

CANADIAN COURIER

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FIVE CENTS

October 6, 1917

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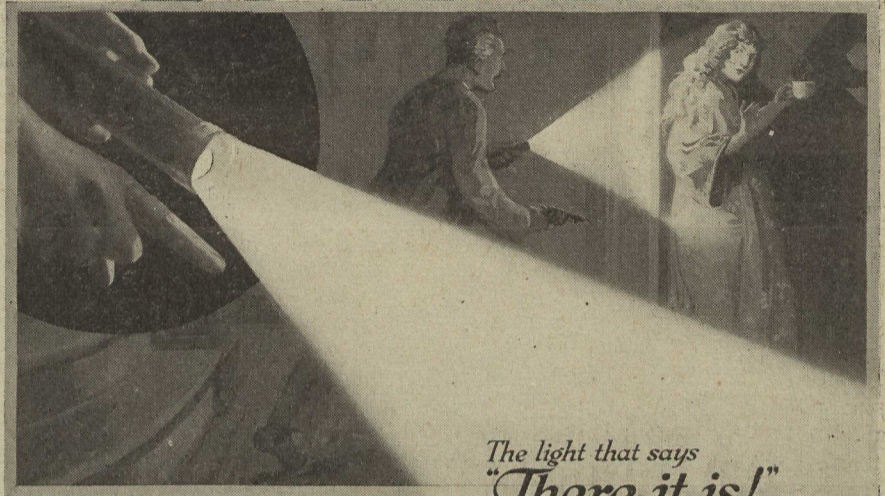
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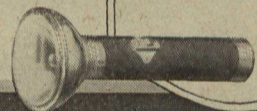
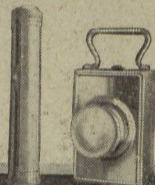
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TO MY WAY OF THINKING

The Strikers

WILLIAM HENRY I

PERSONAL and Impersonal Observations on Topics of General Interest to Particular People.

When labour strikes—when men lay down their tools and wheels cease to grind—some one gets hurt. It may be capital that is hurt, it may be labour, but always it is the man who is dependent upon the service. Transportation may be tied up and factories closed, and it is necessary to comfort, life itself, may be without it. But if you are one of those dependent upon the supplies, no matter how desperately bad the situation hold on—if there be brickbats.

Brickbats are never-failing signs of the soundness of the industry over which they are thrown. They fly only when there is some one who wants to supply the discontinued service—when there are strike-breakers and where there are strike-breakers there are profits. That's the point—the profits.

When you see brickbats hurled through the air rest assured it is only a family quarrel over the division of spoils, which will eventually right itself. Somehow, the picketing, brickbating and striking will cease, and the service will be renewed. The industrial parties may wipe out each other in the struggle, but in due time other capitalists and other workers will take their places. For there are profits in the service.

It is not the strike is minus strike-breakers, minus pickets and pickets, that you should worry. It is not ordinary trouble then, that, like mumps, whooping cough, or measles will spend itself into a normal condition. Something is wrong with the vital forces of the capital gives up its dollars, and labour lays down its tools, something mightily serious has happened. Keep both eyes and ears open for the crash, for there are no profits in the business, or in the profits—the results are the same—the service does not permanently renew itself, and those who are dependent upon it are going to be squeezed as surely as municipalities mismanage.

And this is just what has happened with our food supplies. For nearly twenty years the food producers have been striking; not all at once; by twos and twos they have been quitting—treking from country to waterside to the city.

Now, food is not produced in cities; it may be made over adulterated, or even improved in cities, but it is not produced in the tall factories that line the streets and tracks. Food comes either from land or water. The flesh pots of the city must be filled from the outside.

Each time the great silent strike has been growing greener. The war has stayed rather than speeded the course, but only temporarily. There are no pickets, no brickbats, no angry gesticulating mobs guarding the reapers and vacated lands—for there are no strike-breakers.

For we have known something was wrong, or ought to have known, for many of You, Us & Company are actually strikers, or the sons and daughters of strikers.

Many a man once complained that everybody talked about the weather and did nothing, or words to that effect. And in like effect everybody now-a-days is talking about the shortage of food, talking about we have done something, you protest. We have appointed a food controller, and this may do good, but more people die from over-eating than

the combination which prompts this Threnody of Potatoes.

The seed potatoes cost \$1.25 per peck. I planted four pecks. Price \$5.00.

The back-yard was a neglected orphan, a clay belt gone to seed, sod and weeds.

The manure was two dollars a load; price \$4.00.

I wheeled the manure in a barrow from the sidewalk to the rear; spread it one morning and by afternoon dug it in. The rains came and beat upon that digging. They delayed the digger and made the potato plot a patch of cementine. On the odd dry day I pried and poked it loose, hoking out sods and lugging them to a pyre in the corner. I made sixteen drills, cut the seed potatoes on the back lawn, put them in and covered them up.

The price stayed round \$1.25 a peck. It might go higher. Potatoless days came with mounds of rice.

My potatoes came up. I hoed them. More rains. They grew mightily. I hoed them again. More rains. No more hoeing. The tops became a jungle. Rains beat them down. Bugs came along with the blossoms. The bugs multiplied and grew under sprays of Paris green at 65 cents a pound.

A month ago I pulled up a hill.

"That's two meals for my family, no matter what price," said I. "Even if they're only a dollar a bag, I've added so much to production."

The joke came when a street huckster came along hawling out, potatoes at 33 cents a peck.

The joke was on me when I began to dig my potatoes. By a strict census I had enough to do me till long past Christmas. But more than half my potatoes were rotten. The other half are worth 30 cents a peck. I may have 7 pecks. I planted 4.

Book-keep for me, O farmer.

My total cost of production, not counting labour and rent, was \$9.00.

My total crop value in potatoes is 30c. x 7.

To balance the books I indulge in a wail of Thanksgiving whose dominant motif is,

A Peck of Potatoes.



"Confound you! I might have gone on strike myself, but I never thought that smoky lunatic asylum you call a city ever needed me; and the old farm did."

starve to death, so the doctors say. But control will not break the strike. Control cannot restore the old-time prices, for there will still remain too many consumers, and too few producers.

The food controllers of Canada and the United States are trying to conserve cereals, beef, pork and sugar, that there may be more of these products for the consumption of our European Allies. And we should all help to their end. But let us do something more. Let us try to realize why conservation is necessary. Let us stare at the facts and get rid of the confusion which seems to have filled some minds that control is a substitute for production, that by control there is going to be more food.

Many years ago seven loaves of bread and a few little fishes were turned into a supply out of which a multitude were fed. But not even the Honourable W. J. Hanna—big, brainy man as he is—can do it to-day, nor can any other mere man thus satisfy the hunger of a twentieth century multitude.

(To be continued.)

A Peck of Potatoes

By AGRICOLA

LISTEN to my tale of woe, my Thanksgiving ode of ingratitude for what I am not about to receive. Four pecks of potatoes, one back-yard, two loads of manure and an economic jackass, made

Canadian Nationalism

By LT. W. J. H. MUSTARD

MANY Canadians—far too many—are unwilling to consider Canada as a nation. They hate to be sentimental in the matter of Canadian citizenship. They have their own way of estimating the Fathers of Confederation; those old co-ordinators of scattered provinces differing in ideals and temperament were just a convenient way out of a political difficulty. And the new Confederation, promising to grow in peoples and wealth far surpassing the dreams of the farseeing statesmen who conceived it, they content themselves to think of as just so many more British subjects and just so much more British territory. But the glory of it all is forgotten.

National sentiment in this country, if it has ever existed to any real extent, is provincial rather than national. The Easterner expresses his pride in having been born a Nova Scotian, an Islander or a New Brunswicker, but says nothing of his pride in being a Canadian. The same is true of the people of Quebec and Ontario; while the Westerner, who is cosmopolitan, is content with being a Westerner.

In the minds of the Fathers of Confederation we were to cease being provincial and become Canadians. Clear expression of this is to be found in the

WE ARE BETTING ON THE LADY



ANYBODY can see at a glance that the lady rolling the huge hogshead is at least one lap ahead of the two soldiers rolling the shell. She smiles because she realizes that she will be there with the barrel before they will arrive with the shell. 'Twas not ever thus with the human race. Man had his day. He is now what the experts call an also-ran. This little woman, all smiles, rolls with consummate ease a barrel four times as big as herself. The soldiers have to use hand-spikes to roll the shell which is not as big as either of them. As a mere matter of detail, of course, the barrel is empty and the shell isn't. Another item is that the metal shell weighs more than both men put together.

AN IMITATION AND THE REAL THING



MR. JAMES JOHNSON, at the Oakville, Ont., fair, got first prize for a span of four-year-old oxen which he says can out-haul any team of horses he ever saw, if you give them time enough. The other picture is a new breed of cow which the soldiers are milking on the western front. This species of kine is not Shorthorn nor Jersey. She is known as the Camouflage Cow. Any German scouting-plane telescoping down there beholds an innocent cow peacefully chewing her cud. But that Camouflage cow is standing guard on the roof of a whole battery of guns whose noses are pointing out somewhere else.



THIS Highlander is being made into a soldier, the idea in the Scotch mind being that war is fighting and fighting is man-power, and man-power involves muscle and courage on the open to beat out the enemy. Waugh! Let the Boches come out and fight, and the war will be over by Christmas; would have been over by last Christmas. But—



MR. BOCHE knows this; wherefore in his ground-hog wisdom he digs himself in as he has done ever since he lost the Battle of the Marne. Where he can't dig in, he builds this kind of a thing for an observation tower. This "tank" is built of armour-plate on foundations of concrete. Only a big shell could ever get through its thick hide—its thoroughly German hide.

British North America Act and the Quebec Resolutions upon which the Act was based. They saw in the Constitution of the United States of America a weakness in the relationship between the Federal and State Parliaments and the division of legislative powers, and concluded that the Federal Parliament possessing the greatest powers, consistent with provincial rights, was best fitted to weld a nation from parts. So the Provincial Parliaments were given powers of legislation in local matters and in certain other legislative spheres, which quite properly might have been national, but were made provincial because of guaranteed or existing rights, and the Federal Parliament was given all remaining powers. And herein lies the fundamental distinction between the Constitution of Canada and that of the United States; the latter left the residuum of power with the individual States which remained in reality sovereign. These statesmen of Confederation had seen a few years previously in the causes of the American War of Secession what might in later years conceivably happen in the new Canada, and in drafting their constitution this was guarded against by strengthening the central house. So while the American Constitution was to some extent their guide they avoided its shortcomings.

The dominant idea was, therefore, a strong Federal Parliament, and that this tended to make a constitutionally stronger and more united Canada is generally conceded. Nevertheless, Canadians did not in succeeding years develop a national sentiment such as might reasonably have been expected as a result of having been made, constitutionally at least, one people by national charter under a strong Federal Parliament.

Canada has not as yet been made into a nation, as evidenced by sentiment and spirit. If you doubt the statement, compare for a moment the attitude of the average Canadian towards Canada with that of the average American towards his country, and you will probably conclude that it is justified. The fault does not lie with the statesmen who drafted the constitution and accomplished Confederation; the cause is to be found elsewhere. It may be said that comparison of national sentiment in Canada with national sentiment in the United States is not a fair one, because that country has existed as a confederation and a nation for more than a century and a quarter; but if its history and literature be any criterion, the same national sentiment existed there as far back as the beginning of the 19th century. And this notwithstanding that the sovereign powers remaining with the individual States tended to promote State sentiment rather than national sentiment, and we do find some evidence of this in the causes of the War of Secession. Probably again we are less demonstrative in the exhibition of our love of country than our American cousins. But the United States, with its State sentiments, is some sort of nation. Canada, with its real Federal union, is not—yet.

(To be continued.)

So She Brought His Soup

By Harry Moore.

THOUGHT she: "Life is just what we make it, and should a waitress by hook or crook become a rich man's wife, it is none of the world's business."

Thought he: "Fortune is a queer fish, for I've known an hostler to marry an heiress, and become a real gentleman."

Quite by accident it would seem, though Fate must have had something to do with it, they met in the park one night.

"I'm rich," he said, puffing out his chest—"Millions in the bank, and—"

"I don't want your money," she returned softly—"All I need is a strong man's love. Wealth?" She snapped her fingers contemptuously—"I have too much of it."

He looked from her smooth, soft hands to his hard, rough ones, and plunged.

"I'll marry you, in spite of your money—"

"Not so fast," she interrupted him with a wave of her hand—"Supposing we talk sense. Give away your riches and—I'll accept you."

"Dearie," he exclaimed, boldly—"You're as good as won."

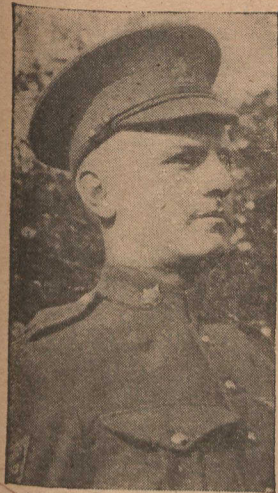
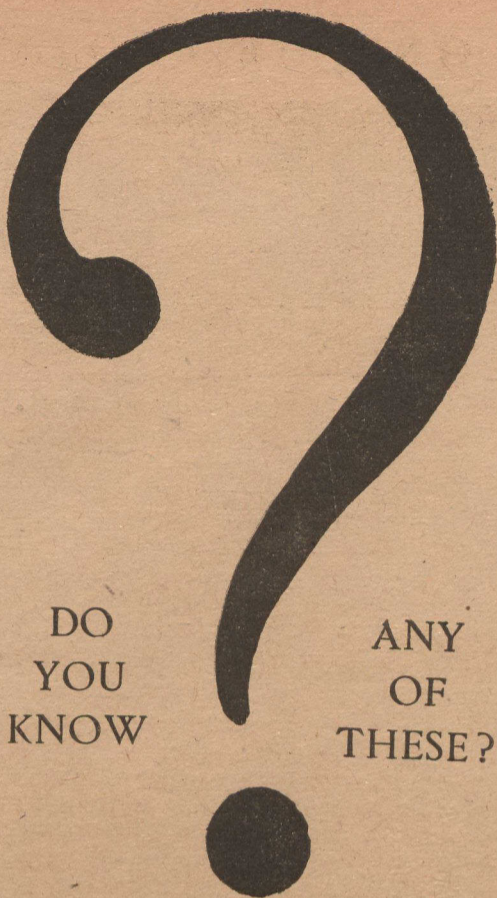
At the dining-room window she stood, thinking to see among the faces of those passing her rich fiancée. How would he arrange the distribution of his wealth? A step behind her, and she turned.

Sitting at the "Farmer's" table was the man she had been looking for.

"Rose," whispered the head waitress in her ear—"Give the new hostler his supper."

WANTED

WHO'S WHO



YOU can tell by the straight-up looks of this young man that he would ordinarily be a hard man to lose in real life. He has probably discovered by now that his ideas about life when he got this snapshot taken were meant to be put tenderly away in a glass case.



A MAN who has a half-pensive glint in his eyes is often the worst kind of man in a scrimmage. This young officer may, for all we know, be one of those now kicking round for a job, or he may be in the front line. Who is he?

DO YOU KNOW

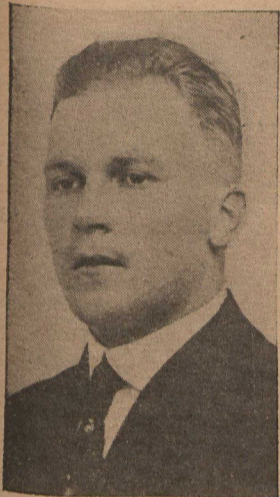
ANY OF THESE?



WHAT part of Canada does this young soldier belong to? There's a steady set about his jaw and a direct look in the eye that denote a real soldier, who may have been much worse scared in a hazing than he has ever been since in a strafing. What's his name?



WHAT department at Varsity do you suppose this young man went into? He doesn't look much like an S.P.S. man; he probably went in for political science or medicine, avoided athletics, took studies seriously and enlisted without any hankering for adventure.

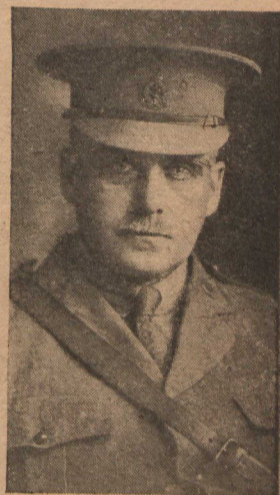


AT first glance you imagine this young man to have been keen on Rugby and not particularly addicted to dreaming about the esoteric value of pure thought. In civil life one fancies he might have become a man of affairs.

Information will be Appreciated

OUT of 4,000 photographs of alumni and students at the front, sent in by request to the editors of Varsity (University of Toronto), about 20 contained no information, not even a Sherlock Holmes clue as to the identity of the original. Thousand by thousand these photographs have been printed in the Varsity Supplement to illustrate what one big Canadian university has done for man-power at the front. At least eighteen could not be published because there was no information to show who was who. A number of them were cabinet photographs containing the imprint of the photographer who, of course, can act as detective and from his files discover the names. The others will never find their way into Varsity Scroll of Honour unless readers of this paper can find some clue to their identities. This bit of detective work was handed over to us because the Canadian Courier circulates in a greater variety of towns and cities and other kinds of communities than any other Canadian paper. Perhaps none of the soldiers whose photographs appear on this page have families who read this paper. They may not have even relatives who read it. But it should be possible for some one of our many thousands of readers to find somebody who can identify at least one of these men.

There is no reward offered for this service, except the satisfaction of helping to give honour where honour is due to a number of men who are serving their country in khaki. A note to the editor, accompanied by a clipping to indicate the particular man you have managed to identify will be sufficient. The information will be promptly handed out.



MERELY passing this officer's picture round among the faculty should have been enough to identify him. He probably belonged to the class of '89, when Sir Daniel Wilson was President; from all appearances a lawyer in khaki.



ABSOLUTELY fearless in a scrimmage, no doubt; a bad person to be on the opposite end of a bayonet. Class of 1904, perhaps.



ANY physiognomist out of a real job should try a diagnosis of this son of Varsity as depicted by this snapshot.



HIGHLY effective picture; he may be an O. C. now; must have taken political science and some interest in the Stadium.



FROM the background you conjecture—prairies; looks like a poplar bluff—the only kind this soldier-student probably knew.



LOOKS as though he had a time convincing his folk that he ought to go, but made no fuss over it himself. Probably recent graduate.



TRAINED to track condition, an officer of perfect poise, probably married, a father, and a lawyer—photographed at home.

Changing Works On a Farm

Further Unorganized Impressions Based Upon Casual Experiences with Little Father on the Farm

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

SOME people who play bridge and billiards talk as though they would like to go farming. All they need is money, land, tools, machinery, time and patience and a savings bank. This optimism is pretty high in 1917, because of \$2.20 wheat and 16-cent pork. Any schoolboy can calculate that an acre of wheat that fetches 40 bushels is worth \$88 at the elevator.

"And at the cost of production that's a big price," says the billiard fan.

To prove it he trots you out the items:

Rent or interest; seed; labour; depreciation on machinery; cost of fertilizer, etc., the same old



Mr. Expert, what's the overhead charge involved in cleaning out a cow-stable?

worn-at-the-elbow arguments everybody uses in the game of appearing to be wise about other people's business.

"Farmer never knows his overhead," says the billiard Ag Editor. "I asked a farmer that once. He says—looking at the clouds: 'Waal, I guess she'll be fair if she don't rain er sumthing.' Thought he had a joke. No. Farmer can tell you what a crop's worth all right and what the land's worth. He knows how to tot up the value of his live stock. But when it comes to stock-taking, his total assets over against his total liabilities he falls clean down. And when he tries to estimate what his labour costs him multiplying the men and the animals he has working by the number of days and hours they work—well, he quits before he begins.

"If I had a farm," concludes the Ag Editor of the Q, "I would have a time-clock at every barn door."

These pregnant economic truths were uttered by a man who operates a department in a big general store. They are so much like second cousins to the real truth about how not to run a farm after you get it paid for that I just want to test out these billiard-man cocksures by talking about Little Father's farm again. None of these talks will of necessity prove anything ultimate. Whatever small degree of wisdom may be detected in them will be tangled up with experiences. Farming is experience. And a lot of that is from generation to generation. Dumfries, for instance, is a hundred years of experience of thousands of people. Little Father's farm grew up there like a town grows. It wasn't built overnight. You remember that his grand-sire hewed the original 50 out of the thick bush, adding to it another 50 and afterwards as his five boys grew to man-size taking in an adjacent 100.

Little Father's domain of 200 acres and all that therein is comes in mental arithmetic to about \$25,000. There was a time during the boom time that slopped over there from the city—eight miles from the City Hall to the barn—when the land alone was quoted at more than twice that sum. But the farm

was not subdivided; fortunately for somebody. Little Father, the probable inheritor of most of it, may be the poorer; but he is also a Christian. He admitted that if the farm chopped by his grand-dad from the bush had been sold at \$200 or \$300 an acre, somebody would have been nipped. A few years ago another farm near it was sold for \$250 an acre to a city syndicate, who this year are renting it for about \$5 an acre and paying the taxes.

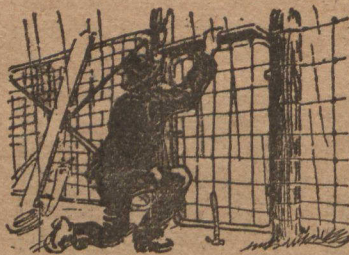
Little Father values the land and its immovables at about \$20,000. The other \$5,000 is taken up by the stock and the imple-

ments. This is a rough estimate made the next day after I slept first in the hay-mow and woke up to find it raining on the cut grain.

