

CANADIAN COURIER

Library 36830
mentary

The Unlike and the Like

By A.M. Chisholm




The Vision of Cephore Bedore By Charles Christopher Jenkins
Five Pages of What Women Are Doing

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

Vol. XXI. No. 22

FIVE CENTS

April 28, 1917



The refreshing, cleansing
qualities of **FAIRY SOAP**
add real pleasure to the toilet
and bath.

FAIRY SOAP

is white — pure — skillfully
made of choice materials.

Its rich, creamy lather
cleanses quickly, thor-
oughly, agreeably, and
gives unflinching satisfac-
tion.

The floating oval cake
fits the hand.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

CANADIAN COURIER

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

Always and Absolutely Canadian

AFTER all, there's nothing new to the Canadian publisher in the idea of free wheat. Politicians and class interest people, and even good Canadians, make considerable fuss about letting down the bars to let our national products flow across the border. But the Canadian publisher has been confronted by free wheat ever since he spent his first dollar on the publishing business. There never has been any tariff wall for American publications to climb over to get into this country. Neither, for that matter, has a wall ever kept out the American newspaper. But a Canadian doesn't buy an American newspaper, because, as a general thing, its news is not the news he wants. He sometimes does buy an American magazine or periodical, because the feature articles and the stories interest him to the extent of what he pays.

And, of course, we are free to ship our journalistic wheat back across the border if we want to. But we don't do it. The American reader doesn't buy a Canadian periodical any more than he cares for a Canadian newspaper. As a rule it doesn't interest him. And we don't want it to interest him. All we want the Canadian Courier to do is to interest Canadians, mainly in matters about Canada. This looks easy. But it isn't. At the same time it's possible—and we are doing it.

THIS country essentially belongs to Canadians. The Canadian Courier belongs to this country. It has its roots right down in Canadian soil from ocean to ocean and as far north as printer's ink goes. It grows on Canadian sunshine and storms. What it brings forth is, Canadian.

And that's a kind of fruit that we think is pretty highly rated in the world's appreciation at present. Even Germany knows more about Canadians now than she did a couple of years ago. The name Canada is a world name as it never was before. The Canadian Courier is one of the most thoroughly Canadian things in this country. Examine it from cover to cover and see for yourself. Take this particular issue and see if Canada isn't written all over its contents; not the Canada of one province or one city, but of all cities and all provinces.

FOR this reason we expect never to be highly popular—in our lifetime at least—outside of Canada. We do expect to increase our popularity in Canada. We believe that never before were Canadians so proud of their country as they are to-day. We should, as a people, resent being invaded by a national life of any other country to the detriment of our own. We want to be—Canadian. W. T. Stead once aptly remarked that it's every country's privilege to go to the devil in its own way. This country is not going to the devil. But even if it were, we should prefer it to the heavenward pilgrimage of any other country we know.

So we look on at the spectacle of free imported publications into this country and console ourselves with the conviction that the country's national sentiment is growing faster than any other sentiment. So long as it is, we have no fear of the future of this paper as a national asset, provided we keep it in line with Canadian life and feeling.



OLD CHUM TOBACCO

is the "chum" of more pipe smokers, than any other tobacco smoked in Canada

EVERYBODY SMOKES "OLD CHUM"



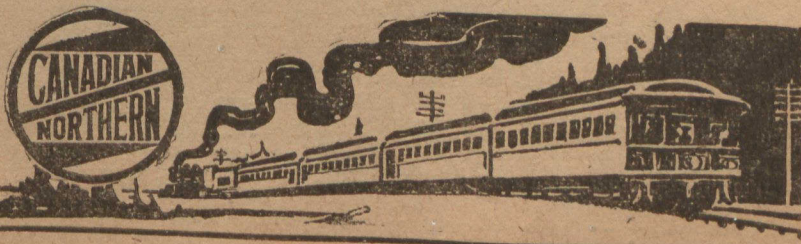
Plan Your Summer Vacation Now

Decide to enjoy the rest and recuperation of Body and Brain in one of Canada's National Playgrounds where the delightful climate, magnificent scenery and unlimited sporting possibilities combine to make the ideal recreation.

GRAND DISCHARGE OF THE SAGUENAY:
LAURENTIDE NATIONAL PARK:
ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK:
RIDEAU LAKES: MUSKOKA LAKES:
GEORGIAN BAY HINTERLAND:
NIPIGON FOREST RESERVE:
QUETICO NATIONAL PARK:
JASPER NATIONAL PARK AND MOUNT ROBSON PARK

All of which are served most conveniently by the Canadian Northern.

For literature and further information apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent, or write R. L. Fairbairn, General Passenger Agent, 68 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.



*"Be a sinew in
the Colossus
of Production"*



A Call to Sow—that we may reap

This call urges upon all Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, Patriotic Societies, urban and rural Mayors, Aldermen, Councillors, Reeves, retired farmers and others to hold local meetings at the earliest possible moment and determine upon the best ways and means of meeting, in their locality, a great Emergency

The world's available reserves of grain are gone. We are living literally from hand to mouth.

Ontario's farms stand in dire need of earnest, willing-to-work labor. Results of investigations by the Ontario Department of Agriculture show it. There is about one man per hundred acres left on the farms—not enough! Unless labor is forthcoming in thousands—men and boys—the farmer cannot now even plan to sow a normal harvest, much less harvest the increase the Motherland expects Ontario to produce.

This labor must come from the cities, towns and villages.

Retired farmers should lead in this great movement. They can at least direct the inexperienced part of the help that will volunteer.

Business and professional men, high school boys, warehousemen and others, particularly those with some knowledge of farming, are called upon to make a sacrifice and take part in this honorable duty of helping to feed the people, the Motherland and our gallant lads at the front.

For further particulars regarding the Need, location where help is needed, etc., write at once to

**Organization of Resources
Committee
Parliament Buildings, Toronto**

Chairman—His Honor Sir John Hendrie, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

Vice-Chairmen—Sir William Hearst, Prime Minister; N. W. Rowell, Esq., K.C., M.L.A.

Secretary—Albert H. Abbott, Esq., Ph.D.

Gets Material
from
Everywhere in Canada

CANADIAN COURIER

Goes to
Canadians
all over Canada

Vol. XXI.

April 28th, 1917

No. 22



THE UNLIKE AND THE LIKE

A Character Study on the Immigration Problem, which, after the Return of our Armies from Europe, will be a very Immediate National Business

By A. M. CHISHOLM

Illustrated by T. W. McLean.

future as hopeful as any. They ceased to look outward more or less enviously and turned their eyes inward upon their own possessions and potentialities, and for the first time the faith which had been the exclusive property of the few of far vision spread to the many. The knockers decreased and the boosters multiplied. In this period was born the indefinite thing known as Canadianism.

Being indefinite, this does not lend itself to ready definition. There is all sorts of flubdub about it, ranging from the verbal laurel wreaths we hang on ourselves in after-dinner speeches to the ecstatic flamboyance of some Canadian poets. Heaven knows we have a good opinion of ourselves. Heaven also is, doubtless, leniently aware that we come by it honestly, by virtue of our Anglo-Saxon or Celtic descent. We think we are as good as anybody—putting it modestly—and if we didn't think so we wouldn't be. A good rooster crows everywhere, anyway. The bulk of us are democratic, bitterly scornful of any other system. We stand for Canadian knights in moderation—though recently inclining to the belief that the top must have come off the shaker—but Canadian barons weary us, even irritate us. We have an abiding faith in our ability and a very firm determination to run our country in our own way, and in our own interests, without reference to anybody. And so, broadly speaking, Canadianism amounts to faith in ourselves and our country, and a determination to work out our destiny as an integral, self-supporting, self-respecting nation which is part of the British Empire. And the spirit in which we tackle the job is one of rather aggressive independence, common to youth of man or country.

Now, some twenty years or so ago, when the period of expansion began, a cry arose for immigration. Man-power, we were told, was the sine qua non of a nation. Men we must have to develop our latent resources. To the enthusiasts of that day one man was as good as another. Everything went. Those who ventured to suggest some discrimination in importation of future citizens were scoffed at. We paid immigration and transportation companies so much per head for immigrants, and naturally took them where they came easiest. We flung out a dragnet and paid a flat rate for sprats and herrings. It was a merry round-up—to mix metaphors—a game in which the companies played both ends against the middle, and when all the stock was in the corral we found that the per-head system had resulted in the rounding up of an astonishing number of coyotes and jackrabbits as well as good beef. The Tower of Babel had little on the immigration sheds of the

As a sergeant in a B. C. battalion walked down a street in the east end of old London, a little boy looked up at his tanned, muscular, six-foot-one and spotted the Maple Leaf.

"Ho!" he shouted to his pals, "look 'ere at the Canydian!"

The sergeant grinned down at the boy and chuckled to himself. Ten years before his home had been on that very street. But his family had migrated to Canada when he was fifteen, and he had spent the ten years ranching in British Columbia. Being a humorous cuss, the sergeant tells the story as a good joke, but the little boy was quite right. The sergeant is a perfectly good Canadian, and the more like him that we can lay claim to the better.

Canada has thousands of good Canadians by adoption, indistinguishable for all practical purposes from the native born; she has a number who adopt and adapt more or less slowly, but will get there sooner or later; and she has some who will never become real Canadians at all.

Some say that immigration will be heavy immediately after the war, while others hold that it will be scanty. But sooner or later, if unrestricted, it is bound to break all records of the past. Immigration must inevitably affect our national life to some extent, and anything that does so is worth considering and preparing for. Necessarily speculation as to the future is largely guesswork. Prophecy never was a good business, even in ancient times. But the best line we can get on the probable result of any future event is to be had from the results of like events in the past. In other words, the best we can do is to play the future on form.

In the past, then, we have had a fairly large and badly mixed immigration which went principally to the West. What have we done with it? Have we absorbed it, in a national sense? Does it sit comfortably on the national stomach, or is it still in hard, undigested lumps somewhere in our long-suffering interior? To get down to case cards, have our immigrants in the past become Canadians without hyphens? What is the process by which a stranger becomes a Canadian? How do we help that process along ourselves, or do we help it at all?

When is a man a Canadian, anyway? Frank answers to these questions may involve treading on an occasional corn. But if we take a brief national retrospect it may make for a clearer view.

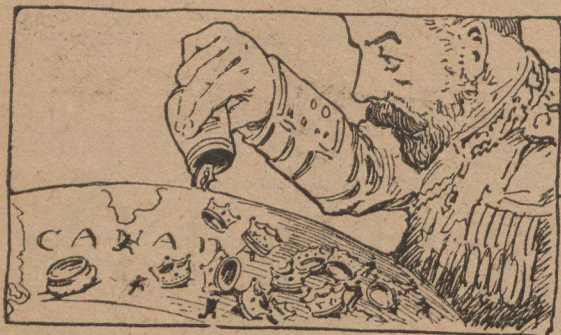
A stream before it receives tributaries is small and clear, and you know it intimately. But as other streams merge in it it swells and becomes a river. The aggregate of the tributaries may outsize the original stream, and as they enter and mingle its characteristics are apt to change. It may be still clear or it may be turbid, the water may be better or it may be worse, but anyway the further it flows the larger it gets and the less apt it is to resemble the original stream.

Up to even twenty-five years ago Canada was fairly homogeneous. Most of the men you met were native-born. The bulk of European emigration went to the United States; so did many Canadians. Eastern and Western Canada were connected by rail, and that was all you could say. Few people had been from coast to coast. Winnipeg was in the far West. The North-West Territories were a large, blizzard-breeding hiatus, inhabited by the late Nicholas Flood Davin. British Columbia was a terra incognita of horrendous mountains. Broadly speaking, the stream of Canadian national life rose in the Maritime Provinces, sank into the ground in Ontario, reappeared momentarily at Winnipeg, vanished again, and possibly was to be found at the Pacific Coast by anyone who cared to look. Few did. It was essentially a spring-fed stream; few tributaries ran into it. The thin trickle of immigration did not affect it. Newcomers were few, and absorbed with ease.

During these apparently non-progressive years, however, the last jarrings and grindings following confederation ceased. We began to think not in terms of provinces, but in terms of the country as a whole. The quiet period was formative. It produced a definite fiscal policy, a definite policy of adherence to the British Empire, some political history, and an indefinite number of great Canadians. The mortar of the Canadian house set fast and bound the structure. Canadians began to find themselves, to feel that they had a country of their own with a

West. But there being nothing else for it, we turned everything loose of the far-flung, fenceless and defenceless prairie and put the future up to Providence and the Mounted Police.

Among our acquisitions of those careless days was an aggregation of what would now be termed conscientious objectors. We had imported holus bolus a set of pseudo-religious cranks guaranteed to possess a plethora of economic and other virtues. There was much cheerful prattle about them, and a tendency to regard them as blessed on account of sundry alleged persecutions. Their sheepskin gar-



The top must have come off the shaker.

ments created quite a stir. Later, the lack of the garments created more, for they uncovered themselves and a penchant for tribal pilgrimages in the altogether, quite without regard for Canadian climate—and modesty. The scandalized police had a tough job to keep them from freezing to death. It was a blushful round-up, and the average Canadian inclined to the opinion that while as September Morns these importations might be all to the good, as Canadian citizens they were probably a total loss.

Now the importance of these people is to furnish an example of an undigested lump. They have not become Canadians. They have abandoned their airy pilgrimages and they are industrious; but that lets them out. In an estimate of national power in national crisis they count for little or nothing. They adhere to the community system, which is directly calculated to keep the immigrant a foreigner indefinitely and has been the stronghold of religious, economic and temperamental cranks in America since its discovery. There be communities and communities. But most of them, in a white man's country at any rate, are selfish, ingrowing concerns, the refuge of the weakling and the narrow-minded. In many cases they are a species of voluntary asylum, an emasculation of citizenship. Their sole redeeming feature is that while they bar out the rude world from their dwellers they also segregate their dwellers from the world. Which is usually a winner thereby.

BUT the thing to remember is that instead of the community being an influence because of its solidarity, that very fact prevents it from exerting any influence at all. The stream of national life flows by careless and undeflected. So that in an estimate of the influences of classes of immigrants we may discard as useless for our purposes communities, sects, cranks, and generally all manner of clannish peoples who hold aloof, foolishly regarding themselves as holier or of better birth or caste than their neighbours; and we may confine our consideration to those who mingle and fight the battle of life and national progress shoulder to shoulder with us as comrades on an equal footing. Theirs is the influence which counts. We are going to make Canadians of them, or they are going to make something else of us, Providence, as usual, favouring the heaviest battalions.

Our immigration so far has chiefly concerned the Western Provinces. It brings with it its own ideas, more or less fixed, its own ideals, often its own language, and in the majority of cases whether it comes from Bulgaria or Birmingham much ignorance of Canada and its affairs; for a conviction that so many bushels of wheat may be grown or that good wages and plenty of work may be had is not knowledge of the country.

