

WHAT IS HELL ANYHOW?

THE CANADIAN COURIER

Alex Fraser
67 Woodlawn Ave
Toronto
35207

VOL. XX. No. 19

October 7th, 1916

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The
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in Front



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Wildcats

By A LIEUTENANT

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CANADIAN COURIER

181 Simcoe St. - - Toronto

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Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. Subscription Price: Canada and Great Britain, \$2.00 per year; postage to United States, \$1.00 per year; other foreign postage, \$2.00 per year. **IMPORTANT:** Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. **CANCELLATIONS:** We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. Unless we are notified to cancel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service continued.

SCRIPTURE warns us against putting new wine into old bottles. But we are taking a chance. The Canadian Courier will be ten years old the first week in December, 1916. Ten years in the life of a newspaper seems a long time. Our Decennial Year finds us breaking through with

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For the sake of the greatest good to the greatest number—including ourselves—we are putting new wine into old bottles for

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THE COURIER

Vol. XX.

October 7th, 1916

No. 19

WHAT'S DOING IN THE WAR

IT was suggested last week that the Germans were relinquishing their western campaign and that the series of withdrawals witnessed during the last two or three weeks were almost in the nature of rear-guard actions. There were various reasons to support such a view, and other reasons have now become apparent. First of all there was the obvious fact of overwhelming necessity. Russia had advanced against the Austrians with dramatic success. Italy had done the same. The tide had turned at Verdun. The Allied victories in Picardy, although relatively small, were distinct and continuous. German efforts to produce a diversion in northern Russia had failed. Although at first we were inclined to believe that some great counterstroke must be in preparation somewhere, it became slowly apparent that nothing of the sort was to be expected, that the Teutonic allies were already straining every nerve, and that there were no new resources upon which they could fall back. The hostile circle around them was slowly and inexorably shrinking simply because the defensive forces were spread out so thinly everywhere as to be effective nowhere. Under such circumstances it seemed reasonable to believe that there must be a relative abandonment of one field for the sake of concentration upon another. The defensive circle must accept an inward bulge in one place in the hope of effecting a compensatory outward bulge elsewhere. But the withdrawal from the western field was to be slow and obstinately contested so as to produce the greatest possible loss to the Allies for the least possible gain. None the less the withdrawal was to be intentional and planned. For this view there seemed to be additional support in the relative weakness of the German counter attacks in Picardy as compared with the vigour of their Verdun campaign. This did not seem to be accounted for by the superiority of the British artillery. It appeared to point to a gradual withdrawal of forces

By SIDNEY CORYN

precisely calculated to the end in view.

We have now three items of news that may be interpreted as confirmatory. The first is the removal of the Teutonic headquarters to the east and Von Hindenburg's pronouncement that the war will be decided there, and not in the west. The second is the significant statement emanating from Berlin that henceforth unimportant areas will not be defended at an undue cost of life. The third is the report that German forces have been removed from the Dutch frontier and that large numbers of Belgians are now crossing unhindered into Belgium. The frontier is about five hundred miles long and it must have occupied a large number of troops that have evidently now been withdrawn for service elsewhere.

WHILE neither of these reports is in any way conclusive of an intention to retire the German lines in France, they certainly point in that direction. At least they show that the centre of gravity has once more shifted. We may even surmise that Von Falkenhayn and Von Hindenburg were in agreement as to the necessity for shortening the lines, but not as to the way in which this was to be done; that Von Falkenhayn advocated the abandonment of the Balkan campaign, while Von Hindenburg believed that the western lines should be weakened. The east is, of course, Von Hindenburg's peculiar field, where all his laurels have been won. The emperor, for reasons of statecraft, would naturally side with Von Hindenburg, since a withdrawal from the Balkans would mean the abandonment of the railroad to Asia, as well as a practical throwing of Austria to the wolves. In this connection it is interesting to note a speculation by the unusually clear-sighted military writer of the New York Evening Post. He says: "To what extent is the steady

yielding of the German lines on the Somme involuntary? How far is it a part of the plan which the advent of Von Hindenburg has

brought into the field of discussion, namely, the abandonment of the German lines in the west for a concentration against Russia or Roumania? If such a plan is in contemplation of execution it is idle to suppose that the Germans would announce it by a formal and open retirement. Rather it would be a case of feeding back to the Allies as much territory as necessary, at the heaviest price obtainable. To keep up appearances there would even be the formality of the counter attack. Such attacks have been delivered by the Germans, but with very little success. It is a different story from the vehemence with which the Germans 'came back' after successful French efforts around Verdun." The expression "feeding back" is an excellent one. It conveys precisely the idea of a rear-guard action on a vast scale.

Still another piece of confirmatory evidence comes at the moment of writing in the form of an interview given by the Crown Prince Rupprecht, of Bavaria, to Dr. Hale, of the International News Service. The interview is undated, the report having been suppressed by the British censor and subsequently transmitted by wireless. The Crown Prince refers to the Allied gains on the Somme and says satirically that they can be seen with the microscope. He then adds, "Amplly and in full count they have paid for every foot of ground sold them. They can have all they want at the same price." Allowing for the unpremeditated nature of the interview, the remark seems to point to a willingness to cede territory so long as the price exacted is sufficiently high. That the Allies "can have all they want at the same price" is certainly not an indication of an intention to stand firm at all costs. On the contrary it seems to indicate an intention, in the quoted words of the Evening Post, "of feeding back to the Allies as much territory as necessary at the heaviest price obtainable."

SIR WILFRID AT MAISONNEUVE

By TOM KING

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has something of the good fortune that attended the late Queen Victoria in always bringing good weather with him. For several weeks we have been having cold, raw and muggy days in Toronto, but on Wednesday, September 27th, Montreal fairly revelled in the brightness and warmth of a September sun. The evening air was as soft and fleecy as an afternoon in Indian summer.

Maisonneuve is now an integral part of the city of Montreal. It is, by the way, the most populous parliamentary riding in Canada, being even larger than the city of Winnipeg. A modest advertisement in the Montreal morning papers announced that Sir Wilfrid would address an open-air meeting at St. Andrew's Boulevard. It was taken for granted that he would bring the "Laurier weather" with him, and this confidence was not misplaced. True, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon the dazzling sunlight faded and dark clouds began to hover on the horizon, yet no rain fell, and when darkness came one could see here and there stars peeping through a somewhat leaden sky.

One found the place of meeting after an interminable street car ride. The car seemed to turn at every corner, but its course was steadily north and east, and, finally, after miles of riding, one could discern a square outlined by beads of electric light. The "boulevard" turned out to be a square or piazza between two streets, flanked on one side by a church. By half-past seven o'clock it was black with people waiting patiently and quietly for the meeting that was advertised to begin at half-past eight.

Just what Maisonneuve was ten years ago I am unable to say, but the thickly settled district about St. Andrew's boulevard was then moor and pasture, with here and there a little market gardening. But Maisonneuve, then, as now, was an industrial centre, and the home of French-speaking artisans. Hence it happened that in 1906 a by-election, caused by the death of the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, Alfonse Verville, a plumber, was returned to the House of

Commons as a Labour representative. Mr. Verville defeated the Liberal nominee, but at the same time he professed himself to be a follower of Sir Wilfrid.

It was Mr. Verville who called the meeting. The 15,000 people who responded were mainly French-Canadians. Many of them, no doubt, understood English, but, naturally, they preferred to hear their mother tongue. All the addresses were, therefore, in French. Sir Wilfrid speaks English with classic elegance; I think, however, he speaks with more vigour and emotion when he uses his mother tongue. Certainly, he was never in better form than at the meeting in Maisonneuve. His voice never broke nor even frayed during the hour's discourse. Several of the local orators, less trained in the art of public speaking, tried to reach the vast audience by a megaphone delivery. They soon became hoarse and tired and made frequent rushes for the water pitcher. Sir Wilfrid spoke easily without apparent effort, and with no visible strain. He perspired freely, but otherwise finished as fresh as when he commenced.

In placing the crowd at fifteen thousand I am merely making an estimate based upon the superficial area of the square and allowing about four feet of space for every person present. I know the crowd was so dense that there was no room for the Liberal clubs which marched from the city with brass bands to participate. The disappointed musicians finding themselves to be too late for any service at the meeting, moved away and entertained the home-keeping populace. Every now and then, while Sir Wilfrid was speaking, we could hear one band energetically playing "O Canada," while the rival organization, perhaps a mile distant, was rendering "The Marsailles."

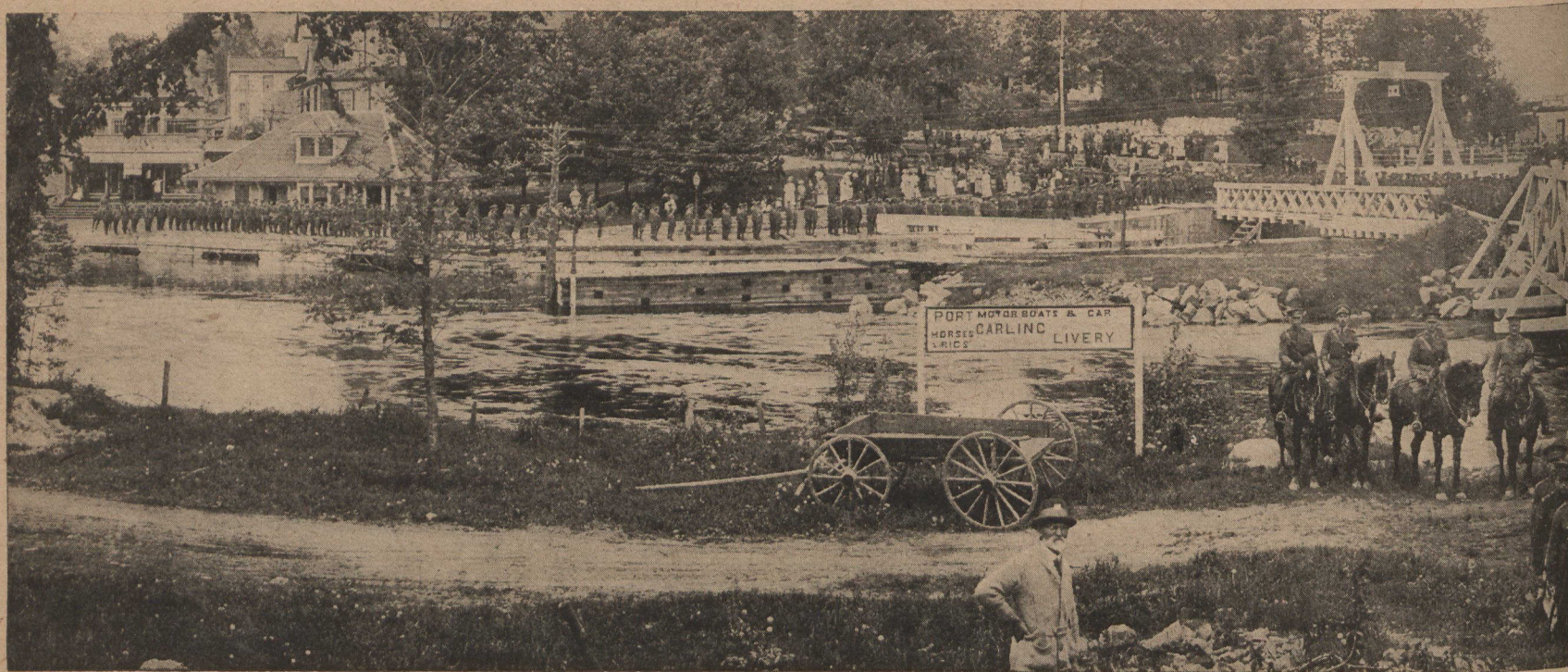
There seemed to be practically no police supervision, and little was needed. A Quebec crowd at a political meeting had much the appearance of

worshippers in a church. The orator is not encouraged as he might be in Ontario, with commendatory cries and sporadic outbursts of frantic chering. The reason, I think is, that the political meetings in Quebec are so often held after high mass on Sunday in the square before the parish church. The people seem to listen to a political speech in much the same way as they listen to a sermon. The volatile, excitable, shrilly shouting Frenchman is a myth the Anglo-Saxon will never give up, but I often wonder who on earth invented him.

Yet the audience that listened to Sir Wilfrid the other night more than once forgot itself long enough to give unmistakable evidence of appreciation. Indeed, when Sir Wilfrid is in action one finds it difficult to resist the spell that a born orator casts upon those who hear him. Even though you did not understand a word of French you found yourself thrilled and interested, as years ago thousands were thrilled with deepest emotion by Tomaso Salvini and Sara Bernhardt.

The Maisonneuve meeting, ostensibly called in the interest of the Labour party, became the inaugural meeting of the Liberal National campaign. This was done so adroitly that no one seemed to notice the transformation. Mr. Verville is a Labourite with such Liberal leanings that his constituents may be excused for getting the two parties confused or blending them together.

With the matter of the speech I do not propose to deal. It was not controversial in character. But the scene was picturesque, and, in its way, impressive. Those who heard the Liberal chieftain could not doubt his ability to run another general election. How that election may result, no one can tell. Sir Wilfrid may again be Prime Minister, or he may retire to private life. What the Maisonneuve meeting disclosed was, that Sir Wilfrid is still in command, and that age has not withered nor custom staled his infinite variety.



THE MUSKOKA WILDCATS, 122ND BATTALION, ON THEIR GREAT RECRUITING TREK THROUGH MUSKOKA. TAKEN AT PORT CARLING.

THOSE MUSKOKA WILDCATS

Short Story of a 90 per cent Canadian-born Battalion who Won the Championship of the good old Canadian Game of Lacrosse at Camp Borden

PUT it to the tune of "John Brown's Body." Picture a Battalion marching in sixes and sevens. Imagine the brass band in front playing "The British Grenadiers," and the bugle band a few yards back blowing "We're in the army now." Think of 850 lusty-lunged youths and thirty officers shouting or singing in one grand discord of joy,

"Our battalion number is a hundred and twenty-two, Our battalion number is a hundred and twenty-two, Our battalion number is a hundred and twenty-two, As we go marching along. Glory, glory, hallelujah, Glory, glory, etc., etc."

Then you might have a small idea of the triumphal procession of the 122nd Battalion, of Muskoka, through the main streets of Camp Borden one afternoon not long ago.

Why such indecorous unmilitary behaviour?

Just behind the band was the Battalion motor-truck. In the truck was the lacrosse team of the 122nd Battalion, and in the hands of the Captain of the team was a huge silver cup, donated by Sir Adam Beck, and emblematic of the lacrosse championship of Camp Borden.

Many a hard fought game the boys had played to reach the finals, and many a splendid team went down to defeat before them. On the season's play their opponents scored 7 goals. The lads from Muskoka scored 45. In their soldiers' league they had met and vanquished the pick of Canadian athletes, for any athlete worthy of the name is in khaki to-day.

The score of the final game was 5-0.

By Jove, I was almost forgetting! Gentlemen of the Officers' Mess—three cheers for the 147th, of Grey county . . . and a tiger!

Charlie Querrie and Jimmie Murphy handled the game to perfection. Feeling was tense and the field was literally thronged with the two Battalions and innumerable supporters. The "rooting" was a revelation. Querrie, writing in the Toronto News, stated that he had seen hundreds of lacrosse matches in the United States and Canada, but had never seen one fought with such spirit and a feeling of fair play at this game. It speaks volumes for military discipline that with excitement at fever heat, the six thousand soldier spectators never once encroached on the playing field, though there was not even a rope to restrain them. There's something in the army system after all. But how the six thousand yelled! Any man of the 122nd who couldn't show evidence of a sore throat after the game was looked upon as a renegade. As for the Chaplain, known officially as Captain Marshall, but affectionately designated "Charlie" after the immortal fil-

By **LIEUTENANT A. B. BAXTER**

magician—I know he won't be in shape for Divine service for at least two weeks. Too bad Sir Sam wasn't there to see his old game and what a really magnificent camp is Camp Borden.

I saw our smallest drummer solemnly collect two dollars from their smallest bugler, immediately after the game. I noted Trollope, of the Signallers, who is about as communicative as a clam with an impediment in its speech, solemnly pocket \$10 presented to him by a lugubrious Machine Gunner of the 147th. Captain MacDonald, our M. O., stood eight of us treat at the canteen on his winnings, and—but I daren't go any higher. I rather imagine, though, that the Chaplain was the only man in the 122nd who hadn't backed the team to win, and somehow I don't feel too sure of "Charlie."

AFTER all, a game is only a game, but after the criticism levelled against the Canadian-born generally, it is refreshing to think that the grand old Canadian game of lacrosse still thrives, and that the Camp Borden championship was won by a battalion where over ninety per cent. are men who were born in Canada.

The 122nd is the most Canadian battalion of them all—lumber-jacks, bushwhackers, soldiers of fortune, sons of farmers, bank clerks, and no less than four preachers in the ranks. No officer could ask for better men behind him "when the guns begin to play."

Muskoka is popularly supposed to be a watery district, where the tired businessman spends his weekends and where the feminine portion of his family display elegant bathing costumes and carry on violent flirtations. Muskoka is also regarded in Pennsylvania as a Pittsburgh watering resort. In fact, around Beaumaris one hears American spoken much oftener than English.

Muskoka in the winter? No one gave it a thought. They put it away with moth balls in the closets of their memories. Yet Muskoka has sent over a hundred men into the trenches and eight hundred more are waiting at Camp Borden for the order to move overseas.

Lt.-Col. Donald M. Grant, a soldier-barrister of Huntsville, is Muskoka's miracle man. Last December he was in command of a Simcoe battalion, with headquarters at Barrie. He had raised six hundred men and had perfected his organization for procuring the remainder. He received an order to go to Muskoka and raise a battalion there. Almost any other man would have thrown up the sponge. Col. Grant threw a few belongings together and journeyed

to Huntsville. An orderly room was established. Captain Hampton Jory followed him from Barrie and took over the Quartermaster's Department with a genial thoroughness born of long military experience. Everybody helped Colonel Grant—they wanted to make his failure in Muskoka as easy on him as possible.

Company headquarters were established in Bracebridge and Gravenhurst, as well as Huntsville. Platoon headquarters were arranged in Port Carling and Utterson. Equipment began to pour in rapidly—recruits came in—not so rapidly. It was a hard, thankless task. No one but a Scotchman with a will like Gibraltar would have stuck it out. Incidentally there was Mrs. Grant, who is a soldier's wife in every sense of the word.

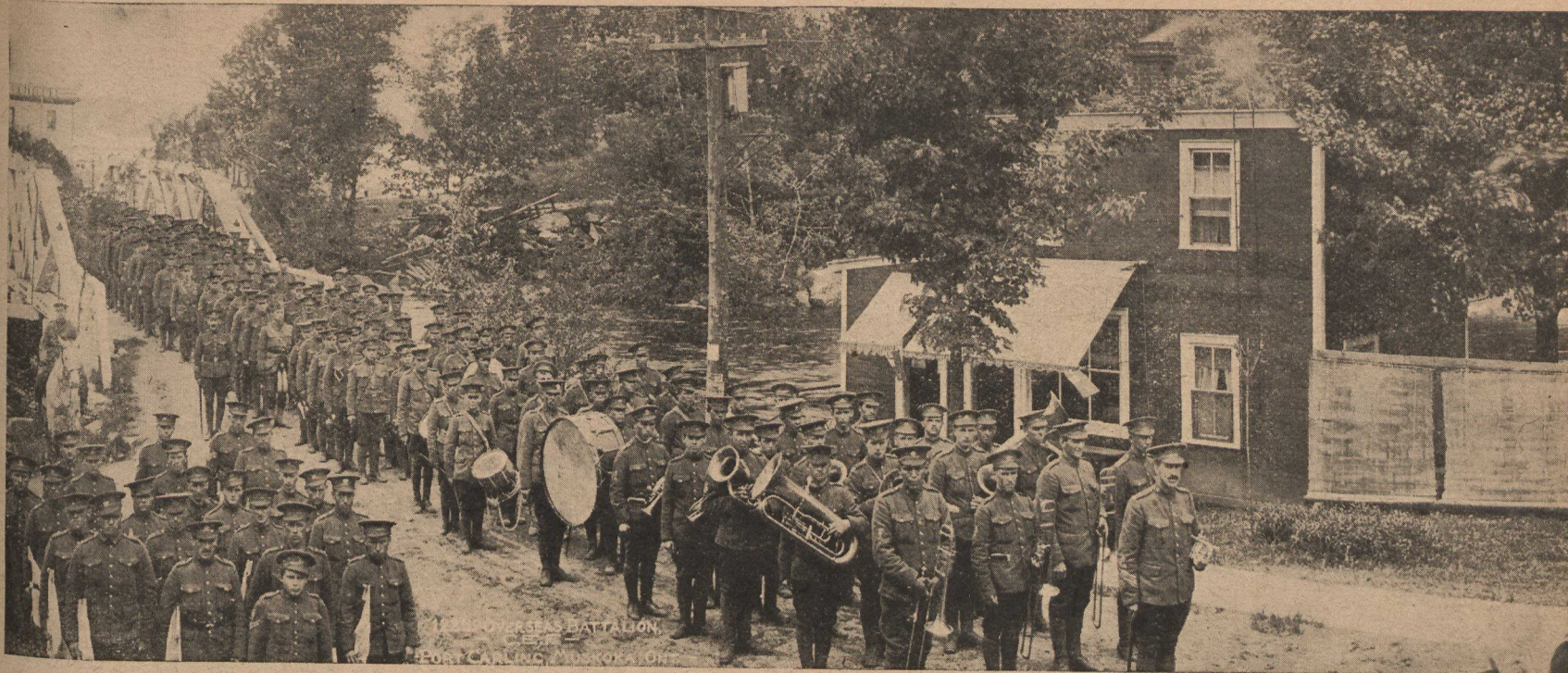
Recruiting (that strange Anglo-Saxon fetish of asking a man to do what he should be ordered to do) occupied practically all the time.

Parties went far into the woods and told the lumber men how things stood with the British Empire. Some of them did not know that England was at war, and that Canada was therefore at war also. Indians, half-breeds, pure descendants from the mighty Ojibways, young Canucks from the farms—they drifted in by twos and threes. Few of them had ever seen a soldier before, some of them could neither read nor write; but almost any man-jack of them could pop over a deer at long range. Captain Rixon, of A Company, known to us "subs" as "The Old Dog," began to teach the strangely assorted crew the mysteries of forming fours. Lieutenant Bobby Milton arrived from Porcupine to help him. The only reason I can give for the nom de militaire "Bobby" is that Milton's real name is Charles H.

The blustery winter winds swept over the rocky hills and besieged Huntsville with overwhelming forces of deep white snow, until the whole district became ice-bound. Still the 122nd went on, for the King had called for men.

THE question of officers became of vital importance. Scott Waldie, of Toronto, widely known for his warm personality and as the son-in-law of the Hon. A. E. Kemp, took charge of B Company at Bracebridge. Captain Waldie was a lumber magnate and he knew his men. He could have had a high rank in almost any Toronto battalion, but he threw in his lot where he thought he could do his bit to best advantage. He is in the army for what he can give—not what he can get. He has a brother buried in France.

Captain Ramsden journeyed from Midland to take command of C Company, at Gravenhurst, where he showed good judgment by enlisting all the lacrosse players in the town. Lt. Harry Reed, of the 48th



WHEN BUSHWHACKING LUNGS BLEW A TRAIL OF MUSIC THROUGH PORT CARLING, SUMMER TOURISTS THEMSELVES FELT LIKE FALLING IN.

Highlanders, and the writer of this article, were signed on as Machine Gun and Signalling Officers respectively.

From East and West, and in Muskoka itself, the officers were gathered and then, to give us the experience that we needed.

Major Wilson, twice on the Bisley team and twice wounded in the trenches, arrived to take command of D. Company.

Lt. F. G. Day, of the "Pats," was summoned from France to be the Adjutant.

Sergeant Norman Hooley, of Huntsville, who went as number one sergeant in number one Platoon of number one Battalion C. E. F. came back after sixteen months in the firing line, to take a well-earned commission.

Lt. Ditchburn, of Gravenhurst, brought back a bullet hole in his leg and was posted to C Company.

Gradually the winter began to relax its grip and the 122nd blossomed out like a real battalion. But what a price Muskoka paid. The regiment had gone over it with a fine-tooth comb. No wonder the illustrated papers published pictures of "manless Muskoka." Her own men had gone to Camp Borden and "the white-flannelled fools at the paddle" stayed away from a district where women are working farms and where father and sons had donned khaki together.

There's a sign on it, CLOSED, OWNER GONE TO THE WAR.

Through the whole thing, one figure stands out as second only to Lt.-Col. Grant. I refer to former Major Charles R. McCullough, R.O., of the 91st Hamilton Highlanders, now Lieut.-Col. McCullough, Honorary Colonel of the 122nd. It is only natural that the founder of the Canadian Club movement

and the honorary secretary of the Canadian Clubs as a unit, should bend his energies towards raising the most thoroughly Canadian battalion of them all. His patience in recruiting men was inexhaustible, his tact in organizing committees, which he accomplished in conjunction with Lt.-Col. Grant, resulted in \$12,000 being raised in a district where there is no county organization and where one community is financially oblivious to the existence of its neighbour.

If the history of the 122nd is ever compiled, its existence on this side of the Atlantic will have to be classified under three headings:

- The formation,
- The Trek,
- Camp Borden.

and by far the best of them all was the great Trek. (Concluded on page 12.)

WHAT ARE THOSE TANKS ?

SPECULATION is pretty lively just now as to the real character of the so-called "tanks" used by the British against the Germans. A Canadian lawyer who saw one of these monsters tested in an English forest some weeks ago testifies that each "tank" weighs 470 tons, and to his personal knowledge smashed down trees with infinite ease.

A writer in the Sunday New York Times, Sept. 24, recites some conjectures as to what these monsters are. A few days ago, he says, a Times man in the course of conversation with several officers of the American Army changed the topic from preparedness in America to the "Willies" in France. Immediately the "Willie" became the subject of animated speculation. One officer suggested that the monstrosity was simply a huge caterpillar tractor with long extensions, fore and aft, each with wheels at the end, which made it possible for the machine to "crawl over trenches, but when somebody mentioned bowling down trees and crashing through stone and brick walls of houses" this officer admitted he was wrong. The next man then stated that from what he had read he was convinced that the "Willie" was exactly what a cable dispatch to The Times last Monday hinted "it might be"—a travelling fortress.

"I have an idea," he said, "that the 'Willie' is old Castle Williams on caterpillars. I do not have in mind a circular fort like the Castle, but a structure with the general dimensions of that ancient structure, a thing shaped like a box, between 200 and 250 feet in length, and from 25 to 40 feet wide. It is made of armour-plate steel, is about 20, maybe 25 or 30 feet high, and it travels on giant caterpillars, larger than any ever used before. The motive power is probably a new type of gasoline engine of about 500 horse power, and there are two engines in each machine. The caterpillar apparatus operates on cylinders, of which there may be any number, and once those cylinders begin to revolve nothing short of a mountain can stop it, and even the mountain

would probably fall down on the job, for, like a snail, the thing would probably crawl right up its side and continue on its way as long as the engines worked, the caterpillars revolved, and the gasoline lasted."