The thing to remember first of all is that the three patriotics and the two regulars on that farm intended to be shocking and reaping hundreds of dollars worth of wheat and oats that morning. As it happened, the old gentleman patriotic was mending a gate; his son was trucking manure out of the cow-stables; Little Father and his brother were storing away machinery to be used again next year and grinding a binder knife. We were all doing the unexpected and no accounting expert ever lived who could tell whether any one of us was even earning his board, let alone his wages.

I never knew it to fail that the number of wet days in any summer compared to the number of pottering jobs to be done under cover is about 1 to 17. Long ago, when the brotherhood were at home on the farm, Little Father's father and boys kept these jobs caught up. When the boys began to trek some to town, some westward, the jobs and the junk began to accumulate. They began to come to a climax about the time that a real thoroughbred hired man with no ambition to become a profiteer became as rare as a night-blooming cereus in an average greenhouse; when even the Finnegin type of farm labourer in this devilishly democratic country became almost an answer to prayer.

Just to get an idea of how this unearned increment of junk-labour heaped up around those barns and yards and houses let me record from memory a memo



How do you estimate the production value of mending a gate on a wet day?

of what Little Father had to look after on that 200 acres. The most convenient way to look at it is to put it in the form of a Walt Whitman poem:

30 Holsteins, 16 Clydes, 14 hogs;
Numerous hens, 17 geese;
7 grain bins; two hay barns; two grain mows;
And a silo; also a fanning mill;
1 self-binder, 2 mowers, 2 horse-rakes;
2 waggons, 1 manure-spreader, 1 chopping mill;
3 ploughs, 2 sets harrows, 1 9-ft. drill;
2 scufflers, 2 grain-racks;
One hay loader, one horse hay-fork;
Two sets of slings, half a mile of rope;
Pulleys galore;
2 milking-machines (hydro) with long tubes;
1 electric pump, 1 artesian well;
Stacks of sacks (shorts, bran and chop)
4 sets harness, currycombs, and brushes;
One driving-buggy, one motor-car;
Spray pumps for cattle-flies and fruit-trees;
Hoes and shovels and forks;
Carpenter's and blacksmith's tools;
Nine milk-cans and wheel-barrow;
One roller;
Track-cars for cow-manure;
Cement mangers, troughs, feed boxes;
Ditto cattle-floors and barnyard walks;
Troughs of any make (iron, cement, wood)

Electric wiring, telephone, coal;
Wood on the chip-hill; axes and crosscut;
Pots, pans, baskets and pails;
Chains, whiffletrees, neckyokes;
Bolts, screws, nuts, nails—

Now, Mr. Billiard Expert, how do you stock-take that?

No other production plant that I ever saw told such a tale of the old and the new alike. There never was a time when the forebears of Little Father decided to scrap what they had and get a new outfit. There never was reserve enough ahead in the bank or anywhere else to do it. Improvements had to be paid for out of current earnings, and a large percentage of this was, and still is, in the hands of the Lord. A farm hangs on to its traditions. It has to. Revolutions are impossible. You simply have to make the old thing do as long as it doesn't hamper you in its demand for man-labour; and when labour packs its grip and hits the trail you invest in a machine that takes its place and hope for the Lord's good luck to get it paid for before it's half worn out.

That's one reason why farmers, as a rule, never keep books. The operation is too complicated. An adequate system of accounts for a farm such as Little Father's would need a chartered accountant. The element of luck is always a factor, and a big one. Ten per cent. more moisture and 20 per cent. less sunlight this year than last makes about 50 to 60 per cent. difference in the revenues. Moisture and sunlight are not dependent on the old-fashioned laws of supply and demand. One reason the farmer, as a class, finds it better to be a Christian is that the fortunes of his farm depend so obviously upon the dispensations of a higher power than himself, with which he might better be on friendly than on hostile terms. And you can't book-keep Providence.

I have not described the other three hired men. One of them, the brother of Little Father, is farming in 1917 as an act of grace. He threw up a city job in the spring and put himself months in arrears in the business of learning to be a chartered accountant because without him the man on the farm would have been playing solitaire with the things mentioned in the accompanying blank verse. He was on wages. Being skilled labour, he must have been fairly expensive. The other two—both patriotics—were father and son; the old gentleman a retired city property owner with a conscience; the youth a school-lad of 16 who allowed the farm to make advances to him in about the same way that a Tennysonian damsel might receive the advance of a cave-man.

After dinner a slouching east wind tore a few feeble holes in the wet cloud and Little Father paraded us all to one of the large fields of goose wheat, yet unstocked. He and brother wore smocks. Father and son (patriotics) shrewdly slipped their shirts over their overalls to keep the wheat-whiskers from exploring the regions of no underwear.

Towards evening, with a loosening cloud, a couple of biplanes from the neighbouring air-camp came fluttering over the fields. About 5.30 Little Father and Frere left the field, shouting back at us.

"Come up when you're tired. We're going ahead."

No, not to quit. Yonder in the lane was the reason; the steeled-out piebald line of the Holsteins.

Next morning the wind had miffed away from the east to south-west, and there were signs of hauling weather. I yearned for the waggons. But we went shocking again; finished up the first field and trekked over to another not quite so large—but in the sight of heaven it was a chaos of sheaves that the binder had tied, but couldn't disentangle, so they trailed



And what's the wage factor worth in two men operating a grindstone to grind a binder-knife?

along from two to five at a lot like a kite's tail.

This field was a wallowing, wonderful crop. A few days later I began to fork sheaves in that field and by careful count heaved 33 loads off the 12 acres. Airplanes swam and volplaned over the fields. Trains went by. All manner of important people gazed at

AT HOME *and* ABROAD

ONCE upon a time optimists said that Toronto would become a national port for ocean liners—thanks to canals up the St. Lawrence. Toronto will wait a while for ocean liners. Meanwhile, the city on Lake Ontario takes an active interest in the British navy. A week ago the flagship "Commodore Jarvis" was inaugurated on the offing of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. This picture shows a large crowd of Toronto citizens watching the ship after the inauguration by Lady Willison who stands in the foreground. The "Commodore Jarvis" will be used as a training ship for the Toronto Boys' Naval Brigade until the Brigade numbers 1,000 members, when they will secure a full-rigged ship from the British Navy.



the shockers, no doubt saying the crop was good when all they knew about it could be told in a smoking-car.

In the afternoon Little Father corraled three Clydes and went over to finish his last field of oats with the binder. The rest of us jungled among the goose-wheat bundles putting them up into ramparts of stooks and wondering if the sou'wester would clean up the sky for the waggons next day. Huge Himalayas of cloud heaped up over the westward valley, which, to my casual gaze, seemed quite as beautiful as that famous Avalon in Devonshire sung about by Tennyson. Father and son kept well together with their shirts flapping in the wind. By sundown we had all but three acres of the field up, mauling and wrenching and dislocating those tangled-up sheaves which I now calculate must have gone 40 bushels to the acre.

Over the bread and milk that evening we decided that in the morning we would haul in the field of fall wheat next the road; a ten-acre field for which Little Father had been offered \$500 as it stood before cutting, but refused to take it, not being disposed to gamble on a crop. He had never known any of the farmers in the Dumfries locality to deal in options on a standing crop as they do in Manitoba. The idea of a farmer pledging himself to a speculator on the strength of a certain field to deliver in October so many hundred bushels of wheat and to sell the field on that basis had never entered his calculations. That ten acres was no gambling proposition. It was the first field his grandfather had chopped from the bush. The house stood on a knoll at the head of it. The long lane ran alongside to the road. That field had raised at least 75 crops since the day it was a stump clearing. It was still going strong, a better field than ever; by rotation of crops, plowing under clover, summer fallowing and manuring, it was as good land now as it was in the beginning. The life-story of that field in production was the story of the farm. For thousands of years that field might go on producing.

"I'll take my own chances whether I lose or make on a \$500 offer," he said. "I don't think I'll lose, though."

"And we'll haul to-morrow?" said I en route to the barn bedroom again.

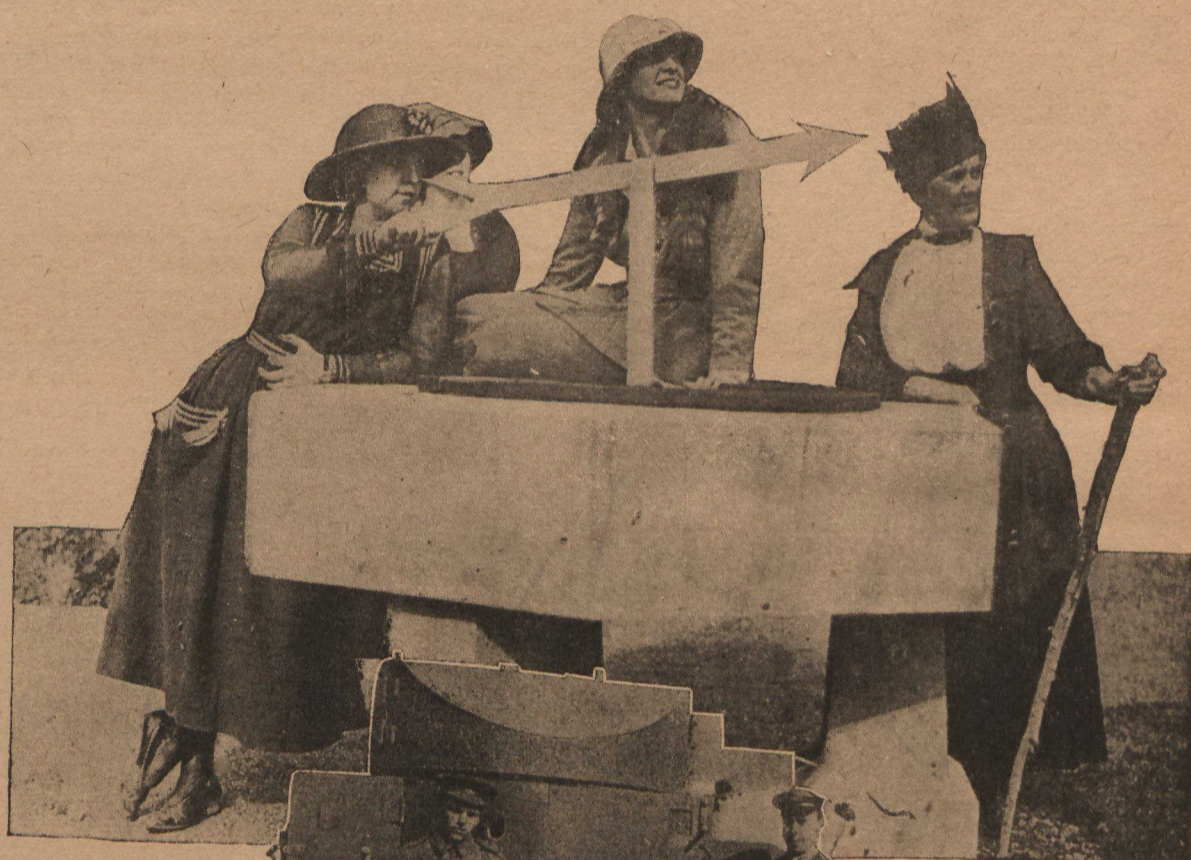
"If that wind don't blow up another rain," he said.

"Heavens! How can it. Feels as dry as a bone. Look at the stars."

The ten-acre field of brown stooks had at least a million stars over it.

"I don't trust the stars," he said. "Very often when there's a skyful of stars it rains like blazes in the morning."

(To be continued.)



THREE ladies at Banff, one from Paris, two from Virginia, much interested in finding out from an indicator what are the names of the Rockies peaks in the distance. Otherwise, what's the use in naming mountains after magnates?

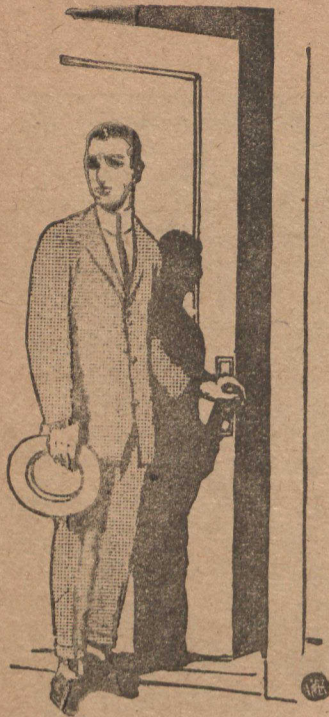
FIRST prize for mobility must be awarded this armoured motor-car, which, with its mixed crew of Canadians, Anzacs, South African and Britishers has fought in Belgium, Persia, Turkish Armenia and Roumania, and is now attached to the Russian offensive in Galicia.

The LESSER EVIL

SOME Short Stories are novels in condensed form. This is one of them. The Author has combined a powerful theme with a popular treatment and leaves the rest to the reader's imagination

BY

JAMES OPPENHEIM



BREATHLESS, pale and palpably frightened, the manager of the Pennsylvania Foundry Company, tottered into his private office at eleven o'clock that summer morning. He leaned against the wall, straw hat tilted back, tie hanging loose over his coat, his trousers white with dust.

"My God!" he panted, "that mob—"

Marion Winter, his secretary, was working at a low table. She turned and looked at the miserable sight of a leader frightened, and as she looked, her candid blue eyes piercing him, her face became as white as his.

At the same moment a side door opened and Miss Haldane, the head of the stenographers' department, hurried in. She put her hand to her heart, and burst out with:

"What happened, Mr. Conrad?"

The manager was still panting. He addressed vacancy in tones of amazement:

"Those dirty Hunkies—I saw them there at the corner as I came down—a hundred of them—I felt something in the air—I started by them—they cursed and jabbered—then it came! My God!"

Miss Haldane approached him, one hand extended, and in her voice was the hint of a sob.

"What came?"

"Stones—stones—"

"Oh!" cried Miss Haldane. "Were you hit?"

"Hit? I don't know! I got panicky—I ran—"

"And escaped!" Miss Haldane cried out. Suddenly she leaned against a high desk and sobbed, "Thank God!"

Miss Winter slowly rose, and stood, still gazing at Conrad. She was a straight little woman, in simple white shirtwaist, and her head was somewhat squared, large at the temples. Stray little wisps of yellow-brown hair lent an air of wistfulness to the plain beauty of her face. It seemed impossible for her to take her eyes from Conrad's dark and strong face. Her blue gaze kept piercing him.

AT the noise of sobs, Conrad came to himself sharply and glanced at Miss Haldane. The headstrong, brown-haired, brown-eyed girl, built in the Valkyrie mould, seemed sensuously beautiful, leaning and openly weeping. Conrad's fear was displaced by a shock of revelation, that swept colour to his cheeks.

"Don't cry," he said, gruffly, "I haven't got a scratch!"

And then his eyes met the steady gaze of Miss Winter. It was as if two X-rays were piercing him, and he could not escape them. And then he knew! He had run away—he had fled—he was a coward. What, in panic, had seemed so natural, now appeared ghastly and unbelievable. He, Conrad, the manager, the boss, the general of an army of five thousand workmen, had publicly shown cowardice.

He wanted to plead with those eyes, but found no words, save, "You ran away." Suddenly he bowed his burning face and went unsteadily across the

room to his desk at the large, open window. He sat down. His hand, resting on the blotter, visibly shook. He looked up.

"Miss Haldane," he muttered, in a breaking voice, "go back to work."

Miss Haldane paused in passing, paused and leaned.

"I'm so glad—" she began.

"Go to work," he muttered.

She stiffened, held high her head and went out the side door.

Miss Winter sat down and continued her work on the index cards.

A vast silence now seemed to swamp the building and the country roundabout. It was like the silence of a Sunday, though the time was mid-week. Outside the open window, in the cruel sunlight, lay the few streets of company houses—squalid frame tenements, each matching all. Barefoot women, of old peasants in the fields of Hungary, slouched about the yards. Smoke-grey chickens and mongrel dogs scratched and nosed in the ground. Ragged, half-naked and miserably dirty children played on the hard dirt surrounding the outhouses. On the other side of the office building lay several acres of red mill-buildings, absolutely idle. No smoke plumed the pipes, no dinky engines clanked and whistled on the switches, no gangs of labourers struggled in the gloom and glare of red furnaces. Silence, the silence of a Sabbath everywhere. Silence, and something else—premonition, bad omen, doom. The skies were utterly blue, the sun strode free, the river ran by languid and golden, and yet the air was full of earthquake and doomsday.

Conrad leaned his head on his hand and thought. He was but twenty-five, one of the new generation of Americans, in an age of young men. Curtis, the president, had singled him out among the clerks on one of his rare visits from New York. He liked the powerful build, the open face, the clear, gray eyes and masterful jaw. And so Mrs. Conrad, the mother, in her tiny cottage up on the hill, was made proud by the rapid advance of her eldest son. He was a good manager, one who "knew men." He got the enviable reputation of the man of few words. He was firm, hard as iron. And yet he understood the labourer's viewpoint, saw the toil of the men in the light of wages, hours, danger, and strain, and did his best to make the president see. But Curtis had

to see dividends first, and the men struck.

And now as he sat there, shamed—a nervous tremour passing through him at intervals—he saw himself and the world at a new angle. He had been enormously successful. He was proud of himself, and had a busy self-confidence that shut out fear and speculation. He never bothered with thoughts about his soul or his death or why he was born or whither he was going. Life was a game and he played it strenuously. He had small use for weakness or indecision or doubt. Then how had it come about that he—he, himself—had run from a mob? that he was panic-stricken? that he had panted his shame to two women? What would his mother say? For surely now, his life was ruined. Plainly, he had to resign his position, and the shame would prevent him from securing any other as good. He, the general, had demoralized his army. He was a disgraced man.

Suddenly he felt like sobbing. He had never dreamed of this yellow streak in his nature: where he confided in strength he found weakness, and weakness of a soft and degenerate nature. He began to see what a mystery a man is, even to himself: what demonic depths there are in human nature under the thin veneer of civilization, and swiftly then, by this twitch of new sight, he saw a world of men and understood their frailties, their failings, their failure. Why did most fail? Was it because so few can stand the test of temptation and death? Something dimly like pity, pity for the millions of timid toilers forever humble, entered his heart. So—he was of them; he was no better than the ruck and refuse; he, Lee Conrad, manager at twenty-five, firm as iron, a man of few words, was to return to the dust and bitterness of poverty and sweated labour. What would his mother say? What did Miss Winter think?

HE listened. He heard the soft flipping noise of index cards bent and fingered. He spoke tremulously.

"Miss Winter—"

She came quietly, pulled out the flap of the desk, and sat down, her note-book spread for dictation. With sidelong glance he noted that her face was still pale. He did not dare meet the blue eyes.

"Never mind," he muttered.

She arose silently and again he heard the flipping of the cards.

What silence! What ominous silence! Red Sunday! He glanced out of the window and noticed with strange calm—the calm of the condemned who



She turned and looked at the miserable sight.

is past despair even—a woman scrubbing a porch. She did not kneel, but bent from the hips down, like an animal on all fours. Yet, with great skill she ran the scrubbing brush slopping up and down, moving hands and feet jerkily at the same time. Ah, better to be that stupid careless animal, than a high-strung strenuous American of twenty-five! Beer, music, a man and children—better than this burning disgrace.

The telephone bell rang at his side. Mechanically he put the receiver to his ear.

"Hello!"

"Long distance, New York—Mr. Conrad?"

"Yes."

"Hold the wire."

CONRAD reflected calmly that this was Curtis, the president. It was his moment to explain and resign—resign before the report got to those yellow newspapers. At the thought of newspapers, with red headlines, a new shock went through him. He found his hand trembling again. His heart seemed to shrink small, and again, like a red mist, intolerable fear fell on him. It was as if he were a toy in some unseen hand. He felt powerless, sapped of strength, and then—

"Conrad, this is Curtis. Get me?"

"Yes, sir."

"How are things?"

"No news."

"Men ugly?"

"Nothing doing."

"No rioting yet?"

"None."

"State Constabulary there?"

"Yes, sir."

"How are the newspapers?"

"The same."

"Ring me up if anything happens."

"Yes, sir."

"You're sure there's nothing else?"

"Sure."

"Remember—" the hard voice snapped small in the receiver—"I depend on you, Conrad. You hold the key to this strike, keep a firm front, a stiff upper lip. If they see you mean business, they'll lose heart. Get me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good-bye."

He put up the 'phone and his opportunity. Now it was too late. He was doubly disgraced. And why? What was this fear, this deathly fear?

In the Sabbath silence, he noted keenly that the flipping of the cards had stopped.

He was sure that Miss Winter's eyes were upon him—even as they had been at the first moment. It struck him then that possibly Miss Winter, Miss Haldane and the others had been in danger when they came to work this morning—even though a squad of khaki-uniformed constables escorted them. Had they braved a peril he had run from? These women?

He burned to ask Miss Winter, but felt sharply that if he spoke his voice would tremble with betraying fear.

AT this moment a clerk came in, and to Conrad's amazement, he heard Miss Winter say, quietly: "He's busy now. He can't be disturbed."

The clerk went out.

Something in her voice remained with him—something warm with hope. What hope? Where? Who can pick up spilled milk? Who mend the shattered lamp?

And then it came like a blow in the face. There were two things to do: Resign, or—electricity flooded him tinglingly—get up, put on his hat, and walk straight into that triumphant mob—that mob that had tasted blood, and was aroused and hungry, keen with the man-hunt. Get up, and walk into them. That were expiation—in this way he could re-establish himself—in this way make good. Horror filled him; blood beating about his temples. He put his face in his hands. No, he could not do it. Again that red mist of fear.

And yet the thought hammered at him, spoke to him, insistently, harshly: "Face the music! Face

it!" He felt that he was compelled, that he had to do it, whether or no. And then cunningly he devised a ruse. He remembered that Miss Haldane had sobbed for him. He would go to her and tell his project and she would dissuade him from it. He felt sure of that—and in that way he would escape. He did not marvel at all at that moment of panic that he was acting a strange and unheard-of part. When had he consulted with women employees? But no man would understand this—only a woman.

