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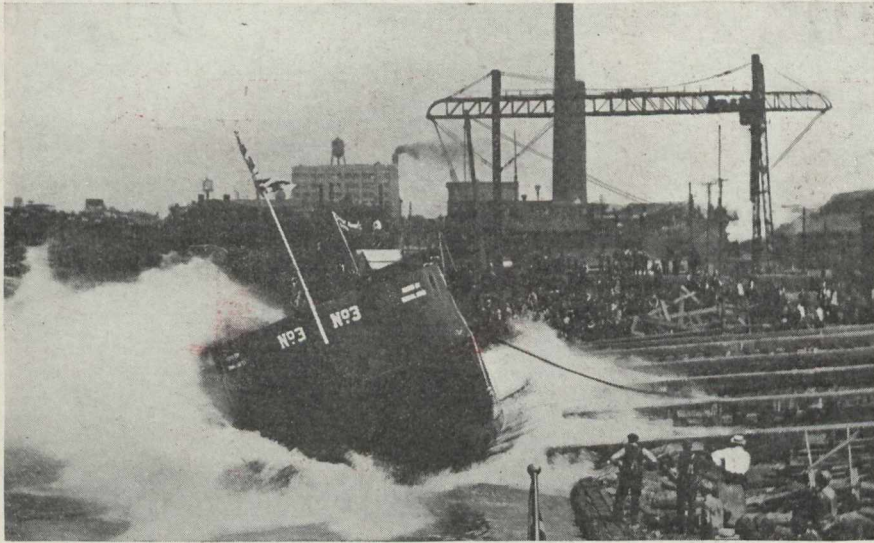
The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



A CROWD OF EXCITED STOCK BROKERS AND CLERKS WHEN WAR CLOSED THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



One of three steel steam lighters recently completed at the Polson Shipyard for the Department of Railways and Canals, and for use at Port Nelson Terminals in the Hudson Bay. One illustration shows the lighter being launched, the other shows her ready for use.

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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TORONTO

NO. 12

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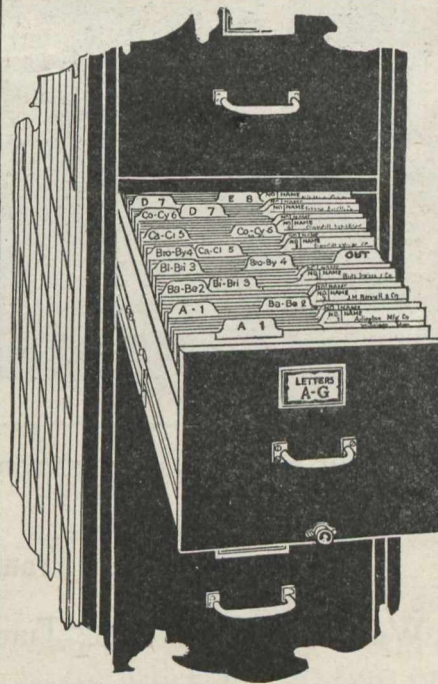
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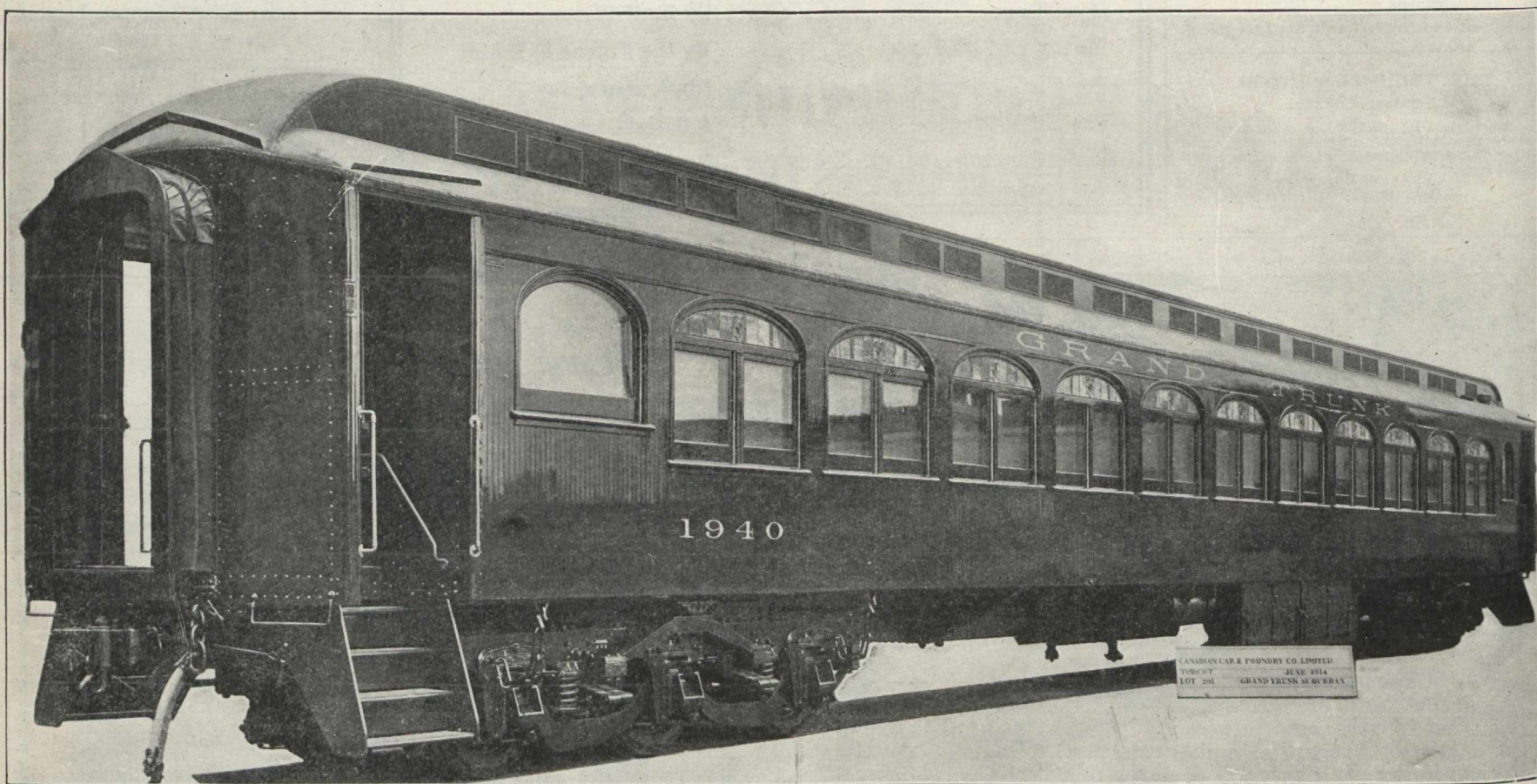
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Editor's Talk

AT the present moment this country is in a state of war for the first time in one hundred years. Every newspaper office in Canada is a small war office. Journalism, more than anything else, reflects the conditions whether in war or peace. A newspaper, whether a daily or a weekly, must adapt itself to what is actually going on as that affects the mind of the public. It is an eloquent comment on the poise of the Anglo-Saxon that at a time when Great Britain is at war, as never before in her history of great wars, the people of England and the banks and business houses and ships of England are engaged in carrying on their share of the world's business as nearly as possible as though war had never happened.

The poise of England in this crisis is an example to the world. It is peculiarly so to Canada, which is sending her citizen soldiers to the front as regularly as though this country and not England had declared war, and is still engaged in the active business of keeping open our trade routes by land and sea with as nearly as possible a normal volume of business. This is true of the farm and the factory. Never before were the crops of Canada so important to the Empire. Never before were the factories and the industrial life of Canada so essential to the well-being of this country. The factories of England were the first to be affected by the war, owing to a lack of capital and the hazards of shipping, both raw material in, and the manufactured products out, to the markets of the world. The factories of Canada are not so directly affected. There will be no general suspension of industrial activity. The part of this issue that is devoted to Canadian industry as a section of our regular Home Products Number planned months ago, is the expression of our belief that in this sudden state of war our industries and normal activities should, so far as possible, proceed as they were; and that in a time of war the people who at home keep business moving are doing the work of the citizen soldier quite as much as those who shoulder arms for the firing line.

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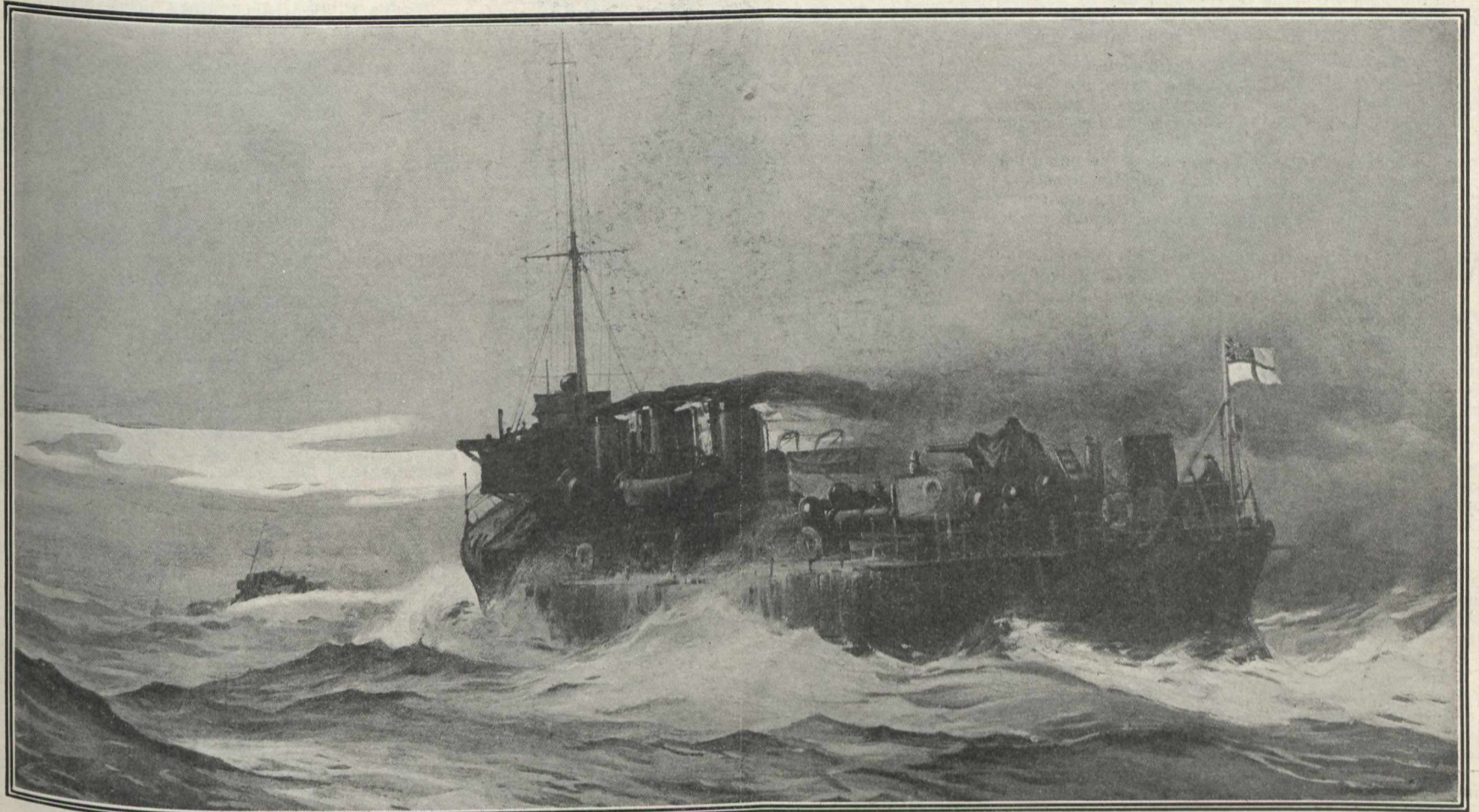
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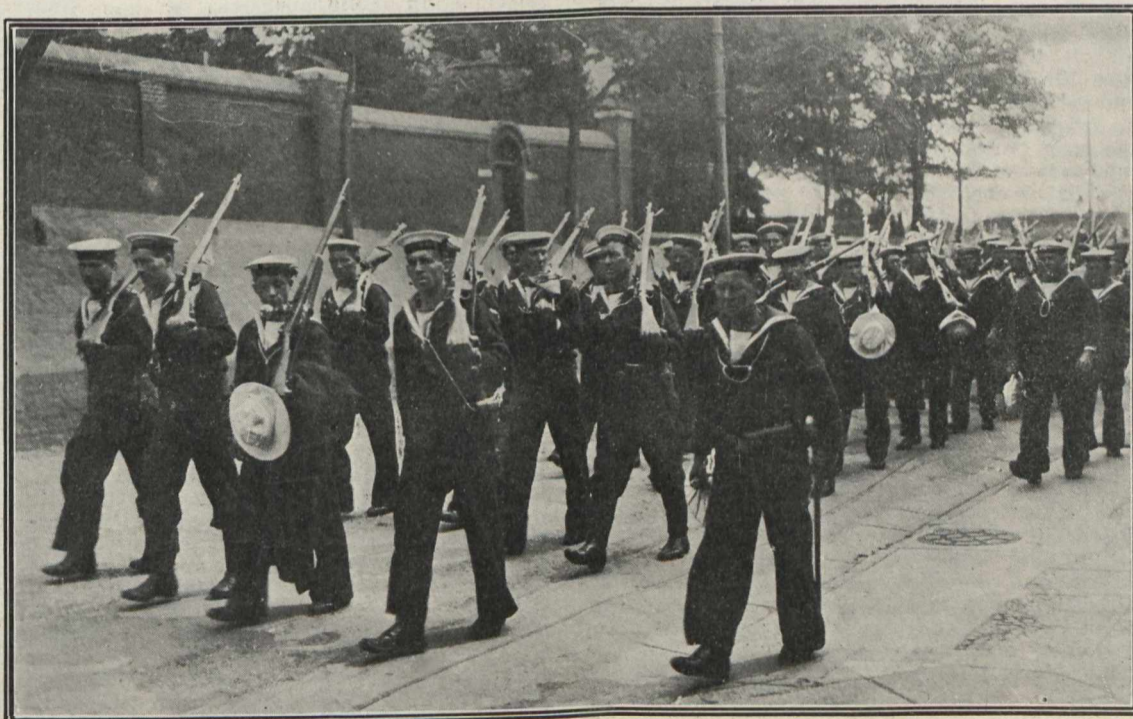
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DEFENDERS OF THE BRITISH COASTS



A British Destroyer at sea—the eyes and ears of the fleet—about 1,000 tons.



A body of Irish Coastguards arriving in England to help patrol the coasts of the North Sea. Britain has about five thousand of these splendid men who are capable of all sorts of services by land or sea.

CANADA has a great deal to learn about coast defence, and in no place has this been brought to a higher degree of perfection than in Great Britain. Because Britain is the greatest maritime nation in the world it was necessary for her to perfect her machinery for the protection of her coasts, both in time of peace and in time of war. This protection may be divided roughly into three departments, the coastguards, the coast fortresses, and the navy.

The coastguard force was originally intended to guard against smuggling, but it is now a body of men organized for coast defence, although its original duties remain. The coastguard service was placed under the Admiralty in 1856, so that may be taken as the date when the coastguard ceased to be a mere pursuer of the smuggler. The British coast is divided into six districts, and each district is divided into forty-four divisions. Each division is divided again into stations, and over every station there is an officer in charge. The total number of men in the service, including officers, petty officers, and seamen, is about five thousand. They are usually men who have

seen active service on the sea. Each district has a ship in command of a captain, and a certain number of armed cruisers and other vessels are engaged in supplementary work. The duty of the coast-

pedo tubes. To-day the thin, coffin-like hulls of the destroyers of the British fleet are rushing to and fro through the North Sea and Mediterranean, doing on the ocean what the mounted scout is doing on land.

guard is to patrol the coast night and day between the stations, to signal to vessels at sea, and to be prepared for life-saving.

OF all the vessels in the British navy none is more interesting than the torpedo destroyer. The first British vessel of this type was built in 1895, and intended to destroy torpedo boats, but the modern destroyers have practically displaced the torpedo boat altogether and are themselves fitted with torpedo tubes. It is a swift, unarmoured boat, with tremendous engine power and terrific speed. It is built so that it can keep the sea in any weather. If the British destroyers could find the enemy on a wild and tempestuous night, they would consider it their opportunity. When a big war vessel is rolling and tossing in the wind and waves, the little rough-rider of the sea will rush at it through the darkness of the night and discharge their deadly tor-

The Second Capture of Quebec

The Minister of Militia has Arranged that the Mobilization Rendezvous for All Canadian Troops Embarking for the Front Shall be at Valcartier, Near the City of Quebec

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE midnight harvest moon was yet unlifted,
Ungleaming went the great St. Lawrence deep

Beneath the peering citadel so glum there,
When parish bells had clanged and gone to sleep:
The eyes of Levis twinkled through the glamour,
The gaunt, grey walls were soundless as the plain;
And a figure on the hilltop moved in slumber,
Mumbled and stretched and went to sleep again.

A bugle from the fortress stuttered, "Lights Out,"
A camp somewhere was settling for the night,
Of an army that had gathered in the gloaming
From the Rockies and the rivers and the light;
Tents, waggons, horses, footmen, strange and
fumbling,

Unlimbering from the troop-trains day by day
In khaki, cowboy-hatted, men in red coats—
The troops from all the trails were on the way.

And the shuffling camp took up the sound of bugle,
From hill to hill they cracked it down and down
From the grey walls on the height there by the river,
Through the crooked, throbbing, soldier-haunted
town;

Past the markets and the steeples and the gun-lines,
Past the villages, the hay-lands and the wheat,
Till the vast Laurentian hills took up the echo
And the camp fires flickered to the dwindling feet.

WHEN the bugles blew the form of a man that lay
on the moonlit brow of Cape Diamond over the
huddle of fisher-houses and great ships at the
wharves—sat up. He woke to the far-below rumble
of barrows on the gangplanks and the shrill scuttling
of coal. He knew those ships. They were the troop-
ships commandeered from the mercantile marine.
By midnight one flotilla would be coaled up, steam
in the boilers and stokers below; by dawn the decks
would be crammed with men who had suddenly left
all they had in the world to see what the world might
be doing in the name of God at the front four thou-
sand miles away. And when the sun should swing
up over the church-spired valley of the habitant, long
trains of black smoke would mark the trail out
to sea.

Indolent dories and sluggard batteaux, languid old
tubs of sailing craft would drift from shore to shore
with the ferries. The harbour would be glistening
with sails as it did once in the days when as yet
the hills behind had no life but camps.

All that was a century and a half ago.

But in the summer of 1759 there had been troop
ships in that roadstead; shuffling, sail-blown craft
restless with redcoats under the Union Jack, as the
camps behind Cape Diamond were crowded with
soldiers under the flap of the Fleur-de-Lis.

And when that morning crept over Cape Diamond
and the heights of Quebec, two armies, neither of
them as big as that which now lay sleeping behind
the plains of Abraham, faced each other to settle
under which flag thereafter Quebec should stand as
the eternal gate-way to that part of the New World.

The man on the hill remembered it. Once he
had read it in the school books, about Wolfe and
Montcalm. This was the very spot. Up yonder was
Wolfe's Cove. Behind him was the battle-ground.
Out towards town stood a monument—Wolfe's. Here
had been the pageant of 1908, peaceful as a parish
bell. Here had been one of the great battles of the
world. Wolfe and Montcalm, and a day of fight with
the old ramrod guns; settling it that Quebec should
fly the Union Jack.

That was 155 years ago; summer about this time
or a bit earlier—and the summers had changed not
much; same river, hill, shore, splendid sky, hope and
life and promise.

The starlight flung odd shapes on the hill. Two
of them moved; as though they were sentries—
each at tother end of the field, slowly walking to-
wards the other; and the young man made out the
soldier-like poise of them, such as he had seen in
picture-books.

NO sentries from the citadel. They were as real
as moving pictures sprung to form and line-
ment and movement as though they never had
died in battle. Foes in action; in life heroes; in
death great men—for this was the very spot where
the two generals had settled a battle of honour and
heroism that flings its light down the years of Can-
ada-making, that inspires young men and women
to-day and will to-morrow and on down and down
to the end of time.

It was Wolfe and Montcalm, reincarnated phan-
toms or what you will; but the two of them as plain
as pikestaves—and the young khaki-clad figure crept
closer as though in some dream of river and grey
walls all manner of spirits might be about in that
place of battle and brave men.

They were talking; to the swish of the river and
the low wind that shuddered over the summer grass
and the silent city with its camp behind. Of what

but—war? War in the year 1914—Europe again, as
it had been in their time.

And the young man, at first too awed to speak,
caring only to listen, suddenly felt that he must talk
to them. For these men were the heroes of old, the
makers of Canada; souls of honour and chivalry that
played the game like men, each for a mother land
that sent him here to a new world.

They turned when they saw him. And now he
stood up—for who should crawl and creep in the
presence of such men? What young country ever
had two such heroes? And when was there ever a



"Half the world around or less they gathered,
Half the world around and more they went"

Illustrating the war sentiment of a united Empire as de-
picted in Walter Allward's monument to Canadians who
fell in the war that established self-government in
South Africa.

time since they fought and fell, that Canada ever
stood greater in need of remembering Wolfe and
Montcalm?

They seemed to speak as with a single voice;
two great languages blended into one; two nations
united in one purpose.

"Generals!" he said—saluting.

They bowed to him—they said not a word.