This officer drew a rough picture of the machine he had in mind. It showed an engine of war such as Jules Verge might have imagined, half ship and half fort, a thing that would reach from one side of Fifth Avenue to the other, with a length of about one city block. Instead of windows, the officer's sketch showed portholes here and there, while the roof was

a steel canopy. Between this and the top of the armoured walls was a narrow slit, or opening, extending around the machine. Through the portholes and the opening beneath the canopy appeared the barrels of machine guns and rifles. Amidships, on both sides, and at the forward end the officer said it was feasible to mount three-inch, or seven four-inch, field pieces, although, he added, he doubted very much whether the "Willies" carried guns of those calibres.

"I believe," he said, "that the machine gun is the only weapon carried, in addition to the rifles and other small arms of the officers and men who make up the crew."



The New York Herald artist's idea of what a "tank" looks like in action.

THE STOLEN CODE

It was long after midnight. That much I knew. For it must have been an hour and more since I had watched the twelve ruby flashes from the topmost peak of the Metropolitan Tower signal an unheeding world that another of its days had gone.

I had watched those twelve gargantuan winks with utter listlessness, with that telltale neurasthenic twitching of the right eyelid which reminded me that some angling imp of Insomnia was tugging and jerking at my soul very much as a fly hook tugs and jerks in a trout's mouth.

I knew, even as I wandered drearily out of my Gramercy Square house door and paced as drearily round and round the iron-fenced park inclosure, that I was about to face another sleepless night. So I wandered restlessly on through the deserted streets, with no active thought of destination and no immediate sense of direction. All I knew was that the city lay about me, in the close September night, as dead and flat and stale as a tumbler of tepid wine.

I flung myself wearily down on a bench in Madison Square, facing the slowly spurting fountain that had so often seemed to me a sort of visible pulse of the sleeping city. I sat peering idly up at the Flatiron, where like an eternal plowshare it threw its eternal cross furrows of Fifth Avenue and Broadway along the city's tangled stubble of steel and stone. Then I peered at the sleepers all about me, the happy sleepers huddled and sprawled along the park benches. I envied them, every mortal of that ragged and homeless army! I almost hated them. For they were drinking deep of the one thing I had been denied.

As I lounged there with my hat pulled down over my eyes, I listened to the soothing purr and splash of the ever-pulsing fountain. Then I let my gaze wander disconsolately southward, out past the bronze statue of Seward. I watched the driver of a Twenty-third Street "night-hawk" asleep on his seat. He sat there in his faded green hat and coat, as motionless as metal, as though he had loomed there through all the ages like a brazen statue of Slumber touched with some mellowing patina of time.

Then, as I gazed idly northward, I suddenly forgot the fountain and the night hawk and the sleepers. For out of Fifth Avenue, past where the facade of Martin's still flared with its Cyprian lights, and where between the double row of electric globes that swung down the gentle slope of Murray's Hill like a double pearl strand down a woman's breast, I caught sight of a figure turning quietly into the quietness of the Square. It attracted and held my eye because it seemed the only movement in that place of utter stillness, where even the verdigris-tinted tree leaves hung as motionless as though they had been cut from rusty plates of copper.

I watched the figure as it drew nearer and nearer. The lonely midnight seemed to convert the casual stroller into an emissary of mystery, into something compelling and momentous. I sat indolently back on my park bench, peering at him as he drifted in under the milk-white arc lamps whose scattered globes were so like a scurry of bubbles caught in the tree branches.

I watched the stranger as closely as a traveler in mid-ocean watches the approach of a lonely steamer. I did not move as he stood for a moment beside the fountain. I gave no sign of life as he looked slowly about, hesitated, and then crossed over to the end of the very bench on which I sat. There was something military-like about the slim young figure in its untimely and incongruous cape overcoat. There was also something alert and guardedly observant in the man's movements as he settled himself back in the bench. He sat there listening to the purr and splash of the water. Then in an incredibly short space of time, he was fast asleep.

I still sat beside him. I was still idly pondering who and what the newcomer could be, when another movement attracted my attention. It was the almost silent approach of a second and larger figure, the figure of a wide-shouldered man in navy-blue serge, passing quietly in between the double line of bench sleepers. He circled once about the granite-bowled ring of the fountain aimlessly. Then he dropped diffidently into the seat next to the man in the cape overcoat, not five feet from where I sat.

Something about him, from the moment he took up that position, challenged my attention. I watched him from under my hat-brim as he looked guardedly about.

Then I saw a hand creep from his side. There

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Illustrations by C. D. Williams

was something quick and reptilious in its movements. I saw it feel and pad about the sleeping man's breast. Then I saw it slip, snakelike, in under the cloth of the coat.

It moved about there, for a second or two, as though busily exploring the recess of every possible pocket.

Then I saw the stealthy hand quietly but quickly withdraw. As it came away it brought with it a packet that flashed white in the lamplight, plainly a packet of papers. This was thrust hurriedly down into the coat pocket of the newcomer next to me. There was not a sound. There was no more movement.

The wide-shouldered man sat there for what must have been a full minute of time. Then he rose quietly to his feet and started as quietly away.

It wasn't until then that the full reality of what he had done came home to me. He had deliberately robbed a sleeping and unprotected man. He was at that moment actually carrying away the spoils of some predetermined and audacious theft. And I had sat calmly and unprotestingly by and watched a thief, a professional "dip," enact a crime under my very eyes, within five feet of where I sat!

In three quick steps I had crossed to the sleeping man's side and was shaking him. I still kept my eyes on the slowly retreating figure of the thief as he made his slow and apparently diffident way up through the square. I had often heard of those street harpies known as "lush-dips," those professional pick-pockets who prey on the wayside inebriate. But never before had I seen one at work.

"Quick! Wake up!" I cried, with a desperate shake at the sleeper's shoulder. "You've been robbed!"

The next move of that little midnight drama was an unexpected and startling one. Instead of being confronted by the disputatious maunderings of a half-wakened sleeper, I was suddenly and firmly caught by the arm and jerked bodily into the seat beside him.

"You've been robbed!" I repeated, as I felt that firm grip haul me seatward.

"Shut up!" said a calm and very wide-awake voice, quite close to my ear. I struggled to tear my arm away from the hand that still clung to it.

"But you've been robbed!" I expostulated. I noticed that his own gaze was already directed northward, toward where the blue-clad figure still moved aimlessly on under the arc lamps.

"How do you know that?" he demanded. I was struck by his resolute and rather authoritative voice.

"Why, I saw it with my own eyes! And there goes the man who did it!" I told him, pointing northward.

He jerked down my hand and swung around on me. "Watch that man!" he said, almost fiercely. "But for Heaven's sake keep still!"

"What does this mean?" I naturally demanded.

He swept me with one quick glance. Yet he looked more at my clothes, I fancy, than at my face. My tailor seemed to be quite satisfactory to him.

"Who are you?" he asked. I took my time in answering, for I was beginning to resent his repeated note of superiority.

"My name, if that's what you mean, happens to be the unephonious but highly respectable one of Kerfoot—Witter Kerfoot."

"No, no," he said, with quick impatience. "What are you?"

"I'm nothing much, except a member of eight or nine clubs, and a man who doesn't sleep overly well."

His eyes were still keenly watching the slowly departing figure. My flippancy seemed to have been lost on him. His muscular young hand suddenly tightened on my sleeve.

"By Gad, sir, you can help me!" he cried, under his breath. "You must! I've a right to call on you, as a decent citizen, as—"

"Who are you?" I interrupted, quite myself by this time.

"I'm Lieutenant Palmer," he absently admitted, all the while eyeing the moving figure.

"And—" I prompted, as I watched his gaze follow that figure.

"And I've got to get that man, or it'll cost me a court-martial. I've got to get him. Wait! Sit back here without moving. Now watch what he does!"

I saw the thief drop into an empty bench, glance down at his timepiece, look carelessly about, and then lean back with his legs crossed. Nothing more happened.

"Well," I inquired, "what's the game?"

"It's no game," he retorted, in his quick and decisive tones. "It's damn near a tragedy. But now I've found him! I've placed him! And that's the man I'm after!"

"I don't doubt it," I languidly admitted. "But am I to assume that this little bench scene was a sort of, well, a sort of carefully studied out trap?"

"It was the only way I could clinch the thing," he admitted.

"Clinch what?" I asked, conscious of his hesitation.

"Oh, you've got to know," he finally conceded, "now you've seen this much! And I know you're—you're the right sort. I can't tell you everything. But I'm off the Connecticut. She's the flagship of our Atlantic fleet's first division, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Shrodder. I was sent to confer with Admiral Maddox, the commandant of the Navy Yard. Then I was to communicate with Rear-Admiral Kellner, the supervisor of Naval Auxiliaries. It was in connection with the navy's new Emergency Wheel Code. I can't explain it to you; there's a lot of navy-department data I can't go into. But I was ashore here in New York with a list of the new wireless code signals."

"And you let them get away?"

"There was no letting about it. They were stolen from me, stolen in some mysterious way I can't understand. I've only one clew. I'd dined at the Plaza. Then I'd gone up to the ballroom and sat through the amateur theatricals for the French Hospital. I'd been carrying the code forms, and they'd been worrying me. So I 'split the wheel,' as we say in the service. I mean I'd divided 'em and left one half locked up at my hotel while I still carried the other half. Each part, I knew, would be useless without the other. How or when they got the half I was carrying I can't tell, for the life of me. I remember dancing two or three times in the ballroom after the theatricals. But it couldn't have been any of those women. They weren't that sort."

"Then who was it?" For the first time a sense of his boyishness had crept over me.

"That's just it; I don't know. But I kept feeling that I was being shadowed. I was almost positive I was being trailed. They would be after the second half, I felt. So I made a dummy, and loafed about all day waiting for a sign. I kept it up until to-night. Then, when I actually found I was being followed, every move I made, I—"

His voice trailed off and he caught at my arm again.

"See, he's on the move again! He's going, this time. And that's the man! I want you to help me watch him, watch every step and trick. And if there's a second man, I'm going to get you to follow him, while I stick to this one. It's not altogether for myself, remember; it's for the service!"

We were on our feet by this time, passing northward along the asphalted walks that wound in and out between the trees.

"You mean this man's a sort of agent, a foreign spy, after your naval secrets?" I asked, as we watched the figure in blue circle casually out toward Fifth Avenue.

"That's what I've got to find out. And I'm going to do it, if I have to follow him to hell and back!" was the young officer's answer. Then he suddenly drew up, with a whispered warning.

"You'd better go west, toward Broadway. Then walk north into Fifth Avenue again, toward Brentano's corner. I'll swing up Madison Avenue on the opposite side of him, and walk west on Twenty-sixth Street. Don't speak to me as we pass. But watch him, every moment. And if there's a second man, follow him!"

A moment later I was sauntering westward toward the Hoffman House corner. As I approached the avenue curb I saw the unperturbed figure in blue stop beside the Farragut monument on the north-west fringe of Madison Square. I saw him take out a cigar, slowly and deliberately strike a match on the stonework of the exedra, and then as slowly and deliberately light his cigar.

I felt, as I saw it, that it was some sort of signal. This suspicion grew stronger when, a moment later, I saw a woman step out of the avenue doorway of Martin's. She wore a plumed Gainsborough hat and

a cream-coloured gown. Over her slender young shoulders, I further made out, hung an opera cloak of delicate lacework.

She stood for a moment at the carriage step, as though awaiting a cab or taxi. Then she quickly crossed the avenue and, turning north, passed the waiting man in blue. She passed him without a spoken word.

But as the cream-coloured figure drifted nonchalantly by the broad-shouldered man I caught a fleeting glimpse of something passing between them, a hint of one hand catching a white packet from another. It was a hint, and nothing more. But it was enough.

MY first impulse, as I saw that movement, was to circle quickly about and warn Palmer of what had taken place. A moment's thought, however, showed me the danger of this. And the young lieutenant, I could see, had already changed his course, so that his path southward through the centre of the square paralleled that of the other man now walking more briskly along the avenue curb.

He had clearly stated that I was to watch any confederate. I had no intention to quibble over side issues. As I started northward, indeed, after that mysterious figure in the Gainsborough hat and the cream-coloured gown, a most pleasurable and purposeful tingle of excitement thrilled up and down my backbone.

I shadowed her as guardedly as I was able, following her block by block, as she hurried up the empty thoroughfare that was now as quiet and lonely as a glacial moraine. My one fear was that she would reach the Waldorf, or some equally complex beehive of human life, before I could overtake her. Once there, I knew, she would be as nicely lost as a needle in a haystack. She may have suspected me by this time, I felt, for twice I saw her look back over her shoulder.

Then I suddenly stopped and ducked into a doorway. For a moment after I saw a wandering hansom come clattering into the avenue out of Thirty-third Street I discovered that, at her repeated gesture, it was pulling up beside the curb.

I stood well back in the shadow until she had climbed into the seat, the apron had slammed shut, and the driver had wheeled his vehicle about and started northward again. Then I skirted along the shop fronts, darted across the street, and made straight for the hotel cabstand and a taxi driver drowsily exhaling cigarette smoke up toward the tepid midnight skies. The bill I thrust into his hand took all the sleep out of his body and ended the incense to the morning stars.

"Up the avenue," I said, as I clambered in. "And follow that hansom two blocks behind until it turns, and then run up on it and wait."

IT turned at Forty-second Street and went eastward to Lexington Avenue. Then, doubling on its tracks, it swung southward again. We let it clatter on well ahead of us. But as it turned suddenly westward, at the corner of Twenty-third Street, we broke the speed laws to draw once more up on it. Then, as we crossed Twenty-third Street, I told the driver to keep on southward toward Gramercy Square. For I had caught sight of the hansom already drawn up at the curve half way between Lexington and

Fourth Avenues, on the east side.

A moment after we jolted across the car tracks I slipped away from the taxi and ran back to the cross street on foot. As I reached the corner I caught sight of a figure in a cream-coloured gown cross the side-walk and step quickly into the doorway of a shabby four-storied building.

I had no time to study this building. It might have been an antiquated residence turned into a cluster of artists' studios, or a third-rate domicile of third-rate business firms. My one important discovery was that the door opened as I turned the knob and that I was able quickly and quietly to step into the dark hallway.

I stood there in the gloom, listening intently. I could hear the light and hurried click of shoe-heels on the bare tread-boards of the stairs. I waited and listened and carefully counted these clicks. I knew, as I did so, that the woman had climbed to the top floor.

Then I heard the click of metal, the sound of a key thrust into a lock, and then the cautious closing of a door. Then I found myself surrounded by nothing but darkness and silence again.

I stood there in deep thought and silence for a minute or two. Then I groped my way cautiously to the foot of the stairs, found the heavy, old-fashioned balustrade, and slowly and silently climbed the stairway.

I did not stop until I found myself on the top floor of that quiet and many-odoured building. I stood there, at a standstill, peering through the darkness that surrounded me.

My search was rewarded by the discovery of one thin streak of yellow light along what must have been the bottom of a closed door. Just beyond that door, I felt, my pursuit was to come to an end.

I groped my way to the wall and tiptoed quietly forward. When I came to the door I let my hand close noiselessly about the knob. Then, cushioning it with a firm grasp, I turned it slowly, inch by inch.

The door, I found, was locked. But inside the room I could still hear the occasional click of shoe heels and the indeterminate noises of an occupant moving quietly yet hurriedly about.

I stood there, puzzled, depressed by my first feeling of frustration. Then I made out the vague oblong of what must have been a window in the rear of the narrow hall. I tiptoed back to this window, in the hope that it might lead to something. I found, to my disappointment, that it was barred with half-inch iron rods. And this meant a second defeat.

As I tested these rods I came on one that was not so secure as the others. One quiet and steady wrench brought an end screw bodily out of the half-rotted wood. Another patient twist or two entirely freed the other end.

I found myself armed with a four-foot bar, sharpened wedge-like at each end for its screw head. So I made my way silently back to the pencil of yellow light and the locked door above it. I stood there listening for a minute or two. All I could hear was the run-

ning of tap water and the occasional rustling of a paper. So I quietly forced the end of my rod in between the door and its jamb, and as quietly levered the end outward.

Something had to give under that strain. I was woefully afraid it would be the lock bar itself. This I knew would go with a snap, and promptly betray my movement. But as I increased the pressure I could see that it was the socket screws that were



"'Sit down!' I commanded, as authoritatively as I could."

slowly yielding in the pinewood jamb.

I stopped and waited for some obliterating noise before venturing the last thrust that would send the bolt free of the loosening socket. It came with the sudden sound of steps and the turning off of the running tap. The door had been forced open and stood an inch or two from the jamb before the steps sounded again.

I waited, with my heart in my mouth, wondering if anything had been overheard, if anything had been discovered. It was only then, too, that the enormity of my offence came home to me. I was a house-breaker. I was playing the part of a midnight burglar. I was facing a situation in which I had no immediate interest. I was being confronted by perils I had no means of comprehending. But I intended to get inside that room no matter what it cost.

I heard, as I stood there, the sound of a drawer being opened and closed. Then came a heel click or two on the wooden floor, and then an impatient and quite audible sigh. There was no mistaking that sigh. It was as freighted with femininity as though I had heard a woman's voice. And nothing was to be gained by waiting. So I first leaned my iron rod silently against the door corner. Then, taking a deep breath, I stepped quickly and noiselessly into the lighted room.

I STOOD there, close beside the partly opened door, blinking a little at the sudden glare of light. There was an appreciable interval before the details of the scene could register themselves on my mind.

What I saw was a large and plainly furnished room. Across one corner stood a rolltop desk, and from the top of this I caught the glimmer of a telephone transmitter. In the rear wall stood two old-fashioned, low-silled windows. Against this wall, and between these two windows, stood a black iron safe.

Before the open door of this safe, with her back turned to me, was the woman in the cream-coloured gown. It was quite plain that she was not yet aware of my presence.

She had thrown her hat and cape aside, and was at the moment bending low over the dark maw of the opened safe, reaching into its recesses with one white and rounded arm. I stood there watching her,



"He had deliberately robbed a sleeping man!"

wondering what move would be most effective. I made no sound; of that I was certain. Yet some sixth sense must have warned her of my presence. For without rhyme or reason she suddenly stood erect, and swinging about in her tracks, confronted me.

Her face, which had been a little flushed from stooping, went white. She stared at me without speaking, her eyes wide with terrified wonder. I could see her lips slowly part, as the shock of what she beheld began to relax the jaw muscles along the olive-white cheek.

I stared back at her with a singularly disengaged mind. I felt, in fact, very much at my ease, very much the master of the situation. As an opponent, I could see, she would be more than mysterious. She would, in fact, be extremely interesting.

HER next move, however, threw a new complexion on the situation. For she unexpectedly let her hand dart out to the wall beside her, just behind the safe top. As she did so, I could hear the snap of a switch button; the next moment the lights went out. It left the room in impenetrable darkness.

I stood there, unprepared for any offensive or defensive movement. Yet my enemy, I knew, was not idle. As I stood peering unavailingly through the gloom I could hear the quick thud of the safe door being shut. Then came the distinct sound of a heavy key being thrust and turned in a metal lock—the safe, obviously, was of the old-fashioned key-tumbler make—and then the noise of this key being withdrawn. Then came a click or two of shoe heels, a rustle of clothing, and a moment later the startlingly sharp shattering of a window pane.

The woman had deliberately locked the safe and flung the key through the window! She had stolen a march on me. She had defeated me in the first movement of our encounter. My hesitation had been a mistake, a costly mistake.

"Be so good as to turn on that light!" I commanded.

Not a sound came from the darkness.

"Turn up that light," I cried, "or I'll fire! I'll rake every foot of this room!" And with that I gave a very significant double click to my cigarette-case spring.

The light came on again, as suddenly as it went out. I discreetly pocketed my cigarette case.

The woman was standing beside the safe, as before, studying me with her wide and challenging eyes. But all this time not a word had come from her lips.

"Sit down!" I commanded, as authoritatively and yet as offhandedly as I could. It was then that she spoke for the first time.

"Thank you, I prefer to stand!" was her answer. She spoke calmly and distinctly and almost without accent. Yet I felt the voice was, in some way, a foreign one. Some vague substratum of the exotic in the carefully enunciated tones made me surmise that she was either an Austrian or a Gallicized Hungarian, or if not that, possibly a Polish woman.

"You will be here for some time," I hinted.

"And you?" she asked. I noticed an almost imperceptible shrug of her softly rounded shoulder. Rice powder, I imagined, somewhat increased its general effect of dead-whiteness.

"I'll be here until that safe is opened," was my retort.

"That long?" she mocked.

"That long!" I repeated, exasperated at her slow smile.

"Ah, then I shall sit down," she murmured as she caught up the lace cape and adjusted it about her shoulders. "For, believe me, that will be a very, very long time, monsieur!"

I watched her carefully as she crossed the room and sank into a chair. She drew her cream-coloured train across her knees with frugal and studious deliberateness.

IT suddenly flashed over me, as I watched her, that her ruse might have been a double-barreled one. Oblivious such as hers would have unseemly convolutions. It was not the key to the safe she had flung through the window! She would never have been so foolish. It was a trick, a subterfuge. She still had that key somewhere about her.

"And now what must I do?" she asked, as she drew the cloak closer about her shoulders.

"You can hand me over the key to that safe," was my answer.

She could actually afford to laugh a little.

"That is quite impossible!"

"I want that key!" I insisted.

"Pardon, but is this not—dangerous?" she mildly inquired. "Is it not so, to break into houses at midnight, and rob women?"

It was my turn to laugh.

"Not a bit of it," I calmly assured her. "And you can judge if I'm frightened or not. There's something much more dangerous than that!"

She was again studying me with her puzzled and ever-narrowing eyes.

"Which means?" she prompted.

"Well, for example, the theft of governmental naval codes, among other things."

"You are very, very drunk," she retorted, with her quietly scoffing smile. "Or you are insane, quite insane. May I not lock my jewels in my own safe? Ah, I begin to see—this is a trick, that you may steal from me!"

"Then why not send for the police?" I challenged, pointing toward her telephone.

A look of guile crept into her studious eyes.

"You will permit that?" she asked.

"I invite it," was my answer.

"Then I shall call for help."

"Only from the police."

"Yes; I shall call for help," she repeated, crossing to the telephone.

I leaned forward as she stood in front of it. I caught her bare arm in my left hand, just below the elbow. As I drew it backward it brought her body against mine, pinning her other arm down close against my side.

The thing was repugnant to me, but it was necessary. As I pinioned her there, writhing and panting, I deliberately thrust my right hand into the open bosom of her gown. I was dimly conscious of a faint aura of perfume, of a sense of warmth behind the soft and lace-fringed corsage. But it was the key itself that redeemed the assault and brought a gasp of relief to my lips, the huge brass key, as big as an egg beater.

"Lache!" I heard gasped into my ear.

The woman staggered to a chair, white to the lips; and for a moment or two I thought she was going to faint.

"Oh, you dog!" she gasped, as she sat there panting and staring at me with her blazing eyes. "Cochon! Cur!"

But I paid little heed to her, for the wine of victory was already coursing and tingling through all my veins.

"You know you can still call the police," I told her, as I faced the heavy black door of the safe. One turn of the wrist, I knew, would bring me face to face with my prize.

A SUDDEN movement from the woman, as I stooped over the safe door, brought me round in a flash. She was on her feet and halfway across the room before I could intercept her. And I was not any too gentle, I'm afraid, for the excitement of the thing had gone to my head.

That earlier assault at my hands seemed to have intimidated her. I could see actual terror in her eyes as I forced her back against the wall. She must have realized her helplessness. She stared up into my face, bewildered, desperate. There was something supple and pantherlike about her, something alluring and yet disturbing. I could see what an effective weapon that sheer physical beauty of hers might be, once its tigerish menace had been fully sheathed.

"Wait!" she cried, catching at my arm. "If there is anything you want I will give it to you."

"There are several things I want," was my uncompromising answer.

"But why should you want them?" she asked, still clinging to my arm.

"It's my duty to take them," I replied, unconscious of any mendacity. "That's what I'm sent here for! That's why I've watched the man who gave you the packet!"

"What packet?"

"The packet you took in Madison Square an hour ago; the packet you locked in this safe! And if you like I'll tell you just what that packet is!"

"This is some mistake, some very sad mistake," she had the effrontery to declare. Her arm still clung to me. Her face was very close to mine as she went on. "I can explain everything, if you will only give me the time—everything! I can show you where you are wrong, and how you may suffer through a mistake like this!"

"We can talk all that over later," I promptly told her, for I was beginning to suspect that her object now was merely to kill time, to keep me there, in the hope of some chance discovery. I peered about the room, wondering what would be the quickest way out of my dilemma.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, as she watched me shove a chair over against the wall, directly beside the safe.

"I'm going to seat you very comfortably in this very comfortable chair," I informed her, "and in this

equally comfortable corner directly behind the safe door. And at the first trick or sign of trouble, I'm afraid I'm going to make a hole right through one of those nice white shoulders of yours!"

She sat down without being forced into the chair. Her alert and ever-moving eyes blazed luminous from her dead-white face. I knew, as I thrust the huge key in the safe lock and turned it back, that she would have to be watched, and watched every moment of the time.

I had already counted on the safe door, as it swung back, making a barrier across the corner in which she sat. This I found to be the case. I took a second precaution, however, by shoving a tilted chair back firmly in under the edge of the safe lock.

I knew, as I stooped before the open strong box, that she could make no sudden move without my being conscious of it. I also knew that time was precious. So I reached into the depths of the almost empty safe and lifted out a number of papers neatly held together by a rubber band.

These I placed on the safe top. Then I snapped off the band and examined the first document. On the back of it, neatly inscribed in French, was the eminently satisfactory legend: "Plans and Specifications; Four Submarines; Bs. Lake Torpedo Company, Bridgeport." The next packet was a blueprint of war projectiles, and on the back of it was written: "Model Tracings, through Jenner, from the Bliss & Company Works—18—Self-Projectors."

THE third packet carried no inscription. But as I opened it I saw at a glance what it was. I knew in a moment that I held before me the governmental wheel code of wireless signals in active service. It was the code that had been stolen from Lieutenant Palmer. The fourth and last paper, I found, was plainly the dummy which had been taken from the same officer that night in Madison Square. The case was complete. The chase was over and done.

"In the cash drawer, on the right, you will find more," quietly remarked the young woman, watching me from the side of the safe.

"It's locked," I said, as I tugged at the drawer knob. I stood erect at her sudden laugh.

"Why not take everything?" she asked, with her scoffing smile.

And I saw no reason why I shouldn't; though a suspicion crossed my mind that this might be still another ruse to kill time. If such it was, I faced it at once, for I sent my boot heel promptly in against the wooden cash drawer, smashing it at one blow.

She had been mistaken, or had deliberately lied, for the drawer was empty. And I told her so, with considerable heat.

"Ah, we all make mistakes, I think," she murmured, with her enigmatic shrug.