He arose, shaking a little, and pushed open the side door. Several idle stenographers—the few who had dared come to the works—looked up fear-stricken. They saw blood-shot eyes, cowardice, and their leader crouching.

"Miss Haldane—"

She leaped up, gasping.

"Yes."



The young alien tumbled headforemost.

"Step out in the hall."

He followed her out, walking as one in a trance. In the gloom he saw her flashing eyes, her trembling lips.

"You see—" he found himself saying, "everybody'll find it out—this running away—there's just one thing to do—"

"What is that?" she gasped.

"Go out and face them."

She bit her under lip.

"No!" she cried, "You have no right."

"Why not?"

She drew near.

"You must think of others!"

"Who?"

Her face turned near his.

"Your mother—and others."

"Who?"

She gave a short sob.

"They're a lot of animals. They ought to be shot to pieces. Of course, you ran from them. Your life is too valuable. What can a man do against a mob? Thank God you escaped. And, now—send for soldiers—clear this place out—that's the thing to do."

"Send for soldiers?" he asked stupidly.

"Yes—suppose they killed you—the company would lose the strike."

"Soldiers?" he repeated. Then he cried, "You're right! I will!"

They were silent. Then he spoke in a queer voice.

"What do you think of me, Miss Haldane? You see I'm a coward."

Her eyes were blazing and yet moist with tears.

"It doesn't matter what you are—"

A strange, comforting warmth entered his heart.

"Thanks," he muttered, and turned and went into his office. Miss Winter did not look up as he passed her, and kept fingering, placing, and pulling out the cards.

He sat down heavily, and rubbed his forehead.

"What's the capital of Pennsylvania?" he asked, aloud.

"Harrisburg," said Miss Winter.

"I suppose the Governor's there."

But Miss Winter said nothing. Then, as he tried to frame a message, he remembered the hope in Miss Winter's voice. What did she think of him? Didn't it make any difference to her? He seemed to feel the X-rays of her eyes dividing his soul again—the candid blue eyes—the pale face. He feared to speak

to her. Miss Haldane had been comforting, but Miss Winter—what if he arose now, put on his hat, and walked quietly down the street as daily he had always walked—and that mob down there. Again in him the struggle began, the faintness, the red mist.

"Come here," he muttered.

Miss Winter sat down again, with notebook spread.

He drummed on the desk and kept his eyes on his fingers.

"I wonder," he muttered, in a strange voice, "if I ought to go down and face that mob. Do you think so?"

There was a deep silence. He knew he had to look up. Their eyes met. He saw the answer written in flame. The flame seemed to go into his breast. And with it, by contrast, came a wide and clear calm. He laughed softly, arose, and strode without hesitation to the door, snapped his hat from a hook, and turned. Miss Winter was standing, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining. A light of purpose, and something more, went into his face, which was very pale, and set like steel.

"Of course, you're right!" he said, and went.

MISS WINTER rushed to the window, and leaned over. She saw him walk steadily from the building. At once someone was at her side.

"I knew he'd go," said Miss Winter, with great exultation.

"He went?" It was Miss Haldane, leaning out with her. "Good God! Oh, Marion! Now he'll be killed!"

"Now he's himself," said Miss Winter.

Miss Haldane gave a hoarse sob.

"If anything happens to him, I'll—"

"See," said Miss Winter, "how brave he is now!"

Miss Haldane seized Miss Winter by the arm, and spoke in her ear:

"It was you! You sent him!"

The two women faced each other, and read a revelation in each face.

Miss Haldane leaned near:

"But you don't love him as I do, Marion. I forgave him everything—forgave his being a coward—tried to save him—and you—"

Miss Haldane stopped sharply. The quiet little woman was betraying a passion unbelievable—her voice was tense, quivering, cutting.

"You loved him that much? I loved him enough to send him out—"

They glared at each other, and then embraced, Lily Haldane sobbing on Marion's breast.

Down that seemingly endless street Conrad walked very quietly. The sun cruelly withered him; life hummed dimly among the houses as he passed; and all the air was hanging heavy with ominous silence. The silence of the grave! the silence of death! He walked on and on, calm and cool. He did not even remember whether he had his revolver with him. He did not stop to think whether life was good or bad, worth saving or worth rejecting. He was again the manager, the boss—executive, firm, with the direct drive.

No mob was at the corner, or across the wilder-

(Continued on page 12.)

OPINIONS DIFFER IN FOUR LANGUAGES

SENOR the Striker of Madrid does not know what he wants. All he knows is that where you have no war it's the fashion to have riots and strikes. Spain is not likely to go to war; certainly not to help Germany. In fact, Spain is about as far from the real business of war as Japan. This strange country of dirty cathedrals, and Carmens, mad bulls and great painters, poets and political formulae, is shut off from the rest of Europe by the Pyrenees. Napoleon, of course, put one of his great side shows over the Pyrenees and called it the Peninsular War; and Wellington had an army there. But that was the last time Spain had any real war, the Spanish-American, in 1898, being a mere flare-up in Cuba and the Philippines. The country just now has troubles enough without going to war. The politics of Spain are magnificently



rotten. Taxes are sky high. Public works are neglected. Where does the money go? The worker pays through the nose and wants to know. He strikes for more money, or less work, or both, and says he is being robbed by the tax collector. A small body of revolutionizers have been bomb-throwing in Barcelona and Madrid. They are what is known in England as syndicalists, a sort of double cross between some species of government ownership and one of the various forms of socialism, from which Europe has boils on her neck. But the Conservative crowd usually succeed in corraling the rebels and the general commonwealth jogs along in the same old riot of religion and bull-fights and promises of reform. The King—Alfonso? Ah, he is popular enough. There will be no republic in Spain. At least not till the Hohenzollerns run for Parliament.



YOU may argue about Alsace-Lorraine till the cows come home. Go to Dammerkirch, now in the hands of the French, says one sagacious British Socrates who has been studying European politics since he was a young professor in Russia, and you will find the Danmerkirchers asking to be given that nice little historic pellet known as the Status Quo. They want to go back to Germany, says Dr. Ricklin, President of the Second Chamber of Alsace. "We bless," says he, "every act calculated to abridge the war. The people of Alsace-Lorraine did not desire war. What it strove for was the consummation of its political status in the limits of its dependence upon the German Empire." You note the name—Ricklin. Then, again, Dr. Hoeffel, equally French, and Speaker of the First Chamber, is quoted as saying: "Our common task has knit the Imperial provinces more closely together and has also drawn more tightly their links with the German Empire." When you come to find out where these statements appeared, you trace them to our old cock-and-bull friend, the Frankfurter Zeitung, which has no branch office in Paris. Anyhow, on the celebration of the third anniversary of the French in Alsace Maisevairn, recently, the Alsations hung out the tri-colour fast enough and the Alsatian girls made eyes at the French soldiers on the streets.



COPENHAGEN must be one of the original cities of Europe. The Copenhageners have not suffered as much from the war as they did when Bismarck stole Schlesing-Holstein from Denmark in order to get a neck of land to dig the Kiel Canal. It remains to be seen what effect the American embargo will have on the trade done between Denmark and Germany. Of course, when Denmark stopped sending bacon and butter to England she had to do something. Meanwhile, right on the edge of the vortex of war, Copenhagen celebrates something or other and part of her programme is cycle-racing on water.



THIS dignified old Moslemite, taken prisoner by Tommy Atkins in Mesopotamia, is looking fair and square at the camera that took his picture. He has put up his hand to ward off the evil eye from his face. And the camera clicked just as he did so. Bashi-Bedouk made it very obvious to Tommy A. and the camera-man that for any of the unwashed Christians abroad to see his face and form in a photograph was equivalent to stealing his passport to Paradise. Very unhumorous old dog! He has no love for the leg phylacteried person with the long sticker-thing on the end of his gun.

SHEEP'S BACK TO MAN'S BACK

*Pictorial Paragraphs
on the Art of Making
the Luxury known as
Woollen Clothes. The
Snapshots Taken in
1917 in Quebec and
Ontario.*

BY
EDITH WATSON
AND
JOHN BOYD



La Fileuse

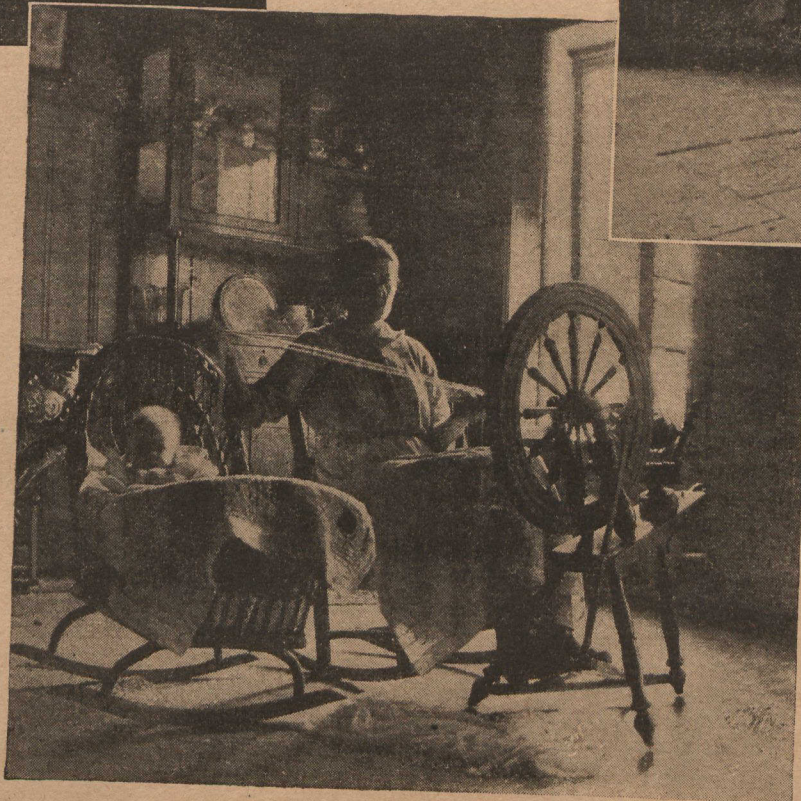


La Cardeuse

burr and the last kink out of a heap of St. Lawrence wool. Her carding apparatus is home-made and simple. You may find such tools in many an Anglo-Saxon attic west of Montreal.

SOME man thinks he would rather look at a noisy line of spindles run by hydro-electric than at our "la belle dame" of the spinning wheel and the cradle by the swing window overlooking the big river. Let no such man be trusted.

GERMANY ceasing to export dyes made no difference to grandmere of the plaid apron and the big dye-making pot slung over a pole. Maybe the colours of her yarns are not aesthetic; but they are fast.



Fleeced!

WHEN you have bought several skeins of yarn (some folks call it wool) at \$1.50 a pound, you will regard with respect this mother-of-wool sheep who has just parted with her fleece. When they washed her last spring down by the creek dam she was as broad as a pony. When she came out she was as white as a dry-weather cloud. Before she had time to get burrs in her coat she was introduced to the clippers that rolled the fleece off her almost as quickly as you take off your gloves. Feeling very sheepish, but very cool, she wonders how she ever grew so much wool without knowing she had it.

CARDING wool by hand is still the vogue in Quebec. The dear old dame by the wood-pile has just scratched the last beggar-lice

La Teinturiere



AND the full-cloth comes from the loom, the old historic hand-loom and heirloom of Quebec, that never bothers about the British preference on woollens crippling the woollens mills of Canada. The weaver (La Tisserande) is one of the real-life characters in Quebec.

La Tisserande

640 ACRES—No MORE, Maybe LESS

NOT long ago I had a trip across a section of Saskatchewan with a land salesman. Not, of course, a unique experience that qualifies one to write travel articles or deliver lectures; but interesting because it gets one into closer contact with the land than the study of crop estimates in Eastern financial newspapers.

Right here let there be paid a small tribute to that unchronicled pathfinder and pioneer, the land salesman. After all the shouting and the tumult that accompany the birth, life (usually brief) and death of the brand new colonization scheme have died away—after all the captains and the kings of Imperialistic oratory have departed, generally a little disappointed, then in steps the blithe young land salesman to achieve the practical results. He it is who eventually takes out the "prospect," shows him what the prairie really is in comparison with what the far-distant orators have said of it, stifles his scepticism and converts it into enthusiasm akin to his own, steers him clear of rival concerns with land to sell, and "sells" him, consummating thereby the long drawn out and expensive advertising campaign that has brought the prospect there and playing a not unimportant part in the creation of the great new Empire that, etc., etc., in the Western, etc., etc. Land selling (don't make the common mistake of confusing it with a real estate agency) is a profession peculiar to the West, ex-haling Western optimism. Its young men are enthusiastic and exuberant—to some extent necessarily.

It is not an overcrowded profession; and having at various times seen salesmen of many kinds in action, having been sold to personally and proving an average refractory buyer—having, on occasion, tried to sell things myself—I am consumed with envy at the easy lot of these bright young men. It is, let me warn you, a highly specialized profession, in which you must know both agriculture and salesmanship before you get the signature on the dotted line; and although a good salesman is worth his weight in—well, new potatoes—to the fortunate concern that employs him, the business is restricted in size and not particularly highly remunerated. The envy referred to arises from the eagerness of the prospect to buy—which any salesman knows is the hardest thing in the world to find.

Most of the buying this year of grace, however, is being done not by new-comers, but by old-timers. You think immigration has ceased—well, during the fiscal year 1916-17, 75,395 immigrants entered Canada, of whom 61,389 came from the United States. But the biggest land buyer now is the farmer who is already there. He is taking this opportunity of getting more land while the getting is good. For three years, with war prices for everything that he produces, and with no excess profits tax, the Western farmer has been digging himself in, economically. He stands to-day upon a sounder footing than at any previous date—free of debts, all notes and chattel mortgages cleared off, land paid for, title deeds secured, and money in the bank. In hundreds of cases, a single crop has bought the land; in some,

CHARLES STOKES' Trip With a Land Salesman convinces him that Fashion in western farms runs to large sizes. The old song, "A little farm well tilled and a little wife well willed" is out of date on the prairies.

By CHARLES STOKES

it has bought it three or four times over. A farmer in that section with whom I had some conversation told me that a quarter-section that he bought in 1915 and cropped in 1916 for the first time paid him, net, \$60 per acre. It had cost \$24.

The streets of the small town where we stayed over-night—an ugly little prairie town marooned in an ocean of cool green wheat—were blocked for a whole day with grain waggons that had hauled grain in to the elevators from the surrounding country. Outside one livery stable I counted eighteen waggons, bivouacked there empty, their teams eating inside and their drivers upstreet at the Chinese table d'hôte. In itself, this demonstrates an economic change that will enter materially into the future grain situation. It was June, remember—not November. It was very easy for the amateur economist to hand out to the farmer the loquacious advice not to market grain in the fall, when the market was glutted; but the farmer never had any penchant for marketing grain in the fall. Only the pressure of his financial obligations—for notes and other instruments of torture matured then—led him to do so. Having caught up with his indebtedness, he now carries over his grain and distributes it in a rising market instead of a falling one. It is doubtful whether he will ever return to his old practice. The wheel of fortune may bring him bad years, but now that he is so securely established it is possible he may never have to incur credit again to anything like the same dangerous extent. High prices will prevail for nearly five years—Lloyd George's guaranteed minimum scale to British wheat growers insures that to Canadian wheat growers—and there is still plenty of time for the newcomer to get well and plenty into debt, and out of it again with the assistance of war prices.

WHAT strikes you most at present is the lack of seriousness that accompanies the transaction of buying farm land. The general impression is—I confess I have had it myself—that the transfer of real property is the occasion for great solemnity, and the signing of the agreement of sale the necessity for calling in the whole family unto the fourth cousins. But on the contrary, the western farmer signs in a hasty, offhand way, and turns round to the things that really matter. Farm hands incur the responsibility of three or four thousand dollars' worth of land with nonchalance, if not with levity. "Signed in pencil?" said my land salesman. "Yes—lots like that, contracts for extra quarter or half-

sections signed in the field on the handle of a plow."

"It's getting to be," he went on, after a lengthy excursion into the strange jargon of section-township-range-meridian that they all talk, Dutch to the stranger, but a scientific geographical identification to the initiated, "it's getting to be that the man who's only got a half-section thinks himself a piker. Why, I remember the time when the average was a quarter-section, and a half-section man a king-pin; now, bless your eyes, they're none of 'em content with less than a full section. Great crops we can raise here, what?"

What has been said about land applies with equal force to some other commodities. The automobile has ceased to be a luxury; it is bought recklessly, and not always in the cheapest form so celebrated in song and story. The thousand and one delights that the advertising pages reveal, electric light systems and what not, compete with the thousand-dollar-up car in favour; in winter, Florida and California beckon the wheat-grower, and not in vain.

AT a not very distant date in the development of the West, farmers plunged too heavily in land, and became top-heavy. They were "land poor," in a terse phrase that implied that although they had hundreds of acres they had no ready cash. There seems little danger that there will be a repetition of this, because they are paying as they go; but the very ease with which prairie land is selling to-day suggests that the time is not unimaginable when it will all be sold. All available homestead land is already so far back from the railroads as to be impracticable except to real seekers for trouble, and until more railroads are built—to say which is to parallel Kathleen Mavourneen—the bulk of development must be near established centres. In other words, the Peace River country is all right, but a little ahead of the times. These exuberant young land salesmen are apt to sell themselves out of a job the very first thing they know, because, as they express it, prairie land is the cheapest thing on the American continent at this time.

However, if only one-tenth the land that has been sold in Western Canada, but has never yet been developed—land, that is, bought for speculative purposes—could be cropped, the result would be such as to render a Food Controller superfluous. The land speculator has been the greatest curse of the West, and, recalling the needs of Europe, it makes one's heart ache to drive for miles and see blocks of unused, unfenced, farm lands withheld from cultivation to get the unearned increment. The owners of this property are not always criminal. A variety of causes can be adduced to account for the non-development; hundreds of townspeople, for instance, bought farm land in Western Canada in the big boom four or five years back, as an investment, but have never been able to proceed with it. Farmers in the States who have bought in Canada have been unable to sell out at home and move up. But on the whole there are no excuses. The next thing to conscript is this undeveloped, unoccupied and useless farm land.

THE LESSER EVIL

(Continued from page 9.)

ness of railway track. A trolley car headed for the mills came whizzing along, with windows dazzling in the sun. He hailed it, and it stopped. He stepped aboard; the conductor saluted him. He went inside. There were a dozen passengers. One of these arose—a short, stout, bull-necked man, red of face.

"Lo, Conrad."

He recognized the Deputy-Sheriff, O'Conner. He felt a pang of regret that he was to be protected, but remembered then that every car was sentined.

The two sat down together.

"Hot day," muttered O'Conner.

Conrad nodded. The car was passing the mills. No mob was in sight, nor even straying labourers.

"Pretty quiet," said O'Conner.

Again Conrad nodded. What if the mob had dispersed? The car shot past the furthest mill, and its enclosing fence. Then it stopped sharply. The motorman opened the front doors and called in O'Conner.

"They've piled bricks on the track. There's a mob—look!"

"Sit still—all!" bellowed O'Conner.

He and Conrad arose. Out on the sun-stricken pavement before the corner saloon stood a mob of men—aliens, in undershirts and trousers and little caps on the back of their heads. Ominous and terrifying was the silence.

Three men boarded the car. The leader, a young man with tousled hair and a face as keen as a wolf's,

and as wildly beautiful, looked in. His voice crackled like a whip:

"Git de hell out of dis car—everybody!"

Conrad felt something hot in his breast, anger, defiance, fury. O'Conner bellowed:

"Keep your seats!"

The voice crackled sharper:

"Quick, git out—one, two, three—"

The passengers responded to the greater authority. They half-slid, half-slouched out, tumbling one over another, muttering crazily, utterly panic-stricken. Conrad and O'Conner were left alone.

Again the face appeared in the doorway.

"Git out ycu—and you, big coward, Mr. Conrad!"

(Concluded on page 22.)

The FICTION of GERMAN TRIUMPHS

AT the moment of writing comes news of the resumption of fighting on the western front. The information is of the most meagre kind, but it indicates a British advance over a front of ten miles and a pushing back of the German lines to the extent of one mile. It is, therefore, a direct continuation of the previous battle that was waged eastward from Ypres, and that had the effect of obliterating the German salient and of creating a new British salient eastward. We may note as highly significant the many reports that have emanated from this area during the last two weeks, and to the effect that the Germans were denuding this area of its civilian population, either deporting them to Germany or compelling them to work upon military roads or fortifications. These measures were certainly not taken for the protection of the civilians. We may acquit the Germans of any such act of humanity as this. On the contrary, they point strongly to a German retirement under British pressure and to the evacuation of the present German military lines.

It is certain that the German hold upon its North Sea positions must become impossible if the British success should be continued, and the retirement is not likely to be confined to the area to the north of the immediate battlefield. The vigour of the German defence, ineffectual though it was, is easily to be explained by a reluctance to retreat while the latest German war loan is still pending. The success of the loan naturally depends upon a continuation of the fiction of German triumphs, a fiction that would be likely to fade in the presence of an unmistakable German reverse. The news is still too young to permit of an accurate assessment of its values, but at least we have here one more demonstration of German inability to resist attack and of a waning of military power upon which it would be difficult to place an excessive significance.

The late entry of Italy into the war and a certain suspicion of insularity in her policies have served somewhat to divert attention from the importance of her campaign. It has seemed to be even more tedious than the operations elsewhere, its course even more monotonous and indecisive. But the events of the last two or three weeks are startling by their magnitude and their significance. The Isonzo has suddenly become the centre of the war, and the Italian army its possible arbiter. For the first time we are disposed to recognize that General Cadorna has not only conceived a definite plan of campaign and that he has pursued it with undeviating force, but also that he has brought it within sight of success and that its possible results are of the most conclusive kind.