DOWN the bank strange forms seemed to be hud-
dling. It was a time for presences. Long years
sprang together into one grand moment when
hope and memory are one, because the best only
survives, and that is the youth of the world, whether
it be in one continent or another. It was the dream
of youth, when heroes and fair women and phantoms
and sublime landscapes are all flung on the canvas
by a magic hand that got its cunning from the cen-
turies. And these brave men had fought and died
on that field of battle to prove that from the con-
flicts of old nations in a new world, new youth and
life come back to the world.

Canada! They understood. They had made her.
"Generals," said the young man, "we are at war.
Our troop ships sail to-morrow. England and France
are at war with Germany."

Did they understand? Since 1759 how the world
had moved! When they fought on these plains—
there was no Germany. Prussia was fighting in
Europe; Germans were fighting Germans. Napoleon
was not yet. The first great all-European war was
not even dreamed. But these men would know.
Dead heroes always know what's doing in the world.

"It has been said, Generals," he went on, "that
Canada need not have gone into this war. That was
said in 1899, when we sent men to South Africa to
help establish liberty and self-government at the
other end of the world. But it was unsaid. We
were left to ourselves. We chose to go—for the sake
of the liberty and self-government of the world; be-
cause we ourselves since the Battle of the Plains of
Abraham had learned that two great peoples may

unite in one, to govern themselves under the great
empire-democracy—"

And from the bank and the river below, from the
unseen phantoms there broke forth some song, whose
tune was a French chanson blended with an old sea
air of Devon or somewhere:

"Half the world around or less they gathered,
Half the world around and more they went,
When the call of liberty became the muster
And the genius of Britain was unspent.

For half of it at least was right, they reckoned,
The other half they scarcely knew about,
And they sprang to arms because their fathers
taught them

That Britain's rule is better in than out."

"That's it, Generals," broke in the youth. "We
don't wait to be sure everybody is absolutely right
before we go ahead. In 1759 you were both right.
Might settled it. But it was the might of heroism
and truth on both sides. It's different now—"

He held his words a moment. These wise men
must think him a babler. What did he know about
who's right in Europe? Yet, he reflected, there
never was a time when half the world knew what
the other half is doing until now. In 1759 men kept
their eyes shut and fought on. They never read
newspapers. All they knew was that war was on,
to stay on till ordered off or till might settled it.
And the mastery of Canada was worth the fight.

"Yes, it's different," he repeated. "Two things
made it so. Napoleon and science. Oh, I guess that
if Napoleon had ever believed he would rather have
been the author of a great poem than to conquer
Europe, the world wouldn't now be facing the most
awful war ever known under the eye of God. No
sir!"

He was no longer awed by the great men. He felt
himself at one with them. Wolfe had recited Gray's
Elegy before he captured Quebec. Montcalm was
every whit as fine a man.

"It was Napoleon that taught Bismarck, Generals,"
he broke in again. "He believed he could build a
new empire on the ruins of other countries. He
was dead wrong! Empires worth while aren't built
that way. You gentlemen know better. You were
discoverers. You conquered a new world for civil-
ization—and you made civilization a bigger and
better thing because you did it. We know it. Canada
is proof of it—believe me!"

A GAIN came the phantom voices from down by
the great river, as once in 1908 they floated
like the clang of parish bells over the valley:

"When the old had burst its bounds on the seas of
Europe,

And men had a greater force than the land they
knew,

Then the Champlains and the Hudsons chased the
sunsets,

And France and England knew what they could do
For an empire that is built upon the sailor

And a country that is kinged and yet is free,
Are the way we know that England was intended

To teach the world the truth and rule the sea."

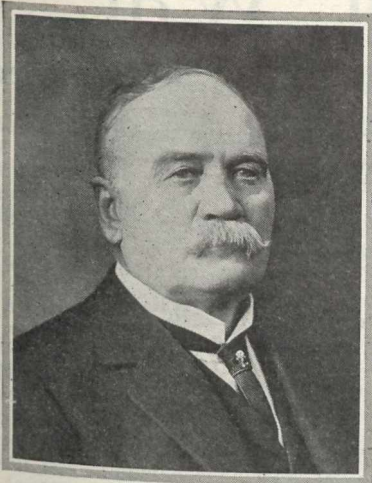
"And that's the only kind of empire that's worth
a battle," went on the youth. "In a million years
Germany can't find out how that kind of empire ever
was established. When did they ever send out a
Hudson or a Champlain or a Raleigh or a Drake?
Great people? Yes, nobody doubts it. Science, art,
war, politics—they have it all.

"But the only way they know the world is not by
discovery and sacrifice, but by politics; keeping the
peace by conscription and getting ready to smash
the greatest navy in the world by building a navy
as near as possible like it. Their army is a machine.
Their navy is another. The empire they dream
about is a bigger machine than either.

"Generals, how would they build it? By setting up
new civilizations in savage lands, as France and
England did? By teaching new peoples the art of
governing themselves? No, by the army and the
bureaucrat and the bluebook. They believe that
civilization is built on conscription and trade and
blueprints and war maps. If it were, would England
and the Empire be at war to-day to teach Germany
how wrong she is?

"We believe that civilization is built upon human
relations. God knows England has her share of the
world, and sometimes more than she finds it easy
to keep where it ought to be. But there isn't an
island in it the size of a man's head that she thinks
Germany has any gospel to govern any better or as
well. Is it likely that she believes that Germany
has any business in the biggest overseas dominion
in the world? Is it likely that Canada believes that
Germanism, whatever it is, can be of any use to
her in working out her destiny, whatever it may be?"

Pausing from the headlong tumult of his ideas
(Concluded on page 22.)



NATHANIEL CURRY, MONTREAL.
Pres. Canadian Car & Foundry Co., Canadian Steel Foundries, and Pratt & Letchworth, Ltd. Past President C. M. A. 1911.



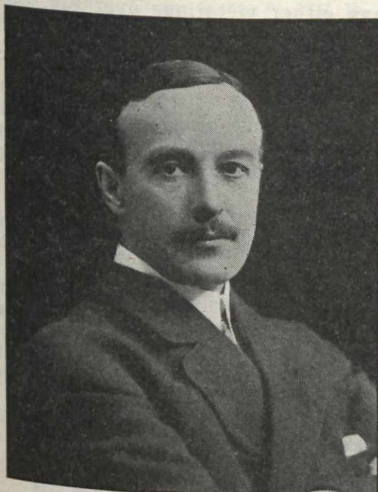
HON. GEO. E. AMYOT, QUEBEC,
President Dominion Corset Co. Member Quebec Legislative Council. Governor Laval University. Past Chairman Quebec Branch C. M. A.



A. R. CLARKE, TORONTO,
President A. R. Clarke & Co., manufacturers of leather. Chairman Toronto Br. C.M.A. 1912. Member Exec. Coun. 1913-15, Exec. Com. 1913-14.



J. H. SHERRARD, MONTREAL,
President Alaska Feather & Down Co. Vice-President Ideal Bedding Co. Chairman Montreal Branch C. M. A. 1911. V.-P. Gen. Association 1914-15.



S. MORLEY WICKETT, TORONTO,
Managing Director Wickett & Craig, leather manufacturers. Member Executive Committee C. M. A. 1903-14.

INDUSTRIAL CAPTAINS

CANADIAN manufacturers are much in the position of military officers who have won their rank badges in the firing line. They did not become manufacturers by floating companies and selling stock. Most of them grew. Some of them began in the blacksmith shop, at the old turning lathe, at the jigsaw, down among the rubber rollers, handling the oil-can and the crowbar. They are men of action; men who believe in the shirt-sleeves programme; men who know by practical experience what is wrong and why when it is wrong, and what it feels like to work up shop by shop to the place where they finally put on their coats and kept a collar on all day. Many of these men could go right back to the ranks to-morrow and earn wages as efficiently as the men on their payrolls. They know what it is to economize and to spend, to know the practical value of a machine or a tool before they buy it, to build up a business, first, on a basis of efficiency and reliable goods; second, by means of advertising what they have, knowing their ability to prove that they have it.

It is the practical side of Canadian manufacturing that counts. Canadian manufacturers may be less brilliant than some of their rivals in the United States; they may be less diligently humdrum than the heads of many great businesses in Great Britain; they may be rather less acquainted with the purely scientific side of manufacturing than some of the industrial heads in Germany. But for a combination of all-round, practical qualities

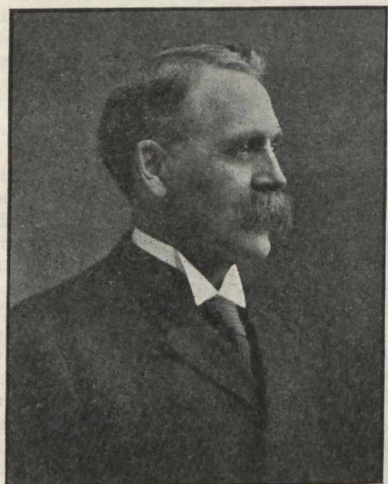
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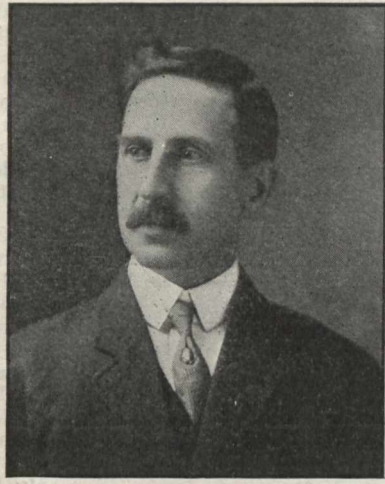
REGINALD SCARFE, BRANTFORD,
Partner and Manager Scarfe & Co., Varnishes. Past President Brantford Board of Trade. Member Executive Council C. M. A. for several years.



A. D. GANONG, ST. STEPHEN,
Treasurer Ganong Bros., Ltd. President Home Paper Box Co. Member Exec. Coun. C.M.A. 1911-13. Member Workmen's Comp. Com. 1913-14.



D. B. WOOD, HAMILTON,
Manager and Director Wood Milling Co. Member of Freight Committee and Tariff Committee C.M.A. President Hamilton Board of Trade 1914.



R. H. MACKAY, NEW GLASGOW,
President and Manager Canada Tool and Specialty Co., Ltd. Member Nova Scotia Legislature since 1909. Member N. S. Executive C.M.A. 1913-14.



DANIEL E. SPRAGUE, WINNIPEG,
President Sprague Lumber Co. Vice-President Canadian National Fire. Western Director London & Lancashire Life. Western Director C.M.A.



THOMAS R. DEACON, WINNIPEG,
President and General Manager Manitoba Bridge and Iron Works. Mayor of Winnipeg 1913 and 1914. Manitoba Vice-President C.M.A. for two years.



HOWARD MURRAY, MONTREAL,
Vice-President Shawinigan Water & Power Co. President Canadian Carbide Co. Chairman Montreal Branch C. M. A. 1913-14.



DON M. CAMPBELL, PRESTON,
General Manager Preston Car & Coach Co. President Dominion Bronze Manufacturing Co. Member Exec. Coun. C.M.A. for some years.



HARRY L. FROST, HAMILTON,
President and Manager Frost Wire Fence Co. Member Executive Council C. M. A. 1912 and 1914. President Hamilton Board of Trade 1911-12.

Manufacturing in a Time of War

The Great Disruption has mixed things up Industrially, but Manufacturing will not be Radically Interrupted

By JAMES JOHNSTON

CANADA has more than one thousand million dollars invested in factories and their equipment. Canada's normal factory population, not including wives and children, is nearly 600,000. The output of these factories from coast to coast, and of these men who operate them by means of that invested capital, totals about \$1,500,000,000 a year.

Canadian factory-owners pay an annual wage bill of about \$700,000,000.

This is the normal condition. Our Canadian industrial organization is now facing an abnormal condition. The cause is war. This is the first time in the history of Canada that the manufacturers of the country representing more than a billion dollars have been called upon to face a world dislocation, involving a profound disturbance and readjustment in this country. When the South African War called Canadian contingents the factories of Canada were not affected. In 1900 Canadian factories had not become the vast industrial organization they have become in 1914. In 1900 the capital invested, wages paid and goods annually turned out of Canadian factories was on an average between 50 and 60 per cent. of what it is to-day. When the American Civil War was on, the chief effect upon this country was the rise in the price of wheat and other grains along with foodstuffs. In the Crimean War, ten years earlier, Canadian farmers got two dollars a bushel for wheat.

But that was when the farm and the forest were the chief visible sources of Canadian wealth and industry. How does the farm compare now in this land of vast agricultural development? According to the most reliable statistics for the year 1913, the comparative value to this country of the farm, the forest, the mine, the fisheries and the factories, was:

Agriculture	\$ 550,000,000
Industries	1,500,000,000
Forest products	70,000,000
Fisheries	34,000,000
Minerals	140,000,000
Animals and products	300,000,000

Total\$2,594,000,000

Counting animals and their produce along with agriculture, where it may be said to belong, the production of both compared to the manufacturing output of this country is \$850,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000, or in a scale of 17 to 30. In a time of crisis the biggest interests are usually most in danger. In this time of war, when all the great producing nations of Europe are locked up in a terrific struggle that spells nothing but destruction by millions of dollars in a day; when civilization represented by the arts of peace is confronted with the civilization personified by war, back to the primeval axiom of Carlyle—"That I can devour thee"—it is the \$1,500,000,000 of Canadian manufactures representing the capital investment, the enterprise, the industry, the raw materials and the homes of Canada that is to be put most crucially to the test.

It may be just as easy for many people to fold their hands and wait for results without doing a tap to help as it is for the London Telegraph to say concerning the naval situation and the state of shipping in the North Sea: "This state of things is well nigh incredible, but it is a fact which makes a somewhat ironic appeal to comfortable gentlemen now feeding well and sleeping sound of nights, who have argued and voted in favour of a weaker navy." There may be thousands of comfortable people in this country who at the present time look to the manufacturer to keep the factories going, to keep hands employed, whistles blowing at seven, the cheerful line-up at the pay wicket and the busy jostle at the shipping room, with the loaded drays outside, and trust that all will be well so long as nobody tells them any bad news.

OUR WORLD-WIDE CONNECTIONS.

WE are no longer in the backwoods in this country. We are not living in a vast, somnolent China eating rice and trusting in heaven while our troops march forth to war. We are part and parcel of a tremendous nerve system of commerce and transportation that has its tentacles on the great ports and trade routes of the world at large; and just at this time we are likely to get practical jolts right at our elbow even if we refuse to read the newspapers and pretend that war after all is the business of soldiers and governments. We may, if we will, remind ourselves that Canada is not a warlike country; that we were working out our salvation with the aid of British and foreign capital in peace until this fool war came along and upset everything. Why can't we be left alone now that the war is on and Canada with the Empire is at war?

Just because, even though we never sent a man or a gun or a horse to the firing line in continental Europe; though we can't send a ship and haven't so far sent a dollar to the aid of the British navy, we are none the less right in the grip of economic con-

ditions imposed by the war. We are in the grip of war because we have presumed to develop this country in a time of peace to a position where it competes in the markets of the world, through imports and exports; because in per capita of population we have developed an industrial fabric that compares favourably with the chief manufacturing nations of the world.

We have done this in a time of peace; because we were left alone in peace. In a time of war, when civilization in the shape of a great manufacturing, scientific and military nation plunges the world into a vast upheaval of destruction—what are we going to do with this fabric? Are we to let panic seize us and indiscriminately close our factories right and left as a crew batten down the hatches when a storm is on? Or are we to take stock of ourselves as a practical, progressive people, and see jointly what can be done to keep the national fabric together? Are we to lose our heads in flag-wagging, or shall we keep the flag handy where we can get it in case of need and with both hands keep ourselves busy at the work of conserving our manufactures? When twenty or thirty thousand of our men are to be sent abroad armed with tools of destruction and defence, what shall we determine to do with the five or six hundred thousand men and women on wages in the factories at home?

MAKE PANIC IMPOSSIBLE.

THAT depends much upon what the people who do the main share of buying goods are prepared to do with the goods made by the manufacturers of Canada. We have it in our own hands to conserve this fabric. It is ours to conserve. We should be foolish to let any considerable part of it slip into the junk-heap. We should be less than worthy of our high place in the world of manufacturing if we did less than strain every nerve to keep this fabric of industry intact and alive, an integral part of the national life.

In this work of standing and working together the general public have even more to do than the manufacturers. Neither can succeed without the other. Factories can't stay open as they are without the co-operation of the people who depend so largely upon the factories for subsistence. The people can't do anything to save the situation unless the factory-owners and operators give them a chance—by refusing to yield to panic and by exercising in this crisis much more caution and sanity than they would do in a time of ordinary trade depression. To the great credit of Canadian industries it must be said that before the war broke out and when business was suffering from world-wide financial depression, the factories of this country kept going, in some cases on partly reduced staffs, on shorter hours, on abolition of night shifts—but without more than a very occasional stoppage of industry.

The same level-headed policy in co-operation with the consuming public will act as a far greater protection to Canadian industry in the present crisis than any tariff wall in a time of peace. When peace is on the world no sane nation disbands its army and disarms its navy. In a time of war no people worthy the name of leaders in industry will contemplate any movement that will disband its army of industrial workers. The welfare of any nation at war is not merely to be on the side of those winning on the powder lines; but to be so firmly organized, so efficiently managed and so prudently counselled at home that they keep their heads level and the people at work and the public at large so supporting the industries of the country so that a panic is impossible.

This is no argument in favour of a special producing class. It is an argument in favour of conserving the national life of this country so far as it depends upon a billion-dollar investment and a \$1,500,000,000 annual factory output.

All established lines of trade increase will be immediately affected by the war. The main causes are:

Shutting off imports from belligerent countries both of finished products and raw materials.

Cutting off exports from this country to all markets not on specially patrolled routes, and of certain lines of goods to any country whatever.

Curtailment of transportation and other activities in this country.

Reduction in public works and building operations generally.

Meanwhile a home market of eight millions of consumers has to be kept up. This is as good as eight millions as could be averaged anywhere. The standard of living in Canada is comparatively high. We have no moujik class and a small slum population. In normal times Canadians live well. In abnormal times they cannot live poorly—so long as it is possible on one hand to keep the land producing wealth and on the other hand to keep our half million industrial army working as far as possible.

There is no reason why the land cannot produce more in 1915 than it did in 1914 and as much as it did in 1913. The Canadian Courier has already indicated one way in which this can be done. The demand for Canadian wheat, flour and foodstuffs is already touching the abnormal. European mills are shut down for lack of raw material. With a prolonged war, and even to some extent a short one, European harvests will cease to be a factor in the supplies of food either for civilians or for the millions on the battlefields. Women in France have already gone into the harvest fields. The British Government has taken charge of the harvest there. It will also see to the cropping of waste land, quite to the liking of Lloyd George. But this is merely a circumstance to the enormous demand upon foreign foodstuffs markets. Russia, the great wheat-producer of Europe, has changed reaping hooks to rifles. The allies in this war must look to America for wheat and meat, the two great staples of both peace and war. Several enormous armies must be fed. With the British navy either victorious over the German or keeping it off the high seas, the wheat routes from this continent will be kept open.

Wheat and oats have already gone up in price; flour has advanced a dollar a barrel. Meat goes up. There is a heavy demand for export cattle and for horses. Canadian farmers get the first benefit; Canadian millers and their employees the second; Canadian railways and ships the third.

This means that a considerable percentage of Canadian workers must be kept busy. It means primarily that the ultimate producer, the land-worker, is enabled to remain a fairly heavy consumer. So the basis of the industrial fabric stands; the consumer on the land who, whatever the handicap to his production, must actually get more wealth in gold values than ever before in this country. War stops no crops except in the countries primarily at war. Though Canada is at war, her wheat-fields and cattle ranges are not depleted of workers or devastated by armies.

THE DECLINE IN IMPORTS.

ON the next grade up we are sure to maintain a steady demand for the main staples of life.

Eight millions of people must still wear clothes. They will get most of them from Canadian factories. A big departmental store had placed a big order in Austria or Germany for cheap cottons. War cancelled delivery. The order was switched to mills in Quebec. Since war the biggest cotton factory in Canada, which for months past, owing to depression, had been running on short time, increased to ninety per cent. full time and will soon be running full time. What is true of the biggest should be true of all. A Hamilton firm has received rush orders for Tungsten lamps, formerly made in Belgium.

Similarly with woollens. For years the woollen mills of this country have been working up grade against the British preference and succeeding. The preference is still popular. War will not be likely to remove it. But war will at least make it less effective. War at the same time removes all other foreign competition with Canadian woollen mills, which should now follow suit with the cotton mills. This applies to both overclothing and underclothing, and all other staple fabrics made from wool.

Boots and shoes must still be worn. Canada wears out on an average sixteen million pairs of boots and shoes in a year. Many of these have been imported from Europe. As Canada does little or no export trade in boots and shoes the activity in this line of leather manufacturing must be more or less stimulated by the war, even though people buy less expensive boots.

Our trade with belligerent European countries for 1913 stood as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Austria	\$ 1,750,000	\$ 155,000
Belgium	4,096,492
Russia	1,000,000	2,145,236
Germany	14,586,000	4,500,000
France	2,810,000	14,276,878
Italy	2,090,387	655,256

Taken as a whole our imports from these countries included: Leather, rubber, boots, shoes, clothing, brooms and brushes, ropes and twine, china and porcelain, lamps and lanterns, table glass and pipes, window glass, cottons, paper, iron and steel products, potash for glass-making, wines and spirits, candles and chocolates, toys, fruit, furniture, carpets, rugs, curtains, cutlery, furs, house-furnishings and novelties of various kinds.

For these variegated lines we paid Europe, not including Great Britain, last year, the grand total of \$25,822,879. Looking over the list it may be estimated that until further notice Canada will be able to supply from her own factories a large percentage of the goods, with probably more than 75 per

(Continued on page 20.)