"What I want to know," I said, as I banded the four papers together and thrust them down in my pocket, "is just how you got that first code from my young friend the lieutenant?"

She smiled again, a little wearily, as I swung the safe door shut and locked it. She did not rise from the chair. But as I stood confronting her, something in my attitude, apparently, struck her as distinctly humorous. For she broke into a sudden and deeper ripple of laughter. There was, however, something icy and chilling in it. Her eyes now seemed more veiled. They had lost their earlier look of terror. Her face seemed to have relaxed into softer contours.

"Would you like to know?" she said, lifting her face and looking with that older, half-mocking glance into my own. She was speaking slowly and deliberately, and I could see the slight shrug she gave to one pantherlike shoulder. "Would I be so out of place in a ballroom? Ah, have not more things than hearts been lost when a man dances with a woman?"

"I see—you mean you stole it, at the Plaza?"

"Not at all, monsieur!" she murmured languidly back. Then she drew a deeper breath, and sat more rigid in her straight-back chair.

SOMETHING about her face, at that moment, puzzled me. It seemed to hold some latent note of confidence. The last trace of fear had fled from it. There was something strangely like triumph, muffled triumph, in it.

A fear shot through me, as I stooped peering into her shadowy eyes. It went through my entire body, like an electric shock. It brought me wheeling suddenly about with my back to her and my face to the open room.

Then I understood. I saw through it all, in one tingling second. For there, facing me, stood the figure of a man in navy blue. It was the same figure that I had followed through the square.

But now there was nothing secretive or circuitous

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AFTER ALL, WHAT IS HELL?

A Respectful Stab at a Very Uncomfortable Subject

By THE EDITOR

TORONTO has lately managed to stir up a feeble fuss over the question—What is Hell? Pathologically, this is worth noticing. Toronto's speculations do not, as a rule, get far beyond the here and now except to hope that the price of real estate in future will be higher. Every little while some mild form of heterodoxy appears in the city of Protestant churches. Thirty years ago it was Macdonnell in St. Andrew's—whose heresy I have forgotten. About the same time Rev. Dr. Workman declared that Isaiah's prophecies contained no explicit reference to the coming of the Messiah; for persisting in which and in other cognate views he was expelled from Victoria, afterwards from Wesley College, in Montreal, by the unrelenting hand of Rev. Dr. Carman. Twenty-five years ago Rev. A. M. Phillips, in Avenue Road Methodist Church, propounded the theory that it was the love and not the wrath of God that had most to do with Calvary. Less than ten years ago, Dr. Jackson expressed a measure of higher criticism in the pulpit and was read out of the Methodist Church of Canada by Dr. Carman.

when most of us failed to keep on believing that heaven was walls of jasper and streets of gold with celestial harps to pluck and sing to forevermore, we have temporarily forgotten that hell in the shape of some sort of everlasting torment, fire or otherwise, awaited all those sons of men who declined to be saved according to well-established formulas of any sect or school of belief.

Putting an everlasting hell into religion may have kept some men from going the road supposed to lead to such a place. But it never was the chief item in the production of a reasonable, virile Christianity. Besides, it rather strains one's belief to conceive of a man being able to commit all the crimes in the calendar by raising hell for other people on earth, and by a single act of, it may be death-bed repentance, being entitled to sweep through the gates of the new Jerusalem. How such a soul with its peak load of both crimes and sins could ever fit into a heavenly home was one of the problems that theology left unsolved, just as science refused to tell how a human soul ever got into a body in the first place.

ON the other hand, a man whose mental makeup made it impossible to accept some of the cardinal teachings of Christianity might, so far as certain uncompromising canons of heaven and hell—once very much in vogue—were concerned, find himself in a state of everlasting punishment after death. His life may have been filled with works that made the world better and other people happier. The fact that he refused to believe in a certain kind of hell consigned him to a fate the terrors of which had never been conceived by the authors of the greatest massacres and martyrdoms known to the human race. Refusing to believe in it did not alter the fact.

Of course, some of the most careful-minded preachers prefer to avoid the mere logic of belief and to say that inasmuch as a good deed never dies, so the author of good deeds cannot be consigned to everlasting punishment.

And yet the dogma of an everlasting hell remained in the background of belief. It was, and perhaps is, the indefinable mystery that becomes a court of last appeal. In common, everyday practice men make use of that belief just as scientists do of the law of molecular attraction or the nebular hypothesis. In ordinary life meting out justice to their fellows when courts and jails and hangmen fail to do it, men predict that there is an awful punishment in store for some man who breaks most of the moral laws without getting into the criminal class. That penalty is hell.

But it is by no means clear, according to this idea, that a moral monster who escapes the retribution of the law needs to wait till he is dead to get his punishment. Our sense of personal justice prompts us to prefer to know when the man gets his deserts or to be able to find out about it in the newspapers. Any morning head-line telling us that so-and-so, a swindler who robbed widows and orphans and wrecked happy homes, is at last in the penitentiary, gives us a feeling of justifiable exultation, even though none of the widows and orphans belonged to our own circle of friends.

In other words, we desire to know definitely that such a delinquent has got just the degree of hell punishment in the flesh that we think he deserves, no matter what may be his fate or fortune after death. Life in penitentiary to the average man is a form of hell. And if it did not exist we should be uneasy about civilization and society as well as about our own personal safety.

This practical application of the hell punishment idea has lent considerable colour to the belief that men themselves originate much of either heaven or hell upon this earth. The law of retribution or Nemesis is supposed to work itself out, either in the body, or the mind, or the estate of the man who has outraged a moral law, but is still unconvicted of crime. The penitentiary and the gallows do not always get their victims. In such cases we trust that Nemesis will. Whenever it does, hell begins for the man whom it overtakes.

But that is merely the ethical idea of a practical, realizable hell as a punishment in this life for the sins committed here. It is probably the basis of any belief in a hell that begins after death and lasts forevermore. It concerns itself with time and leaves eternity to the theologian. We subscribe to the doctrine of some sort of punishment after death for all

those people who in life have outraged the principles of humanity, and have not made either restitution or repentance. But human desire to vindicate the principles of humanity and poetic justice do not stipulate that such a punishment should last very long; and merely human ingenuity uninspired by a supernatural imagination does not enable us to conceive that it should last forever. In spite of that banker who said that unless we put hell back into religion some people will always be crooked, the number of those who think privately what Dr. Henderson expressed in public is fast increasing.

But hell has not ceased to exist. At the present time millions of people in Europe know what hell is when so far as any sane perception is able to go they have in no way been deserving it. War was once defined as hell by Gen. Sherman. Quite obviously he did not comprehend all that hell includes and a great deal less than half what war really is in the beginning of the twentieth century. Europe has succeeded in one thing for which all who desire an enlightened theology, regardless of what it costs humanity, should be thankful. Germany has taken hell away from the legendary confines supposed to be dominated by the poor old worn-out devil and has put it into commission. Germany has staged hell for all the world to see. No other nation evidently could have done it with such elaborate Wagnerian stagecraft. Any one who has any desire to know the leading characteristics of hell need go no further than the modern battlefields of Europe.

Violence, robbery, murder, arson, hypocrisy, rape, lying, filth—these do not of themselves make hell. They exist in all countries. But in most countries such things are reduced to a minimum by law and social consent. The essence of hell is that such outrages of human nature, property rights and social usages are under the control of no law, statutory, social or moral. And in the particular species of hell that Germany has let loose upon earth, there is no law to restrain, not even the law of the jungle. That is hell. This Germanized hell is based upon a philosophy which is nutshellled in the words of Nietzsche, the venerated demigod of modern German thought—"There is no moral order in the world."

In the consideration of such a state of brute force, individual desire and national mania cut loose upon the world, it is surely for the present at least a superfluous fantasy to speculate upon what hell really is in the hereafter. Hell is right with us, here and now; and our average conception of his Satanic majesty has become by comparison only a debilitated survival of an age when frightfulness was in its cradle. If Milton were alive he would find it hard to write such resounding heroics about the devil, whose observations on the power of evil in the world, though famed in the great language of Paradise Lost, would sound like the petulant chatter of a feeble grandma.

NOT so long ago there was a successful swamp setting of hell upon earth in the rubber atrocities of the Putumayo, called by one writer The Devil's Paradise. There have been Armenian massacres and plagues and pestilences and dungeons that to the average sensitive perception might rank as a fair approximation to hell. But these were all capable of being stopped before the moral sense of the word was outraged beyond endurance. And there was always some sort of sense, call it moral or what you like, that succeeded in putting the lid on the caldron.

In individual lives, too, there are sometimes hells. These may be caused by sufferings of either body or mind. But there was always the grim consolation that some day a kind death would terminate these, or that a personal philosophy would mitigate them.

To satisfy the robustious conception of an older time, however, the ultimate, indestructible hell had to be painted as everlasting. There was to be no way out and no surcease of suffering. There was to be not even evolution. Hell was conceived as a state from which no victim ever could escape, but was doomed to writhe in agony forever at the hands of a lord of hell who had rebelled against God and had been given the world of evil for his domain.

It makes no essential difference whether such a place of unrestrained evil was pictured as a lake of brimstone and fire or a limbo of lost souls who never could struggle up into the light and never could escape the evil. The prime condition is that such

(Concluded on page 25.)

Protest against orthodoxy, no matter how reasonable, has never been popular in Toronto. Which makes it possible to marvel a bit that Rev. James Henderson, D.D., pastor of the Eaton Memorial Church—not neglecting John Wesley—should put in a mild disclaimer in a recent sermon against the conventional idea of an everlasting place of torment for damned souls. And with all his years of splendid eloquence, Dr. Henderson had never before, so far as we know, "lived dangerously," as Nietzsche would say. For years he was famous in Toronto as the brilliant orator of Carlton and Sherbourne Street churches; afterwards, as assistant to the Secretary of Foreign Missions, and later still as an Ottawa pastor. Now, when he is about his Psalmist's span of years, he goes to the Eaton Memorial and, after two years of orthodox eloquence, finds his theology affected by the war.

His sermon on hell is one of the results. In giving utterance to his views, Dr. Henderson pays no respect to the fact that on large debateable subjects like hell the average church-man prefers to have you assume that he settled the question long ago; and that as the more you examine the thing the more bewildering it gets, the best way to do is to take it on faith running one's chances on being considered something of a partial agnostic on that particular subject.

"For knowledge is of things we see," sang Tennyson. No man has seen hell who has come back to make a report to humanity on what it really is. Hell is one of those indeterminable terrorisms which cannot be investigated on the spot. Toronto Methodism and as many other denominations as care to will have to settle the question for themselves.

I AM well aware that these are a few of the many flippancies uttered about a very serious subject by people whose chief practical concern in hell is the fun they can extract from talking about it. But there is that innate perversity about the human brain which will insist sometimes on treating the most appalling tragedy of time and eternity as though it were a comedy; the laugh at a funeral, the grotesque in the presence of the sublime, the always incongruous jarring note that by its violence of contrast pleases the common mind. Hell is a subject upon which anybody could write and about which any preacher could, if he had the moral courage, preach a series of sermons. I have not read the famous Letters from Hell credited to the late Bob Ingersoll. But I have taken a casual look into the pages of Dante's Inferno and I have heard both evangelists and common preachers talk about hell as though they had been there or would be very much at home if they ever went. More than once I have heard from a Methodist pulpit the theory that hell, after all, might not be a bottomless pit of flame into which unrepentant sinners were to be plunged by the wrath of an angry God for all eternity. And I well remember at least one who doubted if, after all, hell might not be a state of inharmony instead of a place of fire. That is, to be in hell would be to be sentenced for all eternity to association with spirits of discord, of evil, of hate and malice and all the immorality known to mankind; in a confine where no strong arm of the law, no flaming evangel of righteousness, and no moral sense of a community ever could restore order.

Personally, I let it go at that. And so, perhaps, have thousands of other people. Ever since the day

Those Muskoka Wildcats

(Concluded from page 7.)

On May 29th, the battalion mobilized at Huntsville, Bracebridge, Gravenhurst, Utterson and Port Carling, each sent its quota of men and the whole regiment went under canvas. Two days later we started on a trek, which lasted almost five weeks, through the Switzerland of Ontario. The idea was to get recruits and to give the men a taste of "service conditions."

The management of such a trip required a tremendous amount of detail. Food had to be supplied each day, camp sites chosen in advance, water tested for drinking, cooks organized, tents pitched, food procured for two score horses and a thousand and one items that the civilian mind could

hardly grasp. From town to town, village to village, past lakes and hills, stopping for a day here and three days there (we marched sixteen miles in one forenoon)—none of us will ever forget the trek. We ate on the ground, from mess tins. We slept on the ground with a couple of blankets over us.

The 122nd is already surrounded with incidents that are rapidly becoming traditions. Some day, under the caption of "local colour" I intend to write of the two Indians who got lost in Huntsville, of the Corporal of the Guard who carefully noted in his typewritten report that "a tufe lukin fella had bin arestad by the grd hoo laytr on pisantid arms too a perseshun goin pst"—of two farms in Muskoka that are worked by two girls (and well looked after, too), of the fashionable tea party in Bracebridge, where twenty-five officers arrived after an eighteen mile march and practically no luncheon, and where

Captain Jory delivered his now justly famous answer to the query about Roumania—"Madam, bring me another pint of tea and I won't care a damn whether Roumania comes in or not!" Perhaps they might not amuse the casual reader, but for real Canadian types, the student of human nature need go no farther than the 122nd Battalion of Muskoka.

They are called "The Muskoka Wild Cats" and—by Jove, it's getting late. I must go in to the Chaplain's tent just before I retire and have a few minutes quiet chat about how we scored that first goal.

It was a great game and we all feel more ready now for the day when Lt.-Col. Grant will pass the command—

"Muskoka Wildcats—fix bayonets—at the line of German trenches in front—CHARGE!"

And I miss my guess if the most Canadian battalion of them all won't win by a decisive score.



Camp Borden will soon be a "deserted village." This photograph shows part of the 198th C. E. F. (Canadian Buffs), commanded by Lt.-Col. Cooper, leaving their lines for inspection parade.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND CONSCRIPTION

By THE MONOCLE MAN

A SITUATION illustrating the perplexities and dangers of woman suffrage has arrived in Australia. They are about to vote in that country on a conscription referendum; and the women voters will cast their ballots along with the men. It is not, of course, a conscription act of the European sort. There are exemptions in it which make it a much less sweeping measure. But it does propose to force certain classes of men to fight; and women are to have a considerable amount of "say" about whether or not it shall become law.

WRITING before the voting, it is possible to conjecture freely on several possible results. Let us take first the possibility that the men in Australia want conscription and vote for it by a fair majority; but that the women, with their tender hearts, do not want to force their men into the horrors of war, and so vote overwhelmingly against it. That would create a situation in which the male portion of the population, realizing the gravity of the issues at stake and understanding the military needs better than the women, voted grimly and solemnly for conscription as the only way of saving the nation and winning the war. But the women, recoiling from press-gang methods, struck the sword out of their hands.

WHAT would the men do about that? What would the men do about that, if the situation were ten times as menacing and imperative as it is, and if they believed that they knew that their fair Island Continent would fall under the brutal rule of the German jack-boot if they did not get the help of conscription? Would they permit the women to tie their hands with their tender apron-strings and line them up in the nursery like helpless babies while the Germans marched in and Louvained their towns and carried these very women into the servitude known so bitterly by the women of Lille? Would they permit their own dearly-loved women, in their feminine inexperience of the world's way, to so expose themselves to insult and lust and atrocity because of their truly beautiful desire to spare their husbands, brothers and sons? Of course, they would not. They would protect their wives and daughters in spite of themselves. But, in order to do that and to get conscription, they would be compelled to either disfranchise all the women and then hold another plebiscite, or simply dismiss the women's parliament like new Cromwells and govern by force of arms in face of a hostile ballot.

THAT is, under such circumstances, government by ballot would have wholly and hopelessly broken down. They would revert to government by naked force. A military dictatorship would have been compelled to unhorse the democracy in the most democratic community, possibly, in the world. And all because the Australians had, in the piping times of peace when government by public meeting seemed to be the last word, given the ballot to a section of the community which could not back it with force. The women would not really have "got the ballot"—they would only have been allowed to spoil it as an instrument of government. The ballot appears to govern because it is accepted by the community as a method of measuring the force to be found supporting or opposing a certain policy or set of rulers. When our ruling government is challenged, we no longer fight it out to see which is the stronger, as did the two rival Roses—we merely count heads, and assume that the majority can win in fair fight. That saves blood and usually reaches the same result. But if we are going to count heads that cannot stand fighting and mix them confusingly with those that can, we have no test of force in the ballot-box. And when a real issue arises, such as conscription, the force-majority (if out-voted) will be very apt to assert itself. It infallibly will, if the issue be important enough.

WE might, of course, consider another ending to the story—if it did not run so strongly counter to the facts of the situation—and that is that the men might vote against conscription and the women for it. We have no notion that this could possibly happen in the present case. But it may serve as a lay-figure illustration for a class of issues in which the men would have to bear the burden of a proposed policy while the women would go scot-free—in a purely physical sense, we mean; for, of course, the women actually suffer more than the men in permitting their loved ones to go to war. But it is quite possible that an issue might arise in which the woman vote would be employed to fasten upon the men a policy which they would have rejected, had they alone possessed the franchise. What then? Would the men stand for it—to use the language of the street—when they were perfectly conscious that they need do nothing of the sort if they simply declined to obey. They would possess the force in the last analysis if it came to that.

It is no reply to say—"But that would never hap-

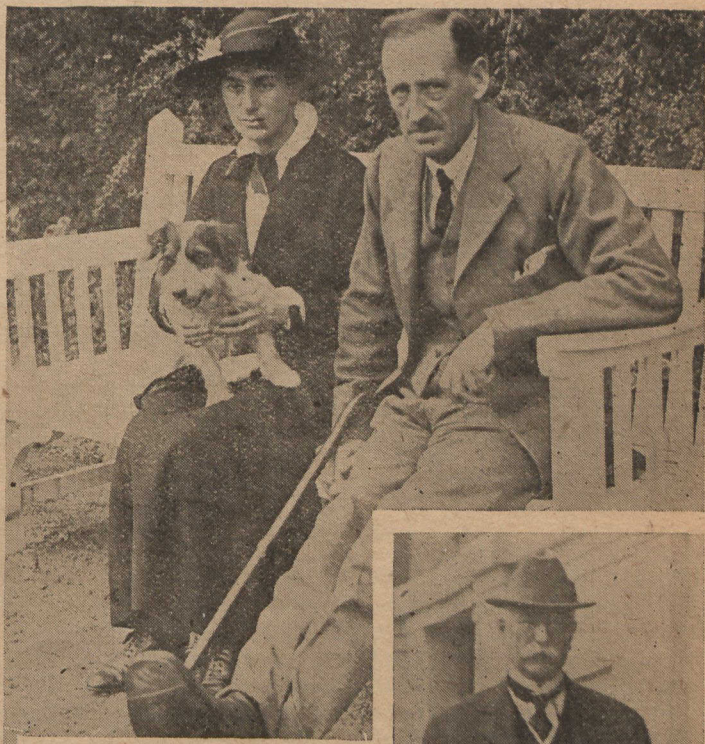
pen. The sexes would never be arraigned against each other." Any policy will work well if it is never subjected to any test. I can easily conceive of policies of great importance in which the sexes might hold irreconcilably differing views. Take the matter of venereal disease and its prevention in the case of army camps. This might easily become a question of victory or defeat for the armies affected. Until measures were taken to reduce its frequency in the British army in India, many years ago, it often incapacitated an amazing percentage of the men. Yet I do not believe for a moment that you could get any large number of women—particularly women with boys in the army—to consent to a policy of official segregation and medical inspection. Their remedy would be prohibition. But the men might, in a time of great crisis, want to try the more lenient policy. There we would have a clear-cut issue between the sexes on a question of national importance.

THE great trouble with woman suffrage is that you propose to entrust the symbol of force to hands that lack force. They have everything else. It is folly to argue that, mentally, a woman of education cannot cast a more intelligent ballot than the day labourer whom she hires to dig up her garden. But the day labourer would do better work in the trenches; and surely in this terrible time, when it is being demonstrated to us by blood and iron that the world is ruled by force, and force alone, we cannot fail to perceive the true character of the ballot box. It is a Force Meter. It measures the force on this side or that of any issue. It gives us the result of a civil war, without its horror and death. But to run non-force ballots through your ballot box is precisely as if you ran air through your gas meter. You would destroy the value of the figures it reported. And just as the householder would refuse to pay a gas bill on the report of such a meter, so would the men of any nation refuse to be bound by the report of a force-meter so tampered with, if the consequences were to be serious. There is hardly a nation—among the few who have the ballot-box—which has not appealed or proposed to appeal from it, to force within recent times. The United States appealed from the first election of Lincoln to Gettysburg. France has only had real ballot rule since 1870, and even then General Boulanger threatened much later to appeal from it to bayonets. Ulster was preparing to appeal to force when the present war broke. The ballot is only an experimental substitute for civil war as yet. For the love of peace, let us not destroy public confidence in its fidelity as a measure of force!

PEOPLE MORE, OR LESS TALKED ABOUT



HELLEN KELLER, at the right, the world's most remarkable blind-deaf woman, talking by means of touch with her mother, at the left, and another lady. Now that so many thousands of men are coming back from the war blind, deaf, or both, her education is of more than common interest.



LT. COL. ELKINGTON, here shown with his wife, is an example of a man who "came back." When the war broke out he was in command of the Royal Warwickshires. He went to the front with the first B. E. F. For some unstated reason he was court-martialed and cashiered. He enlisted as a private in the Foreign Legion of France and won both the Military Medal and the Military Cross. Crippled by a wound he was invalided out of the army. His identity was disclosed. A recent notice in the Gazette states that the King had "graciously approved of the reinstatement of John Ford Elkington in the rank of lieutenant-colonel, with his previous seniority."

HON. MR. CROTHERS, Canadian Minister of Labour, is here shown on his way to the recent Trades and Labour Congress in Toronto. This was the greatest national congress of its kind ever held in Canada. Its deliberations covered every phase of the labour problem in Canada. Mr. Crothers, in his official capacity, came in

for some criticism in a resolution asking that he be elected directly by the people instead of being appointed by the Government. The Congress praised the Government for its generous provisions for the dependents of disabled soldiers.



EVERY little while somebody talks about the Pope's duty to try putting an end to the war by mediation. A German prince the other day tried to make his people think he believed that unless either President Wilson or Pope Benedict should mediate the war might go on indefinitely. However Pope Benedict in the above photograph of his workshop, has probably no expectation of being a mediator. His own country is now at war with Germany. His second stronghold, Austria, is in a bad way between dismemberment and German be-devilment. And the Allies have long since got past the point where they consider mediation as of value to any country except Germany.

THIS is not Max Harden nor Liebknrecht. His name is Steinmetz. He is a German-American, but not a hyphen. His particular forte is economy. His business is engineering; he is the expert of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N.Y. His gospel is socialism. Information with the photograph naively says that he was forced to leave Germany when he was a boy because the Government was persecuting Socialist editors. Steinmetz was one of them. However, he is now a full size man, has a very definite belief that the German militarists are all in wrong, and has as striking a physiognomy for painting purposes as ever got into any studio. The photo is called a pose. It looks more like a head-on collision.

NO preacher of any denomination has been a greater voice at home and at the front than the Bishop of London, who is here shown addressing a crowd on Tower Hill. He has been an inspiration to the British soldier; and a patriotic stimulus to men who hesitated about becoming soldiers. The Bishop of London, it will be remembered, was in Canada a few years ago, part of the time visiting a brother of his not far from St. Thomas, Ont. He believes more in the hilltop and the street-corner and the Thames Embankment for real religious work than he does in cathedrals and cloisters.

E D I T O R I A L

DESPITE W. F. MACLEAN, M.P., and his Toronto World, the third party movement may have its uses. It is not likely to produce a third organization, but it will shake up the old ones. The Conservative forces are in a funk and not very certain whether to cling to office in the hope of something turning up, or to drown now and get it over with. The Liberals are torn between the usual itch for power and the common sense which warns them of the extraordinary difficulties of office in war time. Both divisions lack men and morale. A third party—or two or three third parties—might scare up both.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Toronto World's agitation for a third party is the most important one. It is leading only in the matter of noise, and though noise is useful its maker's motives may discount it. People have come to believe—whether it is true or not we cannot say—that Billy Maclean's one great interest in life is Billy Maclean. Those who might otherwise join his movement are restrained when they see it is only a weary government and a sick Cabinet Minister he is attacking, and when they consider how little might silence W. F.'s protests. The third party movement in the west is infinitely more important though less is heard of it. A western free trade agrarian party would affect our political line-up profoundly.

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HOW MANY OF THE English-speaking readers of this journal have never known a French-Canadian? How many have the others known? One? . . . Two? How thoroughly and in how much variety have they become acquainted with them? Is their judgment of French-Canadians based on casual glimpses from a train window? Or not?

Reversing the questions: What about the French-Canadian's knowledge of the English-Canadian? Is it just, or is it the kind of abusive flub-dub that mischief-making newspapers—in both provinces—circulate?

The other day a Toronto business-man made his first visit to Quebec and by happy accident was introduced into the house of a French-Canadian of about the same social position as himself. He was surprised and delighted. He and his host found much in common—though they differed in language, race, tongue and religion.

It is trite to observe how difficult it is to know even one's own neighbors. How much more difficult is it to know those who live at a distance and have so many points of differentiation from us? And if we do not know how shall we judge? Let Canadians postpone judgment of one another until their understanding is complete. It costs nothing to reserve judgment. It may cost dearly to form an opinion on insufficient evidence and incomplete understanding.

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WHATEVER CANADIANS MAY THINK of one another it is prudent not to allow schemers to play on our antipathies to their own ends. It seems quite clear that the object of a certain group is to divide Canada into two camps in such a way as to facilitate the breaking down of Canadian national spirit. If Ontario must quarrel with Quebec and Quebec with Ontario—well and good, but let Canadians not allow this domestic trouble to betray them to their enemies. It would be a grave mistake to allow those who would see Canada servile, second-rate and abashed to achieve our humiliation by taking advantage of our inner, private troubles.

The readjustment of Canada's relations to the Empire is a matter of the utmost importance. There are bound to be differences of opinion as to the formality—or lack of formality—these relations are to take, but the centralization enthusiasts, those who would make Canada a suburb, those who wish all honours and all great powers centred in London instead of in Ottawa, are endeavouring to play Catholic against Protestant, French Catholic against Irish Catholic, English-speaking Canadian against French-speaking Canadian, so that the Protestant English element—which is in the majority—will be forced to accept centralization or find themselves faced with an alliance with the French-Canadian. There is a kind of nationalism which is not French-Canadian, not Catholic, not anti-British. The centralizationists are afraid of this element because with the support of the French-Canadians it could defeat centralization. By fomenting trouble between Ontario and Quebec such a coalition might be made impossible.

Most Canadians have not yet made up their minds for or against centralization. Study is necessary in order to convince a Canadian one way or another. But it would be serious indeed if Anglo-Canadians should find, after making up their minds, let us say, against centralization, that they were deprived of their natural allies in such a fight by the machinations of the busy Centralizationists.

