This is, no doubt, just as useful (except for its effect on prices), since if they had the gold they could not do any more with it. But the disability attached to inconvertibility has enlarged the credit functions of German paper in a very curious way. It has multiplied its power without increasing the strength or volume of the basis on which it rests. For instance, the holder of 20,000 marks in banknotes can buy War Loan with them; he can then borrow from a bank very nearly up to the issue price of the latter, and buy more Loan with the proceeds. He can again pawn this and buy still more Loan, and so on in an endless chain of fiat money and bonds, bonds and fiat money. This is a kind of finance for which nothing but sheer necessity can find an excuse. It is the reductio ad absurdum of the vast system of credit which for years has been the chief plank in Germany's economic platform.

The Bloomin' Game Law.

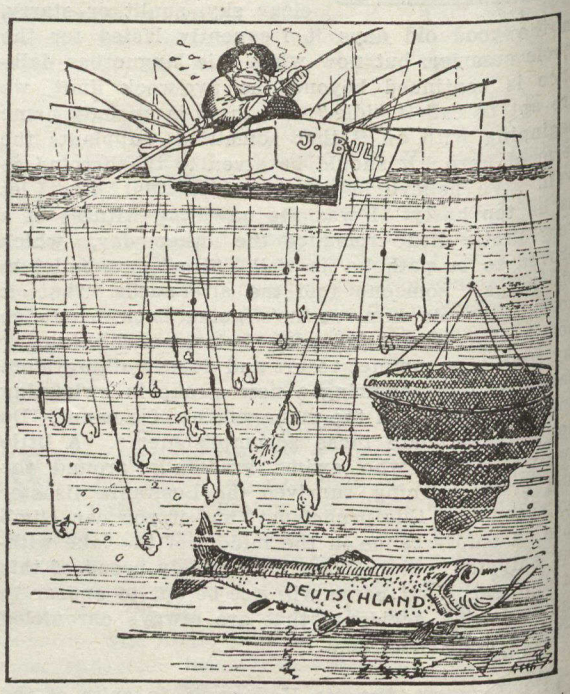
—Rehse in the New York World.

It is in connection with external credit, however, that the shoe pinches. A debtor nation cannot force its inconvertible paper upon creditor nations. Payment has to be made in the money of the latter, and this money must be obtained in exchange for the currency of the former. If the debtor's credit stands high he can buy the foreign money he wants at the normal rate of exchange; if it is low he must give more for it. The value put upon this paper by his creditors is, in certain cases, a measure of their faith, or want of faith, in his solvency. The conditions are altogether different from those of a country whose exchange is adversely affected by a genuine swing round of the balance of trade. If we study fairly the case of Germany, we can hardly escape from the conclusion that the depreciation of the mark in neutral countries is nothing more or less than the expression of a belief that after the war she will be unable to meet her obligations in full. It is therefore a practical condemnation of the manufacture and abuse of paper credit.

This distrust is intensified by general economic conditions, such as the revenue position and prospects, the growth of the imperial debt, the burden of heavy taxation, the paralysis of foreign trade, the price of food, and the suspension, on a large scale, of industrial activity. It would not be possible perhaps to demonstrate the existence of a direct connection between this state of things and the determination to force war upon Europe a few months later, but such a connection has been alleged, and it is not improbable that disaffection and anxiety at home made a sudden attack, with the hope of getting rich indemnities, the only way of escape from threatening financial disaster. The hope of obtaining indemnities—although Dr. Helfferich still professes to count on them—has already faded into nothingness, and the clouds of oncoming bankruptcy loom, therefore, blacker than ever.

Further, one has only to look at the mercantile shipping question in order to get another measure of Germany's sorry plight. Two years ago her fleet of merchantmen ranked second in the world in tonnage. To-day it is useless, unable to come out of its own docks or the neutral harbours in which it is interned. For the past two years the fleets have been unable to earn a pfennig, and their maintenance in port has been a heavy drain upon their owners. Nothing shows the disastrous state of Germany's sea transport business in a more vivid light than the hiding from its own shareholders of the bookkeeping secrets of her greatest shipping company. The balance sheet, if published, would be a damning advertisement of the absolute ineffectiveness of the German Navy to protect its own transoceanic business.

Germany, in any case, has come appreciably nearer to the end of her realizable assets outside her own Empire. She has, in addition, lost all her colonies but East Africa, just when one or two of them were becoming profitable and were remitting trade balances to Europe. She is thrown back on her internal wealth for the prolongation of the war. Paper, as has already been said, can be made to fulfill all the duties of a cash currency, but it cannot create a wealth that does not exist, or multiply that which does. When the time arrives for another big German War Loan, the wizards of finance will in these conditions be at their wits' ends to know what incantations to use, what magic spells to weave, in order to squeeze real money out of the German people. The game of bluff cannot go on forever. Even Dr. Helfferich, past master though he is in the art of making the worse appear the better cause, will find his task becoming more and more difficult, and his own countrymen less and less credulous and accommodating. No one can bring into judicial and dispassionate review the financial conditions of Germany without being forced to apply to that misguided country the Hebrew sentence which Dr. Helfferich, in an outburst of rhetoric, recently applied to Great Britain. "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin."



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We know just how you feel, John.

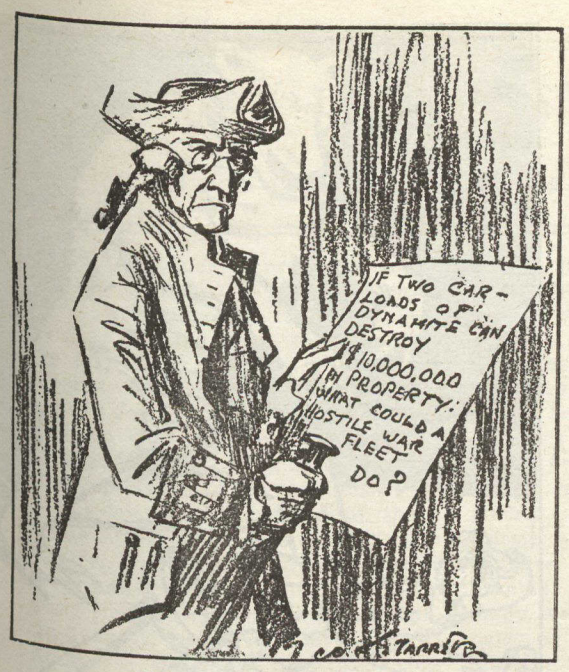
—Webster in the New York Globe.

CAMEROON'S NOW OURS

New African Colony Won From Germans is Rich in Resources

EDWARD BOND, authority on African topics, gives an account of the conquest of the Cameroon in the Contemporary Review. He claims that this fine and valuable Germany colony may be said to have ended its career early in January, when 14,000 native troops and 900 officers of various grades fled over the South-Western frontier into Spanish Guinea and there gave up their arms. A month or so later, on February 18th, the Northern garrison of Mora capitulated, and thus the conquest was completed. The commanders on our side were then Major-General Dobell and Brigadier-General Cunliffe, who with their gallant troops had to face at every mile of their advance enormous difficulties: such as no practicable roads but only narrow paths through thick bush; rivers without bridges, and often without fords; swamps impossible for artillery; grasses so thick and tall as to shut out all view; ferocious animals of the man-eating order; and, above all, either a blazing sun with power to kill or furious storms of rain; in addition, always a lack of suitable provisions, and, from first to last, a tedious and prolonged march of some 500 miles. Fort after fort fell to their prowess; town after town bowed the knee to their superior valour, from the beginning to the very end; and now, what was once the hope and pride of Germany is to that nation but so much dust and ashes in her devouring mouth.

How many thousands of years the black men of Africa roamed about their cane-brakes, or hunted their jungles, before the light of civilization broke in on them, is just now of no consequence; enough to say, that one morning in the dim past they were



FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

—From New York Tribune.

thrown into a wild panic by the appearance of two strange ships, quite different in build and rig from dug-out canoes. They were lying quietly at anchor in the near distance and came from a land far away over the Sea of Darkness. Their crews were Portuguese adventurers going in search of another country, but just then drawn in as much by curiosity as want of provisions and water. In drawing up their nets our adventurers were agreeably surprised to find them overladen with thousands of fine prawns, so loaded indeed that it was to become a seven-days' wonder, and entered in their log-books as a special mark of Providence on behalf of sea-worn mariners. Thus the place was fated to live in history, but not one of those ancient crews felt himself competent to give it a name at all suitable for the occasion. There being no saint-days about, it had to be content with the "river of prawns"—for it was indeed the only great river of the country. And so it went down on Portuguese charts as the Rio dos Cameroes.

Two centuries passed away before the Niger Trading Company, with a substantial capital of £60,000, gave new life to a legitimate African commerce by sending out steamships, somewhere about 1841; but its chief ventures were confined to the Oil Rivers, near Cape Coast Castle, further north and west. Although the slave trade had been scotched it was not killed, and cruisers were sent out by England—the only nation—to suppress it with all the rigours of the law. Amongst these vessels was H.M.S. Trident, commanded by Captain (now Admiral) Close, still living, at an advanced age, at Clifton. One calm day in 1857 his ship was riding quietly at anchor at the mouth of the Cameroon river, when certain canoes bearing chiefs approached and requested a palaver on important matters. Their request was that England should take possession of the Cameroon country, "just as she had done with Calabar." After due consideration, they were made to understand exactly what such a thing would mean, every point of the explanation being fully and eagerly agreed to.

Naturally, our commander thought he had done a good day's work. Judge then of his chagrin when an answer from the Admiralty to his report informed him that in hoisting the flag and taking possession of the land, he had very much exceeded his duties, and that he was at once to haul down the flag and revoke all previous proceedings; he was there to suppress the slave trade and for no other purpose.

After waiting patiently for twenty-two years, during which time, however, they had frequently urged the matter on our Consuls, the chiefs resolved to make another strenuous effort, and for this purpose wrote a letter to the Queen. No answer of any kind was returned to this request, the matter being in the hands of our Consul, who had explained to the chiefs frequently what were the views of our rulers.

Germany's recent annexations in Africa were not her first efforts in that direction, for in 1641 there was a Brandenburg African Company of traders, under Frederick, with a station at Cape Three Points, but about 1720 the concern disappeared for lack of capital. As to the Cameroon, in 1883 the Hamburg Chamber of Commerce recommended to Prince Bismarck the annexation of the Cameroon coast, and on April 20th, 1884, a letter was sent to Lord Granville at the Foreign Office by the German charge d'Affaires in London. An answer was returned in suitable terms, but before our officials had time to receive their instructions, two German ships of war, the Moltke and Elizabeth, anchored off the Cameroon coast for the purpose of a palaver with the Chiefs.