THE task of Italy has been one of extraordinary difficulty. She has had to fight offensively and defensively at the same time, to carry the war into her enemy's territory, and to protect her own territory from invasion. The northern frontier of Italy is like an enormous S, lying upon its side, and with its western loop projecting deeply into her provinces. This western loop, the Trentino, has been her vulnerable point. It has been impossible for the Italian troops to advance northward through the Trentino into Austria, but it has been quite possible for the Austrian troops to advance southward through the Trentino into Italy. Austria has been in possession of the Trentino, and its almost impregnable mountains have been her allies. It has been by the threat of invasion through the Trentino that she has answered every menace by Italy on the Isonzo. A sustained Italian offensive was impossible so long as there was danger of an Austrian incursion through the Trentino that would have brought Austrian armies to the rear of the Italian forces operating eastward of the Isonzo. The necessity of guarding the Trentino has been a sort of constant paralysis to the Italian armies that were dedicated to Cadorna's great plan of invading Austria northeastward in the direction of Vienna and southward toward Triest.

There is no need to recount the alternating operations in the Trentino and on the Isonzo. Again and again Cadorna has been compelled to stay his advance eastward in response to a renewal of the

A PENDING war loan in Germany makes it necessary to stage up small successes. Riga was the only point on the great iron ring where the Kaiser could score. Holland and Denmark have been spared only because of danger to Germany in increasing her defences in these regions. The Central Powers are no longer able to answer a big offensive on the Isonzo by their regular trick of a counter offensive on the Trentino. Cadorna may yet go the road to Vienna. The elimination of Austria by a big southern campaign is now a possibility. Keep your eye on Cadorna.

By SIDNEY CORYN

Austrian threat from the Trentino. A few months ago there was a Teuton army of a million men amassed in the neighbourhood of Trent, and it seemed likely that there would be an overwhelming rush into the Italian provinces from the north. Cadorna prepared to meet the blow, and so long as it was pending there could be no question of further advance on the Isonzo. But the blow did not fall. The Teuton army melted away in response to pressing Teuton needs in the west, and Cadorna was once more free to turn his attention toward his own aggressive. It was one more example of the sensitiveness of the battle lines, of which no one part can remain unaffected by the events upon all other parts. Perhaps there is no more significant feature of the present Italian campaign than the fact that the Central Powers are no longer able to answer an offensive on the Isonzo by their usual plan of a counter offensive in the Trentino. They are compelled to meet the Italian offensive by a direct resistance. There seem to be no armies available for the more effective method of a threat to invade Italy from the north. Indeed, we are told that the Austrians have asked for German aid and that it has been denied to them. Hindenburg can do no more than advise his ally to fall back to some position more easily defended. It has been his own plan in the past and will doubtless be so in the near future.

THE official bulletins from Italy have given us no inkling of Cadorna's main purpose. We have assumed that it was the capture of Triest, but while this is undoubtedly included in the Italian campaign we can no longer suppose that it is its chief feature. The Italian battle line is over seventy miles long, and if its southern flank is heading in the direction of Triest, its northern extremity is pointing toward Klagenfurt, which may be said to be on the direct road to Vienna. It would doubtless be premature to say that Vienna is the goal of the Italian armies, just as it is incorrect to say that Paris was the goal of the German armies before the battle of the Marne. The goal of the German armies was the destruction of the French forces, and Paris was no more than an ultimate objective unattainable so long as the French forces were in the field. In the same way we may say that the goal of the Italian armies is the annihilation of the Austrians, with Vienna as their ultimate destination. But it would be equally a mistake to make light of the threat to Vienna. At any moment it may become a very real threat, and we may be sure that it seems already to be a real threat to the Austrian command. If Cadorna is able to reach the Chiapovano Valley, and to dominate it, he will be able at the same time to cut the Austrian army in two and to deal as he pleases with its two halves. Then the road to Vienna will be open to him with immediate results impossible to measure. Such a success as this far outweighs the importance of Triest. To take Triest would have great moral results, but actually it would lead nowhere in particular. There can be no question that if Cadorna were to concentrate himself against Triest he could take it without much trouble. It is actually within range of the Italian guns at this moment, and they could easily reduce it to powder. That this has not been done is conclusive evidence that the Italian quarry

is of a much bigger kind, and we need not have much doubts as to its whereabouts. Cadorna has been steadily unfolding a big plan, and its nature is becoming increasingly visible. He says himself that his present battle is the biggest of the war, and this is certainly no idle boast.

NOR is it difficult to see that the attention of the Allied commanders has been arrested by the magnitude of the events on the Isonzo. It has reminded them forcibly of their earlier and better plan to break the Teutonic chain at its weakest link, and to eliminate Austria at all costs. We must wait for the historian of the future to tell us why this first plan was abandoned, and the real inwardness of the fluctuations that have marked the Allied strategy, and it is not likely that many of us will be still alive when that story is fully told. But at the

present moment we may note the announcement that there will be a military council in Paris with a view to a "complete revision of the Entente military plans for the fall and winter months." It is a significant statement, and we need not doubt at all that the Italian situation has been instrumental in calling it forth. Competent observers in Europe tell us that Cadorna unfolded his plans a long time ago to the French and British commanders, and that they looked upon it somewhat coldly as beyond the power of the Italian armies. It does not seem that they actually withheld their assistance. Indeed, we know that there is a force of British artillery now with the Italian forces. But they did not believe that the centre of gravity could actually be shifted to the southern field, or that the situation in the west had lost any of its relative importance. But now we are told that Cadorna has so far accomplished his plan as to convert his French and British coadjutors to a belief in its ultimate possibilities and that they are hurrying to supply him with everything that he needs. They are now convinced that the final crushing of the Austrian armies is clearly within reach, and that the elimination of Austria is within sight. In the meantime the Austrians are putting up the most determined resistance, and are allowing no hint of their reverses to wander into their bulletins.

It is now evident, as was suggested last week, that the capture of Riga carries with it no military advantage whatever for Germany. Indeed the advantage seems to have been rather the other way. German bulletins admit a reverse to their advance lines to the east of Riga, and at the same time comes news of a distinct success for the Russians and Roumanians in the south. There is an evident connection between German successes and German peace proposals. With that curious obliquity that seems to belong to the German vision it has always been a conviction in Berlin that a German success must necessarily dispose the Allied governments to seek peace more than a display of German strength. It was mainly for this reason that Roumania was overrun, and indeed there is good reason for the belief that the German element in the Russian government compelled Roumania to go to war for the express purpose of providing an easy prey for the German armies, and therefore one of those triumphs so necessary to the German government in its efforts to persuade the compliance of its enemies. But there are now no more small nations that can serve such a purpose as this, unless indeed Germany should find in the American embargo an excuse for hostilities against Holland or Denmark. It is quite possible that she will do so. Indeed she would unquestionably have done so long ago but for the fear that she would thereby expose herself to greater dangers than she would avoid. Looking around the circle of her enemies there appeared to be no point but Riga at which she could score a success. She would have taken Riga long ago if there had been any attendant military advantage, but of course there was none. But there seemed to be a moral advantage at a time when it was urgently necessary that her search for peace should seem to proceed from strength rather than from weakness. The transparency of such a proceeding does not seem to have occurred to her, or that it would be construed as desperation.

EDITORIAL

Good Lord Deliver Us!

A VERY active minority of intelligent people in all countries is now engaged in seeing red. Under the pretext that the psychology of wartime, whatever that may be, has upset all conventional modes of thinking, they go on to tell us that after the war we may expect the deluge. Wherever in any country unredeemed and dangerous democracy was engaged in peace-time hatching up topsyturvydoms, it is now rampant, tooth and claw in the advocacy of strange and fearsome doctrines.

We are told, for instance, that after the war every nation will be surrounded by high tariff walls. High tariffs mean power to enforce—armies and gunboats and all. They mean trade wars. Trade wars are the fertile cause of bloody wars. Nationalism the world over, togged up as protectionism, will be ready for more and more war. Armies will increase. Citizen armies based upon universal training will be the rule. Great navies must become greater still in order to protect trade routes of trade-warring nations. At home the old traditions will all go down. Democracy will demand republics and discard the kings. Houses of lords and aristocracies will be broken up. Great estates will be subdivided for the common people. The nation will take over all industries and public utilities. Customs when paid will therefore revert, not to the capitalist manufacturer as now, but to the coffers of the State. Socialism will be enforced by government ownership. Those who administer the nation's industries and utilities will of course be humble public servants imbued only with the ideals of public service. There can be no room for tyrannies. Democracy—never can be tyrannous; oh, no!

But listen; just to show how searching reform will be after the war: under the aegis of a tremendous and organized world-wide socialism we are to see marriage made optional even when celibacy is not the rule. Men and women may live together, at times, without regard to the encumbrances of homes. Women emancipated into the wage-earning and governing classes side by side with men will no longer be the drudges of domestic life. They are to be free to bear children if they so desire, and the fathers of their children may also be the fathers of others according to personal arrangement. As such parents will not be hampered with homes, the State will bring up the children just as it manages any and every other important industry. In short, as one red-rag socialistic writer pregnantly put it not long ago, the sexual slogan of the future will be Free Love and State Nurseries.

All of which sounds and smells suspiciously like some of the undisinfected fumes that arise from a benighted and godless and dehumanized country known as Germany.

Forget It!

WE may all thank our national stars that behind all the bickerings of those who thrive upon dissension in this country there is a vast common sense that settles big problems amicably without reference to warring politicians—and editors. We have respected the strength and the action of Government in putting through various measures intended for the benefit of the people on the eve of an election. Leaving out all contentious quibbles as to the partisanship of the Wartime Election Bill and differences of opinion about the Military Service Act, we are already committed to the terms of the one and complying with the conditions of the other. They have become law. The law is a definite, established thing. Only as we respect and obey the law can a democratic nation prosper.

Now the law explicitly says that Canadian soldiers may vote without reference to the constituencies in which they are registered on the voters' list; that the wives and sisters of soldiers may vote in this general election, and, of course, no other women; that aliens of enemy origin under certain recognized definition in any part of the country may not vote at all.

These things are law, and they are understood.

Then let us quit contending about them and get down to the doing of national business by means of them. What is the use of complying with the conditions of the Military Service Act if we do not respect the terms of the Wartime Election Bill? Both are enacted for the national good of the country as interpreted by the government now in power. Fighting the power of either is so much un-nationalizing mischief that does nobody any good. We have made progress in spite of differences. Let us drop the differences that we may make more progress. We have lost time enough. We have done well not to lose credit as a nation by reason of our recent quarrels. It is easy to accuse a public man of being a friend of the Kaiser just because you do not happen to agree with his opinions. Small boys nowadays who wish to crush their opponents with scorn call them Germans. Let us get the small boy out of politics and public discussions. Treason is never lessened by labelling traitors. None of us in any party or faction has a monopoly of loyalty to the old flag or of patriotic regard for this country. And unless we work together for the good of the common cause the nation becomes a traitor unto itself.

No Slackers Left

RETURNED soldiers are granted a certain poetic license regarding the war. These men have seen, and suffered, and they have been disillusioned. They come back to us with a sort of cheerful but by no means benign cynicism. When they talk about the war they call a spade a spade. They have no vague patriotic impulses. They understand that the old Horatian motto, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, was written with a goose quill on a patch of parchment at a time when war was heroic and picturesque or not at all. Trenches have heroes, but they are not picturesque. The things a returned soldier talks most surely about are not the great pictures. They are the grim realities.

So, when a returned man jibes at a "conscript" we consent to regard it as his version of a joke. He believes that all true soldiering is voluntary. The man now going into khaki—let's forget the word "slacker"—did not believe in the voluntary system. To him war was and is a grim set-to which any man would as lief postpone till he had to take it on by law. Once he has obeyed the law and taken it on he is as much a soldier as the man who went before. He has the same country, the same king, the same cause. Let us assume that he will demonstrate the same red badge of courage for the sake of Canada. There is no man in the King's khaki at whom any other man should point a finger except in encouragement and approbation.

Compensation

CRITICS who accuse Mr. Hanna of inconsistency are themselves illogical. Mr. Hanna has made it perfectly clear that Mr. Hoover wants us all to save on flour, wheat, bacon and beef in order that we may have more of these things to send abroad. We are given the figures in the case and we believe them. But belief does not always lead to the right kind of action. We are all weak and in need of guidance. But the Food Controller can't be in everybody's kitchen at once. Even if he had a million glass eyes and left one on every kitchen cupboard, there would still be some people who would be wilfully blind and go glutting the garbage tins with things they had paid good money to get and didn't eat. It's human nature to ignore authority wherever possible. We don't like to be stood over with birch rods, and Mr. Hanna knows it. His wide experience as a public man and a humanitarian has taught him many things about the infirmities of human nature. He knows we are all doing as well as can be expected under the handicap of our infirmities and our lack of regard for complete authority.

Therefore he proposes to let the facts discipline us. The facts are that we are paying insanely high prices

for all the things he asks us to save, and for most everything else besides. Is it not a fact, also, that the very best way to make us save on the consumption of these things at home so that we may send more abroad is to increase the price? Double the price and we shall consume only half as much. The higher the price the less we shall eat. The less we eat the more the country saves. As the money is all spent somebody must get it. We presume the customary and legitimate agencies will get the money and hand it out in war loans at a good interest with their names in the papers as public benefactors. It really makes no difference how much of our money these organizing gentlemen get so long as they disburse it and we are prevented from consuming the goods. And as some of these people are supposed to be storing for export the goods we don't consume we imagine they will get a large price for these also. Which again will filter back to us in the channels of trade as we come back to the game another season—on a still higher level of prices.

Really, when we come to analyze the thing, it looks to us as if Mr. Hanna had better leave prices alone if he wants to be absolutely sure that this country called Canada with ten dollars worth to export for every one it consumes is to export all he and Mr. Hoover have decreed that we shall do. The critics had better retire and be seated. Mr. Hanna has the front of the stage.

Leuze Wood

CAPTAIN GILBERT NOBBS, once a Queen's Own officer, afterwards a prisoner in Germany, minus both eyes, has written a book. We have not read it yet. But we know Captain Nobbs. A glance at almost any page is a bit of a jolt from the sedulous commonplace. In a just-so, hang-it-all mood one glances for instance at this page, at the end of what took place in Leuze (Lousy) Wood:

They were only Territorials! That man, panting hard at the bottom of the shell-hole, and still clutching at his rifle, is a bank clerk; that man who fell at the last jump, with his stomach ripped up, was a solicitor's clerk.

Look at the others. Their faces are pale; their eyes are bulging. But they are the same faces one used to see in Cornhill and Threadneedle street.

Yes, they are only Territorials! But here in this filthy wood they are damned proud of it.

And what is taking place in England to-day?

Is it really true that while all this is going on in Leuze Wood, orchestras are playing sweet music in brilliantly lighted restaurants in London—while a gluttonous crowd eat of the fat of the land? Is it really true that women in England are dressing more extravagantly than ever? Is it really true that some men in England are unable or unwilling to share the nation's peril—are even threatening to strike?

No! No! Do not let us think that this is the true picture of England. If it is, then, Territorials, let us die in Leuze Wood!

For London, read Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Halifax; for England, Canada; and in place of the Territorials write the Princess Pats, or the 22nd, or the number of any battalion you know that has gone through its sub-section of hell upon earth again and again!

Then decide that war may be a long way off, but Lord help us! it never becomes a commonplace.

Peach Days

PEACH weather is here—or was at the time of writing. Two or three postage stamp corners of Canada outside of British Columbia are peach countries. Wherefore the peach is suspected of being a local topic. Not so. A good peach is a universal boon. The man who pretends he would rather have a dish of prunes than a dish of peaches is the making of a traitor to his country. Such a man would desert his family and give away the high signs of the Masonic Order. In these young October days of mellow, dry sunlight, when the nectar is going into the peach and the pink gauze lies in wait for the unwary, let us all glorify the fruit of Niagara. One man down there has a hundred acres of peaches from which he expects to get a net profit of \$700 an acre; total net profit, \$70,000! But he is not selling them by basketfuls. They go to the canning factories at 21-2 cents a pound. At what price will they come out? Heaven only knows.

FOR THESE MERCIES



THIS is the eighth of October. Let us give thanks. For what?

Why should a day be set apart for national thanksgiving when we are at war, when our sons are fighting, perhaps dying; when our incomes are diminishing and the cost of living is increasing; when we must face cold and hunger, why should we give thanks?

Because we are brave and strong and able to face these difficulties. Because we do not compare our national prosperity with that of former years; we contrast it with the hardships suffered by France, Belgium, Serbia, Roumania. Let us give thanks!

Perhaps it is easier to do so nationally rather than individually. That is your affair—and mine. You may have suffered unutterably and no one can judge the extent of your sorrow, but when I see so many men who have lost an arm or a leg, or both, I feel that everyone who has his full share of limbs should be very, very thankful.

They only should be exempt. They only should be allowed to go about with long sorrowing faces and voices full of gloom. But do they want to be exempt? Not they! Go to the hospitals, where amputation cases are treated, where poor maimed stumps of limbs have to be operated upon once more and artificial limbs fitted to them. Look at their faces, are they down-hearted? No!

"We're jolly well out of it," says one. "Many of the others don't feel that way, they would like to be back again, but they are facing the long years of a maimed existence as bravely as they faced the bullets and in the meantime there is much good comradeship in the hospitals, and it is interesting to see what you can do with that old stump, or with the artificial substitute for the lost limb!"

FOR the brain-worker it is comparatively simple. His livelihood did not depend on his physical activity or manual dexterity, and he brings to the manipulation of the artificial member a scientific knowledge that helps him to overcome difficulties.

Stories are told of an American gentleman who lost both his arms eleven years ago and has since devoted most of his time to perfecting his artificial substitutes with most surprising results. His artificial arms are equipped with elaborate mechanism, which he is able to alter with his teeth and which enable him to shave, put on his collar and tie his cravat. But the average returned soldier will not and cannot spend eleven years in learning to manipulate this elaborate mechanism. He usually prefers a more simple arrangement equipped with a hook and a place for installing a knife or fork, with a gloved artificial hand "for best," and sometimes, when only the hand is missing, he becomes so expert in the use of his stump that he prefers to dispense with his artificial hand while at work. The best artificial arm on the market to-day is said to be of French origin, and costs \$200, but its manipulation is too complicated for the average soldier to master, and an Italian in one of our own factories, under the supervision of the Military Hospitals Commission, has invented an arm of simpler design, which is much more practicable for his needs.

Not only must the soldier be taught to use his artificial limbs, there are many returned men who have to learn how to use their own. In some cases their limbs are partially paralyzed through shell-shock, or they have become feeble through having remained long in a plaster cast and circulation must be restored through proper exercise and massage. In other cases shell-shock has resulted in loss of memory, and strong men have become as little children and must be taught by the simplest of kindergarten methods.

Rooms devoted to the Re-education of Disabled Soldiers have been set apart in Hart House, a beautiful new building that has just been erected facing the campus of the University of Toronto. It will take two years before the interior is completed,

By ESTELLE M. KERR

with its mammoth swimming-pool, its gymnasium equipment and the exquisite details of its stonework, but in the meantime some of the finished rooms are devoted to this useful work.

There is the Chamber of Torture, fitted with machines for manipulating the legs, for registering the gripping power of the hands, for testing the accuracy of the finger movements. The exercises seem simple to us, very simple, there is nothing in those gentle movements that would tire us. But if you meet a soldier coming away from the building on crutches and give him a lift in your car, perhaps he may tell you confidentially that it really is a chamber of torture, that those movements are for him—a tall, broad-shouldered man of twenty-three—almost unbearable, but he endures the pain because they tell him that some day he will walk again without crutches—won't that be wonderful! And so he is thankful, very, very thankful.

Another room contains what looks like a kindergarten equipment, where men formerly strong and brave must learn the difference between a round object and a square one. They have lost their sense of touch, some of them cannot tell whether they are holding anything or not; whether what they touch is smooth or rough, soft or hard.

"This work requires infinite patience," said an instructor.

"I should think it would be eminently suited to women," I remarked.

"On the contrary, we find that men give greater satisfaction. The girls don't need to work, they are impatient, and if someone asks them to play tennis they don't put in an appearance."

"But are they trained workers?"

"Oh, no."

"And do the men give their services voluntarily?"

"No, they are paid."

Now, is that fair? To compare the work of trained paid men with that of unskilled voluntary women? Such an important branch should never be entrusted to an unskilled worker, but surely trained kindergarten teachers will come forward with offers of assistance, and surely there are many women who would willingly take a course that would fit them for this useful work!

Women have proved their worth as masseuses. In the winter of 1914 some girls who had taken a course in massage in England returned to Canada and offered their voluntary services to the Canadian military hospitals. They were refused, but as the need increased they were asked to take paid positions, to form classes to teach other women to do similar work, and now under the auspices of the Military Hospitals Com-

mission many young women are paid to take this course. At Hart House there is a class of 80, and the training consists of a severe physical drill and practical work on the disabled soldiers. When the course is completed these young women have agreed to go wherever they may be sent in Canada, and they will receive \$45 a month and an allowance for board and lodging. During the period of six months' instruction they are paid \$25 per month.



ALREADY there are many trained masseuses in all the convalescent homes, and there is a constant demand for more. You may see them at work in a ward set apart for their use—strong, muscular young women radiating good health bend over the weak, recumbent forms of men, not as we like to imagine the white-coiffed nurse as an angel of mercy, smoothing the pillow and administering cooling drinks, but slapping and punching with skilful but none too gentle fingers the wounded flesh, manipulating the misplaced bones and restoring their usefulness. Though they appear to be very strong, they admit that it is most tiring work and that they are glad to go to bed early and sleep.