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ELECTRIC RADIALS AND BAD ROADS have an intimate relationship. A prosperous rural community with bad roads finds the electric radial a god-send. The same community with good roads does not need the radial. The radial cannot handle through traffic between cities as successfully as a steam railway. It cannot

handle local traffic between each city and its tributary countryside as well as the farmer's waggon or automobile can handle it if the roads are good. Radial railways are notoriously afraid of good roads that parallel their lines. In the United States good roads are daily extending their influence while electric radials—which were once hailed as the saviours of the country districts—are passing through receiverships. The field for the electric railway is the highly populated district or as a drummer-up of traffic for steam railways with which they are allied and which help pay the costs of the radial. Canadians should observe the experience of the Americans in this respect. Having paid dearly for their hasty adaptation of electric radials they are now concentrating on the good roads movement. Ontario especially is in danger of repeating the American mistake. If the government of any rural municipality, county or province has money to spend in improving transportation conditions let it spend the money on good roads.

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MUCH MODERN POETRY has a marked tendency arising, it might be argued, from the spread of German habits of mind. The old-fashioned love-song, the old-time poem was more often than not concerned with something outside the poet: he sang of great men he saw, or noble women, and he described their qualities in terms of the moon and stars, the sea and rivers, hills, capes, woods, meadows and cliffs! Perhaps the change is due to increasing numbers of poets or greater facilities in printing. The wear and tear of fast presses makes rapidly commonplace any striking figure based on the observation of natural objects. Poets weary of references to moon and sun. They find it takes greater originality to invent new figures. Perhaps, therefore, to escape the added labour, they turn to the inside of their own heads for novelty. They speak in terms of bodily sensation as reported in the mind. They become introspective, self-centred and self-explanatory.

Is anything more wearisome? Or more likely to deteriorate into mere sensual analysis? The average German love-song is a laudation of the lover's sensations—not of his mistress' beauty. The generosity of sentiment shown in "Drink to me only—" is replaced by the naive twaddle of a fat man trying to discover his soul to a lady friend—a tedious process. Not only Germany, but England and France, are tainted with the new mood in poetry. The United States is full of it. Consider, too, this mess of capital "I's" taken at random from a current number of a "high-brow" magazine, "The Century":

Alas! that what I hold in my arms shall crumble,
That these lips shall fall into dust,
And these eyes gaze no more!
Where shall I look for my darling and my adored one,
O beautiful Beloved,
When no youth remembers her,
And only my heart forgets not?

Only this: that I, too, I, too, shall die.

I catch her in embraces,
I hold her close and closer.
God! could I take her in my soul and be one with her.

Where is the nobility in that frantic nonsense?

* * * * *

NO ONE DOUBTS THAT Lloyd George's warning to neutrals was really a warning to the United States.

Americans are likely to feel surprise, even grief, when they observe the economic advantages accruing to the members of the Entente after the war is over, and they are going to be compelled by irresistible economic forces to go outside their own country if they are to share in the after-the-war trade. That means additional prosperity for Canada. For the American wealth which is now piling up at such a rate will lack investment outlets and the best opportunities for investment will occur in this country, simply because goods with the Canadian brand on them will have a moral and probably a material tariff advantage over American-made goods entering France, Russia, Japan, Belgium, Serbia and Great Britain. Canada will then have a problem to keep from being swamped with American influences. Says an American in the Atlantic Monthly: "After this war, Britain—unless she suffers utter defeat—will have the strongest navy in the world and one of the greatest armies. Inevitably the Tories will be tempted to use these tools for the realization of . . . world-domination."

"We of America have every reason to desire cordial co-operation with the British Empire. It is hard to see what they can gain by driving us into hostility. Unfortunately, rapprochement is at present impossible, for the spirit of Lord North presides over the councils of Downing Street. So it is the business of our diplomacy to watch with the closest attention the internal politics of Britain and to be quick to welcome any change in the government which means that our offers of friendship have a better chance of acceptance."

Concerning Canadian Art

By ESTELLE M. KERR

A Painter of the Beautiful

GERTRUDE DES CLAYES has been in Canada for only four years, yet she ranks as one of our foremost portrait painters, and most deservedly so. Though often called upon to paint men, she is more successful in her portraits of beautiful women and children, and always suggests that elusive feminine charm that other artists find so difficult to transfer to canvas. Her paintings appear to have been executed with the greatest ease, but they are usually achieved only by indefatigable industry, for though every stroke of her brush is sure and direct, she frequently uses several canvases before the desired result is attained. It is by setting for herself a high standard, both technical and artistic, that she has achieved a reputation which makes her portraits in such great demand. She has painted H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Patricia, and many other well-known women, while all fond mothers long to see what a picture she could make of their little ones.

THE success of an artist usually reflects great credit upon the master, but Miss des Clayes was practically self-taught. She studied for about a year with Miss Herkomer, a cousin of the celebrated artist, and then went with her sisters to Paris, where they studied for five months at one of the Julian studios, though all the criticisms they received were about half a minute on Saturday mornings, when the master visiting a huge class murmured "Pas mal" or "pas trop mal" as he paused before each easel, only occasionally adding a helpful word. On their return to England she and her sisters just had models in their own studio, and Miss des Clayes started on portraits not more than a year later, and has been too busy to study quietly ever since. Her father had a passion for art and music and all things beautiful. He did not believe very much in teaching and always, in better times, supplied his daughters with models and a studio, and their work to him has always been almost like his own. Miss Berthe and Miss Alice des Clayes, who accompanied their sister to Canada, are also artists of ability, the former specializing in landscape work and the latter in animal painting. Both have had pictures purchased by the Dominion Government, and all art lovers are highly gratified that these three young ladies have decided to make their home in Canada.

Art Notes

SOME of the fine French paintings shown at the Canadian National Exhibition are to remain in Canada, for the Association has purchased five of them. The one that pleases us most is "The Gondola," by Lucien Simon, \$1,200. Others are: "St. Cecilia in the Catacombs," by I. C. Cave, \$1,000; "Summer Morning," by Raoul du Gardier, \$1,000; "The Sword," by A. P. Agache, \$1,200; "The Little Ardennaise," by J. H. Tirmano, \$600. Two Canadian pictures were also bought, "London Bridge," by F. M. Bell Smith, \$300; and "Sheep on Hillside," by H. S. Palmer, \$350. These pictures have been permanently loaned to the Art Museum, of Toronto, but with many other art treasures, they will be kept in storage until the new gallery is built.

THE Royal Canadian Academy of Arts will hold their 38th annual exhibition on the 16th of November, 1916, in the Art Association Galleries, Montreal.

H. R. H. the Princess Patricia of Connaught has generously donated one of her paintings to the Art Museum of Toronto. This is a typical Canadian landscape, representing the breaking up of the ice on the Rideau River. A still life painting by the Princess hangs in the National Gallery at Ottawa.

IT is proposed to erect a statue to the memory of Edith Cavell, on University Avenue, Toronto, and October the third was set aside for the consideration of her life and death in the public schools of Ontario, when every child will have the opportunity of making an offering, no matter how small, to this fund. We hope that this work of art will not in its turn serve as a background for an ugly recruiting poster, which has been the fate of the South African Memorial, by Walter Allward, which contains in itself the strongest appeal to patriotism that the art of our country has yet produced.

THE Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society have organized an exhibition which will be opened this week in London, Eng., and is destined later to come to Canada. It is designed to assist education in art and trade, to suggest new avenues of production and to promote employment for artists, engineers and manufacturers. The exhibition will consist of model rooms furnished and decorated by different artists, while special galleries will be devoted to textiles, metal work, embroidery, etc.

JOHAN SINGER SARGENT has been on a sketching tour in the Rocky Mountains, and art-lovers are hoping to see the results of his trip, for that type of scenery, though acknowledged to be the grandest of all, seldom tempts artists to interpret its beauties in paint. The results of their efforts are more often found in railroad hotels than in national museums, and frequently suggest coloured photographs. But there seems to be no reason why this should be so and such a great artist as Sargent ought to draw really fine inspirations from these mountain sources. Mr. A. Y. Jackson was the first of what may be termed impressionists in Canada to essay this type of subject, and he brought back a truly remarkable collection of diminutive colour sketches, some of which, had he not gone overseas, would have doubtless been transferred to canvas on a scale where the nobility and grandeur of the subjects would have been more adequately suggested.

Mr. Sargent has recently had honorary degrees conferred on him by both Yale and Harvard College, and an announcement has just been made that nine portraits by him are to be bequeathed to the National



Portrait of Mrs. Hamilton Galt, of Montreal, by Gertrude des Clayes.

Gallery, in London, by Mr. Asher Wertheimer, the Bond Street dealer.

A NEW prospectus for the session of 1916,17 has recently been issued by the Ontario College of Art, St. James' Square, Toronto. The staff of instructors includes G. A. Reid, R.C.A.; C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.; Emanuel Hahn, R. Holmes, A.R.C.A.; W. Cruikshank, R.C.A., and J. W. Beatty, R.C.A.

MANY people consider that "art" is a picture and that by buying a picture they are encouraging art. Art applies equally to furniture and articles in everyday use, and all manufactures depend upon it. There is a great need of museums in Canada, where the artisan could see exhibits of the articles he was trying to produce. Technical schools without museums are like medical schools without hospitals. Toronto is the only place in Canada where there is a museum worthy of the name, and of its splendid collections of porcelain, lace, costumes, furniture, etc., its citizens are justly proud, but when strangers ask to be directed to their picture gallery they hang their heads in shame—or they ought to. If the shame were more acute perhaps the drawings of the projected gallery which may be seen at the present headquarters of the Art Museum on Grange Road, might more quickly become a reality.

THE influence of war on creative work is a much-discussed problem.

"War is simply and unqualifiedly the enemy of art," says one. "On occasion it may have produced, or inspired, a good poem or a memorable painting. But this is the exception rather than the rule. Its immediate and natural effect is repressive of genius, a sterilization of the forces involved in a work of the imagination. Nothing good, worth while, can be born of it."

Already there have been a sufficient number of really great books produced directly under the influence of war to prove that, blighting and evil though the international conflict may be, it is powerless to thwart the development of the utterance of creative art. Also it should be remembered that the art of painting reached its height in France immediately after the Franco-Prussian War.

STILL better known is the Barbizon School of French painters, whose fame is now brought to mind by the death of Henri Harpignies, in his 98th year. He was the last link in the chain of "The Men of 1830," which included Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, Millet, Dure and Daubigny. His pictures figure in all the principal public and private galleries in Europe and America. The artist had an apartment near the Luxembourg in Paris, and a fine winter home near Nice. His art remained virile till the last and a sensation was caused when, at the age of 90, he adopted a new medium and exhibited a number of charcoal drawings.

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Joan, daughter of Prof. Eve.



Evelyn and Baby, daughters of Mr. W. R. McInnes, of Montreal, by G. des Clayes.

IT IS TIME TO PLANT BULBS

HAVE you added the word "preparedness" to your garden vocabulary? This is the season of the year one must prepare for spring. Who amongst flower lovers would be without a display of early spring blooms?

If you have ever visited Holland—the home of bulbs—you will realize why the spring, with its acres and acres of flowering bulbs, is so endeared to the hearts of the Dutch, to say nothing of the hearts of the transient visitor. One simply revels in the colour symphony. For miles one sees wonderful shell pinks, rose, deep violets, fading into orchid-like lavenders, delicate blues and golden yellows, across which comes dancing and coquetting with the new born flowers, zephyrs laden with delicious fragrance. Truly the beauty and fragrance of it all sets one's brain reeling, one fears to awaken and find such beauty a phantom.

Holland is the oldest of continental countries engaged in the art of bulb culture. Yes, one can speak of it as an art; simply the blending, in autumn, of uninteresting looking bulbs, but, in the spring, when the soul of the bulb is revealed, then one realizes that it is an art.

Dutch horticulturists have been growing bulbs for exporting since the end of the sixteenth century. About the middle of the sixteenth century, Dutch tourists, while travelling in the near east, discovered the beautiful tulip and brought home specimens of the new-found treasure. Enthusiasm over the colour and formation of the tulip spread rapidly. The soil

By **DOROTHY PERKINS**

and climate seemed peculiarly suitable to bulb-culture. Trade increased and was opened up with foreign countries until now Holland is classed as the largest bulb-exporting country in the world.

One perhaps might be tempted to call the national flower of this quaint, fascinating country—the tulip, but as one views the fields of daffodils, hyacinths, narcissus and the numerous other gems of the spring, one silently and reverently worships them collectively and calls "bulbs" the national or characteristic flower of Holland.

No garden is complete without adding its bit to the spring pageant. Have your garden gay in 1917 with happy little spring faces. If you are not already a member of the large throng of garden lovers, begin now by having at least a bed of tulips. Make your home plot bright in that happiest of all seasons, spring-time.

The tulips which one remembers in childhood days are now classed by experts as the plebeians. Still many prefer the old-fashioned, short-stemmed varieties. Many beautiful effects can be obtained by the massing together of this variety. For instance, a bed six feet in diameter divided into four equal sections, planted in alternate sections with deep reds and yellows, will make a bold splash of colour, good to behold, when blooming. If, on the other hand, you aspire to the more select varieties, choose from

the aristocrats of tulip-lore, choose the Darwins, Cottage or Parrot species. It is no more

trouble to grow them and they are vastly more beautiful. Some objections may be raised that they bloom much later than the common varieties. This is true, they bloom in May and early June. Try some this fall and let each beautiful specimen speak its own message next spring. They will win for themselves a place in your heart, and each season will find you adding new varieties to your garden.

This variety of tulip has become quite popular in this country within the last decade or two, while the old world gardeners have known and been cultivating them for the last twenty-five years. It is best to avoid massing these varieties. They do not lend themselves, happily, in a crowded environment. Theirs is a beauty that requires as well as demands individual admiration. Plant them in groups of fourteen or eighteen in the herbaceous border. Plant the bulbs 5 or 6 inches deep in heavy soil and 6 or 7 inches in light, sandy soil, and allow a space of 4 inches between each bulb. Remember, a uniform depth is necessary if one desires the blooms all in flower at the same time.

The bulbs may be left in for several seasons with good results. Care should be taken, however, not to cut the old foliage down too soon after the blooms are done. Wait until the leaves are partly yellow and limp. Patience is needed, while waiting for the leaves to turn, but unless one waits, the sap or

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THE MAN BEHIND IN FRONT

YOU may count on the thumbs of one hand the people whom you know that are intimately acquainted with Sir

George Perley, acting High Commissioner for Canada, at 71 Victoria St., London, Eng. But if one should be able to drop a polite query into the ear of Sir Max Aitken, it might be possible he would say,

"Perley? Well, I don't know what's happening to the High Commissionership. But if it weren't being developed into a real working business he'd have balked long ago and told the Premier that he wanted to go home to a man's job."

Perley of the Welsh name, of the perfervid ancestry, of the perfectly unemotional face to look at, is both an unknown personage to most people and one of the busiest brains in the employ of Canada. He is one of those buttoned-up folks that used to be the subject of lectures. No more genial, accessible man ever lived than the narrow-shouldered, Piccadillian person that used to hustle in to the Premier's desk month by month when the Premier was away in Europe. And there never was a Canadian of any political or commercial importance who aroused more less curiosity than Sir George. As plain George Perley, born in New Hampshire of Welsh-extracted parents, he was no sort of big noise. When he went to college, graduating finally from Harvard in a trail of brilliant scholarship, he was quite negligible to the average man. When he went into his father's office in Ottawa to help in the lumber business he created no lively anticipations that he would ever revolutionize the industry. When he enlarged a prosperous business beyond the dreams of his father he was never sought out by copy-hunters anxious to get Samuel Smiles self-help hints for family readers. When at the age of 47 he became M.P. for Argenteuil it was never remarked that what business lost in George H. Perley politics had gained. When he succeeded the late George Taylor as chief Conservative Whip—well, he looked somewhat like a bundle of surprises, but of course the Premier and the caucus may have been whimsical. And after all, a whip does not have to become a Premier.

But wonder of wonders, when after the election of 1911 Sir Robert Borden sent for his chief Whip and had him sworn in as minister ahead of all the others except Sir George Foster, who was a P. C. to begin with, the party doctors began to rub their hands and shake their heads. Was there any particular method in that kind of madness? Perhaps not. Any strategy? Hard to see it. Perley held no balance of power. He represented no clique nor faction. He was unknown therefore unpopular outside of the Commons and Ottawa. He was familiar in

By **AUGUSTUS BRIDLE**

Rideau Club-land; but as everybody knows, that gives a man no particular pedestal in the political imagination.

Well, anyhow, the Premier had awarded the buttoned-up, pleasant little man no portfolio. All the seals were handed round and George H. Perley, M.P., had none. He was entitled to prefix Hon. to his name. That was all. But anybody who knew the first thing clearly about Perley felt sure that he was never sworn into that Cabinet for an ornament, neither as a psychological factor, nor out of any mere friendship for him on the part of the Premier.

AND he was still the unknown who to all intents and purposes might become the unknowable. When in 1914 the Premier went for several months to Europe, Hon. George Perley took his place as acting Premier. He was given precedence over that amazing veteran Foster, over the still more amazing expert, Robert Rogers, over Thomas White, who was also a new star in the west, over Cochrane, an undoubted political figure. Still it was probably a mere accident. Or it might be that Hon. Mr. Perley had a capacity undreamed of by the average Conservative elector. We have had other dark horses who proved to be tremendous finishers at the political post. Mr. Perley might be another.

But who could imagine it? His inclusion in the Cabinet may have been a political makeshift. There seemed to be no makeup to Perley. To Borden there was. The member for Argenteuil could not even make a speech that made anybody gladder when he sat down than he was himself. He seemed to have no cabalistic wisdom or political pull. How could he possibly become even an approximation to a national figure? Welshman though he was by full-blooded descent, he was capable of no fervour on the platform or the stump. No upwelling emotion ever burst from the barriers of his limited vocabulary that did very well for business letters and directors' meetings or even the caucus and the council, but was never adequate to any great occasion. Unlike most conventional speakers, he always seemed to know his limitations, and sat down when he had finished—but not before. Therefore, he never wearied an audience, because he knew the value of what he had left out. In his neatly buttoned-up personality, with the thick-set grizzly black beard, the carefully overlaid thatch of hair, the pallid face and the impeccable but never elegant attire, there was seldom or never a trace of the remarkable impetuosity of such a man as his great compatriot Lloyd

George, whose surname he had taken at baptism. His very name was an unsounding commonplace that never could roll from the tongue

like Borden, Foster, Laurier or Doherty. In the original Welsh it was Apperley. Time and three centuries of Americanization had worn off the prefix.

So, when Lord Strathcona died and left the gossips of both parties to indulge in newspaper guesses as to his successor, it was no more than a bit of the same prize puzzle that the member for Argenteuil and of Cabinet without portfolio should be shunted conveniently into the post. His absence upset no department. His appointment created no political bewilderment. It was merely a case of choosing another stop-gap. So over he went, pleased as may be, to be of further service to the country at large or even the Empire if need be, as he had already been to the party.

The appointment of Perley as High Commissioner raised again that much-debated question—what is a citizen of the British Empire? Mr. Perley was born in the United States. Though he had lived most of his life in Canada and had been naturalized as a citizen long before he became an M. P., he was at that time no more a citizen of the Empire than Sir Thomas Shaughnessy or Sir William Van Horne. The moment he set foot outside of Canada he ceased to be a citizen of the Empire. And to make a man even acting High Commissioner for Canada who was not an Imperial citizen inside his own office, was at least ridiculous.

HOWEVER, the new Imperial naturalization law, passed shortly after the war broke out, settled Mr. Perley's place in the Empire. He had already become a national figure by compulsion even while the nation knew less about him than about the morals of Marcus Aurelius. He now became an Imperial figure without dimensions, obvious character, tangible personality or anything people could talk about whatever, in the shadow of an office of a man whose weird Norseman bulk had become a poem of Empire.

Such in fragmentary sequence are the anomalies of a career that in all its natural outlines seemed cut out to be thoroughly conventional. The times seemed to need George Perley, who in season and out of season was as steady as a ship's chronometer, was never carried away by gusts of prejudice, never overwhelmed by the weight of an occasion, refused to consider himself as a platitude because sometimes he looked like one, and with cheerful and always adroit abandon threw himself with the drastic assurance of a perfect master of himself and his work into all the duties purveyed to him by the

Prime Minister.

Not one in the Cabinet, except the Premier, can adequately define Sir George's political personality. They may tell you that he has this and that gift or ability; but they cannot size up the man and say definitely just the kind of illusive personality he is in the public life of Canada. He evades them. Yet he is as incapable of subterfuge as the eavetrough icicle that hangs just above your neck. While the rest are discussing or making speeches at the Council table, Sir George acutely listens—for he has shrewd ears; he watches, and he has eyes that, because they waste nothing on wily politics or tricks of the lobby, are always as keen as diamonds. I should say this man, who never wastes energy, has the use of his ordinary faculties in a very high key.

BUT that borders on psychology, and the world is full of that. Sir George Perley is no subject for criminal investigation. He is a clean-thinking, 100 per cent. efficient man of business in politics, in which he makes as little noise as a thoroughly good machine always does, because he is too busy to be bothered with friction. With the invaluable faculty of one thing at a time he never lets his brain get clogged with distractions. What he is doing may be the least interesting thing he knows; but he does it—with the enthusiasm born of absolute thoroughness. He is the accurate book-keeper essentialized, the careful, conscientious clerk in the high degree, the punctilious director without suspicion or swank or any idea of service in God's world except that of being useful to something outside of himself, whether it's a committee, a party, a community, a cause or a Cabinet.

But lest we run away with the notion that Perley is the most self-sacrificing man in Canada, let us note a few of the facts about his career.

First of all, his father was a successful lumberman and railway director. A native of the United States, he came to Ottawa when his son George was a youth. The first home of the present Cabinet Minister was down on the flats, occupied now by Booth's lumber mills. When he came to college years, the family moved into a huge house on Wellington St., now the Perley Home for Incurables. In this home he knew the smart set, but never became one of them. He mingled with sporting men, but had little to do with sports. He went to college—Ottawa Grammar School, St. Paul's School in Concord and Harvard, where he got his B.A. in three years. In fact, he did so well at school that he might have been prognosticated as a first-class failure in actual life.

Then with books in his brain he went into the lumber offices of his father. There was a big business to maintain and to extend. That business had its own peculiarities. In making a success of it and a lumber millionaire of himself, George Perley demonstrated that he had no regret over quitting academics and no disturbing ambitions for a so-called public career.

HE was neither an academic nor a politician. There was never a big business man in Canada less of a publicist, except, perhaps, Sir William Macdonald. He knew literally and figuratively the absolute human value of "sawing wood." As head of the business he let nothing escape him. He branched the business out with new mills in Calumet, at the confluence of the Ottawa and the Rouge, where he afterwards got into Parliament. He took over his father's interests in the Canada Atlantic and became its vice-president. He became actively interested in pulp and paper and in banking. In fact, he connected himself up with as many parallel interests as most of our successful business men do and in so doing proved that he was perfectly conventional in matters of business.

And in business he remained with no marked interest in anything national, patriotic or political until he got to the age of 43, when he made his first attempt to enter the Commons, but did not succeed until he was 47. Expert as he was in business, he had managed to get control of himself, of business, and a certain amount of time which is peculiar to those who engage in the lumber trade. Lumber is a seasonal business. The logs are cut in the winter;

they come down in the spring, they are sawn up whenever convenient; the lumber is marketed in bulk; and the head of a big lumber concern may, if he wishes, have considerable time for other interests.

George Perley had time for politics. When he became member for Argenteuil he was a busy man, a party man and very little of a politician. These facts contain the key to the success of this unknown man in public affairs. Perley was never meant for a mere public man. He had no obsession about the hunger of a community for his services. Apparently the Conservative party needed him. Well and good. They were welcome to all the time he could spare for the legitimate business of getting elected, staying in his seat and being of use to the party in the House or anywhere else they chose to put him. It was above all a matter of service; not passionate appetite for being the servant of any

when Sir Robert was away for months and the quiet little business Welshman administered the Premier's business. Sir George's opinions were always practical. They were backed up by—something to do. If other Ministers got restless and at times intractable, Sir George was always the sure neutral in the background who became a conciliator. He was the embodiment of self-control hitched up to service. His loyalty to the party was absolute. Radical as he was in his interpretation of politics, he was never in any degree a broncho. His aim was to keep the party together. He was the safety valve when the pressure was high. He was a source of safe, constructive enthusiasm when it was low.

WHYY? Because George Perley, when he entered politics, was a made man. He brought to politics a trained business brain. His principle was—If it's not good national business, let the party leave it alone; if it is—push it along. He acted on that principle to a degree of self-sacrifice in the campaign of 1911, in which he was of almost incalculable value. Reciprocity would have given Perley a more convenient market for his lumber. But in his estimation reciprocity was not good national business for the party; and he bucked it.

Had Sir George Perley come into politics by the ward route, instead of by the broad, open road of business, would he have made that sacrifice? Personal business was dead against it. National business demanded it. George Perley had learned the lesson that there are times when personal business and ward politics must be set aside for the nation's business.

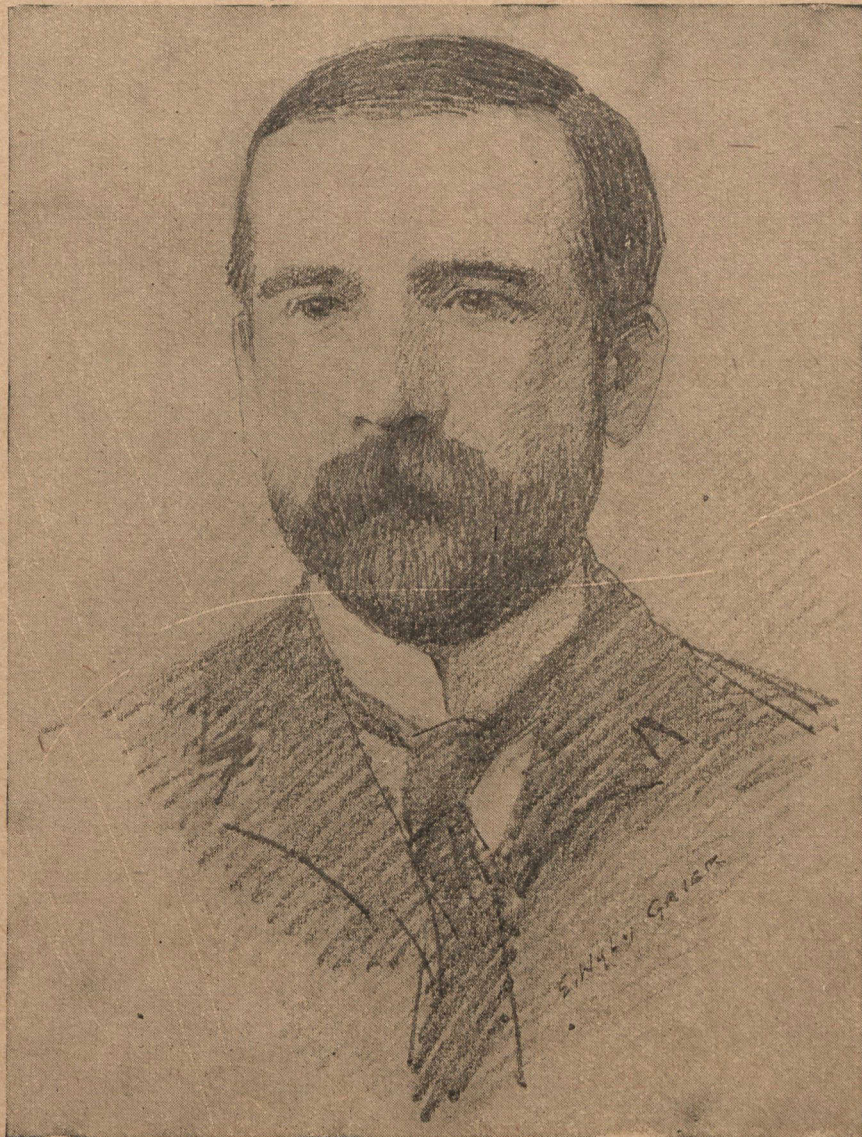
As Chief Whip, he had been invaluable. As Minister without portfolio he became the right hand of the Premier in Council. If ever the advisability of establishing or regulating any public activity under any department whatever was to be considered, the practical, conservative, and nationalizing advice of the member without portfolio was one of the first items to be considered. What was done grandiloquently in the House, was often given its reserve power by the man who in Council had advised thus and so without reference to the game, but always to the business.