On July 5th, the German flag was raised at Togoland, and a few days later at the Cameroon River, where meanwhile the ground had been prepared by German traders, who succeeded in winning over certain Chiefs by lavish promises of money, guns, powder, rum, and tobacco. "King Bell held out stoutly in favour of a British agreement for more than a week, but on the 19th, when Consul Hewett arrived, he found the German flag had been flying for at least five days." Knowing or suspecting what the intentions of Germany were, our Consul lost no time in making treaties with the Chiefs about Lagos, and thus the mouths of the Niger and the Oil Rivers were secured to Great Britain, for by her secret action Germany had begun the scramble for Africa.

The north and middle zones are peopled by Fula and Hausa tribes who long ago arrived from the north and north-east as interlopers and conquerors, bringing with them an Arabic civilization from the regions of the Bahr-el-Ghazel, together with horses and horned cattle previously unknown, and founded a well-organized State. From the centre of the middle zone southward are the Bantu-speaking negroes, who at one time appear to have occupied the whole country. Previous to the German occupation they were frequently at war with each other, having no political cohesion, but they were not unintelligent in many of the industrial arts. Near the sea, in the south-west, there is a strong mixture of a tribe of Krumen, well known and valued by European traders as intelligent and industrious labourers, in much request, also, on steamers as cargo hands and firemen, for which they are well fitted by a fine physique. The Bantus are pagans. They speak, in addition to their own language, a sort of bastard English, common on the whole West Coast since the days of our early navigators.

The German seat of Government is in a fine situation at Buea, quite near the sea, and 3,000 feet high. Near by is the former English settlement of Victoria, founded by the British Baptist Mission when expelled by the Portuguese Government from Fernando-Po. The town of Duala, well situated on one of the great estuaries or bays, has a population of about 25,000, including, before the war, some 200 Europeans. This is the headquarters of the trading community and missionaries; its chief streets are well laid out and wide, with avenues of trees; it also has an excellent system of sanitation. There is a fine park, with various statues of those who have been chiefly associated with German-African enterprise, as well as a commodious floating dock.

Up to the first twenty-one years of its existence, the Colony had never raised sufficient revenue to meet its expenditure, which in 1905 exceeded £230,000. Order was maintained by a native force officered by Germans. The colony has before it the very brightest prospects of commerce, especially being so near all European and American markets. Everything that will grow in tropical Africa can be grown in the Cameroon—and more, through the temperate climate of its mountain ranges.

COCONUT ROMANCES

Queer Tropical Fruit Plays Important Role in Trade and Financial World

IT is generally recognized that jealousy of British world-wide puissance and influence has constituted one of the principal factors in that fierce hatred felt for us by the Germans, writes Roland Belfort in World's Work. Their pride has been touched by certain formidable barriers reared by British enterprise throughout the world. Eager to found colonies, they discovered that we had acquired all the finest territories—sometimes by sheer luck rather than by strenuous effort or foresight. Desirous of establishing a big shipping industry, they found that British pioneers dominated the Seven Seas. Did they need to cable abroad? Such communications had to pass over British cables, worked by British experts. They were further irritated to note that nearly two-thirds of the world's gold was being produced under the British flag, thus immensely strengthening our financial fabric and consolidating London in its traditional position as the monetary centre of the world. When the Rubber industry assumed abnormal importance, a British colony took the lead in cultivation, while London became the principal financial and marketing centre. While not a third of the world's total supply of this precious commodity is sold in Mincing Lane, its price is largely determined by the quotations of that market. In a word, the Germans—arrogant, ambitious, greedy—encountered the British in all directions and everywhere in a dominant position.

There is no doubt that from to-day our implacable enemies have to face another bitter, costly economic defeat. This is in connection with the coconut, copra, coconut oil, fibre and allied industries, which represent an annual value of about £100,000,000 and are still expanding as the result of constantly-increasing, world-wide demand.

The trade lost by Germany appears likely to revert to the French, the Dutch and the British. The latter have a splendid opportunity to build factories and refineries, and thus manufacture in this country an increasing proportion of the nut butter, margarine, etc., consumed by the world in general and our teeming millions in particular. Not under any circumstances should the grotesque pre-war position be resumed—that is to say, the production of copra under the British flag; its transport to London; its shipment to Holland or Germany, and its final return to England in the form of margarine, coconut oil, or similar products.

Now, it is absolutely certain that the Germans will, after the war, make strenuous efforts to recapture that control of the raw material which they enjoyed before the war. But conditions are changing, and it is quite possible that England may largely dominate the manufacturing as well as the cultivating of the coconut.

Among raw materials copra must secure a prominent position, by reason of its value and economic importance. Germans will mobilize all their diplomatic, financial and secret service resources to secure an interest in the leading British coconut-growing and manufacturing companies. Unless stringent precautions be taken, we shall find the coconut and copra industry, like the Stock Exchange, infested with active, intriguing Germans. Where a frontal attack fails, they will engineer turning movements by secretly subsidizing Dutchmen or renegade Englishmen to represent their interests. Such men are easily recruited, alas!

Why has the coconut suddenly achieved such vital importance? It is all a question of fat. The world having run short of animal fats, indispensable not only for foodstuffs but also for the making of soap and candles, some substitute had to be found. Populations were increasing, fat-yielding animals becoming scarcer in America, Argentina and Australia; a fat famine was feared.

Experts turned to the coconut. But—its oil made a fine fat, yet it had such a pungent flavour and so soon turned rancid that, although natives could eat it, Europeans recoiled before its consumption. Thus in Europe it was used mainly for making such low-grade commodities as soap, candles, lamp oil, and lubricating oils.

Then clever French chemists set to work and not only succeeded in eliminating the disagreeable taste of the copra, without impairing its nutritive qualities, but also in freeing it from its liability to turn sour and rancid. That is why the British people, among others, are now enjoying a delicious nut butter, at half the cost of dairy butter, to which it is considered superior by hygienists. Immense quantities are being consumed by our heroes in France and England, as well as by increasing numbers of civilians.

There is one aspect of this question which merits special consideration to-day, when the consolidation of the Empire has become a living factor in practical politics. The coconut industry is of Imperial import, owing to its vast extent; its growing value to our colonies; its great influence in cheapening and purifying the food of our people; the large number of Britishers who will find lucrative employment in

"Mama, He's back some more yet!"

- Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

this industry, in England and in many of our Colonies.

Happily, some of the finest coconut-growing regions are under the British flag. Not yet has the British public, or even the British Government, quite realized the far-reaching effects of this foodal revolution. Such effects were, however, becoming apparent about the time the war broke out. When peace is restored the coconut industry is likely to develop in enormous proportions, for national necessities and the general interest impose upon us the fostering and intensive development of an industry which has already proved of great importance to the entire British Empire.

After the war the coconut industry will offer splendid opportunities for officers of sound physique, with good organizing ability accustomed to controlling men, who will be practically out of employment. They will eagerly welcome an opportunity of engaging in the coconut industry, on the planting side, in our Dominions and Colonies, where it is being developed under British law and custom. Such men will need active, outdoor employment under congenial conditions, simply because it will be impossible for them, after a life of excitement and activity, to settle down to the humdrum existence led in this country.

Liverpool is likely to compete with London as a leading centre for coconut exploitation, especially in connection with the crushing of copra and the refining of oil. For these profitable developments special factories are being constructed and ample capital raised by enterprising Liverpool merchants who fully realize the profitability of this expanding industry. There is no doubt that the merchants and financiers of both London and Liverpool are preparing for the coming coconut market.

As regards the financing of the industry, it is unfortunate that, in London, for the first two or three years, there was not attracted thereto, apart from Sir William Lever, any prominent personality. This was, of course, regrettable from every standpoint, public confidence being so essential to success for an industry in its infancy.

Happily, there are excellent reasons for anticipating that the financial side of the industry will henceforth attract the attention of prominent financiers and merchants offering the necessary qualifications of personal responsibility and financial influence. Thanks to their exertions, the Treasury authorities are likely to sanction the floatation of sound coconut companies. They consider that the latter's operations are at present of national importance, seeing that the coconut yields a valuable foodal product now required in this country in enormous quantities.

Copra is a product for which there is a clamant, increasing demand throughout the world, and it is generally recognized that the soundest foundation for an investment is one which deals in foodal articles that are indispensable for our teeming millions. Coconuts come under that category. To conclude: British capitalists may have the satisfaction of knowing that there is a great world-industry in the making; that the British can, by prompt action, secure virtual control. They can, pari passu, wrest a valuable asset from the Germans and endow the Empire with a permanent source of power and profit, while reaping for themselves very substantial advantages.

THE GERMAN AERIAL RAIDS.

The British Lion: "When it comes to flying, that bird certainly has it over me!"
(A German Conceit) —From Der Brummer (Berlin).

RUSSIA'S REVIVAL

The Miracle of the Slav's "Come Back" Astounds the World

GERMANY believed, according to Robert Machray, in the Nineteenth Century, that in September last she had broken Russia by that tremendous Austro-German offensive which was initiated by Marshal Mackensen in Galicia in the preceding May. She based this conviction on "successes that bordered on the fabulous"—the conquest of almost all Galicia, Poland, Lithuania, and Courland within a period of less than five months. She has made many mistakes, but none profounder than this; Russia had not been broken, for at most she had only been bent back by the enemy, and there was no "decision."

There was a time when the Germans had been welcome in Russia; there was a long period in which Russian policy leaned on Germany, but this was closed when the Czar Alexander the Third succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Alexander the Second, and discovered that Germany was plotting with Austria behind Russia's back; hence he was led to find an ally in France. Throughout European Russia there were numerous Russians of German origin whose sympathies lay with Germany, and they were centres of pro-German intrigue and influence. But it also should be stated that there were, and are, Russians whose forefathers were German, who have become thorough Russians. Since the outbreak of the war the attitude of the Russians as a nation has absolutely changed towards the Germans and everything German; they hate the Germans and even those Russians whose descent is German. This development of national feeling—it goes deeper than sentiment—has a great deal to do with the resurgence of Russia, which, if the truth were known, fills Germany and her congeners with profound astonishment and serious apprehension, but has a very different interest for the Entente and the rest of the world.

That resurgence may almost be said to have manifested itself some weeks before the Austro-German offensive of 1915 came to an end. Looking back now over all stages of that world-shaking campaign, it is easy to see that the last striking success of that offensive was the capture of Vilna on the 18th of September. Indeed, nothing in the war is more remarkable than the magnificent manner in which the Russians, in spite of the terrible hammering they had undergone, rallied in the latter part of that September and defeated the German plans. Their splendid resistance continued throughout October and into November in the north, centre, and south of their long front of over 700 miles, and the fact is that the Russians, even before climatic conditions had come to their assistance, had fought so well that the great enemy offensive had been stayed.

When the Grand Duke began the second campaign in the Caucasus the general enemy position on his front, which was no less than about 800 miles in length if Persia be included, was that the Turks were in considerable strength on his right on the Black Sea west of Batum and in the mountains through which the Upper Chorokh flows; in greater strength on his centre, whose pivot for him was Sarikamish-Kars, and for the enemy Koprikoi-Erzerum; and in considerable strength on his left in the neighbourhood of Lake Van.