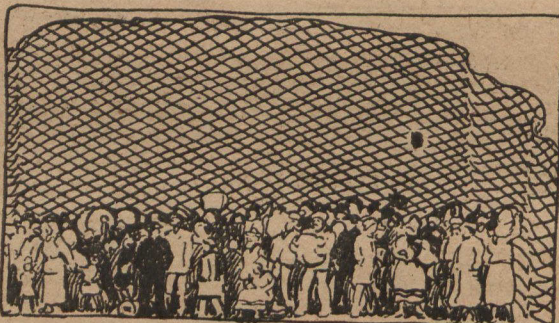
Now, if we set out unaided, man to man, to impose our own ideas on these newcomers, we should find ourselves up against a hard proposition. What saves the situation is that the majority are more or less anxious to learn the ways of the country. Nor can the influence of the country itself be overlooked. It

operates on the newcomer as it has operated on us. Like conditions make for like viewpoint as to material things. The spiritual end of it, in the sense of national aspirations, is another matter. To all peoples these are dim, sought gropingly. No prophets arise to reveal them exactly, and it follows that their working out is more or less blind.

It is a fair deduction, then, that Canada and its conditions are operative on the individual immigrant in proportion to his adaptability. If a man wants to sit in and play the game he will become a Canadian with comparative ease; but naturally if he prefers to regard himself as an exile from his God's country of origin and merely a pilgrim and a stranger here, he is apt to remain one indefinitely. A great deal, then, depends upon adaptability; and the paradoxical thing about it is that very often immigrants who are political aliens are the most adaptable, and those who are our fellow British subjects are the least. Which may be providential. And we should not forget, in the inevitable clash of ideas and viewpoint, that we ourselves, being of British blood, are apt to cling to our own notions with some tenacity.

YOU may make any amount of divisions of the streams of immigrants, but for the present purpose they may be divided into three: Political aliens of foreign tongue; political aliens of English tongue; British subjects. These correspond to immigrants from Europe other than the British Isles; Americans; and our cousins from the old homestead.

Consider for a passing moment the case of Wasy! Prokopotz, of somewhere in Europe, which does not differ materially from that of Swan Swanson, save that Wasy! has had a harder deal at home for centuries and is less inclined to trust his luck. Wasy!, then, by virtue of his toad-beneath-the-harrow family history, comes to Canada more or less humble, more or less fearful and nervous, with at best very few words of English. He does not know what he is up against. From the very first his attitude is receptive. He is anxious to learn because he has to. Probably the best he hopes for and the top notch of his early



Paid a flat rate for sprats and herrings.

ambition is work and pay and three meals per diem, and in time perhaps the ownership of a small farm. Modest lodgings, easy of fulfilment. In due course he is naturalized and is a Canadian citizen. As a political and economic unit he cuts just as much nominal ice as his neighbour Jack Haggarty, who was born on an Ontario farm. The point, however, is that being immeasurably better off than he ever hoped to be, he is apt to appreciate it. He casts no longing eyes backward. He wants to be considered a Canadian and he imitates his neighbours. Possibly he finds "Wasy! Prokopotz" top-heavy, and following the example of John B. Waterhole, of immortal memory, he becomes Walter Potts.

It is likely that during his natural life Mr. Potts never quite graduates from the idea that he is a citizen by sufferance. But he has the friendliest feelings toward the country of his adoption and thinks it the best in the world. Proof of the sound sense of Mr. Potts—also of his Canadianism. You could always tell that he was a foreigner born, and possibly the little Potts, though born in Canada, show traces of a foreign strain. But how about Potts' grandchildren, native Canadians for two generations? How many of us can show Canadian great-grandfathers?

On the whole, it seems reasonable to conclude that the descendants of Mr. Potts will be good Canadians. The effect of the admixture of foreign blood is another thing entirely. For that matter, we are a wondrous mixture ourselves. Indian blood is in some of our best-known Canadian families. As for blue

blood, those of us who can point with pride to some stirring ancestral gentleman who rustled his neighbour's cattle and burned their haystacks. Let us give Mr. Potts' descendants the benefit of the doubt. For all we know their ancestry may include some very famous robbers. It is possible that in this country of opportunity they may become manufacturers, wholesalers, potato potentes, or even leading politicians of the party to which we do not belong.

For the sake of contrast let us next examine the case of Lem Jackson. Jackson was an American, a Yankee if you prefer. He had a farm in Iowa which he could sell for a hundred dollars an acre. In Canada he could get equally good land for from ten to twenty dollars. It looked like a good business proposition to Jackson, who belonged to the Clan of the Wandering Foot, his ancestors having moved westward from New York State by degrees, the journey covering a century. Jackson sold to a neighbour who had already wanted his farm, and came to Canada, where he bought three or four times as much land as he had owned in Iowa, and went to work on it. Note that this gave him a real, live interest in the country. Note also that he didn't have to learn the language, and he was already a practical western farmer. He did well with his farm and it increased in value. He began to put down home roots.

Now Jackson was a good American. He liked the Stars and Stripes, and in his youth he had been fed on the good, old Bunker Hill stuff which stands unrivalled in American fiction, and he really thought that the States had whipped Great Britain. His boyhood memories included the old squirrel rifle with which the Jackson of that day had helped to do it. As a boy he thought that a Britisher made an excellent stranger and a better target, and that Canada was groaning 'neath the tyrant's heel. It was all in the books, and youthful impressions stick. However, his residence in Canada knocked these theories galley-west. He was just as free as in Iowa, and considerably better policed and protected. He liked the country, he liked his neighbours, who differed little from his folks, he was prosperous, and after a while he admitted to himself that he had no intention of going back to Iowa. Also the desire to have a voice in the affairs of the country was in his blood, and that desire is the hallmark of citizenship. He desired to be on a par in all respects with his friend Jack Haggarty from Ontario, who owned the ranch next him. So he took the oath of allegiance and became a Canadian citizen.

IF Western Canada is to be Americanized at all it must be by Jacksons. But observe that his migration involved no change in his habits, occupation, or mode of life. At first glance this might seem to support the Americanization theory; but on the contrary it explodes it. There is very little difference between the Canadian and American westerner. Either is at home in the other's country. So Jackson couldn't Americanize anything, even if he had wanted to. There was nothing for him to work on. It was too much like home.

Some people insist that there is a mysterious essential difference between simon-pure Americans and equally straight-bred Canadians. But is there? Take Jackson and his neighbour Haggarty examples—and the characters are fairly typical:

The original Canadian Haggarty was a Loyalist from western New York, and hence his descendant, according to all accepted standards, was clear-strain Canadian. But the Jacksons in those early days also lived in New York. The Haggartys went to Ontario, and some years later the Jacksons moved to Michigan. The two families wrestled with and overcame identical problems of life in a new country. Their personal experiences and family history were almost the same. Haggarty and Jackson, side by side in the



As September Morns they might be all to the good.

WAR'S WEEKLY

ON FARMING, WAR AND INTRIGUE

First comes Prince Felix Youssopoff in fancy dress, who lent his palace for the shooting of the Russian traitor-monk Rasputin. Next him—a row of pretty farm recruits taken at work near Epping



Forest. The gentle-faced woman below these girls is the wife of Sir Douglas Haig, one of the charming ladies of England. At her right is a group of her husband's men laying a road for the passage of our heavy guns in pursuit of the Huns. Below Lady Haig, again, is a closer view of the retreating Germans, showing the explosion of one of their shells in a Bapaume house. This particular picture shows a comparatively unharmed portion of Bapaume. The final picture on this stage is that of a Tommy "making" a drink by melting snow—this because the Germans poisoned the wells behind them.

THE WIFE OF GENERAL HAIG.



West, were entirely congenial. They were products of the same school. When Jackson became a Canadian the change was political merely. He had little to learn otherwise, and what was just as important nothing to unlearn. His previous experience was in direct line with his new surroundings. Nor could he teach Haggarty any lessons in democracy, because the latter held the thoroughly Canadian belief that the Governor-General is as good as a farmer if he behaves himself, and he spoke of his then-reigning sovereign familiarly as "Eddie," and affectionately as "a good, old sport." If you had asked him what he thought of royalty generally he would have said that in his humble opinion "the king racket was played out."

HAD Haggarty gone to Iowa he would have made a good American citizen. There is no reason why Jackson should not make just as good a Canadian. This holds true of the majority of American immigrants. They become Canadians without wrench or splash. It is the easiest and best thing they do. As a matter of fact they have more in common with us than any other people on earth.

Coming to the case of our fellow-subject John Tomkins of somewhere in England we find it differs materially from either of the foregoing. He speaks our language—or at least he speaks what we cannot deny is *prima facie* English, unless, indeed, he comes from Yorkshire or some similar dialect-belt when we simply throw up our hands and even his fellow-Britons have to watch his lips—and by a strong effort of intelligence he is able to gather the general meaning of what we think is English as she should be spoke. Unlike Prokopetz and Jackson he does not have to be naturalized; but unlike both he is in all probability the victim of preconceived notions of Canada and Canadians. And if Hades is paved with good intentions preconceived notions are its mosaic.

For, whatever may be the case in the future, English ideas of Canada in the past have been marked by extraordinary misconception when they have missed profound ignorance. English press comments on Canadian affairs have been marvels of wrong-angled obliquity. They simply can't get the right slant at us. English journalistic and other writers have formed the habit of popping over, spending three or four weeks—if they are big enough men, in the hands of genial and professional entertainers in the pay of some railway—and popping off home again to write a series of articles or even a book on Canada. They see a right-of-way and eat many luncheons, but they don't see Canada. And so, to paraphrase the dictum of the celebrated Mr. Fitzsimmons, the bigger they are the harder they fall—down. English fiction dealing with Canada is simply awful. Nor are we entirely guiltless, for we have furnished the United Kingdom with certain writers who have utterly lost what slight touch they ever had with Canada and its spirit. Again, certain Canadian corporations dealing among other things in land, have issued much advertising matter for English consumption, apparently as a severe working-test of the theory that figures and photographs can't lie. It is exactly that sort of thing which is responsible for a certain proportion of the disgruntled Englishmen who have written to "John Bull," in effect suggesting "Caveat Emptor" as a good, useful motto to go with the Maple Leaf. But however we split the responsibility the fact remains that the average Englishman doesn't know beans about this country. Nevertheless he is apt to have some very fixed ideas concerning it.

One of the oldest and most firmly rooted of these advance ideas is that Canada is a British Colony, to him "British" is synonymous with "English." "Colony" he understands in its primary and obsolete sense. If you dug down among the root ideas of his mind you would find the theory that Canada is English property and that every Englishman is a shareholder therein. Even if he does not hold that idea consciously he is very apt to think of and prevision Canada as a bit of England transplanted. He knows that many Englishmen have done well there. He may even think they have done well because they are English, and that he will do likewise for the same reason, which is a fine tribute to his national self-respect but a woefully mistaken deduction. Coupled with these notions, if he has them, is in all probability the idea that a real Englishman has something on all "colonials."

Do not blame him too much for this. It is precisely the mental attitude of the city to the country mouse, of the city man toward his rural brother. It is perfectly natural, and we have the converse of it ourselves. Another notion he may have which he isn't in the least to blame for, is that success may be attained in Canada without much work. This is one of the first to blow up with a bang. But it is the direct result of carefully compiled figures of acre-



Welcomed by gentlemen who desire to sell him land.

age yield, nice nursery stories of easy success, and pretty pictures of a rancher sitting on a well-groomed horse watching things grow. All of which resemble the real thing about as much as a seed catalogue.

Suggestion does much, even when we know better. We see pictures of grain in the field and the stook, and of apples bending down the limbs. They are real pictures, too. Eternal pictorial chorus of happy ranchers. But nobody ever saw a picture of a rancher grubbing out winter-killed fruit trees or contemplating his fields after a full-grown hailstorm. Nobody wants to see such things. They are mere incidents, the reverse of the medal. It is right to stress the better—especially if you want to sell land.



The little Pottses, born in Canada.

But the result is that the stranger expects to find things better and easier than they are.

ONE point more and most important. When an American comes to Canada he keeps on doing the work he has done all his life; but a vast number of our English immigrants come to work at something they have never done in their lives. This is especially true of those who go on the land. It is doubtful that fifty per cent. of them know anything whatever from practical experience of agriculture or horticulture.

It is well to bear that in mind. A man in a strange land on a strange job has a hard row to hoe. If he makes good he deserves all sorts of credit; if he fails he may not deserve sympathy; but meanwhile



Their ancestry may include some very famous robbers.

he is entitled to a suspension of judgment. On the whole, then, Mr. Tomkins, prior to his advent, has quite a bunch of notions about Canada, some inbred and some produced, and all more or less wrong.

I am devoting considerable space to John Tomkins, because he is worth it. He has come to Canada

by thousands and has made good, and he will come by tens of thousands. He is good stuff at bottom and improves on acquaintance. Let us be frank about him and ourselves and admit that we have a good deal to learn about each other.

Now, when Mr. Tomkins reaches Canada he finds himself a stranger in a strange land. The old flag is there, and that is about all. He goes West, where he is welcomed enthusiastically by gentlemen who desire to sell him land.

At this point he will be well advised to look around carefully before purchasing. We may as well admit that somebody will sell anything that somebody else will buy; further, that more worthless land has been unloaded on green Englishmen—very often by Englishmen more sophisticated—than on all other classes of immigrants put together. In certain circles there is a prevailing impression that an Englishman was created for that purpose. You can't fool a man from Iowa or Dakota on wheat land; nor a man from Washington or Oregon on fruit land. But not one Englishman in a thousand knows either when he sees it, nor can he reasonably be expected to. He has to take somebody else's say-so for it. Wherefore it behooves Mr. Tomkins to go slow and obtain disinterested advice if he can.

Unfortunately he does not know where to get it. As nobody whose advice is worth having ever volunteers it in matters of this kind, he is left to kill his own snakes. On the whole, Mr. Tomkins while endeavouring to place himself deserves sympathy—and doesn't get it.

ASSUME that the providence popularly supposed to watch over people who need it attends him and leads him to acquire average land in an average district; then it is right up to him. The answer and his future depends mainly on one thing—adaptability.

Now, it may be stated as a cold fact that the English as a people are not adaptable. Their attitude is that of Mr. Dooley to the Filipinos: "Tis aiser to larn ye our ways than to larn ourselves yours." The ways of the English are largely a product of custom, the custom continuing long after the original reason for it is lost. Nobody wants to find fault with them in England. Possibly they are excellent there. They meet English conditions; but they do not meet all conditions, and they do not meet Canadian conditions at all. One of the first and hardest things an Englishman in Canada has to do is to realize that. He has to learn the short cuts. He has to learn the value of time. He has to learn to speed up. He has to learn that you can't pay a man to do boy's work and make ends meet. He has to learn that permanence and thoroughness, the twin fetishes of the Briton, are mighty small gods in the new land. In other words, he has to learn that there is a short limit to the time and labour that may profitably be spent on any job. If he oversteps that limit his profit goes to glory—or elsewhere. Observe that in these details he is handicapped as compared with Prokopetz and Jackson. For the former came frankly ignorant, and the latter had lived all his life under conditions almost identical with Canadian. It is hard to unlearn the lessons that have been drilled in from boyhood. Again, Mr. Tomkins deserves sympathy—and once more he doesn't get it.