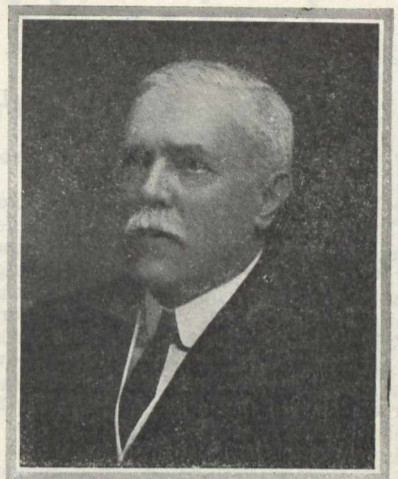
THOS. CANTLEY, NEW GLASGOW,
Second Vice-President and Gen. Man.
N. S. Steel & Coal Co. Member Iron
& Steel Inst. of Gt. Brit. Memb.
Exec. Coun. C. M. A. 1913-15.



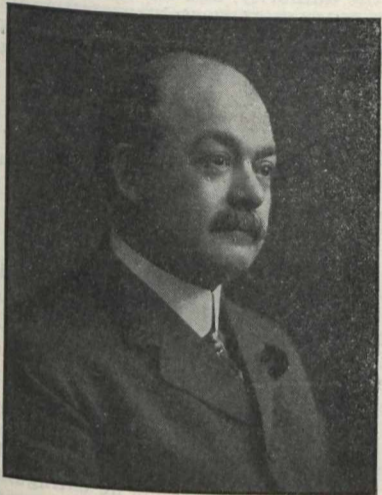
H. T. MELDRUM, MONTREAL,
Secretary Montreal Branch C. M. A.
1910-12. Assistant General Secretary
with headquarters in Montreal since
1912.



H. H. BIGGERT, HAMILTON,
Superintendent International Har-
vester Co. of Canada. Chairman
Hamilton Branch C. M. A. 1913-14.
Member Tariff Committee 1914-15.



P. W. ELLIS, TORONTO,
President P. W. Ellis & Co. Chair-
man Toronto Hydro-Electric Commis-
sion. Past President C. M. A. Chair-
man Workmen's Compensation Com.



H. H. CHAMP, HAMILTON,
Secretary and Treasurer The Steel Co.
of Canada, Hamilton, Toronto and
Montreal. Chairman Tariff Commit-
tee C. M. A. 1913-14-15.

based upon shrewd experience, the Canadian manufacturer of repute has no superior anywhere.

The Canadian manufacturer has learned the double gospel of go-slow and full-steam-ahead. He understands that there are two sides to every legitimate business; when to develop and when to conserve. He knows the folly of speculative progress that forgets the past and discounts the present for the sake of a delirious future. The wise Canadian manufacturer understands that in the most headlong era of progress there is an economic limit to expansion. He knows the fallacy of running night shifts this year and half-time the next.

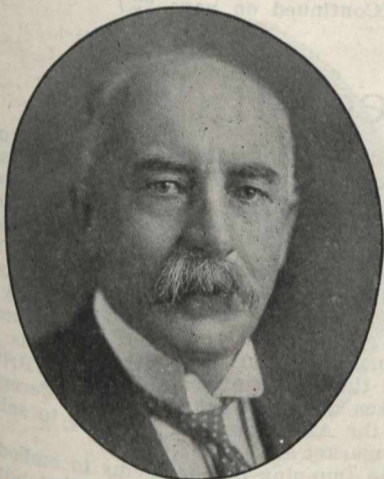
MERE machinery never made a great business, any more than war machines make a great army. Whether in peace or war it is the "man behind the gun" that counts when the gun is in action. Any war camp in Europe resolves itself back to the men who are both in it and behind it. An army of soldiers is no more in need of generalship than an army of industrial workers is in need of brain-direction.

If the head is wrong, the men below are likely to be wrong. It is the chiefs of staff that count in the business. In normal times the brains in the head office are always as necessary as the machinery in the shop. Modern business is conditioned on a kind of warfare. There is always an enemy's camp. Usually the enemy must be put out of business, by better goods, better organization, better service or better selling machinery.

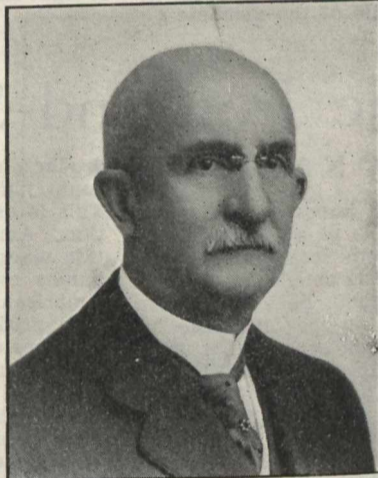
That accumulation of betterments which in normal times elevates the scrap heap to the dignity of a monument and goes in for the best available equipment, in war times becomes all the more effective.



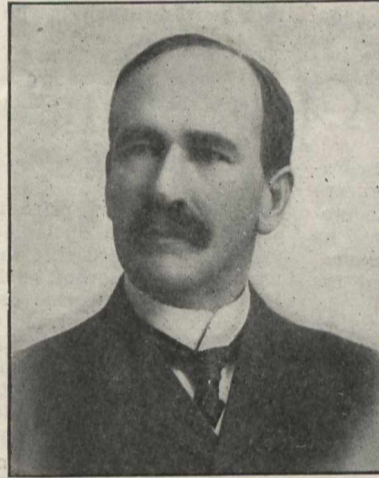
W. S. FALLIS, WINNIPEG,
Western Manager, Sherwin-Williams
Co. Chairman Manitoba Branch C.
M. A. 1913-14. Vice-President C. M.
A. for Manitoba 1913-14.



F. J. HOWELL, HAMILTON,
President Howell Lithographing Co.
Director Canadian Poster Co. Mem-
ber Tech. Educ. Com. C.M.A. Past
Pres. Hamilton Board of Trade.



J. H. HOUSSEUR, TORONTO,
Director and Secretary of Massey-
Harris Co., Ltd., manufacturers agri-
cultural implements. Member Exe-
cutive C. M. A. for several years.



T. J. STOREY, BROCKVILLE,
President Canada Carriage Co. Vice-
President Carriage Factories, Cole-
man Baking Powder, and Ontario
Wheel Co. 5 years on Exec. C.M.A.



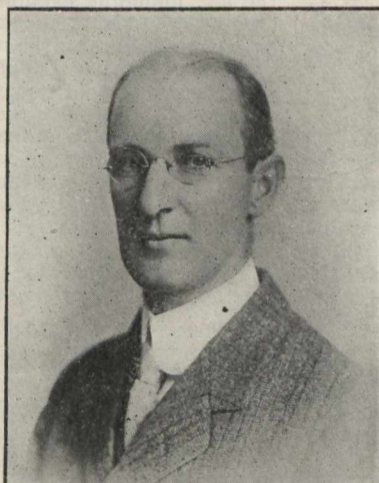
GORDON M. MCGREGOR, FORD,
General Manager and Secretary-
Treasurer Ford Motor Co. of Canada.
Director McGregor Banwell Fence Co.
Member Exec. Coun. C.M.A. 1913-15.



L. G. AMSDEN, TORONTO,
Vice-President and Managing Direc-
tor Consolidated Optical Co. Chair-
man Jewellers' section C.M.A. 1912-
13-14.



R. O. McCULLOCH, GALT,
Vice-President and Secretary-Treas-
urer Goldie & McCulloch Co. Mem-
ber Exec. Council C. M. A. several
years. Chairman Tariff Com. 1911.



J. H. PARKHILL, WINNIPEG,
President Alaska Bedding Co. Chair-
man Manitoba Branch C.M.A. 1911-
12. Manitoba Vice-President 1912-13.
Member Executive Council 1912-13-14.



T. A. RUSSELL, TORONTO,
Vice-President and General Manager
Russell Motor Car Co. General Sec-
retary C. M. A. 1900-01-02. Member
Executive Council C. M. A. 1902-14.

Juju Rainsford's War Palaver

Depicting one Among the Thousands of Hair-raising Experiences of the Englishman in Foreign Lands

HOWARD RAINSFORD thrashed about on his cot in an agony of discomfort. The black, steamy West-African night got on his nerves. It was more than his fever-racked body and his fever-addled brain could stand. Strange to say, the fact that this was his last night at Abugooma brought him no comfort. He was too sick to realize that the next day the year's ordeal would end, that little Johnnie McCloud was on his way out from London to relieve him. He knew that the Mioma would arrive about dawn; but dawn seemed as far off as the day when he himself had tackled the job of beachmaster.

Over and over, he muttered feverishly: "I'm going home to-morrow; I'm going home to-morrow." He knew there was a meaning to the words; but his sick mind could not grasp it. He might as well have been promising himself that he would return in fifty years, for all the comfort they brought him.

From the beach came the hideous sounds of a juju palaver, a religious ceremony in which the natives pay noisy homage to strange gods. Rainsford heard it, and cursed fretfully. He was sick of niggers; he was sick of everything. His head rolled restlessly on the sweat-soaked pillow, and he resumed his muttering. "I'm going home to-morrow; I'm going home to-morrow." Again and again, he whispered it with weak, sickly persistence.

A breath of cooler air filtered through the mosquito netting over his small window. It blew across his cheek as he was in the middle of a sentence. He checked himself and frowned. His mind cleared suddenly.

"I am going home to-morrow!" he exclaimed, with emphasis.

It began to mean something. With the realization of the good fortune awaiting him on the morrow came a sense of uncertainty, a fear that something might prevent.

"Pshaw, what should keep me?" he said, aloud. "I'm not so very sick." He lay quiet for a few moments, thinking it over quite sanely. As he thought, the answer came to him. "The niggers!" he said, under his breath.

The black men had become unruly of late; discipline on the beach had weakened. This was due, in part, to the fact that Rainsford had been ill, but had insisted on keeping the reins in his own hands to the end; also, the "boys" knew that he was soon

By WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

to leave them, and any change in their masters invariably caused a feeling of unrest. The juju palavers had become more and more frequent during the past month, which, of itself, was an ominous sign.

"Poor Johnnie McCloud!" sighed Rainsford, rolling over to a dryer place on his cot; "he certainly will get it in the neck."

A slight tearing sound came from the direction of the window. He raised his eyes, and his blood froze. The starshine was momentarily blotted out by a shape, black and sinister. He lay motionless, paralyzed by sudden fear. The noise from the beach had died away entirely, and the night was very still. In the silence, he heard plainly the sound of a sharp blade cutting through the netting, a sound that would have been unnoticed amidst the bustle of the daytime.

Rainsford's terror held him in its grip until the nerve-racking slip of the knife through the mesh had ceased. As he saw the dim outline of a naked arm steal through the narrow window, he braced himself. He dared not leap from the bed, as that would have been an invitation to sudden death.

Slowly, carefully, his hand crept toward the holster suspended on the wall at his side. His fingers touched the butt of his revolver. He flexed his arm to draw the weapon toward him when he heard a sibilant swish, felt the breeze of a blade hurtling past his eyes, and then the soft pthut as it entered the spongy wood of the wall. The handle tapped his forehead caressingly as it vibrated.

Rainsford's brain was spurred to instant action. As the knife struck the wall, he gave one choking gasp, then lay still as death. He watched the figure in the window with staring eyes, every nerve alive to its menace. The negro leaned over the sill and listened intently for a moment; then, apparently satisfied, he drew back his head and disappeared.

RAINSFORD'S first sensation was one of relief. Next came a sincere thankfulness for his escape. The shock had acted like a tonic; he felt better, physically and mentally, than he had for many days. He lay on his back, unconsciously voicing a little halting prayer of thanks, his lips, as they moved, brushing the handle of the machete.

"I guess I am going home to-morrow," he mused, happily.

Hard on the heels of his rejoicing came a reaction, bringing with it a thought of the lad that was to take up his work the next day.

"Poor Johnnie McCloud!" sighed Rainsford. For himself, all was well; the last milestone had been passed; but how would the newcomer fare?

He squirmed out from beneath the menacing knife and sat on the edge of his cot, his head resting on his hands. Staring straight before him into the darkness, he saw the sweet face of Johnnie's mother regarding him wistfully, reproachfully. He owed her something, did Rainsford, this kindly, gentle Englishwoman who had mothered him during his own motherless boyhood. Then, Johnnie stood before him, sunny-haired, clear-eyed, and merry.

OWELL, he would awaken the captain, the Company's agent, and report the affair. The captain had the authority, and he could straighten matters out. Yes, he could straighten matters out—in time—with much red tape and infinite grinding of legal machinery that would not impress the niggers one bit. In the meantime, they would surely get Johnnie, the new beachmaster.

"No!" he exclaimed, suddenly springing to his feet. "I've got one more job to do at Abugooma!"

He struck a light—he felt himself safe now, anyway, he didn't care—and drew the machete from the wall. It took all his strength to loosen it. He brought it to the light and glanced casually at the handle.

"Assatamino!" he said, savagely, as he recognized the weapon. "The murderous scoundrel! And I cured him of a knife wound six months ago!"

He drew on his boots, buckled his belt over his pajamas, and reached for his revolver.

"What's the use?" he thought, as he turned away from it.

Instead, he took a heavy whip from a nail beside the cot and attached it to a swivel on his belt. Then, catching up a whistle from the table, he extinguished his light, unlocked his door, and groped his way to the veranda.

On the beach, a fire was burning brightly, but not a soul was in sight. Rainsford stepped into the circle of light and raised the whistle to his lips. Instantly.

(Continued on page 22.)

The Dumping Clause and the Iron and Steel Industry

By W. J. DONALD

THE Canadian tariff has been called a hydra-headed monster. Composed of the general tariff, the intermediate tariff, the British preferential schedule, the drawbacks, the surtax, the bounty system, and the dumping clause, seven features, it surely must hold the record for complexity.

General tariff discussion has come to the front again. Reciprocity and free food were the subject of controversy for a time, but it is quite evident that these topics lack that staying power so characteristic of the general tariff problem. Everyone knows that in the near future, certainly within the first year after the next general election, the general tariff, and especially the iron and steel schedule, will be due for revision.

The dumping clause of the Canadian system is of peculiar interest to the iron and steel people of Canada. It was the outcome of a peculiar difficulty, experienced more by the iron and steel industry than by any other branch of Canadian business. It is appropriate, then, that the discussion of the dumping clause should keep in mind the conditions of the iron and steel industry.

ITS ORIGIN AND AIMS.

AMERICAN competition has recently been the greatest danger to Canadian industry, and the dumping of United States products at sacrifice prices on Canadian markets was a growing menace. The foreign market seems to be the spar to which the United States iron industry clings whenever a boom collapses, and this dumping is not done in the interest of the Canadian consumer of iron, and obviously it is a detriment to Canadian iron and steel producers.

In 1903, United States iron and steel products were being dumped at low prices in competition with Canadian output. As it was a time of depression, this dumping feature was particularly bad. Something had to be done. The iron and steel interests had long been pressing for higher duties, but the Government hesitated to give assistance by a general advance. Hence it was that the dumping clause of 1904 was introduced to provide a system of countervailing duties on all such dumped goods.

This dumping act provided that whenever it should appear to the satisfaction of the Minister of Customs or any officer of customs, that the export price or

the actual selling price to the importer in Canada of any imported dutiable article of a class or kind made or produced in Canada was less than the fair market value thereof, such article should, in addition to the duty otherwise established, be subject to a special duty of customs equal to the difference between such fair market value and such selling price. The special duty was limited to one-half of the customs duty otherwise established on most articles, and to 15 per cent. ad valorem on items 224, 225, 228, 231* in schedule A of the Customs Tariff, 1897. The expression "export price" was defined as the exporter's price for goods exclusive of all charges thereon after their shipment from the place whence exported directly to Canada. Provision was made for the meeting of evasion of the special duty by any mode of consignment, for the making of regulations deemed necessary for carrying out the provisions of the act, including exemption of articles not made in Canada in substantial quantities, and offered for sale to all purchasers on equal terms, for the exemption of articles on which duty is equal to 50 per cent. ad valorem, and of goods the export price of which is only slightly under the fair market value, as well as goods subject to an excise duty in Canada. Rolled round wire rods, which were free of duty, were made an exception to the exemption of free goods provided that the special duty should not exceed 15 per cent. In 1907 the dumping act was made applicable to all free goods under the general law. From time to time a number of Orders-in-Council and Department of Customs regulations have been passed.

CRITICISM.

THIS new method of protecting Canadian manufacturers has been severely criticized. Some thought that it would be hard to tell what is the market value, when so many prices are quoted for different purchasers, and as quoted prices are seldom actual prices. All seem to be agreed on this point. As a matter of fact, the iron and steel interests themselves admit that often the clause cannot be applied, as American furnaces sometimes sell part of their

*Namely, pig iron, cast scrap iron, iron kentledge, steel ingots, blooms, slabs, and billets, puddled bars, rolled iron and steel angles, etc., rolled iron and steel plates.

product for delivery to distant points in their own country at prices as low as for shipment to Canada. This is usually necessary in order to meet competition. American furnaces have to cut prices for certain markets to meet the prices of independent companies even within the protected market. When American iron has to meet avowedly efficient Canadian producers, protected, as they are, not only by transportation rates, but especially by customs duties, and formerly even by bounties, one is not surprised that the export price is low. The British preference gives a special reason for a differential price basis if the American producers are to sell in the Canadian market at all.

After all, the Dumping Clause seems to embody a declaration that the Canadian industry must not be subjected to external competition. Carried to its practical and logical conclusion, it means that American iron cannot be sold to Canadian importers at less than the price determined by the United States Steel Corporation or other American producers. Hence, if the Canadian dumping clause had worked as was intended, the Canadian price would necessarily be the United States price plus transportation charges, as well as the Canadian duties. If such were the case, Canada would be in a situation worse than the United States, dominated, as it is, by the United States Steel Corporation. It is a strange community indeed that can accept such a declaration of commercial policy.

One is not surprised that this has aroused considerable discussion. The railways complained that they were deprived of an opportunity to buy rails abroad at greatly reduced prices. The highly specialized iron and steel industries were especially grieved by not being able to buy supplies freely in the United States. For instance, the Canadian Bridge Company, located at Walkerville, Ontario, a convenient place to secure raw materials from Pittsburgh, has frequently complained. The application of the duty to tin plate in 1908 was repealed in 1909. Some feared that discriminations in favour of importers in certain sections might result. British Chambers of Commerce complained, almost as soon as the clause went into effect, of the onerous and complicated arrangements as to details in invoices.

It is a difficult matter, indeed, to determine to what

(Concluded on page 23.)



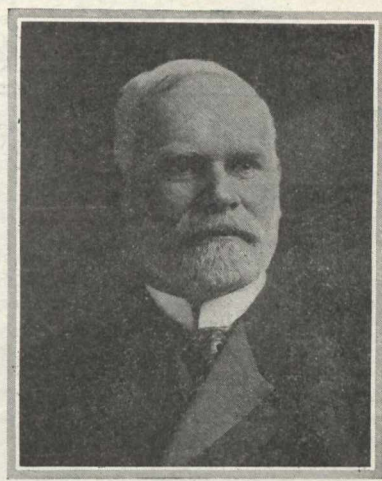
J. O. THORN, TORONTO,
Man. Dir. Metallic Roofing Co. Has
been Chairman, Tor. Branch C.M.A.,
Trans. Com., Parl. Com., and V.-P.
for Tor. Member Tariff Com. 1913-15.



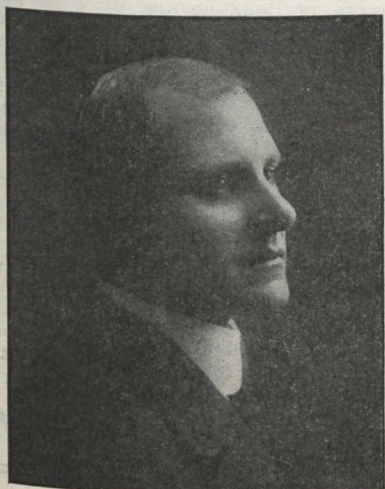
JOHN RANSFORD, CLINTON,
Owner Salt Works, Clinton & Gode-
rich. Member of Executive Commit-
tee C.M.A. several years. A founder
of Ontario salt industries.



GEO. T. DOUGLAS, AMHERST,
Manager Canadian Car & Foundry Co.
Director Nova Scotia Trust, etc.
Member Exec. Council C. M. A. 1913-
14. Chairman N. S. Branch C.M.A.



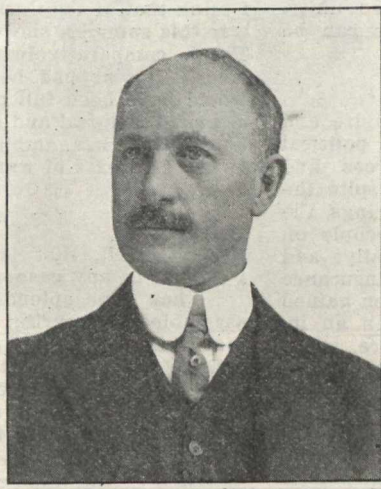
HON. E. J. DAVIS, NEWMARKET,
President Davis Leather Co., New-
market and Kingston. Member Exe-
cutive Council C. M. A. for several
years. Ex-Com'r Crown Lands.



WILLIAM P. WELLS, REGINA,
Manager Regina Branch of Interna-
tional Harvester Co. of Canada. Past
President Regina Board of Trade 1912.
Member Exec. Coun. C.M.A. 1913-15.



JOHN F. ELLIS, TORONTO,
Vice-President and Managing Director
Barber-Ellis, Ltd., wholesale paper
and stationery. Past President of
C. M. A. and Toronto Board of Trade.