The great road running from Kars to Erzerum bisected the centres of both combatants, and it was along this highway that the campaign opened. About the 10th of January, when the road and all the country round were deep in snow and swept by icy winds, the Russians by a series of vigorous and determined attacks compelled the enemy to give way, and within the ensuing ten days had driven him in headlong rout from Koprikoi and Hassan Kale; on the 20th of the month they were shelling the outer fortifications of Erzerum itself, which was taken by storm on the 16th of February after five days of what the Grand Duke, in his dispatch to the Czar announcing this splendid and ever-memorable feat of arms, rightly called "unprecedented assault." In the West nothing of the kind had been expected, as it was thought that the investment of the fortress-city would be a long, dragging affair; the place was known to have been strongly fortified by German engineers even before Turkey openly joined in the war, and it had a German general in chief command. Petrograd correspondents had not encouraged a particularly sanguine forecase; even in Russia the news created a good deal of surprise as well as delight. Russia was unfeignedly, if quietly, glad. This was the third time that she had wrested from the Turks the stronghold which is the key to Armenia, but on neither of the two previous occasions had its capture caused such deep joy as on this. The protracted enforced retreat in Europe last year with its train of disasters had imposed a terrible strain upon her; it could not be otherwise; but the burden did not crush her spirit any more than it had broken her soldiers. She had set herself with unflinching fortitude and unyielding resolution to brace herself for the continuance of the struggle, and in this magnificent success she saw the first great reward for her vast exertions in reorganizing herself and her Army and for her prodigious efforts in procuring and producing adequate munitionment. It was a happy omen that the Duma reassembled immediately on the taking of Erzerum; when last it had come together the shadow of the fall of Warsaw lay heavy upon it. The other Allies shared in the rejoicings of Russia.

RUSSIA WAKING UP.

Bear: "It can be said that I was tied up; but I was not tied up well."
—From L'Esquella de la Torratxa (Barcelona).

Russia has done great things, whereof we may very well rejoice. And she will do yet greater things. She is in almost every way more formidable than she was a year ago. Her lack of guns, shells, and other munitions, which last summer led to disaster, has been remedied. Her reserves of men are enormous; General Shuvaieff, the present Minister of War, stated recently that even if the armies at the front should disappear to the very last man she would be able to "put a fresh army into the field as numerous as before, and, if necessary, to renew the operation once again and yet again." With the fate of Sukhomlinoff, a predecessor of his, before his eyes, it is scarcely likely that these words are mere rhetorical expressions. Russia has become industrialized for the War—notably, she has built many new railways. In every department of her national life she is, in brief, resurgent. The delegation from the Russian Parliament lately among us expressed emphatically the invincibility of her resolve to carry the war to final triumph. It was a happy thing that these welcome Russian visitors had opportunities of seeing with their own eyes abundant evidences of a like determination in Great Britain, and so will be able to assure their countrymen that the British Empire is with whole-hearted vigour "performing its part in this stupendous war," to quote from the gracious speech which the King delivered on receiving them. His Majesty also referred to the heartfelt desire of himself and his people that the relations between the two empires should become closer and more intimate. In this connexion nothing could be better than Mr. Asquith's declaration, which merited the keenest interest and the heartiest approbation, that a complete agreement has been established between the Russian and the British Governments in regard to Eastern affairs. Such an announcement only a few years ago would have been impossible, but the war has changed, and is changing, nearly every traditional point of view. The King, looking on to the time when a satisfactory conclusion of the war shall have been reached expressed to the Russian representatives the hope that Russia and England, taking into account their respective resources and possibilities, will understand that close intercourse will be mutually beneficial. Surely there can be no doubt of that; and in the meantime both countries are indissolubly joined in this great struggle for noble ends.

A WAR PROPHECY

As Seen Through a Monocle

"DON'T never prophesy unless you know," is a motto which would spoil a lot of fun—if lived up to. I am not going to spoil the fun. I am going to prophesy—prophesy that, from this time forward, a great deal of the larger strategy of the war will pivot upon the assault upon and defence of Austro-Hungary. The importance of Austro-Hungary to both sides is little realized by those whose attention is rivetted to the Western front. If we win the war in every other respect, but leave Germany in practical possession of Austro-Hungary, we will have lost it. Austria is Germany's greatest conquest up to date, bar nothing. She secured this conquest last summer when the Russians were in the Carpathians and Austria seemed to be in extremis, and only Mackensen's drive across Galicia saved her from deeper invasion and dismemberment. That is Germany saved Austria's life, and demanded the usual price for such a service at a summer resort—marriage. And marriage—to a German—means the complete subjection of the "frau."

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IT is reported and denied that there is already a treaty, signed, sealed and delivered, which makes the army control and foreign policies of Austria and Germany "identical." If that be true, we know where the identity will be found—viz.:—Potsdam. Vienna will become a Provincial Capital, like Munich. In any case, Germany will seek such a treaty. She had rather emerge from this war with Austria at her saddle-bow than with all the Allied territory she now holds. She could make much more of Austria with its German population and its ambitious Hungarian annex. It would give her a vast and compact Empire from the North Sea to the Adriatic, from the Lower Rhine to the Lower Danube. If, in addition to this, she could manage to keep a bridge across Serbia to Bulgaria, her Empire would stretch from Hamburg to Bagdad. But, assuming that we cut her domain at Belgrade—as we surely will if we are not insane—she will still have the dominating and central position in Europe if she can keep Austro-Hungary.

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THE military situation, as I write, tends to obscure the pivotal place held by Austria in the general scheme of things. Austria is being invaded—Galicia is being overrun—the Carpathians are being menaced—and yet Germany apparently turns a deaf ear to any cries of alarm from the east, and concentrates her efforts on meeting the Anglo-French offensive in the west. This helps to sustain the theory that the western front is the one she regards as vital. But one has only to look at a map to see how misleading is this deduction. If we not only captured Peronne and Bapaume but pushed through to St. Quentin and Cambrai as well, or even compelled a far deeper withdrawal, driving the German forces back to the line of the Meuse—let us say—we should not yet imperil any vital German interest. If we got to the Rhine, no one imagines that we would do more than rectify the Western boundary, restoring the lost Provinces to France, liberating Luxembourg and possibly occupying some strategic positions. But we would not think of creating a German Alsace.

IF, on the other hand, the Allies dismembered Austria—or, rather, cut the tyrannical Hapsburg rope that binds it, unwilling, together—Germany would be automatically imprisoned in mid-Europe. She would lose the Ally which has given her confidence and influence in the past. Pan-Germanism would become a poor, misty sort of dream, worth very little if accomplished. The Balkans would be gone. Russia would stand astride the Dardanelles. The Bagdad railway would become an Allied enterprise. Germany would find herself without colonies or friends, burdened with debt, disillusioned touching her army, ripe for revolution, and very likely to break up into the German Principalities of the early part of last century. If she had to give to Belgium or France a German Province in the West—something most likely—it would probably be more bother than good to them; and yet she could far better afford to let France become "carre" again and go to the Rhine than to find herself pitch-forked finally out of Austria.

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WE may be very sure that she will not lose Austria if she can possibly help it. Her present apparent indifference to the invasion of Galicia—not a real indifference, for she has sent as many troops as she can spare—is probably due to her knowledge, supported by experience, that Austria can lose Galicia without losing her life. The barrier of the Carpathians would still stand between her and the much-feared Russian armies. So Germany may be deliberately permitting the re-occupation of Galicia in order to confront the Western "drive" with as strong forces as possible, but with the firm intention of immediately letting everything in the west go by the board and hastening off to the rescue of Austria the moment the Carpathians have been carried. That is what she did before. The Russians worked their will in Galicia until they captured Przemysl and pressed on to the Carpathian Passes. Then Germany moved. Mackensen organized his great "drive" and set Austria on her feet once more.

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SO what we may look for is the fiercest sort of fighting against our Western drive with all the forces that can be made effective on so narrow a front, so long as the Russians are not actually endangering the plains of Hungary or descending from the mountains toward Vienna. But a swift change of front on the part of the combined Teuton armies, bringing them into their final and desperate defensive alignment, will surely come when the Russians menace the heart of Austro-Hungary. And only then will the enemy be with its back to the wall, fighting what it regards as its most formidable foe, Russia. It is still fighting for "the military map." It is not yet consciously fighting for its life, in spite of all the panicky pronouncements which have been published by officialdom and even royalty. So long as Allied progress is greater in the east than in the west, the beginning of the end is not in sight. That state of affairs—a remarkable state of affairs, for it seems to expose the more vital parts of the organism to the greater danger—is a standing sign that the Central Empires do not yet regard themselves as in any danger so great as to demand strictly defensive fighting. But when the shifting of troops from the west to the east begins in deadly earnest, then we may be prepared to withstand the most determined "drive" for peace yet seen. My prophecy then is that the war will not end until we have witnessed the finest fight for the protection of Austria that the Germans have yet put up anywhere. And until that fight begins, the first stage of the end has not been reached.

The Mystery of Marjorie Sansom

(Continued from page 8.)

with the German bayonet wound in her breast, and the blackened outline of a pair of thick German hands about her slender throat.

"It was our first sight of the realities of war, and we stood transfixed with horror. The Captain swore like the proverbial pirate, and his orderly covered his face with his trembling hands in a manner not approved of in the official drill books.

"Then there was the beautiful French matron with the Madonna-like face, whom I found one evening kneeling in the ruined shell-racked church, where the vagrant moonbeams wandered at will over the scattered treasures of art, and the blood of the faithful priest stained the altar steps.

"It was the first time I had been in a church for months, and it brought back the days of my early childhood, the little Sunday school at Fellows Brook, and those 'impulses to wordless prayer' that come to us 'in life's morning march.' I removed my trench cap reverently and stood beside her.

" 'I am not of your faith, and at home I was classed with the "backsliders," ' I told her in my best New Brunswick French; 'but permit me to kneel with you and join in your petition to the good God.'

" 'I am praying that my husband will not return,' she said, raising a white and expressionless face.

"Your husband,' I cried.

" 'Yes. He is an officer in the French artillery in the Vosges,' and her eyes met mine fearlessly.

" 'What has he done?' I gasped, thinking instantly of the vague stories we had heard of early French disasters, and of military courts that had passed sentence on some of the leading officers engaged in the earlier operations.

"The moon slid behind the one fragment of the tower that had escaped the German shells, and the heavy shadow veiled her face. Her voice sank to a whisper that seemed to thrill through the empty church.

" 'There will be a child when he returns—the Germans.'

"God! I stumbled from the shattered church and the swift vision of a ruined home, stunned and sickened by the horror of it all, with words on my lips and black thoughts in my heart that did not fit in with the sacred character of the place.

"I tried to recall the vow I had made then and there. It had something to do with the Germans, I remember, but my mind was wandering again and it slipped away from me.