Mr. Tomkins, though he does not know it, is now at the parting of the ways. He may adapt himself to the country, to its newness and rawness and crudeness in some respects, to the amazingly queer views and outlandish idiom of Canadians and make friends among his neighbours; or he may join a little circle of others like himself and put in his spare time—and much time that isn't or shouldn't be spare—in reminiscing of "home" and panning the country and its natives to a rich brown.

If he takes the former course he will find the average Canadian very willing to help him not only with advice, but with practical demonstration, a team if he needs it or any machinery. But if he adopts the attitude of an exile nobody will thrust advice upon him, he will be left to paddle his own canoe, and he will spin out his probation indefinitely.

In fact during this period of novitiate he is exactly in the position of a new boy at a public school. He is a freshman and he gets what goes with it. The fact that his mother originally founded the

school makes no difference. If he thinks it should, heaven help him. He has to shake down and find his level exactly as the new boy finds it, and the process is never pleasant. He may think that Canadians are prejudiced against Englishmen. Quite wrong. Their attitude is shared by all Englishmen who have been through the mill. They are merely waiting to see if he will make good, to see what sort of a chap he is. If he looks around he will see men of English birth hand in hand with native Canadians in every enterprise. Both are Canadians. When Mr. Tomkins first thinks of himself as a Canadian he is over the hump.

Suppose he makes good, sits into the game and takes an active interest in our affairs. Then he first begins to influence us. He is a valuable and invaluable citizen once he regards himself as such. He and his kind are with us by the thousands, and in all probability they are stiffening our national backbone. An Englishman's peculiarities may cause rude mirth and give rise to caustic comment, he may blunder and give rise to caustic comment, he may blunder ridiculously at the new job, he may not know which way a tree will fall, he may even be under the impression that the muskrat lays the muskeg; but nobody ever doubted that his crew is full of clean, white sand. Moreover, an Englishman is by nature a stickler for his rights, while we Canadians are too much inclined to follow the line of least resistance, to put up with an imposition rather than go to the trouble of righting it. We let men and corporations get away with far too much, rather than make a fuss. Possibly our English immigrants may help cure this national defect.

In the vast majority of cases the English immigrant makes good, and he is respected accordingly. When you consider the number of immigrants from the British Isles, and the further fact that many of them come here to tackle entirely strange jobs, the proportion of failures is astonishingly small. Taking it all in all this stream of immigration is the most valuable of any, and luckily for us, with our haphazard methods, it is also the largest.

Now, all this may lead us to some fairly reasonable general conclusions. It seems the lot of our race—Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, Norman-Dane, Norman-French, and endless combinations of all—to be a mixture. The process continues in America. It is a thing beyond our control, but not beyond a certain regulation.

While Canada so far has absorbed and Canadianized most of her immigrants, it is principally because the majority and by far the better class of them have been English-speaking, accustomed to representative government, to the same general system of laws, and with the same inherent distinctions between right and wrong. Native-born Canadians plus this class of immigrants dominate those of alien birth and speech by both numbers and intelligence. Well for us that this is so. And it is nothing but pure luck that it is so, because we have been careless in the extreme.

So that if we may draw one broad conclusion from the immigration of the past it is that we should be more careful of its sources in the future. There is no duty laid upon Canada to hold her doors open for the sick and sore at heart and discontented of spirit of all Europe. When a man wishes to come to Canada to better himself it is not unreasonable to inquire whether he will better Canada. The dollars and cents test is a crude thing. There should be a fair literacy test. Sections of our West already resemble the Feast of Pentecost in the matter of tongues. While it may be going far to restrict our immigration to the English-speaking—and no doubt the people of our present allies should receive consideration—we should at least make much surer than before that we take in those only who will make desirable additions to our population, in other words, real Canadian citizens.

If we should do that it follows logically that we should bar out absolutely representatives of those races which we now know to be devoid of national honour—which on analysis is but the sum of private honour—who are outwardly civilized but inwardly and inherently barbarous, fundamentally lacking in the principles of good faith, justice and truth; whose code is a cynical, bestial opportunism. We should regard Canadian citizenship as a privilege, not to be

(Concluded on page 23.)



Work, Rest and Cure

Heave-ho! and all together, Britishers thousands of miles from home, in Mesopotamia, getting a big gun over a ridge.

Natural brine baths and massage, cure for shell shock. Over 200,000 cases have been treated by this method at Droitwich free of charge. This man is getting a treatment.

Looking like robbers in a cave, but feeling like huge chunks of sleep on legs, these warriors below flung themselves down in Bapaume the day they entered the town.



THE HUNGRY STATE AND THE FARMER

YOU might say it was this way: The world is trying to write a play with a happy ending for both the villain and the hero. You must admit that is difficult. The two chief characters in this play, of course, are John Farmer and Reginald Cityman. One is the hero and one is the villain. Which is which depends upon which part of the theatre you sit in. If your point of view is a field—there is no doubt about Reginald Cityman's villainy. He is lazy, greedy, extravagant and discontented. If your point of view is through an office or factory window—you have equal facility in deciding that John Farmer is the villain of the piece. John Farmer is backward and lazy, and keen on getting big prices at the expense of poor folk—and totally indifferent whether the world starves to death or not, so long as HE, John Farmer, gets a big price for his hogs (or whatever his crop may be.)

I must confess that there is something fascinating about this bloodthirsty representation of the farmer. It is rather pleasant to think of him as Louis Raemaekers would draw him (if Raemaekers were a city man) holding the world by the back of the neck and shaking him, while with his other hand he dangles a raw turnip under the world's nose and growls: "Yer money—or not a darn bit of turnip do you get!" To my way of thinking it is a pleasant picture, because it is so unlike the farmers I have known, and because, too, there is just enough of truth in such a picture to make one feel that the farmer is getting back a little of his goat, the "goat" which we city people have, perhaps unconsciously, been collecting for a good many years.

The position of the average government's Department of Agriculture in such a situation is no sinecure. I spent an afternoon recently with some of the agricultural officials of a certain provincial government, and I have reason for claiming that they have their troubles. Mind you, they don't admit it. They make no complaint. But between trying to appease Reginald Cityman's clamour for greater food production whereby Reginald and his little ones are to be saved from the awfulness of a concave stomach, and trying to do justice by the farmer—they have their troubles. That is what makes one think of the play-writing business. How shall our departments of agriculture devise a happy ending for both villain and hero?

"We are trying," said one of the officials of the Agricultural Department to which I have reference, "to show the farmer that in increasing his production he is not injuring his own interests, but, rather, protecting himself against possible market fluctuations. Many a shrewd farmer has the idea that since there is a world shortage of food he need have no fear about the high prices remaining. He says, therefore, that he will continue to produce about as usual and no more. He sees no great sense in increasing his output—and encouraging all others to increase their output—and thereby batter down the prices. We have had to get after this type of reasoning with counter-reasoning. We have tried to demonstrate that it would require a world-wide organization of the farming interests to seriously affect the prices for farm stuffs. Even if all the western farmers were wheat growers, and if they decided for one year that they would grow only half the amount of wheat which they usually put in—it is not certain that the price of wheat would go higher. There would still be India and the Argentine, and Australia to reckon with. Furthermore, there might be specially good weather that would make the yield from the smaller area of wheat—higher than the average yield from the normal area.

"THERE are too many factors in the production of foodstuffs to allow the farmer to affect the price of stuffs unless by a world-wide scheme—obviously impossible. It is in the interests of the farmer to grow as much as he can any time, and at all times."

An old retired farmer with farmer sons and his own farm "rented out" while the old gentleman lives in Toronto—because his grandchildren can get to school more easily here—had just returned from a sort of triumphal tour of the Province of Ontario

Someday the Business of Farming will be run like any other Great Business

By BRITTON B. COOKE

when I met him. For some reason, at the moment unknown, he seemed to breathe wrath against all dwellers in cities, and it was with difficulty that the screen of mutterings and mumbblings was cleared aside and the old man's thoughts lured, as it were, into the opening.

"I wish somebody would make farming the State's business," he said, presently. "I wish there was no such thing as the individual farmer—or the individual manufacturer, either, for that matter. The time is coming—least I think it is—when there will be state control of pretty nearly every form of necessary production. When that comes the food problem will be solved."

And this was his theory.

FOOD is scarce in England, because in England the balance between agricultural and city life has been destroyed. The great bulk of the population consumes food. The minority produces it. The result is that great quantities have to be imported from overseas. Here in Canada, though we have every reason to be agriculturists, we have followed the instinct of our kind. We have expanded our cities and left farming to the few. There has been a steady increase in the consuming population of the Dominion and a steady decrease in the number of farmers on the land. There is a growing demand and a dwindling supply.

"Now, then," he said, "we are trying to re-arrange the lop-sided condition of affairs. We are trying to get more people on the land and to make those that are there grow more stuff. Maybe that is all right for emergencies like the present emergency in food, but in the long run—statesmen are going to work out a principle of balance, balance between the urban and the rural activities of the country. They will make sure that the country can at least feed itself before it starts to export either manufactured goods or foodstuffs. We will then have an end of American stuff coming into this market."

A nation, in his estimation, was like a factory. There had to be a continual balance between the raw material stores of the factory and the orders that were being turned out of the shipping room. That balance the old gentleman failed to find in the case of the Canadian national "factory."

State control of farming would do more than anything else to make farming the scientific profession it ought to be. Many men who would disclaim socialistic tendencies, admit this. "First of all," said one official of a western province, "you must grant that farming is a business with a great deal of risk in it. No one can guarantee the wind and the rain and the sun. No one can guarantee the state of the world markets six months after a crop is sown. The individual farmer, it is true, has more information and better information than he ever had before as to the probable trend of markets. But even at that he is at the mercy of his own judgment. Great manufacturing enterprises do not depend upon the foresight of department foremen as to the nature and the quantity of the goods which that foreman's department is expected to run out. The policy is determined by a central executive whose business it is to study marketing conditions and to co-ordinate the efforts of the various departments under him so as to meet those conditions. Now, I don't care whether the Government takes over the general farm management of its territory or whether the farmers get together into a sort of joint stock company with a general manager and board of directors to determine the general lines

along which all members of his company shall work—either scheme would meet my point—but control, co-ordination and co-operation there SHOULD be. Farming will never hold the place it ought to hold in the eyes of the world until we recognize this fact. Manufacturing will always have greater respect and greater power over the public mind until farming ceases to be a haphazard affair carried on by countless individuals in countless different ways. When the change is made, the State, or the farmers' farming organization will decide on the policy to be pursued for the year. The losses will be pooled and the profits pooled. There will be no bankrupt farmers except those who refuse to work."

This is probably utopian, and yet there are signs not only of the need for this sort of thing, but of the tendency more and more toward government control. The story of the bacon hog is well known. The bacon hog is a hog with a good figure. The common hog has no figure. He runs to fat and the average farmer lets him run to fat because he argues that it is cheaper to do that than to watch the diet of his hog. Yet there ARE good farmers who recognize the importance of producing a lean-waisted hog (a "finished" hog is the proper term, I believe) and they carry their beliefs into practice. But with what result? The careless farmer comes into the same market with his fat hogs and gets the same rate on a greater number of pounds of pork simply because there are not enough of the conscientious growers to produce enough hogs to create a definite market for that type.

Take also the matter of cream and the production of butter. Hitherto we have been very careless in butter production in this country. For many years Canada did a large export trade with the United Kingdom. She lost this trade when the home demand rose on account of increased railway construction and other activities. The Danes then stepped into our shoes and had been selling their excellent wares in England in place of Canadian butter when the war broke out. With the cutting off of the Danish market, however, the demand for butter was such that the Canadian shippers were once more able to enter this market. They had a certain surplus of butter due to the fallen demand in Canada, and they added to this by increasing the output of the butter factories. Last year between ten and twelve million pounds of butter were shipped out of Montreal. This export was smaller than it might have been had the season been more fortunate. This year there will be still greater shipments. But—when the war is over and normal trading relationships are restored, Canadian butter is likely to be driven out of the United Kingdom market by the Danish butter unless it measures up to the standards set by the Danes.

OFFICIALS in the Ontario Department of Agriculture recognized this fact and—following the example of certain of our western provinces—are standardizing the butter production of Ontario. Hereafter Ontario butter will bear a government mark and will be bought and sold according to class. This will affect not only the actual butter-makers, but will re-act upon the farmers. For the quality of the butter depends very largely upon the quality of the cream which goes into its making. Hitherto there has been a premium on careless handling of cream. In most districts the clean and careful farmer only received the same price as the careless farmer. In future the cream will have to be graded in all butter factories. The slovenly farmer will find himself getting the due reward of his slovenliness—or will change his methods in order to get a higher price.

These are examples of the need for standardization in farming practice—and the usefulness of the Government, or of some farm-appointed authority in deciding upon the standards and enforcing them. Until farming is standardized in one way or another it seems quite likely that the greatest of all industries is likely to remain low in efficiency. Meantime the attempt to reconcile the demand of Reginald Cityman with the supplies from John Farmer are mere pieces of patchwork on a system which is bound to be reconstructed sooner or later.

THE VISION OF CEPHORE BEDORE

By CHARLES C. JENKINS

THE idea flitted into Cephore Bedore's wicked old head as he lay blinking from under the coverlet at the squares of yellow the late afternoon sun cast through the window upon the bed-room carpet. Being only an idea—and a wild one at that—it might have flitted out again had Cephore been of the common type and given to letting difficulties divert him from his desires. But the old habitant had faced and overcome many seeming impossibilities in his day and he was not to be balked.

The more old Cephore turned the Idea over for mental inspection the better he liked it. His bony and knotted right hand felt shakily under his pillow till the fingers came in contact with a small, chilly object. He chuckled to himself, then laughed aloud.

Boisterous merriment caused him to twist indistinctly and his acute rheumatics stabbed him with the stab of white-hot iron in a knee-joint and at a shoulder-blade, which made him groan almost as loudly as he had cackled previously.

Now ideas are not born of barren minds. Incident or spoken word must first sow the suggestion from which they sprout to bring forth grain or tares, as the case may be. Bedore's fertile brain was in a most receptive mood when Patrick Flannagan called, having nothing more acceptable to occupy it just then than the bitter prospect of spending the balance of his days in bed between spasms of twitchings and dull, grinding aches.

Flannagan had not called on Bedore personally. He knew better. But the invalid had caught snatches of the conversation the big Irish neighbour held with his wife in the front room just beyond the partly opened door. Silent rage, which at first held sway at his impotency to order Flannagan from his roof or beat him therefrom with a poker if need be, gave way to craftier reflection. Hence the Idea and the disastrous guffaw.

When the visitor had departed, Cephore called to his wife. He addressed her in Pain Court French:

"Marie, that pig of a Flannagan was here just now?"

"He was," the madame answered, patiently. "He called to ask for your health."

"My health!" sneered the caustic old man. "Much better to say he wished to know how soon Cephore would die, and to know if when Cephore died you would sell to him Cephore's share in the Gay Paree."

"He did mention the boat," admitted Madame Bedore, "but it was to know if we would do anything to get you to sell to him, now that you cannot use it any more."

"THE Irish pig!" exploded Cephore, at the risk of again disturbing his slumbering rheumatics. "But he shall not have the Gay Paree if Cephore die or Cephore live, you hear! It will be my last wish and you must obey."