A good masseuse, like a good physician and a good soldier, must not have too much pity. That is a virtue that must be suppressed in facing the enemy, and temporary pain must be inflicted to affect a permanent good, and so the best masseuses give to their patients their force and their intelligence and withhold their pity. But the soldiers do not ask it. They bless the hands that hurt while they heal. They are glad to have done their duty, to have given something for their country; they realize that their country is trying to do what it can for them, and they say on the 8th of October,

"This is Thanksgiving Day. Make us truly thankful."

PEOPLE who have most to be thankful for are often discontented. When we are forced to keep quiet, we begin to realize our blessings and to lift up our hearts in thanksgiving. The convalescent soldiers feel grateful for the autumn sunshine and realize that life holds many things that make it worth living, like one of George Borrow's gypsies, who says:

"There's night and there's day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother, who would wish to die? A Romany Chal would wish to live forever."

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and the stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live forever!"

A soldier writing from the trenches says:

"It is wonderful how one forgets the discomforts, the mud and the noise and the stench, the sight of poor fellows with their faces turned down to a merciful earth, and the lice! One thinks more of bird-songs and the great, good-comradeship of men. In fact, except for about one per cent. of the time, life is one glorious picnic!"

Perhaps it is not the sun, moon and stars that make the maimed soldier thankful to be alive, but there is something. Someone is coming to see him, someone has sent him cigarettes or a new magazine, there is to be a concert to-night in the entertainment room. Besides, it is thanksgiving day, so there's sure to be an extra good dinner—and pumpkin pie!



Est. K.

HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

WHEN a master of languages strikes a congenial topic, you are at once interested. There is a real charm in John Galsworthy's clever delineation of French people and character and places, in the current fortnightly. He writes in France, 1916-1917, the France that remains after years of war:

Paris is Paris, was, and ever shall be, he says. Paris is not France. If the Germans had taken Paris, they would have occupied the bodily heart, the centre of her circulatory system; but the spirit of France their heavy hands would not have clutched, for it never dwelt there. Paris is hard and hurried; France is not. Paris loves pleasure; France loves life. Paris is a brilliant stranger in her own land. And yet a lot of true Frenchmen and Frenchwomen live there, and many plots of real French life are cultivated. His description of the poilus fairly dances with interest.

Here is a tall Savoyard Cavalryman, he says, with a maimed hand and a moustache turned up at the ends, big and strong, with grey eyes, and a sort of sage self-reliance; only twenty-six, but might be forty. Here is a real Latin, who was buried by an explosion at Verdun, handsome, with dark hair and a round head, and colour in his cheeks; an ironical critic of everything, a Socialist, a mocker, a fine, strong fellow with a clear brain, who attracts women. Here are two peasants from the Central South, both with bad sciatica, slower in look, with a mournful, rather monkeyish expression in their eyes, as if puzzled by their sufferings. Here is a true Frenchman, a Territorial, from Roanne, riddled with rheumatism, quick and gay, and suffering, touchy and affectionate, not tall, brown-faced, brown-eyed, rather fair, with clean jaw and features, and eyes with a soul in them, looking a little up; forty-eight—the oldest of them all—they call him Grandpere. And here is a printer from Lyon, with shell-shock; medium-coloured, short and roundish and neat, full of humanity and high standards and domestic affection; and so polite, with eyes a little like a dog's. And here another with shell-shock and brown-green eyes, from the "invaded countries"; *meifiant*, truly, this one, but with a heart when you get at it; neat, and brooding, quick as a cat, nervous and wanting his own way. But they are all so varied.

This is our first real sight of them in their tired glory. They look weary and dusty and strong: every face has character, no face looks empty or as if its thought were being done by others. Their laughter is not vulgar or thick. Alongside their faces the English face looks stupid, the English body angular and—neat. They are loaded with queer

burdens, bread and bottles bulge their pockets; their blue-grey is prettier than khaki, their round helmets are becoming. Our Tommies, even to our own eyes, seem uniformed, but hardly two out of

all this crowd are dressed alike. The French soldier luxuriates in extremes; he can go to his death in white gloves and dandyism—he can glory in unshavenness and patches.

When Galsworthy comes to the Frenchwomen, he is equally scintillating and enthusiastic, when he asks, What is it in the Frenchwoman that makes her so utterly unique? There is in her a kind of inherited, conservative, clever, dainty capability; no matter where you go in France, or in what class—country or town—you find it. She cannot waste, she cannot spoil, she makes and shows—the best of everything. If I were asked for a concrete illustration of self-respect I should say—the Frenchwoman. It is a particular kind of self-respect, no doubt, very

GALSWORTHY, eminent play-maker, shrewdly discriminates between the French and the English.

BERNARD BARUCH, wizard of Wall St., becomes a public service expert in his knowledge of metals.

UNFAMILIAR facts about the great Quebec Bridge, according to competent Canadian authorities, the greatest steel structure in the world, the Woolworth Building not excepted.

WHAT'S the matter with Tchaikowsky's rank as a Slav composer? Ossip Gabrilowitsch damns him with faint praise.



much limited to this world; and perhaps beginning to be a little frayed. We have some Frenchwomen at the hospital, the servants who keep us in running order—the dear cook whom we love not only for her baked meats, proud of her soldier son—once a professor, now a sergeant, and she a woman of property, with two houses in the little town; patient, kind, very stubborn about her dishes, which have in them the essential juices and savours that characterize all things really French. She has great sweetness and self-containment in her small, wrinkled, yellowish face; always quietly polite and grave, she bubbles deliciously at any joke, and gives affection sagaciously to those who merit.

Then there is the "farmeress" at the home farm that gives the hospital its milk; a splendid, grey-eyed creature, doing the work of her husband who is at the front, with a little girl and boy rounder and rosier than anything you ever saw; and a small, one-eyed brother-in-law who drinks. My God! he drinks! Any day you go into the town to do hospital commissions you may see the hospital donkey-car with the charming grey donkey outside the Cafe de l'Univers or what not, and know that Charles is within. He beguiles our poilus, and they take little beguiling. Wine is too plentiful in France. The sun in the wines of France quickens and cheers the blood in the veins of France. But the gift of wine is abused. One may see a poster that says—with what truth I know not—that drink has cost France more than the Franco-Prussian war. French drunkenness is not so sottish as our beer-and-whiskey-fuddled variety, but it is not pleasant to see, and mars a fair land.

Consent to feel like an artist for a moment as you read his charm-picture of France and his *fine* discrimination between French and English:

What a fair land! I never before grasped the charm of French colouring; the pinkish-yellow of the pan-tiled roofs, the lavender-grey or dim green of the shutters, the self-respecting shapes and flatness of the houses, unworried by wriggling ornamentation of lines coming up in order that they may

go down again; the universal plane-trees with their variegated trunks and dancing lightness—nothing more charming than plane-trees in winter, their delicate twigs and little brown balls shaking against the clear, pale skies, and in summer nothing more green and beautiful than their sun-flecked shade. Each country has its special genius of colouring—best displayed in winter. To characterize such genius by a word or two is hopeless; but one might say the genius of Spain is brown; of Ireland green; of England chalky blue-green; of Egypt shimmering sandstone. For France amethystine feebly expresses the sensation. Walk into an English village, however beautiful—and many are very beautiful—you will not get the peculiar sharp spiritual sensation that will come on you entering some little French village or town. The blue wood-smoke, the pinkish tiles, the grey shutters, the grey-brown plane-trees, the pale blue sky, the yellowish houses, and above all the clean forms and the clear air.

France! Be warned in time by our dismal fate! Don't lose your love of the land; don't let industrialism absorb your peasantry, and the lure of wealth and the cheap glamour of the towns draw you into their uncharmed circles. We English have rattled deep into a paradise of machines, chimneys, cinemas, and halfpenny papers; have bartered our heritage of health, dignity, and looks for wealth, and badly distributed wealth at that. You were trembling on the verge of the same precipice when the war came; with its death and wind of restlessness the war bids fair to tip you over. Hold back with all your might! Your two dangers are drink and the lure of the big towns. No race can preserve sanity and refinement that really gives way to these. You will not fare even as well as we have if you yield; our fibre is coarser and more resistant than yours, nor had we ever so much grace to lose. It is by grace and self-respect that you have had your pre-eminence; let these wither, as wither they must in the grip of a sordid industrialism, and your star will burn out.

ABOUT the time that President Wilson's peace note was published our old friend Thomas Lawson touched off a star shell which was supposed to shed a lot of light on the way Wall Street pirates were looting the public because of "inside" information which, according to Tommy, was leaking from the White House. Bernard Baruch was one of the "big" men whom Lawson had in mind when he sent the rocket up. Baruch was reported to have made six millions by selling short in time to anticipate the slump in stocks which came when the Peace note was made public. According to Baruch's own testimony, he actually made \$476,168.47, and when told about the six millions, he said, "Well, somebody got my share." The investigation apparently disproved Lawson's startling statements; it certainly cleared Baruch, who convinced the investigating commission that he had made his little pile out of the deal by exercising his habit to read the newspapers thoroughly and to "grasp the psychological effect of the news."

He has been doing this kind of thing for about sixteen years or so, and at 47 he is credited with a bank roll which touches ten millions in round figures. He made practically every penny of his fortune playing big bear in the Wall Street game, and the fellows in that little alley regard him as something of a wizard when it comes to seeing a fall in metal stocks about two jumps ahead of the crowd. The way he

**Galsworthy
Critically
Glorifies France**

**Baruch, Wall St.
Wizard, in
Public Service**

pounded Amalgamated Copper down in three years from 130 to 33 and raked in the broad base for his present pile because of his operations, is one of the traditions of the "street." His intimates, who call him "Bernie," deny that he does any guessing as to the tilt the metal stocks may take on the ticker. According to them he has succeeded because of a highly developed talent for accurate analysis of obvious facts and because, since he was a youth of 18, he has applied himself diligently to the study of the metal market and mining conditions.

His appointment by President Wilson as chairman of the metals and raw materials purchasing committee of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense would seem to bear out the idea that Baruch is blessed with more substantial qualities than those of a meteoric speculator. The job which goes with the appointment includes the spending of several billions of the people's money on munitions material. Commenting on this appointment, in *Munsey's Magazine*, Edwin C. Hill says:

Understanding Mr. Wilson fairly well, the knowing ones saw that he was making a characteristically short cut to efficiency, with small regard for what anybody cared so long as he got the man who could secure the results desired—which were a swift mobilization of the metal resources of the country, and at prices suited to Uncle Sam's war purse. Reversing his attitude that nothing good could come out of Wall Street meant nothing to the President, who had found good reason on other occasions for complete about-facing.

Understanding Mr. Baruch sufficiently well, they realized that the President had discovered in him the following cardinal merits—a devotion to Wilson and Wilsonism which approached the idolatrous; a singularly developed faculty for striking through a maze of unessential facts to get at the essential heart of a proposition; a technical understanding of the mining and marketing of metals which had been attained by brokerage experience, by personal inspection of big mining properties, and by long and close study of the industries involved; unswerving integrity, and most agreeable personal qualities.

He is a big chap physically, standing six feet three inches, and possessing the chest of a blacksmith. His hair, very thick and worn rather long, is prematurely grey. His grey eyes are usually twinkling with suppressed humour, as if he knew a good joke that he was keeping to himself; but occasionally they flash keen glances of inquiry or appraisal.

PERCY BURTON, the cultivated bustling Englishman, who managed Forbes Robertson in "Passing of the Third Floor Back," and was the American manager for Sir Herbert Tree, writes a lot of interesting reminiscences of Tree in the October *Munsey's*. Among the most illuminative are a few stories concerning Tree and Henry Irving, his great rival on the stage.

Tree's favourite story of Irving, says Burton, was how they were boon companions one night, and the latter indulged a little too freely in a "mental bath," with the result that Tree had great difficulty in getting him to his London apartment in Stratton Street, whither he took him in a cab. Irving, according to Tree, was too far gone to do more than adjure him to "Hold up the oriflamme, my boy! Hold up the oriflamme!" at infrequent intervals, but at last Tree got him to bed.

The next day, it appears, Irving said, in discussing Sir Herbert with a friend:

"H-m, yes, nice chap, Tree—pity he drinks!"

Tree, however, never forgave Irving for some very caustic remarks and some more caustic silences in regard to his performances. Once, after a long absence, Irving had been to see Tree in a play in which an actor named Allan was playing the small part of a servant. On his opinion being asked subsequently about the performance in general, and perhaps Tree's in particular, Irving said:

"Yes, very interesting, Allan immense!"

On another occasion Irving was persuaded to see Tree's production of Stephen Phillips's

"Herod," in which there was only one scene—a picture of great magnificence, with wonderful steps leading up to the throne. At the close of the performance they met on the stage, and Irving spoke of politics, the weather, everything except the play—to Tree's annoyance. At last he put a leading question to Sir Henry, but the only comment he could elicit was:

"Magnificent steps, Tree! Magnificent steps!"

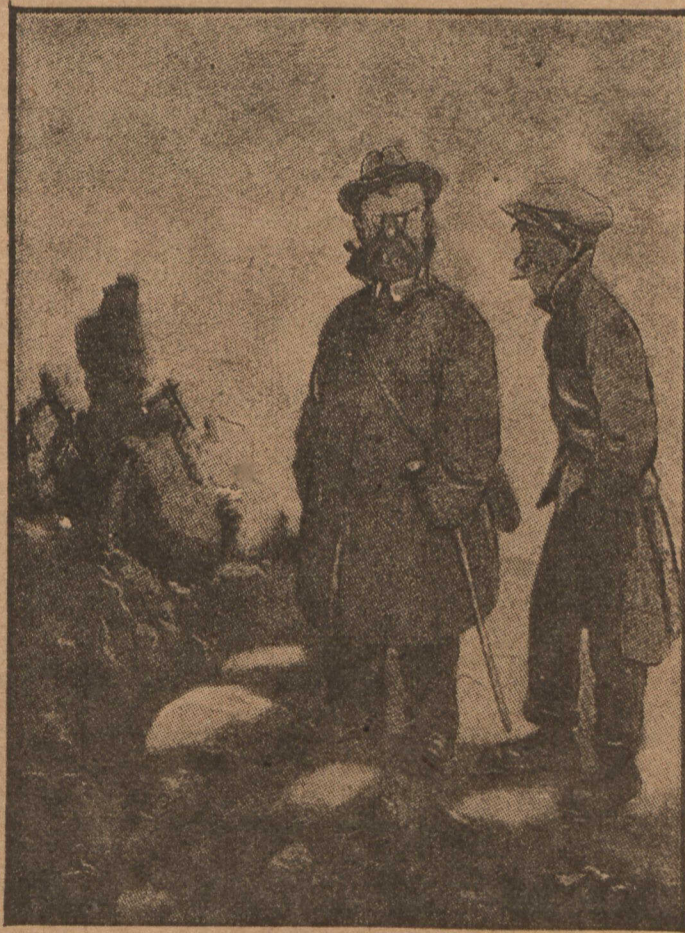
ANYBODY who thinks he knows anything at all about Russian music, asked who to his mind is the greatest Slav composer, would at once say—Tchaikowsky. That's the average man's or woman's opinion based on experience. Only a small minority have ever heard Moussorgsky, Glinka, Scriabine and a host of others. The average man has heard at least two symphonies of Tchaikowsky, the 6th and the 5th, with perhaps two movements from the 4th and a number of short pieces by the same composer. He may not be able to spell the man's name, but he has heard the pieces, and he thinks Mr. Tchaikowsky is pre-eminently the man who popularized, if he did not create, modern Slav music.

But the musicians know better. They always do. And the bigger the musician the better he knows. If he happens to be a Russian himself his opinions on Slav music are indisputable. So we have Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Russian pianist and conductor in New York airing his views on Russian music to Mr. William Armstrong, who transcribes them for *The Musician* (Boston). Mr. Gabrilowitsch is a fervid apostle of Slav music. But he doesn't put Tchaikowsky high up in the Slav pantheon. He says, for instance:

"As for creative musical art in Russia, I think the future will be rich, considering the present, which justifies that hope. Moussorgsky speaks his own language, as does Debussy—nationalism in music. In this connection it is unjust to speak slightingly of Tchaikowsky, for none can truthfully deny him a certain spirit in his music which is truly Russian in its quality. As for that, we have new men in Russia far more advanced than was Moussorgsky, greatly as we value him.

"The best way for any musician to grow into Russian music through clearer understanding of it, is to begin to study chronologically. I mean that in order

The Tourists. 19 . . ?



"Remember this place, Bert?"

"Yes, it's where we used to chuck the fish to you, ain't it, Bill?"

—Bairnsfather in "Bystanders" Fragments from France.

to understand Scriabine, one should know Glinka, Tchaikowsky, and the rest preceding him. The fact that Glinka's most important writing was opera does not affect the case; the spirit of the material from which these men have grown, whether their work be operatic or orchestral or for the piano, is always more or less the same."

This is faint praise for Tchaikowsky, and will not be popular with that composer's devotees. Still it is a good thing to get an inside view. Gabrilowitsch is a capable critic, and has a good deal to say in the same interview about music in general; especially about what is known as individualism. He is himself a pupil of Rubenstein, Lestchetitzky and Nikisch. Therefore he admires Nietzsche, the author of superman and individualism in Germany. He does not believe that the old composers necessarily knew everything, or that because they did things in a certain way and other people carried on the tradition, the whole thing may not be wrong. He says:

"It seems to me, in music particularly, that tradition needs to be looked into and verified. People too easily accept things that have been done a certain number of times as the one right way to do them. You may have noticed the same thing in life itself. When people tell of something and we express surprise, they answer—'It's always done that way.' Just as if because it were customary it were the right and only thing to do. My idea is that it does not necessarily follow because a thing has been done many times that it has not been done in the wrong way."

WHY is it that every time a Canadian story is dramatized on the stage it gets an American setting? Some years ago one of Sir Gilbert Parker's stories, "Pierre and His People," was put on the stage in Canada for a Canadian audience when the half-breed hero and the Northwest Mounted Police were all treated as though they belonged to the Western States, and had never seen Canada in their lives.

Last week Ralph Connor's "Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock," known as the most popular Canadian stories, were given their Canadian premiere as a play in a Toronto theatre. The same Americanized version of a Canadian story happened to the "Sky Pilot" as formerly happened to "Pierre and His People."

According to the critic of the *Mail* and *Empire* the play does not follow the book very closely. Exactly how much of this story comes from the two novels we cannot say, says the critic. An English critic has divided novels into two classes; those you read over the second time because we remember them; and those you read over the second time because you forget them. Ralph Connor's books belong to still another class. You forget them, all right; but you don't read them over again. It seems to us, however, from the group of characters, that the story of the *Sky Pilot* and *Gwen* are the chief things taken from the novels.

"The *Sky Pilot*" is not a Canadian play, even though it had been based on Canadian novels. The action is located in the Western States, and a great deal of the humour, such as references to the chances of the *Sky Pilot* to make the major leagues as a baseball player, has a distinctly American flavour. There does not seem to be any reason why the scene of the story should have been so greatly altered, unless it was that the dramatists felt that the Royal Northwest Mounted Police would not require two acts to round up a gang of horsethieves.

JUST TO READ ALOUD

A KHAKI-CLAD warrior with a wounded arm entered the train and sat down opposite an inquisitive old gentleman. "Oh, Tommy, you're wounded!" exclaimed the latter, pleasantly. "How did it happen?" "Well, it was this way," began Tommy, wearily, "I was told to get even with a German sniper. He was stuck up a tree, about a mile away. He was a sergeant, as I could see—" "As you could see?" interposed the old gentleman. "At that distance?" "Yes, I could see his stripes. Well, we fired at each other. He got one in at me that broke

my bayonet and hit me in the arm. But I soon settled him." "With a wounded arm?" "Yes, easy. Suddenly I heard a yell, and a whole lot of them started to climb out of the trenches. I fired as quickly as I could and fifty of them went down." "Fifty," said the old gentleman, doubtfully. "That's a lot isn't it?" "Yes, fifty," said Tommy, who was getting annoyed. "Then I fixed my bayonet—" "But you said your bayonet was broken." This was the last straw. "Look here," said Tommy, angrily, "you don't want a story; you want an argument."

Which is a very old phrase given a new turn in a good story—Argonaut.

ANY reader who has not made himself familiar with the main facts about the most remarkable steel bridge in the world may furbish up his information by perusing the facts about the great Quebec bridge as set forth by the foremost engineering paper in Canada, the Canadian Engineer. Thousands of readers of this paper will live to ride over that great bridge or pass under it marvelling at it as one might regard one of the wonders of the world. Millions of people will travel up and down the St. Lawrence when the greatest sight of the journey will be this wonderful bridge that has been most of the present century in the building. A great bridge is a marvellous thing. It is a poem of strength and cunning and design. It stands there, this great bridge, completed at last after two tragedies nine years apart, as our greatest monument to the vision, the sagacity and the constructive skill of Canada. And even the plain facts about this great bridge are as interesting as a romance. We almost vibrate to think what a theme Victor Hugo would have made of this thing; what Kipling might say of it—may yet say of it when he sees it.

The Canadian Engineer devotes practically a whole number to the telling of this graphic story of the triumph of Canadian engineering. Short sketches are given of the men responsible for this giant undertaking, and the different operations are explained in detail, the whole being profusely illustrated by photographs and sectional drawings.

It will be remembered that the south cantilever arm of the first bridge collapsed on August 29th, 1907, with a loss of 70 men and about \$8,000,000. "After the accident," says the Canadian Engineer, "a commission was appointed to report on its causes. After their report the government decided to reconstruct the bridge, and in 1908 appointed a board of three engineers to prepare plans.

"The Board of Engineers made very exhaustive studies of various possible designs, both suspension and cantilever. Tenders were called on cantilever designs with invitation to submit alternative tenders on the bidders' own designs. One German, one English and one American firm bid on the board's designs, but the St. Lawrence Bridge Co. bid only on their own alternative K-truss designs and received the contract.