"I thought the Captain spoke, but his eyes were still closed; his lips were motionless, and he lay wrapped in the German bandages and the stupor of apparent death. It was memory that had tricked me, and what I heard was but the reminiscent echo of his ringing orders that December evening when we were sent to occupy the advanced trench that the German infantry had attacked so furiously the day before, rushing up to the entanglements in such close formation that the English Colonel declared it wasn't fair to shoot them, as they didn't have a 'sporting chawnce.'

"It was one glorious hour, for our turn had come, and I wish some of the old croakers back in New Brunswick who thought the Canadians were going for the sake of the trip, and not to fight, could have seen us then. Action at last. Every man was simply delirious with joy. The Captain's orderly created a regular boarding school scene until he exacted an unwilling promise that he would not be left behind, and the cook slipped into the ranks telling the blasphéming 'cookee' to look after things until he got back. The paymaster promptly shut up shop for the time being, and the sick men in the improvised hospital cursed the doctor until the nurses and the chaplain despaired of their physical recovery or spiritual regeneration.

"The march to the firing line I could not recall. The next scene to flash on my mental film was the crowded trench, and the boys eager for their 'baptism of fire,' as the chaplain said.

"The 'cripple tardy-gaited night' limped away as tediously as when the English waited for the day of Agincourt to dawn. At four a.m. some of the men were praying for sunrise, and a feverish anxiety ran along the line.

" 'I know now,' the chaplain declared, 'what the Psalmist meant when he spoke of "those who watch for the morning." '

"Then a glimmer of golden light flickered on the fragment of the tower of the ruined church back in the village, and dawn came with a rush—a glorious continental dawn that reminded me of a New Brunswick sunrise on Guimic Lake. Ten minutes later a German shell whistled over and burst a hundred feet beyond. It was the first, and for over an hour they dropped out of the cloudless sky, like apples from the old Siberian crab tree in the northwest corner of the peaceful orchard at home.

"The Captain stood close to my section, scanning the open ground that stretched away to the wooded slope a little to the left, while the men fingered their rifles nervously. The orderly had never left the Captain's side for a moment, and gazed at the dark stretch of wood and back to the officer with alternate bewilderment and trusting faith. The orderly would never make a soldier, we had all agreed long before, but he was probably three years younger than even the youngest man in the company, and one is charitable under such trying circumstances and accurate shell fire.

"Half-past nine. A torrent of gray coats and spiked helmets flowed from the wood and rolled towards our trench.

" 'They're coming,' " said the Captain quietly, replacing his binoculars in the case as he spoke, and the orderly slipped behind him without the slightest effort to conceal his fear.

" 'Fire low and steady,' ordered the Captain, 'and be sure you get your man.'

"There was an ominous rattle of rifle bolts, and a ragged volley ripped along the trench.

" 'Steady now,' cautioned the Captain, and some carefully selected hand-picked spiked helmets in the front of the advancing line toppled over, while the others pushed on. We could see the burly officers waving their swords and urging them forward.

" 'Keep it up,' shouted the Captain, and the little orderly moaned audibly.

"The ragged volley grew into a continuous roar. The men were shooting as steadily as if back home on a Dominion rifle range, and up at the eastern angle of the trench the angry rat-tat of our one machine gun sounded like an old woodpecker that used to hammer away at the big cedars down in Carson's swamp.

"The spiked helmets were thinning out, but still they came on, the officers urging them forward with imperious gutteral commands.

"Now we could plainly see their heavy bearded faces, stern, determined, with the stamp of world dominion, but brutal faces withal. Possibly they were the identical troopers that had occupied the village behind us. I connected each one of them with some particular atrocity that had come under my notice, and I thought of the finger-prints on the throat of the dead girl, and the pure face of the matron who prayed that her husband might never know. I comprehended it all, as never before, and worked my overheated rifle a little faster.

"Still they come on. Now they were

(Concluded on page 20.)

MONEY AND MAGNATES

New Canadian Nickel Refinery

THE nickel requirements of the whole world with the exception of the United States will be cared for at the Canadian plant, which, it is announced, the International Nickel Company will erect at Port Colborne, Ont. The new plant will cost between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000. This is a much greater sum than the company had first promised the Government, and is large because the International firm which first planned only to supply the needs of Great Britain and Canada, at its Canadian refinery, has since decided, as stated, to care for all but those of the United States. On account of the American tariff and other economic reasons American needs will continue to be met at the New Jersey plant.

The building, to be erected by the corporation immediately, will be large enough for the purposes mentioned, but it will be some time, of course, before the machinery necessary for such an enterprise will be installed. However, the corporation plans to begin to supply British and Canadian requirements immediately and will branch out into the larger field after the war. Four hundred acres have been acquired at Port Colborne for the plant and work will start immediately.

Another refinery, as announced by Ontario Government authorities, will be built in Ontario by the British American Nickel Company. It is not receiving Government assistance, but it is expected it will erect a plant which will also be of considerable size.

Rust Reports False

CROP news from the Canadian North West is good and does not lend truth to reports circulated in the United States that rust damage had extended to the Dominion prairie provinces. In fact, all available news indicates that on a smaller area the Canadian West stands to give almost as large a wheat yield as last year, when the crop was excellent. The Canadian Northern received a crop report from Edward Oliver, acting secretary of statistics of Saskatchewan, stating that reports indicate no serious damage by black rust need be feared. Some fields show slight signs of red rust, but with warm, dry weather, no serious damage is anticipated. Grain is filling nicely and haying has started. James Carruthers, who is on an extensive tour of the grain area in the West, wires that prospects at present could not be better. They are uniformly good over all lines, and with a continuance of fine weather, it looks as if we will have another large crop. A few sections have been damaged by hail, but this happens every year. He says he never saw the country looking so well in the districts covered by the G.T.P. between Winnipeg and Edmonton. Business in the west is very quiet now.

Railways Still Moving 1915 Crop

RAILWAY officials state that the whole of the 1915 wheat crop has not yet been moved out of the Canadian West, but anticipate that it will be by August 15. The three roads have more grain-carrying cars on their western lines to-day than ever before in history, this having been necessitated by the accumulation of the old supplies. The amount of grain to be moved before the new crop is in will constitute a new record in history. As the G.T.P. and C.N.R. have completed their lines eastward, as well as to the Pacific coast, it is anticipated also that a record amount of the 1916 crop will move to the seaboard by rail after navigation closes. Railway earnings promise to show up favourably as a result of the big grain movement in sight.

Winnipeg on Toronto's Heels in Rank of Clearings

IN the comparative rank of bank clearings for the North American cities for the week ended Thursday, Winnipeg has moved up from 14th position to the rank of 12th, occupying the place vacated by Toronto in her move to the 11th notch. Montreal holds steadily in seventh place.

Agricultural Implement Companies Doing a Big Business

IT is learned that the outlook for Canadian companies manufacturing agricultural implements is very bright at the present time. The West has bought heavily since last fall and the prospects for another big crop assure a continued heavy demand. Meantime sales in the United Kingdom are about 50% above normal times, the heavy enlistments having had the effect of increasing the use of labour-saving machinery. After the war it is expected that export trade of the Canadian companies will increase rapidly.

Sawyer Massey is the only Canadian company of this nature whose stock is listed here, and it is holding on offer at 20 with no sales, against a low record for transactions this year at 25 and a high of 31¾. Massey-Harris stock is closely held. Cockshutt Plow is listed in London where it has had a good advance.

Porcupine Mines Not in Fire Belt—Raining Up North

SEVERAL wires to local mining brokers state that, with the exception of the burning down of a number of buildings on the outskirts of Timmins, the Porcupine gold camp district has not suffered in the fire. Another wire says it is raining now, and that the worst is now known.

Montreal Locomotive Company Doing Extensive Business

THE Montreal Locomotive Company, the Canadian subsidiary of the American Locomotive, is doing a big shell business, and is, as a matter of fact, one of the largest producers of ammunition in the Dominion. All departments are working to full capacity, and although some difficulty is being experienced in obtaining raw materials, owing to the general scarcity, good progress is being made on the Government orders.

WOMEN MUNITION WORKERS HOLD PICNIC

These Girls from a Toronto Factory held a picnic at Centre Island (Toronto), recently. They were a husky, self-reliant, yet thoroughly feminine lot of young Canadians. Some of them are "core-makers" and handle the delicate sand-made models which make the moulds for various kinds of munitions.

MUSIC AND PLAYS

Music in Picardy.

WHEN our men in Picardy made the unpleasant discovery that modern warfare consisted, in the classic phrase, of long intervals of acute boredom punctuated by moments of intense fear, a cry went up for mouth-organs, gramophones, anything which would minister to the primitive desire for music which lies deep in the hearts of the vast majority of men. It then occurred to the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee of the Y. M.C.A. that a series of concerts might be welcome, and so in February, 1915, the "Concerts for the Front" scheme was started, and in the March number of The Strand Magazine Miss Lena Ashwell gives a charming account of a year's triumphs. In twelve months one thousand five hundred concerts have been given, and the visit of a concert party is an event looked forward to for weeks beforehand and talked of for weeks afterwards. These concerts have brightened the lives of thousands of our soldiers just when they most needed diversion. Programmes of really good music are always given. Miss Lena Ashwell has some interesting things to say about Tommy's preferences:—

It is difficult to answer the question, "What songs and music do the men love most?" They like anything that is simple and beautiful. They love the songs they know, and they also love and adopt at once music that is new to them. The Scots regiments never tire of "Loch Lomond," for instance, while "Annie Laurie," with the whole audience joining in the chorus, is an evergreen favourite. We have taken cut some of the fine old English folk-songs, such as "The Keys of Heaven," and the men love and learn them instantly. They will get them word-perfect at once and march back to camp singing them. The love of our Tommies for a new tune is the amazement of enemies and of our Allies when they march out of battle shouting the "'Ymn of 'Ate" acquired from the Germans, more popularly known as the "'Uns."

* * *

A New Toronto Theatre.

THE steadily increasing popularity of the motion picture has been curiously typified by the changes in the architecture of the buildings given over to this form of amusement. In the early stages, any old sort of hall would do, provided it had a gaudily decorated false front built up, and was well flanked by lurid signs. Then gradually innovations were introduced—more comfortable seats, electric fans for summer, and proper heating facilities for winter. Someone built in a ventilation system, and the rest followed suit. The number and the form of the exits next received attention. The piano was assisted by a violin, and these two later had the addition of a piccolo and a drum, until finally a complete orchestra was evolved. And last, but by no means least, the organ found its place, not to oust the orchestra, but to assist it. The old hall or store would serve the purpose no longer, but was torn down and replaced by a building with all modern conveniences. In a word, the moving picture theatre of to-day in architecture, decoration and comfort, is hard to surpass in any other class of building.