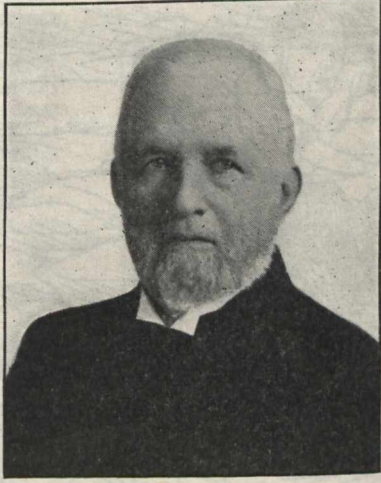
JOHN R. SHAW, WOODSTOCK,
Vice-President and Managing Direc-
tor Canada Furniture Manufactur-
ers. Chairman furniture section C.
M. A. 1913-14, and Leg. Com. '14-15.



J. E. ALAIN, VICTORVILLE,
Director Victoriaville Furniture Co.
(Manufacture de meubles de Victoria-
ville). Mayor of Victoriaville. Mem-
ber Exec. Com. C.M.A. 1913-15.



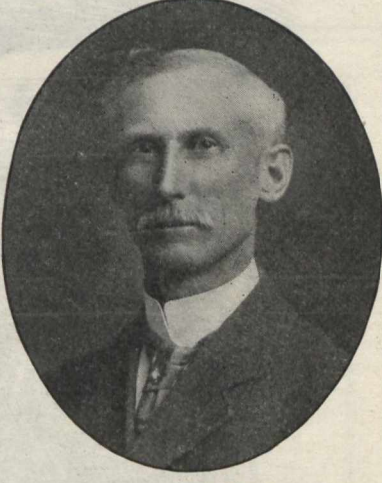
CARL RIORDON, MONTREAL,
Vice-President and Managing Direc-
tor Riordon Pulp and Paper Co. Presi-
dent Pulp and Paper Association.
Member Exec. Com. C.M.A. 1912-15.



GEORGE BOOTH, TORONTO,
President Booth-Coulter Copper and
Brass Co. Pres. American Metal Co.
Treas. C.M.A. for 36 years. Member
Executive Toronto Board of Trade.



GEO. HENDERSON, HALIFAX,
Director and Manager for the Mari-
time Provinces of Brandram-Hender-
son Co. Chairman Nova Scotia
Branch C. M. A. 1912-13-14.



ATWELL FLEMING, TORONTO,
Proprietor Atwell Fleming Printing
Co. Chairman Parliamentary Com-
mittee C. M. A. 1911-12. Member
Legis. and Workmen's Comp. Com's.



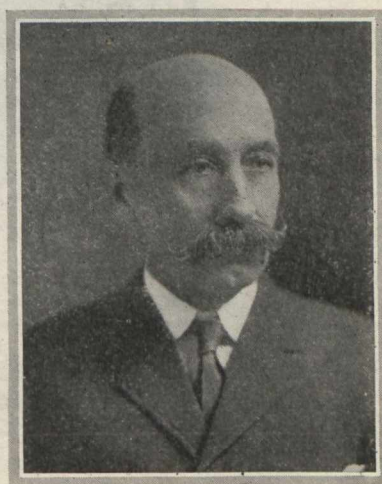
W. SHIVES FISHER, ST. JOHN,
President Enterprise Foundry Co.,
Sackville, and Vice-President Em-
erson and Fisher, St. John. Vice-Presi-
dent C. M. A. for New Brunswick.



ARTHUR W. WHITE, LONDON,
General Manager Geo. White & Sons
Co. President Engine and Thresher
section C. M. A. for six years. Presi-
dent London Bd. Trade 1909-10.



S. J. B. ROLLAND, MONTREAL,
President Rolland Paper Co., mak-
ers of bond and letter paper. Mem-
ber of Executive of the C. M. A.
1913-14.



COL. W. M. GARTSHORE, LONDON,
Vice-President and Manager McClary
Mfg. Co. Member Executive Com-
mittee C.M.A. 1913-16. Vice-Pres.
for Ont. 1905. Gen. Vice-Pres. 1914-15.

Through a Monocle

ARMAGEDDON

ARMAGEDDON has arrived. The optimists who thought that war is obsolete, and the theorists who thought that it is impossible, now have their answer. I notice that some of them are taking it out in abusing the German Emperor. They say that they never could have calculated on such "insane ferocity" in an individual—such "mad-dog" tactics by a great nation. I can only give you one man's opinion; but it is that the German Emperor distinctly did not want this war. Moreover, it is palpably ridiculous to anyone who knows the German people to talk as if the Kaiser could have precipitated them into this desperate and dangerous conflict against their will. The Kaiser has always had the support of his people in his war programmes. He once won a Reichstag election on them. And the reason for this is that the sober, logical, brainy German people believe that the strong military programme of the Kaiser's Government is the only way in which the strictly modern unity, power and prosperity of the German race can be preserved.

RELECT that not only the German Empire and German self-respect and German political safety, but German industrial progress and commercial prosperity, date from 1870. Despite the transparent folly of Norman Angelic vapourings, the German victories of 1870 put that great people on their feet, financially as well as sentimentally; and the immense German army has been an insurance premium against the loss of all that was then gained—just exactly as the British fleet has been an insurance premium upon the British Empire. My point is that the Kaiser has done nothing that he has not always been expected to do—that he has not always declared his intention to do. It was the blind stupidity of our "pacifists" which gave birth

to the other view—our "pacifists" who thought that they knew the intentions of Germany better than the Germans did—who were taught nothing by the Zabern incident—nothing by the building of the Kiel Canal—nothing by the creation of an Armada—nothing by the recent terrific tax on private fortunes for military increases.

I HAVE said that I do not think that the German Emperor—i.e., the German Government—wanted war now. That is only a surmise; but I will give you one or two of my reasons for thinking so. First, the German mobilization, in spite of all haste, has been slow enough to show that few, if any, preliminary steps had been taken. Second, the "Goeben," a fine new battle-cruiser only launched in 1911, was in the Mediterranean at the outbreak of war, and could not get back to strengthen the fighting fleets of the Kaiser. She might as well have been at the bottom as in the Mediterranean. I think that, if the German Government had intended war this summer, she would have been in the Baltic. Third, comparatively few German cruisers are at large. If war had been expected, the Seven Seas would have been full of them. Fourth, Germany, as a great industrial and commercial power, has always hoped that her ambitions might be accomplished by mere threats of war.

HOWEVER, that is a side issue. War is now on, in any case; and we are all in it. Canada has done splendidly. Parliament has not yet assembled as I write; but there is every indication that there will be a bi-party agreement on our policy. This is precisely as it ought to be. The gravity of the crisis which confronts us cannot be exaggerated. There never has been a time in human history when so much that is vital to the race was flung into the

melting-pot—a melting-pot under which all the fires of Hell seem to have been lighted.

EVERY nation that has gone into this war has taken its life in its hands—with the possible exception of Russia. Russia is only exempt because she is practically unkillable. If we are beaten, the British Empire will be dismembered. There should not be the smallest doubt on that point. It may not be done on the immediate morrow of the war—as was done in the case of France in 1870—for our conquerors may be too exhausted to attempt a military occupation of England. But it will be done just as soon as the new consolidation of Pan-Europe can be brought about, and we are faced by the fleets and navies of the entire Continent. France, on the other hand, may not be dismembered. If she can be degraded to a second-class power, and stripped of her colonies, and compelled to accept an alliance with Germany, it would not be good politics to dismember her any further. Still it might happen; for the taking of Alsace-Lorraine was not good politics.

AS to what will happen if we win, I prefer not to discuss just now. Things are too critical to make the perilous custom of a too-previous counting of unhatched eggs an enjoyable occupation. By the time these lines reach the public, some decisive battles may be fought; but, at the present writing, there has been little more than a careful reconnoitering of each other's positions, and some desperate and bloody fighting in Belgium. But the whole Belgian campaign was never intended to be anything but preliminary. The Germans only struck at Belgium because they believed that that would be the easiest route into France; and there has always been the alternative policy of delivering the real attack somewhere else if they found the Belgian side-trip too costly. Germany cannot be regarded as being beaten, even if she is held in Belgium. Her offensive will have failed at one point—that is all; and much then depends upon whether the Russian advance on the East can actually menace Berlin.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



CANADA'S BREAD BATTERY TO THE FORE

THE CANADIAN FARMERS AND MILLERS PROVIDE SOME HEAVY ARTILLERY FOR EMPIRE DEFENSE

WHERE EVERY COUNTY BREEDS ITS SAILOR MEN



A few of the jolly Jack Tar reserves entraining from Waterloo Station in London in answer to the call for complete mobilization.

And the order includes naval volunteers also. Members of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserves with their kit-bags and sweethearts at the headquarters of the London Division.

War Calendar

August 11th.—General reports from the front show great activity in all the European armies. The Germans continue their attack upon the forts around Liege. Their vaunted occupation of Liege meant only the seizing of the undefended portion of the city with its large gun and ammunition factories. It becomes clearer that the two or three German army corps which were stopped at Liege expected to march to Brussels without serious opposition. Germany may not have underestimated the military strength of France, but the Kaiser undoubtedly met a tremendous surprise in Belgium.

The French fell back from Mulhausen on a line of defence to the south of that town. It is not likely that the French will advance farther in Alsace-Lorraine until after the big engagement between the main armies has taken place.

The German cruisers Breslau and Goeben took refuge in the Dardanelles.

August 12th.—The German troops have reached Louvain, having passed north of Liege via Tongres, Hasselt, and Diest.

Montenegro formally declared war on Germany, and the Servian and Montenegrin troops are working together in an attack on Herzegovina.

August 13th.—Much fighting reported in Belgium to the north and west of Liege, which is isolated.

Great Britain and Austria are now formally at war and the British fleet in the Mediterranean has been ordered to attack the Austrian fleet.

Lord Roberts is appointed Colonel-in-Chief of such overseas forces as may reach England.

August 14th.—Great Britain, France and Russia hear that the German cruisers Goeben and Breslau have been sold to Turkey.

The allied British and French armies are reported to be entrenching at Namur, where they expect to meet the main advance of the German army.

The French have been fighting in the Vosges mountains for five days, and occupied the Saale Pass, which is the main avenue from France to Strassburg, the German capital of Alsace. The siege and capture of Strassburg by the Germans was one of the big events of the war of 1870.

The Canadian mobilization is proceeding apace. The women of Canada have raised nearly a hundred thousand dollars for a hospital ship, which has been donated by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Hamilton Gault, of Montreal, has offered to contribute a regiment to be known as "Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry," and to be commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel F. Farquhar, D.S.O., Aide to the Governor-General. Mr. J. K. L. Ross, of Montreal, contributes half a million dollars towards militia expenses. The Canadian Government has given a million bags of flour to Great Britain and Alberta contributed half a million bushels of oats.

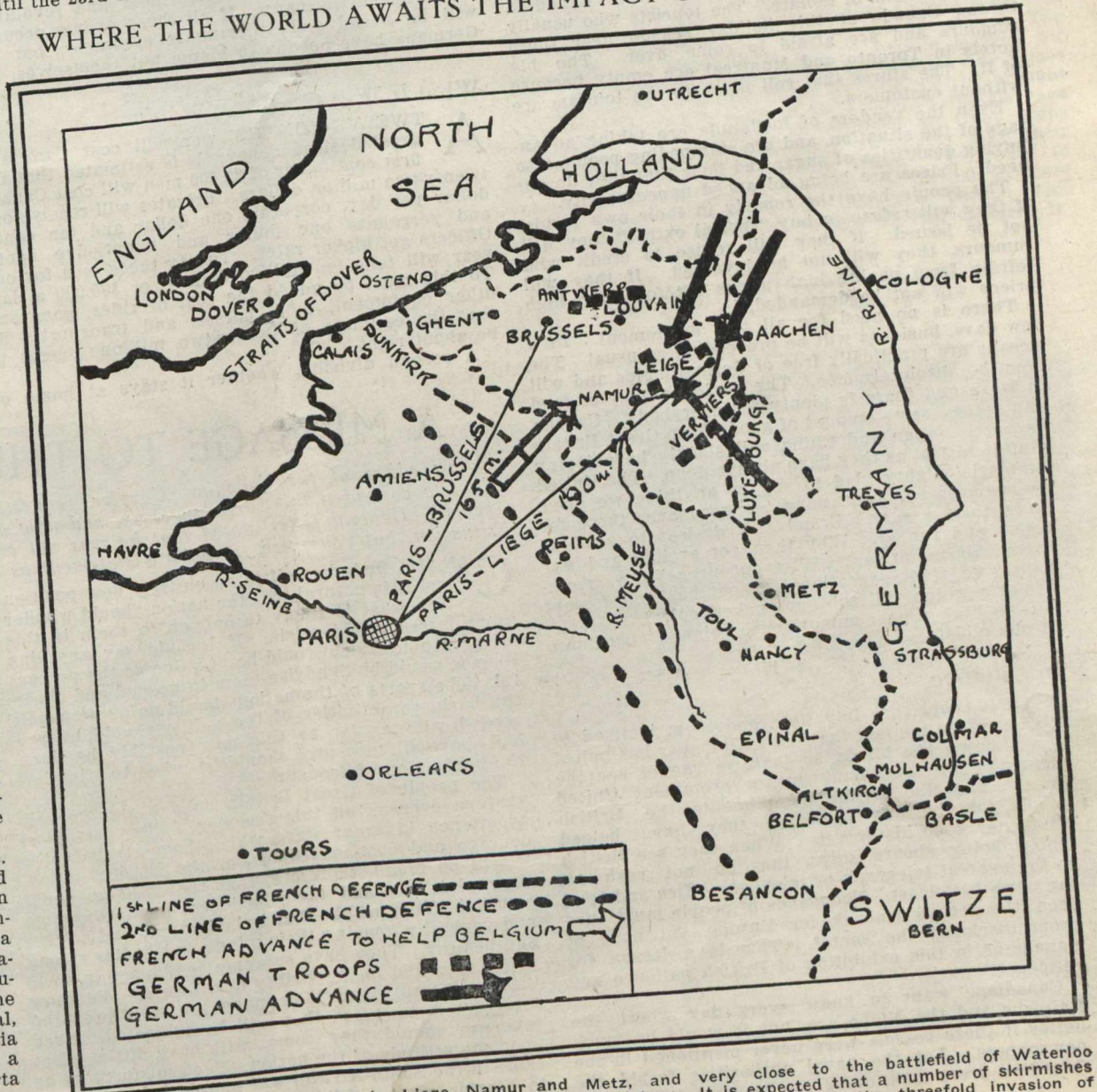
August 16th.—An engagement is reported between Belgians and Germans at Dinant, fifteen miles south of Namur. Further fighting is reported between

French and Germans in southern Lorraine. The German advance continues in Belgium.

Japan sends an ultimatum to Germany ordering the Kaiser to evacuate Kiau-Chau, the German naval station in China, and to withdraw all German war vessels from Chinese waters. Japan gives Germany until the 23rd to answer. This is a practical declaration of war between Japan and Germany.

Field Marshal Sir John French, who will command the British troops on the continent, paid an official visit to Paris. Aug. 17.—Belgium Government removes its offices to Antwerp, expecting the German advance on Brussels. Japan confines hostilities to China seas.

WHERE THE WORLD AWAITS THE IMPACT OF MILLIONS IN ARMS



Somewhere in the area bounded by Liege, Namur and Metz, and very close to the battlefield of Waterloo in 1815, will be the heart of the greatest battle known to history. It is expected that a number of skirmishes will take place this week before the great engagement of the allied forces against the threefold invasion of the German army.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

A Record of the War

READERS of the Canadian Courier who will preserve their copies and bind them at the end of the war, will have an illustrated record of some value. Photographs of the actual operations will be difficult to get, but our arrangements are such that our supply is assured. Moreover, there will be no fake photographs. The Canadian Courier will not, as some Canadian and United States papers are doing, use mobilization pictures taken last year and present them as pictures of recent operations. Further, maps showing the chief movements will appear from time to time and will be especially prepared for Canadian consumption. Any subscriber who loses a copy is invited to send a request for a duplicate. All such requests will be freely met until the supply is exhausted.—THE EDITOR.

Hysterics

WOMEN are supposed to have a monopoly of hysterics, but the men have broken in upon that monopoly recently. The newspapers and the people may divide the credit for this between them. The people get excited, buy every war extra that comes out, accept all silly rumours that are on the street, pay fancy prices for foods and do all sorts of foolish things. The newspapers, anxious for circulation, see that the people are excited and proceed to turn that excitement to their monetary advantage. Any newspaper that has a big line in red ink on its front page, finds its circulation increased about twenty-five per cent.

Some one sees a railway bridge on fire, a not uncommon occurrence in a dry summer, and spreads the rumour that the bridge is set on fire by a "foreigner." Some equally hysterical newspaper correspondent wires the news to Toronto or Montreal. Another hysterical news editor, instead of telephoning to the railway offices to see if it is true, prints it in red on his "war-cry" and uses it as a basis for selling a few thousand copies of an "extra special." This has actually occurred in Canada.

This hysterical attitude will cost the Canadian people millions of dollars. The tourists who usually throng Canada at this holiday season hear these rumours and are afraid to come over. The big hotels in Toronto and Montreal are empty because of it. The stores that sell much to the tourists are without customers.

Even the vendors of foodstuffs are taking advantage of the situation, and are stampeding people into buying quantities of sugar and flour that they do not need. Prices are being advanced unnecessarily.

The people have the remedy in their own hands. If they will refuse to buy "special extras" they will not be issued. If they will refuse to credit wild rumours, they will not be invented. If they will refrain from paying high prices for food, the high prices will not be demanded.

There is no need for all this excitement. In a few days, business will be proceeding as usual. The oceans are practically free of German ships and will soon be absolutely free. The world's supply of food is large and there is plenty for everybody. Canada can get the same amount of goods from Great Britain as ever. Japan and China will shortly be shipping stuff here just as they have always done. The United States is mighty glad to sell us anything we need, as business has been none too good over there for more than a year. Brazil still desires to send us coffee and rubber. Why then get excited and pay extraordinary prices? Why encourage the newspapers to print sensational despatches and foment hysteria which will rob our pocket-books?

It is high time common-sense reigned once more in our midst.

Impatience

OUR people are impatient and seem inclined to resent the fact that Lord Kitchener has pulled down the blinds so that we cannot see the pictures. At the same time, a prominent United States magazine writer compliments the British people for the way in which they have helped Kitchener keep his secrets. When they see British troops going aboard ships, they do not rush off to the nearest telegraph or telephone office and send the news broadcast. Thousands of people must have seen the troops embark for Europe, yet none of them disclosed the secret. This is a lesson for Canadians in this exhibition of British patience and reticence.

Canadians want to know every day where the Rainbow and the Niobe are, but it would be much better if these vessels were never mentioned in the newspapers. Let the naval authorities forbid the Canadian press mentioning the movements of these

boats—and also the going and coming of the Drake, the Good Hope, the Essex, Bristol and all the other vessels likely to come into Canadian waters now and again.

Nothing has been told us of the positions of the British and German fleets. Let us be patient and confident. When there is something to report which will gladden our hearts, the British news censors will tell us quickly. This is a time for implicit confidence in both the British and Canadian authorities. We would be foolish to desire the publication of information which would be helpful to the enemy.

Japan's Ultimatum

DURING the past week Great Britain and Austria made formal declarations of war and Montenegro did likewise. Up to the present time Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Roumania, and Turkey have remained neutral. On Sunday last the news was received that Japan had issued an ultimatum to Germany and all doubts as to the attitude of Britain's allies in the Pacific were set at rest. Japan proposes to drive Germany out of Asia.

More and more it must be borne in upon the German Kaiser that the whole world is against him. He should be able to discern the handwriting on the wall. He whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad. The German Kaiser is mad. His success in building up one of the greatest nations of modern times has turned his head. The German people were a great people, great in commerce, great in science and manufacture, great in chemistry, physics and philosophy, great in art and literature. Unfortunately, they nurtured a military bureaucracy and they have been led to sacrifice much of their greatness for the sake of satisfying the bureaucracy's desire for military glory. Japan will destroy their prestige and their foothold in Asia. The British Pacific fleet will take possession of all the German colonies in the East Indies. The British will also take possession of their African colonies. Their trading vessels will be driven from every ocean. There may even be dismemberment and revolution in European Germany. If all these events occur it will be a sad and unfortunate spectacle; but the Germans have no one to blame but themselves.

What It Will Cost

A TWELVE-MONTHS' war will cost Canada a great deal of money. It is estimated that the first contingent of 22,500 men will cost Canada twenty-two million dollars. Privates will receive one dollar per day, corporals one dollar and ten cents, and sergeants one dollar and twenty-five cents. Officers get higher rates. To pay these men for one year will take ten million dollars, or \$30,000 a day. To this must be added the cost of rifles, guns and other equipment, food, horses, and transport. So that the estimate of twenty-two millions seems to be about right.

A second division, whether it stays at home or

A MESSAGE TO THE CANADIAN PEOPLE

The editor of the Canadian Courier requested Major-General Sir William Otter, the first Canadian to command the Canadian army, and now on the retired list, to give a message to the Canadian people. General Otter stated that he was not prepared to discuss any phase of the Canadian military situation, but consented to make a statement as a private citizen. This statement follows:

CANADA finds herself in an entirely new position and it is natural that the nation should wonder just what is likely to happen to them in this great international crisis. If I could say anything to the people which would be of value at the present time, it would be to advise them to be cool and cheerful. The sports of the nation should go on as usual; the business activities of the public should be proceeded with as far as this may possibly be done, and above all, measures should be taken to stimulate the production of foodstuffs.