"The government had invited both the Dominion and Canadian bridge companies to tender on the new Quebec bridge, but it was thought that if the Canadian bridge companies were to present a solid front in the bidding—in other words, to pool their organizations and experience and facilities—that Canada would have a better chance of being successful in the bidding, and the Canadian Bridge Company therefore joined with the Dominion Bridge Co. as joint owners of the capital stock of the St. Lawrence Bridge Co., and the only bids made by any Canadian firm were submitted in the name of the St. Lawrence Bridge Co."

Some idea of the immensity of the task of hoisting the centre span of the bridge may be gained from its weight and dimensions, which are given as follows:

"It is 640 ft. long centre to centre of end supports, 38 ft. wide centre to centre of trusses, 113 ft. high overall, and will weigh about 5,600 tons when completed

with floor system, stringers, track, etc.

"As lifted, the weight of the permanent structure was 4,831 tons, but there were 20 tons of erection steel on the span and 69 tons of timber, hoists, etc. The lifting girders weighed 160 tons, so that the total load carried by the hanger chains was 5,080 tons."

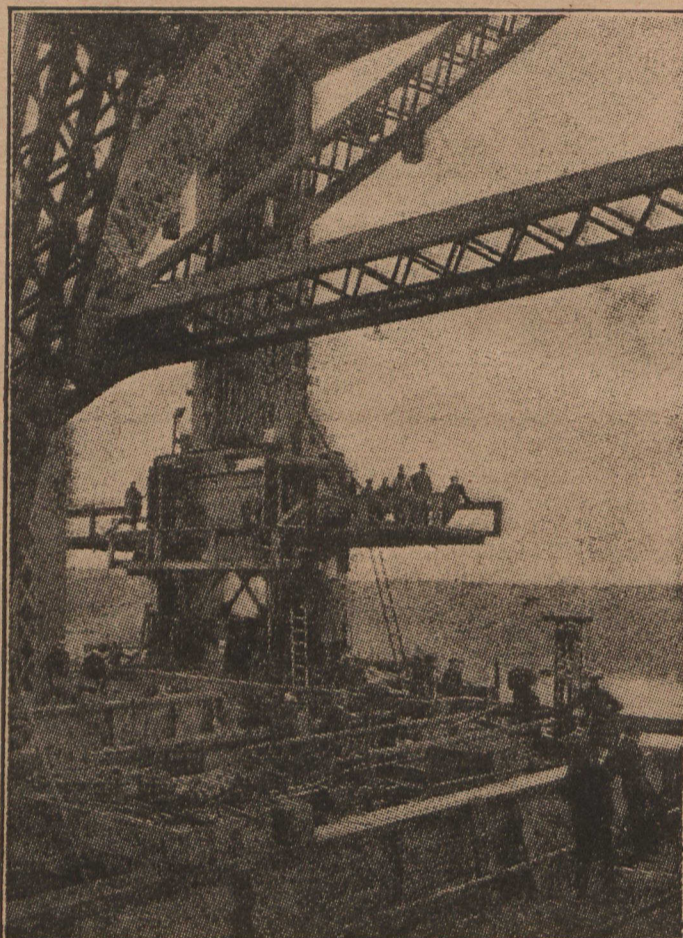
With the exception of a new form of bearings and a consequent new design of lower end joints, this span is exactly the same as the former one which collapsed last year. It was erected at Sillery Cove, and floated, on six specially built barges, to the bridge-site, three miles above. With seventy-five two-foot lifts by the hydraulic jacks the span was successfully lifted to its final position.

Commenting editorially the Canadian Engineer says:

"The eyes of the engineering world have turned toward Canada this week. Practically the final, and

Canada's Great Bridge

Interesting Facts About the Greatest Steel Structure in the World



This outlay of hydraulic jacks and operating valves used in the hoisting of the centre span represents about as much of the Quebec bridge as a chair does of the house it belongs to.

certainly the most difficult, stage of the erection of the Quebec bridge is being successfully accomplished as we go to press.

"This bridge, which will carry the main line of the National Transcontinental Railway across the St. Lawrence River near Quebec city, is without doubt the most remarkable steel structure ever built.

"The ingenious and daring method of erection of the bridge marks it as an exceptional structure." It would have been impossible to have cantilevered the suspended span without making the cantilever panels bigger and heavier. Many of the members would have undergone maximum stress during erection, and the weight of the bridge would have been excessive

for the live load.

"Many simple spans have been lifted into place where they could be handled from barges with ordinary derrick cars, but the Quebec bridge suspended span is the first span of a cantilever bridge which has ever been lifted into place. It is the first span ever hoisted by hydraulic jacks, and is by long odds, the largest span of any kind which has ever been hoisted.

"A number of simple spans on falsework have been floated at high tide and lowered into position on their piers with the fall of the tide, but the Quebec bridge span is the first span of a cantilever bridge that has ever been floated on scows, and it is considerably larger than any other span of any kind which has ever previously been floated.

"Many scientific points of design which have hitherto been totally ignored or very indefinitely determined had to be most carefully calculated for the Quebec bridge on account of the extraordinary proportions of the structure. As example, there is a very unusual contrivance at the anchor pier, where the big lengths and sections involved make the motion at the pier a very complicated one.

"Cross-winds bend the anchor span in a horizontal plane, while live loads bend it in a vertical plane, and also the end struts may rise or fall either levelly or unevenly with the expansion and contraction of the anchor chains, which may or may not be uniform, and at the same time the motion tending to distortion, due to train on one track, must be considered. This means that motion of practically every describable description must be provided for at this one point.

"Temperature stresses were without doubt never before so carefully calculated. A difference of 25 degrees in temperature was assumed between the parts exposed to the sun and the shaded parts. Between the piers and the bridge proper a difference of 50 degrees temperature was considered. Secondary stresses of all sorts were considered and allowed for in an unprecedented manner. Needless to state, the weight of the paint and every other known feature of dead weight, however slight, was taken into consideration.

"Probably no other bridge has ever been erected so carefully as has the Quebec bridge. The plans for the erection of the centre span received the best care and thought from many of the most experienced bridge engineers in Canada and the United States. When one looks at the tremendous centre span and sees the great height to which it must be lifted, one is inclined to say that it will be a miracle if the bridge is ever successfully completed. Even a comparatively brief study of the plans, however, serves to show that every minutest detail has been so carefully calculated that one readjusts his opinion and decides that it would be a miracle if the suspended span were not to be readily hoisted into place exactly as planned.

"The same care has been taken in regard to the lifting appliances as was shown in the design of the bridge proper. For instance, due allowance was made for the difference in length between the various lifting chains due to the fact that certain chains might be in the sun and others in the shade."

"In other words, the lifting of the suspended span of the Quebec bridge reminds one of the old puzzle about the irresistible force meeting the immovable object. It is a miracle of engineering if it succeeds and it is a miracle if it doesn't."

Some Quebec Bridge Figures.

(From Canadian Engineer.)

Length of suspended span, 640 ft.; length of cantilever arm from centre of main pier to end of cantilever, 580 ft.; centre to centre of main piers, 1,800 ft.; centre to centre of anchor piers, 2,850 ft.; centre of main pier to centre of anchor pier, 515 ft.; first north approach span, 110 ft. 7 9-16 in.; second north approach span, 157 ft. 10 1/2 in.; south approach span, 140 ft. 4 3-16 in.; abutment to abutment, face to face, 3,238 ft. 10 1/4 in.



General outline of completed bridge

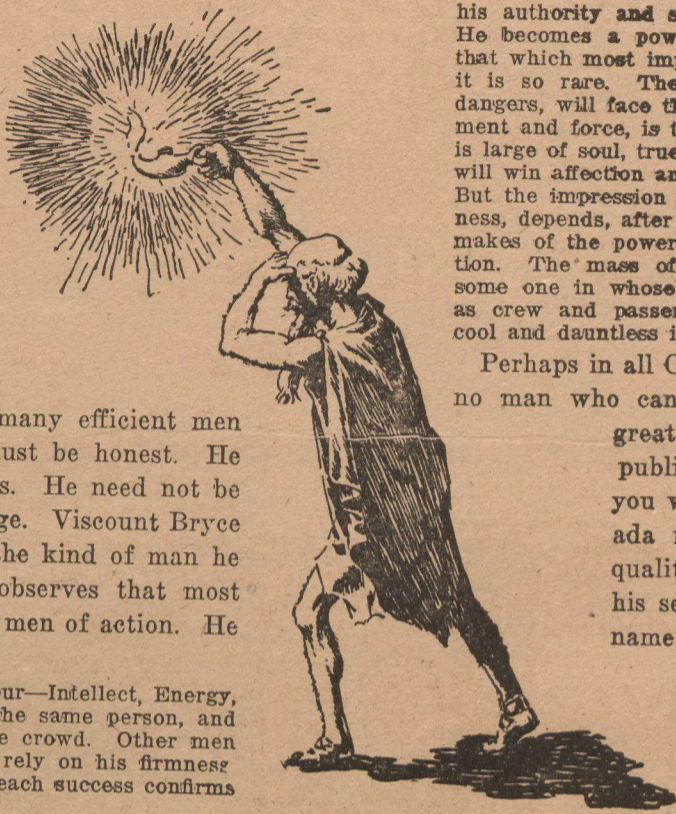
WHOM DOES *the* NATION NEED ?

The Man You Are Looking for Must Think More of Public Service Than of Big Business

WHEN searching for men to nominate for a national cabinet you may stop before you begin, and remember Diogenes. The philosopher of the bath-tub went out with a lantern to find one honest man. History does not say that he was successful. But Diogenes was a professional cynic. He is set down in history as belonging to that school of thought. And if we, average citizens of Canada, consider that we have brains enough to be cynics, we shall have as hard a job finding even one man honest enough and efficient enough to be a national Cabinet Minister.

So many honest men seem to be inefficient. So many efficient men are accused of political dishonesty. The right man must be honest. He must think more of public service than of big business. He need not be a great man. Great men are exceedingly rare, in any age. Viscount Bryce has written an article on this subject. Searching for the kind of man he thinks should be in the seats of the mighty, Bryce observes that most of the men considered great by the historians have been men of action. He says:

The merits by which men of action rise to greatness are four—Intellect, Energy, Courage and Independence. When these four are united in the same person, and in a quite exceptional measure, they raise him high above the crowd. Other men defer to his opinion, trust his predictions, repeat his phrases, rely on his firmness take him as their chief. If he succeeds in what he undertakes, each success confirms



his authority and surrounds him with a halo of prestige. He becomes a power. Of the four qualities enumerated, that which most impresses others is independence, because it is so rare. The man who, perceiving difficulties and dangers, will face them alone, in reliance on his own judgment and force, is the natural and inevitable leader. If he is large of soul, true to his principles and to his friends, he will win affection and an even fuller measure of confidence. But the impression of that indefinable thing we call Greatness, depends, after all, chiefly on the impression which he makes of the power of Initiative, of an unshakable resolution. The mass of mankind wants some one to follow, some one in whose hands they can feel themselves safe, as crew and passengers do when they see their captain cool and dauntless in the wildest storm.

Perhaps in all Canada, judged by this test, there is no man who can truly be called great. But the great-man standard is the test of all public service and leadership. The man you want to see in the councils of Canada may possess enough of the four qualities enumerated by Bryce to justify his selection. If he has these qualities, name him. The needs of the nation and the work the nation finds for him to do will raise him to the point of near-greatness where he can become a good public servant. If possible, state your reasons.

RETURN THIS COUPON

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I believe that should be a member of any Canadian Cabinet able to give this country the government it deserves. I would add also

(Sign Name and Address in Full).

For publication (Yes or No).

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IF IT'S A GOOD THING PUSH IT ALONG

MUCH has been said about certain Canadian products coming into competition with the world in the world's markets and therefore entitled to special consideration. Some people call it protection. In order to let some Canadian producer make a fat profit at home and abroad we keep other producers out of the home market. That's all he wants. Give him the home market and he will make enough out of that to do an export trade. He will make the home consumer pay the price set by the tariff and let the export buyer get the benefit.

Observe how this rule does not work on Canadian-produced publications. The Canadian Courier is in open competition with the world in its own national field. Any man's magazine may come in here unchecked by a tariff. There is a duty on foreign illustrations entering Canada. The Canadian publisher who believes in Canadian illustrators makes no objection to that, so long as he knows that Canadian artists can produce what he wants to help make his paper compete with the world. But the moment an American or any other illustrator's work gets printed in a paper, it may come in free of duty. The Canadian publisher is prohibited from buying his illustrations abroad, even if he wanted to. The Canadian reader is not prohibited from looking at foreign illustrations so long as they are printed in a paper which competes with the Canadian product. The tariff works for the benefit of the foreign producer and against the interests of the Canadian.

These points are mentioned because they illustrate the difficulties which the Canadian Courier contends with when it comes up against unrestricted foreign competition. The difficulty is only increased, not created, by any tariff on foreign art. The Canadian Courier stands firmly on this ground: that no matter how great the supply of foreign-produced matter, it is the business of a made-in-

Canada publication to reproduce the best articles, stories and illustrations available in this country. We have the material, we have the men, and we believe that the development of the country as a nation depends upon Canadians recognizing the fact that Canadian stuff is just as big as any other if it is only gone after and played up to its possibilities by the publisher.

More than that, we believe that Canadian readers will support any publisher who is trying to build up in this country a periodical worthy of competition with the world in national interest. People talk glibly enough about our nationhood. They believe in it. Canada, we say, is a country worth fighting for in a free world. It is also worth working for. The publisher will never get rich from producing Canadian publications. He is not a manufacturer, nor a financier. All he wants is a fair chance in his own field, and the same spirit of knowing when we have a good thing worth pushing along as we show in our public utterances about the country, the flag and the Empire.

The Canadian Courier is a national product of this country. Fifty-two times a year it aims to reproduce human-interest matter that puts the Canadian viewpoint on the things of Canada and as much of the rest of the world as possible. To keep on doing this, to put a national publication where it belongs in competition with the best that comes here from any other country requires only two things:

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One is conditional upon the other. Either without the other is a dead issue. We don't look for protection. We wouldn't have patronage as a gift. We do expect public appreciation of a good thing, that it may become a better thing of its kind and still further reflect the spirit of the country.

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FINANCIAL

ONE of the questions often asked by unfinancial people is—How long can any one of the great nations at war keep up the financial strain of the cost of war? Since the pre-war ideas of so many economists have been shaken out of their boots by experience, a great many people have tried their hand at solving this problem. One of the latest and most lucid critics on this question is Signor Alessio, quoted by the American Review of Reviews.

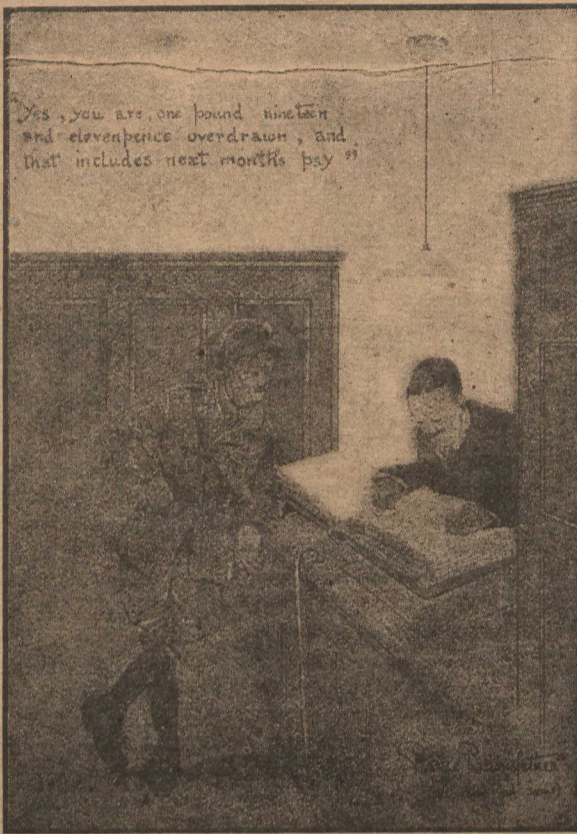
Three methods of war financing are cited by the Signor: raising of paper money, war loans, increased taxation. The first is villainous, he says; the safe way is a toss-up between the other two depending on the conditions in any particular country. As Canada is about to float the biggest war loan yet the views of Signor Alessio are important. If the money for the loans, he says, is derived from the savings of those who earn high wages, as well as from the bank credits of industrial enterprises whose profits have been greatly increased, and, as must normally result, the amounts realized by the state are soon expended and find their way back to the favoured class of wage-earners and industrial enterprises, then the process could go on almost indefinitely.

It is easy enough to insist on the apparent inequity of a financial policy based on loans, but this is the only one capable of attaining a definite and satisfactory result. In the present state of public opinion, however much greater may appear to be the sacrifice made by the combatant at the front, when compared with the highly recompensed aid given by the lender of funds to the national treasury, it is nevertheless impossible to secure the large sums of money imperatively needed for war expenses by having recourse solely to intensive taxation. Investors must be attracted by the prospect of eventual restitution, and by the reward of a rate of interest higher than the current one.

In pursuing a different policy, one founded in the idea of forcing unwilling contributions, the desired effects

would not be attained, either in the industrial or in the financial field. If, for example, a very large share of industrial profits was taken by taxation, the development of the industries would be checked, and the efforts of the workers, threatened with a curtailment of wages, would be relaxed. The writer is ready to admit that in richer countries than Italy an intensive taxation can be more easily and willingly borne.

How does Germany keep this thing up when the mark is steadily declin-



When one feels rather in favour of floating a War Loan of one's own.

ing abroad? The value of the mark on foreign exchanges long ago ceased to have any significance; or at any rate passed out of count when the United States went to war. Germany would have kept up the mark value in Wall St. if she could. Now that Wall St. is at war, Germany is clean thrown back upon herself. The value of her coin is of no consequence. She has practically confiscated the entire resources of the country for war purposes and carries on no outside trade. As the value of the mark on foreign exchanges depended on her credit abroad, when the credit is gone the mark value is negligible. That Germany can carry on with no credit is only because she is laying hands on everything the country has. If you are going to have a state of confiscation it makes very little difference what value anybody attaches to any particular coin. If Germany had all the world's gold she would be very little better off for winning the war. What she needs is what no money of hers can go abroad to buy except in small neutral countries.

When Doctors Differ

A FEW weeks ago we published an article by M. L. Hayward setting forth certain facts as to law and finance. A subsequent letter of a Toronto broker criticized this article

in a personal letter to Mr. Hayward, as follows:

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I am in receipt of yours of 14th instant, enclosing a letter addressed to me in your care, which said letter is in the words and figures following, that is to say:—

Dear Sir:

Being interested in the "Canadian Courier" I regret to see that you have abused its columns to disseminate the rotten law laid down by the Supreme Court in the case of Ames vs. Conmee. If you are sufficiently interested I would be glad to explain to you how the Supreme Court was uniquely overruled by MacMahon J. in Clarke vs. Baillie. Also how a Divisional Court avoided the same rotten decision in the case of Hutchison vs. Jaffray.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) G. B.

P. S.—The Supreme Court decision was in effect that no speculator in stocks could lose. If profit came he got it, if loss, the broker got it.

The letter was sent on to Mr. Hayward, who has sent his reply, saying:

This letter refers to a brief paragraph in the issue of the "Courier" published on the 4th of August, which gave the facts and the decision of the Supreme Court of Canada in the case of Conmee vs. The Security Holding Company.

I am glad to note that Mr. B. does not charge me with mistaking the facts or the law laid down in the case, nor does he allege that my brief article was inaccurate in any way. What he does charge is that the law as laid down by the Supreme Court of Canada in the Conmee case, was, to quote his classical phrase, "rotten law," and that I had "abused" the columns of the "Courier" by writing up this "rotten law" for publication therein.

If Mr. B. had claimed that my interpretation of the law as laid down by the Court was wrong, I would endeavour to justify myself, but when he claims that the law as laid down by the Court and as given by me is "rotten," I have nothing to say. I, in company with the rest of the legal

profession in the Dominion of Canada, have always regarded the decisions of the Supreme Court of Canada with a great deal of respect, if not with veneration.

As the Court exercises appellate jurisdiction throughout Canada, and its decisions are binding on all Canadian Courts, any case decided by the Supreme Court is regarded as the "last word" on the point, and definitely settles the law in the minds of the legal profession, at least. When the Toronto broker declares that the Supreme Court is wrong, there is nothing further to be said. The highest authority has spoken; let all others go back and be seated.

As to the case of Clarke vs. Baillie, to which Mr. B. refers, I have already written up that case, and you, Mr. Editor, have the MS. in your hands. If Mr. B. will be patient, and you decide to brave his wrath by publishing it, he will be able to read the article in the columns of the "Courier."

I would certainly be delighted for Mr. B. to tell me how the Supreme Court of Canada was over-ruled by MacMahon J. in the Clarke case, or how a Divisional Court of the Province of Ontario could "avoid" a decision of the highest Court in Canada. While Mr. B. is about it he might also explain how the Mayor of Toronto could over-rule the Governor-General, or the method by which the Selectmen of a Massachusetts Village could "avoid" the official decree of the President of the United States.

I was also very much interested in Mr. B.'s postscript, stating that the effect of the decision in the Conmee case was that no speculator in stocks could lose. The headnote of the case as recorded in the Supreme Court of Canada Reports shows that the case decided nothing of the sort.

M. L. HAYWARD.

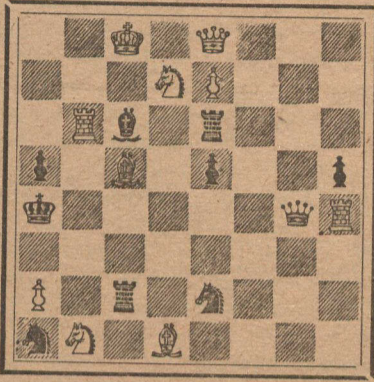
C H E S S

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

Address all correspondence relative to this department to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 156, by D. J. Densmore. (Task.)

Black.—Ten Pieces.