There is being constructed in Toronto at the present time, a picture theatre to be known as the Regent, which will embody all the latest features of such structures. This building, which is situated on Adelaide street, just west of Yonge, is in the centre of the city's business district, and has been designed by one of the foremost theatrical architects on the continent, Mr. Thomas W. Lamb. The cooling plant, the heating system, the the ventilation and the decoration, has each in turn been provided by the foremost contractors in the country. The organ is by Cassavant Freres, who are famous as makers of the best organs on the continent.

The Regent will be opened in a few weeks, and will increase the capacity of moving picture theatres in Toronto by 2,000.

* * *

Music in America.

AN interesting opinion of the present period of American music is given by the composer, Mr. Henry Purmort Evans, in writing of his own recent composition. He says, in the Canadian Journal of Music:—

For some time past, but more especially of late, have I deeply felt that American Music and Music in America was passing through a critical period in its history. The sources of the national and characteristic art and culture we so much craved are in the soil we live upon and the time has passed when our writers—great and small—need turn to other lands or peoples for ideas and methods. I am not speaking for myself alone, but for men of greater powers now writing and for those who shall feel the call to express themselves, when I urge a sympathetic hearing and a broader understanding of the legend, art (both colour and tonal), religion and symbolism of our American Indian; of our American Negro, and of the Creoles, Mountaineers, and Plains-people.

The Mystery of Marjorie Sansom

(Concluded from page 17.)

less than ten yards away, and every man was firing as fast as possible. At that distance and with such a formation we could not miss, and they fell over like dolls. Still they stumbled on.

" 'Polite cusses, to give us such a good chance at 'em,' shouted Dyke Hartsgrove as he bound up a shrapnel wound in his left arm.

" 'Steady, give them the bayonet,' roared the Captain, whipping out his sword and seizing his revolver in the other hand.

"We gripped our rifles and dug our boots into the soft ground.

"The first line of Huns topped the parapet, literally fell upon our bayonets, and were hurled down in the trench with us by the furious rush of the living behind them. Before we could recover curselves or retrieve our bayonets for a second thrust, the whole detachment swarmed into the trench.

"We fought well. No doubt the Canadian papers chronicled the fact. A big major was one of the first to reach the trench. I saw the Captain thrust his sword at the hairy throat, and the spiked helmet sprung into the air. Poor Lee Dyson, who always claimed he was so cross-eyed that when he cried the tears ran down the back of his neck, lunged with his bayonet, and a big German attempted to parry, while Lee stabbed the man beside him. Jim Manford, who once fought a ten-round draw with the champion of Maine, having clubbed his rifle until it was broken as badly as the Hun skulls he had used it on, knocked down four husky Germans with his naked fists, and the V. C. was earned de facto a hundred times. But the Germans were two to one, and in five minutes' time they had raised the ratio to three.

"We were doomed, we all realized. The Captain saw it. The orderly seized his sword arm and made some unintelligible request. The Captain pushed him away angrily. The orderly faced him again, with clasped hands and a pleading look in his boyish eyes. The Captain hesitated an instant. Then he raised his revolver, and in a frenzy of unbelieving horror, I saw him shoot the orderly through the heart. The next moment he transfixed a German sergeant with his sword.

"A new swarm of spiked helmets rose over the parapet of the trench and stumbled down upon us, and with them came the impenetrable darkness. A great Pit seemed to open in the bottom of our trench and we stumbled down, down into the inky darkness of the eighth circle of h-——.

"I gazed across at the Captain. The monster, the traitor. The enormity of his offence smote me with all the force of a physical blow. He was worse than the Germans, who at least reserved their cruelty for their enemies. What would I do? Could I denounce him? Why hadn't he been killed with the others? Was he a criminal in disguise, or was it a mere fit of temporary insanity? The questions jostled through my reeling mind like a disorganized regiment.

"Slowly his eyes opened, and his blank uncomprehending gaze was worse than his inert lifelessness. Then the light of recognition flickered across his pallid countenance. I could not move, but my eyes held his.

" 'You villain,' I whispered.

"A painful spasm wrenched his bandaged face.

" 'Listen,' he gasped. 'Explain—if get back—records—St, Agatha's Church—rector.'

" 'What do you mean?' I demanded, my brain whirling with the effort.

"He partly raised himself, and a sudden change transformed his wasted features.

" 'Explain,' he whispered. 'Orderly—my wife—married Quebec—insisted coming—look records.'

"He fell back with a quick choking gasp, and I made a pitiful inert attempt to call for assistance. The nurse in charge hurried up, but the Captain had gone to join the rest of his Company, and the little orderly.

"Again I saw the German finger-prints on the French girl's delicate throat, and the peaceful trusting look of the little orderly as he faced the Captain's weapon.

"When consciousness returned again the cot at the left was empty, and——"

That was all, but at the bottom of the unfinished letter there was a notation by a German censor, I am not a German scholar, thank God, but I could make out the broad general effect, which was to let the letter go through, as it contained nothing but the "pipe dream" of a crazy Canadian who had died before finishing it.

Teutonic wisdom is not infallible, though, as this war has amply proved, for I have searched the records of St. Agatha's Church and talked with the old rector, and Emery's story was true.

And the same marriage recorded at St. Agatha's which I copied and photographed with such scrupulous care, did more than confirm Lucien's letter; for the name of the bride settled the mystery of the disappearance of Marjorie Sansom, and the reward will furnish a convenient fund to educate "little Jack."

CHESS

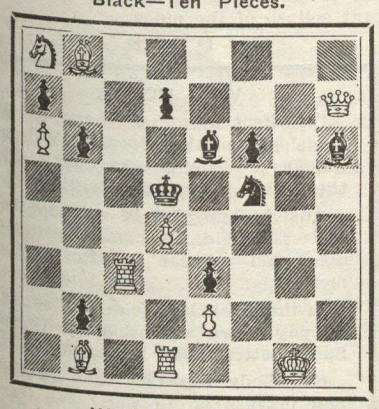
Conducted by Malcolm Sim

Address all correspondence to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 65, by R. G. Thompson (Aberdeen).

First Prize, "Four-Leaved Shamrock," Midsummer Tourney, 1916.

Black—Ten Pieces.



White—Ten Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 66, by F. Kohnlein. 1910.

White: K at QKt2; Q at QB6; Rs at QKtsq and Q8; B at QB3; P at K2.
Black: K at QR2; Q at KB2; R at KR5; Bs at QKt3 and KB8; Kt at QB2; Ps at QR3, QB5, Q3, K2, KB4, and KKt7.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 61, by F. Janet.

1. B—Q4, BxBch; 2. P—K5 mate.
1. ....., KtxB; 2. KtxP mate.
1. ....., KxB; 2. Q—Q2 mate.
1. ....., threat; 2. Q—Qsq mate.

This is a very successful attempt to reduce to greater purity and economy the following two-er by the Editor, the theme of which was originated by "J. B., of Bridport," a matter of a half-century ago.

White: K at KKt8; Q at K2; R at QR4; Bs at KB7 and KKt7; Kts at QR3 and Q7; P at K5. Black: K at Q5; Bs at QRsq and QR8; Kts at QKt5 and QB2; Ps at QR4, K2 and KKt4. (1. B—Q5.)

The great failing of this problem is the pinned Knight, necessary to prevent a cook by 1. B—B4. Mr. Janet is able to guard this square direct in his position. Our esteemed contributor also gets a little more play from the lower Black Bishop in the following setting.

By Frank Janet.

White: K at KR8; Q at Ksq; R at QR3; Bs at KKt7 and KR7; Kts at QR2 and Q6; P at K4. Black: K at Q6; Bs at QR2 and Q8; Kts at QKt6 and QB3; Ps at K3 and KB6. (1. B—Q4.)

Problem No. 62, by Karel Traxler.

1. Q—Qsq, P—K3; 2. B—Kt2ch, KtxB; 3. Q—B3 mate.
1. ....., P—K4; 2. Q—Kt3ch! K—K5; 3. P—Q5 mate.
1. ....., K—B3; 2. Q—R4ch, K moves; 3. Q—R8 or x P mate.
1. ....., K—K5; 2. P—K5ch, K moves; 3. Q—Q4 or K2 mate.

This is cooked by 1. Q—K2, P—K4; 2. B—B5. The author corrects by moving the Knight to KR4, adding a Black Pawn at KR3 and a White Pawn in front at KR5.

Solver's Ladder.

Fourth Week.

	No. 59.	No. 60.	Total.
W. J. Faulkner	2	3	42
J. R. Ballantyne	1	3	34
R. G. Hunter	0	0	26
R. A. Leduc	0	3	24
P. W. Pearson	2	3	20
J. Kay	2	3	20

We take pleasure in congratulating Mr. Faulkner in again heading the ladder and winning the monthly book prize. Mr. Faulkner has favoured us with many interesting letters and problems. Mr. Ballantyne is the only one sending in an attempt at any of Mr. Faulkner's lengthy compositions and he unfortunately brings to light a cook in No. 58 by 1. Kt—Kt3, PxKt; 2. P—B4 (or B—Q4) P—Kt7; 3. Kt—B3 (or Kt—Ktsq).

Marshall v. Janowski

(Final game of the match).

Three Knights Defence.

White. F. J. Marshall.	Black. D. Janowski.
1. P—K4	1. P—K4
2. Kt—KB3	2. Kt—QB3
3. Kt—B3	3. P—KKt3
4. B—B4 (a)	4. B—Kt2
5. P—Q3	5. Kt—R4 (b)
6. B—KKt5	6. P—KB3
7. B—K3	7. P—Q3 (c)
8. BxKt	8. RxB
9. Q—Q2	9. B—K3
10. Kt—QKt5	10. Kt—B3
11. P—Q4	11. B—B5
12. Kt—K3	12. B—B2
13. PxP	13. KtxP
14. KtxKt	14. BPxKt
15. Q—Kt4	15. P—QKt3
16. Castles QR	16. Q—Q2
17. Kt—Kt5	17. P—QR4
18. Q—R4 (d)	18. K—Bsq
19. KR—Bsq	19. B—B3
20. B—R6ch	20. K—K2 (e)
21. P—KB4	21. PxP
22. BxP (f)	22. Q—B3
23. BxPch (g)	23. PxB
24. RxB	24. Q—B5 (n)
25. Q—R3 (i)	25. KxR (j)
26. KtxP	26. Q—K7 (k)
27. Q—QB3ch	27. K—K3
28. Q—Kt3ch	28. K—K4
29. QxB (l)	29. QxRch
30. KxQ	30. KxKt
31. Q—B6ch (m)	31. K—B2
32. Q—K7ch	32. K—B3
33. Q—K6ch	33. K—Kt2
34. Q—Q7ch	34. K—R3
35. Q—Q3ch	35. K—Kt2
36. Q—Q7ch	Drawn.

(a) The usual continuation is 4. P—Q4, PxP; 5. KtxP, B—Kt2; 6. B—K3, P—Q3 or KKt—K2; 7. B—QKt5.

(b) Loss of time. Kt—B3 would have been better.