The people of Great Britain have a supreme advantage over us on this occasion. They have had experience in great wars which have tested the courage and cool-headedness of the British nation. It will be found, therefore, that they will go about their pleasures and their business much the same as usual. They will be found playing polo and cricket and generally keeping their minds and bodies strong and healthy. They have supreme confidence in their public men and in the virility of the race. We know that their army and their navy are well prepared for the test to which they will be subjected. Even reverses, should they come, will have little effect upon the attitude of the nation. Such misfortunes as came in the South African war merely led the nation to greater efforts. That is the characteristic of the British bull-dog. Let me therefore say that we

abroad, will cost another twenty-two millions. And a second contingent is absolutely necessary. Then there is the purchase of two submarines, the refitting of the Niobe and Rainbow, the increase in coast armament and many other incidental expenses.

An appropriation of fifty million dollars is the very least that can be made, and Parliament will no doubt vote that amount of money this week. Britain will assist us in raising the money, and in the meantime the Dominion authorities will no doubt issue paper money in so far as it is safe so to do.

Canada Helps Americans

A LITTLE incident whereby Canada helped the Americans in England is worthy of note. J. P. Morgan & Co. wanted to send a million dollars to London for the personal use of United States residents or tourists in Great Britain. It would take a long time to send this over in gold, and there would be much loss in paying the present costly insurance. Morgans therefore arranged to deposit this million of gold with the Dominion Treasury at Ottawa, and the Bank of England agreed to accept this as delivery. The Bank of England thus was able to immediately issue a million dollars to such United States people abroad as Morgans designated. The million dollars in gold now lies in the Treasury vaults at Ottawa, in trust for the Bank of England.

Canada is pleased to be of service at this trying time to our big, sympathetic neighbour. At the same time, Canadians visiting New York are well advised to take American currency with them. Canadian paper money is not popular there at the moment.

Sporting Summary

DAVIS CUP competitions are long drawn out and cover much territory. Tennis teams from all over the world occupy much time in deciding the annual championship.

Last week, the Americans, holders of the Cup, had to defend it against Australasia. The Australasians had previously defeated the Canadians at Chicago, the Germans at Pittsburgh and the British at Boston. The closing matches were at Forest Hills, Long Island.

In the first two singles, Wilding (A.) beat Williams (U. S.) in three straight sets. McLoughlin (U. S.) defeated Brookes (A.) only after one of the greatest tennis matches ever played. Then came the doubles in which Wilding and Brookes defeated McLoughlin and Bundy 6-3, 8-6, 9-7. With the "vantage" in favour of Australia, there were final matches between Wilding and McLoughlin, and Brookes and Williams; Brookes defeated Williams 6-1, 6-2, 8-10, and 6-3; McLoughlin defeated Wilding 6-2, 6-3, 2-6, 6-2. This gave the Australasians the cup with three to five wins, and finished the competition for the year.

Karl Keffer, of Ottawa, a Toronto professional golfer, won the open championship of Canada for the second time in a four-round competition at the Toronto Golf Club last week. Keffer is a pupil of George Cummins, the Toronto pro., and again vanquished his master who was second. The highest amateur score was that made by George S. Lyon, the amateur champion. The leading scores were: Karl Keffer, 75, 75, 72, 78—300; Cummins, 76, 77, 74, 74—301; D. Black, 76, 80, 75, 77—308; N. Thomson, 309; C. Murray, 312; A. Woodward, 313; Percy Barrett, 317; Geo. S. Lyon, 78, 80, 81, 81—320; K. Marsh, 321; A. Murray, 322; J. Newman, 325; H. Fletcher, 327; A. Russell, 328.

At the Dominion Lawn Bowling Tournament held in Toronto last week, the Walker cup was won by A. E. Walton, of St. Matthews, Toronto, with G. H. Orr, of the Granites, as runner-up. Dr. Paul, of the Canadas, Toronto, won the Ontario cup, with J. S. Armitage, of St. Paul's, as runner-up. The Toronto cup went to Salisbury, of St. Matthews, Toronto, with McBain, of Parkdale, as his final competitor.

should take a lesson from the mother nation and be tenacious. If we go about our business and our pleasures as usual, there will be good cheer in the land and we shall be better prepared to meet any situation or any crisis.

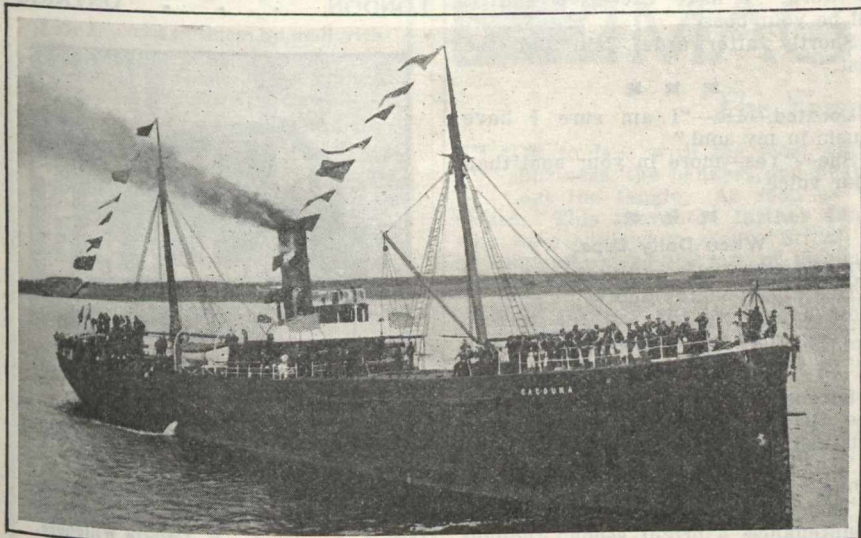
With regard to business conditions it would be very unfortunate if our factories, our wholesale houses, our railways, our steamboats, and our farms were to be inactive. The public mind should not be allowed to dwell too much upon what is going on in Europe. That can be safely left to the military leaders of the Empire.

One of the greatest services which the Canadian people can render to the Empire at the present moment is to increase our supply of food for the British people. This is at once our duty and our opportunity. The only possible danger to Great Britain at the present time is a scarcity of food. Canada should put forth a supreme effort to supply the British people with the foodstuffs they require. If the British fleet keeps the North Atlantic clear of dangers, and we are all convinced that this will be done, it is surely to the advantage of the Empire that we should make an unusual effort to provide the cargoes which the ships will be seeking.

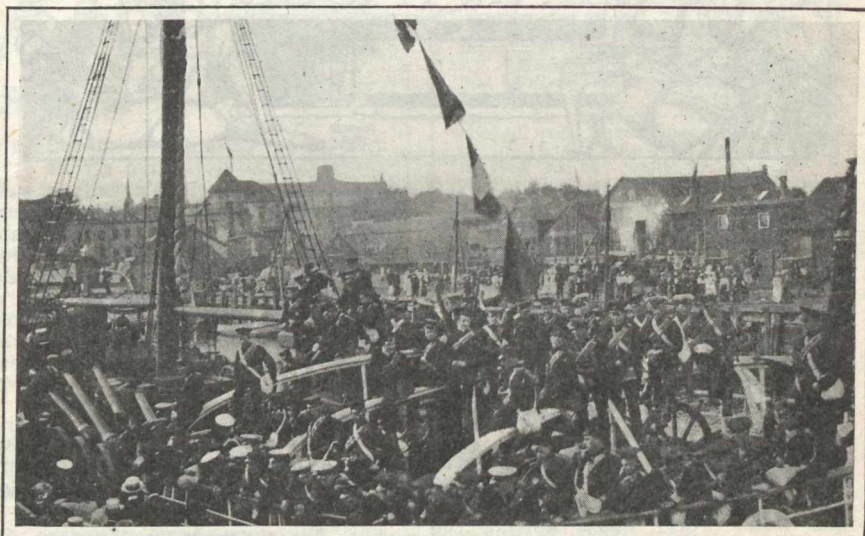
Above all, let us be cool and calm. No matter what news comes over the cables, we must not be either timid or depressed.

W. D. OTTER.

CANADA IN A STATE OF WAR



Prince Edward Island artillery leaving Charlottetown for Sydney, Nova Scotia



The Island artillery on board the troopship taking part in the Canadian mobilization.

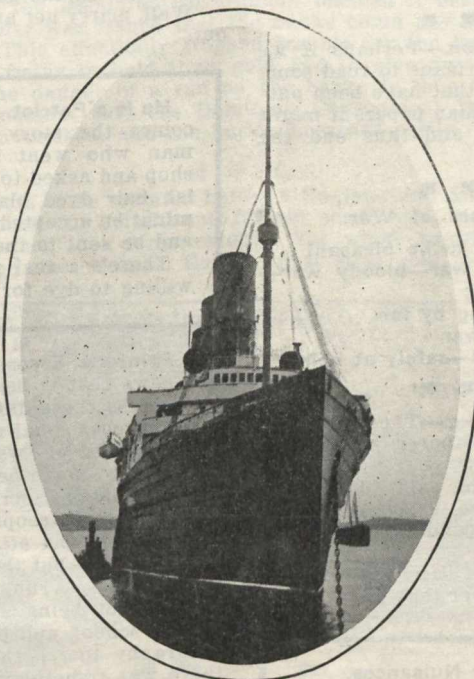
JUST when the Dominion of Canada was about to celebrate the completion of one hundred years of peace this unfortunate war broke out in Europe. Canada is the one country in America affected. As part of the Britannic Alliance, when Great Britain is at war, Canada is at war. The moment Great Britain made her declaration against Germany Canada considered herself in a state of war and proceeded to act accordingly. All doubts and theories and arguments to the contrary were swept aside in a wave of patriotism and loyalty. And it was the same in South Africa, in Australia and in New Zealand.

Hardly had the message reached Ottawa that Great Britain had declared war when the Canadian Government sent a dispatch to London stating that Canada's resources were at Britain's disposal. A division of troops, numbering about twenty-two thousand, was offered and accepted. Then the mobilization of the Canadian army proceeded along the lines followed at the time of the South African war, except that a large portion of the active militia force was immediately called out for home service. In the South African war all service was Imperial. The men drew British rations and British pay. On this occasion all the troops called to arms, whether serving at home or abroad, will be paid by Canada.

A training ground for mobilization was secured near Quebec and there the first contingent for service in Europe will be gathered together. Canada was not as well prepared for the mobilization as might have been expected, but it is expected that the division can be fitted out and dispatched early in September. Had there been more rifles, clothing and boots in stores, the contingent might have been sent a fortnight earlier. The delay is the price that Canada pays for a too great devotion to the idea that the days of war were over.

While these events were occurring on land there was also a mobilization of such naval forces as Canada could command. The Rainbow, which had been hastily refitted

NOT PARADE; ARMAGEDDON!



The ocean liner Manchuria, which put into Halifax before the British cruisers cleared the trade routes.

to preserve order in Vancouver in connection with the Hindu "invasion," cleared her decks for action and proceeded south from Esquimalt to ensure the safety of the Shearwater and the Algerine. It was a dangerous voyage, because two German cruisers were known to be in the vicinity. However, these two small British sloops which had previously been in Mexican waters, were quickly located and safely convoyed to Esquimalt. While they will not be of much value except for scouting purposes, their crews will be of great assistance in the manning of the Rainbow and the new submarines recently purchased by the Canadian Government from the Seattle Naval Yards. Moreover, they will have considerable ammunition aboard, which is very much needed on the Pacific Coast.

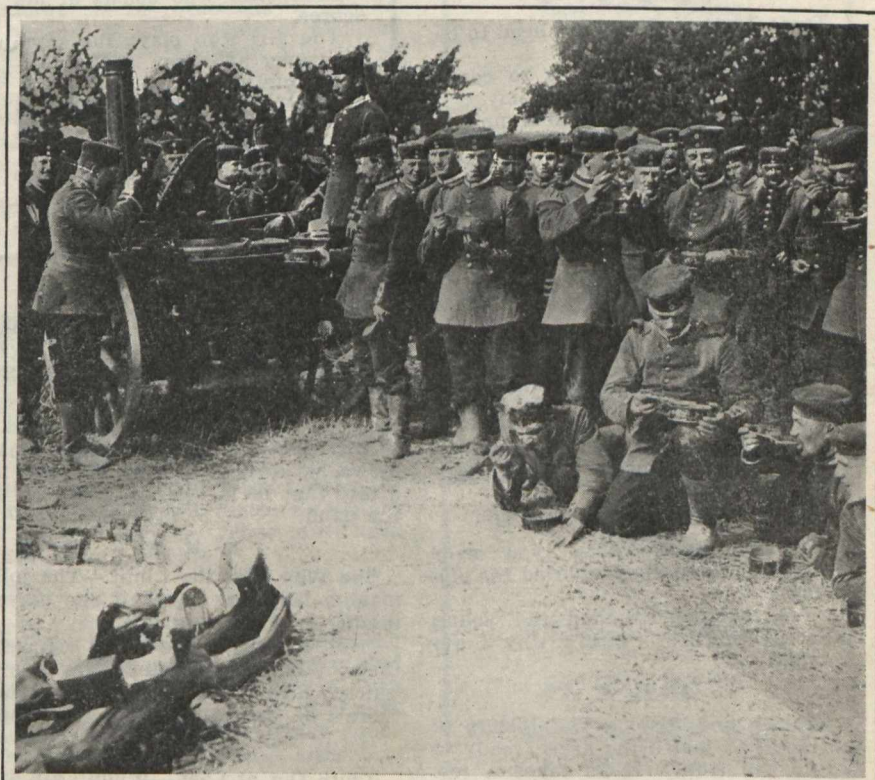
On the Atlantic the Niobe is being refitted and manned by British naval reservists resident in Canada. It should be able to put to sea this week and help patrol the trade routes between Halifax and Quebec. Just what the status of these vessels is does not seem clear. Apparently they are transferred to the British Admiralty and under their direct control. Such control will, of course, be exercised through the Canadian Admiral rather than through the Dominion Government. In that case the men will draw British pay.

Canada's ports on the Atlantic will see much of the war. During the first fortnight trading vessels were tied up at the docks and could not go out into the ocean. The Mauretania and other large British vessels making for New York were taken into Halifax for safety. Any prizes that are picked up in the North Atlantic will be brought to these ports. While some of the Canadian vessels have been taken by the British Government as troop ships and hospital ships, other vessels will likely take their places to maintain the carrying trade. The route to Great Britain will be well guarded and British cruisers will be constant visitors in Canadian ports. This country is as much at war as though we had declared it.

Manoeuvre Pictures of the German War Machine



German infantry, heavily burdened, marching in manoeuvres. They are said to be fat and to carry too much weight.



German troopers halting for grub in the army manoeuvres. The German commissariat is said to be well organized.



Courierettes.

QUEEN MARY is now a colonel in command of an English regiment. It is nothing new for her to command men, however. She has more trouble with the women.

Crowds in Toronto streets read the war bulletins and yelled "To H— with Germany." As Kipling would say, they are keen to kill the Kaiser with their mouths.

The dance craze is blamed for a 50 per cent. increase in divorces in New York. When a woman is dance-crazy she won't worry about getting the dinner.

Holland's queen is said to be an epicure, and weighs as much as the kings of Spain and Italy together. She might now note the Kaiser's system of reducing.

Wellington won at Waterloo, and his grand-nephew, Viscount Dangan, actor and dancer, has just wed a tango-dancer in a show. It's in the family to conquer. Blucher helped the first and Cupid the grand-nephew.

It's a strange reflection on twentieth century civilization that one man can bring on a war that means possibly the deaths of a million men who have no quarrel with each other.

One advantage of the war is that it helps people to forget the defeats of their local baseball clubs.

So far, nobody seems to have been able to put any rush into Russia.

King George, the other day, sent in his resignation as colonel of the First Prussian Dragoons. It is doubtful whether the Kaiser would have allowed him to take command anyway, just now.

The price of diamonds is going up again. Will they never cease this oppression of the poor?

By the way, has anybody heard Mexico mentioned of late?

The women of France have been asked by the Premier to garner the grain during the war. In this the women must both work and weep, it seems.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but the concert of Europe is an exception to the rule.

Terse Truths.—You don't need to be a prude to be prudent.

Political liberality seems to count for more than political economy.

The woman who marries a man to reform him is never idle.

Some chaps are too young to know that a man is never too old to learn.

Time is money—particularly at the pawn-broker's interest rate.

You never can tell what a balky horse or a woman will do next.

Notoriety is a longer word than note, but it doesn't last as long.

Virtue is the best policy because honesty is its own reward.

Many a man with one foot in the grave can do a lot of kicking with the other.

If a man trusts to luck you can bet that's the only kind of trust he can get.

Forethought.— "Have you ever thought of marrying?" queried the sly, young maiden.

"Yes, I have," replied the young man, cautiously. "That's why I am single."

Church and Army.—The Bishop of London has joined the army, ready to go to the front. If he takes a few of the church's canons with him, he should be well protected.

Uncle Sam's Way.—When a dozen

or two of Uncle Sam's sailors were killed at Vera Cruz, the American papers were full of "Death and Glory" pictures and stories. Now that other nations are fighting the same papers have tragic cartoons of the war god riding over body-strewn battlefields and highly-colored stories of the horrors of war. You see, it all depends who is fighting.

As It Was—and May Be.—Once upon a time it was German "beer." It now seems likely to be spelt German "bier."

A Wild War Note.—Some of the daily papers seem to be shedding more red ink over the front pages of their hourly "War Extras" than the red blood shed on the battlefields.

Just a Suggestion.—Perhaps if we could force the Germans to read some of the war poems that have been published in the Canadian papers it might incapacitate them and thus end the war suddenly.

The Horrors of War.
It is easy enough to be pleasant
Though there's war—bloody war—
on the foam;
But the worst thing by far
Is the poems on war
Writ by patriots—safely at home.

A Slight Mistake.—The minister's daughter met the laborer, and he was sober.

"Why, John," she said, "I am glad to see that you have turned over a new leaf and are not spending your money at the pubs."

"Yes, miss, I get it by the keg now and I find it cheaper that way."

Summer Nuisances.

The man who rocks the boat.
The girl with the long hat pin.

The mother with the baby carriage who picks crowded streets.

The chap who "didn't know it was loaded."

The golfer who boasts of his scores.

The girl who plays the same rags over and over at the summer hotel.

The fellow who takes a girl in a canoe though neither of them can swim.

The ardent fisherman who rouses you at 4 a.m. to go up the river with him.

One Way.

If your neighbour has a squeaky lawn-mower, one way of getting even with him is to buy a parrot and keep it just outside the front door.

Not Always.—The fact that a man blows his own horn well does not indicate that he is the best musician in the band.

She Was Past the Limit.—The jolly maiden lady was asked if she played tennis.

"Not for me," she said. "I hear them talking of 'fifteen love' and 'thirty love,' and 'forty love,' but there's no love after forty, it seems."

Truth Out at Last.—When Cain and Abel reached the years of manhood they took counsel as to what they should do for a living.

"I am strong and ambitious," said

Cain. "The strenuous life for me. I'm going to work."

"As for me," said Abel, "I don't need to work. I have executive ability. I'll be your boss."

Shortly afterwards Cain did the rest.

Located.—He—"I am sure I have music in my soul."

She—"Yes—more in your soul than your voice."

When Dolly Dips.

When dainty Dolly gaily takes
Her dip upon the shore,
How happy are the sad sea waves;
They can be sad no more.

Second Thought.—He had just asked the girl to be his wife. She was a feminist.

"No," she said, sadly, "I cannot be yours."

Then, as she watched his dejected countenance, a bright second thought struck her.

"But you may be mine," she said.

A Sure Way.—"I'd like to know what Miss Jones thinks about me."

"Well, marry her and you'll soon find out."

He is a Patriot.—From Ottawa comes the story of an elderly man who went into a barber shop and asked to have his grayish hair dyed black so that he might be accepted as a volunteer and be sent to the war.

There's a real patriot. He is willing to dye for his country.

A Printer's Error.—In the mass of war news that is being printed in the daily press these days, there is bound to be an occasional mistake. Perhaps one of the oddest was caught in a Toronto daily the other day. It was a cable despatch describing the advance of the German troops into Belgium.

"The Germans attacked en masse," ran the cable, but the "en masse" was unfortunately run together. The printer, not being a product of a bilingual school, and being a bit shy on geography too, perhaps, decided that there was something wrong. He took a different meaning out of it and made the sentence read: "The Germans attacked Enmasse."

Answered.—"We women refuse to be bound and shackled," said the suffragette orator.

"Well, then," replied a voice in the audience, "why not drop those tight skirts?"

A Tabloid Romance.—He slipped his arm around her delicate little waist and lifted her lightly into his arms.

Her eyes closed.
A strand of her golden hair caressed his cheek.

His breath fanned her glowing face.

Suddenly and harshly he set her down.

"Gee," he said, "it sure is hard work in this here doll department."

Baseball and the Courts.—If the warring baseball leagues continue their battles in the United States courts, about the only player left to some teams will be old man-Damus.

The Great Illusion.—It was eleven o'clock p.m. The man of the house had gone to bed. He could not sleep, because he was excited over the war. All day long he had been hearing newsboys shout "Extra!" A great battle was pending. At eleven p.m. in the suburbs he heard a newsboy. So he got up, took a nickel from his clothes, slipped on his dressing-gown and sat on the veranda to wait for a copy.

And the boy went by shouting, "All about the baseball game!"