"Also," he inquired more quietly, "there was some mention of that scamp of a son of his who would marry our Josephine?"

"Yes, Monsieur Flannagan did say something about Tom telling him he'd like to burn the old boat for all the trouble it has caused between us. But he laughed when he said it, Cephore."

"You hear! You hear!" cried the outraged invalid. "He said he would burn the Gay Paree. The rascal, the scamp, the villain! Marie, you call Josephine to me!"

Madame Bedore departed to return almost immediately with a lithe, dark-eyed girl of somewhere about nineteen summers, who carried herself with that grace which goes with city convent education. Obviously, she dreaded the coming interview.

"Josephine," Cephore addressed her,

"have you been keeping company with that young scamp of a Flannagan lately?"

"I have met him at parties sometimes and at the Mass he has been when I have been," she answered, candidly.

"You must have nothing to do with him," commanded her father.

"I have heard you say so before, father."

"I forbid you to marry him," continued the ruthless old man.

"If you marry him when I am gone, I will leave you nothing but my curse, you hear! I have so said in my will."

"Oh, father, how can you speak so!" reproved the girl. "The Padre would be angry if he heard you."

"That is because the Padre does not know it all," snapped Cephore. "Young Flannagan is a pig like his drunken father."

"He has always been a gentleman to me," argued the daughter, with some spirit, "and he does not drink."

"He is a pig," persisted her father. "Furthermore, he is a criminal and a villain, for did he not say he would burn the Gay Paree for spite?"

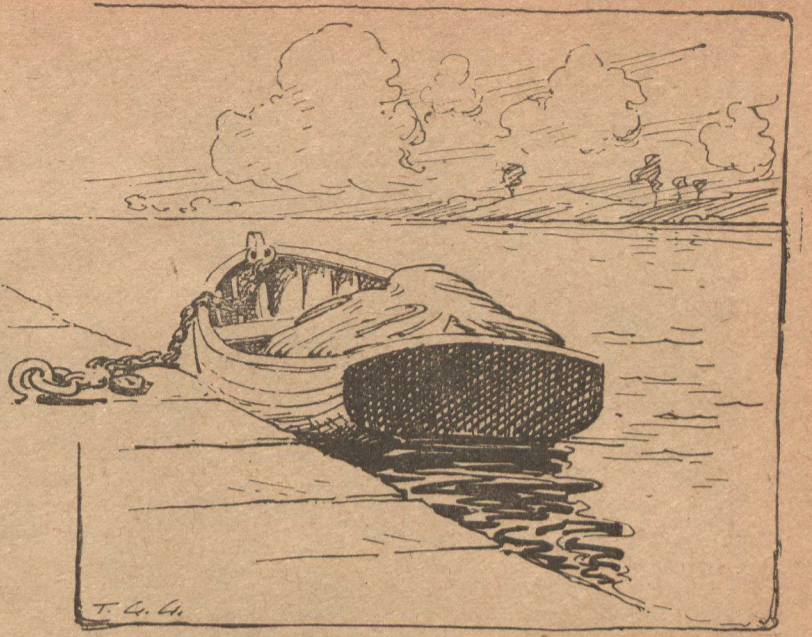
"I do not believe it," stoutly protested Josephine.

"Ask your mother," sneered Cephore, and as Josephine turned she read a mute affirmation in her mother's face.

"Go!" triumphantly cried the old man. "It is enough you should know what a dark rascal he is, and that your father forbids you to meet him. He will burn the Gay Paree if the chance comes to him, you hear!"

The girl was on the verge of tears, and it was with an effort she hid from her stern parent her distress. Without a word she followed her mother from the room. A smile of satisfaction at the successful progress of his plans momentarily rippled over old Cephore's face as he fondled the metallic object beneath his pillow.

It was an odd feud that set up the barrier between



Illustrated by T. G. Greene

the Bedores and the Flannagans. It had wholly to do with the big fish yawl, Gay Paree, in the first place.

The Flannagans lived across the river. The elder Flannagan was Flannagan in penchant as well as name. The only thing he liked better than a joke was a scrap. Patrick Flannagan also was partial to Scotch whiskey, but despite periodical sprees, he had prospered and reared and educated a family of five daughters and a son, of whom Tom Flannagan was the oldest.

THERE were but three of the Bedores, Cephore, his wife, and their daughter, Josephine. Cephore had made his start in life as a riverman and invested his savings in land. He became by dint of circumstances a well-to-do farmer, but at heart was still a freshwater rover, and, so soon as he could afford it, he went back to his first love, the river. For some years now he had leased his farm, retaining only the house and the garden adjoining, giving over all his time to his nets in Lake St. Clair and his carp ponds at Mitchell's Bay.

In the old days, Pat Flannagan and Cephore Bedore were neighbourly and, in fact, partners. It was not that they had anything particular in common in the way of cardinal virtues, but they happened to be of mutual use to one another at a stage of development when neighbourly co-operation was a prime necessity.

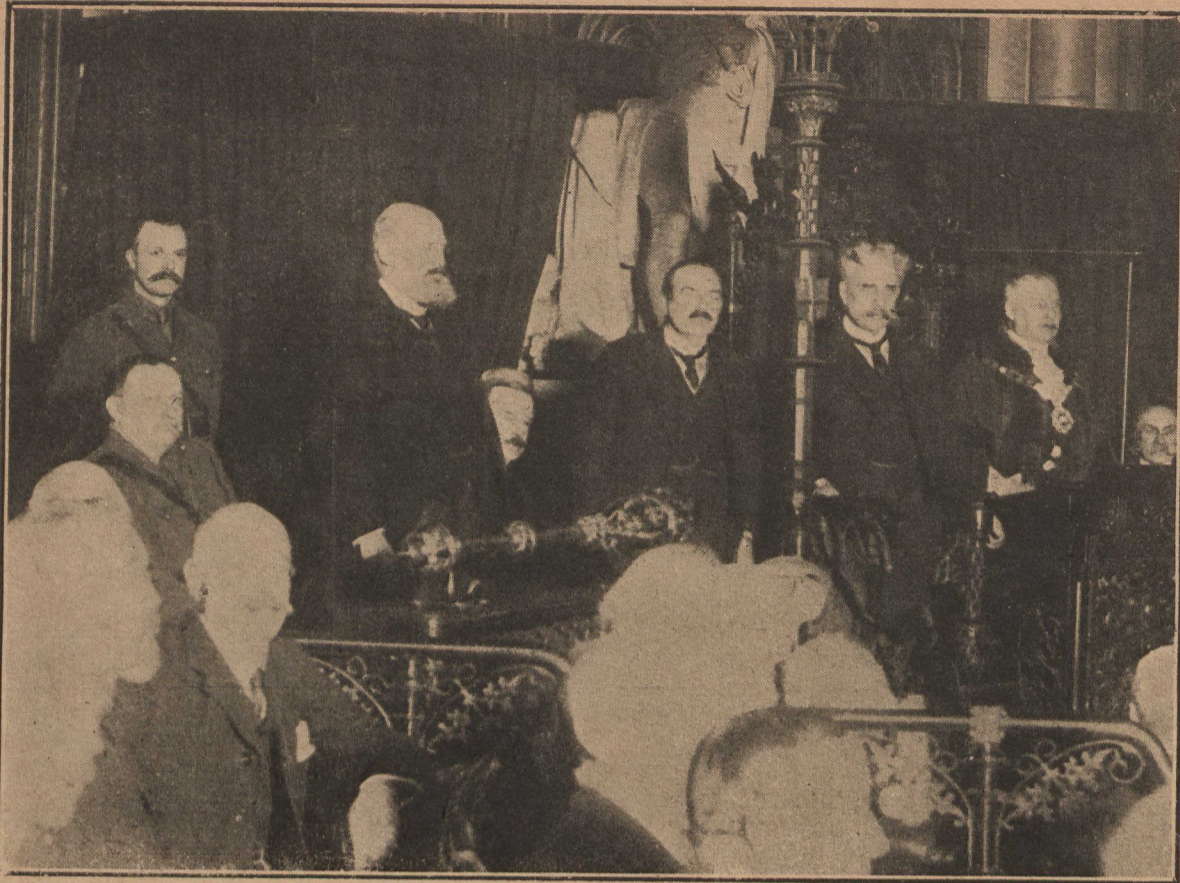
The two farmers had gone into the investment in the fish yawl, Gay Paree, on shares, as they did at first on their fishing enterprises down on the lake. Bedore built the shell himself, while Flannagan paid for the engine. Though now rather an old craft as powerboats go, she was still the staunchest and speediest yawl on the river, clinker built, with keel, stem and samsonpost from a white oak monarch Cephore had picked and felled himself.

To Flannagan, the Gay Paree was merely a good investment for getting out to the nets in a hurry and hauling the catch to Tilbury or Chatham. To Bedore, she was everything in life worth prizing. She was his one hobby and his joy forever. Seated by her droning engine while she swished over the water like a skimming bird with a white purl of foam at her bow meant Cephore's happiest moments. No one else might regulate her carburetor, none other dare guide her wheel.

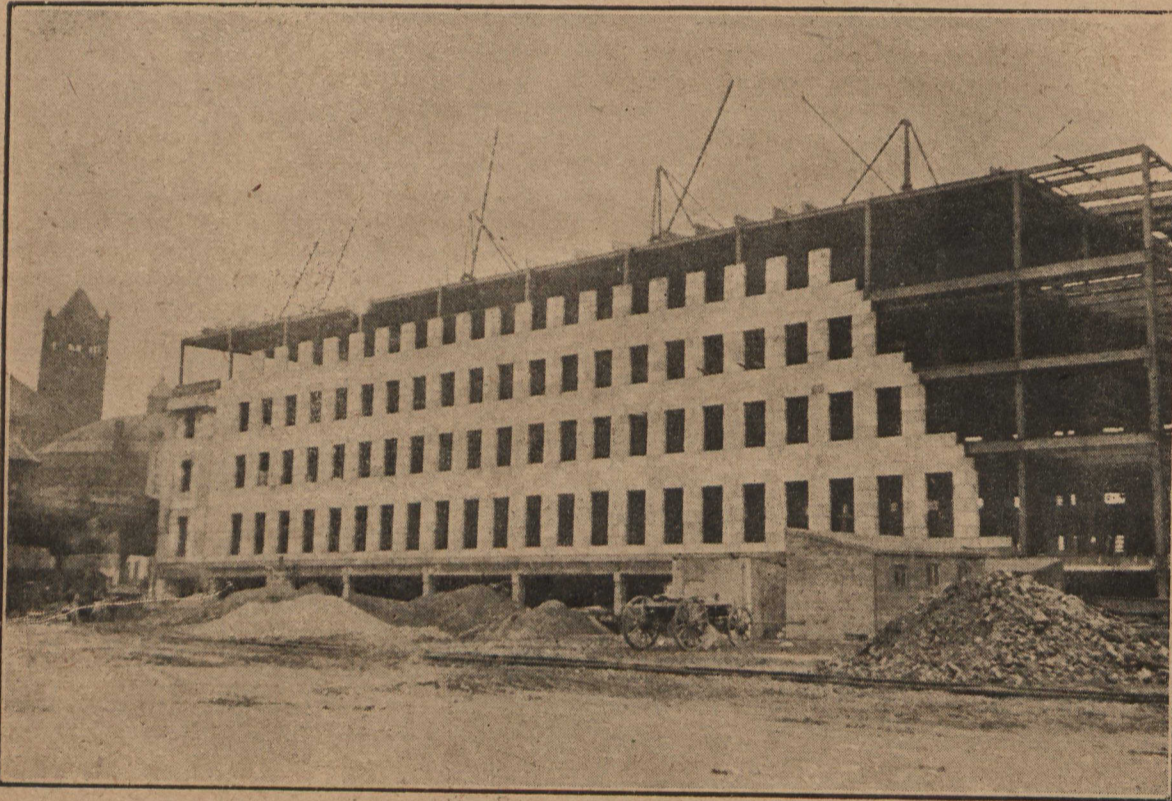
Meanwhile, across the river, Old Romance had been weaving a golden web. Tom Flannagan cast sheep's eyes at Josephine Bedore. They were merry blue eyes and Josephine liked them. Tom inherited all the purposefulness of his sire with considerable more reasonableness of disposition thrown in. Josephine inherited beauties of mind and feature that were not her father's. Old Cephore at heart was very proud of the girl, but took care never to tell her so.



The cold grey dawn of the morning after.



Sir Robert Borden at the Guildhall accepts the new Mace for our House of Commons from the Lord Mayor and Sir Charles Wakefield, the late Lord Mayor.



To the left, Toronto's old depot; the new one slowly rising beside it.



Members of the Dominion War Veterans' Association on Winnipeg City Hall steps beside the monument to the N. W. Rebellion heroes.

It was while Josephine was attending convent school in the city that the breaking off of diplomatic relationships took place between Flannagan and Bedore. Cephore was overtaken with rheumatism and the family doctor forbade him going out to the nets. Flannagan had come over and suggested that he would take out the boat and look after Cephore's nets as well as his own. Bedore at first protested diplomatically and finally refused point blank. Think of it! Could any but himself be trusted with the Gay Paree? They might run her into a floater and smash her shell, or onto a sinker and strip her wheel! No, Cephore would be all right in a week or so, and he'd take her out himself.

In a week, Pat Flannagan came back. He was getting very nervous about the nets. He found Cephore unimproved and in worse temper. At the proposal that Pat's son, Tom, could handle the boat very nicely, he flew into a fine rage. What did that prig of a boy know about the mysteries of carburetors, timers and dope-cups? He would surely have an explosion and kill himself and destroy the boat. Flannagan, in desperation, offered to pay Bedore his own price for his share in the boat. Bedore countered by demanding from Flannagan what he wanted for the engine. Neither would sell and they locked horns at stalemate.

Josephine came home from college when hostilities were at their height. She received strict instructions at once with regard to trading with the enemy or any of his house. The girl accepted the situation patiently, philosophically, but, nevertheless, she and Tom Flannagan met occasionally at house parties and at church on Sundays. These were golden moments which the young people made the most of. Tom, who had saved a little, once suggested an elopement, but Josephine, strong as was her attachment for the daring and impulsive young man, had too much respect for the permanent wrath of her sire to try anything rash. For her, she knew, in such a case there would not be forgiveness.

Cephore's rheumatics grew worse, and his disposition correspondingly ugly. Before he was ordered to bed he had the Gay Paree snubbed securely to her dock with a padlock and chain, and he took the key to bed with him, where he kept it under his pillow.

So lay the tablets that afternoon when Pat Flannagan called to make a final plea to Madame Bedore to use her influence to get Cephore to give up the boat. Flannagan went away in a towering rage, and Bedore lay exulting in his bed over the evident annoyance he was giving his enemy and planning deep for a climax of complications.

The following day the habitant's condition was improved—much improved. He was in such buoyant spirits that his family decided the end was near at hand, that it must be the lull before the Great Storm that would take Cephore away with it.

But it was the Idea—his wicked Idea—that Bedore was hugging to himself and chortling over. The time for execution, he felt, was near at hand, and the Fates were fitting him for the task. He noted with satisfaction that he could now turn cautiously over in bed without exciting rheumatic retribution.