(c) KtxB, of course, should have been played.

(d) Threatening KtxBPch.

(e) B—Kt2 would have been better. It was too dangerous to move the King into the open field.

(f) All White's pieces are now splendiddly posted for attack.

(g) The beginning of a remarkably fine combination.

(h) Black had probably been relying on this move to extricate him from his difficulties. He could not capture the Rook at once, because of 25. RxPch, winning the Queen.

(i) This problem-like move, which leaves both his Rook and Knight en prise, was the only one by which White could maintain his advantage. If instead 25. QxQ, then 25. ....., BxQ; 26. KtxP, KxR; 27. KtxB, P—QKt4, with winning chances.

(j) If 25. ....., QxKt, then 26. QxPch, K—Ksq; 27. R—K6ch, BxR; 28. QxBch, K—Bsq; 29. Q—B6ch, K—Ksq; 30. R—Q5, Q—Kt5; 31. Q—B6ch, K—B2; 32. R—Q7ch and wins.

If 30. ....., Q—R3 or R5, then 31. R—K5ch, K—Q2; 32. Q—B7ch, K—B3; 33. Q—Q5ch, K—B2; 34. R—K7ch and wins.

(k) To prevent Q—KB3ch or R—Bsqch. If 26. ....., Q—B4, then 27. Q—KB3ch, K—Kt2; 28. QxBch, K—Rsq; 29. Q—B6ch, R—Kt2; 30. Kt—B7ch, K—Ktsq; 31. Kt—R6ch, K—Rsq; 32. R—Q8ch, RxR; 33. QxQRch and mates in two.

(l) Threatening R—Q5 mate.

(m) Marshall has now an easy win by QxRP, but the game would have been prolonged for a good many more moves, and he only needed a draw to win the match.

(Notes, abridged, from the London "Field.")

END-GAME No. 14.

By J. Salmanger.

White: K at KRsq; Rs at Q3 and KR7; Kts at QR7 and KB2; Ps at QB3, KKt2 and KR3. Black: K at Ksq; Rs at QRsq and QKtsq; Ps at QKt2, QKt6, QB4, K6 and KB5. White to play and win.

Solution.

1. QR—Q7, PxKt; 2. K—R2! (a), P=Q; 3. Kt—B8 (b), RxKt; 4. RxKtP, R—B2!; 5. RxR, K—Qsq!; 6. QR—KKt7, Q—K8; 7. R—R8ch and wins.

(a) If 2. Kt—B8 at once, then 2. ....., R—R8ch; 3. K—R2, P=Ktch and wins; The point of the study.

(b) Threatening 4. QR—K7ch and mate next move.

End Game No. 13.

By Horwitz and Kling.

White: K at QB5; Bs at QB4 and Q4; Kt at QKt6. Black: K at QR4; R at QB8. White to play and win.

Solution.

1. B—K5, R—B7! 2. Kt—Q5, K—R5(a); 3. Kt—B3ch, K—R6!; 4. Kt—Kt5ch, K—R5; 5. B—B4, R—QKt7 (b); 6. Kt—B3ch, K—R6; 7. B—KR6, R—QB7 (c); 8. Kt—K2! K—R5 (d); 9. B—Bsq, K—R4; 10. Kt—Q4!! R—KR7; 11. B—Q2ch! K—R5; 12. B—Kt3ch, K—R6; 13. B—Bsqch and wins. A fine study.

(a) If 2. ..... R—KKt7, then 3. B—Kt5 (If 3. Kt—B3, R—Kt4), R—B7ch; 4. Kt—B3 wins. If 2. ..... R—B8, then 3. Kt—B3 at once.

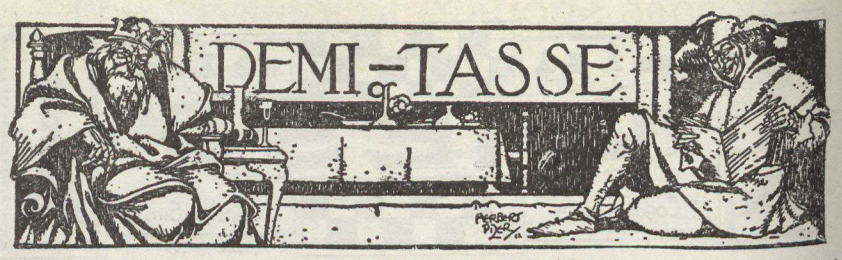
(b) If 5. ....., R—B7, then 6. Kt—B3ch, K—R6; 7. B—Bsqch, and obliterates the Rook. If 5....., K—R4, then 6. Kt—B3!

(c) The only move, of course.

(d) If 8. ....., K—Kt7, then 9. K—Kt4. K—R8; 10. B—Kt7ch, K—Kt8; 11. B—Q3.

Answered. — Teacher—"The class will give me the names of eleven Antarctic animals. Who is first to name them?"

Johnny—"Please, teacher, six seals, four polar bears and a walrus."



Courierettes.

CHICAGO claims to have a millionaire's son who works 12 hours daily. No wonder Chicago boasts about him.

For a brave man that chap Villa seems to do an extraordinary amount of fleeing to the mountains.

A judge the other day cut down an attorney's fee from $10,000 to $35. A successor to Solomon and Daniel!

So that it may lose its British flavour, Hun professors have changed "golf" to "lockerballspiel." Which adds a mite to the gaiety of nations.

Woman suffrage advocates across the line talk of "swinging" the votes of 4,000,000 women to one party or the other. This is not a compliment to the sex.

The U. S. has sold nearly all its spare horses to Europe. How can it hope to give a stable government to Mexico?

Such a heat wave as we have had is calculated to sour even the milk of human kindness.

Why doesn't Woodrow Wilson write a sharp note to the man-eating sharks, notifying them that he will hold them "to a strict accountability?"

"For Sale—Half Shetland pony, gentle to ride," runs an advt. we noted. What about the other half?

England expects every man to do his duty, and her expectation is pretty nearly being realized.

We see in the papers where Donald Cupp and Eva Saucer have been married. Suppose we may expect a lot of little Cupps and Saucers now.

Spain is now under martial law. The world just now is a pleasant sort of view to the pacifist, isn't it?

The danger is past. Teddy Roosevelt has disbanded his army.

How can the summer girl look before she leaps when love is blind?

Britain refuses to raise her blockade of the Huns. In fact she may sink it a little lower—to catch the U boats.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Limit. —Austria has fired on a United States steamer, owned by the Standard Oil Interests.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"They may spill American blood," says Uncle Sam with fire in his eye, "but by heck! if they spill American gasoline they'll pay for it!"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It Never Fails.

The fruits may fail, stock prices drop,
And farms meet cruel fates,
But there's the usual lovely crop
Of sweet girl graduates.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Which?—It seems to be always a question whether Woodrow Wilson wishes Uncle Sam to turn his cheek or bite his thumb.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

His Vacation.

His wife has gone to northern lakes
Where cooling breezes blow,
His daughters to the seaside where
They bathe and sail and row;
His sons are on a camping trip—
None of the family guessed
That he stayed right at home, poor man,
Because he needed rest.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Great??????—The three great summer-time queries:—
"Is it hot enough for you?"
"What's the score?"
"Will you marry me?"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A National Issue.—An Ohio Congressman calls on Congress to increase the supply of gin in the republic, as the scarcity of gin threatens to result in the raising of the price of cocktails. This issue looms up large enough to put preparedness into the shade.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

One of the Huns.—German efficiency cannot be all that it is cracked up to be or the Deutschland would have slipped out of Baltimore harbour during the recent eclipse of the moon.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

WAR NOTES.

"He kept us out of the war," is the slogan of the Woodrow Wilson followers. The Greeks might say the same of King Constantine.

Austria appealed in vain to the Kaiser for aid. She may soon address an appeal to Russia for mercy.

In the meantime John Bull seems to pay more attention to Uncle Sam's letters than to his notes.

Somebody suggests that all the ball players go to war. We fear that they would be too anxious to make a home run.

It is at least fortunate that Russia is big enough to hold all the Austrian prisoners.

Prince Henry of Prussia wrote a poem to the submarine Deutschland. After that we don't wonder at the crew fearing a terrible fate.

It is estimated that the United States has 21,000,000 men of military age. And their age seems to be about their only point of fitness for fighting, say the cynics.

A French aviator dropped proclamations over Berlin. They may be more effective than bombs.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

An Early Start.—Prohibition is impracticable in Scotland, announces the Scottish Board of License Control. We quite believe it. Much can be done in the culture of the Scot, but he must be caught early in life.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

What?—Kansas City has established a park exclusively for women. Well, we await the explanation, K.C., what's the big idea?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A Ditty For the Dog Days.

If the good old-fashioned doctrine of a
real and burning hell
Is the true one, then perhaps they may
reserve a little cell,
Heated by the hottest furnace, for the
frying of the fool
Who is constantly advising us to
"just
keep
cool!"

And perhaps within the realms of his
Satanic Majesty
May be found the fiendish fellow who
would chuckle in his glee
As he asked us all the question which
we give to him anew
In his present situation—
"Is
it
hot
enough
for
you?"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

How He Did It.—President Wilson—"I sign the bill, therefore, with deep emotion."

And a pen.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

He Can't help It.—John D. Rockefeller won first prize, we note, at a strawberry show. Somehow or other it seems just impossible for John D. to keep away from the counter when anything is being handed out.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The Test.—If you would really like to know how popular you are, just get a nice summer cottage on the lake shore, with a spare room.

At the Sign of the Maple

(Concluded from page 13.)

and University girls are spending their holidays in agricultural work. The ladies committee of the Y.M.C.A. keep a constant supply of helpers at the canteens, working in relays, a week at a time. Even in Niagara the work was very arduous, but the demands at Camp Borden during the great heat have taxed their endurance still further.

* * *

Girls are to replace men as drivers of Red Cross motor ambulances in Toronto. For this they need two weeks' training, for there is not only the driving, but the loading of the car. Not only are women ready to replace men as chauffeurs and munition workers, but one has applied for the position of butcher boy. One of Toronto's best riders is teaching riding and giving her fees to the Blue Cross, and a certain energetic lady has been raising one thousand dollars a week, will this week have raised $14,000 for one battalion.

* * *

At a meeting in Massey Hall 627 women offered themselves for war work. Fifty women have signed the war register in Montreal, and no less than 65 recruits were enlisted at one meeting by a speaker from the Women's Emergency Corps. For nearly six months that organization has been holding meetings in Military Division No. 2. Not only have they assisted recruiting, but the work of registering war workers has gone steadily forward. Mrs. H. W. Parsons, particularly, has done splendid work, and Miss Constance Boulton and Mrs. L. A. Hamilton have also covered much ground.

* * *

Lady Sybil Grey has left for the northwestern front with the first mobile field detachment of the Anglo-Russian Hospital. Before their departure the Czarina and her four daughters paid a visit to the hospital at Petrograd.