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

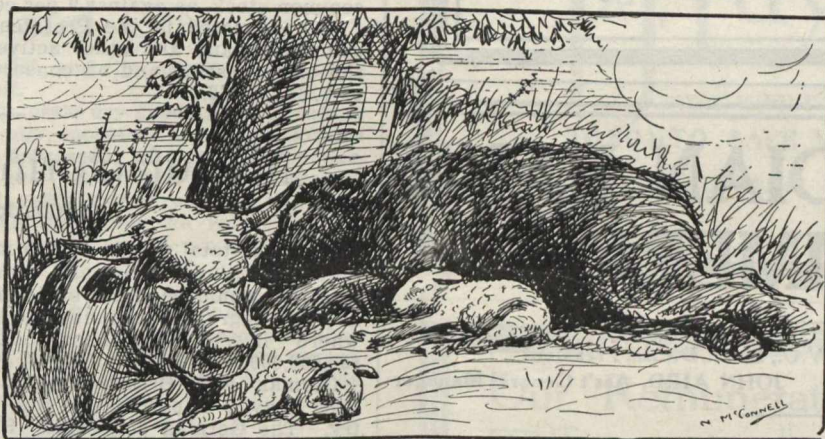
The Financial Situation

FACE to face with the most difficult situation in the history of modern business, the bankers and financiers are slowly but surely straightening out the tangle. As soon as war was inevitable the stock exchanges closed. This prevented further dumping of securities by European holders who were anxious to secure British and United States gold. Then the Bank of England raised its rate of discount to ten per cent., and foreign bankers hesitated about paying that rate to get the desired gold. As a third step Great Britain declared a moratorium for thirty days on bills of exchange. Thus British financiers were granted a "thirty days' delay" on bills of exchange which they had accepted for themselves or their customers. Thus the movement of gold was effectually stopped.

So far so good. But the business of Great Britain, the United States, Canada and France must go on. To stop all financial operations would be to paralyze business in those countries. Governments and big corporations must get money and dividends must be paid. Soon, therefore, the Bank of England reduced its rate to five per cent. and began to pay certain bills of exchange. The cash business of the stock exchanges in London and New York was resumed. Total paralysis was reduced to partial paralysis.

Canada was face to face with a possible run on the banks. Holders of Canadian bank notes might demand gold, and there was not enough gold to go round. Hence the Dominion Government deemed it best to stop all gold payments. An order was issued that the banks could pay in Dominion notes instead of gold. This effectually stopped trouble for the bankers. They are able for the time being to hold their gold and to give any timid person Dominion notes. The danger of a run on the banks is thus over for the time being. In a roundabout way the Dominion Government has guaranteed all bank depositors in Canada, and the nation breathes easily.

How was business to be restored between England and America? This continent sends foodstuffs to Britain and Britain sends back manufactures. The bills offset each other to a large extent. Yet when America sells more to Britain and Europe than it buys, Europe must send gold to America. When



WAR BRINGETH PEACE.

The bull and the bear and the little lambs all go to sleep together.

America buys more than it sells, gold goes across to Europe. The precious metal goes across at some seasons and comes back at others. The movement is necessary. How is it to be restored?

The Bank of England has found one answer to the question. It has decided to keep a stock of gold at Ottawa, because of the dangers of shipping it back and forth across the ocean in war-time. The Dominion Minister of Finance is made a trustee for the Bank of England. All payments of gold by United States and Canadians to British creditors will be shipped to Ottawa. There will be no war risk to pay for shipping gold across the ocean. America owes Britain and the continent considerable sums, and the pile of gold at Ottawa will grow rapidly. A considerable quantity of securities were sold just before the war broke out, and the money is only now being paid. The gold could not be shipped. The "Kronprinzessin Cecillie" tried to take about twelve millions of gold from New York to London, but was turned back. The "Cecillie" is a German boat, and if it had landed in England it would have been made a prize of war. The German owners desired to save their ten million dollar boat and succeeded.

The gold from the "Cecillie" will be sent to Ottawa, and other sums will be added. This gold will then be available for payment of foodstuffs which Britain needs. When Canadians send a ship load of wheat over the Atlantic the Bank of England will pay for it, not by sending the money from London, but by an order on the Minister of Finance at Ottawa.

By this simple expedient French and English bankers will collect money in America and buy provisions with it, without ever moving any money across the Atlantic. Of course, they will probably buy more than they sell, and it may be necessary from time to time to ship gold from London to Ottawa. This will be done under the guardianship of British cruisers. Britain and France have saved up much gold just for this purpose. They must have food, and Canada and the United States have a huge surplus.

All these financial arrangements, coupled with a strong fleet of British cruisers in the North Atlantic, means that trade between North America and Europe will shortly resume its normal aspect. Ships will soon be going and coming from Quebec and Montreal as usual. The bigger British vessels, such as the Mauretania and Lusitania, may use Halifax as their port on this side. But the main point is that almost immediately Canada can get British goods and Great Britain can get Canadian wheat, flour and bacon with almost as great ease as before the war.

Canadian wholesalers and retail merchants should take heart. There will be no difficulties in the way of their doing business as usual in British and French goods. They cannot get German and Austrian goods, of course,

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but they must use British, French and United States goods almost entirely. The problem is not difficult.

Canadian manufacturers will find their German and Austrian business cut off. This will hit the Massey-Harris Company hard and several other large industries. Other exporters who ship only to Britain and France, to South Africa and Australia, will find it possible to continue their export under more or less satisfactory conditions.

In brief, the most severe effects of the war are over and business will be returning more and more to normal conditions. Therefore let every Canadian be up and doing. The man who, at this present juncture, folds his hands and refuses to help in the restored activity is lacking in patriotism. There will be difficulties, but few that are insurmountable.

C. P. R. Surplus

DURING the past week the details of the earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway have been given out. They show a surplus of over nine and a half millions after paying fixed charges and dividends. Fixed charges show a decrease and dividends a considerable increase. In addition there is net earnings from the steamships of \$2,115,842, which is not included in the general statement this year, though it was last year. This would make the surplus \$11,814,096, as against \$18,310,257 in the year ending June 30th, 1913. The details are as follows:—

	1913-14.	1912-13.
Gross earnings	\$129,814,824	\$139,395,699
Working expenses	87,388,896	93,149,825
Net earnings	\$42,425,928	\$46,245,874
From Steamship Department		1,245,563
Total net	\$42,425,928	\$47,491,437
Fixed charges	10,227,311	10,876,352
Surplus	\$32,198,617	\$36,615,085
Steamship Replacement		1,000,000
Balance	\$32,198,617	\$35,615,085
To Pension Fund	125,000	125,000
Balance	\$32,073,617	\$35,490,085
To Special Income	2,115,842	
Available balance	\$29,957,774	\$35,490,085
Dividends	20,259,521	17,179,828
Net surplus	\$9,698,254	\$18,310,257

The amount carried forward is equal to 3.7 per cent. on the \$260,000,000 common stock, as against 9 per cent. on \$200,000,000 last year.

As intimated in the President's remarks at the last annual meeting the company's land and other active and inactive assets have been included in the balance sheet and on conservative basis show an addition to the surplus of \$127,253,782.

Manufacturing in a Time of War

(Continued from page 10.)

cent. of the total value. Which means that under a normal demand Canadian factories would be called on to supply an extra aggregate amounting to somewhere in the neighbourhood of \$20,000,000.

German and British carpets have been heavily imported into this country. The German stays out. British lines come in under a handicap, if at all. The Canadian carpet-weaver gets the market. One big carpet factory has already begun to manufacture German and British weaves in which before the war it was unable to compete.

Leather goods imported from Austria and Germany, especially for furniture and novelty purposes, must now be made in this country. One leather novelty firm reports orders from one dealer big enough to keep the factory running full time for three months if no more orders were taken.

Generally speaking, what does it mean in the language of money to keep these staple demands up to the point where they are nearly normal? It means that if the demand is kept normal we should go on producing in this country in one year:

Foodstuffs to the value of \$245,000,000
Timber to the value of... 184,000,000
Textiles to the value of... 135,000,000
Leather goods to value of 62,000,000

The demand will not be normal on an average. But it will be nearer normal than it would be in a period of prolonged trade depression from ordinary causes.

Many industries will undergo no change. Some will be stimulated. Others will be depressed owing to lack of raw material obtained from belligerent countries or from heavy reduction in demand.

MANUFACTURERS of staple lines in common consumption will be either undisturbed or stimulated by the removal of foreign competition. More will be stimulated than otherwise. Our export trade is bound

to diminish—but not greatly. Our imports have already fallen off and will continue so to do. The balance of trade favours Canada. We have become an extensive importing people, from most of the countries in Europe as well as elsewhere, even while we built up our export trade in certain staple lines and developed transcontinental railways and great lines of steamships. Putting a bigger price on our exports, reducing our imports from belligerent countries and eliminating them altogether from Germany and Austria, we should be able to offset some of the necessary handicaps caused by the disruption of the world's markets to which we belong.

Instances have already been given of orders placed in Europe that are now being filled in Canada. The list will extend as the lines tighten and the war progresses. Then we shall discover how far we have been buyers of both necessities and luxuries from abroad. Some of the luxuries we shall get along without. Most of the imported necessities we shall begin to make for ourselves, or shall get the orders without competition from Europe. Germany and Austria, both highly developed manufacturing nations, had extensive exhibitions at the Canadian National last year. These were not brought over merely for show. They were intended to beat up business with German consumers. There will be no German, Austrian or French exhibit this year.

AT the same time there is bound to be a falling off, and in some cases total disappearance, of our export trade in some directions. While we shall increase the value of our foodstuffs and similar lines, we shall have to abandon our exports of farm implements and machinery until the war is over. Our exports of lumber will decrease. Home markets will reduce their orders. With money tighter than ever civic corporations will be unable to float their bonds to advantage. That means a heavy re-

duction in civic improvements and extensions and a consequent decrease in the demand for all roadwork materials, sewer and waterworks extensions, power plant developments and general public works supplies. That reduction will continue to be reflected in the curtailment of building extensions to factories and warehouses in the country. Transportation interests will suffer heavily from the dislocation. There will be an enormous decrease in the iron and steel trades, and in the manufacture of rolling stock both for steam and electric roads. Government expenditures must be reduced. Public works to some extent will mark time in a state of war. This will still further reduce the demand for the great iron and steel and electric and building staples as well as for labour. With thousands of men taken off the completed National Transcontinental, we shall have a further glut of labour out of employment. Railways must call a halt in new construction even more than was contemplated before the war.

At the same time people generally will buy fewer luxuries because some necessities in a time of war begin to become luxuries. This means a great change in many lines of retail trade, though by no means a general decrease in buying. Certain special lines will be cut. There will be an increase of economy in overhead expenses. Labour must be to some extent laid off both in trade and in some manufacturing.

But if we balance gains and losses in the great upheaval, if we take a sane and conservative view of our manufacturing organization, we shall find that as a competent producing people we have much less on the

wrong side than we expected; that if we keep our heads and work as far as possible along normal lines; if we decide that in grappling with abnormal conditions we should be even more effective in saving ourselves than we are helping to save the Empire with our men and horses at the front—we shall look far enough into the future to see a brighter picture in this country than ever before.

The present crisis will knock clean out of our industrial and national life—let us hope for a long while—all the bogus elements. We shall quit being speculators and begin to become real builders. We shall cease to have blind faith in tendencies of the times, in values built on paper, and great expectations without common sense. We shall learn the great lesson of understanding our national fabric as never before. When the war is over and Germany has been put where she belongs; when twentieth century feudalism coupled with modern science has ceased to be the menace of the world, this country will be more than ever the Mecca of those who desire to escape war and its causes and conditions to build up homes in the new world under the greatest flag of self-government and democratic freedom ever known. Our immigration, now at a standstill, must enormously increase.

The great Civil War in 1861-65, with all its fearful losses and destruction, made of the American people a mighty nation. The pan-European War, beginning in 1914, will re-establish Great Britain as the mistress of the seas, and this country as a people worthy to be called one of the new nations in a great empire of self-governments. This is worth a struggle.

Values Come and Go

EVERY man who has real estate, stocks, wheat, meat, merchandise, mortgages, or other assets wants to know whether his goods are increased or decreased in value. Speaking generally, all real estate stocks and securities have depreciated, all metals and foodstuffs have gone up in price, and merchandise has maintained its value. But there are exceptions and conditions to be noted.

Real estate and stocks have depreciated because there is no money for either speculation or expansion. The values are there and holders must remain holders. When the stock markets re-open, stocks should sell about where they sold on July 27, the day on which Austria began to invade Serbia. Then British Consols sold at 71, French rentes at 77½, Union Pacific at 154½, C.P.R. at 175½, and Brazilian at 61. These are all at the lowest point in several years.

On the other hand, wheat, oats, sugar, cocoa and other foodstuffs have increased in value. Horses, cattle, hogs and sheep are at record prices. All metals have gone up. Tin, antimony and ferromanganese have more than doubled in price. Copper alone has gone down. Hides, wool and rubber are up. Cotton has declined vigorously.

Lumber and building material, being dependent on the building trades, have declined in value. The price of Georgia pine has been very low for some time, and has supplanted Canadian hemlock and Canadian pine. The lumber camps will run next winter with about fifty per cent. of the usual number of loggers and cutters. On the other hand, pulp logs have jumped in price and all pulp is up. These advances may not hold, however, but the previous low prices will not be reached again during the war.

All stocks of rubber, oils for soap manufacture, raw sugar and cocoa have greatly increased in value. Canadian manufacturers will make big money out of their present stocks, but may find it hard to get raw material. War always puts leather up, because of the demand for saddles, belts and boots. Canada imports both skins and leather, and these will be hard to secure.

All colours and chemicals are up for much the same reason. Germany supplied much of this class of raw

material, and the supply is absolutely cut off.

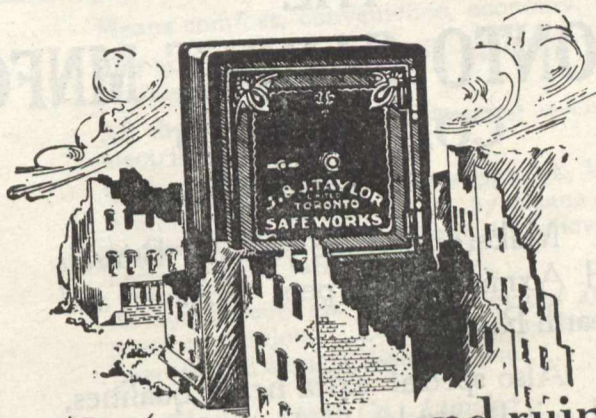
Wholesale dry goods have, speaking generally, increased in value. Cottons have decreased, but carpets, woollens, silks and other lines have increased. Retail merchants throughout the country will find that the value of their stocks has increased.

The hardest hit industries in Canada are the railways, the manufacturers of heavy machinery, the car works, the steel and iron manufacturers, makers of iron pipe for sewers, and electrical manufacturers. The agricultural implement, piano and sewing machine people, who do an export trade, are hard hit. All other manufacturers and dealers in merchandise should not suffer greatly. As soon as the scare subsides, general business should go on pretty much as usual.

Hang the Kaiser

(Toronto Mail and Empire.)

OF all the human beings upon the face of the globe to-day nobody deserves hanging so richly as does Emperor William of Germany. The author of the Whitechapel atrocities was an angel of innocence compared with him; and if, when the present war ends with the triumph of the allies and the utter destruction of the War Lord, he is not made to suffer punishment for the cataclysm he has brought upon civilization, the war will have been a failure. When the inevitable German surrender comes, the Kaiser ought to be taken to the most prominent place in the city of Berlin, and there hanged by the neck until he is dead. The execution ought to take place, not as an act of vengeance, but as the most striking and dramatic tableau that could be prepared to show the horror of civilization at his crimes. The blood of many scores of thousands of better men than the Emperor of Germany, the tears of millions of women and fatherless children will be shed in vain, if, after the war is over, the Emperor William is still to be reckoned as one of the great ones of the earth, to sit upon a throne, even as a monarch shorn of some of his powers, and command the obedience and allegiance of a great if defeated nation.



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The Second Capture of Quebec

(Concluded from page 8.)

the youth in khaki saw the two figures as a blur, there on the Heights of Quebec, with the army behind in the camp and the ships coaling up in the harbour.

"We don't want to fight Germany," he concluded. "We believe that Germany ought to have better sense than to want to fight England. We believe that the three great civilizations of Europe are England, France and Germany; and they should be joined with the United States in keeping the rest of the world on the right track. Some day Germany will find out. England and the Empire are not her enemies. They are or would be her best friends."

"Canada has nothing to do with keeping Europe in order. We don't believe in the armed camp keeping the peace. We believe in building up our part of the world to make it worth the struggles of heroes that died to put it on the map of empire. And with all our mistakes we somehow think we've been doing it. Thousands of men are going out now to help England and France because they believe that. If they didn't believe it they wouldn't go. They have homes that mean as much to them as the fatherland means to any German. But to prove that right is might they are leaving them, Generals—leaving them to fight as bravely as the men under you did in 1759—"

Maybe the dawn was creeping over the hills and the river. The ships' funnels poked up in the mist and the smoke. The two figures had faded away. From down the bank came drifting the faint fragments of the last song of the night:

"O Canada, our words and works shall be,
In days to come for right and truth and thee;
From bound to bourne, by field and foam
In hand and heart we bring
This song of old from fathers bold—
'Long live our noble King!'

"O Canada; by field and foam,
God save this glorious land where'er we may roam!
Oh, land of liberty, the northman's home!"

The young man in khaki turned as he heard it. He saw the dawn glimmer from the river to the citadel and down upon the smoking ships. He knew the camp behind there was beginning to move. Before sun-up the troops would be marching out—men from beyond the Rockies, men from the vast inland plains, men from the shores of the great lakes, men from the north and the south, the east and the west, from city and town and humpty-dumpty village, from fruit land and farm land and the seas of ripening wheat, from the bush and the trail and the mine, to the sound of "God Save the King" and that great song made by a French-Canadian on the Plains of Abraham. And he went. He knew his place. He had the truth. He had seen the vision. Because he knew and saw and had these things he needed no cable message from the King.

Let them lift their mugs and blink and drink in silence
To the dregs, the draught they honour—"To The Day!"
They shall find that we have not forgot the insult,
When the world that lives for peace is on the way.
Would they prate of peace and fire the world with fury?
Would they call on God to see that might is right?
Would they smite the mother of nations in her strongholds?
Then let them have it in full measure—
—Fight!

Do they say that England's weary of her labours,
That the best of her is what she used to be?
Do they cavil that the free-man is the weak man,
And the feud-man turns the trick in Rule of Three?
Let them lift their mugs and blink and drink in silence;
But they'll take a word from us that right makes might;
And that he who wrongs the eternal law of nations
Must have full measure what he looks for—Fight!

Juju Rainsford's War Palaver

(Continued from page 12.)

the darkness became alive. From every direction came the pat-pat of bare feet. The whole beach gang responded, crowding about the single wabique (white man). When they saw who it was, they fell back aghast, pushing each other and stumbling in their eagerness to escape his glance. They had expected the call and had prepared to meet the captain—to meet him with fawnings and lies, explaining how they had already cast Assatamino, the murderer, into outer darkness. And here stood the dead man himself!

Rainsford scanned the score of black faces lighted by the fire and saw that the man he sought was missing.

"Oko! Bonfoufou! Warribo!" he rasped, singling out three huge black men.

"Yes, massa!"

"You done look Assatamino?"

"No, massa! No look em," they lied, in chorus.

"Go look em one time!" ordered the beachmaster, snapping the swivel that held his whip. "Go!" he roared, as the trio hesitated.

In an incredibly short time, they came back, dragging their cowed companion with them. At sight of Rainsford, he dropped to his knees and covered his eyes in abject terror.

"Assatamino," said the white man, sternly, pointing toward the cringing black, "Rainsford, what place he live?"

"No savee, massa!" whined the negro. The circle about the fire had grown. Fully one hundred "boys" waited breathlessly in the darkness beyond, fascinated by the terror of the unknown.

At Rainsford's question, they looked

at each other apprehensively. Their slow brains could not comprehend. The wabique was asking where he himself was. What did it all mean?

Again, Rainsford put the question: "Rainsford, what place he live?"

Assatamino groveled at his feet. "No savee, massa; no savee," he reiterated, in a choked whisper.

"You lie! you black scum!" roared Rainsford, relapsing into English in his excitement. "You, Assatamino, murdered him! Rainsford lies dead in his bed! I am not Rainsford." He tapped his breast. "I am juju."

A weird wail of anguish went round the circle cowering in the dark. Here was mystery, indeed, and revenge. The wabique, white and haggard from ill health, looked, in fact, more like a corpse galvanized into action than a living, breathing man.

"Stand up!" cried the beachmaster to the craven thing at his feet. "Pick him up!" he shrilled to the others.

With the aid of his captors, Assatamino rose shakily. He stood weakly before the white man, eyes rolling in terror, body swaying.

Rainsford advanced, gripping his heavy whip with nervous grasp. He struck, and the leather bit into the flesh of the black's neck and shoulder, drawing a trickle of blood. A fearful shriek of pain followed the blow.

"God! I hate to do it!" gasped Rainsford, wiping the sweat from his brow. "But I've got to for Johnnie's sake."

He struck again, heavily, blindly, this time tearing the black's face. "This is what comes of knifing a wabique," he shouted to his victim. The negro was slowly sinking, his

face turning grey beneath the smears of blood. His cries sounded like the wailing of a hurt animal. As he sank, the blows descended in increasing fury, cutting, tearing, biting his naked flesh like the scourges of ten thousand devils. He collapsed at last, and lay, an inert mass, at the beach-master's feet.

The wail of the blacks changed in an instant to an ominous growl. They awaited only a leader to rush the white man, god though he claimed to be. Those in the rear hurled their companions toward the fire, in the hope that one of them would find the courage to strike the first blow.

Rainsford veered quickly. An enormous black was crouching behind him ready to spring. He raised his whip and struck with all his force, struck for the eyes—struck, and carried the frightful vision of the result of the blow through long years.

"You think you're greater than juju?" croaked Rainsford to the throng that had found its master. "Come on, then!" he cried, advancing. "Juju blinds men!" his voice rose to an insane shriek.

The blacks fell back before him, leaving the poor unfortunate that had been pushed to the front writhing on the ground.