Has Sir George Perley any definite political ambition? Nobody knows. At present he is a great State servant. He is the most adaptable force in the Conservative ranks. If the party ever faces a crisis Sir George will probably be called home. If there is any movement to organize a radical wing of the party, either East or West, will he be among the radicals? We imagine not. If W. F. Maclean succeeds in converting his personal desire with a political following, will Sir George Perley be among his supporters? Emphatically—not.

Sir George Perley is a Conservative, first, last and all the time. And he will be one of the strongest forces in any movement within the party that looks to the conservation of its most virile elements. He would be a bad support for any tottering Old Guard. To his way of thinking, the Old Guard will never get to the tottering stage where a grand radical rush can carry it away. Not while the Perley idea of "Politics is Business" prevails in the party.

WE don't assume that Sir George represents all, or even a majority of the nation-business end of the Conservative party. In fact, there are men such as Sir George Foster and Sir Thomas White who stand for national business in a more obvious, outspoken way than Sir George Perley can ever do. But in his application of business methods to party government the Sir George without portfolio is radically different from the Sir George of Trade and Commerce. Foster banks heavily on his great ability as a speaker, plus his tremendous energy in getting information and handling correspondence. Perley depends upon his quiet ability to cut his way through a day's work—in its own scheduled time—and talking about it afterwards or not at all. And in the reconstructive programme that must face both parties after the war, the party that was once led by a genius and is now captained by a big moral figure in statesmanship, will need the shrewd services of The Man Behind in Front.

THE DESPAIR OF ANY CAMERA



Sir George Perley, The Man Behind in Front, absolutely defies the photographer to express anything but lines and spaces in a portrait.

Drawn by E. Wylie Grier

community that the calcium might play upon him in the newspapers, but the kind of high percentage efficiency that he had given to his business. To George Perley, at the age of 47, politics was no mere game. It was a huge machine for public service inside the party; not merely a matter of getting into power and keeping the opposition out.

Now, that was something so new in Ottawa that it might be considered sensational. Here was an apparently dogmatic party man who proposed to be radical enough to take for a motto, "Politics is Business." Other men say it. Parliament contains about 200 members who believe it. But when they come to define it they get into the "game," and when they try to work out the idea the game gets the upper hand.

Sir George Perley put "Politics is Business" into practice by ignoring the game. He did it by the methods of the lumber mill. He did it so amazingly well that he had very little time to talk about it. In the House he was never a debater. In caucus he seldom made a speech. In Cabinet Council, where some members make speeches, Sir George simply talked. He was the man behind in front. Whenever a shrewd, waking opinion was needed, he could be depended upon. The Premier knew his value. So did the deputies and clerks in the Premier's office

MUSIC AND PLAYS

OTTAWA is naturally somewhat concerned over what the new Governor-General will do about patronage of music. Ottawa is the only city in Canada where musical patronage is the real thing. Other cities may have their lists of patrons and patronesses from the Lieutenant-Governor down. And sometimes of the Governor-General in absentia. Ottawa is sure of the actual presence of the King's representative in the Royal box, nine times out of ten for anything good, which sometimes causes the Governor-General to realize that he is

perhaps being a little bored. The Connaughts have shown a great interest in music, and before they came Earl Grey set the pace for all Governors by establishing his music and drama competitions to stimulate native production.

What will the Devonshires do? Musical people in Ottawa are wondering. They are said to be "musically inclined" and to have a young family whose musical tuition must continue to be looked after and who will require considerable music at Rideau Hall. The incoming Governor, however, will be guided a good

deal in matters of music by his predecessor.

Orchestra affairs, which usually make so much of the musical life at the Capital, are still in something of a disorganized condition. Mr. Donald Heins, who for some years has been the aggressive organizer of good music at Ottawa, reports that he is still waiting for the war to be over so that he can get together as many players as he wants. He will give at least four concerts this season; two with what he calls his first and two with his second orchestra. These will be entirely string music, as the available supply of wind instruments is only to be found in places where good music is not most in demand. After the war there will be plenty of players for the wind instruments. Mr. Heins is having his

troubles, but he is keeping things stirred up. Any man with a front name like Donald is not likely to be cast down too badly over the temporal unpopularity of Wagner and Strauss.

Fortunes in Popularity.

MANY years ago, says E. M. Wickes in the American Magazine, a wise Frenchman said that if he could write the songs for the people he would not care a straw who made the laws. If the lot of the successful song writer of to-day can be used as a basis for financial deductions relative to the sale of folk songs in the past, the illustrious son of France certainly knew what he was talking about. Very likely there are a few persons alive to-day who would rather be the author of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" than a congressman or a senator. A congressman receives something like \$7,500 a year, whereas the author of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is credited with having been paid one cent a copy royalty on four million copies, or, in other words, about \$40,000 for a day's work.

As a means of bringing fame, prominence, glory, or whatever you wish to call it, the popular song is a wonder and in a class all its own. It may not go down into history like a novel or a play, but, to quote a certain coloured gentleman, "It brings home the bacon," which is the main thing to most of us in life. And the writer of a successful popular song does not have to wait until he has passed away before his work is appreciated. His song, if the right sort, starts everyone going at once.

The Bowery in New York has produced some of the greatest American song makers.

When the new style of popular song had wormed its way into the public's heart, the Bowery took Harry von Tilzer in hand and tutored him with the intention of having him amuse and entertain the public with his melodies. Von Tilzer was born in Indiana, and his musical education consisted of one piano lesson. But the Bowery was after a creator, not a player.

Gus Edwards, composer of "School Days," "Sunbonnet Sue," "I Can't Tell Why I Love You," "Mamie," "Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by," and a dozen others, spent many of his boyhood days on the Bowery. Gus was a boy working in a cigar factory on the East Side when he

EDISON WEEK

In the United States alone, the industries founded by Thomas A. Edison give employment to six hundred thousand human beings. Edison Week is observed every year by a group of these industries in recognition of Mr. Edison's contributions to science and commerce

October
16th to 21st.

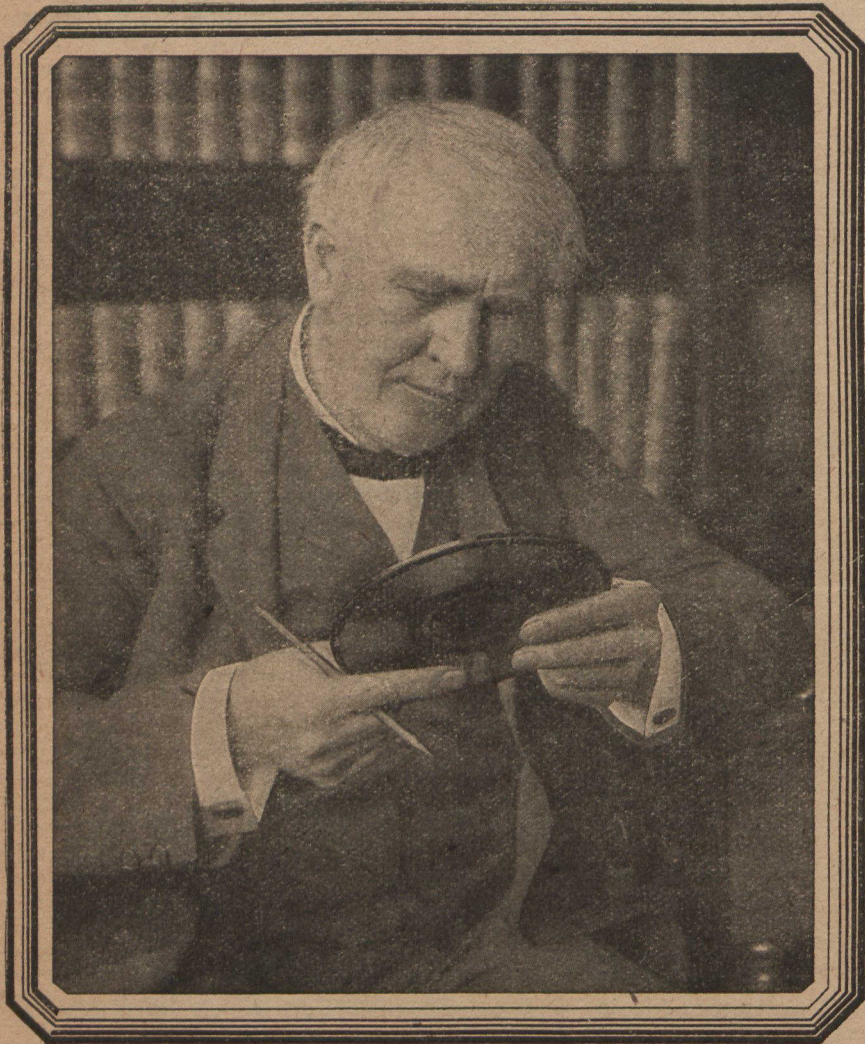
The New Edison

OF the various arts and sciences Mr. Edison takes the greatest interest in the recording and reproduction of sound. Unquestionably, of all his numerous inventions, the New Edison, the instrument of Music's Re-Creation, is his favorite. It marks the goal of his ambition to record and reproduce all forms of music with such utter perfection that the reproduction can not be distinguished from the original music.

Mr. Edison has perfected this new instrument for the reproduction of music, and recently submitted it to comparison with the voices of such great artists as Marie Rappold, Anna Case and Arthur Middleton of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Thomas Chalmers of the Boston Opera Company, Alice Verlet of the Paris Opera, Christine Miller, Elizabeth Spencer and Marie Kaiser, the great concert singers.

Remember, these great artists stood beside the New Edison in Carnegie Hall, New York, Symphony Hall, Boston, the Astor Gallery, and other shrines of music. They sang in direct comparison with Edison's reproduction of their voices. More than 200,000 music lovers attended these demonstrations and were unable to distinguish the original from the reproduction. The music critics of more than two hundred of America's leading newspapers admitted that they were unable to detect the slightest difference. To differentiate this new instrument from the ordinary talking machines, the critics coined a new expression—*Music's Re-Creation*.

These astounding tests have proved conclusively to music critics everywhere that the New Edison is incomparably superior to any and all other devices for the reproduction of sound. We have the verdict of the American press and American music critics. We now want the verdict of the American people.



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And 10 cents a word for your opinion, as explained below

IN every locality there is a merchant licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell the New Edison. These merchants have set aside a limited number of specially tested instruments which will be sent on *absolutely free trial* to the homes of responsible people during Edison Week. Bring Music's Re-Creation into your home. Keep the instrument for three days during Edison Week. Let your family form its opinion. Then put that opinion into words.

The music critics have told in their language why the New Edison is infinitely superior, from their standpoint, to any and all talking machines. We want you to tell us in your language why the New Edison is more valuable and desirable in the American home than any other talking machine. We want you to tell us why it is superior as an entertainer and as a means of developing real culture and musical appreciation on the part of your family. We already have a booklet that contains the opinions of lead-

ing American music critics. This booklet tells the technical and artistic side. We want another booklet that will tell the human side, and this is what we are willing to pay for your opinion:

\$500 for the Best Opinion
\$200 for the Second Best Opinion
\$100 for the Third Best Opinion

The Contest Closes October 28, 1916

Ten cents per word for opinions which do not win prizes, but which we decide are worthy of publication. No opinion to be more than 200 words in length.

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Go to an Edison dealer at once and apply to him for a three days *free trial* of the New Edison during Edison Week. If you are not too late he will give you an entry blank containing all of the conditions. Let us make plain that you assume no obligation to purchase the instrument placed with you. At the end of three days trial you may return the instrument if you desire to do so. This free trial imposes no responsibility upon you except that you promise to be careful of the splendid instrument that is to be placed in your home. Professional writers and phonograph trade are barred. You don't have to be a trained writer to

win a prize. Ideas are what count. You can make grammatical errors and misspell words and it will not count against you. The New Edison stirs deep feelings in music lovers' souls. We want your feelings expressed freely in your own words. Don't wait. Act quickly. Remember the number of instruments available for these free trials is limited. Should you be too late to have an instrument placed in your home, there is a consolation contest open to you for the best opinions based on merely hearing the New Edison in an Edison dealer's store. The prizes in this consolation contest are

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The Contest Closes October 28, 1916

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This is a Young American Singer who Popularized that heroic United States ditty: "I Didn't Raise my Boy to be a Soldier."

first conceived the idea of writing songs. His "School Days" was translated into several tongues, and the young folks in China used to sing it. From his many hits Edwards has earned at least a million dollars.

When the fickle public tired of the old "coon" songs and demanded something new in the way of ragtime, the Bowery called on Irving Berlin to supply the novelty.

Berlin knows little or nothing about the high-brow points on music. Melodies just bubble out of his system. He has an ear for harmony, and can recognize a catchy strain the second he hears one. On one occasion he told the writer that he feared to study music, as he had an idea that the knowledge of music con-

struction and its laws would have a tendency to kill his originality and spontaneity. Practically everything comes to him in a flash, and if it appeals to him he does not stop to analyze a melody for possible violations.

A number of young women have won fame and wealth from writing songs, the most prominent of the present time being Fleta J. Brown and Anita Owen. Miss Owen is the author and composer of "A Sweet Bunch of Daisies," "Daisies Won't Tell," and others.

If you have tried your hand at writing songs and have not met with success, you should not allow early setbacks to discourage you. Hit writers do not live forever, and as the supply of first-class song writers never exceeds the demand, there is always a chance for the man or woman with real talent. The plums in song writing are high and difficult to reach, and you must keep pegging away until you knock one down. The consensus of opinion, even among well-known song writers, is that the person capable of writing the kind of songs that appeal to the public will obtain a hearing sooner or later.

Vigneti En Passant.

SINCE our introduction to this page of Mons. Vigneti, the new virtuoso and violin professor at the Hambourg Conservatory, we have had the pleasure of hearing him play. Our liveliest anticipations are more than justified. Vigneti—just a word or two about him now until he makes his public appearance—is one of the most restrained artists ever heard in this country. His restraint gives him a luscious quality of tone entirely free from any suspicion of over-working his instrument. He plays with an ease that suggests Fritz Kreisler, yet he is only a little man. Physically speaking—of course. His tone is big but not what is commonly called the "big tone." It does not strike you as mere tone, something that he wants to get and the devil take the rest; rather as a big copious expression that must be fluent and easy or it spoils the temperamental atmosphere. In obvious fireworks he does not as yet display himself as a prodigy; for which we may be thankful. His double-stopping and his harmonies are beautiful and clean. His E string never scratches. His G never gets raucous and never sobs like a melodrama heroine. He is brilliant, vibrational and expressive. To him beauty, not mere efficiency, is the test of a violin. He achieves what he is after. As a concert and ensemble player he is sure to be popular.

Hambourg's New Cello.

BORIS HAMBURG is now playing on a remarkable new cello that dates back to 1732. The maker's name used to be Montenagna—of Cremona. This instrument was for a long while in a famous collection in Italy and a couple of years ago was sent to New York, where it hung fire with a dealer, until Boris took it, disposing of his Cophu.

Now there is as much personal difference between the few great cellos in the world as there is between great people. This Montenagna speaks out with the voice of a big emotional actor. The moment the bow gets to the strings in the hands of a master there is a big, grippy response. That was the effect that Casals achieved at his concerts here last season. And it was precisely what Boris Hambourg got the other evening when I heard him play.

"Are you quite sure," I said to him "that you didn't steal that cello from Casals?"

"Ah!" said he, "It was made by the very same man that made Casals' instrument."

Canadian Artists Abroad.

VIGGO KIHL, Paul Wells and Ernest Seitz are among the Toronto Conservatory piano artists scheduled to give piano programmes in the United States during the present season. The Conservatory of Music entered upon its 30th season on September 1st, with every prospect of a most successful season. Particularly noteworthy has been the very large enrollment of professional students.

The institution's vocal faculty represents one of the strongest and most distinctive features, including as it does, a number of teachers whose opportunities for culture and experience abroad and in Canada place them in the forefront of the profession in America.

In its organ department the Conservatory offers unique facilities both for study and practice, its equipment comparing favourably with the leading schools of Europe or America.

Students of theory and of string and other orchestral instruments will find the Conservatory's equipment all that might be expected from an institution of its high rank and great importance.

Kahn Promises Well.

MR. FREDERICK KAHN has returned to New York after spending a few weeks at his home in Toronto. During his years of study with Mr. Frank Welsman, Mr. Kahn was recognized as one of Canada's most brilliant and promising pianists, and his many friends confidently expect that his future career in New York will be signally successful. He is a product of a well-known studio in a conservatory where piano faculty is



Margot Kelly, English actress, who came to New York with a small shipload of actor people about a month ago—as Phrynette in Pierrot the Prodigal.

one of the strongest on the American continent, selected with particular attention to virtuosity, sound pedagogy and a variety of style. Mr. Welsman is now the pioneer piano pedagogue in that institution.

A Big Western Tour.

REDFERNE HOLLINSHEAD and Boris Hambourg are arranging for an extended recital tour in the West, beginning next January. The tour will include about forty concerts, needless to say of a high art character. The manager, Wallace Graham, from his long experience in organizing western concert tours, believes that the demand for the very best music in the West is as great and as distinctive as it is in any other part of Canada.

STAGE CHATTER

Eva Adores Bernhardt. A MARKED artistic advance in her work is shown by Miss Eva Le Gallienne in "Mr. Lazarus," the new play by Harvey O'Higgins. In speaking of her performance, Miss Le Gallienne, who

is the daughter of Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, asserts that she owes everything she is to Sarah Bernhardt.

"I am mad about her!" said Miss Le Gallienne of the Divine Sarah. "I first saw her in Paris when I was six years old. The play was 'The Sleeping Beauty,' and she was wonderful in it, and from that minute I wanted to go on the stage.

"Again and again I begged my mother to take me to see her, and I have seen her in almost everything she has played since. I watch her gestures, her hands, the expression of her whole body. I listen to her French—her voice is music and her enunciation is like a bell.

"Oh, I'm mad about her! She is my ideal of greatness in art. For a long time I wanted to meet her and one day through some stage friend of my mother I was taken to see her. And I have met her twice since. And the last time, when I was coming away and told her that I too, meant to give my life to the stage, something very lovely happened! She gave me the flowers she had just worn in the play, 'La Dame aux Camelias'—lovely artificial flowers that look almost like real hot-house Camelias—and a note in French on her card, 'A souvenir of Sarah Bernhardt!' I put the flowers in a locket which I wear always. It is my talisman! Mrs. Favensham declares that when Mme. Bernhardt comes to America she shall come to see me in 'Mr. Lazarus.' How frightened I shall be!"

The promise is still held forth that Grace George will appear in repertoire again this season. Just when she will begin her engagement depends largely on developments. "The Man Who Came Back" is a healthy success at the Playhouse, and William A. Brady is loath to disturb it, and then, too, Miss George is still searching for promising plays. Having used several of the stock available for revivals last season, there are fewer possibilities to choose from among the old plays, and new ones with roles suitable for her deft style of acting have always been difficult to obtain. Miss George's public does not return to New York till the height of the season, which is another reason why her second season in repertoire will not begin as early as last year.

Galsworthy's "Justice," which was last season's outstanding artistic success, will play three weeks on the subway circuit before starting on a tour that will take it to the Pacific Coast and back. The absorbing drama will be presented tomorrow night at the Bronx Opera House and the following two weeks in Teller's Shubert and the Montauk in Brooklyn.

John Barrymore will play his original role and O. P. Heggie and Thomas Louden will have the roles in which they were seen at the Candler. Bertha Mann and Whitford Kane have been added to the cast. Mr. Kane was in the original company that acted the play at Miss Horniman's Manchester Theatre.

From here the play will go to Chicago for a limited engagement. The tour will last until July.

Gladys Cooper, one of London's most popular and beautiful actresses, has acquired the English rights to Cyril Harcourt's comedy, "A Lady's Name," and will produce it in London. Miss Cooper will play the role Marie Tempest created when the play was first acted at the Maxine Elliott last Spring.

Robert Edmond Jones has found time while designing the settings for the new ballet to be presented by the Ballet Russe to splash off a setting for the Russian harlequinade that will be a feature of the Washington Square Players' new bill next week. The costumes for the novelty are from designs by George Wolfe Plank, a young American artist, who recently returned from a two years' stay abroad. Gordon Craig had been attracted by Mr. Plank's work and the latter went abroad to study with the distinguished exponent of advanced stage art when the war came and spoiled his plans. It was Mr. Plank who brought into vogue the highly decorative magazine covers of which those of Vogue are typical.

THE MOVIE TOUCH.

The Megalo Motion Company (U. S. A.) has the pleasure to announce the release of its latest triumph, a film version of the well-known nursery rhyme



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What's What the World Over

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

Joffre—Visigoth

Brains and Women

Germanize the Pole

The Empty Cradles

JOFFRE—VISIGOTH

Homesick for His Vineyards in the Midst of War

I WAS fortunate enough, says an anonymous writer in *The Atlantic Monthly*, to be in Paris with a letter in my pocket written by a person in authority, addressed to General Joffre. After forwarding it through the proper military channels, I learned that the General would be glad to see me and my friend M. L— at nine o'clock the next morning, Sunday, at his headquarters at —. We motored out, mak-



Woman Conductor: "Will you deal with this man? He won't pay his fare and he won't get off the 'bus.'
Special Constable: "Er—er—well, how much IS his fare?"

—From *The Bystander*, London.

ing an early start from Paris, and were taken from the hotel at — to a simple brick cottage where the General of all the Allied armies lives.

We were ushered into his study, a small, simple room. The General rose and greeted us cordially. He is a short thickset man, quite fat and heavy, with a square face, the head and moustache almost white, with just enough color left to show that his hair was a light yellowish red originally. He has a kind, light-blue eye. He is deliberate in his actions and exceedingly quiet and grave. He was dressed in an old-style uniform that looked as though it had seen much service—the red trousers with the black braid at the side, tan shoes and leggings, and an old-style black jacket without any decorations or insignia of office.

He sat opposite us at a small table where he had been working, and discussed with us various phases of the war for an hour and three-quarters. Apparently he was much interested in getting from me my impressions of Germany and the Germans, after which he talked at some length about certain characteristics of Germany's war policy. He said:

"We have kept a very accurate record in two parallel columns of our losses and of the German reports of those same losses. To illustrate the point—the other day we lost at Soissons, as the result of an unimportant engagement, some sixteen or eighteen men and one or two guns, and north of Soissons a few prisoners were taken and a few metres of trench. The Germans in their official communique reported this in the minutest detail and with great precision, their official published record agreeing exactly with ours, as it always does on minor details and engage-

ments. But on that same day they reported 1,000 prisoners taken near Verdun. What actually happened at Verdun was, that we threw out, as a sort of observation post, a salient forming an angle in advance of the main line, consisting of 600 men and a few guns, with the order that this salient should retire to the main line as soon as it was hard pressed. The men soon were hard pressed and did retire, losing twenty-six men and three guns. The German report of this was, that they had beaten back the French line at this point and taken 1,000 prisoners. The result of these exaggerations since the beginning of the war shows a grand total of men taken and killed amounting to more than the number of men that France has equipped. I liken this sort of thing to a panorama where there are a few sticks, stones, dried leaves and bits of grass in the foreground which are real, but the main scene, which is calculated to deceive, is unreal, a pure fake.

"This has been Germany's policy since the beginning, and some day the German people will realize how they have been fooled. They will not care much so long as Germany remains on the offensive and is more or less continuously successful in keeping up the pressure; but some time that must stop. Germany deliberately plans an offensive such as is going on now, and votes for that offensive 500,000 men. We cannot vote man-power away in that ruthless fashion. We count the cost in human lives and human suffering, and Germany does not, and we believe that Germany is wrong. It may take months to prove it, and we must be patient; but we shall go on and we ought to win.

"It is strangely interesting to see the results as they now begin to show themselves of Germany's hatred of those countries which she has forged into a league against her. We must never forget what Germany has taught us all. When she began the war, France was given over to things unworthy of her. She seemed to have forgotten her aspiration and her destiny. See her now, purified and made new. She has saved her own soul. Then England whom Germany hates most of all. She had grown light-minded, unstable, a prey to civil discord. Now she is unified and made whole. Her young men will begin life anew, and the nation will take on the vigour and enthusiasm of youth. Think of Italy, after fifty years, fulfilling the visions of Mazini and Cavour! And Russia—Russia to settle whose account Germany began this enormous war—will profit more from it than all the other countries of Europe combined. Not only has the Russian nation been reborn, but her material greatness will be vastly enhanced. No; whatever we may think of Germany, we must never forget all we have learned from her."

M. L— told the General of what he had con-

tributed to France. He recited briefly the tragic story of the death of his only son. The General shook his head and looked sad and grave. Then L— told him of his lecturing at Harvard in June, 1915, and of a young Breton who came up to him after the lecture and shook hands with him; then handed him a letter which he said he had just received from his mother. The letter read, "My dear son: You will be grieved to learn that your two brothers have been killed. Their country needed them and they gave everything they had to save her. Your country needs you, and while I am not going even to suggest to you that you return to fight for France, if you do not return at once, never come."

The General, anticipating what was coming, was with difficulty controlling his feelings. But at the end of the story the tears were rolling down his face. He bowed his head and rubbed his eyes, then, pulling himself together, stood up, put one arm on L—'s shoulder and one arm on mine, and said, "That is France; do you wonder that we count the lives?"