* * *

The Canadian Women's Club of Folkestone is erecting a pavilion for the benefit of men who are suspected of having contracted tuberculosis during the war.

* * *

Mr. A. C. Racey, of Montreal, gave a very successful entertainment, "The War in Cartoon," a lecture illustrated by his own drawings flashed on the screen, which resulted in $500 for the 23rd Committee of the Westmount Soldiers' Wives League. A musical farce was given in March for the same society by the Melville Young Men's Club

* * *

In the north of France, in the midst of the horrors of battles, blackbirds stay in the bushes or hedges, practising the strictest neutrality. The lark delights the combatants with his morning song. A pair of swallows made their nest in the heart of the trenches, where, due to the humanity of the soldiers, they were not allowed to want for anything. The starling and the gray bunting have no fear of the war. On the contrary, the yellow bunting, the titmouse, the chaffinch, and the goldfinch, have almost entirely disappeared. The partridges and the buzzards fly with all the strength of their wings to escape bombs and bullets.

This Is Easy.—"How shall we distinguish between a man-eating shark and the harmless variety?" queries a paper on the Atlantic coast.

Ridiculously easy. Give it a chance to take a bite out of your leg and you'll find out.

* * *

The Sequel.—They have now staged a movie drama entitled "Shoes." This sounds suspiciously like a sequel to "A Pair of Silk Stockings."

THE LADY OF THE TOWER

A Continued Story of Romantic Adventure

By HEADON HILL

CHAPTER XXII.

Billy's Funeral.

BILLY CRAZE had to sustain his role of a sack of new potatoes for the skipper's table for quite a while after he was taken aboard the "Ecuador." The sack was dumped down on deck, a sail was thrown over it, and there he remained, with the gag in his mouth, till the ship was clear of the harbour and beating down channel. Then he was released and ordered, without a word of explanation, to help the cook, who turned out to be the big negro who had assisted at his capture in the office of Mr. Simon Trehawke.

Like most lads who follow the sea, Billy was a bit of a philosopher, and he knew very well that protest would be worse than useless till he could seek the protection of the British consul at the first port of call. If he complained at the best he would be rope's-ended; at the worst he would have the life kicked out of him and be thrown overboard. Having by this time formed a shrewd suspicion that the last method would suit his captors best, he turned to and performed his allotted tasks with a will. In fact he made himself so useful to the lazy nigger who was his immediate boss that the black cook began to cease bullying him. Never before had Sambo had so much of his work done for him; never before had the pots and pans in his galley shone with such brilliance.

By the time the "Ecuador" had flopped her way out into the Atlantic Billy would have been easy in his mind but for his consciousness of possessing a secret which would certainly send the owner of the ship to prison, and that was why he was on board. That same reason was made plain to him in the darkling countenances of the captain, and of the mate who had picked him, as one picks a pea from a pod, out of that dingy office in Market Strand.

Those two men, the boy felt instinctively, were factors in the ultimate purpose of his kidnapping, and the way they looked at him when chance threw him in their way made him afraid. They eyed him askance, these two men, not with open hostility, but with furtive glances that boded ill. And having been in the employ of Polgleaze and Son for a couple of years, he was aware of the reputation of Captain Andrews and his mate, Dan Symonds. The precious pair were a by-word in the port for brutality and sharp practice. No decent seaman would sail under them, the result being that the ship was a floating hell, manned by drunken scalliwags whom no other skipper would sign on.

The "Ecuador" was an old wooden three-masted sailing ship, so rotten and leaky that the quay loungers had for years shaken their heads over her, expecting every voyage to be her last, and wondering how soon the firm would rake in the insurance money which could be their only object in keeping the dilapidated tub at sea. But she seemed to bear a charmed life, and so far had given the lie to the forecasts of the croakers.

It had remained for Wilson Polgleaze to epedite matters in this respect. Hard old skinflint as he had been, the late head of the firm had held certain scruples which did not weigh with his son. Having ascertained that his instructions with regard to Billy Craze had been carried out and that the boy had been duly "delivered" on the ship, Wilson gave the skipper certain further orders, which he left to that unscrupulous commander to dovetail into his hints for the final disposition of Billy. It was a pretty scheme for killing two birds with one stone—for the wiping out of an inconvenient accuser, and for robbing the gentlemen at Lloyds, who had been rash enough to underwrite the "Ecuador." Wilson Polgleaze, with the streak of vanity that was part of his undoing, had patted himself on the back for his cleverness, and the morning after Billy's kidnapping had watched the ship leave harbour with a satisfied grin.

For the first week of her voyage the ancient wind-jammer experienced contrary weather—a persistent westerly gale that rendered her progress out of the mouth of the Channel impossible. For several days she tacked and yawed in a vain endeavour to get clear of Scilly, that stumbling-block of all outward bound sailing ships. Then there came a slant of wind that helped her, and she went lumbering into the broad stretch of ocean with a sufficiently favouring breeze to enable her to spread her patched sails.

By this time Billy had thoroughly established himself in the good graces of the cook. One morning when they had been a fortnight at sea the big negro came shambling into the galley where Billy was peeling potatoes, and carefully closed the sliding-door. The service on the ship was of the roughest. There was no steward, and Sambo himself carried the meals which he cooked to the cuddy. He was fresh now from serving breakfast to the captain and the mate.

"Look'ee hyah," he said, in his guttural but musical voice, "you not want to die, for suah?"

"I ain't keen on it," replied Billy, looking up quickly.

"Well, then, you'se better watch yourself. The old man and the mate are having rum 'stead of corfee this mawnin', and they're talking. I heard Massa Captain say: 'Tis time we arranged that brat's funeral.' And Massa Symonds, he say the job could be done any dark night now the weather's ca'am, and we're right in the steamer track."

Billy laughed a little nervously. "What did he mean by that?" he asked. "If they're going to do me in I should think the further they was from the steamer track the better. They wouldn't want a brass-bound orficer spying at them from the bridge of a liner while they was readying a poor little chap like me for his funeral. Chucking me overboard, I s'pose they mean," he added, with natural resentment.

Sambo glanced at the window of the galley, and dropped his voice a tone lower.

"It ain't only your funeral they'se busy over," he said. "It's the funeral of this hyah ship as well—both of you to be buried together, my little fellah. They booze a lot, those two, and I'se been listenin' to 'em in their cups off and on. There's a hole bored in the after hold. It's plugged now, but they'se only biding their time to pull the plug out, and leave you to drown in the ship."

"I SEE," said Billy, a dreamy smile lighting up his sharp little face. "That's why they're so glad about the steamer track being handy. Cap'n Andrews is going to scuttle the ship when there's a steamer near, so as he and the crew can be taken aboard. He'll say she foundered along of striking a derelict or a snag or something. The chaps on the quay have been wondering when he was going to come that game."

"Well, I guess I'se warned you," replied Sambo. "I can't do no moah. It's up to you to dodge that funeral, bes' way you can."

Billy acted on the friendly hint with the least possible delay. He knew of a way into the after hold otherwise than through the hatch on deck—a trap-door in the sail-room abaft the cuddy. That same night after dark, having provided himself with a candle-end, he slipped into the sail-room, raised the trap and found a rope ladder dangling into the abyss—evidently the route used by the captain and the mate for their felonious carpentry, and the one which they would use for the final act in their double-barrelled villainy. Descending into the hold and lighting his candle, he quickly proved the value of Sambo's warning. Far below the water-line an iron ring had been screwed into the ship's side, and round it was a circular mark which showed that a small circumference of timber had been sawn through, the seam being temporarily caulked with pitch. A tug on the iron ring would pull out the bung and gradually let in as much of the Atlantic as the "Ecuador" could accommodate.

For five nights nothing happened, but on the sixth, which was dark and moonless, Billy was standing in the doorway of the galley when he became aware of a stir on board. The mate came along the deck and went into the foc'sle, rousing the crew, who were not on watch, and whispering them, man by man, as they came out. Most of them carried bundles containing their scanty possessions, and some of them were immediately set to work to cast loose the ship's boats.

Billy sent his eyes ranging farther, and far off in the blackness of the night he sighted a fiery streak, dominated by one great green light, like the eye of a dragon. The sailor-boy knew the signs. It was a big electrically lit liner, which in less than half an hour would cross their bows at the distance, perhaps, of a couple of miles.

Billy's time had come, and, flitting into the after part of the ship, unnoticed in the commotion he slipped into the sail-room. He opened and shut the trap behind him not a moment too soon. He had hardly shinned down the rope ladder and hidden behind a bale of goods when the trap was opened again and, carrying a lantern, the captain followed him down into the hold.

With bated breath the boy watched the scowling skipper go slouching towards the iron ring in the ship's side, glancing this way and that as though to get his bearings for beating a hasty retreat. And the lad's hands trembled a little more with excitement than fear, as he drew forth the candle and matches he had brought.

"God grant me strength," he murmured to himself. And then, his brave little face creasing in a humorous grin, he added: "'Tain't every chap that gets the chance to pray at his own funeral."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Committed For Trial.

AT the remand hearing before the magistrates the case against Lance Pengarvan developed quickly, assuming formidable proportions directly Superintendent Grylls produced the letter found on Wilson Polgleaze. Every eye was turned on the handsome young ship captain. He had the sympathy of most of the spectators, but his reception of this evidence came as a staggering blow to them. He uttered a sharp exclamation and then covered his face with his hands, as though stunned.

It was fully a minute before he recovered sufficiently to whisper to his solicitor, who had hurried to his side. Hilda, who was in court with Mrs. Pengarvan, had been expecting the production of the letter, but her heart sank as she watched the quick exchange between lawyer and client. To her loving interest, amounting almost to second sight, it was plain that the prisoner had no explanation to offer for this crushing stroke of the prosecution.

After the brief parley the solicitor resumed his seat, and being unversed

in the professional tricks of his metropolitan brethren he sat down with a sigh that was in itself as good as a death warrant.

The Chairman immediately put a question to Mr. Grylls which was significant of the importance attached by the bench to the letter signed by Jacob Polgleaze.

"Do we understand that another charge is to be preferred against the prisoner?" he inquired.

"Not at present, your Worship," Mr. Grylls replied.

"But the motive here disclosed would appear to bear quite as much on the undoubted but still unsolved murder of Mr. Polgleaze, senior?"

"The case in respect of the first crime is not yet complete, but it is possible that a further charge may result from the investigations we are making on the strength of this letter," the Superintendent explained the position.

WITH a painstaking accuracy, sorely at variance with his inclinations, he went on to detail the evidence he had collected in support of the present charge, naming the witnesses he intended to call to prove the movements of the accused and the deceased on the day of the murder. Hilda listened in silent anguish as the genial officer unfolded the police theory that naturally flowed from these simple facts of time and place. It would be shown indubitably, he asserted, that Captain Pengarvan on his motor cycle passed the inn where Wilson Polgleaze had stopped on his way to St. Runan's while the latter was in the saloon bar, that he must have reached the scene of the crime shortly in advance of his victim, and that he waited for him there. There were marks in the hedge showing that a man had lain concealed.