Bedore was even counting the hours till sundown. From then on he impatiently bided his time till the Madame and Josephine were a-bed.

When their heavy breathing assured him they were securely wrapped in slumber, Cephore Bedore arose and gingerly donned apparel he had not touched in weeks. His rheumatics rent him. When he first attempted to stand up he became so dizzy he nearly toppled over.

In his sock-feet he silently tip-toed to the kitchen for matches. Pulling on his shoes he lifted his bedroom window and stole out. Old Cephore Bedore inserted the key and loosed the padlock that held the Gay Paree secure. The chain dropped on the freeboard with a clank. The night was starlit and no moon. The gloom over the river was propitious.

Into a baling-can he drew a generous quantity of fluid from the cock under the gasoline tank forward. This he proceeded to splash over the cockpit from stem to stern, and, finally, soaking some waste, he made to step on the dock, light a match to it and push the Gay Paree to her flaming last chapter of existence.

But Cephore's left arm feeling for the piling
(Continued on page 22.)

SAM'S DANDER IS UP

Observations of a Canadian who spent six months in the United States getting the War Opinions of other men

By FRANK YEIGH

of many colours, and his progressive development of high temper typifies the rising temper of this hundred-million country, the quickening pulse, the stiffening purpose, the clearer ringing note, the coming to its true and best self of a mighty nation that is finding its soul.

Washington, April 5.

THIS is the third great occasion on which I've recently been in Washington. The other two were Election and Inauguration. In comparison—pass them up; alongside of April 2 they were mere circus parades. I have seen the defiant banners of the Suffragettes, the wandering bands of pacifists, waylaying senators and congressmen and passers-by; the opposing "Pilgrims of Patriotism," urging war action, and the crowd of all sorts and conditions filling the halls of the great white parliament of the nation and the surrounding plaza. Nothing in comparison to this deep-seated, bull-goaded tantrum of Uncle Sam, who is not inarticulate with uncontrolled rage, but has an ominous set of the jaw and eyes that should be danger signs to even a defiant, supercilious, cocksure Germany.

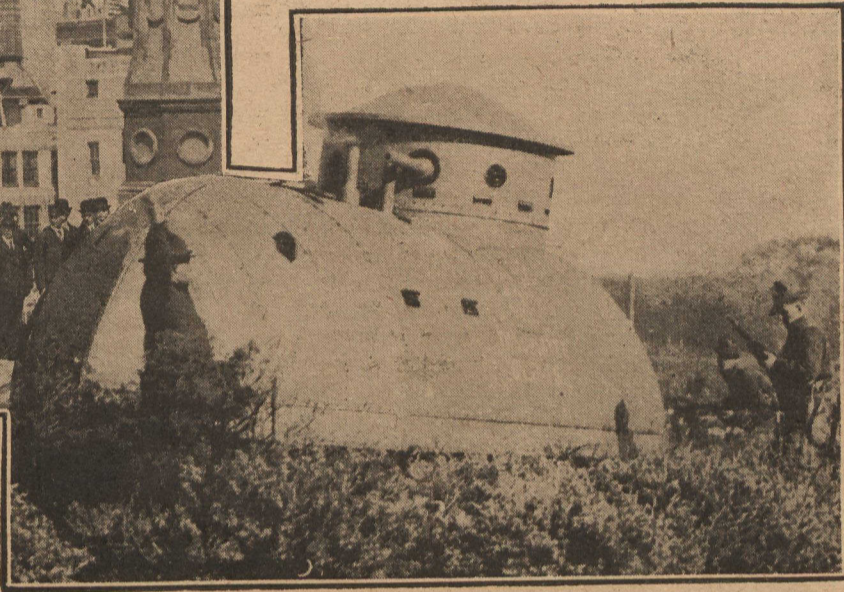
Government, nation and people are a unit in this thing. The moment the President signed the real proclamation of war, on Good Friday, at 1.13 by the clock, the news was flashed from the Capitol roof to the wireless station on Arlington Heights, and from there three thousand miles to sea and to every United States ship, arsenal, navy yard and army post, and so to the Chancellories of Europe.

Last night, too, while the world slept, government officers and troops seized a hundred million dollars' worth of German ships at the Hoboken piers and elsewhere. I've just passed them, their huge, smokeless funnels silhouetted against the New Jersey skyline, while their officers and crews are kicking heels together as virtual prisoners of war.

The bomb-makers on the interned German boats were sentenced to-day to five years each in Atlanta Penitentiary. La Follette and Vardaman are being burned in effigy, and presented with thirty pieces
(Concluded on page 27.)



Tiffany's employees gathered for drill on the roof to protect the great jewellery establishment in case of riots and to enter the army.



Citizen soldiers of San Francisco have built a tank for active service somewhat different from the British tank.

Boston, April 4, 1917.

I'VE been watching Uncle Sam getting mad. I write these lines at a monster patriotic meeting in old Boston town. The air is tense with excitement; audience keyed up to billows of cheering on the slightest provocation. A Bostonian—cultured or otherwise—can't help warming up under the spell of his local orators. In this old town, where the ante-George-Thirders spilled the tea in the harbour in 1775, just mention Plymouth Rock or Bunker Hill, Lexington or Concord—and hear the rafters ring.

Yes, Uncle Sam's dander is rising—like a tide, or the slow upward movement of the mercury when a storm is brewing. I witnessed the change from week to week, indeed, from day to day, in chance conversations with fellow-travellers, from Minneapolis to Kansas City; from St. Louis to New Orleans; from Boston to Richmond. The press also reflected the changing temper of the public mind, while war-preparing activities, in scores of ways, filled the news columns.

The way the country is responding to the presidential mandate is also thrilling, again reminiscent of the days of the Sixties. Monster patriotic demonstrations on Boston Common, in Philadelphia's Independence Square, in Chicago Coliseum, Washington's Convention Hall, and New York's Madison Square Gardens. Sights and sounds we have long been familiar with in Canada are being seen and heard all the way from Maine to the Mexican border; the bugle call, the appeal of the recruiter, the challenging posters, and the demonstration of loyalty through the flag.

A few Sentries at bridge ends, tunnel openings and industrial plants. Entering New York last night on a Jersey City ferry, flash lights were penetrating the darkness from Battery and tower, meeting the bar of light from the illuminated Statue of Liberty, and searching the waters and wharves for lurking enemies, of which the country has all too many.

Uncle Sam and John Bull are alike in this, that both are slow to anger, but look out for trouble when they quit arguing and start scrapping. Uncle Sam's genial, shrewd smile and unruffled shirt front and rear coat tails have been laid aside once more, as in the fateful 'Sixties. There's an ugly look in his eye and a menacing twist to these same coat tails

But the men I'm listening to here in Boston are not merely in a state of angry excitement. They are saying unusual things; they are speaking out in meeting. What do you think happened before the meeting was opened? A bugle rang out; a squad of National Guards, with a standard-bearer carrying aloft Old Glory, marched up the centre aisle; the great crowd stood, and following Old Glory came the flags of England, France and Russia. So the Big Four among the world's standards of freedom decorated the platform.

Listen to these sentiments from the orators: It is a contest between free nations and freebooters. Patriotism has a quality that is spiritual, and the spiritual is coming to its own. The United States has at last joined the hosts of free peoples, America can now look the world in the face and the German in the eye. Our blind eyes have been opened, our dull ears unstopped. We are finding out that it is not the sinking of ships that is at stake so much as the threatened sinking of the Ship of State—our red blood is flowing faster now! Let us send millions of those shining soldiers of fortune in gold dollars across the seas in financial help—back to the countries from which we got them. If we withhold our gold, it will be ground to powder and mixed with the blood of our fallen sons and we shall be compelled to drink it! Such are the sentiments I hear at this meeting.

Astonishingly frank were the admissions of unpreparedness. One speaker deplored "our humiliating helplessness," and the national failure to profit by the relative unpreparedness of all the Allies.

But in spite of Canadian enthusiasm there was one thing that made any Canadian in that audience just a little critical, if not a trifle warm under the collar. Only one speaker definitely reminded the audience of the part already played by the Allied powers. A stranger might have gathered that the war is only beginning as a fight to the finish between German autocracy and democracy, and that the American Republic had done all the world-fighting for freedom, but when a speaker reminded them of the initial part played by Belgium, and of the unselfish act of England in coming to the rescue, the approving applause was loud and long and heartily given, but only one of the seven on the speaking programme made such a reference.



Col. Roosevelt calls at the White House to offer his services at the head of a division, and is interviewed by the reporters.



SOME of the Canadians had subsisted on "iron rations" for five days, and had practically no water for three days. But they never thought of turning back for food or drink until their task was completed. They swung along with the dog-tired but satisfied gait of men returned from a successful day's hunting expedition.—Despatch.

Educational Deuteronomy

WE have received a letter from the Principal of a Normal School in the West; which one we are not saying, because the point is not who said it but what had he to say. And this is it:

I have just read with a great deal of interest an editorial in your issue of April 7th entitled "Educating the Educated." I have also observed the cut which accompanies the editorial.

Our experience in the West appears to be somewhat similar to the experience of those who framed the programme on which you comment. The programme of the Alberta Educational Association rarely pleases anybody. Neither the teachers, for whom it is intended primarily, nor the public which is interested in what the teachers are thinking and talking about.

I have had the privilege of serving on programme committees for some time and have every sympathy with your protest. I am enclosing a copy of the programme of the Alberta Educational Association for the current year, which is open to criticism along the line of your suggestion, and many other lines as well. Personally, I feel that it would be greatly appreciated if you would follow this up with some suggestions from the point of view of a layman or educationalist, just as you prefer, as to what, in your opinion, teachers ought to be discussing in this year of grace.

We have examined the programme referred to, which occupied the attention of the best intellects of that part of the West for three days the second week of this month. It may not be as bad as it looks. The Book of Deuteronomy, for instance, is pretty dry reading, but one can imagine old Dr. Corson making it sound like an epic. The whole first trouble with most of these disjointed symposiums that parade as conventions is that they sound too much like Deuteronomy. I know a painters' and decorators' convention meeting every year somewhere in the United States with delegates from Canada that puts up a much better programme. Why do decorators or beekeepers or stationary engineers have better conventions than teachers do? The reason is that decorators and beekeepers and engineers are in these businesses to make them pay, and when they convene they want to find out what are some of the ways to get better service out of paper-hangers, honey-bees and engines and how to make more money out of the service if possible.

But when Canadian teachers conventionize—so far as our experience goes—they have no such motive. They don't have to improve their plants in order to keep their business from going somewhere else or to get better profits out of it. Government keeps up the business. Let the Government worry. But the Government doesn't care so long as the voters don't complain. Let the people worry. But to criticize education in order to improve it is supposed to be the business of experts. So there the circle ends. Educationists get together in this country, not so much to improve their business as to extol the book of educational Deuteronomy.

Now there may be a hundred ways for an uneducational editor to improve the agenda of a teachers' convention. At the risk of being considered impertinent novices we suggest the following, applicable not only to the Alberta convention but to all conventions or congresses to follow.

Eliminate addresses of welcome. A teachers' convention ought to be welcome anywhere on general principles.

Get rid of at least half the sections. Sections breed schisms and schisms are fatal. Why should a convention do the work of the school periodicals? If you are to get together—stay together "en masse," the same as a political congress which gets its im-

EDITORIAL

petus from the cumulative enthusiasm of a crowd. A three weeks' holiday and a lot of railway fares are wasted if you have to drivel away half the time on camera conventicles. Keep the crowd as far as possible in one place and the platform occupied with live people who get their inspiration from the united intellects of a province.

But, of course, the really interesting things in a convention are supposed to be furnished by the visiting educational magnate. He rises to the occasion or makes one. It makes no difference whether he understands the problems of the Province or not. The longer his railway ticket the better. His importance is in direct ratio to the distance he travels. He is not supposed to understand your problems. His business is to furnish imported high lights. And he does it. He assumes that education is universal, and if not, then the things done in his University two thousand miles away or less are of more interest to you than the problems right in your own bailiwick which are probably quite as big.

When you have relegated the visiting star to the role of ornamental entertainer you will discover that the common members of the association must furnish the main part of the programme. But, of course, the average teacher is not an orator. Neither does he need to be. Great occasions no longer depend upon oratory. This is the age of plain talk based upon experience. If the Province of Alberta has not teachers with variegated experience enough to make a convention programme, it is time for Alberta to hark back to the days of its middle youth when Inspector Perrett drove his four-horse teams over the sloughs. Alberta is now, and for at least one generation has been, a vast experiment in practical sociology, of which the school-room is the symbol. If a committee of programme devises two or three leading topics of discussion big enough to interest the whole Province it should be an easy matter to furnish all the teachers with advance proofs one month ahead of the convention intimating that almost anybody, but particularly such persons as those situated thus and so, will be called on to put the driving power of their experiences into the debate.

We are Winning Anyway

WHEN President Wilson exhorts his countrymen to be up and doing that the sacrifices of the Allies may not be in vain, he must be clearly understood. He made the statement right at the time when the Allies had begun to push the Germans definitely out of France, and back over Belgium, into Germany. The turn had come. No German blunderkind psychology could mistake it. Not all the suppressed thinking of the United States liberated at last into action could make the truth about the great turn more unmistakable. President Wilson is not deceived. He knows that the Allies are able to win the war. Nevertheless—Uncle Sam is a welcome addition to the democracy of nations.

Many Inventions

OBITUARY writers are clever optimists. In one of the monographs on the late Sir Melvin Jones who was buried last week in Toronto, it was stated that he was a great inventor and that his name appeared at the Patents Office attached to more inventions than any other man in either Canada or America, we forget which.

When a man refrains from making huge fortunes by means of his patents, as was stated by Rev. Dr. Strachan in the funeral address, it is of public interest to know what these patents were, how they improved modern agriculture, and under

AND the land where these men came from was the land of hunters, of bushmen and of long days' work, of wrestlings with trees and long journeys over tireless trails, of long-gaited desire for the rude edge of roughing it. Vimy Ridge, with all its tremendous and terrible sacrifices was—just one more day's work of Canadians.

what peculiar circumstances the President of a great world company found time to do the inventing. In most companies of this kind the practical inventions come direct from the men who are working with the machinery. Any concern so superbly organized as the Massey-Harris Company must work on this principle of practical democracy. Any man with such a big life story of self-development to his credit as Sir Melvin Jones would have been foolish to discourage this principle.

We believe that Sir Melvin had too much faith in the gospel of self-improvement to hinder any man from getting due credit for any invention that came from his practical experience. Of course inventions are peculiar things. A shrewd man like Sir Melvin might easily make a practical suggestion to improve any new invention. He might even have invented new things out and out. But in these days of specialized energy it is hard to imagine how the head of a great concern like the Massey-Harris Co. ever found time to make inventions—unless he did them before he took on the duties of headship. We are still willing to be convinced that Sir Melvin was a great inventor. But if he was the public of this country has as much right to know what these inventions were as the world has to know what were the inventions of Thomas Edison or Marconi.