White.—Ten Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 154, by J. Kohtz.

1. Q—Rsq, PxP; 2. B—Rsq, Kt any; 3. B—Kt6 dis. ch, QxQ mate.
1., PxP; 2. B—Rsq, B—Kt3; 3. R—Kt6 dis. ch, QxB mate.

Note the mutual interference of the white rook and bishop on Kt6.

A DIFFICULT SELF-MATE, J. C. J. Wainwright, Mass.

The following self-mate by J. C. J. Wainwright was submitted as a challenge amongst several United States experts. After baffling them it found its way into our hands via Mr. D. J. Densmore, of Brooklyn. We submitted it to Mr. W. J. Faulkner, of Toronto, who, we believe was the first to solve it. If the reader is sceptical of its difficulty, let him try his skill, before casting his eye to the solution.

White: K at QRsq; Q at Q8; Rs at QR4 and KB6; Bs at QBsq and KBsq; Kts at KB8 and KKt3; Ps at QR2, K2, KKt4, KR3 and KR7. Black: K at KKt2; B at KRsq; Ps at QR3, QB7 and KKt4. Self-mate in seven. 1. R—K4, P—R4; 2. R—K7ch, KxR; 3. R—Q7 dis. ch, K—K4; 4. R—Q4, B—B3; 5. B—B4ch, PxR; 6. Q—B7ch, KxR; 7. Q—B5ch, KxQ mate. If 4. B—Kt2, then white continues Q—K7ch at the 6th.

A CHESS BRILLIANCY.

The following beautiful game was played in the Paris tournament in 1867.

Guloco Plano.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| E. Rousseau. | A. de Riviere. |
| 1. P—K4 | 1. P—K4 |
| 2. Kt—KB3 | 2. Kt—QB3 |
| 3. B—B4 | 3. B—B4 |
| 4. P—Q3 | 4. P—Q3 |
| 5. B—K3 | 5. BxB (a) |
| 6. PxR | 6. B—Kt5 (b) |
| 7. QKt—Q2 | 7. Kt—R3 |
| 8. Q—K2 | 8. Castles |
| 9. P—B3 | 9. R—Kt5 (c) |
| 10. P—KR3 | 10. B—Q2 |
| 11. Castles QR (d) | 11. P—QKt4 |
| 12. B—Kt3 | 12. P—R4 |
| 13. P—Kt4 | 13. K—Rsq (e) |
| 14. P—Q4 | 14. P—R5 |
| 15. B—Q5 (f) | 15. Kt—R4 (g) |
| 16. P—R3 | 16. P—QB3 |
| 17. B—R2 | 17. Q—K2 |
| 18. PxP (h) | 18. PxP |
| 19. Q—R2 | 19. P—B3 (i) |
| 20. P—Kt5 | 20. Kt—B2 |
| 21. P—R4 | 21. B—K3 |
| 22. B—Kt5 | 22. Kt—Q3 |
| 23. P—R5 | 23. Kt(Q3)—B5 |
| 24. PxP | 24. QxBP |
| 25. QR—Kt5 | 25. R—B2 (j) |
| 26. Kt—R4 | 26. K—Kt5 |
| 27. R—Kt3 (k) | 27. Kt—Kt6ch |
| 28. Kt—Kt1 (l) | 28. Q—B8ch |
| 29. RxQ | 29. RxRch |
| 30. K—E2 | 30. PxKtch |
| 31. KxP (m) | 31. RxR |
| 32. R—Kt2 | 32. P—B4 (n) |
| 33. K—B2 (o) | 33. RxPch |
| 34. K—Bsq (p) | 34. R—Kt6 |
| 35. R—QB2 | 35. RxRP |
| 36. R—K2 (q) | 36. B—Kt5 |
| 37. R—R2 | 37. RxPch |
| 38. R—E2 (r) | 38. R—Rsq (s) |

(a) We prefer to retire the Bishop to Kt3, but it is all a matter of taste. A modern tendency is to leave the Bishop untouched and so restrict White in the centre should he exchange.

(b) Or 6. B—Q2, with a view to 7. Kt—R4 obliterating White's valuable Bishop.

(c) An unusual expedient to advance the Pawns.

(d) It would be safer to Castle on the other side, rather than play as anticipated by his opponent. Or first P—Q4 to prevent P—QKt4 should be played.

(e) To make a retreat for the Knight.

(f) 15 B—E2 would have been better.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

SUPREME COURT IN SESSION

A Review of The Business Transacted

The whole spirit of the recent convention of the Supreme Court of The Independent Order of Foresters was expressed in the opening paragraph of the Report of the Supreme Chief Ranger.

"This, the Seventeenth Regular Session of the Supreme Court, convenes, under the shadow of the Great War which is being waged on the part of the two great countries in which our Order is established, to the end that freedom and democratic forms of government may not perish from the earth. As the end of the struggle is not yet in sight, it behooves us on this present occasion to take stock, carefully consider and wisely resolve how we can best perform our duty to our members and their dependents and how best we can be useful to our communities whose manhood and material resources are being so sorely tried."

Canadians in khaki returned from the front, British delegates who had braved the perils of submarines to be present, joined with the delegates of our newest ally, the United States, in an effort to devise means of extending the protection of the Society, not only to its present members who have enlisted, but to those who may be called upon to serve in future. It was felt that fraternal societies had an exceptional privilege and duty in this respect, since they contained resources within themselves under their form of government and control, not open to commercial companies. The latter are obliged, in order to maintain their solvency, to impose the full financial burden of the war risk upon those who actually fight in defence of those who stay at home. It was decided by the Supreme Court that, while conceding the necessity of such a course by the commercial companies, fraternal principles demanded the distribution of the war burden over all members. Consequently, members who were in the Society at the outbreak of war will be carried for the full amount of insurance, and the beneficiaries of those who entered after that time or who may become members in future will be paid one-half the sum assured in event of being killed in action, no extra premium being imposed in any case.

The adequacy of the readjustment of the Society in 1913 was strikingly demonstrated in the Report of the Financial Committee, showing the continued growth of the surplus of the Society since that time. Surplus is here used in its true sense, namely, the balance of the assets after providing for all liabilities including reserves. The figures are as follows:

December 31st, 1913	\$491,646
December 31st, 1914	536,138
December 31st, 1915	644,999
December 31st, 1916	716,974

Changes were also made, which, from an insurance standpoint, were desirable. It has been the practice to collect a monthly premium for the insurance fund and to meet expenses out of various entrance fees and

monthly taxes. This procedure has been replaced by an "inclusive" monthly rate under which the entrance fees are dispensed with and the medical examination fee is paid by the Order instead of the members.

The Supreme Court also gave the Executive Council power to issue new plans of insurance. It is likely that early next year the Society will issue Limited Payment and Endowment policies at attractive monthly rates of premium. They will contain surrender values and will be protected by statutory reserves. They will be used to supplement the existing form of contract which gives sound insurance protection at minimum cost.

Children's insurance was also urged by some of the delegates. "Whole Family" protection has received a great deal of attention in the States, but certain legal matters have to be cleared up before it can be generally adopted.

Benevolent Work.

The visit of the representatives to the Orphans' Home at Oakville sent the delegates home impressed with the extent and completeness of this branch of the Order's work. At present upwards of eight hundred orphans are being helped, fifty-one in the Home, over seven hundred in the homes of their widowed mothers, the latter receiving monthly grants until such time as they are able to do for themselves. Four hundred and seventy-three homes in this way are kept unbroken, and the fatherless ones are receiving a mother's care and training. It was an interesting fact that of the boys who have passed through the Home, twelve are participating in the great war.

Equally interesting and worthy of commendation is the work carried on in the two Consumptive Sanatoria, one at Rainbow Lake, New York, and the other in Lopez Canyon, California. All that skill and the fraternal spirit can do to cure incipient cases and to stay the progress of more advanced cases is being done. Fully ninety per cent. of those who seek treatment in the earliest stages of the disease return to their homes, apparently cured.

State of the Order.

The committee dealing with this subject touched on the various activities and interests of the society, emphasized the value of the work done by officers in subordinate courts, especially the financial secretary; approved of the amalgamation into one strong court of two or more weak ones in the same locality; noted the splendid progress made in many jurisdictions, notwithstanding adverse war conditions.

War Work.

A War Committee, for the first time in the history of the Order, was named to consider how the members, their families and friends, through the Subordinate Courts of the Order, could help win the war. It was decided that a club be organized under the name of "The Independent Order of Foresters' War Aid Club," wherever possible. The purpose of this club will be to organize members throughout the Forestric world to

take up some phase of war work. Literature will be prepared and circulated showing what can be undertaken and accomplished. Everything possible will be done to inform our members as to the needs of our gallant soldiers and the magnitude of the world's struggle that is going on, and at every Court meeting, the responsibilities and opportunities of our members in this connection will be emphasized, and expression found in some helpful and tangible way.

The delegates as a whole represented a high type of the community and many of the speeches were notable efforts of oratory. The fraternal side and the business side of insurance each received its proper share of attention, and it will no doubt prove that the election of Mr. W. H. Hunter to succeed Mr. Stevenson resulted in the acquisition of a leader who thoroughly understands the necessity to fraternal insurance of the development of both these factors. We shall watch with interest the work of the Order under his guidance.

Officers for the Next Supreme Court Term.

The following Supreme Court officers were unanimously elected:

Officers Elected.

- Supreme Chief Ranger—William H. Hunter, B.A., Toronto.
- Past Supreme Chief Ranger—Victor Morin, K.C., Montreal.
- Supreme Vice-Chief Ranger—Frank E. Hand, California.
- Supreme Secretary—Fred. J. Darch, Toronto.
- Supreme Treasurer—Robert Morrison, Toronto.
- Supreme Physician—Thomas Mannan, Toronto.
- Supreme Counsellor—J. D. C. Ohio.
- Supreme Councilmen—Judge N. Cockburn, New Brunswick; William Bent, Connecticut.
- Supreme Auditors—George Bailey, New York; Alex. Steward, Toronto.
- Supreme Medical Board—C. Dickson, California; C. Day, Toronto; W. E. Stevens, San Francisco.

Appointed Officers.

- Supreme Orator—Rev. Alex. Gillivray, D.D.
- Supreme Journal Secretary—Samuel Martin, Toronto.
- Supreme Superintendent of Juvenile Courts—R. L. Kinney, P.H.C., New York.
- Supreme Organist—Mrs. J. Haller, Michigan.
- Supreme Senior Woodward—Alex. Smith, P.H.C.R., Eastern Ontario.
- Supreme Junior Woodward—A. M. Goddard, California.
- Supreme Marshal—J. P. Murphy, California.
- Supreme Conductor—Alex. P.H.C.R., Ontario.
- Supreme Standard Bearers—A. Quintin, H.C.R., Montreal; George O. Mitchell, H.S., Vermont.
- Supreme Sword Bearers—R. McNeil, H.C.R., Nova Scotia; J. F. Lang, High Secretary, New York.
- Supreme Senior Beadle—George Boyden, H.C.R., Michigan.
- Supreme Junior Beadle—Thomas Ball, D.S.C.R., Ontario.

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TO THE 1916 REVISED EDITION

The subject of electrical motor starting systems has been considered at length and all leading systems and their components described. A discussion on ball and roller bearing, their maintenance and installation, has also been included, and a number of other features of timely interest such as latest types of gasoline and kerosene carburetors, cyclocar power plants, the Fischer slide valve motor, detachable wire wheels, cantilever springs, eight and twelve cylinder motors, new valve operating systems, Stewart-Warner vacuum fuel feed, Boat type body design, leather universal joints, Entz electric transmission, positive differentials, armored automobile, hydraulic brakes, etc., etc.

Entirely new material has been added on tractors in three and four wheel forms, cyclecars and agricultural tractors or automobile plows; combination gasoline-electric drive, front-wheel and four-wheel drive and steer systems and other important developments in power propelled vehicles. The discussion of power transmission methods has been augmented by consideration of the skew bevel gear and two-speed direct drive rear axle, as well as several new forms of worm gear drive, etc., etc., have been added to bring the work thoroughly up-to-date.

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Sales Manager,
CANADIAN COURIER,
Toronto.

and then to advance the Rook's Pawn to R5. The Knights would afterwards come into powerful action.

(i) This also serves to make a better escape for the Knight.

(j) 25. ... KtxKP; 26. KtxKP, threatening 27. Kt-Kt5ch, would give white a promising attack.

(k) He should have defended the King's Pawn by 27. Q-Kt3, at the same time threatening 28. P-R6, QxP (P-Kt3; 29. KtxP); 29. Kt-B5, Q-B3; 30. Kt-R5ch. White may, however, be well excused for his deficiency!

(l) 28. K-B2, of course, simply loses the Knight.

(m) If 31. K-Q3, then 31. ... R-Q5ch; 32. K-K2, R-Q7ch.

(n) Threatening 33. ... KtxRP disch; 34. P-B4! BxPch; 35. K-B3, P-Kt5ch; 36. K-Q2, R-Q5ch mate.

(o) If 33. P-R4, Black mates in five.

(p) If 34. K-Q5ch, then 34. ... R-Q5ch; 35. K-K2, R-Kt5ch; 36. K-B2, R-Q6 and white cannot counter with 37. Q-Kt3 on account of 37. ... R-Q7ch and 38. ... R-KB3ch.

If 36. K-K2, then 36. ... B-Kt5ch; 37. K-B2, R-Q6, following which 38. Q-Kt3 would let in mate.

(q) If 36. K-Q5ch, then 36. ... KtxPch; 37. K-Ksq (if 37. K-Bsq then R-R5ch); 38. K-Kt2, QR-Rsq and mates), R-R5ch; 38. K-K2, KtxR; 39. QxP, B-B5ch; 40. K-Q2? R-Q5ch; 41. KxKt, R-R7ch; 42. K-Bsq, B-Kt6 and wins.

If 36. K-Ktsq, then 36. ... QR-Rsq.

(r) If 38. K-Ktsq, then 38. ... R-Q5ch.

(s) A neat finish to a fine game.

The Lesser Evil

(Concluded from page 12.)

O'Conner gave a hoarse yell:

"You damned Hunkey!"

A revolver rose in each of his hands.

There was a sharp report, a blur of smoke. The young alien tumbled headforemost into the car, and lay very still. Something like the red mist descended upon Conrad. He felt now that that was done which could never be undone—that he was caught in a trap of his own devising—red was in the air. A man killed!

And then crazily the wild sheriff began shooting through an open window straight into that living crowd. Two men fell. Conrad saw them, both young, their gaze of surprise, their headlong plunge.

He cried out:

"For God's sake, quit it, O'Conner!"

The mob was running; it ran like stampeded cattle. But three men were dead, and remained quietly.

O'Conner almost shrieked:

"Come back, you damned Dagoes, and get another dose! Come back!"

He leaped up and down in a fury.

They saw the mob gradually stop; men got together, whispered, drew close. And then, a sight unbelievable, they saw the mob start back. It seemed impossible, and yet they came, their faces ever nearer, ever more real. In them Conrad read destruction and death—grim, silent faces pressing toward him. There was a pile of red brick at the corner—brick to be used for paving the dirt street.

"They mustn't get those bricks," yelled O'Conner.

He raised his revolver and started again to shoot. But the men pressed on. Conrad felt fear—terrible fear—panic. Here they were coming—nothing could stop them. The sunlight beat down in white silence; three men lay dead on the hot earth; was he to be the fourth?

"Damn them!" shrieked O'Conner. His revolver was empty.

Conrad saw the bricks lifted—he saw one soaring through the air, and at once there was a shattering of glass that seemed to lacerate his heart.

He gripped O'Conner's arm.

"Keep me from running," he cried.

"Duck!" cried O'Conner.

Another glass shattered inward, and then another. And then in Conrad's side there was a tight feeling, and blackness swam before him. Over his

body fell the little sheriff, and the wild mob stormed the car and stoned the exposed man to death.

Whereupon the far thunder down the street of the mounted constabulary, and the cracking of pistols.

They bore the dying manager through the huge hush of the office building. They took him into his office. Two women stooped over him. One sobbed.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Speak to me! Say something!"

He opened his eyes, and saw her, and then looked away.

"Where is Marion—Marion Winter?"

Marion knelt and kissed him.

"Marion," he whispered, "thank you."

NEW BOOKS

"THE DEFINITE OBJECT," by Jeffrey Farnol: Musson, \$1.40.

IN "The Definite Object" Jeffrey Farnol has shown what may be done with an old formulae and an old theme, providing one has the knack of giving a new twist to both. It is a tale of a fairy prince and a ragged princess and in the end they get married and live happy ever after. He has lightened the life of New York's tenements and toughs with a touch of romance—the Farnol glamour one might call it. A millionaire forsakes his upholstered ease and lazy luxury and goes in search of a definite object. Life in his palace lacks focus, so Farnol takes him to Hell's Kitchen and Hermione. Hermione is the ragged princess and definite object to boot. The millionaire, disguised in rags which stir pity even in "Hell's Kitchen" starts out to woo the fair Hermione who, by the way, is a garment worker when she isn't the fairy princess of the piece. The whole tale is a queer sort of a melange made up of murders, prize-fights, philanthropy, philandering, and a lot of romantic—very romantic—love-making.

Of course the thing is absolutely impossible. It could never happen—outside of one of Jeffrey Farnol's books. But as Farnol tells the tale it all seems arranged in a proper order and almost convincing. Hermione is a lovable little thing and Ravenslee, the millionaire, is a likeable chap but a little slow in popping the question. The gun-men of the piece are quite up to the standard of modern police records and give Mr. Farnol an excellent opportunity to display his knack of setting dialect down in type. Mrs. Trape, the landlady at Mulligan's Rents, can put a Pickwickian piquancy to mutton chops and fried tomatoes—as the reader will find out for himself. But the way she gives the fairy prince the final push into paradise is really her big scene in the piece and it comes right at the last page of the book.

"THE CINEMA MURDER," by E. Phillips Oppenheim: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, \$1.35.

IT isn't often that an old hand like E. Phillips Oppenheim makes a mistake in the title of his tales, but "The Cinema Murder" certainly strikes one as a misnomer for the exciting yarn he has spun between the covers of the book so called. In the

first place Oppenheim has quite as large a public on this side of the pond where it is the fashion to pronounce "cinematograph" with a silent "c" as though spelled m-o-v-i-e. But even as "The Movie Murder" the title could never be made to fit the tale which, and this is fortunate, hasn't even a sixteenth-cousin relationship to the flickering "drammer." It is simply a corking good mystery yarn told as E. Phillips O. knows how to tell of such entanglements. The scene shifts from Detton Magna, a Derbyshire village, where soft-coal smuts mottle the scenery with a half-tone effect, to the high-balls and low lights of the New York edition of Bohemia. A struggling author strangles his rich cousin when they meet beneath a canal bridge near the Derbyshire village and, taking the other fellow's name, pocket book and trans-Atlantic ticket, comes to New York. A steamer flirtation on the way over with a famous actress ripens into a wonderful play which he writes and she plays, with a result that he is pitch-forked into prominence and is forced out of hiding. By this time he is in a tangle of aliases and in such a general mix-up that only Oppenheim could straighten out without stretching the reader's credulity beyond the cracking point. The action is rapid enough, although the police are a trifle slow on the trail and only arrive with the warrant when the waiter sets down the iced grape-fruit for the wedding breakfast and for a minute or two it looks as though both playwright and actress must delay their honeymoon indefinitely. But in those two or three minutes something else happens and everything but the mystery of the title is explained to everybody's satisfaction.

"THE LONG LANE'S TURNING," by Hallie Erminie Rives: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, \$1.50.

THERE is a knack in treating a dry subject in an interesting way and mighty few of the authors of prohibition pamphlets and other printed pieces of such-like propaganda have caught the idea. A safe estimate of the successful ones would work out at about two and a half per cent.—an ineffective quantity according to the best authorities. But now and again a writer will draw lightly from the abundant store of human interest there is in the temperance question and produce preachment against booze which sets the bacchanalian old fuddler's cap awry and sends him scuttling for the tall timbers. "The Long Lane's Turning," written by Hallie Erminie Rives, is one of the most clever pieces of prohibition propaganda that have appeared to date. Primarily, it is an excellent piece of dramatic fiction and the preachy part of the parable is never allowed to obscure the reader's interest in the plot of the story. The conflicting personalities of Sevier, a brilliant young lawyer; Echo Allen, the daughter of a prominent jurist; and Cameron Craig, a dominant character, who is head of the liquor trust, have been woven by the writer into an intensely interesting story which, as an indictment of the liquor traffic, is more damning than a whole wagon load of bromidic brochures on the "thou shall not" theme which so many of the temperance crusaders harp upon.

RIMROCK JONES

With Fingers!
Corns Lift Out

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Desert Trail"

"I MADE the mistake," returned Rimrock hoarsely, "of trusting a lot of crooks. But I never trusted you—don't you think it for a minute—you've got n. g. written all over you."

"Another remark like that," said Stoddard freezingly, "and I'll put my chequebook away."

"You do it," warned Rimrock without changing his position, "and I'll blow the top of your head off."

Stoddard looked at him keenly, then uncapped his pen and proceeded to fill out the stub. For a moment there was silence, broken by the soft scratching of the pen, and then Mary Fortune stood up.

"I know it is customary," she said in suppressed tones, "for men to settle everything themselves; but you, Mr. Stoddard, and you, Mr. Jones, are going to listen to me. I have put up long enough with your high-handed methods; but now, will you kindly look at that?"

She laid a paper on the table before Stoddard and stood back to watch the effect, but Rimrock only grunted contemptuously.

"Aw, fill out my cheque!" he said impatiently, but Stoddard was staring at the paper.

"Why, what is this? Where did you get this, Miss Fortune? I don't think I quite understand."