He talked on ten or fifteen minutes after that, and I felt like hugging him, he was so big and human. As I sat there watching him, he seemed a sort of superman. He was not French; he had a face that was a sort of composite photograph of the best German generals I had seen, but with a kind expression about the mouth and a gentle eye. He had no gestures, and spoke slowly, quietly, and deliberately, unlike the French.

I asked my companion if he could be French. "No," said L—, "he is a pure Visigoth, and I like to think of him as having all the courage and wonderful fighting qualities of the Visigoth, tempered and made gentle by the environment of southern France—the best of Germany and the best of France combined in one great leader, and France is supremely lucky to have that leader. Gallieni is another Visigoth. The two men were in Abyssinia together. They are both old campaigners and big men."

The General said as we parted that he was homesick for his vineyards. He must long to get back to them, to the simple, free life, far removed from the burdens of this hideous struggle. They ought to make General Joffre king of France, but I do not believe he would want that honour, for he longs for the pruning-hook and the plough.

BRAINS AND WOMEN

Havelock Ellis Asks New Questions About an Old Controversy

HAVELOCK ELLIS says in an article on "The Mind of Woman," in *The Atlantic Monthly*, that of old there were always champions of the intellectual excellence of women (usually masculine champions), but they appeared to be maintaining a brilliant paradox. Most people, he continues, whether men or women, seem to have felt that women had little use for mind; it was their husbands' business to furnish that; their part was to seek knowledge, as they were taught to seek God, through men. The sphere of women was generally held to be—as it still is commonly held to be in Germany, though to-day no country is so actively engaged in disproving this statement—children, church, cooking. Now it is almost undisputed that a species like our own, which has reached so high a degree of success, could have progressed only through the possession of a marked superiority in both sexes.

One of the most interesting and most discussed aspects of this question is the sexual distribution of genius. Genius is always a rare and incalculable element in human life. Genius, as roughly distinguished from talent—which simply means the ability to do better what others do well—is the far rarer ability to do something which others have hitherto been unable to do. Such ability involves a radically abnormal temperament, for it means seeing the world from a different angle from other people and feeling it with a different sensibility. Such a



"We Germans wish to rebuild Louvain."
"For mercy's sake, your Majesty, spare us this new crime."

—Ricardo Flores in the *Paris Journal*.

person is necessarily solitary, a rebel at heart, and highly charged with an energy which manifests itself in play, or in work which has the characteristics, and the zest, of play. This energy is derived from a reservoir which, it is sometimes held, normally yields the energy of sex or the energy of war, and is in genius diverted into a new channel. Among people with much sexual energy or much fighting energy—as was notably the case among the Greeks—we should thus expect to find genius more than usually abundant.

Now, if—striving to put aside anything we may have heard regarding the sexual distribution of genius—we ask ourselves which sex in the human species is the more apt to be abnormal, solitary, rebellious, playful, with the greater reserves of sexual energy and fighting energy behind it, most people, it is probable, would find themselves in agreement. As a matter of fact, genius, as generally recognizable, is incomparably more often met with in men than in women. There is no doubt on this point. Among British persons of genius, placing the question on an objective basis, I found that only 5.3 per cent. were women, while in history generally, Professor Cattell finds it is 3.2 per cent. Dr. Cora Castle, in a more special and comprehensive study of eminent women, found, a little to her dismay, that from the dawn of history to the present day only 868 women have “accomplished anything that history has recorded as worth while.” More-



The Volunteer Non-Com. (unduly impressed by the order to pay honours to officers): Eyes—up!

—Drawn by A. E. Horne for the Sketch.

over, the eminence thus attained has by no means always been due to ability, but often to quite other qualities and even to the accident of position. By Dr. Castle's objective method, Mary Queen of Scots comes out as the most eminent woman of history; and while she was doubtless one who would have attracted attention in whatever social circle she had been born, she was not a woman of genius and very dubiously even a woman of talent.

Women have not so often been eminent as men for the very good reason that they have not so often had occasion to be eminent. Even as queens, though they have shone on the throne, women have had less occasion for eminence than men because they have not always been eligible as monarchs. In the learned professions, where talent so easily leads to success and fame, women have been more decisively shut out from eminence; for, save very occasionally, these have been absolutely closed to women until yesterday, and are to some extent closed still. That is a completely adequate reason why in the list of eminent women great lawyers, great preachers, great politicians, who so abound among eminent men, have no existence. For the display of talent, even for the exhibition of notoriety, opportunity is necessary, and such opportunity has not been accorded in the same measure to women as to men; in some countries and at some periods, indeed, it has not been accorded at all.

The world has never offered opportunities to genius in men, and it might even be said that, for the sake of a little charm or a touch of piquancy, it is readier to condone genius in women than in the other sex. As a matter of fact, however, women of genius have had just the same difficulties to overcome as men of genius, and they have overcome

them exactly as men have overcome them, single-handed, and in the end triumphant. This has been so even on the stage, where one might imagine that a woman's path is easy.

The fact is that all that we conventionally term “opportunity” is wasted on genius, worse than wasted, for in the midst of such opportunity genius runs the risk of being stifled. Genius is more likely to be at home in the gutter or in the desert, and it is out of such soils that the most exquisite genius has sometimes grown. During the Middle Ages, women in the cloister enjoyed just the same opportunities as men for the development of genius, but the one woman of literary genius who arose in the cloister during all those ages, Hroswitha, wrote plays which are in violent and startling contrast to the cloistered life. If genius is less often manifested in women than in men, the cause is not to be found in environment, but within; it is an intimate secret of structure and mechanism. We find genius more often in men, just as we find transposed viscera or twelve-toed feet more often in men; just as we also find that even the papillary ridges of the fingers show greater polymorphism and asymmetry in men than in women. For the cultivation of such anomalies all the opportunities of the world are offered in vain.

GERMANIZE THE POLE

New Scheme of the Teutons to Make up for Lost Colonies

GERMANY has lost her colonies, all but a small corner of East Africa. But with true German inventiveness she has hit upon a new scheme. If the French and the English and the Australians want her overseas colonies, why they must have them. Germany can get others. How? We get the information from M. Edmond Perrier, who tells us in an article in “Le Temps” that an “Institute for the Protection of Nature” has been founded in Berlin, the aim of which is to extend German usurpation to the countries of the globe beyond civilization.

Chance has just put into our hands, he says, a document which corroborates the revelations of the eminent director of our museum. It is simply a plan, drawn up by one of the learned scholars of the aforementioned Institute, for the Germanizing of the North Pole.

We shall here reproduce the principal passages.

“The North Pole was colonized by the Germans in the Pleistocene period. Germany has the right, therefore, to reclaim it.

“However, its annexation presents some difficulties. We cannot send our servants, governesses, merchants, manufacturers, and acrobats up there, who are generally in charge of preparing our invasions. They would find no employment, the North Pole being, as everyone knows, only a frozen desert.

“Is that a reason, however, for giving up our wise custom of never venturing into unknown lands? No.

“Although there are no human beings at the North Pole, there are bears and seals, so we shall make use of these animals with our usual methodical ingenuity. We shall send among them those of our compatriots who are ready to work for us.

“From our experience of masqued balls we know that it is easy for a man to disguise himself as a bear. In such disguise a certain number of our agents will go and live among these large carnivorous animals of the Arctic Seas, will study their haunts and win their confidence.

“It is more difficult to dress up as a seal, but we shall certainly be able to make some of our spies resemble those amphibious animals. The men for this branch of the work will be selected from among the best swimmers, and will be provided with special respirators so that they can share in seal frolics.

“We know that bears like to climb, therefore the bear agents will place ladders which will indicate routes at regular intervals, for the amusement of their carnivorous companions.

“Thus our vanguard Uhlans, who will precede the occupying army, will be able to discover the way in automobile sleighs.

“The seal agents will show us the fishiest waters and make sure our provisioning.

“So soon as we arrive, German industry will be able to throw upon the markets of the world large quantities of furs and enormous supplies of salt fish. Vast refrigerating plants will be established for preserving bear-meat, and isinglass will be made from the stored seal grease.

“As the cold weather is an obstacle to recruiting workers for carrying on our enterprise, we shall have to temper the climate. For this purpose we shall have to make use of our tropical colonies. We can arrange a system of mirrors which will send the sun's rays from our African possessions into the

northern regions. Or we might change the course of the Gulf Stream, and by means of an enormous canal system, make it flow into the Polar regions and warm the atmosphere. This would only be a new application of the system known as central heating.

“Nothing could hinder us on the other hand from changing the cold air currents of the Arctic and



ASLEEP AT THE STITCH.

—Brinkerhoff, in New York Evening Mail.

using them to ventilate the elephant parks in our African territory, mentioned in a previous programme.

“Thus a happy medium would be established in the climates of the world, and luxuriant, tropical vegetation could flourish in northern latitudes, while near the equator we could organize seasons of winter sport. All that we should then have to do would be to erect here and there large hotels and monopolize the tourists.

“Then German Kultur would triumph in all latitudes. It goes without saying, of course, that the North Pole would have Central European time, and as for the South Pole—”

Let us stop quoting. These projects make one dizzy. We ought to rejoice that the Allies have checked the soldiers of the Kaiser, otherwise we may rest assured the terrestrial globe being in the hands of the Germans, their learned professors would then proceed to Germanize the moon.

Translation by Miss Laura Denton, B.A., from the French article by Gabriel Timmory, entitled “La Germanisation du Pole Nord,” in “Les Annales” of 5th March, 1916.

THE EMPTY CRADLES

Rouse the Bitter Tongue of the Great Father Vaughan

FATHER VAUGHAN'S exhortation of the people of Great Britain for failing in their duty to the race, has a Canadian application. We quote from his article on “England's Empty Cradles” in The Nineteenth Century. I contend, he says, that a man who realizes that he is a member of a State, be he Socialist or not, is a debtor to it, and is bound by principles of the strictest justice to render it service.

Men and women who have chosen a married state as their condition in life are no less under a most serious obligation to the State. They must contribute to the upkeep of the population, and so must refrain from making use of positive and artificial measures for limiting their families. They must not do that which cannot fail to do serious harm to the State. They, too, must serve the State.

But if we regard marital relations from the point of view of Christian morality it is utterly revolting to the Christian conscience (and this, I think, is universally admitted by the Christian Churches) that functions ordained by God for the procreation of the family should be positively misused and diverted from their chief and proper object, and exercised instead for the gratification of sense, to the deliberate exclusion of every other rational end.

Even upon the supposition that a man does not believe in a personal God, as I greatly fear some of my countrymen do not, still, the use of bodily functions merely for pleasure, to the exclusion of every rational end, is a rebellion against right reason and a degradation of human nature.

No statistician will convince me that a progressively declining birth-rate makes for anything but national disaster. It means the triumph of death over life; not the shout of victory, but the wail of defeat. "Britons," I break in to cry out, "hold your own!"

Many causes, we may grant, concur at present to render the birth-rate low. Some of them are in-

foods, the demand for the most expensive articles is very noticeable. The sale of sweets, and especially of small fancy cakes, is quite a phenomenon. You will find (he continued) that nearly all the big drapery stores and shops of London are either opening new departments for the sale of these cakes, or enlarging and extending existing departments.

"As regards the 'beauty specialists' and their so-called 'Complexion Treatment' and other nostrums, of course the lotions and ointments and creams are for the most part quite worthless, but they serve to extract money from the purses of women whose minds are more unhealthy than their skins. They pander to diseased imagination."

It is some comfort to know that the "Astol," the "Astine," and the "Astinol" purchased by "Great Britain's greatest beauties" are always kept in their travelling bags." The best place for them.

Read this too:

"In Regent Street yesterday a representative of one of the London dailies met one young lady in blue boots, about two dozen in tan and yellow boots, some six or seven in white and check boots, one in claret-coloured boots, and one in mauve. A passion for very high and brightly coloured boots is by no means confined to the young and frivolous."

These indulgences in vanity are exhibitions of bad form in time of war and mourning; they manifest an absence of soul-culture, and a lack of self-reverence and self-control.

As regards cosmetics, here is an almost incredible description from a London paper of the 19th of April:

"In the three hours' treatment—hours taken from national and much-needed work—women are being fitted with face masks, composed of cucumber, barley, vinegar, and often out-of-season strawberries. Baths of oatmeal mixed with violet leaves are a refreshing form of muscle relaxation. A paste of lemon-juice and tomatoes forms a whitening mixture, into which the hands are dipped before manicure. All these are foodstuffs needed by the nation; the amount used by beauty doctors tends to raise the prices. The serious point about these beauty establishments is the waste of women's time, and even more, the waste of material needed for human consumption."

The strange part of the business is that you are set down as hypercritical and cruelly rude if you venture to make passing comment deprecating these extravagant follies. What hope is there of amendment in the future when there is no recognition of fault or frailty in the past?

Fancy prices are extended, as is well known, to the purchase of pet dogs, fondled and scented, jewelled and frocked, while human babes are dying for want of wholesome milk and decent clothing. Not that dogs should not be bred and fed and cared for; but let us remember that a whole litter of prized pets can never replace, as the infant in the cradle may, a fallen drummer-boy in khaki. I believe there are more petted dogs than petted children in London. One woman writes to tell me she always goes into mourning for a defunct dog, and that she firmly believes she will meet her deceased pets in the next world. She does not say where!

Years ago (says another London paper for the 6th of April) Father Bernard Vaughan thundered against ladies who paid £5 an ounce for Yorkshire terriers and more for a Peking. Champion Chush's little body was said to be priced at double that rate.

In another paper I read:

"I, too, had reason to think of the country, to wonder what we were coming to, when I recently passed through the Burlington Arcade. I saw there a shop window devoted entirely to comforts for dogs—clothing for dogs, silver collars at half-a-guinea and more, collars blue and yellow and green, linen collars with bow ties, waterproof raincoats, toothbrushes, closed-in baskets with satin curtains, goggles, bangles, soap—all for dogs. I went inside and was given a price-list of doggy comforts, charmingly illustrated by a well-known artist. Later I saw in the street a woman leading a dog which wore a coloured coat with a pocket containing a handkerchief with which to wipe the dog's nose."

We badly want some Shylock to demand an ounce of such rare and costly stuff, so that more precious human flesh may have wherewith to live.

The testimony of letters received from all parts of the country since I ventured to denounce the "massacre of the innocents" by the use of preventives, shows how quickly neo-Malthusianism has spread, and how deeply its canker has eaten into national life, threatening it with irremediable disease. Here are a few samples of them, with some others from other sources:

After this (suffering from childbirth) I said to a friend one day, "If only I could feel that this was my last I would be quite happy." "Well," she replied, "why don't you make it your last?" and she gave me advice. As a result of this knowledge I had no more for four and a

half years. I sometimes think that the Great Almighty has heard the poor woman in travail, and shows her a way of rest.

Working-class women have grown more refined; they desire better homes, better clothes for themselves and their children. Preventives are largely used. Race suicide, if you will, is the policy of the mothers of the future. Who shall blame us?

When at the end of ten years I was almost a wreck, I determined that this state of things should not go on any longer, and if there was no natural means of prevention, then, of course, artificial means must be employed, which were successful, and I am happy to say that from that time I have been able to take pretty good care of myself.

If mothers will be wise, they will try not to bring poor boys into the world; let the ones that talk have the boys; give us food and we will have children.

"If I had my time over again I would have an empty cradle." The writer continues with strange inconsistency, "I love my children and they love me, and I miss my pet every day." The pet was unskillfully handled at birth and died. "I am pleased to say I have only two little girls; I hope they will never fill a cradle."

Before you begin to preach from the text "Fill the cradle," kindly arrange with Government and municipal authorities to provide standing room for the cradle. I have four kiddies of my own, and my husband somewhere in France. Do you think people will let me rooms? Not a bit of it—me and my children are beggars and wanderers. Nobody will have my children, and municipal tenement houses are no better. Wherever I go I am told, "We can't have them," and I am turned into the streets.

I am a navy, and Jim beside me is a dock labourer. We always read what you have to say, but about this birth-rate, although you may be all right, we can't do nothing at all. We are crowded out. How can you raise a family when there is one room or two at most in tenement houses to rear them in. Your crusade, Father, "Fill the cradle," must be carried on in the West-End, not down here. It's queer example, the moneyed folk, our so-called better classes, sets us. We did ought to be paid for raising a family, but they ought to be penalized for not producing cradlefuls.

I have three lovely children, and my husband is always asking for more, but if you knew the ridicule and banter it has subjected me to from my women friends you would not blame but pity me. They swarm around you, and just when you need sympathy most of all they pour out vitriol into your soul, saying "How can you be so silly? It is so middle-class to have more than two, so vulgar and immoral. Why, you surely don't want to talk



evitable, others are not so. It is probably inevitable at present that the birth-rate should be lower than usual, because of the increased prices of food, because of small separation allowances, because of the absence of so many married men from home, and of the actual deaths of prospective husbands. In view of these facts, numerous as "war-weddings" have been, the marriage-rate has been sensibly lowered by the war.

It will be of interest, in passing, to notice that the areas which showed a larger proportion of families of four persons than of three in the family are mainly in the Northern Counties; thus, for example, in Birkenhead, Durham, Gateshead, Sunderland, Liverpool, Bootle, Manchester, St. Helens, Salford, Warrington, Wigan, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Middlesbrough, and Barnsley. The list might be continued with very little variation. Thus it appears that the population is recruited more from the industrial sections of the community, though slowly enough from them. The more highly educated and leisured classes are not contributing their share to the population. They are some of them, anyhow, enjoying the privileges of the married state while shirking its responsibilities. I sometimes wonder what can be their outlook upon life, what are their ideas of patriotism, and whether they realize they are bleeding our nation to death.

Observe, it is not only by fighting infant mortality in our mean streets and slum alleys, but also, and much more so, by filling the cradles in fashionable quarters, and in suburban districts, that every lover of his country and of lofty ideals should look for the recruiting of the race.

In addition to the decrease in effective fertility, many other factors, as I have said, go to cause a low birth-rate and a high infant mortality, chief among which are the postponement of marriage to a later age, self-indulgent living with gross practices, and habits of intemperance. Nor must we overlook penury with its train of bad economic conditions. For example, the average death-rate in one-room tenements is about 32 per 1,000, while in the two-roomed it is about 21 per 1,000, and in a four-roomed tenement it falls to 11. For one-fifth of our population there is no room to live, let alone to thrive and build Empire defenders!

I have before me a letter from a friend who speaks from certain knowledge when he says:

"A superintendent in one of the largest stores in London told me the other day that never in the course of his experience had he known such extravagant purchasing as just now. Enormous quantities of expensive furs had been sold off, with a rush, almost as soon as the sale was announced. As regards



A NEW OFFENSIVE.

—Harding, in Brooklyn Eagle.

your ideals from the farm-yard, or from the rabbit-warren?" Is it really immoral, Father, to have a big family? Anyhow, nothing in this world would induce me to go through these sneers and jeers again.

The foregoing letters would certainly seem to show that there is a large body of opinion in England that is averse to child-bearing and avoids it by artificial means. This aversion is by no means confined to women; men are every bit as bad. When these means of prevention fail, recourse is had to even more drastic measures—namely, to infanticide and abortion.

A few days since I was walking down a much-frequented area when I noticed a signboard "Stop and see our window." I, for one, did so, and there spread out before me was a sight which made me cross the threshold and suggest to the salesman to draw down his shop blinds during the day instead of at night. My friend behind the counter replied that his business was to supply a demand; that prevention was better than cure, etc. An innocent girl, shocked by her first experience in a shop, quite lately asked my advice about the rightness of sell-

ing such appliances, of which she said there was a steadily growing sale among both men and women. She was in the drug department of a store. She told me that women discussed the quality of these things and bargained for them over the counter without a twitch or a blush showing on their enamelled and powdered faces.

In The Times of the 16th of October, 1906, it is reported that Mr. Sidney Webb took a voluntary confidential census among a class of "intellectuals," and it appeared that of 120 marriages 107 were "limited," the average number of children of each marriage being considerably under two. If this were to become the average number of children to every married couple throughout the land, France would live to write England's obituary notice, with the epitaph on her tombstone: "Died of suicidal corruption." God avert it!

THE NEW RUSSIA

Is no Longer Two Russias, But a Great Unity

BEFORE the great war there were in reality two Russias—the Russia of the people, the Russia of to-morrow, and the Russia of the Government, the Russia of yesterday. The line was so sharply drawn between the two that no observer failed to notice it. Russia's autocracy came to be regarded universally as the most autocratic institution among the nations of our time, while Russia's democracy, as any raw democracy is apt to be, was, to state it mildly, radical in the extreme. That the gulf between Russian bureaucracy and democracy could ever be bridged seemed beyond human credence. It was the general belief that only the overthrow of the bureaucracy could produce a new Russia. This is the way in which Mr. Isaac Don Levine opens an article in Current History.

But the great war made possible the impossible. The most bureaucratic autocracy came to fight for the very life of the world's democracy. Russia's radical forces could not but do

and contact with the army. It has recently demonstrated upon several occasions its new attitude toward the Russian democracy, and it makes little difference whether this change of attitude was voluntary or involuntary. The dismissal of that most reactionary bureaucrat, Goremykine, from the Premiership was forced through public opinion, as expressed by Rodzianko, President of the Duma, in his famous letter to the Premier. The personal visit of the Czar to the Duma, the first he ever made to that body, was an event of deep significance in the same respect. It was the acknowledgment by the Russian autocracy before all the world that Russian democracy is now regarded as a legitimate institution. Then, only a short while ago, Sukhomlinoff, ex-War Minister, was arrested and held for trial as the individual responsible for the delinquencies of the army during the Teutonic invasion of last year. By this act the Government branded itself as guilty of gross inefficiency, incompetency, and criminality in the past, and hanged its head in shame, bowing before the new spirit in administration of public affairs, the spirit of public service, which has been injected into the life blood of the Government by the people's national organizations.

This injection means the creation of another force for the making of a new Russia. To make the rusty and antiquated machinery of the Russian Government modern and efficient is going a long way toward the transformation of the country. It would be humanly impossible, no doubt, even through the medium of a revolution, to change Russia's vast Governmental plant from a dead to a live body in a short time. It is a task of years, even under the most favourable of circumstances. But this task has been begun! Corruption and personal ambition are slowly and steadily, though with obstinate resistance, giving way to the self-denying, self-sacrificing kind of public service. And each new day brings improvement and promise for the dawn of a new era in Russia.

Thus, in the month of June alone several epoch-making reforms were promulgated in Russia. The temporary ban put on alcohol by the imperial ukase at the beginning of the war has now been made permanent by a legislative act passed by the Duma. This act provides for the prohibition of all alcoholic beverages, with the exception of some grades of light wine. The scourge of the Russian people has been removed for good. And it was the peasantry, through its representatives, that was chiefly responsible for that removal.

Another reform of equal, if not greater, import is the passage of a bill providing for the full emancipation of the Russian peasant. This was a Government bill. It was an extension of the historic reform of 1861, which abolished serfdom in Russia. Since 1861 the moujik had been no longer a slave, but neither was he as free as the American negro, for instance. The moujik was barred from Government service. He was legally in a class by himself. And a peasant passport meant in some cases as much as a Jewish passport. Indeed, in some respects, the disabilities of the peasant were greater than those of the Jew. The peasant had no legal right to be represented in the Imperial Council, which is Russia's upper house, while the Jew had. His representation in the Duma amounted only to a fraction of the other classes.

The peasant is the backbone of Russian democracy. To unchain him has been the aim of liberal Russia for decades. And now the Russian Government itself has been forced to put the moujik on a basis nearly equal to that of the merchant and land-proprietary classes.

The Duma also passed at its last ses-

sion a bill providing for the appointment of women to the positions of factory inspectors. The Russian woman is progressing at a rate as rapid as her Western sister. She is forcing herself into the industrial field as vigorously and successfully as into the educational



THE HUGHES CAMP CARRIER.

—Fitzpatrick, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

and professional realms. Thousands of new schools have been instituted throughout the country in the last two years. At this writing Russia is engaged in discussing extensive plans formulated by the progressive Minister of Education, Count Ignatyev, for fundamental reforms in the high school system of the empire.

Perhaps no more striking illustration of the changes for the better can be furnished than the phenomenal decrease in crime. In the year of 1915 the number of criminal cases in Moscow constituted only 49 per cent. of all such cases in 1913, a normal year.

Prohibition was chiefly responsible for this decrease, but the new spirit permeating Russian social life contributed a considerable portion toward the reduction.

An interesting phase of the situation has been pointed out recently by Count Kokoytsev, who has for many years served as Minister of Finance and who was Premier after the death of Stolypin. Although a typical bureaucrat, he had the vision to see Russia's future as a radical might have seen it. "Nothing can go back to the old conditions," he said. "There will be a constantly rising standard of living which will affect all our people in time and which will result in the creation of entirely changed conditions. Do you suppose, for example, that the soldiers, who have now become accustomed to having meat every day with their rations in the army, and sugar with their tea, which they can have all day long at present, will ever be content to go back to their villages and get meat only a few times a year? This will result in the creation of new wants in other ways, and new industries and new imports will consequently become imperative."

There is every indication now that the chief economic forces enumerated are industriously preparing for immediate activity as soon as the war ends. Russia, in all probability, will develop simultaneously both industrially and agriculturally. Her commerce will expand in degrees parallel to the growth of her productive wealth. It is not impossible that Russia is now facing an economic epoch as marvellous as that through which the United States passed after the civil war. No imagination can calculate the possibilities of such an era for Russia and for the whole world.

With the social forces now pervading Russia's national life, and with the latent economic forces awaiting their opportunity to join them, the new Russia is evidently a reality already in process of evolution.



AN "ALL TOGETHER PUSH!"

—Cassel, in New York Evening World.

the same thing. The war has thus produced a common object in the lives of the two Russias. This extraordinary condition could not fail to produce a corresponding effect. There came into existence a series of potent factors which are exerting their influence toward the regeneration of Russia, factors which are slowly but successfully working toward bridging the gulf between the two Russias and creating one free Russia.

The one big outstanding fact in the situation is that public opinion has become a force in Russia's national life. The Government has become impressed by the growing power of the public, as seen in the latter's activities

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Thrift is Scarce

ACCORDING to a writer in the Journal of Commerce, thrift is a commodity quite unknown in Canada. He says:—

Canada is at this moment enjoying a period of unprecedented prosperity, in spite of, or rather as a result of the giant struggle being fought to a finish on the battlefields of Europe. Every incoming steamer brings gold in payment for the tons of munitions, produce and manufactures that are being carried over to Europe to supply the requirements of the armies of the Allied nations. For the first time in history with one exception, our exports are exceeding our imports, and to a large extent. Wages are everywhere higher, companies that suspended payment of dividends during the first two years of the war are paying up back dividends, with bonuses in addition.

To what extent these happy conditions will continue after the war it is not possible to predict. Some writers contend that a sharp financial depression will be the temporary result of the signing of peace, inasmuch as the cessation of the manufacture of war supplies will throw large numbers out of employment just at a time when millions of released soldiers will be seeking re-employment. On the other hand it is contended that in order to straighten out the complex national and industrial situations enormous physical effort will be called for and that it will be but a short time before everyone that requires work will find occupation of some kind.