Sir Melvin himself would probably be the last man to desire credit not backed up by facts. He lived a life of great hard-headed facts. He was never a visionary. In his hard-up days when he quit keeping country store with his brother near Beeton, Ont., and went selling harvest machinery because the storekeeping was no good, he was not an inventor. He was a born salesman. He was also a man who if he set up a stake in a field to plough to it—ploughed to the stake. But he never needed to be an inventor to achieve the great success of his self-made and self-willing career. All he had to do was to adhere to the original idea implanted in Lyman Melvin Jones and work that out. Which he did; how magnificently and with what iron resolution thousands of people know. A man who works up from nothing in a hard-times country store to a Senatorship, the Presidency of one of the greatest farm machinery organizations in the world, the Legion of Honour from the President of France and a very high place in the political counsels of his party and his country, does not need bolstering up with general statements about a number of inventions which he secretly made and passed over without the public knowing anything about it.

Very Much on the Map

BY an unintentional omission the name Saskatoon was left off the map which illustrated the article, A National Highway, by Henry Lance, in a recent issue of the Canadian Courier. Nothing more absurd could be imagined. Saskatoon could not intentionally be left off any map. Saskatoon enacted one of the most brilliant chapters in Canadian development when she put herself on the map not only of the West but of the whole of Canada. The story of that map-making is too vividly fresh in the minds of Canadians to omit Saskatoon from a connection with any new national highway in Canada. There was a time when all roads led to Saskatoon. In the reconstruction of the country Saskatoon will do her share in seeing that from Saskatoon enough roads lead to the rest of Canada to, keep that city on the national highway.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING

The Woman With the Hoe
Wanting to Help the Farmer's Wife
The Making of an Inn
Looking After School Hygiene
Eggs versus Olives

By

Helen Guthrie
Edith G. Bayne
Kathleen C. Bowker
Annie Hooker
Estelle M. Kerr

FOURTH week of every month, being twelve times a year, we propose to set down in these five pages as many illustrated things pertaining to the affairs of Canadian women as can be so used to make every page and paragraph interesting to Canadian families. There will be nothing in this monthly five pages about brides, debutantes, social splashes or decorative functions of any sort—unless these phases of life have some connection with what women are actually doing in this country to make life more interesting, sensible and significant. We shall take women as they are—except those who are blase and la-de-dah—and let

their contributions to the life of this country sparkle with the interest that began in the Garden of Eden. Sentiment, common sense, experience, common problems, children, gardens, house decoration, pictures, music, pets, votes, social reforms, lingerie, literature, education, poetry, humour—all the pleasing exasperations of feminine life as it is to-day and will be to-morrow with as much of yesterday as we need to gild the story, will be found in these pages once a month in addition to our regular weekly page written for women. Contributions to this section will be read carefully and dealt with promptly by THE EDITOR.



Mrs. Joseph Reade, daughter of Sir Clive-Phillips Wolley, of Vancouver Island, during her husband's absence at the front is acting as superintendent of women workers in a Vancouver munitions factory. This photograph shows her in her working clothes.



The democracy of war-time takes a new tack through that amazingly efficient organization of Canadian women, Daughters of the Empire. The Dufferin Chapter, I.O.D.E., in Vancouver, are out on a campaign against waste. Members of the Chapter run their own salvage waggons. Here is one of the waggons on its rounds. The three ladies shown are all well known in the best life of Vancouver. Their cheerful disregard of merely conventional expedients is worth emulating by women all over the domain of the I. O. D. E.



Mrs. Black, wife of Hon. George Black, Commissioner of the Yukon, has gone to England, where she will engage in war work while her husband is at the front with the Yukon regiment which he organized and took overseas.

THE WOMAN WITH THE HOE

A Cheerful Chapter of Experience from Nova Scotia

By HELEN GUTHRIE

ONE can readily picture the Woman with a Parasol!—a Pen!—a Tennis-racquet!—a Baby!—or, even, a Husband!— But, of all things, a Hoe!

It sounds so sordid. It suggests dirt and worms and such ordinary, menial tasks! Does it, indeed? Now, just listen until I tell you about it!

Last spring I was dying for some money! I wanted so to give to the soldiers and the Belgians and all the noble people who were giving their all for me, but I hadn't a cent to give.

You see, my husband is a Minister, on a small stipend. He is over age for serving his country by enlisting, and my children are all under age—so our giving had to be of a material nature. And yet the little I could squeeze out of the family purse seemed so pitifully inadequate.

I was in despair, until one day, happening to glance out of the dining-room window, the inspiration came. "Silver and gold had I none, but such as I had"—my backyard! I fairly gasped when I saw that big, valuable asset right under my nose, and me feeling so sure that I had nothing negotiable, so to speak.

Of all the deplorable-looking backyards, too! I had always been too busy to do anything with it, except to turn the children out there to play. Nothing but the clothes-tree had ever blossomed within its precincts, but now, it fairly bristled with possibilities.

It was Sunday, too, when the inspiration came. Sunday in a Minister's family, when I couldn't possibly "show a bad example" either to the neighbours or to the children by introducing so much as a coal-shovel into the soil. However, on my way to the ash-barrel, I surreptitiously poked a kitchen knife into the ground and brought up—oh, joy!—real black loam. I thought about that fertile soil all through the sermon.

And Monday such a busy day! I positively grudged answering the door-bell, until, if you will believe me, the postman placed in my hands—what do you suppose? Why, a seed catalogue, its cover adorned with blatant pictures of the greenest and pinkest and reddest cabbages and roses and tomatoes, blooming and fruiting, cheek by jowl; in the most amicable manner possible. Whether a friend, or a clairvoyant seedsman, or the Lord Himself sent that blessed catalogue, I will never know, but no priceless volume bound in blue and gold was ever prized more.

That very afternoon I began! Any normal congregation will always yield a mute, inglorious labourer who, though perhaps not "worthy of his hire," will, nevertheless, turn the sod for "the Minister," provided he is over-paid, over-fed, and over-

praised. And by Wednesday night my once scrubby, unremunerative lawn was spaded up by one of these old reliables.

It was then that, with money I had saved up to buy a ready-to-wear hat from Eaton's, I sallied forth and purchased my implements. And became—not only the Woman with the Hoe, but also the Woman with a Rake and a Trowel, and proud indeed was I.

The next thing on the programme was to sow the seed, and in my earnestness and zeal the operation almost became a rite. After days and nights of poring over my catalogue, I had, with infinite care, selected the seeds which I thought would be the most profitable. Unfortunately, the Seedsmen do not give one much help in selecting, for, if you have ever made a study of their catalogue, you must have observed that each and every variety is a "mammoth yielder."

I COULD get little help from my husband, for he is always so engaged in preparing the soil of Hearts, and sowing seeds of Kindness, that his views on a humbler form of gardening are not very valuable. So I left him to plant and water souls, while I tussled with manure, and earth-worms, hoping that my venture would yield an hundred fold, as well as his. The precision with which I staked out beds and seeded in unswerving rows would have gladdened

the heart of a master-mathematician. It was a back-breaking business, but it was done at last, and finally, when an army of upright sticks, bearing in their cleft tops the name of the variety of seed they represented, adorned the end of the rows, I paused for breath, and awaited developments.

But the cared-for appearance of my garden even in its initial stage put to shame the hideous board-fence, so again the delinquent parishioner was called in. He and I between us limed the disconsolate-looking fence into a dazzling whiteness, transformed our ash-barrels into veritable "whited sepulchres," and painted the back steps, until for spotlessness, our once disreputable-looking back premises were an object lesson to all beholders.

A MOST thrilling moment was when, pushing aside the brown earth, tender, green shoots appeared everywhere in long, uncompromising rows. But I will pass over the watering times, the weeding days, and the long hours when my once clear complexion showed a plentiful sprinkling of unbecoming freckles and when "the Woman with the Hoe" was also the Woman with an aching back.

Perhaps you think that a strictly vegetable garden, as mine was, must necessarily be an ugly, uninteresting place. If so, that is just where you are mistaken. By way of concession to the artistic, I had sweet peas blooming along one side of my snowy fence, and giant nasturtiums along another side, while hops clambered over side number three. But as the hops were destined to raise my next winter's bread, and as the nasturtiums were to provide capers for mutton sauce, the sweet peas were the sole frivolity.

It is not necessary, however, in vegetation, to be a flower, in order to be beautiful. I had carrots, a



dream of beauty from their feathery tops to their orange-hued tapering roof. The light green of spinach mingled with dark green parsnip leaves. Cabbages, with their heavy heads, nodded to the cauliflower, which peeped out shyly from among their sheltering leaves. Richly-red beet-tops and crimson tomatoes gave a necessary splash of colour. Mottled melons and bright yellow pumpkins trailed their vines everywhere, and the white corn-tassels waved gently in the sunshine, while scarlet-runners climbed riotously over the verandah, giving beauty meanwhile, and offering promise of "baked beans" to come. In truth, my garden was a triumph of beauty and artistic delight.

Even my unbelieving husband admired it cursorily from his study-window. But when it came to admiring my mealy potatoes, cool lettuces and green peas in the homely setting of vegetable dishes, or testing them from his own dinner-plate, it was another matter. He speedily forgot his own spiritual gardening in the joy of my material harvest, and gave himself up to such a course of delightful vegetarianism, that our butcher was in despair. Butcher-bills! Why, they were reduced to a minimum! The veriest morsel of meat is sufficient, if ably supported and deliciously augmented by luscious heaps of

green beans and peas, snowy potatoes, young onions, and a slim carrot or so.

But our appetites were growing so prodigiously under the regime of fresh green stuff, that I almost lost sight of the primary object of my garden—the soldiers! In the back of my mind, however, I was hatching up a scheme. I am, what is usually described as "handy," and, in an old shed in the yard (which now had pole-beans clambering over it), I had been hammering away, at odd moments, transforming sundry grocer's boxes, and some discarded toy-wheels of the children's, into serviceable little waggons. A coat or two of paint, and lo! I had three delivery-waggons admirably suited for my three little boys.

FOR over three months I did a thriving business among friends and neighbours who, finding themselves served with perfectly fresh vegetables instead of the often wilted variety supplied by the green-grocer, willingly paid top prices to my delivery waggons. My customers were delighted, the little boys were overjoyed to be working for their heroes, the soldiers, and as for me, every dime that

I rattled into my Red Cross "Bank" was a joy and an inspiration which I shall never forget.

But this was not all. As a sort of "by-product," I started a canning branch to my venture. Often I had more corn, peas, pumpkins, rhubarb, etc., than I could use or sell. Then—on with the wash-boiler! Result—shelves groaning beneath the weight of sealers, which gleamed green or yellow or pink, according as to whether peas, or pumpkin jam or rhubarb marmalade were imprisoned therein. And so on, ad infinitum.

It was an arduous summer, but it "paid" in every sense of the term. The appetites of my family increased fifty per cent. My pantry shelves were stocked for the winter. A barrel of delicately-tinted sealers went to the Military Hospitals. The children felt they were directly helping the soldiers—their heroes! A substantial cheque found its way to the Red Cross Fund, and another to the Belgians. "Thrifty" was inculcated in our family, where merely "economy" had existed before. Last, but not least, my husband, who rejoices in the converts he makes, now became a convert himself. What more could woman ask?

HELPING THE FARMER'S WIFE

Many were called and most of them chosen

By EDITH G. BAYNE

ASK any Saskatchewan school-girl of twelve years and up the meaning of political economy and she will give you an answer that will set you thinking: "Why wasn't I taught that when I was at school?"

The same Miss can also explain the various planks in the most progressive political platform. She knows the meaning of Direct Legislation, Proportional Representation, Unrestricted Tariff, Government Ownership of Public Utilities, Mothers' Pensions, Workmen's Compensation, Farmer's Liability, Hail Insurance, and divers other terms that in our day were too intricate and erudite for the feminine mind.

Not that she learns it all in school! And not that we are trying to make a Little Miss Boston of her! She is gradually absorbing this useful knowledge, on general principles and, also, perhaps that at no very distant date from amongst her ranks there will arise a Jeannette Rankin to represent us in the Federal House.

An association recently formed for the assistance of farmers and their wives has been calling for girl volunteers to go out on the land. The editor sent me over to the Y. W. C. A. for a report and I arrived in time to see and hear about a dozen of the first lot of applicants. They were from every walk of life.

The secretary was possessed of a pad and pencil, a great stock of patience and that priceless of gifts—a sense of humour. She had need of all.

Miss Aileen Greattox had just come to the desk. "What kind of work are you willing to do?" asked the secretary, regarding the dainty "bundle of fluff" with a dubious eye.

"Oh, anything at all!" was the charmingly vague reply, while the speaker smiled with conscious self-abnegation.

"Housework?" suggested the secretary, instinctively ducking to avoid the expected blow.

"Oh, yes, or—or anything."

"Willing to give your services free, or do you expect any compensation?"

"Oh, dear, I couldn't think of taking a cent! It's patriotic work I want."

So the secretary filled in her application and motioned her aside. Number two walked briskly up. She was not in any doubt.

"No pottering in a kitchen for mine," she announced at once. "I'll do barn chores, dig post-holes, milk and feed cattle or run a seeder, but I won't mind kids or wash dishes."

The next volunteer was an English woman with two small children. She demurred a bit when asked if she would consider a place eighteen miles from the nearest town.

"My youngest nipper tykes fits. I shouldn't care to be so far from a doctor. 'Owever—"

Her case was left until later. The next applicant was a school teacher with incipient "t. b."

"I've simply got to have outdoor work," she said. "And a room with a window that can be opened. I understand that farmers nail up their windows from October till June."

THE next two applicants were high school girls with a very evident "crush" on each other. They refused to be separated, so were drafted in as farm help, one for indoor, the other for outdoor labour, on the same homestead.

The seventh was most agreeable. She made no conditions.

"I'll do any mortal thing that will help my country," she said.

And she looked quite capable of filling any role from "hired man" to mother's help.

Number eight looked suspicious at mention of "farmer's assistant."

"Would I have to wash the cream separator?" she demanded.

The secretary thought it highly probable.

"They always wish that job on the women!" sighed the lady. "Oh, well, put me down. I'll give it a trial."

She hadn't gone far when she returned to ask another question.

"You know I'm awfully afraid of cyclones. Have they got a cyclone-cellar?"

The secretary was unable to say.

Up sauntered Miss Geraldine Jarr. No lowbrow job for her! Geraldine belonged to the elect and at once proceeded to give a detailed account of her interrupted career. She, it appeared, had been one of those promising young vocalists who had been caught in Germany at the outbreak of the war. Fate had decreed that she return home to become merely a small town fixture, singing solos in the little home choir, casting, as it were, her pearls before swine. She was heartbroken. The Herr Professor had as much as told her that she would eventually have the great Geraldine backed off the map!

"So put me somewhere—anywhere—so that I can do the greatest good to the greatest number. I'm willing to sing in lumber camp, mining camp, or—"

"Unfortunately, what we are after is practical help—" the secretary was beginning.

"Oh, but collections could be taken up and given to—"

The secretary slowly shook her head.

"Or I could read aloud to some invalid farmer's wife. I have a very good reading voice."

"But, you see, there 'ain't no sich animal."

"Pardon?"