Rainsford turned toward Assatamino and prodded him with his foot. "Here, you," he said, sharply; "you've had rest enough. I've just begun with you."

He reached down and felt the "boy's" pulse. It was strong enough to show that he was in no immediate danger of dissolution.

"Lift him up," commanded Rainsford. "A wabique doesn't whip a man that's down, and I'm going to whip him within an inch of his life."

A low moan showed that Assatamino was conscious—and understood.

"Fetch water," growled Rainsford. As he waited, the firelight began to pale. Toward the east, the bush was beginning to take shape in the growing brightness.

Rainsford took the gourd from Oko's hands and flung its contents over the prostrate man. The sea-water bit into his fresh-made wounds cruelly, and he rose to his feet with a snarl.

"Hold him!" snapped Rainsford. He continued the punishment, his soul sick within him. He himself swayed with exhaustion. As his blows became weaker, he changed his whip to his left hand. Not a sound came from the crowd of watchers. They cowered dumb, awe-struck, terrorized, allowing the self-made god to have his way, unhindered, with one of their own blood.

Assatamino fell at last. This time, there was no feigning. As he crumpled up, Rainsford stayed his arm.

"The job's done," he muttered hoarsely, glancing around the shivering group whose attitude expressed an abject submission.

Clicking his whip into its snap, he pressed through the throng that fell back before him. He turned his head and saw a black smudge of smoke above the horizon. With head bowed, and arms dangling loosely at his sides, he made his way to the house.

"I guess Johnnie's safe," he said, heavily.

The Dumping Clause

(Concluded from page 12.)

extent dumping has actually existed. It is not possible to state how often the special or dumping duty has been applied to iron and steel imports entering Canada or how much iron and steel has entered under the duty; but the sum of \$20,470.95 was collected as special duty on iron and manufactures of, steel and manufactures of, or both combined, in the fiscal year ending March 31, 1912.

The Canadian iron and steel firms have, however, been in the habit of presenting figures to show that the price of iron and steel at Pittsburg for home consumption is frequently higher than the price of goods for export to Canada. An unsigned pamphlet, evidently published by the Canadian iron and steel interests, gives average prices for foundry pig iron at Chicago, Buffalo, Toronto and Montreal for 1906 to 1911 to show that, with a few exceptions, notably 1911, the prices of pig iron were higher in the United States than in Canada. Strangely enough, 1911 was a year when dumping was supposed to be most prevalent, yet the prices in Canada were higher than those in the United States. The circular averages high and low prices for the period to prove the same point, with absolutely no consideration for the possibility that the modal monthly or yearly price might support an altogether different conclusion. Finally, we may say that no source of the information is given except in respect to the prices of steel bars.

CONCLUSION.

As a matter of fact, the term dumping is quite generally misunderstood. As we have already said, the Dominion Iron and Steel Company had declared itself a competitor in the world market—an equal of any producer in the world. In 1913, it declared itself ready to compete in the Canadian market with a Canadian branch of the United States Steel Corporation. Other iron and steel interests have declared themselves very efficient. Now, if American producers are to market any part of their product in Canada, to meet the prices of such efficient producers, they must obviously pay a part of the duty and possibly all of the railway charges. In other words, much of this so-called dumping is due to the simple fact that American producers are forced to pay a part of the duty to the Canadian

Government by reducing the prices of their exported product. The dumping clause, a denial of this privilege, is an implied refutation of the old theory that foreign producers may be forced to contribute to an importing country's revenue by actually paying the duties.

If it could be proven that foreign competition were entirely shut out by the dumping clause, and that the Canadian prices are the trust price, plus the duties and transportation charges, no politician, and certainly no fair-minded Canadian, would favour the retention of the dumping clause. So far as it is avoided, the clause is useless. Meanwhile, its application has given rise to endless confusion and uncertainty, in respect to not only facts, but also principles. If protection must be had, it should be given in a definite, estimable form, not according to a makeshift policy that does not protect because its application is never determinable. One of the first duties of the Government then is to consider the dumping clause, and, we believe, to abolish it in favour of some more definite policy. The sooner this is done the better.

War Pictures and News

WHEN readers of war news are looking over the picture papers they might keep in mind the fact that there is summer and winter in Europe just as there is in Canada. If, therefore, they see that the "latest pictures" show the Servians and Austrians clad in great coats, they will know that these pictures are "left-overs" from one of the numerous Balkan wars.

Similar caution should be displayed in reading long dispatches from the front. News does not travel fast in war time. At the present moment every government is interested in delaying telegrams and letters. Therefore, the later the news arrives the more reliable it is likely to be. Let the people exercise common sense as well as patience, and they will not be misled by Canada's yellow journals. Most of our newspapers are trying to give a really sane and reasonable news service in a time when all the ordinary news channels are disrupted by floods of war news. The percentage of fake in this has been kept unusually low. As the war progresses all newspapers will decide that fake news is worse than no news at all.

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THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL.

At the time of the great war in Prussia, people willingly made offerings of the best they had for the sake of their country. Near the door of the town hall there stood one day a beautiful young girl, poorly but neatly dressed, watching with shy glances the people before her. She was waiting her turn to approach the counter where offerings for the suffering soldiers were received.

A stream of eager givers had passed before her—a merchant who laid a flat bag of gold upon the table, a lady who offered a casket of rich jewels, a labourer with the little money he had been able to save out of his wages, a widow with a few silver coins in her hand, and many others similarly burdened.

The waiting girl seemed reluctant to take her turn, but at last, summoning up her courage, she stepped forward. "I also have a gift for my country," she said, "but it is so small

such a sad, little voice. So we began a search for the baby bird that we felt sure must be hidden away somewhere in the office.

Everywhere we looked, behind books and filing cases, under papers and on top of cabinets, but no bird could we find. About this time someone discovered the brown sparrow fluttering about the windows and lighting nervously on the sill, evidently in a great state of worry. We felt so sorry for her that we left our work and went on with the search for the baby bird. Presently we found him, poked away in a corner, behind a brown book, much the colour of his own coat of feathers. He must have been there since the evening before, as the windows were closed during the night. He was huddled up, poor, little fellow, and blinked his eyes at us in such a frightened way. We picked him up gently and carried him to the window, where the mother bird swooped down upon him in a flut-



DAUGHTERS OF THE TSAR.

The two oldest being officers in Russian regiments that are now fighting against the Germans and the Austrians. The Grand Duchess Marie is fifteen years old, and her younger sister, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, is thirteen. The Grand Duchess Olga is the oldest. The second daughter, Tatiana, is standing by the table.

I scarcely dare venture to offer it. It seems so little and so worthless, but it is all I have."

"We are grateful for even the smallest offerings," said the man at the counter, and held out his hand with a smile.

"Here it is—I have nothing else to give," she added timidly. And she drew from under her cloak two long, thick plaits of golden hair. As she did so the hood of her cloak fell back, disclosing the beautiful young head shorn of its golden glory.

ter of joy. They flew away together, the mother bird flying under the baby bird to support him, until they reached the cornice of the building on the opposite side of the street. There the old, brown sparrow ruffled her feathers and strutted around the little fellow, as much as to say, "Well, my dear, you did give me a fright." Presently she flew away and returned immediately with bits of crumb and fed the baby bird, doing this repeatedly until he was filled and feeling stronger on his slender legs. In a little while he was strong enough to fly on to the roof, where they basked in the sunshine for a time, and then flew away and we saw them no more.

THE LOST BABY BIRD.

THROUGH a window into the "Courier" office flew a brown sparrow the other morning; it circled around the room, gave a loud "cheep" of distress, and flew away again.

We wondered what had brought it indoors; not fright, surely, for the city sparrow is a cheeky, little fellow and not easily ruffled. The morning wore on and we had nearly forgotten the incident when another "cheep," this time much fainter than the brown sparrow's, reached our ears. It was in the room somewhere, and we listened intently to see if we could find out where the sound came from. All was quiet, however, so we went back to our tasks again. Presently we heard it again, "cheep, cheep," in

FOLLOW LEADER.

SEVEN sheep were standing by the pasture wall. "Tell me," said the teacher, "To her scholars small, One poor sheep was frightened, Jumped, and ran away. One from seven—how many Woolly sheep would stay?" Up went Kitty's fingers— A farmer's daughter she, Not so bright at figures As she ought to be. "Please, ma'am." "Well, then, Kitty, Tell us, if you know." "Please, if one jumped over, All the rest would go."



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Social Conference

A PROGRAMME is announced for the forthcoming meetings of the Canadian Conference of Charities and Corrections, to be held in Toronto for three days in September, which reflects the greatest credit upon the committee. Distributed over the three days' sessions, to begin at 9 o'clock on Wednesday, September the seventeenth, is a combination of profit and pleasure in the form of discussions and social relaxations which should mean the pronounced success of a well-planned schedule.

Prominent workers who will give addresses include: Dr. Cooley, of the Cooley Farms, Cleveland; Dr. P. H. Bryce, Chief Medical Officer Department of Interior; Dr. C. A. Hodgetts, Medical Adviser to the Commission of Conservation; Dr. E. T. Divine, doctor of the New York School of Philanthropy; and President R. A. Falconer, of the University of Toronto. An address on "The Wider Use of Our School Buildings" will be given by Mr. Lorne W. Barclay, Director of the Social Centre Bureau of the People's Institute, New York City. And Miss Adah Hopkins, of the Carnegie Institute, is expected to speak on "The Social Organization of a Rural Community."

In addition to reports from the provinces by the various secretaries, a report on the recent conferences at Rome will be given by Mrs. L. A. Hamilton.

A visit by motor to the Industrial Farm, where lunch will be served, and addresses given by Dr. Gilmour and Mr. W. B. Findlay, a tour of the social institutions of the city, a civic dinner, and an evening reception, to be held at the Royal Museum, are other interests designed for the delegation.

The third day's sessions will be concluded by the adoption of the new constitution and the election of officers.

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The FIFTH WHEEL

By *Beatrice Heron-Maxwell* and *Florence & Eastwick*

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued).

HE sat in a shady corner of the garden, clad in a suit of cream Shantung silk, with one of Lord Brismain's best cigars in his mouth, and the morning paper in his hand. Fortune had smiled on him the night before, and he had made a tidy little sum. Occasionally his eyes strayed with satisfaction to his surroundings. It was a grilling hot day, and the splash of the fountain in its marble basin, the cool stone-flagged terraces shadowed by the rich foliage of forest trees with statues gleaming white amongst them, and the beauty of the sunk garden beyond, seen through the rosy vista of a pergola, all expressed an atmosphere of aristocratic repose which was very soothing to Captain Carbine's over-stimulated sense. True, his play overnight had been so successful that he only needed to repeat that run of luck to raise sufficient funds for his autumn visit to Aix-les-Bains. Yet he admitted to himself candidly that he would relinquish the delight and excitement of gambling, once for all, provided he could possess in exchange a home similar to Chevening Rise, with the necessary funds to live in it according to its merits.

It was in this frame of mind that an announcement in that morning's news caught his eye, under the headline, "Wreck of a British Steamer."

"A Lloyd's message states that the steamer Lausanne when two days out from New York was sunk, in collision with the steamer Chili. Nine of the crew and four passengers from the Lausanne are reported to be missing. The Chili was holed in her port bow but is making no water and is proceeding to Liverpool." Continuing, lower down the page, Carbine read with increasing interest, "The intelligence has been transmitted by wireless message that the Lausanne (carrying two hundred passengers) came into collision with the Chili during a thick fog. The sea was calm at the time, and there was no difficulty in launching the boats. It is believed that all the passengers and crew escaped from the Lausanne, which sank within half an-hour of the collision. The Chili stood by the ill-fated ship and carried out the work of rescue. One boat is reported missing, but hopes are entertained that it may have been picked up by a passing steamer. We are informed that the Honourable Theodor Mauleverer, only son and heir to Lord Brismain, was travelling by the Lausanne, and we regret to state that his name is amongst those of the missing passengers, as is also that of Inspector Lawson, of the Criminal Investigation Department, who was returning from New York."

Captain Carbine laid down the paper and exclaimed loudly and emphatically, "Good God!" then turned, with a startled air, to confront the owner of a cool voice who was enquiring, "What the deuce are you swearing away to yourself about, Carbine?" He only repeated softly again under his breath, "Good God!"

Colonel Mauleverer, a cousin of Lord Brismain's, took possession of the paper and glanced, with scant interest, over it until the name of Theodor Mauleverer attracted his attention.

He remained staring at the paragraph for some moments after he had grasped its meaning, and Carbine, watching covertly from his low seat, saw that the other man's eyes were immovable. He was not reading, only

marking time, while his brain was calculating eventualities.

This intelligence might mean much to Portman Mauleverer, as the death of Theodor would place him in direct succession to the barony. He had never thought much about it, for he was over sixty and Tubby only twenty-three. The chances were all against his surviving the boy, and like many other gamblers he was a fatalist. He and Carbine were birds of a feather. As a matter of fact, their acquaintance dated a long way back. It had served as a pretext for introduction to Lord Brismain at Monte Carlo.

Presently Colonel Mauleverer remarked, "It's deuced odd, you know. I had no idea Tubby had gone to America. Brismain never mentioned it to me. I wonder what it means. He can't have been away long, for I saw him in June at Ascot."

"I've seen him since then, in London, about three weeks ago," Carbine responded, thinking of the night at the Club. Then he added, with sudden recollection, "Three weeks? Much later than that—only ten days or so, and Jove! he was coming out of the Transatlantic Office at the time. He could barely have got to New York before he started back again."

"PERHAPS there's some mistake. Papers publish a lot of rot." The Colonel seated himself in the alcove by Carbine, and applied himself to a fresh study of the newspaper.

"Inspector Lawson! It's not exactly a pleasant juxtaposition of names," he said meditatively, "particularly taken with what I heard yesterday at the Golf Club."

"What was that?"

"Two fellows were talking about a murder near here. A girl was stabbed, close to the canal, you know. One of them said to the other, 'Lay you six to one against Mauleverer; he's boited, you bet!' Of course they hadn't the slightest idea who I was, and the other chap said, 'My dear old boy; it's two to one on young Pridham; he's lying low at The Chase—supposed to have concussion of the brain.' Then another Johnnie, who joined them, said they were completely off it, and he'd take them both as he was backing the pretty governess who'd vanished. It's perfectly disgusting the way some men will take the odds on a crime, and it strikes one as being especially loathsome when one's own name is being dragged into it. Tubby seems to have mixed himself up in some discreditable affair anyhow."

"Do you think Lord Brismain sent him away for a change of air?"

"Not he. Brismain never concerns himself about local matters. I don't suppose he knows anything about it—or about his son's doings, for the matter of that—and as he never looks at anything in the paper, except the sporting news, he won't even have seen this account of the wreck."

The two men were still talking together when a servant discovered them in their cool retreat.

"His lordship wishes to speak to you in the library, sir," the man told Colonel Mauleverer, who muttered to Carbine before leaving him, "Then he knows!"

Lord Brismain was seated at his writing-table with a pile of letters before him. His face was set, like a mask.

"Portman, I've had bad news. Theodor has been wrecked crossing from

America, and at present it seems uncertain whether he's amongst those rescued. I want you to get rid of my friends for me. Just explain and ask them all to go."

"I'm most awfully sorry, Brismain. I read about it only this moment. Of course I'll take the whole party away at once."

"Thank you." Without further explanation, Lord Brismain turned back to his letters again, his face hardening into concentrated bitterness. In another hour the house was emptied of its guests. They departed without having seen their host, who conveyed his apologies and farewells to them through the medium of his cousin. The latter would have remained at Chevening Rise on his own initiative, but Lord Brismain signified that he preferred to be alone. When they were all gone, the carriage came round, and the old man, cold and self-contained as usual, entered it and gave the order to be driven to Spinney Chase.

He had been on good terms with Mr. Pridham from the first, and, although haughty and overbearing to his equals, he would unbend to those whom he considered beneath him. He looked upon Horatio Pridham as a tradesman, but a successful one, and success always commanded Lord Brismain's approbation. Talking confidentially about his own monetary losses, he had commended Pridham for having made a large fortune, saying finally, "Your son is extremely good-looking and well-behaved, and I have a handsome daughter. Why should they not marry and unite Chevening Rise to Spinney Chase?"

Mr. Pridham signified his approval, and from that time forward the two men had kept up an informal intimacy.

Lord Brismain found himself now in deep waters, and he turned for help to one whom he recognized as being a strong and practical man. Although he had ignored the gossip and scandal surrounding Liz Bainton's death, none the less was he aware that in some mysterious manner his son's name had been involved. His pride had received a rude shock when Inspector Lawson came to Chevening Rise and presented, for his identification, the envelope addressed to the dead girl, in his son's handwriting. Therefore when Tubby left home suddenly, he was vaguely disquieted, and now a letter from the shipping company had informed him that Theodor Mauleverer was returning from America in the Lausanne when she foundered—and in addition that he was numbered amongst the missing.

There was only one person who might be able to enlighten him further on the matter. Mr. Pridham, as a magistrate, possibly possessed some secret information about the crime. The father of the man who was to marry his daughter should and must tell him the whole facts of the case.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Three women—and one man."

MR. PRIDHAM came forward with hand extended.

"My dear Lord Brismain, I'm truly grieved at the bad news published this morning."

He was quite sincere, but there was an increased pomposity of tone. He was the prospective Sir Horatio Pridham, Bart., not more assertive than before, perhaps, but mentally satis-

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fied of this tribute to his worth.

Lord Brismain, always a man of few words, merely murmured his thanks for the expression of sympathy and then sat down heavily, a sombre resentment on his ugly face. Mr. Pridham found himself rather at a loss how to proceed, but he got to the point straightaway:

"I suppose you were aware your son had gone to America?"

"No, I was not, Pridham. Children do not consult their parents about their movements nowadays. Nor do I know the reason for Theodor's leaving this country. Can you enlighten me?"

"I, my Lord?" (Habit was stronger than the belief in his own increased importance.) "How should I know anything about it, if you do not?"

"Because you're behind the scenes to a certain extent, and you see and know many things that are a complete mystery to me. As one of the magistrates here, you must be possessed of full information respecting that wretched murder."

Pridham interrupted with a gesture of uplifted hands, expressive of repugnance.

"I've heard too much—a great deal too much. I've been positively pestered by the police, questioned and browbeaten in my own house."

His indignation brought a gleam which resembled malicious amusement in Brismain's fish-like stolidity of gaze.

"I have not been exempt from annoyance of the same sort myself," he said deliberately. "An inspector visited me and asked me to identify my son's writing. I suppose you heard of that?"

Pridham nodded, raising his eye brows as if demanding of heaven what the world was coming to next.

"Can you tell me the meaning of it all? I must beg you kindly to explain to me the reasons which actuated the police in attacking you and me in this way? Was this girl a notorious character—or a person of extraordinary beauty? Of course, young men will be young men, and our sons may have taken some . . . some notice of her."

Again Mr. Pridham interrupted, and this time with a solemnity of mien which would not be set aside.

"The girl was a quite respectable and ordinary person of the lower class. And my son, Laurie, knew nothing of her. In any case he would never have taken any notice of her; he is not that sort—never has cared for women. A clean-minded boy who loves his mother and sisters, and would be a true and faithful husband to the girl he married."

"SO I should imagine." Lord Brismain kept to himself the opinion that it was right and proper that young men in Laurie's position should only love their mothers, sisters and wives. High personages, such as lords and kings, were placed in an exceptional position in regard to their loves and affection since it was ordained that great destinies hung upon their legalized relationships. They could not always please themselves when entering the married state, and therefore it was excusable if occasionally they strayed from the narrow path. The expression of such an opinion would only have shocked his companion, so, after a slight pause, he continued: "I'm afraid my son is not so rigid in his principles as yours is. Theodor is a young ass in some respects, and I think it is quite likely he may have been fool enough to get entangled with some pretty girl of low rank. Tell me exactly what you know."

Then Mr. Pridham, without further hesitation, related the whole story. He passed lightly over the fact that Tubby had dined at The Chase on the night of the murder and left there about ten o'clock, not arriving home until nearly an hour later. Then Mr. Pridham repeated all that Frank Merry had told him of the young man's secret departure from England, under an assumed name, in company with Fenella Leach, who had also concealed her identity on the ship.

"I don't like it," Brismain said when he heard that part of the story. "This introduces a fresh element—another woman whose name has never

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reached me before. Who the devil is Fenella Leach?"

Pridham explained, and then his lordship declared in somewhat immoderate language his belief that the governess was the principal mover in the whole affair. "As likely as not, it was a vulgar case of jealousy between the two women, both of them in love with my son, and the cleverer of the two has cleared the path for her own advancement in life. She has got Theodor into her clutches and she means to marry him."

Mr. Pridham had nothing to say on that point, but his scrupulous adherence to the truth obliged him now to acquaint Lord Brismain with the contents of John Hassall's letter from Bristol.

"The Vicar believes that the hand of God has directed him to this strange discovery, by bringing him into direct communication with the mother of the murdered girl. It is an amazing coincidence that he should have gone to Bristol just at this time and, while visiting Mrs. George Bainton, learned from her the fact that her daughter had an admirer who was a sailor and whose appearance seems to correspond closely with the man from whom I bought the Chinese knife."

"It's very evident that the fellow came here to see the girl—and this crime has been the result of his visit. The police must track him out, and when they find him, they'll find the murderer. Of course you have communicated the contents of the letter to Inspector Lawson."

"My lord, surely you know that Lawson was on the Lausanne with your son?"

"Lawson—on the Lausanne?" Lord Brismain was startled out of his ordinary frigidity.

"Didn't you read it in the report of the wreck?"

"I've seen no report save the letter from the Shipping Company this morning, briefly informing me that Theodor was on the ship when wrecked, and is believed to have left it, in safety, although not amongst those rescued by the Chili. The Company are to let me know immediately they hear anything further. What was Inspector Lawson doing on the Lausanne?"