Whatever may be the solution of these questions so difficult to answer, it is certainly in order for us to consider what provision, if any, is being made in Canada to-day, in our time of ultra prosperity, for this undefinable future. To what extent are we setting aside our surplus earnings? This is indeed a most important question to consider.

The average Canadian is not thrifty. He does not look into the future. He is contented to have a good time to-day and let to-morrow take care of itself. This is largely the result of the wonderful prosperity of the country during the past two generations and what we find in the individual we also find in all our Governments, Federal, Provincial and Municipal. The only attempt at conservation is shown by our banks and they are constantly being ballyragged for not being more open-handed.

No serious effort has ever been put forth in Canada to educate our middle

and lower classes into a habit of saving a part of their earnings. For the person of means, who can invest in hundreds and thousands of dollars all kinds of opportunities are afforded of earning from 5 to 8 per cent. upon their money. To the poor man only a niggardly 2½ or 3 per cent. is offered, and the money being in a bank where it can be withdrawn at any time, is frequently the victim of a fit of extravagance. True, there are loan companies that offer 4 per cent. to the small investor, but they are not known to the masses as are the Post Office and incorporated banks, and probably a lack of confidence also assists to keep the poor man from entrusting his savings to their care. Truly, "To him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath."

The fault undoubtedly lies in the habits of our people, and in the entire lack of leadership in this matter on the part of our Governments and of our public spirited men. What we require is a concerted effort to lay before the people not merely the precepts of thrift and of saving, but a concrete plan whereby the maximum inducement would be given to everyone with an income to put something by—no matter how small.

Still Further Extensions in Paper Mills

WITH the increasing demand noted for its products and the high rate of capacity at which its mills are working, the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills are making some valuable extensions to the Espanola mill. Four new grinders, capable of taking 30-inch wood are being added, while two more Robb boilers of 275 horse-power each will be brought into force in the near future. The company has erected a new building for the boilers, and also a new building for four drum barkers to replace the disc-barkers at present in use.

The output of the mill, as well as the efficiency, will be greatly added to by the above improvements.

Another considerable enlargement proposed is to the Chicoutimi plant of Price Brothers & Company, Limited. These plans include the erection of a new unit to be added to the newsprint mill, and additions to other plants which will increase the company's production of sulphite and ground wood pulp to a considerable extent.

The new paper unit will probably

be in operation by next February, while it is expected that the other additions will be completed by October or November of the current year.

New Shipbuilding Plant

IT is stated that John R. Duncan, of the Vulcan Iron Works, New Westminster, B.C., proposes to establish a steel shipbuilding plant. The plans will call for an investment of \$150,000 at once, and about \$200,000 more when the drydock is built.

The possibilities of steel shipbuilding in Canada are now regarded as wonderful. So successful has been the venture of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. that they have decided to build two more ships next summer. The Government is doing all possible to help this, Canada's infant industry.

Motor Car Prospects

AUTOMOBILE agents in Toronto report that they expect to sell a great many more cars this fall than they did a year ago. This is based on the belief that a great many more cars will be run in Toronto this winter than was the case last year and the years previous. The point being brought out by the salesmen is that the service which is offered to car buyers at the present time overcomes, to a great extent, the difficulties of operating a car in the cold weather, while so many scientifically correct oils are now on the market that a variety can be found to suit every temperature.

THE general contract for the erection of the sulphite pulp mill to be erected by the Ontario Paper Company at Thorold, has been let and construction has begun. An addition to the machine room is also being made.

It is stated that the recently-formed Ha Ha Bay Sulphite Company, which has completed plans for building a sulphite mill at Bagotville, Quebec, is seriously considering the advisability of building a paper mill in conjunction with the new pulp plant.

The erection of the new mill and elevators for the Lake of the Woods Milling Company is progressing rapidly. The brickwork has already reached the third floor and work has just commenced on the new grain tanks. The completion of the mill is expected some time in December. This new plant will prove a most valuable addition to the company's chain of mills in the West and its completion is looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

THE STOLEN CODE

(Continued from page 10.)

about his attitude. It was quite the other way; for as he stood there he held a blue-barreled revolver in his hand. And I could see, only too plainly, that it was levelled directly at me. The woman's ruse had worked. I had wasted too much time. The confederate for whom she was plainly waiting had come to her rescue.

The man took three or four steps farther into the room. His revolver was still covering me. I heard a little gasp from the woman as she rose to her feet. I took it for a gasp of astonishment.

"You are going to kill him?" she cried, in German.

"Haven't I got to?" asked back the man. He spoke in English and without an accent. "Don't you understand he's a safe-breaker? He's broken into this house? So! He's caught in the act—shot in self-defence!"

I watched the gun barrel. The man's calm words seemed to horrify the woman at my side. But there was not a trace of pity in her voice as she spoke again.

"Wait!" she cried.

"Why?" asked the man with the gun.

"He has everything—the code, the plans, everything!"

"Where?"

"On him—in his pockets!"

"Get them!" commanded the man.

"But he's armed," she explained.

A sneer crossed the other's impassive face. "What if he is? Take his gun; take everything!"

The woman stepped close to where I stood. Again I came within the radius of her perfumes. I could even feel her breath on my face. Her movements were more than ever pantherlike as she went through my

pockets one by one. Yet her flashing and dextrous hands found no revolver, for the simple reason there was none to find. This puzzled and worried her.

"Hurry up!" commanded the man covering me.

She stepped back and to one side, with the packet in her hand.

"Now close the windows!" ordered the man.

My heart went down in my boots as I heard the thud of that second closed window. There was going to be no waste of time.

I thought of catching the woman and holding her shieldlike before my body. I thought of the telephone, and then of the light switch, and then of the window. But they all seemed hopeless.

The woman turned away, holding her hands over her ears. The incongruous thought flashed through me

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that two hours before I had called the city flat and stale; and here, within a rifle-shot of my own door, I was standing face to face with death itself!

"Look here," I cried, much as I hated to, "what do you get out of this?"

"You!" said the man.

"And what good will that do?"

"It'll probably shut your mouth, for one thing!"

"But there are other mouths," I cried. "And I'm afraid they'll have a great deal to say."

"I'm ready for 'em!" was his answer.

I could see his arm raise a little, and straighten out as it raised. The gun barrel was nothing but a black O at the end of my line of vision. I felt my heart stop, for I surmised what the movement meant.

I could see the man with the gun blink perplexedly, for a second or two, and then I could see the tightening of his thin-lipped mouth. But that was not all I had seen.

For through the half-closed door I had caught sight of the slowly raised iron rod, the very rod I had wrenched from the outer hall window. I had seen its descent at the moment I realized the finality in those quickly tightening lips.

It struck the arm on its downward sweep. But it was not in time to stop the discharge of the revolver. The

report thundered through the room as the bullet ripped and splintered into the pine of the floor. At the same moment the discharged firearm went spinning across the room, and as the man who held it went down with the blow, young Palmer himself swung toward me through the drifting smoke.

As he did so, I turned to the woman with her hands still pressed to her ears. With one fierce jerk I tore the rubber-banded packet of papers from her clutch.

"But the safe?" gasped Palmer, as he tugged crazily at the safe door.

I did not answer him, for a sudden movement from the woman arrested my attention. She had stooped and caught up the fallen revolver. The man in blue, rolling over on his hip, was drawing a second gun from his pocket.

"Quick!" I called to Palmer as I swung him by the armpit and sent him catapulting out through the smoke to the open door. "Quick—and duck low!"

The shots came together as we stumbled against the stair head.

"Quick!" I repeated, as I pulled him after me.

"But the code?" he cried.

"I've got it!" I cried out exultantly as we went panting and plunging down through that three-tiered well of darkness to the street and liberty. "I've got it—I've got everything!"

winter protection over the beds. Sir Watkin, Golden Spur, Lord Roberts, Monarch and Loveliness are a few of the many varieties worthy of cultivation.

Hyacinths are best loved for their delicious fragrance and good colourings in porcelain blues, deep blues, violets and excellent weird pinks. Unless massed together the effect is stiff and inartistic, for they cannot bow and sway in each warm caress of the spring winds like their kith and kin, the tulips and daffodils.

Snow drops, crocuses, anemones and the dear little blue scillas (without which no spring pageant is complete) should not be planted in any fixed order. Stand near where you wish them planted, throw them carelessly about, planting them where they fall. The result will be much more artistic. The best time for planting these varieties is after a heavy fall of rain, when the turf is soft enough to allow a hole to be made just large enough to receive the bulb. These look happiest when planted in the grass. Plant snow drops and crocuses 3 inches deep; anemones, 2 inches deep; scillas, 4 inches, and jonquils, 5 inches deep.

For early winter house flowering, hyacinths, narcissus and similar flowers, plant them early in November in shallow fern pans or single pots. Good loam must be used, and be sure the drainage is good. Place in a cool, dark room and water occasionally, so as not to allow the earth to dry out. In about six weeks' time, when signs of life have appeared, remove to a bright warm, sunny room and keep well watered. With very little expenditure in money or time one's home can be a perpetual spring, even though the elements outside may be in the grip of winter.

inward health of the human soul that it should live down such a phantasmagoria and come humanly out to a cheerful idea of life here and hereafter.

That earthly hells are becoming less common with the progress of civilization and Christianity is an inspiring fact to the student of sociology and the common man, whatever it may be to the average theologian. That here and there leaders of thought within the Church should voice a belief that our notions of hell need revision is also encouraging.

"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread" is one form of the ancient curse put upon the world when the first family were driven out of the Garden of Eden. Humanity has discovered that sweat of the brow is not a curse, that labour is divine, and that lives which are full of useful labour, no matter what creeds they profess, are not sensibly penalized by an everlasting state of hell for the soul after the working body has gone to the dust.

When Dr. Henderson said that the war had profoundly affected present-day theology he did not explain all he thought. A careful preacher seldom does. We agree with Dr. Henderson on war and theology, while we can only conjecture just what modifications of theology may be in his mind as the effect of the war. It seems reasonable to expect, however, that our ideas of heaven and hell, in so far as these are affected by the actions of men and nations upon earth, will be among those conceptions modified. The almost universal brotherhood of man and the struggle of nations as nations for and against evil are truths of which we got only theoretical visions before the war. When half the civilized world is engaged in helping to put down the devil, without direct reference to Churches, creeds or sects, it looks as though the moral sense of the world, of nations and of the individual, must be counted as a tremendous asset to God's governance of the world, not only for the world in time, but the welfare of humankind for all eternity.

It is Time to Plant Bulbs

(Concluded from page 16.)

nourishment will not return to the roots, and next year's blooms will be somewhat inferior.

The writer's Darwins have been planted five years. Each season they reappear and bloom, the lessening of the degree of colour and size being visible only to the eye of the ultra-critical connoisseur. When making a selection choose a few good named varieties and add to your stock if necessary from year to year. Some special favourites are Professor Trelease, Rev. H. Ewbank, Glow, Princess Elizabeth, Golden Bronze, Royal Crown, etc.

Cottage tulips are in the same class as Darwins and require the same cultivation. The name might perhaps suggest a more simple bloom. This is not so, however, for they are as beautiful and with the same outstanding characteristics as the Darwins. They are borne on long stems from 18 inches to 2 feet in height. The well-shaped buds open to disclose still more beautiful centres. For cutting purposes both Cottage and Darwin cannot be outclassed. A few names might be of some assistance in making a first selection: Faerie Queen, Fire Dragon, Golden Crown, Picotee, and Old Gold.

For grotesque and bizarre effects the Parrot tulip takes the lead. The edges are deeply cut and often striped. When closed the bud resembles a parrot's beak. Unfortunately, Parrot tulips do not make good cutters. The stem does not seem heavy enough to support the bud.

The happiest of all spring flowers are the daffodils. Their sunny little golden faces are a joy to behold. How erect they stand on sturdy green stems. Who knows but perhaps the daffodils, with their trumpet-like centres, are the ambassadors of the fairies, sent forth to herald the glad news throughout the flower kingdom that it is time to awaken, spring has come. Don't you believe in fairies in the garden? If not, you have missed half the joy of gardening.

Daffodils love to be naturalized. They laugh with gladness if allowed to grow in half-shady nooks. Their little sunny faces love to peer out from amongst the shrubberies, so naturalize them by planting them in groups of a dozen or two under the shrubs.

If you prefer a bed massed with daffodils select a spot with a sunny southern exposure. One daffodil bed planted at the side of my house was close to a wall of an often used chimney. Strange though it may seem, this particular bed of daffodils was a

mass of bloom fully three weeks earlier than their cousins, who were still shivering amongst the shrubbery, undecided whether to awaken or wait a bit longer, waiting for Sol to warm up the earth still more.

Daffodils can be left in for several years, but care must be taken not to cut them down too soon. Plant the same depth as tulips and about 4 inches apart. After the cutting down has taken place the bed can be refilled—the same holds good with regard to tulips—with summer annuals. For this reason the bulbs should be planted sufficiently deep. A precaution to be observed is to have a good

After All, What is Hell?

(Concluded from page 11.)

a hell should be for all eternity; and the effort to conceive what eternity must feel like in a place so inconceivably awful has cast a shadow over many a young life. It is one of the most marvellous vindications of the

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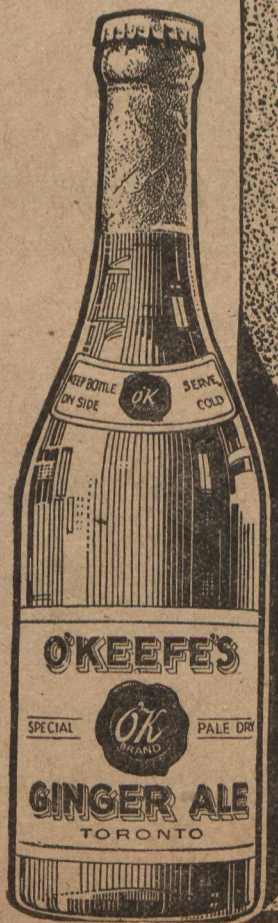
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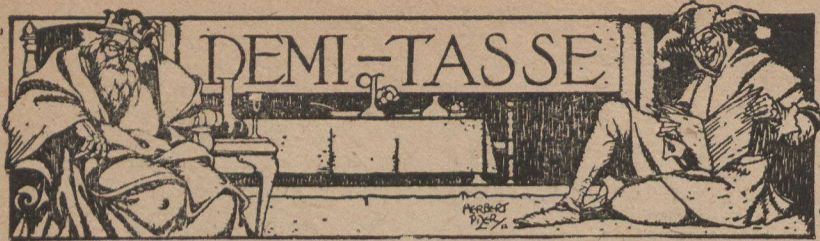
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COURIETTES.

Now let the great consuming public get together and form a union.

Watch Bulgaria get caught on the barb wire if she attempts to get back on the fence.

Woodrow Wilson appeals to "forward-looking men." If it is evident he does not want the voters to look backward over his war-time regime.

Now if there were only some way to

the bounce. What a funny place to be hit?

WAR TIME WISDOM.

Women in Britain are now taking the place of dentists who have enlisted. While the men fill gaps at the front the dear girls fill gaps at home.

IS IT?

Henry Ford sues the Chicago Tribune

WAR NOTES:

The beautiful Blue Danube is bluer than ever these days. The war is extended and at the same time shortened by Rumania getting into it. That army of British, French, Russians, Italians, Serbs and Greeks fighting the Bulgars must need a couple of interpreters. There's one thing about Germany's present plight—the Huns can shoot out anywhere and not hit a friend. No doubt the Kaiser would be tickled if his great scientists could devise a stronger substitute for his allies. The Bulgars took Drama, but not before they had secured several passes. It is said that Germany has given out 430,000 iron crosses. The wooden ones planted in various places are more numerous. Austrian securities are said to be depressed. The aggressive bear movement had something to do with this.

compel legislators to work eight hours a day!

President Carranza wants more money in his treasury. Sure as he gets it there'll be another revolution.

Butter is going up in price. And as it does so, margarine goes down—our throats.

Britain wants to ban "food corners." This would help, nevertheless, to give the public a "square" deal.

The eminent actor, Sir Herbert Tree, is writing another book. Tapping the Tree of Knowledge, you see.

Beer is to be reduced in Britain by one-sixth. And a lot of fellows are eager to assist.

Some of these days a day will slip by on which Lloyd George will not be appealed to to save the Empire.

One advantage of the higher price of bread is that we may get less bread pudding hereafter.

Henry Ford has made his first campaign speech and everybody now admits that as a car manufacturer he is a success.

We read a lot in the stock market pages about lambs, bulls and bears, but nary a word about the goats.

Newspaper tells us that Chick Evans, the golf player, was hit by a golf ball on

for a million dollars damages for injuring his reputation. Since his peace show stunt Henry's reputation has been somewhat dented, and it is a question now whether it's worth suing about.

MARY'S IN AGAIN.

Mary had a coat of tan
She now desires to doff;
It cost a lot to put it on,
But more to take it off.

AN APPROPRIATE TEXT.

As his friends and acquaintances are well aware, Provost T. S. Macklem, of Trinity College, Toronto, is a man of small stature. It is of his diminutive size that his friends enjoy telling a little tale, the point of which is at the expense of the provost.

It seems that one fine Sunday he preached in a big city church. His coming had been duly heralded and there was a goodly congregation in the edifice. Now that particular church had a particularly large pulpit, and neither the provost nor the congregation realized quite how large it was until the preacher stepped up to it. It was then noted that the Provost's face was just visible over the top of the pulpit.

But he stepped up to it and announced his text with considerable confidence. But the congregation smiled as he re-

peated it, for the text he had chosen was; "It is I—be not afraid."

LOOKS LIKE IT.

Germany's submarine freighter voyages to America were so successful in the experimental stage that you'll please note the immense flock of Bremens and Deutschlands now slipping to and fro under the ocean.

ALMOST UNANIMOUS NOW.

No matter how the weather goes now, nearly all of Canada can now say, as they do in the west: "We don't mind the cold—it's so dry."

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

No, Prudence, your prohibition friends need not be alarmed. Those "tanks" that are proving so effective on the British front are not fed on alcoholic stimulants.

EXPERIENCED BOYS.

The teacher was trying to make his pupils understand that all good comes from one source. As an illustration he told them of

building a house and putting water-pipes with taps in all the rooms, these pipes not being connected with the main in the street.

"Suppose I turn on a tap and no water comes, what is the matter?"

He naturally supposed that some of the boys would answer that the water was not turned on at the main; but they didn't. On the contrary, one boy at the foot of the class called out:

"You didn't pay your water rate!"

THE TWO P'S.

It seems paradoxical, but nevertheless we face the fact that prosperity and high prices go together.

FORESIGHT.

A Toronto brewer who died recently directed in his will that his body be buried in Germany, his native land. He must have foreseen that Ontario was going dry.

CONSOLATION.

Booze is gone but some hotels in Toronto have taken to using barmaids, and now the toper can at least get an intoxicating smile.



Her Last Corn-Ache

When pain brings you to Blue-jay, it means the end of corns.

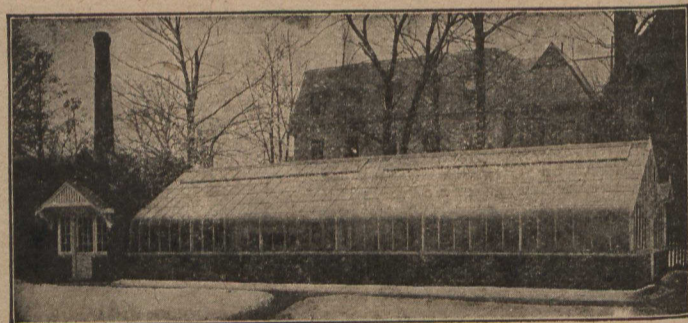
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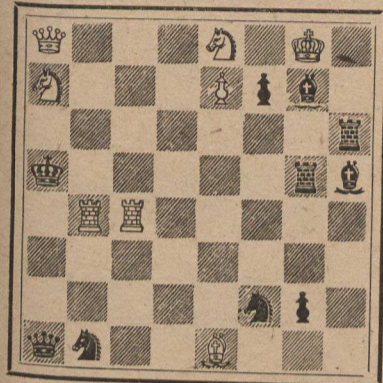
"Say Fellas" says the midget, "You should be very thankful you're both too big to sing in any Thanksgiving anthems to-morra. The one we're rehearsing to undertake at St. Cyprian's is a—holy terror!"



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

PROBLEM No. 83, by W. J. Faulkner. (Specially composed for the "Courier.") (Fantasia.)

Black.—Nine Pieces.



White.—Eight Pieces.

White must not check or capture. Black must capture whenever he can; otherwise, he moves his King. White does not move when Black can capture. White to play and compel Black to mate in seven moves.

The Solver's Ladder problems are the following:

Problem No. 84, by L. Rothstein. Second Prize, Pittsburgh Gazette-Times quarterly tourney.

White: K at QR6; Q at KR3; Rs at Q8 and K6; Bs at QKt5 and KR6; Kts at QB6 and QB7; P at Q5.

Black: K at QB4; Rs at KB5 and KB8; Bs at QB7 and KRsq; Kts at QKt6 and K7; P at QR5.

White mates in two.

Problem No. 85, by Rev. J. Jespersen. Tidskrift for Schach, 1897.

White: K at QR8; Q at QB7; Rs at QRsq and KB3; B at QB6; Kts at QB2 and QB3; Ps at QR5, KB2 and KR5.

Black: K at QR3; Q at KKT7; Rs at KRsq and KR6; B at KKTsq; Kt at Q7; Ps at QR2, QB4, QB5, KKT5, KKT6 and KR2.

White self-mates in three.

Solver's Ladder.

	No. 77.	No.	78.	Total.
J. Kay	2	3		59
P. W. Pearson	2	3		58
W. J. Faulkner	2	3		41
R. G. Hunter	2	0		38
J. R. Ballantyne	2	3		20

Mr. Kay is again the winner of the solver's ladder prize and receives our congratulations. Mr. Pearson climbed even with him for some time, but had the misfortune to slip two points on No. 70. Mr. Kay followed with the loss of a point on No. 74.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(W. J. F.) Thanks for corrected problems. Your generous interest is much appreciated. (J. R. B.) QRsq equals a1. KR8 equals h8. Thanks for kind letter.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 79, by W. H. Thompson.

1. R-K4, PxBP; 2. B-Q2 mate.

1., PxKP; 2. KtxP mate.

1., P-Q3; 2. Q-R5 mate.

1., P-Q4; 2. Q-K7 mate.

The Black King with three flights in a piccaninny is a noteworthy achievement. The following are two recent doublings of the piccaninny theme, from the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times. It will be noticed that the theme Pawns are placed relatively different in the two versions. With the theme Pawns on Black's QKt2 and KKT2 the task has not yet been accomplished.

By Dr. H. W. Bettmann.

White: K at K3; Q at QKt3; Rs at KB4 and KR4; Bs at QB5 and KKT4; Kts at QR7 and KR8; Ps at QB3; QB6, K6, KB5 and KR6. Black: K at K4; Q at KR4; Ps at Q2 and KKT2. Mate in two. (1. P-B6.)

By Dr. H. W. Bettmann.

White: K at QR8; Q at KB8; Rs at QBsq and KR4; Bs at QRsq and QKt5; Kts at QB8 and K4; Ps at QKt6, Q6, KB6 and KR6. Black: K at Q4; Q at KR4; Kt at QR3; Ps at QB2, Q2, KB2 and KKT2. Mate in two. (1. Q-K7.)

Problem No. 80, by V. Clsar.

1. Kt-B6, KxKt; 2. Q-R6ch, K-B4; 3. Q-B4 mate.

1., P-Q4; 2. R-K6, BxR; 3. KtxR mate.

1., R-Kt6; 2. Kt-R5, any move;

3. B-B4 mate.

1., KtxR; 2. Q-R5ch, KxKt; 3. Q-K5 mate.

1., threat; 2. RxP, KtxR; 3. Kt-K4 mate.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

An interesting game played in England between two well-known analysts. Notes

based on those by S. Miotkowski, in the British Chess Magazine.

Greco Counter Gambit.

White.

- J. G. Woods.
1. P-K4
2. Kt-KB3
3. KtxP
4. Q-R5ch
5. KtxKtP
6. Q-R3
7. KtxR
8. Q-K3
9. Q-B4
10. P-KR3
11. K-Qsq (a)
12. P-Q4
13. B-K3
14. QxKt (c)
15. KxP
16. K-Bsq (d)
17. P-R4 (e)
18. P-KKt3 (f)
19. PxQ
20. Kt-Q2
21. P-Kt4
22. K-Kt2
23. K-Kt3
24. K-R3
25. P-Kt5
26. QR-KKt3 (i)
27. K-Kt2
28. K-Bsq

Black.

- W. T. Pierce.
1. P-K4
2. P-KB4
3. Kt-QB3
4. P-Kt3
5. Kt-B3
6. PxP
7. P-Q4
8. Kt-KKt5
9. QKt-K4
10. B-Q3
11. Q-R5
12. PxP e.p. (b)
13. KtxB
14. PxPch
15. B-B4ch
16. Castles
17. Kt-B5
18. KtxQ
19. BxBP
20. R-Q3 (g)
21. R-B3ch
22. B-K4ch
23. B-B7ch
24. KtxB (h)
25. KtxKt!
26. R-B6ch
27. Kt-B5ch
28. B-B5 mate.

(a) If 11. PxKt, of course 11., Kt-B6ch follows.

(b) If 12., KtxPch, the play apparently is 13. K-K2! Q-R4ch; 14. P-Kt4.

(c) If 14. PxKt, Black's reply would have been 14., B-Kt5ch.

(d) Perhaps K-Qsq, keeping the King off the same diagonal as the Queen, might have been better.

(e) This move loses. 17. P-KKt3, Q-B3; 18. Kt-Q2 should have been played.

(f) If 18. Q-K2, then follows 18., BxPch; 19. K-Qsq, Kt-K6ch, etc.

If 18. Q-Q4, white mates in three. (g) Disdaining the capture of the Knight.

(h) Threatening 25., R-R3 mate.

(i) If 26. PxR, then 26., P-QR4! in reply to the text-move Black announced mate in three. 26. QR-KBsq would have avoided this mate, but at ridiculously ruinous loss of material.

British Chess Federation.

The Committee of the British Chess Federation are considering alterations in their Constitution which will afford opportunities for chess organizations Overseas to link up with the bodies at present forming the Federation, by giving representations on the Council and Executive Committee, by the greatest possible presentation on the Council and Executive Federation, by the establishment of Federation Trophy competitions, by mutually affording chess facilities to visitors, and by joint action in international chess matters, such as Tournaments, the World's Championship, etc.

A pamphlet to this effect has been received by us, and the matter is before the Board of Management of the Toronto Chess Club. The secretary, Mr. K. B. O'Brian, 27 Thornwood Rd., Toronto, would be pleased to hear from clubs interested.

BAD NEWS.

"Three more Austrian arch dukes have been retired, as the result of German influence, from important commands."—Despatch from Zurich.

That's bad news from the front!

DESCRIBED.