"There are no invalid farmers' wives or farmers' invalid wives. Invalidism is all very well for the

effete east. On the prairie it is too much of a luxury."
"Oh! I—I see."

Finally Miss Jarr agreed to become a busy mother's help. In this capacity she could at least sing an occasional lullaby.

THE next was one of the well-informed children referred to at the beginning of this article. She was a stout block of a girl, of Polish descent, a husky young Canadian, easily the equal, if not the superior, of her brother. She wanted a little money to tide her over the summer. In the autumn she was going to enter business college. Incidentally this was the only applicant who wanted compensation.

The person who next approached the desk was a tall, angular, middle-aged woman of stern and uncompromising presence.

"I'm not afraid of work," she began, and her tone was crisp. "But I won't cook for any bachelor outfit."

Asked for her reason, she explained that at the last place where she had cooked the owner had made love to her.

"I have a husband at the front and he wouldn't stand for it," she added.

She looked quite capable of protecting herself, however, and one had a mental cinema-picture of some poor wight being beaten up with a frying-pan.

It was now noon and the secretary prepared to close up her books, and go to lunch.

"I've learned a lot about human nature this morning. Also one particular point has impressed itself

deeply on my mind," she said, as she pinned on her hat.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The way farmer folk and town folk look askance at each other! Two farmers' wives were in here the other day. They were very suspicious about this help that was being proffered them. They were under the impression that city people have a lot of leisure on their hands, that they don't know a pig from a sheep, or a tedder from a plow, that such work as they do is just "dabbling at something," and



that they'll be more bother than they're worth on the farm. They are hyper-sensitive, too, in regard to the city people's opinion of farmers. On the other hand, town folk, while appreciating the beauty of nature, the miracles of dawn and sunset and all the other attractions of the country, believe that the farmer is an un-hygienic, illiterate sort of fellow who is content to do without a bathtub and books and spends his odd moments thinking up dodges to fleece the city man. I wonder if the two classes will ever

come to understand each other and each other's problems!"

"Perhaps this new propaganda will help some." The secretary shook her head.

"Still, the fact that so many townspeople are willing to go to the country and help, without any remuneration whatever, is encouraging," she said. "After four o'clock I expect this office will be swamped with applications from the various schools."

"And you'll have to admit that women are demonstrating their constructive patriotism equally with the men. They're learning team-work, they're losing much of their "cat-tiness," they're organizing, their executive ability is being recognized, above all, they are showing that they're not afraid to tackle any kind of a job!"

And at that moment, as if to add point to my stale observations, in walked a stout Swedish lady with a broad smile and a green parasol.

"Say!" she opened up, coming to a halt at the desk.

"Housework — or out-door —"

"Say! I'm a vet. Got

any place for a vet, Miss?"

"You don't mean —"

"Yaw. Horse doctor."

"The secretary steadied herself against the desk.

"Have — have you a certificate?"

"Sure," and the lady produced the document. "I got also seven kids an' de ole man."

"You wouldn't — be wanting — to take them, too?"

"Vat you tink I am, Miss? My man don't work. He keeps house. No, I don't vant no money."

THE MAKING OF AN INN

By KATHLEEN C. BOWKER

ONCE upon a time a little village grew up out of the rolling country, seventy miles from Somewhere. Its birth was not much to boast about, and its yearly increase in stature wasn't anything startling. It really was only there, because it was seventy miles from Somewhere; and the railroad touched it with a tentative finger.

It was so isolated from any real town, that perforce it became a centre of trade and commerce for the surrounding country. "Travellers" came in on the rather erratic trains, and brought goods to the small store-keepers there. Farmers brought in their produce, and shipped it, sold it, or exchanged it for hosiery and hardware, and other things. There was not any regular rushing, roaring tide of trade in any one article. But there was always a drink to be had over any bargain. Bargaining, in fact, was done chiefly over drinks. You simply could not bargain without one. Every trade became a Bar-Gain, because the centres for trade were two ramshackle country taverns (you know the kind) which stood cat-a-cornered at the cross roads.

Those in charge were not a bit backward with their services. They would give you a drink, inside, or outside, or both, and several of each. If you came along with lots of coin, they would go fairly out into the road to meet you. Young or old, you were equally welcome; stranger or habitue, they lived only to serve you. Of course, it was not their fault if you did not know how and when to say no; they still served you. Served you right! After you were served right, and had cashed in, they turned you out into the road again, because they had no further use for you.

A little way up the road, lived two or three families who had grown up there. And they loved the place. They got tired of seeing so much money spent on fire water. They didn't mind any one having a real drink. But licensed poisoning!

Mostly it was the women who took it to heart.

They saw most of it; and it wasn't a pleasant sight. Even though they could cover the seventy miles in a motor, and get Somewhere-somewhere that it wasn't so obvious, and did not belong to their lives in the place that they loved—they did not go off and forget it, nor forget the unhappy people who got such service.

They thought about it.

And they thought about it good and hard. By-and-bye they stumped that country for Local Option. They worked with that wonderful force that the anti-suffragettes talk so much about: "the influence of good women." And they worked unceasingly. The licensed servers worked with self-interest; and the vote; and they worked like mad, because they felt that way. When it came to a show-down at election time, influence was just snowed under. Self-interest won, hands down.

But influence went on influencing.

After a while it began to be borne in on the minds of the farmers round about that they were not getting the best of the Bar-Gain. Woman may know things by intuition; but when she adds clear, cold reason to that —! So the little band of workers went about the countryside, explaining what Local Option meant; and they explained it well. There's a charming woman there, of whom an enthusiastic young man said:

"I used to drive her about, and listen to her talk. She had an argument to appeal to everybody; and all her arguments were true."

Somehow, truth always does appeal in the long run. But there was always this stumbling block. "No man can run them hotels as boardin' houses, or livery stables, and make 'em pay. If they don't pay, jest nate-ully they won't run 'em. And when we come in, we've got to have some place to feed ourselves, and to put up the horses."

Finally, that seemed to be the only plausible argu-

ment on the side of the Bar, for that particular place. But it was a very cogent one. Then came a courageous partisan, who said, "Very well! If lodging and refreshment are what you want, for man and beast, I'll see you get it."

And she did.

With this backbone inserted into womanly influence, next polling day showed a complete triumph for Local Option.

It just depends on your point of view, whether you consider this case for, or against, woman suffrage!

The courageous partisan simply bought the two taverns, and tore them down. Then, on the most advantageous of the two corners, she built the Kirkfield Inn. The picture on the opposite page shows the outside. The inside is like—well, like any delightful country house, where the hostess considers first the pleasure and comfort of her guests.

Even before you go in, you catch a glimpse of light and warmth through the windows of the glass porch. It was half-past nine, of a blustery night, when I arrived, after a tiring, though entertaining cross-country journey. The soft lights, the warmth, the blended browns and yellows (as comforting to the eye, as is the aroma of coffee to the nostrils on a frosty morning), the welcome of the big winding staircase at one side of the wide hallway, did away at once with that squeamish feeling of "entering a rotunda," which is the very worst thing about hotels.

Two comfortable armchairs under a shaded lamp, with a dark polished table between them, holding some books, and a brass tinder box, made one feel that this hall was a place of welcome, not merely a place to hurry through. When one had entered one's name, under the guidance of an artistic, but thoroughly efficient, hostess, there was supper at a little round table in a room where rosy lights gleamed cheerfully from the restful grey walls, and lighted up the autumn tints of the flowers.

It was a nice, comfortable supper of cold beef,

and bread, and delicious country butter, with cheese and celery, and a fragrant cup of hot tea.

Then bed; a REAL bed, in a room all gay with chintz parquets; a room with a companionable reading lamp beside the bed, and lots of cupboard space. Morning brought a blaze of sunshine through the windows, and after lounging in front of a big wood fire till lunch time, on a sofa that proclaimed laziness to be a virtue, there was all the countryside to roam over.

This was the "Off Season" for visitors, and except for an occasional traveller, and the village boys and men who came to play billiards, the Inn—and the Out—were practically all mine.

There is something very satisfying about the air of Kirkfield. I went there to sleep. I did sleep, gloriously. When I was awake, I was very much awake. I tramped about the countryside, through the leafless woods, scuffling the dear, dead leaves under my feet, wading ankle-deep in them. I climbed fences. I made friends with surprised sheep. I trailed over the inviting golf links, and up to the bare, high toboggan slide, which is such a centre of life and laughter when the snow comes, but which looked very undressed and chilly, without its winter toggery. I even lost myself. That was rather an achievement, and I pride myself on it. It's not every one who could really and truly lose themselves in that poplar grove.

One day there was a motor drive to Gamebridge for tea, where the Gamebridge Inn (which owes its inspiration to the same source) is a pocket edition of the Kirkfield Inn. There we had wonderful jammy scones, and piles of hot buttered toast, and the Scotchest of shortbread, beside a blazing fire. Motoring back through the twilight and moonlight, there was a lonely, leafless beauty about the flat country beside the Trent Valley Canal that made one think of Holland.

I've never been in Holland; but I suppose that there is no law against thinking of it.

Next day came a great, soft snowstorm, the kind

they have in Christmas stories; and then a flurry of frosty sunshine. And a horse!

The History of that Horse (I can only adequately allude to him in capital letters) and Who got Him for me, doesn't come in here, though I should dearly like to tell it. But I doubt if there is any more beautiful, and exhilarating, and restful, and soul-satisfying sensation, than that of riding through fresh snow under great dark pinetrees. Bend low, or you'll strike a branch, they are so weighted with the clinging flakes. Oh! Heaps of it—all over you!

After all, what a shame if you had missed it, even if some of it did get down your neck! The frost, and the snow, and the sunshine, seem to have distilled an essence of pine that is the soul of the wintry woods; a scent of which to dream. Then a glorious gallop back, and a hot-and-cold bath before dinner.

I shall never think of Kirkfield Inn without a reminiscent thrill over those bath rooms. There's a perfect welter of them, white tiled ones, with basins big enough to bathe in, and baths large enough to swim in, and comfy mats underfoot, and nice little white milking stools to sit on, and heaps of soft, woolly towels (and some good rough ones), and great fat cakes of soap that lather well. Of course, lots of people have bathrooms like that in their own homes, but I never saw them in a country hotel before.

But the very cleverest thing that the owner has installed in the Inn, is the "Management." The Manageress is a unique thing in Manageresses, and so is her assistant. They are young, and energetic, and good-looking, and interested; thoroughly interested. Perhaps that is why they are so thoroughly interesting. They combine music, and painting, and inn-keeping, into a wonderful, harmonious whole that makes daily life full of flavour and feeling.

The casual observer might think at first sight that inn-keeping was a side issue with them. After staying at the Inn, it is quite obvious that it is not. It is very much part of the picture. And the greatest

charm of the whole thing is that they are really perfect hostesses. They supply your every want. And they never worry you!

Back of it all is the real spirit of hospitality, the spirit that shares things. It is a trait of that family, to which the courageous partisan belongs, to make a success of what they undertake. But the biggest part of their success comes from the fact that they just couldn't enjoy it without your help. They do really succeed in making you honestly feel this.



Pearl White, film heroine, decided to do something for her country in the recruiting line. She took a perilous 18-story trip on a steel girder and came down with a swoop, landing right in the centre of an enthusiastic crowd. Upon her touching ground she told the men present just what their country expected of them, and her words certainly struck home, for she was heartily cheered.

LOOKS AFTER SCHOOL HYGIENE.

By ANNIE S. HOOKER

WOMAN'S part in the conduct of public affairs in Saskatchewan is apparently not to end with the getting of the ballot. On the contrary, it would appear to be the settled policy of the government where women are peculiarly fitted for the positions to place them in offices of high responsibility requiring considerable executive ability.

The first instance of this policy occurred last fall, when, on the death of the late Mr. Spencer Page,

An even more striking instance of the government's policy in this regard was recently shown when upon the formation of the new Provincial Department of School Hygiene, Premier Martin, as Minister of Education, selected a Regina woman in the person of Miss Jean Browne to organize and take charge of the new department, the creation of which marks a new and radical departure in western educational development.

That Mr. Martin's selection was a wise one is admitted by all who have any knowledge of the work that has been done by Miss Browne during the last six years, under the Regina Public School Board in the matter of health inspection. Regina was the third city in Canada to adopt such a system and to Miss Browne undoubtedly belongs the credit for bringing the system to the high point of efficiency which it has attained.

Under Miss Browne, the Regina School Board's health department has achieved stable results, not only in improving the general standard of health among the 3,500 school children under the Board, but in dealing with the difficult problem of partially defective children, and in other ways raising the physical and mental efficiency of Regina's future citizens.

Miss Jean Browne, who was born on a North Middlesex, Ontario, farm, after teaching for two years following passing through Strathroy Collegiate, took a course at Toronto Normal School, again teaching for one year as principal of Janetville school, Durham county, subsequently attending Toronto General Hospital Training School for Nurses. In the intervening period she has specialized on all pertaining to school hygiene, and it is doubtful whether, had he searched Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Premier Martin could have found a person of either sex more qualified for the work of the new department than the talented woman upon whom his choice has fallen.



Miss Jean Brown now looks after school health for the children of Saskatchewan.

Superintendent of Neglected and Dependent Children, the vacancy created was filled by the appointment of Miss Ethel McLaughlin, despite the fact that a number of well-known men were mentioned as aspirants for the post.



The owner of this poem of the pavement is not worried about what she can do for her country. She is keeping down the cost of such butterfly living as she does, however, by wearing gold brocaded boots instead of leather, which is much too dear for her economic purse, as may be noted by the severely plain, old-fashioned ski-

EGGS VERSUS OLIVES

By ESTELLE M. KERR

MONEY always did know how to fly, but it has recently attained to a surprising velocity of locomotion and winged dollars escape from our pockets and purses like caged birds. Dollars are demanded where formerly cents paid the bill, and unless our incomes have increased proportionately to the prices, we are forced to economize. But the question is: where to begin? Many people cut down on the commodities whose prices have soared, regardless of whether these things are really expensive or not. Mrs. A. was indignant with her grocer for asking 70 cents a dozen for eggs.

"Ridiculous!" she said. "Why, I can remember when we only paid 24 cents, and in winter, too!"

So she tells her family that in future they can do without eggs for breakfast and instructs her servant to only use half as many eggs in cooking as formerly, but she willingly pays 60 cents for a bottle of olives, as she expects company for lunch.

Mrs. B. is a patriotic lady who spends much of her time going to thrift campaign meetings in her limousine. She has a magnificent house and several servants, but she believes in setting an example of thrift, and recently gave a tea at which she announced that all the cakes were made without either eggs or butter.

Mrs. C. is another wealthy lady who spends a great part of the winter, and consequently a good deal of her money, in the Southern States, but before leaving Canada she published an article in the interests of thrift, in which she stated that she had discontinued the use of meat in her household and found bananas, sardines, and nuts (all imported) excellent substitutes.

We have seen so much mention made of bananas as a diet that our suspicious mind asks whether some fruit company in the U. S. A. is doing a little propaganda work.