"He left here about ten days ago, taking with him a boy to identify the gentleman who was supposed to be Lisbeth Bainton's lover."

LORD BRISMAIN'S face became chalk-like. He sat very still and upright, with set jaws, and eyes glaring at the speaker. At last he said very shortly, without raising his voice above its ordinary tone, "And that gentleman was my son, Theodor. You mean actually that Lawson took out a warrant to arrest him. Who issued that warrant?"

"Not I, Lord Brismain. He did not come to me, for he knew I should have refused. He must have gone to Colonel Hawkins—you know what sort of a man he is! He would give a warrant for anyone and on any pretext if the police asked for it. All I can say is I was not consulted nor apprised of the fact. Colonel Hawkins has been away from home this last week. Probably the Inspector went to his house the night before he left here and got Hawkins to sign the warrant straight off."

"Pompous old idiot! I believe you're right, Pridham, but upon my soul it's an outrage to suppose my son had any hand in the murder of that woman. All the traditions and instincts of our race would make such an act impossible. But these brutes have hounded him out of the country through the dread of being pulled into a low scandal—and now possibly, when his life has been sacrificed, the police will admit they were on the wrong clue altogether."

"Of course Lawson never knew anything of the girl having a sailor-lover. That never came out at the inquest and possibly he never will know it now, for his name is amongst the missing."

Lord Brismain smiled grimly. "Missing is he? Well, I hope he'll never be found—and serve the blatant fool right if he is drowned. What you have to do now, Pridham, is to insist on the authorities following up

this clue of the sailor. I'm leaving home to-night for town, so as to be on the spot for getting information about my poor boy."

He rose stiffly and held out his hand.

"And your daughter—how is she?" Pridham asked politely.

"Sallie has taken herself off to Switzerland—finds this place too dull for her tastes—and as your Laurence was on the shelf—so to speak—I suppose there was no inducement for her to remain alone with me."

Mr. Pridham also had his reservations and he did not tell Sallie's father that he thought her selfish and heartless to have evinced so little concern about Laurie's illness. He only said now, "No doubt she will hurry back to you on hearing about her brother's disaster."

"Not she! It won't distress Sallie particularly. She's a young woman who adapts herself wonderfully to circumstances and if she's enjoying herself she would say, 'What's the use of rushing away because Theodor is said to be missing? As likely as not he'll reappear all right again.'"

"She's a philosopher. I trust, Lord Brismain, she may be right."

They were passing through the hall and here they came upon Theo, pale and heavy-eyed with weeping. She had heard Lord Brismain had come to see her father and she was waiting for him. She ran forward now and clung to his arm.

"Oh, Lord Brismain, it isn't true! Tell me he hasn't really been lost in the wreck—!" She broke down, the tears falling unchecked from brimming eyes.

Lord Brismain liked the merry, rose-cheeked little maiden, who had always met him frankly without showing any shyness. He took her hand between his and patted it kindly.

"Come, come, you mustn't spoil your eyes by crying about Theodor. He's like the proverbial penny—certain to turn up again. And you shall be one of the first to hear of it, for I'll send on a message directly I get any news."

And with that he drove away, the thought uppermost in his mind that here was another girl breaking her heart for Tubby—three of them and all in love with him; the murdered girl, the governess, and little Theo Pridham! The young rascal! Surely he might have been content with one at a time! As to Colonel Hawkins, J.P., who issued the warrant for Tubby's arrest, he deserved to be shot—and Lord Brismain swore softly under his breath that he'd tell him so.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Hearts are trumps and you win the game, scoring thirty-two by tricks—and honours.

THE long night of terror wore itself away and dawn pierced slowly through the thick mist showing only the vast stretch of waters round the solitary boat. It was a relief at last to be no longer enveloped in the darkness, with faces hidden from each other, and voices that sounded strangely muffled, although but the length of the boat apart.

Through all those hours of peril Fenella had sat holding little Eve clasped tightly in her arms. It was some comfort to feel the contact of the warm little body against her own, and although at first the child had shrieked and clung to her in a wild agony of alarm, later, worn out with crying, she sobbed herself to sleep with one little hand still pressed upon her cheek. One of the men wrapped coat round Fenella and the sleeping child, and it gave them some protection in their light summer clothing from the penetrating moisture of the sea-fog. That inky blackness of the night had seemed to Fenella the most terrifying part of what they had to endure; if there had been even a glimmer of star-light above them, or the phosphorescence of waves to break the obscurity which pressed like a weight on their senses, the misery of their position would have been lessened, cast helpless as they were, at the mercy of the sea—fifteen souls in a small boat without the ordinary necessities of life. Providentially there was a dead calm, so that the boat rode safely on the long, swelling



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roll of the Atlantic. All of the men who could row took it in turns and only once did Fen catch a glimpse of the faces nearest to her, when someone struck a match to light his pipe, and handed it on to his companions so that they might profit by its use. Then the purser, who was in command of the boat, wisely prohibited any further extravagance of that sort. They should all husband their resources in the shape of matches and tobacco—assets too valuable to be wasted.

One of the sailors had a flask of brandy on him, but all agreed not to touch the precious liquid until dire necessity forced them to do so. They were willing to make exception in favour of the solitary woman amongst them. "Give the lady a few drops, to keep the life in her," the owner of the flask had said when Fen recovered from the blow on her head which had stunned her, but she refused to benefit by his offer.

"I'm not working—only sitting still. I need it less than anyone here. Besides women have greater powers of endurance than men, you know, when it comes to doing without food or drink."

By the flare of the prodigal match-light she had a brief vision of Tubby pulling vigorously at an oar. He had been a "wet bob" at Eton, but rowing on the Thames, as a blue, could scarcely be considered as any sort of training for handling this kind of craft.

FENELLA, little Eve, Theodor Maul- everer, and a swell who was travelling by steerage on the Lausanne were the only passengers saved in this boat and with them were the purser, three firemen and seven of the sailors. From time to time Fen caught fragments of the men's conversation, and in this way she learnt that theirs must have been the last boat, save one other, to leave the sinking ship.

"I saw the Captain and Mr. Hudson slip over the side, just as we cast away from her," a man's voice said in the darkness. "They could barely have got clear before she went down."

At first the girl had been scarcely conscious of what was happening; she only knew they had been moving along in the darkness for what seemed to her an interminable period, and then suddenly she realized that they were out there, adrift, on the Atlantic.

The lapping of the water against the side of the boat, and the spray falling from the oars on her face, these were all that she knew until she heard Tubby's voice asking her how she felt and bidding her be of good cheer. "We shall get out of this all right—you'll see! Don't you be afraid, Fenella! When daylight comes we're certain to be picked up, and then we'll have no end of a good time now that we're clear of our friend, Mr. Lawson."

She smiled, in the darkness, hearing his familiar drawl. It seemed so incongruous under their present circumstances.

But Tubby's lazy voice was misleading; he had plenty of energy in him really and showed to good advantage now, a true Briton with the pluck and cheery comradeship which draw men together in times of danger. He insisted in taking more than his fair share of the work, and toiled on indefatigably, with blistered hands, when the three firemen and the steerage passenger were all found to be utterly incompetent as oarsmen. The Swede was a blonde-bearded, hulking fellow, who gave his name as Bornson when asked by the purser; his acquaintance with the English language was of the scantiest, but he repeated continually, in doleful accents, "All monies in ship—no monies now—all gone!"

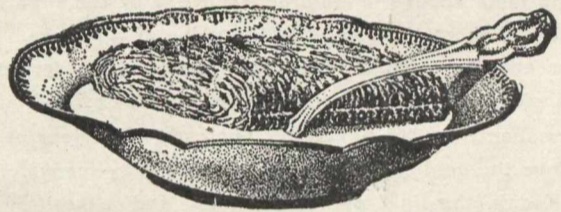
"You're lucky to have escaped with a whole skin," one of the firemen told him at last. The poor fellow had been scalded when trying to turn off the steam so as to prevent an immediate explosion. He must have been suffering tortures all the time, yet made no complaint on that score. All his sorrow was reserved for the loss of a good ship, and when the rumbling of a distant detonation reached their ears, apprising them of the Lausanne's final disappearance beneath the sea, the man had cried out in fierce an-

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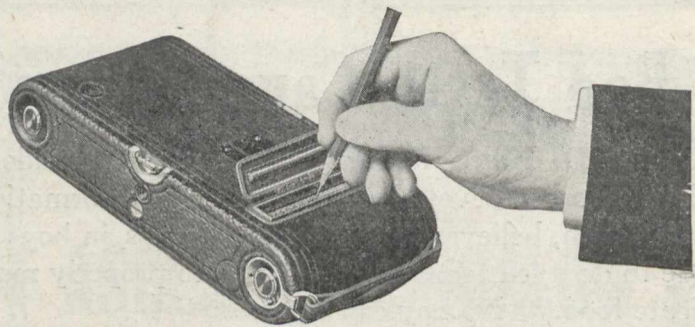
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guish, "She's gone! Good God! she is gone!"

And so the night passed away and weary eyes sought to discover in the faint grey light of coming day, some sign of hope before them. Like a curtain being rolled aside, the fog lifted from the face of the sea, and then a soft blush suffused to a cloudy veil which still hid the awakening sun.

Never had life appeared more precious and the world more beautiful to human eyes than they did in those first moments of the new day unfolding for the little band of persons who had so narrowly escaped from death.

Fenella had an innate love for the sea—a Cornish girl, born and bred on the rugged coast near Bude, within sight and sound of the ocean, it drew her as with a magnetic influence and had always possessed a strange attraction for her. Now she told herself that this sight of the Atlantic, glistening and gleaming with a million facets under the rose-tinted dawn, was the most exquisite vision ever vouchsafed to her of its manifold beauties, and silently she offered up a prayer of thankfulness that He had preserved her from death, mingled with an appeal for forgiveness in that she had for a short space lost courage in the fight and believed herself ready to yield up life rather than face its difficulties and griefs.

These thoughts of self were dispelled abruptly by a dispute amongst the sailors. One of them blamed the purser as being personally responsible for their present condition, as it was owing to his orders entirely they had pulled hard away from the Lausanne and so missed their bearings and got lost in the fog.

ANOTHER man upheld the purser, saying, "You've never been wrecked before, maybe, sonny. I have, and I know the danger of keeping anywhere near a sinking ship. I shan't forget in a hurry the escape from the City of Birmingham when she was cut in two by a cruiser. I was down below at the time but rushed on deck only to find myself being swept down with the sinking ship. I assure you I went down and down and down. I never thought I should see daylight again, and while I was under water the strange things I saw being carried past me in the sea as if we were all in a whirlpool. There was a great hen-coop which had been full of live fowls. It passed me as if it were propelled by a motor-engine. Luckily I happened to see it was going in an upward direction, so I seized hold and was drawn away from the ship and so to the top of the water. Then someone spied me clinging to the hen-coop and came to the rescue. But take my advice; if ever you are wrecked, put as great a distance as you can between you and the sinking ship!"

After that the men talked of their various experiences by storm or disaster—but gradually the voices dropped into silence. During the early part of the day, the mist still hung over the horizon and far above their heads and shielded them from the full strength of the sun's rays, but as its power increased, the heat became almost unbearable. They were without water and languished in the boat with parched throats and stiffened tongues, tortured by the thirst which now attacked them. Little Eve had awakened and called piteously for her mother, and Fen had been occupied in trying to soothe the little one and distract her attention by whispering a fairy story of the sea. Then Tubby, urged thereto by the purser, yielded up his oar and, overcome with exhaustion, now lay in the bottom of the boat, fast asleep, his fair, boyish face bearing the sign of fatigue and something more—a look of trouble which had altered his expression, giving an aspect of resolution to the mouth which before had been lacking.

He opened his eyes while Fenella sat gazing at him, brooding over the mystery which perhaps he alone could make clear. Raising himself on one arm, he leant nearer to her. "What are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking of The Chase and all our friends there—wondering if we shall ever see them again."

"Perhaps yes—perhaps no. But that was not all your thought. There was

something else; I read it in your eyes. There was a doubt and a question and I believe I can guess what it was. Tell me. Perhaps it may be the last opportunity of our speaking openly together—and surely, as matters now stand, there is little reason for concealment or caution between us."

"I was wondering, wishing, oh, so deeply, that you would tell me the truth concerning you and Lisbeth Bainton. Mr. Mauleverer, we may not have long to live, but perhaps one or other of us might survive. Would it not be well to be quite frank with each other. By some strange freak of Fate, you and I met, only a short time before that tragedy in which we both became involved. Tell me, I implore you, the real part you played in it."

They were close to each other and spoke with lowered voices, so none heard or noticed what was passing between them. The child had fallen asleep again and the other inmates of the boat were all occupied with their own concerns and miseries. Tubby lay silent for a few moments after Fen's appeal, his head pillowed on his clasped hands, his eyes fixed on her sad face. At last he spoke.

"Confession is good for the soul—I'll tell you, and you shall be my priestess and my judge. It's true I knew that poor girl, but I never sought her—at least not at first nor at the last. There was an interim, when I went to meet her, as an idle pastime. She interested me, for she was an unusual girl, with odd ideas about life. She had lived in a different strata from us, you know; but in spite of the roughness of her surroundings there was a delicacy of feeling, mixed with a sort of passionate enthusiasm which always put me in mind of some exotic flower."

His tone expressed regret and admiration. It showed Fenella that whatever his feelings towards poor Liz had been they were redeemed from any coarseness or contempt.

"You cared for her very much?" she asked.

"No, not exactly. I admired her beauty and a naive simplicity which was very attractive; that was all. Unfortunately she mistook the position. You don't credit me with being a famous sort of idiot when I tell you she grew to love me. I hadn't thought of that or what the consequences might be. I just drifted into what was an anomalous position. You see, when it began, I hadn't got to know my sweet Theo so well; after she and I became such friends, I felt I must end the other affair."

"**T**HE beginning is so easy—and the end so difficult, always so dreadfully difficult," Fen sighed under her breath.

"It began in the simplest fashion, as a matter of fact. I had been for a row on the canal and saw her trying to climb over a hedge. She was in difficulties, for there were a lot of branches which had caught in her clothing. I landed and went to help her—then she told me she had lost her way, wandering in the woods, but knew if she followed the canal she would find her home all right. I offered to row her back. There wasn't much harm in that, was there?"

Fen shook her head. "And you met again?"

"Yes—too often. When I saw she cared for me, I tried to break with her—I did honestly. I stayed away. But she wrote to me and said she must and would see me again. Then I wrote back and told her to meet me by the canal. It was to be for the last time, to say good-bye, that night when she was murdered. You, who are a true, good woman, believe that there is truth and goodness in other—I know that. And, of course, you would never believe I would do the girl harm, any more than I or you could believe that Laurence Pridham would hurt a woman."

Even in the stifling heat of the day, Fen felt her lips grow cold.

"Why do you speak of him?"

"That is what I want to tell you. I met Liz Bainton and we walked by the canal and I said good-bye to her for evermore. She was excited and overwrought. I could not quite understand it, but at last parted from her

and went home. Now this is what troubled me most. I tell you and you must judge for yourself as to what is its worth. As I hurried towards Chevening, at a short distance from the Bridge, I saw someone coming along at a great pace. I recognized the walk and figure; it was Laurence Pridham going towards the bridge. I drew back into the shade of the trees, and I don't think he saw me, but I was close to him and saw his face distinctly. He looked disturbed and annoyed. I wondered what had put him out and caused him to return home. I didn't want him to see me because I thought he'd wonder what I was doing, lurking there so long after I had left his house—where you know I dined that night. The next morning I heard the news of the murder. I knew about the Chinese knife Mr. Pridham had bought, and I was in an awful dilemma after having seen Laurie so near the scene of the crime. It's been a burden on my mind. Now I have relieved myself of it. It is for you to judge whether I was right in keeping my own counsel about it."

Fen remained silent for some moments, thinking over all she had heard.

"Do you know what time it was when you met Laurie?" she asked him.

"It must have been about ten minutes or a quarter-past eleven, for after I left Liz I walked on some distance to work off the steam. I was a good deal upset by having to give her a sort of rebuff, for she was a nice girl—too nice to be treated any way but kindly. Yes! it was a few minutes after eleven o'clock."

"And Laurie had walked from Fleet Station, you know. The car took him there—then he came home to fetch something he had forgotten. He could not have been anywhere in the meantime; that was impossible. He could not have met Liz Bainton. She was found dead at eleven o'clock, you know. So you see he never saw her at all that night!" Fen gave a long sigh of relief. A load had been lifted from her heart.

"No," Tubby answered, with absolute conviction, "you're right. You must be right. That never occurred to me before. I admit now I have sometimes had doubts about it. You have convinced me now that Laurie never saw the murdered girl that night."

A loud cry from one of the sailors attracted their attention.

"A ship—a ship in view!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

Trente et Quarante.

OUT in the moonlit gardens, the band of the 26th Chasseurs was playing the "Dream Waltz." The haunting melody drifted in through the open windows like the phantom of a song, but it failed to reach ears attuned, at that moment, only to the voice of the dealer counting out the sum total of the cards. It was Sallie's debut in the trente et quarante room. Hitherto she had never dared to risk losing the bits of gold which were so rare and precious to her. But now that her future was assured, she had grown reckless. She could afford to spend all that she possessed, realising there would be no difficulty for the affianced wife of Ferdinand Saxon to replenish her purse if she should find it empty.

But Fortune always favours the brave and Sallie was in luck; a heap of louis lay before her on the table and the fever of winning had brought a scarlet flush to her cheeks and a glitter to her eyes which betokened that the gambling demon latent in her blood had taken possession of her soul.

The man she was to marry stood at the opposite side of the table, watching her for some time, and would never have thought of looking for her in the gambling rooms unless a pretty woman, jealous of Sallie's matrimonial success, had directed him there, adding the feline amenity, "You'll find Miss Mauleverer playing trente et quarante. Like father, like daughter, you know. The Brismains, one and all, are born gamblers and it has been their ruin."

(To be Continued.)

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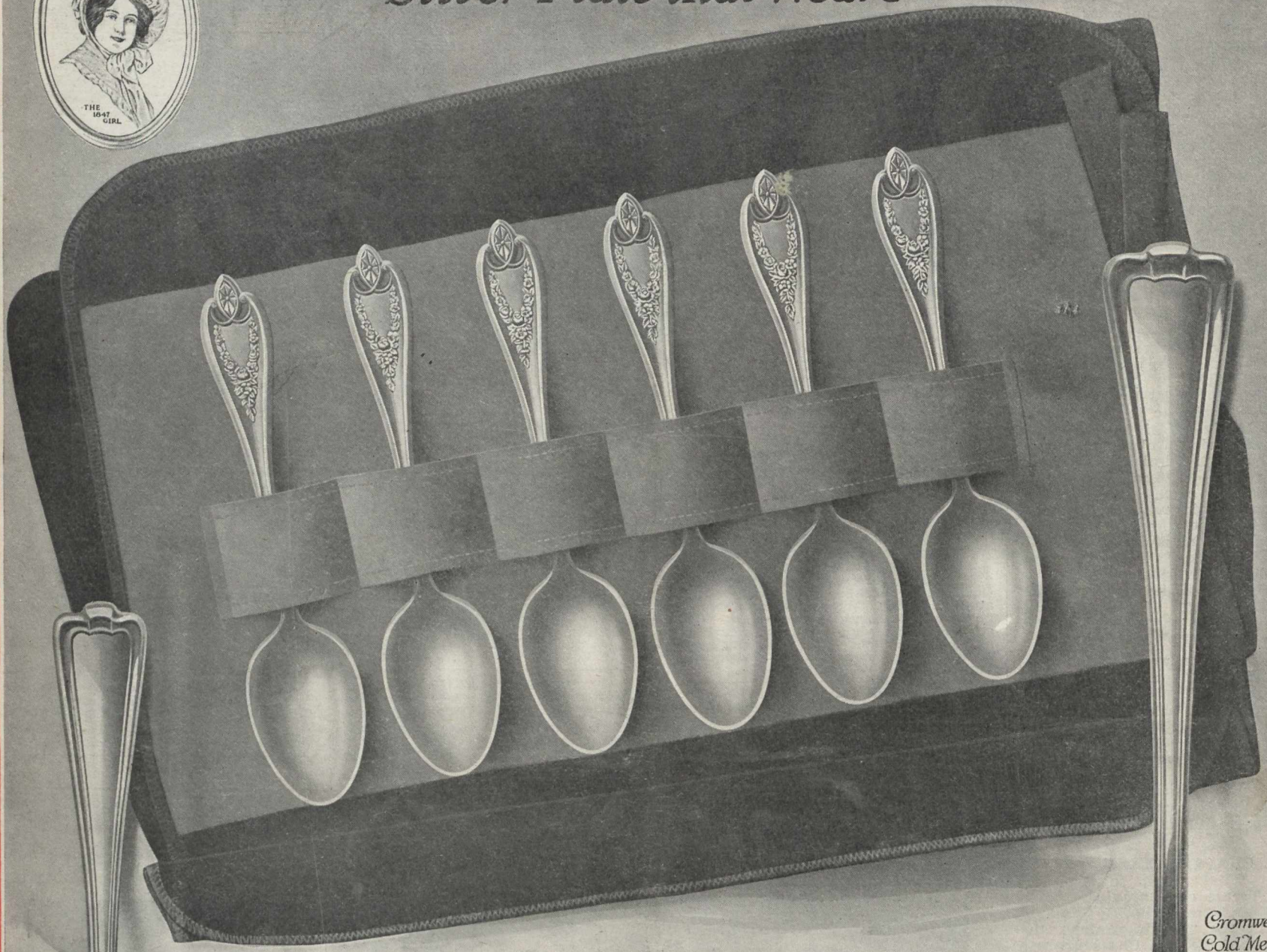
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