"No, naturally! You overlooked the fact that a woman can jump claims, too. That is a recorded copy of my re-location of the Old Juan claim, at twelve-fifty-one, on January first. Your drunken Ike Bray came along at one-thirty and tacked his notice over mine. And now I must thank you, gentle-

men, both of you, for your kind efforts in my behalf. By spending your money on this expensive lawsuit you have proved my title to the Tecolote Mine."

She sat down, smiling, and as Stoddard looked again at the paper his drawn face went suddenly white. He laid it down and with startled eyes glanced fearfully at those two. Would they stand together? Did she realize her advantage? Could he buy her off—and for how much? A hundred swift questions flashed through his mind, and then Rimrock reached over for the notice. He gazed at it quietly and then, looking at Mary, he gave way to a cynical smile.

"Could you hear through a wall?" he inquired enigmatically, and Stoddard snapped his fingers in vexation.

"Ah, I see," he observed, "not so

deaf as you seem. Well, Miss Fortune, may I see you alone?"

"You may not!" she answered. "I might show you some pity, though you don't deserve it; so, knowing Mr. Jones as I do, I will leave the decision to him."

She glanced at Rimrock with a quick, radiant smile that revealed more than she knew of her heart; but his face had suddenly gone grim.

"Take him out and kill him," he advised vindictively. "That's all the advice I'll give."

"No, I don't believe in that," she answered sweetly, "but perhaps our decision can wait."

"Well, you needn't wait for me," replied Rimrock ungraciously, "because I'm through, for good and all. The first man that gives me a cheque for my stock—"

Whitney Stoddard reached swiftly for his chequebook and pen, but she stopped him with a warning look.

"No, there'll be nothing like that," she answered firmly. "But I move once that we declare a dividend."

"Second the motion," murmured Stoddard resignedly; and Rimrock, too, voted: "Ay!"

Then he rose up sullenly and gazed at them both with a savage, insulting glare.

"You can keep your old mine," he said to Mary. "I'm going to beat it to Mexico!"

He started for the door and they looked after him, startled, but at the doorway he stopped and turned back.

"Where do I get that cheque?" he asked, and after a silence Mary answered:

"From Mr. Lockhart."

"Good!" he muttered and closed the door quietly, whereat Stoddard began instantly to talk. He might have talked a long time, or only a few moments; and then Mary began to hear.

"What's that?" she asked and Stoddard repeated what he considered a very generous offer.

"Mr. Stoddard," she cried with almost tearful vehemence, "there's only one condition on which I'll even think of giving you back your mine, and that is that Rimrock shall run it. Mr. Jones must be fired, Mr. Jones must have full charge, and all this chicanery must stop; but if Rimrock goes away without taking his mine I'll make you wish he hadn't!"

She snatched up her papers and ran out of the room and Stoddard caught up the phone.

"Give me Mr. Lockhart!" he said.

"Yes, Lockhart, the banker. Mr. Lockhart? This is Mr. Stoddard. If you pay Henry Jones a cent of that money I'll break you, so help me God. And listen! If you value your rating with Bradstreet, you make him apologize to that girl!"

I slice of bread (1-14 of loaf) weighs 1.14 oz. If 1,000,000 families waste one slice per week, the weekly total waste of bread is 1,140,000 ozs., or 71,250 one pound loaves, or enough for 3 1-3 divisions for one day, or one division (21,500 men) for three and one-third days, or 10 meals to each man.

The annual national waste rising from the same source is impressive: Annual total result of 1,000,000 families wasting 1 slice of bread per week . . . 3,705,000 one pound loaves; or 2,593,500 lbs. flour; or 3,572,000 lbs. wheat; or 59,244 bus. wheat.

CANADA was slow in building up her bacon export trade in the British market, says the Food Controller's office. It was not until the bacon hog was bred instead of the fat hog that a grip on the trade was secured. During the three years of war Canadian bacon was to a very large extent indeed replacing the high grade Danish bacon, formerly the chief source of Great Britain's external supply.

The Canadian farmer is gradually recognizing that the bacon hog costs no more to raise than the fat hog. In fact, the advantage, if any, lies with the former. Added to this is the consideration that there is no possibility of competing with the United States in the export trade in fat bacon. Cheap feeding in the United States corn belt puts competition out of the question. On the other hand, the United States does not produce the bacon hog for export.

"Wiltshire" sides, the distinctive product of the bacon hog, are derived not from any particular breed, but from a well-marked type of many breeds, a long, moderately thick type.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Gift.

MARY FORTUNE was pacing up and down her room in something very like a rage. Her trunk, half-packed, stood against the wall and her pictures lay face down on the bed, and she hovered between laughter and tears. It seemed as if every evil passion in her nature had been stirred up by this desperate affray and in the fierce swirl of emotions her joy in her victory was strangely mingled with

FACTS ABOUT FOODS

THE Food Controller's Office, through its Educational Bulletin, is responsible for the statement that enough good food is wasted in Canada every day to feed every Canadian soldier who has gone overseas to fight for us. Through carelessness and inefficiency there is wasted in garbage every year throughout Canada, food to the value of \$56,000,000, or about \$7.00 per capita of the home population, according to the recent estimates of the Canadian Food Controller.

Wasting \$7.00 worth of food per year means a daily waste of only 1.92 cents per head. Without doubt, larger crops, better distribution, closer buying on the part of the housekeeper, more careful preparation and more thorough utilization of our foodstuffs, would not only correct this waste, but would appreciably reduce the actual cost of living very considerably. Let it be assumed that, by complete national organization and rigid economy, the cost of living could be reduced by 5 cents per day for each individual. Roughly, then, counting in the elimination of garbage waste, we would have a saving of 7 cents per day, or \$25.55 per capita annually. The national grand total saving would then amount to the astounding sum of \$204,400,000; enough to feed an army of one million men for a year. These figures are appalling, but they are not beyond the range of achievement.

But there are other equally cogent illustrations of what economy in little things can accomplish. Suppose, for example, that one million families in Canada waste one slice of white bread per week. For convenience we shall consider that the one pound loaf divides into 14 slices of 1.14 ozs. each. The sum is simple:

Apply a few drops then lift corns or calluses off—no pain

For a few cents you can get a small bottle of the magic drug freezone recently discovered by a Cincinnati man.



Just ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. Apply a few drops upon a tender, aching corn and instantly, yes immediately, all soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn so loose that you lift it out, root and all, with the fingers.

Just think! Not one bit of pain before applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the surrounding skin.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also hardened calluses on bottom of feet just seem to shrivel up and fall off without hurting a particle. It is almost magical.

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rage at Rimrock. After scheming for months to prove her superiority, and arranging every possible detail, she had been cut down in her pride and seen her triumph turned to nothing by his sudden decision to sulk. Just at the very moment when she was preparing to be gracious and give him his precious mine back he had balked like a mule and without sense or reason stormed off on his way to Old Mexico.

She returned to her packing and was brushing away a tear that had fallen somehow on a fresh waist when there was a trampling in the lobby and she heard a great voice wafted up from the corridor below.

"Come on!" it thundered like the hoarse rumbling of a bull. "Come on, I tell ye; or you'll tear my arm loose where it's knit. You dad-burned cub, if I had two good hands— Say, come on; ain't you got a lick of sense?"

It was L. W. Lockhart and, from the noise in the hallway, he seemed to be coming towards her door. She listened and at a single rebellious grunt from Rimrock she flew to the mirror and removed the last trace of the tear. He was bringing Rimrock for some strange purpose, and—yes, he was knocking at her door. She opened it on a struggle, Rimrock begging and threatening and trying gingerly to break away; and iron-jawed L. W. with his sling flying wildly, holding him back with his puffed-up game hand.

"Excuse me, Miss Fortune," panted L. W. brokenly, "but I just had to fetch this unmannerly brute back. He can't come, like he did, to my place of business and speak like he did about you. You're the best friend, by Gregory, that Rimrock Jones ever had; and I'll say that for myself, Miss, too. You've been a good friend to me and I'll never forget it, but Rim is just naturally a fool!"

He stopped for breath and Rimrock set back sullenly without raising his eyes from the floor.

"Now!" said L. W. as he winced at the pull, "you can decide what you're going to do. Are you going to bust my arm, where I got it shot in two jest by fighting Ike Bray for your mine; or are you going to stan' up here and apologize like a gentleman for saying Miss Fortune sold you out."

"I'll apologize, doggone you," answered Rimrock between his teeth, "if you'll shut up and let go my coat."

"Well, all right, then," sighed L. W. as he cradled his injured arm, "I'll wait for you at the head of the stairs."

"You do and I'll kill you," returned Rimrock savagely. "Go on, now—and don't you come back."

HE waved a threatening hand at the belligerent L. W. and watched him till he passed down the stairs. Then, turning to Mary, he set his mouth and looked her over grimly.

"Well, I apologize," he said. "Does that make you feel better? And now I hope I may go."

"No, you can't," she replied. "Now it's my turn to apologize. And I hope you have good luck."

She held out her hand and he glanced at it questioningly, then reached out and took it in his.

"I mean it," he said with sudden earnestness. "I sure-enough apologize. I'm sorry for what I done."

She patted his hand where it still held hers fast and bowed her head to keep back the tears.

"It's all right," she said. "We could

never be happy. It's better to have you go."

"I'll come back!" he said with impulsive gladness. "I'll come back—if you say the word."

"Well—come back, then," she answered. "But not to quarrel; not to haggle, and backbite and scold! Oh, it makes me so ashamed! I used to be reasonable; but it doesn't seem possible now. I can't even save your mine, that you killed a man over and went to prison to defend; I can't even do that but in such a hateful way that you won't accept it as a gift."

"Aw, you take it too hard," protested Rimrock feebly. "Say, come on over her and sit down." He led her reluctantly to the ill-fated balcony, but at the divan she balked and drew back.

"No, not there," she said with a little shudder, and turned back and sank down in a chair.

"Well, all right," agreed Rimrock, but as he drew up another he suddenly divined her thought. "Say, I apologize again," he went on abjectly, "for that time—you know—when she came. I was a Mexican's dog, there's no use talking, but—oh, well, I've been a damned fool."

"You mustn't swear so much," she corrected him gently; and then they gazed at each other in silence. "It's strange," she murmured, "how we hated each other. Almost from the first day, it seems. But no, not the first! I liked you then, Rimrock; better than I ever will again. You were so clean and strong then, so full of enthusiasm; but now—well, I wish you were poor."

"Ain't I broke?" he demanded, and she looked at him sadly as she slowly shook her head.

"No, you're rich," she said. "I'm going to give you back the mine, and then I'm going away."

"But I don't want it!" he said. "Didn't I tell you to keep it? Well, I meant it—every word."

"Ah, yes," she sighed. "You told me—I know—but to-morrow is another day. You'll change your mind then, the way you always do. You see, I know you now."

"You do not!" he denied. "I don't change my mind. I stick to one idea for years. But there's something about you—I don't know what it is—that makes me a natural-born fool."

"Yes. I make you mad," she answered regretfully. "And then you will say and do anything. But now about the mine. I left Mr. Stoddard in the office just biting his fingers with anxiety."

"Well, let him bite 'em," returned Rimrock spitefully, "I hope he eats 'em off. If it hadn't been for him, and that Mrs. Hardesty, and all the other crooks he set on, we'd be friends to-day—and I'd rather have that than all the mines in the world."

"Oh, would you, Rimrock?" she questioned softly. "But no, we could never agree. It isn't the money that has come between us. We blame it, but it's really our own selves. You will gamble and drink, it's your nature to do it, and that I could never forgive. I like you, Rimrock, I'm afraid I can't help it, but I doubt if we can even be friends."

"Aw, now listen!" he pleaded. "It was you drove me to drink. A man can get over those things. But not when he's put in the wrong in everything—he's got to win, sometimes."

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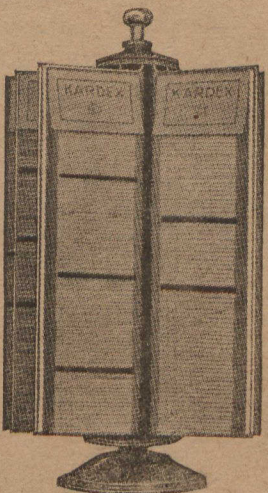
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She bowed her head to brush away the tears and Rimrock stared and smiled at a thought.

"Well, I'll take it now," he said consolingly. "But I didn't understand. I didn't know that you want to give things—I thought you were on the make."

"Well, I was!" she declared, "I wanted all my rights—and I want them all to-day. But if you'd trust me, Rimrock, if you'd always depend on me to do the best that a woman can I'd—I'd give you anything—but you always fight me. You always try to take!"

"Well, I won't any more," replied Rimrock penitently, yet with a masterful look in his eyes. "But you'll have to make it easy, at first."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked rather tremulously. And then she blushed and glanced swiftly about.

"All right, Rimrock," she whispered as she took both his hands and then slipped into his arms. "I'll give you anything—if you'll only let me. But remember, I do it myself."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Rimrock Does It Himself.

"NOW, let's talk reason," said Rimrock at last as he put away her hands. "Let's be reasonable—I don't know where I'm at. Say, where have I been and what have I been up to? Am I the same feller that blowed into town on the blind baggage, or is this all a part of the dream?"

"It's a part of the dream," answered Mary with a sigh. "But if you help, Rimrock, it may come true."

"Do you mean it?" he demanded. "Well, I guess you must or you wouldn't give me a kiss like that. Say, you think a lot of me, now, don't you, Little Spitfire? I believe you'd go through hell for me."

"No, I wouldn't," she replied. "That's just where I draw the line—because you'd be going through hell, too. You're a good man, Rimrock—you've got a good heart—but you're a drunken, fighting brute."

"Hm!" shrilled Rimrock, "say, that don't sound very nice after what you said a minute ago."

"We're talking reason, now," said Mary, smiling wanly. "I was excited a minute ago."

"Well, get excited again," suggested Rimrock, but she pushed his hands away.

"No," she said, "I kissed you once because—well, because I liked you and—and to show that I forgive what

you've done. But a woman must consider what love might mean and I'll never marry a drunkard. I know women who have and they all regretted it—it took all the sweetness out of life. A woman expects so much—so much of tenderness and sympathy and gentleness and consideration—and a drunken man is a brute. You know it, because you've been there; and, oh, you don't know how I'd hate you if you ever came back to me drunk! I'd leave you—I'd never consent for a minute to so much as touch your hand—and so it's better just to be friends."

She sighed and hurried on to a subject less unpleasant.

"Now, there's the matter of that claim. You know I hold title to the Old Juan and it gives me control of the time. Even Stoddard acknowledges it, although he'll try to get around it; and if we press him he'll take it to the courts. But now listen, Rimrock, this is a matter of importance and I want you to help me out. I want you to attend to getting my discovery work before the ninety days has expired. Then we'll draw up a complete and careful agreement of just what we want at the mine and Whitney H. Stoddard, if I know anything about him, will be only too glad to sign it. I told him before I left him that this chicanery must cease and that you must be given back your mine. I told him you must run it, and that Jepson must be fired—but Rimrock, there's one thing more."

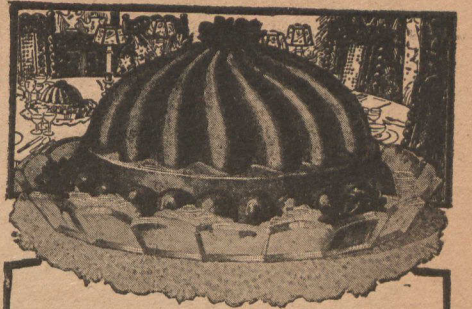
"What's that?" enquired Rimrock rousing up from his abstraction and she smiled and parted his hand.

"You mustn't fight him," she suggested coaxingly. "It interferes with the work."

"Fight who?" he demanded and then he snorted. "What, me make friends with Stoddard? Why, it's that crooked hound that's at the bottom of all this. He's the man that's made all the trouble. Why, we were doing fine, girl; we were regular partners and I wasn't drinking a drop. I was trying to make good and show you how I loved you when he butted in on the game. He saw he couldn't beat us as long as we stood together and so he sent out that damnable Mrs. Hardesty. He hired her on purpose and she worked me for a sucker by feeding me up with big words. She told me I was a wonder, and a world-beater for a gambler, and then—well, you know the rest. I went back to New York and they trimmed me right, and if it wasn't for you I'd be broke. No, I'll never forget what you did for me, Mary; and I'll never forget what he did, either!"

"No, I hope you won't," she said, winking fast, "because that's what's ruined your life. He can always whip you when it comes to business, because you fight in the open and he never shows his hand. And he's absolutely unscrupulous—he'd think no more of ruining our happiness than—than you do, when you're fighting mad. Oh, if you knew how I suffered during all those long months when you were stock-gambling and going around with—her."

"Aw, now, Mary," he soothed, wiping away the sweat from his brow; and then he took her into his arms. "Now, don't cry," he said, "because I went back there to look for you—I paid out thousands of dollars for detectives. And when I saw you that time, when you came down the stairway in that opera house back in New York, I never went near her again. I quit her at the door and had detectives out



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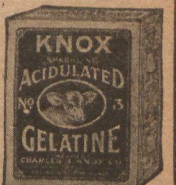
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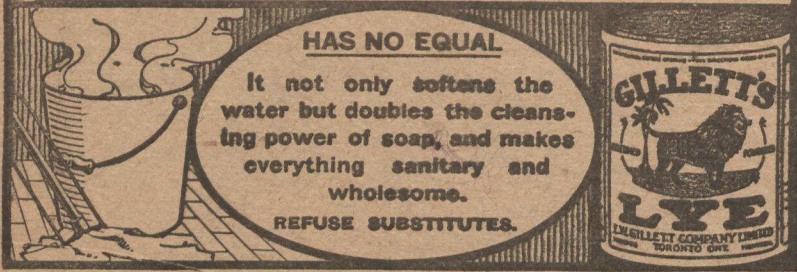
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everywhere; but you went away, you never gave me a chance!"

"Well, she sobbed, "we all make mistakes, but—but I was so ashamed, to be jealous of her. Couldn't you see what she was? Couldn't you tell that type of woman?"

Oh, Rimrock, it was perfectly awful! Everybody that saw you, every woman that looked at her, must have—oh, I just can't bear to think about it!"

"My God!" groaned Rimrock; and then he was silent, looking sober-eyed away into space. It came over

him at last what this woman had borne from him and yet she had been faithful to the end. She had even befriended him after he had accused her of treachery, but she had reserved the privilege of hating him. Perhaps that was the woman of it, he did not know; if so, he had never observed it before. Or perhaps—he straightened up and drew her closer—perhaps she was the One Woman in the world! Perhaps she was the only woman he would ever know who would love him for himself, and take no thought for his money. She had loved him when he was poor—

"Say," he said in a far-away voice, "do you remember when I saw you that first time? You looked mighty good to me then. And I was so ragged, and wild and woolly, but you sure came through with the roll. The

whole roll, at that. Say, I ain't going to forget that—Rimrock Jones never forgets a friend. Some time when you ain't looking for it I'm going to do something for you like giving that roll to me. Something hard, you understand; something that will take the hide off of me like parting with the savings of a lifetime. But I haven't got anything to give."

"Yes, you have," she said, "and it will hurt just the same. It is something you had on then."

"Huh, I didn't have hardly anything but my clothes and my gun. You don't mean—"

"Yes, I mean the gun."

"Oh!" he said, and fell into silence while she watched him from beneath her long lashes. He reached back ruefully and drew out his pistol and twirled the cylinder with his thumb.

"That's a fine old gun," he said at last. "I sure have carried it many a mile."

"Yes," she answered, and sat there, waiting, and at last he met her eyes.

"What's the idea?" he asked, but his tone was resentful—he knew what was in her mind.

"I just want it," she said. "More than anything else. And you must never get another one."

"How'm I going to protect myself?" he demanded hotly. "How'm I going to protect my claims? If it wasn't for that gun, where'd the Old Juan be to-day?"

"Well, where is it?" she asked and smiled.

"Why—"

"Why, you lost it," she supplied. "And I won it," she added. "It stands in my name to-day."

"Yes, but Andrew McBain—"

"Was he any smarter than Stoddard? Well, I didn't need any gun."

"Yes, but look who you are!" observed Rimrock sarcastically and balanced the old gun in his hand.

"Well, there we are," she remarked at last. "Right back where we started from."

"Where's that?" he enquired.

"Back to our first quarrel," she sighed. "A woman never forgets it. It's different, I suppose, with a man."

"Yes, I reckon it is," he agreed despondently. "We try to forget our troubles."

"Does it help any to get drunk?" she asked impersonally and he saw where the conversation had swung. It had veered back again to his merits as a married man and the answer had come from his own lips. He knew too well that look in her eye, that polite and polished calm. Mary Fortune was not strong for scenes. She just made up her mind and then all the devils in hell could not sway her from her purpose. And she had rejected him as a gun-fighter and a drunkard.

"Here! Now!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet in alarm. "Now here, don't get me wrong! Say, I'd give my heart's blood, just for one more kiss—do you think I'll hold out on this gun? Here, take it, girl, and if I ever drink a drop I want you to shoot me dead!"

He handed over the gun and she took it solemnly, but with a twinkle far back in her eyes.

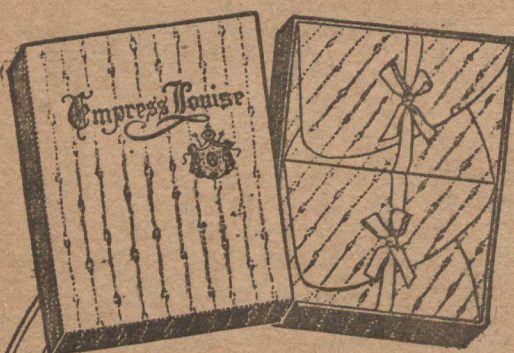
"I couldn't do that," she said, "because I love you too much, Rimrock."

"And another thing," he went on, smiling grimly as she kissed him.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Well, I'll give you 'most anything, if you'll only ask for it; but remember, I do it myself."

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