Strained relations—the reigning royal families of Europe.

THEY GET THEIRS.

It is announced with some eclat that there are no Mormons in the Kingston penitentiary. Nothing in that to excite us. The poor Mormon gets his in his home.

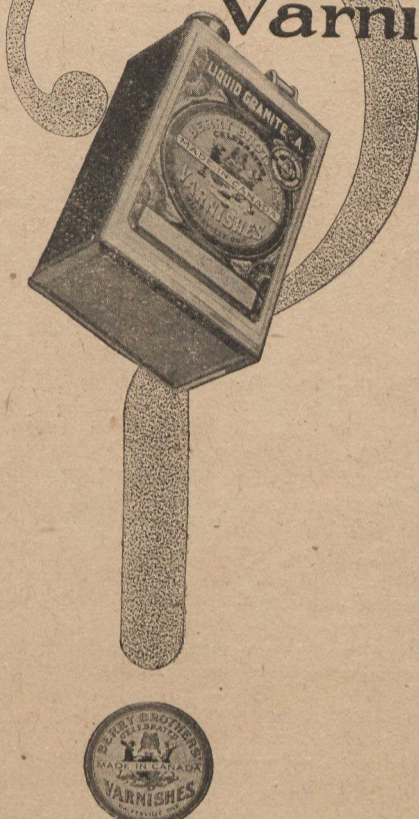
ALAS, THE POOR BENEDICT.

We note that in Rochester the new city directory is to have the names of married men specially marked. It seems a trifle too much. Most benedicts are marked men already.

JUST A HINT.

If those Toronto and London aldermen who guzzle each other and throw tumblers about the chamber were to transfer their bellicose dispositions to the citizenry of those two cities might be more appreciative.

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Concerning Canadian Art

(Continued from page 15.)

number of charcoal drawings in a Paris gallery and created quite a sensation. Harpignies took great pride in the sumptuous table he kept and up to the day of his death was able to smoke his dozen pipefuls a day.

THE art gallery of Hamilton is well worth visiting, for in addition to the rooms where works of living artists are on view for six months at a time, it possesses a fine collection of paintings by the late W. Blair Bruce which have been generously donated to the city by his father, Mr. William Bruce. The old library was converted into an art gallery in 1914, the first municipal gallery to be established in Ontario! Hamilton may well be proud of leading the other cities in this line. Hamilton has produced a greater number of men who have distinguished themselves in pictorial art than any other Canadian city of its size; and the art gallery will have a tendency to stimulate their artistic activities. Unfortunately the geni take wing before they are fully fledged, so their native city does not greatly benefit. But in the case of Blair Bruce it is the gainer by thirty paintings.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy of these, "The Monologue: Portrait of a Man," an admirable character study in a strong effect of light. In delightful contrast is a practical seascape, "Mirror of the Moon." "The Phantom Hunter" is popular for the interesting story it contains. Blair Bruce combined imagination with realism and his work shows fine feeling and strong human sympathies. One is struck with the great variety in both subject matter and execution. Here a picture of warm tints and sombre tones, and next to it a clear transparent-marine where the sunshine glistens on the crest of the waves.

BLAIR BRUCE married a Swedish lady, Carolina Benedicks, herself an artist of distinction, and a water colour by the wife and a marine by the husband hang together in the Luxembourg gallery in Paris where the best of French contemporary art may be seen. They spent most of his summers in the pleasant island of Gothland on the Baltic Sea, where Mr. Bruce had his studio on the water shore and Madame Bruce hers on the height. Some of the winters, too,

must have been spent in Sweden, for he has left behind a number of charmingly painted snow scenes.

It was a serious loss to art that death removed this fine painter in the fulness of his artistic power, for he died at the age of 46. Though few of his paintings were made in Canada he was always known as a Canadian artist and through his father's generosity Canada possesses a large share of his works.

In the Dominion Art Gallery at Ottawa is a large picture by Blair Bruce, purchased for \$3,000. It is called "Charrons" and represents a group of blacksmiths putting heated tires on wheels and one sees not only the hot vibrating rays of a summer sun, but also the heat radiating from the hot irons. Another ambitious subject, "The Death of Nelson," may be seen in the Dore galleries in London, Eng-

WHILE many artists are idly bemoaning the sad state of affairs Mr. W. Bruce is setting an example of industry, for though over eighty years of age, he devotes some hours each day to water colour painting and is preparing for an exhibition. He very happily divides his time between astronomy and art. He is president of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, Hamilton centre.

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM McHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

Canadian Serial Rights held by the Canadian Courier.

CHAPTER XI.

Publicity Not Wanted.

"BASIL SANTOINE dying! Blind Millionaire Lawyer taken ill on train!"

The alarm of the cry came to answer Eaton's question early the next morning. As he started up in his berth, he shook himself into realization that the shouts were not merely part of an evil dream; some one was repeating the cry outside the car window. He threw up the curtain and saw a vagrant newsboy, evidently passing through the railroad yards to sell to the trainmen. Eaton's guard outside his window was not then in sight; so Eaton lifted his window from the screen, removed that, and hailing the boy, put out his hand for a paper. He took it before he recalled that he had not even a cent; but he looked for his knife in his trousers pocket and tossed it out to the boy with the inquiry: "How'll that do?"

The boy gaped, picked it up, grinned and scampered off. Eaton spread the news-sheet before him and swiftly scanned the lines for information as to the fate of the man who, for four days, had been lying only forty feet away from him at the other end of a Pullman car.

The paper—a Minneapolis one—blared at him that Santoine's condition was very low and becoming rapidly worse. But below, under a Montana date-line, Eaton saw it proclaimed that the blind millionaire was merely sick; there was no suggestion anywhere of an attack. The paper stated only that Basil Santoine, returning from Seattle with his daughter and his secretary, Donald Avery, had been taken seriously ill upon a train which had been stalled for two days in the snow in Montana. The passenger from whom the information had been gained had heard that the malady was appendicitis, but he believed that was merely given out to cover some complication which had required surgical treatment on the train. He was definite as regarded the seriousness of Mr. Santoine's illness, and described the measures taken to insure his quiet. The railroad officials refused, significantly, to make a statement regarding Mr. Santoine's present condition. There was complete absence of any suggestion of violence having been done; and also, Eaton found, there was no word given out

that he himself had been found on the train. The column ended with the statement that Mr. Santoine had passed through Minneapolis and gone on to Chicago under care of Dr. Douglas Sinclair.

Eaton stared at the newspaper without reading, after he saw that. He thought first—or rather, he felt first—for himself. He had not realized, until now that he was told that Harriet Santoine had gone—for if her father had gone on, of course she was with him—the extent to which he had felt her fairness, almost her friendship to him. At least, he knew now that, since she had spoken to him after he was first accused of the attack on her father, he had not felt entirely deserted or friendless till now. And with this start of dread for himself, came also feeling for her. Even if they had taken her father from the other end of this car early in the night to remove him to another special car for Chicago, she would be still watching beside him on the train. Or was her watch beside the dying man over now? And now, if her father were dead, how could Harriet Santoine feel toward the one whom all others—if not she herself—accused of the murder of her father? For evidently it was murder now, not just "an attack."

But why, if Santoine had been taken away, or was dead or dying, had they left Eaton all night in the car in the yards? Since Santoine was dying, would there be any longer an object in concealing the fact that he had been murdered?

Eaton turned the page before him. A large print of a picture of Harriet Santoine looked at him from the paper—her beautiful, deep eyes gazing at him, as he often had surprised her, frankly interested, thoughtful, yet also gay. The newspaper had made up its lack of more definite and extended news by associating her picture with her father's and printing also a photograph of Donald Avery—"closely associated with Mr. Santoine in a confidential capacity and rumoured to be engaged to Miss Santoine." Under the blind man's picture was a biography of the sort which newspaper offices hold ready, prepared for the passing of the great.

Eaton did not read that then. The mention in the paper of an engagement between Avery and Harriet Santoine had only confirmed the relation

which Eaton had imagined between them. Avery, therefore, must have gone on with her; and if she still watched beside her father, Avery was with her; and if Basil Santoine was dead, his daughter was turning to Avery for comfort.

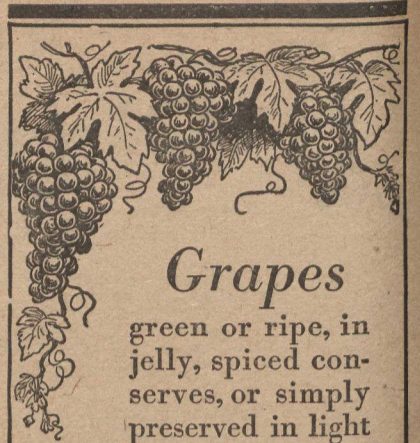
This feature somehow stirred Eaton so that he could not stay quiet; he dressed and then paced back and forth the two or three steps his compartment allowed him. He stopped now and then to listen; from outside came the noises of the yard; but he made out no sound within the car. If it had been occupied as on the days previous, he must have heard some one coming to the washroom at his end. Was he alone in the car now? or had the customary moving about taken place before he awoke?

Eaton had seen no one but the newsboy when he looked out the window, but he felt sure that, if he had been left alone in the car, he was being watched so that he could not escape.

His hand moved toward the bell, then checked itself. By calling any one, he now must change his situation only for the worse; as long as they were letting him stay there, so much the better. He realized that it was long past the time when the porter usually came to make up his berth and they brought him breakfast; the isolation of the car might account for this delay, but it was more likely that he was to find another reason.

Finally, to free himself from his nervous listening for sounds which never came, he picked up the paper again. A column told of Santoine's youth, his blindness, his early struggle to make a place for himself and his final triumph—position, wealth and power gained; Eaton, reading of Harriet Santoine's father, followed these particulars with interest; and further down the column his interest became even greater. He read:

THE news of Mr. Santoine's visit to the Coast, if not known already in great financial circles, is likely to prove interesting there. Troubles between little people are tried in the courts; the powerful settle their disagreements among themselves and without appeal to the established tribunals in which their cases are settled without the public knowing they have been tried at all.



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Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, June 12, 1916.

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Basil Santoine, of late years, has been known to the public as one of the greatest and most influential of the advisers to the financial rulers of America; but before the public knew him he was recognized by the financial masters as one of the most able, clear-minded and impartial of the adjudicators among them in their own disputes. For years he has been the chief agent in keeping peace among some of the great conflicting interests, and more than once he has advised the declaring of financial war when war seemed to him the correct solution. Thus, five years ago, when the violent death of Matthew Latron threatened to precipitate trouble among Western capitalists, Santoine kept order in what might very well have become financial chaos. If this recent visit to the Pacific Coast was not purely for personal reasons but was also to adjust antagonisms such as charged by Gabriel Warden before his death, the loss of Santoine at this time may precipitate troubles which, living, his advice and information might have been able to prevent.

Having read and reread this long paragraph, Eaton started to tear out the picture of Harriet Santoine before throwing the paper away; then he desisted and thrust the sheets out the window. As he sat thinking, with lips tight closed, he heard for the first time that morning footsteps at his end of the car. The door of his compartment was unlocked and opened, and he saw Dr. Sinclair.

"Mr. Santoine wants to speak to you," the surgeon announced, quietly.

THIS startling negation of all he imagined, unnerved Eaton. He started up, then sank back for better composure.

"Mr. Santoine is here, then?"

"Here? Of course he's here."

"And he's conscious?"

"He has been conscious for the better part of two days. Didn't they tell you?" Sinclair frowned. "I heard Miss Santoine send word to you by the conductor soon after her father first came to himself."

"You mean he will recover!"

"He would recover from any injury which was not inevitably fatal. He was in perfect physical condition, and I never have known a patient to grasp so completely the needs of his own case and to help the surgeon as much by his control of himself."

Eaton looked toward the window, breathing hard. "I heard the news-boys—"

Sinclair shrugged. "The papers print what they can get and in the way which seems most effective to them" was his only comment.

Eaton pulled himself together. So Santoine was neither dead nor dying. Therefore, at worst, the charge of murder would not be made; and at best—what? He was soon to find out; the papers evidently were entirely in error or falsely informed. Basil Santoine was still at the other end of the car, and his daughter would be with him there. But as Eaton followed Sinclair out of the compartment into the aisle, he halted a moment—the look of the car was so entirely different from what he had expected. A nurse in white uniform sat in one of the seats toward the middle of the car, sewing; another nurse, likewise clothed in white, had just come out from the drawing-room at the end of the car; Avery and Sinclair apparently had been playing cribbage, for Avery sat at a little table in the section which had been occupied by Santoine, with the cards and cribbage board in front of him. The surgeon led Eaton to the door of the drawing-room, showed him in and left him.

Harriet Santoine was sitting on the little lounge opposite the berth where her father lay. She was watching the face of her father, and as Eaton stood in the door, he saw her lean forward and gently touch her father's hand; then she turned and saw Eaton.

"Here is Mr. Eaton, Father," she said.

"Sit down," Santoine directed. Harriet made room for Eaton upon the seat beside her; and Eaton, sitting down, gazed across at the blind man

a little toward Eaton and supported by pillows; he was not wearing his dark glasses, and his eyes were open. Eyes of themselves are capable of no expression except as they may be clear or bloodshot, or by the contraction or dilation of the pupils, or as they shift or are fixed upon some object; their "expression" is caused by movements of the lids and brows and other parts of the face. Santoine's eyes had the motionlessness of the eyes of those who have been long blind; seeing nothing, with pupils which did not change in size, they had only the abstracted look which, with men who see, accompanies deep thought. The blind man was very weak and must stay quite still; and he recognized it; but he knew, too, that his strength was more than equal to the task of recovery, and he showed that he knew it. His mind and will were, obviously, at their full activity, and he had fully his sense of hearing.

This explained to Eaton the better colour in his daughter's face; yet she was still constrained and nervous; evidently she had not found her ordeal over with the start of convalescence of her father. Her lips trembled now as she turned to Eaton; but she did not speak directly to him yet; it was Basil Santoine who suddenly inquired:

"What is it they call you?"

"My name is Phillip D. Eaton." Eaton realized as soon as he had spoken that both question and answer had been unnecessary, and Santoine had asked only to hear Eaton's voice.

The blind man was silent for a moment, as he seemed to consider the voice and try again vainly to place it in his memories. Then he spoke to his daughter.

"Describe him, Harriet."

Harriet paled and flushed.

"About thirty," she said, "—under rather than over that. Six feet or a little more in height. Slender, but muscular and athletic. Skin and eyes clear and with a look of health. Complexion naturally rather fair, but darkened by being outdoors a good deal. Hair dark brown, straight and parted at the side. Smooth shaven. Eyes blue-grey, with straight lashes. Eyebrows straight and dark. Forehead smooth, broad and intelligent. Nose straight and neither short nor long; nostrils delicate. Mouth straight, with lips neither thin nor full. Chin neither square nor pointed, and without a cleft. Face and head, in general, of oval Anglo-American type."

"Go on," said Santoine.

HARRIET was breathing quickly. "Hands well shaped, strong but without sign of manual labour; nails cared for but not polished. Grey business suit, new, but not made by an American tailor and of a style several years old. Soft-bosomed shirt of plain design and soft cuffs. Medium-height turn-down white linen collar. Four-in-hand tie, tied by himself. Black shoes. No jewelry except watch-chain."

"In general?" Santoine suggested. "In general, apparently well-educated, well-bred, intelligent young American. Expression frank. Manner self-controlled and reserved. Seems sometimes younger than he must be, sometimes older. Something has happened at some time which has had a great effect and can't be forgotten."

While she spoke, the blood, rising with her embarrassment, had dyed Harriet's face; suddenly now she looked away from him and out the window.

Her feeling seemed to be perceived by Santoine. "Would you rather I sent for Avery, daughter?" he asked.

"No; no!" She turned again toward Eaton and met his look defiantly.

Eaton merely waited. He was confident that much of this description of himself had been given Santoine by his daughter before the attack had been made on him and that she had told him also as fully as she could the two conversations she had had with Eaton. He could not, somehow, conceive it possible that Santoine, in his blindness, no doubt found it necessary to get descriptions of the same



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one thing from several people, in order that he might check one description against another. He probably had Harriet's and Avery's description of Eaton and now was getting Harriet's again.

"He would be called, I judge, a rather likable-looking man?" Santoine said tentatively; his question plainly was only meant to lead up to something else; Santoine had judged in that particular already.

"I think he makes that impression." "Certainly he does not make the impression of being a man who could be hired to commit a crime?"

"Very far from it."

"Or who would commit a crime for his own interest—material or financial interest, I mean?"

"No."

"But he might be led into crime by some personal, deeper interest. He has shown deep feeling, I believe—strong, personal feeling, Harriet?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Eaton,"—Santoine addressed him suddenly—"I understand that you have admitted that you were at the house of Gabriel Warden the evening he was killed while in his car. Is that so?"

"Yes," said Eaton.

"You are the man, then, of whom Gabriel Warden spoke to his wife?"

"I believe so."

"You believe so?"

"I mean," Eaton explained quietly, "that I came by appointment to call on Mr. Warden that night. I believe that it must have been to me that Mr. Warden referred in the conversation with his wife which has since been quoted in the newspapers."

"BECAUSE you were in such a situation that, if Mr. Warden defended you, he would himself meet danger?"

"I did not say that," Eaton denied guardedly.

"What, then, was your position in regard to Mr. Warden?"

Eaton remained silent.

"You refuse to answer?" Santoine inquired.

"I refuse."

"In spite of the probability that Mr. Warden met his death because of his intention to undertake something for you?"

"I have not been able to fix that as a probability."

The blind man stopped. Plainly he appreciated that, where Connery and Avery had failed in their questionings, he was not likely to succeed easily; and with his limited strength, he proceeded on a line likely to meet less prepared resistance.

"Mr. Eaton, have I ever injured you personally—I don't mean directly, as man to man, for I should remember that; have I ever done anything which indirectly has worked injury on you or your affairs?"

"No," Eaton answered.

"Who sent you aboard this train?"

"Sent me? No one."

"You took the train of your own will because I was taking it?"

"I have not said I took it because you were taking it."

"That seems to be proved. You can accept it from me; it has been proved. Did you take the train in order to attack me?"

"No."

"To spy upon me?"

"No."

Santoine was silent for an instant. "What was it you took the train to tell me?"

"I? Nothing."

Santoine moved his head upon the pillow.

"Father!" his daughter warned.

"Oh, I am careful, Harriet; Dr. Sinclair allows me to move a little. . . . Mr. Eaton, in one of the three answers you have just given me, you are not telling the truth. I defy you to find in human reasoning more than four reasons why my presence could have made you take this train in the manner and with the attending circumstances you did. You took it to injure me, or to protect me from injury; to learn something from me, or to inform me of something. I discard the second of these possibilities because you asked for a berth in another car, and for other reasons which make it impossible. However, I will ask it of

you. Did you take the train to protect me from injury?"

"No."

"Which of your former answers do you wish to change, then?"

"None."

"You deny all four possibilities?"

"Yes."

"Then you are using denial only to hide the fact, whatever it may be; and of the four possibilities I am obliged to select the first as the most likely."

"You mean that I attacked you?"

"That is not what I said. I said you must have taken the train to injure me, but that does not mean necessarily that it was to attack me with your own hand. Any attack aimed against me would be likely to have several agents. There would be somewhere, probably, a distant brain that had planned it; there would be an intelligent brain near by to oversee it; and there would be a strong hand to perform it. The overseeing brain and the performing hand—or hands—might belong to one person, or to two, or more. How many there were I cannot now determine, since people were allowed to get off the train. The conductor and Avery—

"Father!"

"Yes, Harriet; but I expected better of Avery. Mr. Eaton, as you are plainly withholding the truth as to your reason for taking this train, and as I have suffered injury, I am obliged—from the limited information I now have—to assume that you knew an attack was to be made by some one, upon that train. In addition to the telegram, addressed to you under your name of Eaton, and informing of my presence on the train, I have also been informed, of course, of the code message received by you addressed to Hillward. You refused, I understand, to favor Mr. Avery with an explanation of it; do you wish to give one now?"

"No," said Eaton.

"It has, of course, been deciphered," the blind man went on calmly. "The fact that it was based upon your pocket English-Chinese dictionary as a word-book was early suggested; the deciphering from that was simply a trial of some score of ordinary enigma plans, until the meaning appeared."

Eaton made no comment. Santoine went on:

"And that very interesting meaning presented another possible explanation—not as to your taking the train, for as to that there can be only the four I mentioned—but as to the attack itself, which would exonerate you from participation in it. It is because of this that I am treating you with the consideration I do. If that explanation were correct, you would—"

"What?"

"You would have had nothing to do with the attack, and yet you would know who made it."

At this, Eaton stared at the blind man and wet his lips.

"What do you mean?" he said.

SANTOINE did not reply to the question. "What have you been doing yesterday and to-day?" he asked.

"Waiting," Eaton answered.

"For what?"

"For the railroad people to turn me over to the police."

"So I understand. That is why I asked you. I don't believe in cat-and-mouse methods, Mr. Eaton; so I am willing to tell you that there is no likelihood of your being turned over to the police immediately. I have taken this matter out of the hands of the railroad people. We live in a complex world, Mr. Eaton, and I am in the most complex current of it. I certainly shall not allow the publicity of a police examination of you to publish the fact that I have been attacked so soon after the successful attack upon Mr. Warden—and in a similar manner—until I know more about both attacks and about you—why you came to see Warden that night and how, after failing to see him alive, you followed me, and whether that fact led to the attempt at my life."

Eaton started to speak, and then stopped.

"What were you going to say?" Santoine urged.

"I will not say it," Eaton refused.

"However, I think I understand your impulse. You were about to remind me that there has been nothing to im-

plicate you in any guilty connection with the murder of Mr. Warden. I do not now charge that."

He hesitated; then, suddenly lost in thought, as some new suggestion seemed to come to him which he desired to explain alone, he motioned with a hand in dismissal. "That is all." Then, almost immediately: "No; wait! . . . Harriet, has he made any sign while I have been talking?"

"Not much, if any," Harriet answered. "When you said he might not have had anything to do with the attack upon you, but in that case he must know who it was that struck you, he shut his eyes and wet his lips."

"That is all, Mr. Eaton," Santoine repeated.

Eaton started back to his compartment. As he turned, Harriet Santoine looked up at him and their eyes met; and her look confirmed to him what he had felt before—that her father, now taking control of the investigation of the attack upon himself, was not continuing it with prejudice or predisposed desire to damage Eaton, except as the evidence accused him. And her manner now told, even more plainly than Santoine's, that the blind man had viewed the evidence as far from conclusive against Eaton; and as Harriet showed that she was glad of that, Eaton realized how she must have taken his side against Avery in reporting to her father.

FOR Santoine must have depended upon circumstances presented to him by Avery, Connery and her; and Eaton was very certain that Avery and Connery had accused him; so Harriet Santoine—it could only be she—had opposed them in his defence. The warmth of his gratitude to her for this suffused him as he bowed to her; she returned a frank, friendly little nod which brought back to him their brief companionship on the first day on the train.

And as Eaton went back to his compartment through the open car, Dr. Sinclair looked up at him, but Avery, studying his cribbage hand, pretended not to notice he was passing. So Avery admitted, too, that affairs were turning toward the better, just now at least, for Eaton. When he was again in his compartment, no one came to lock him in. The porter who brought his breakfast a few minutes later apologized for its lateness, saying it had had to be brought from a club car on the next track, whither the others in the car, except Santoine, had gone.

Eaton had barely finished with this tardy breakfast when a bumping against the car told him that it was being coupled to a train. The new train started, and now the track followed the Mississippi River. Eaton, looking forward from his window as the train rounded curves, saw that the Santoine car was now the last one of a train—presumably bound from Minneapolis to Chicago.

South they went, through Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the weather grew warmer and the spring further advanced. The snow was quite cleared from the ground, and the willows beside the ditches in the fields were beginning to show green sprouts. At nine o'clock in the evening, some minutes after crossing the state line into Illinois, the train stopped at a station where the last car was cut off.

A motor-ambulance and other limousine motor-cars were waiting in the light from the station. Eaton, seated at the window, saw Santoine carried out on a stretcher and put into the ambulance. Harriet Santoine, after giving a direction to a man who apparently was a chauffeur, got into the ambulance with her father. The surgeon and the nurses rode with them. They drove off. Avery entered another automobile, which swiftly disappeared. Conductor Connery came for the last time to Eaton's door.

"Miss Santoine says you're to go with the man she's left here for you. Here's the things I took from you. The money's all there. Mr. Santoine says you've been his guest on this car."

(To be continued.)

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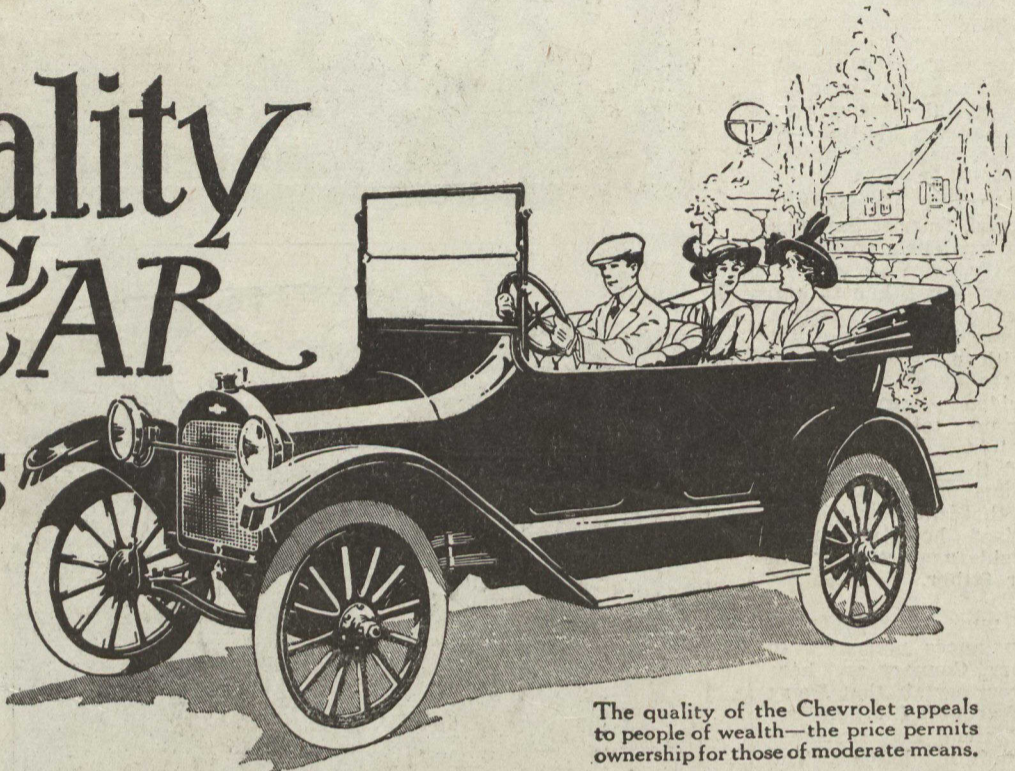


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