A younger magistrate, a jovial, fox-hunting squire, who had not yet spoken, here interposed.

"But how," he asked, "could Captain Pengarvan, who had only just landed from 'The Lodestar,' have been aware that Mr. Wilson Polgleaze was bound for St. Runan's? I gather from —well, perhaps it's irregular, but from unofficial sources—that when the prisoner called at the firm's office no one could tell him where the deceased had gone."

"I have a witness to that, sir," replied Grylls, looking very unhappy. "One who has tendered himself since the first hearing. Mr. Simon Trehawke, the solicitor to Polgleaze and Son, will testify that the prisoner called at his office directly after leaving the office of the firm, and that he informed him that the deceased had expressed the intention of going out to St. Runan's that afternoon."

Lance, who had stood between two policemen like one petrified since the production of the letter, suddenly took a step forward.

"Then Mr. Simon Trehawke is a liar!" he broke out. "On that day I did not even know that the dirty little shyster was acting for the firm. Old Jacob wouldn't have touched him with a pair of tongs—long tongs, too. I never went near Trehawke's office. I only know him by repute as a rascal who——"

It did not require the stern rebuke of the Chairman to show that this outburst had made a bad impression. Even the friendly squire sat back with a shrug expressive of regret for his interference, while the spectators nudged each other and whispered. They made no allowance for a hot-headed sailor, accustomed to command, who failed to understand that for the pot to call the kettle black is about the worst defence the pot can put forward.

The Superintendent's witnesses were then called—the clerk from the shipping office, who spoke to Lance's excited inquiries for the deceased; the bar loungers who fixed the time of the departure of the latter, shortly preceded by that of the accused, from the town; and last and most effective of all, Mr. Simon Trehawke, who swore to the call of Captain Pengarvan, and to his having informed him of the probable whereabouts of his client.

The deformed lawyer gave his evidence confidently, and then stood waiting with a defiant expression for the defending solicitor to cross-examine him, but that incompetent gentleman, dazed by the turn affairs were taking, let the occasion pass and signified by a shake of his head that he had no questions to ask. Lance indulged in no fresh breach of decorum, though it was seen that the veins on his forehead stood out like knotted cords as Trehawke was helped down from the witness stand.

"That, your Worship, is the case for the prosecution," Mr. Grylls announced, mopping his brows with a handkerchief the size of a sheet.

"The prisoner calls no witnesses and reserves his defence," said Lance's feeble champion, trying, and utterly failing, to look as if he had any amount of rebutting evidence up his sleeve.

Then came the sensation of the hearing. A clear voice rang through the crowded justice-room, and all eyes were turned on Hilda.

"I wish to give evidence," she said. "It is evidence of which I am ashamed, but it may help the prisoner. I knew about that letter, purporting to be signed by Jacob Polgleaze. I do not believe that it is genuine. It must have been forged by his wretched son for his own base ends."

The solemn heads on the bench bent together in hasty conference, and the Chairman said, with a bow for the interrupter:

"I think we ought to hear Miss Carlyon. Anything she may have to tell us will be listened to with respectful sympathy."

So Hilda, white of face, but holding herself firmly in check, told the pitiful story of the dead man's long persecution of her, of her resistance to his unwelcome attentions, of the pressure he at last brought to bear by means of the letter, and of her final surrender to save her lover from a charge she knew to be false, but which in the face of this new evidence he would find it difficult to disprove.

There were many wet eyes in court as the Lady of the Tower stood up and made a confession so repugnant to her pride of race and to her sense of maidenly shame. And the pity of it, and the uselessness! For even Lance, as with mingled admiration and burning rage he drank in every word of the harrowing tale, realized that this crowning sacrifice was in vain—that his dear love was twisting the deadly coil around him tighter still, by supplying yet another reason for the crime imputed to him. So far the case for the prosecution had hinged on revenge for dismissal; to that was now added the stronger motive of jealousy. It was a revelation to everyone that the vulgar, dissipated son of the grim old shipowner had aspired to the hand of Miss Carlyon, but by her own showing it was no sudden madness on his part. It was inconceivable that Lance Pengarvan, her accepted lover, and when on shore living under the same roof could have been ignorant of his rival's ambition.

And that was the view which the bench took. Very courteously the Chairman, who was an old friend of her father's, thanked Hilda for her evidence. The heads of the magistrates came together again, in briefer conclave this time, and their spokesman voiced their decision:

"The prisoner is committed for trial."

Mr. Grylls gathered up his papers, and with a venomous glance at Simon Trehawke stalked out into the sunlight.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Sunrise and Sunset.

IN Cornwall, especially at the extreme end of that alluring county, there is nothing that holds the primitive heart of man so much in thrall as the sky at sunrise, when by a happy chance it is free from mist or rain.

In the little bedroom of his cottage on the beach Nathan Craze lay on his back. Through the tiny window stole the first hint of dawn, touching the rugged countenance of the old fisherman with the promise of its splendour. He stirred uneasily, then opened his

eyes and stared for quite a long time through the casement at the gently heaving sea. The light grew, and raising himself with difficulty on his pillow he gazed at the western headland, at the base of which the tide was lapping lazily. It was in those waters that he usually sank his lobster pots.

"Drat it," he said to himself. "I've over-slept—first time in forty years. I must go and lift they pots, or Jem Penalva will have the laugh of me. As 'tis I reckon I must have missed the tide."

He essayed to rise, but fell back with a groan as the door opened and Marigold came into the room. She gave a gasp of surprise, for her father had lain motionless, sometimes raving and sometimes unconscious, ever since she had come back from The Tower to nurse him. He was unconscious again now, but one glance at the drawn, grey face told her that a change had taken place—that a greater change was at hand. She sat down in the chair at the bedside and waited.

NATHAN, after his effort, lay very still, and presently the girl's thoughts drifted to other things. Sad and sorrowful thoughts they were, for the day which was breaking was the second day of Lance Pengarvan's trial at the assizes at Bodmin. Both the ladies from St. Runan's Tower had gone to the county town to be near their loved one, but Timothy Pascoe had come down to the cove the night before with bad news. He had had a telegram, dispatched after the court rose, to say that the worst was to be expected.

After a while the old fisherman stirred again, and Marigold bent over him in anxious scrutiny. His breathing was somehow different from what it had been, and the girl was certain now that he was near his end. It might come at any minute, the doctor had said a week ago when he had told her that there was no hope of recovery. She was in two minds whether to run down and fetch Mrs. Penalva from next door, when her father opened his eyes—such fierce eyes that for a moment she shrank back in terror.

"Raise me, doctor," he panted, mistaking his attendant. "I am going fast. I must ease my soul."

Marigold put her arms round him and got him into a sitting posture. Once more his eyes sought the distant headland through the latticed window. For a long time he gazed at the dancing waters where he had plied his daily and nightly labour year in and year out, and, still gazing seawards, he let his words drop out slowly:

"I am only now come to sense or I'd have said this before. I meant to, soon as I done it—only I couldn't hardly crawl home, and then my brain gave out. I thank Almighty God that He's granted me leave to speak before I go to plead at the great Mercy Seat. And plead hard I shall for justice, for 'twas but justice that I did. But the innocent must not suffer, as well some poor creature might, if I kept silence. 'Twas me that killed Wilson Polgleaze—scotched him like a snake—the viper that stung my little maid."

Marigold closed his eyes, straightened the once powerful limbs, and then, before going to summon her neighbour's help for the final offices, sat down to think over the tremendous revelation. Her brain was in a whirl, but presently her duty, as it seemed to her, shone out with cruel brilliance. It was a terrible thing to start off, almost before the breath was out of his body, to accuse her father of murder, even though it was by his own confession; it would be still more terrible to stand up in court before a crowd of callous spectators and proclaim to the world the reason for her father's crime. But she would have to go through with it. Those dear people at The Tower must not suffer, Captain Lance must not hang, for another's sin.

It did not occur to her ignorance that the story she proposed to tell

would carry no weight—that the dying babble of a man who had been by turns unconscious and delirious for several weeks would be brushed aside, as not worth a minute's consideration. How should she know that even if Nathan Craze had been in full possession of his faculties there would have been the fatal flaw that all she had to offer was, technically, "hearsay evidence," and therefore inadmissible. She did not know, and she rose presently to put her purpose into execution.

From the very first her path was hedged with difficulties. Mrs. Penalva came in to help, and in that good woman's vernacular, made the grim body on the bed look "so pritty as a slumberin' infant." But the process took a considerable time, and Marigold, with no adequate explanation that she could bring herself to offer, could not leave till it was finished. And when at last the two women left the silent figure to itself and crept down the stairs there was still the explanation to be made—why she must lack up the cottage and go away for the rest of the day.

She got over it the best way she could by vague references to the purchase of mourning, and Mrs. Penalva, interested in details, only set her free after much garrulous questioning. Then she had to have some food and dress for the journey. It was eleven o'clock before she turned the key in the cottage door and mounted the pebble ridge to the road that skirted the cove.

SHE had to walk seven miles to Falmouth, and when she got there the train had just left. There were two hours to wait for the next, and then the dreary pilgrimage had only begun. There was the change and wait for the main line train at Truro, and the change and wait at Bodmin Road for the train on the branch. It was past six in the evening when she reached the county town, tired out and in desperate fear that she was too late.

But when she timidly asked a porter at the station if there was any news of the trial she was reassured by his answer. The result was not yet known, and it would have been "all over the place" five minutes after the verdict. But it wouldn't be long now. A man who had been in court and had had to catch a train had brought word half an hour ago that the judge was summing up.

Thanking her informant and obtaining from him directions to the County Hall, where the Assizes were being held, Marigold hurried from the station up the long High Street. There was at least a chance that she might be in time to turn the scales in the prisoner's favour, she told herself, if she could tell her story before sentence was pronounced. With her hazy notions of criminal procedure she believed that once the words of doom were spoken they were irrevocable, no matter what fresh light be shed.

So it was that, breathless and distraught, she neared the building where for two days the battle between life and death had been fought out, and, behold! a great throng of people came surging out of the doors, chattering like monkeys, and spreading from the pavement into the roadway, nearly knocking the girl down. She was as a frail craft in danger of swamping by a tumultuous sea, but she still frantically struggled on, hoping against hope that this was not the end.

But suddenly, at the very foot of the steps leading to the portals of justice, she looked in despair towards her goal, and there, in the broad doorway, which was now vomiting the last of the sight-seers, she saw a face which she had thought to be cold in death—a face which with grave eyes was contemplating the retreating crowd.

Marigold clutched at her bosom, staggered and fell in a swoon on the cold stone. For good or ill her voice was not to be raised in favour of Lance Pengarvan, but as her senses left her her last thought was not of the man she had put forth all her strength to save.

(To be Continued.)

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