THIS is the age of substitutes. The newspapers are full of suggestions. We are offered cheese as a substitute for meat; we are told how to make ice-cream with neither ice nor cream, but the latest suggestion that met my astonished gaze was "Green Bananas as a substitute for potatoes." So I cannot expect to surprise anyone with my suggestion that eggs be used as a substitute for olives. Perhaps you do spend too much money on eggs, but before you start to economize, think it over. Would it not be better to do without your pound of candy on Saturday night, or the imported vegetables that look so tempting in the early spring, yet spoil our appreciation of our own first fruits?

WHY should eggs and butter be singled out by thrift campaigners? On one page of our papers we see "Enlist Now," on another, "Increase Production," while the Thrift Campaign seems to have totally eclipsed the cry for "Made in Canada" products. Recipes for egg-less cakes have the effrontery to demand imported raisins and nuts, and when the farmers' wives read the papers (and they do read the papers!) they see that their customers in the city, wealthy women who own automobiles, jewels, costly furs and laces, are giving tea parties at which eggless and butterless cakes are served, does that encourage them to keep more hens and make more butter during the coming winter?

SINCE the potato crop was such a failure, we may have to economize on one of our chief food-stuffs, but are there no Canadian cereals

that could be substituted? Even if this creates a demand greater than the supply, it will put up the strongest possible argument in favour of increased production. What we need is more sympathy between the producer and the consumer, between the manufacturer and the purchaser. Long before our domestic vegetables are in the market city people are eating imported varieties, and when our own produce finally appears they are tired of that particular kind of vegetable and buy a later variety also imported. And the farmers suffer. Ten million dollars was spent in Canada last year in buying imported fresh fruits and vegetables. Would not this be a good field for economy?

IT is not only that the city people are unsympathetic towards the country folk. There is just as much fault on the other side. Farmers, when they come to market, often demand the same price for their wares that is asked in the stores, forgetting that the shopkeeper pays in addition the cost of delivery and provides for economy of time by means of the telephone. They also give more attention to the cleaning of chickens and wrap their goods more carefully than is customary in the market. When city people take the trouble to establish direct communication with the farmers, the latter do not always give them sufficient encouragement.

TO ensure a supply of new laid eggs this winter, a Toronto woman contracted for 12 dozen per week. The farmer would not deliver less. The lady got several of her neighbours—of whom I was one—to agree to take 2 dozen a week each. It was more than we needed for our small family, and we have to call for them weekly, yet we all—including the lady who had the trouble of distributing them—paid the regular market prices. Still I think it was a satisfactory arrangement—even at 85 cents a dozen—for the eggs, though small, were always absolutely fresh. City people resent the profits of the middlemen quite as much as the farmers do, and are willing to co-operate in any means of establishing more direct connection.

SOME farmers imagine that the Backyard Garden Campaign will affect their market, but we do not think that this will be the case. During the first year the profits of the amateur gardener will vanish in seeds and fertilizers and the difficulties in the way of growing things in shady back yards,

are immense. I was talking of this movement to a settlement worker the other day, while walking through the congested district known as "The Ward," and she told me that it was surprising what the Italians grew in their little plots of ground.

"There isn't any difficulty about manure," she said. "The Ward is full of stables. All the hucksters in town keep their horses here. I often wish these poor people could lecture to the promoters of the Backyard Garden Campaign. Their knowledge would prove very valuable."

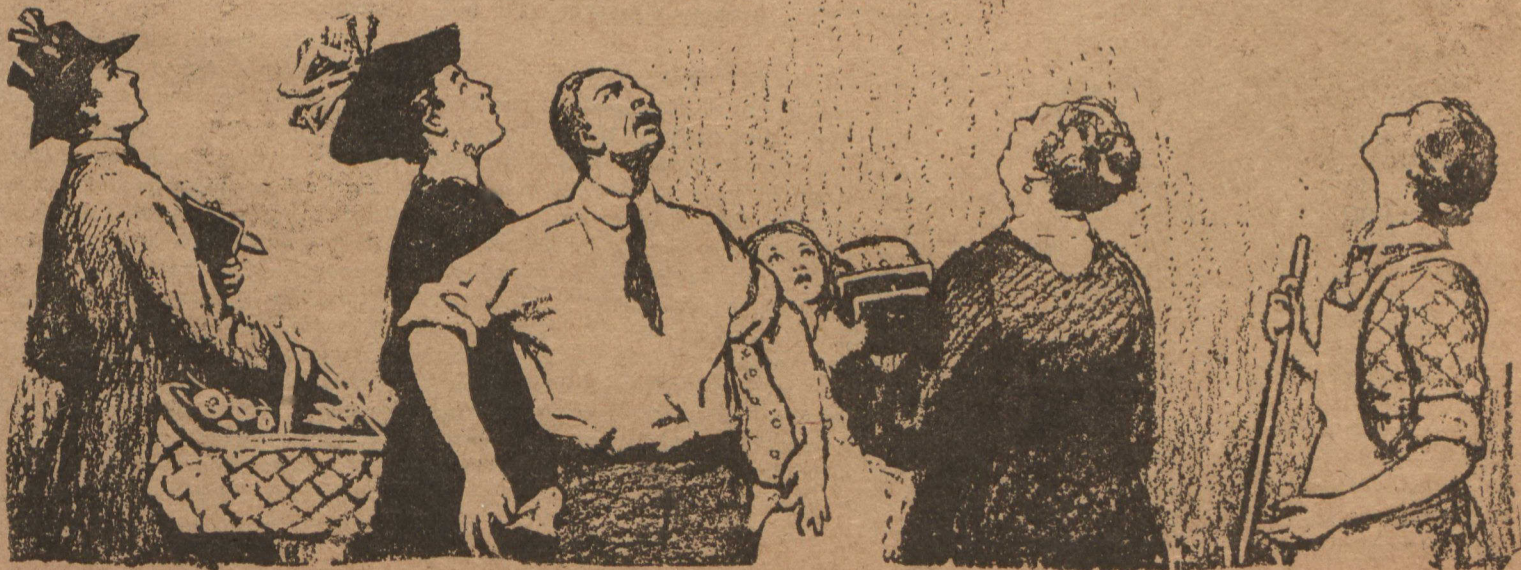
"Do you think the Thrift Campaign is helping the poor people?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "it's the rich who are benefiting. The poor naturally buy eggs instead of olives if they are hungry—even though some of them are partial to Italian products. They also buy the cheapest varieties of biscuits and canned goods. Wealthy people read the full page magazine ads. and decide that a certain brand—made in England or the U. S. A.—is superior to all others. The poor aren't so particular about cute little packages. These cereals sold in packets, and other things put up in tins and bottles, are very much more expensive than when bought in bulk."

"Of course it would be splendid if we could teach them about fireless cooking and that sort of thing, but the women are usually so busy with increased production of future citizens that they have no time for anything else. And that is chiefly where we try to help them, with our Mothers' Clinics and in teaching the children. A little girl will learn in an hour what her mother will take weeks to master. Teach gardening in the schools, thrift in the schools; make the schools into social centres where they may be used for technical classes out of school hours. Have supervised playgrounds to keep the children healthy, physically and morally, and the future of the nation is secure."

To be really effective, economy should be national, and if the food situation is really as serious as it appears, the government will soon order meatless days and limit the consumption of sugar. Fortunately, Canada possesses a large supply of fish and the habitual substitution of fish for meat will relieve the shortage of meat.

CEREALS form one of our cheapest and most important foods, and rolled oats stands first in the list for general food value. The habit of buying cereals in packages is a most wasteful one. A 20-oz. package formerly cost 10 cents, and the same amount of money could purchase 32 ozs. in bulk, making a gain of 71-2 lbs. on every dollar's worth. Bulk cereals are equal, if not better quality than those put up in fancy cartons. By all means let us patronize Canadian products and don't grudge the money we spend on eggs if at the same time we indulge our appetite with olives!



WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



DERNBURG GIVES HINTS

Writes What May Be Intended to "tip-off" the Other Nations to Germany's New Mood

It is common enough to hear our own leaders talk of enfranchising the German people after the war so as to limit the power of the war lords. It is remarkable, however, to hear such sentiments hinted by the famous Dr. Bernhard Dernburg. The following article showing how Kaiserdom begins to placate his subjects, was printed in Germany in December. It is reproduced from the New York Times:

To the tremendous victories and iron front of our armies German statecraft has added, since early November, acts equally valuable both at home and abroad. This was done first by the Chancellor, in his statements before the Budget Committee of the Reichstag, when he gave his splendid rebuff to Grey, who again and again has wished to place upon Germany the guilt for the war. He did it still more by his frank recognition of the world-conception of pacifism, which will now be changed from a term of derision to one of honour. "When the world at last realizes what the awful ravages in property and life mean, then a cry for peaceful agreements and understandings will go through all mankind which will prevent, in so far as it lies within human power, the recurrence of such a tremendous catastrophe. This cry will be so loud and justified that it must lead to a result."

Immediately after this came the law, accepted with splendid unanimity, placing upon civilians the duty to serve; the law which ranges behind the German fighters the German workers and eliminates all

The civil organization of Germany has sown fear and calls for counter-measures which will tax to their uttermost the national strength and capacity for organization of our enemies. The offer of peace has so far aroused among them only rage and perplexity. This is due to the fact that the great merit of the German policy is its inherent sincerity and logic; such a policy is in the long run the most efficacious so long as there exists in the human soul the yearning for good and the belief in right.

(The donkey is a very pacific beast and he brays very loudly.)

But this policy of the "independent conscience" which characterizes our Imperial Government creates, especially internally, a very desirable clearness. This applies, first, to the objects of the war. "I have never declared that the annexation of Belgium was our object. We wish to create for our nation a firm and secured future. We are fighting for the real security of our boundaries, for the freedom of our people, and for its right to develop spiritual and economic powers in peaceful competition, unhampered and on a par with others." "Our rights are in no wise at variance with the rights of other powers." "There must be a lasting and in no way humiliating peace." All that is clear and sensible. It confronts the British peace of Messrs. Lloyd George & Co. not with a "German" peace such as is desired by our Pan-German fanatics, but a universal European and world peace, reared on a foundation of justice.

(See the Lusitania, Zeppelin raids, official rape in Liege, etc.)

The Imperial Chancellor spoke of the doubts in Germany as to whether peace can be lastingly secured by international organizations and courts of arbitration. Germany laid very strong stress on this in The Hague Conference, and thereby depreciated among Germans the value of the ideas brought forward there. People became accustomed to speak the word "pacifism," with a certain tinge of ridicule, even with a certain mild scorn. But now there rings from all mankind "a cry for peaceful agreements and understandings," and this is true of Germany. Why? We have seen that the words "If you would have peace prepare for war" is not good doctrine. What kind of lasting peace could we have if it should be measurable in relation to preparedness for war! The effect of this preparedness was to make war, when it broke out, all the bloodier, more horrible, more pitiless.

We also saw that, had we not made our preparations so thoroughly, so scientifically, with such self-sacrifice, Germany would long since have been over-run, trampled down, and annihilated by her many foes.

(Such a German yearning for good!)

What did we know about the minds of our neighbours, of our foes, of neutrals, in 1914? How many false hopes did a superficial way of looking at things foster, how many bitter deceptions did we experience! We certainly did not know our neighbours. Their ideals regarding the State and right were not different in content, but in form and method, and, as nations did not understand each other they could not trust each other, and as they did not trust each other, they must needs arm to the teeth, whereupon the universal fear of one for the other and the constantly growing belief that there was no other solution but the destruction of the enemy eventually loosed this most fearful world-catastrophe in the lands of friend and foe.

(About time they desired peace.)

Moreover, war objects upon which the entire world (with the possible exception of England) is in agree-

ment are to be attained only through a supernational union of nations. Among these objects the most important is the freedom of the seas, which comes by right for all eternity to all mankind, including the German race. At present England rules and



Crown Prince: "What are we coming to, Father?"
Kaiser: "To Waterloo, my son, to Waterloo!"
—N. Y. Times.

tyrannizes upon the seas, and neutrals, as well as the Quadruple Alliance, are the sufferers in like degree.

(Fairly sound admission for Dernburg.)

The freedom of the seas must be guaranteed by the entire world. And this guarantee must be maintained by the power of the entire world. The rules underlying this freedom of the seas are those of international law. International law is now a desolate heap of ruins, but it must be rebuilt and it must so regulate the relations of nations to each other that they must stand under its protection as free States, possessing equal rights, whether they be large or small.

(As the New York Sun says, Belgium was just waiting for a chance to over-run Germany and Serbia would have devastated Austria.)

To accomplish all this will be difficult, and there will be many ups and downs, since, even among the most enlightened minds of Germany, there is an indefinite prejudice against the loss of sovereignty and free agency which is implied in these ideas. Our Hindenburg, for instance, said a few days ago: "Questions of honour and self-preservation can never be submitted to courts of arbitration." I take the liberty of differing with him. Every officer whose honour is insulted is not permitted to take up arms without further ado; he must submit to a court of honour composed of his friends, and these are in duty bound to try every means to bring about an honourable compromise. Nations, too, must do that.

(Still the German spies did pretty well.)

Has Germany the right to take the lead in this great movement? Yes, I answer; and a better right



Uncle Sam: "What if he misses?"

—N. Y. Times.

distinction between combatants and non-combatants. And, finally, on the 12th of December there was the superb avowal of humane feeling and morality which so thoroughly reflects the character of the German nation.

than any other nation! Germany maintained peace for forty-four years, longer than any of her neighbours, who, partly in Europe, partly in the rest of the world, waged great wars. For twenty-six years our Emperor had no more splendid boast, no more splendid title, than "Protector of the World's Peace." Through forty-four years Germany never stretched out her mailed hand for the purpose of acquiring territory. The only increase in territory that came to us was lands accorded to us by an international conference and those fifty square kilometers of Chinese territory which we leased.

(Really, Mr. Dernburg, you amuse us.)

Suppose our enemies do not grasp the outstretched hand? Probably they will not do it immediately, and therefore the tremendous organization which the third act brings us, and which we proudly call the "Hindenburg Programme," will go its way, but at a new pace. All laziness and timidity, which have naturally enough appeared here and there, will vanish. Behind the tread of our field-gray soldiers will resound the tread of the battalions of workers, not quite so regular a tread, but at least as efficient, and every smokestack will again paint battle and the nation's will to victory against the red evening sky.

(Differing with Hindenburg? Tut! tut.)

(So glad the sky is not to be green.)

Yet that, too, is but the road to a new epoch—for the nation which marches successfully through the hell that will then burst forth will not lack self-consciousness and the will to take part in shaping the political destinies of the country; it will have become ripe and strong enough to overcome the opposition that will rise up against it on this road. It will bring with it a powerful demand for freedom and morality when it dons once more its citizen's garments, and it will show and teach many of those who stayed at home and imagined that the meaning of life is to be found in the fight for material things where the German soul really is. For the tasks that lie before us, whether peace comes now or later, are so tremendous that the men intrusted with the leadership of the German nation can fulfill these tasks only in association with a people that is free, yet fully conscious of responsibility, with a cultured people that has come into its political inheritance.

(Now, Mr. Dernburg, you have at last said something. You certainly do need a national vacuum cleaner.)

A FRENCH EPIC

The Story of How the Spark of National Feeling Was Kept Alive

DR. H. A. L. FISHER, in Hibbert's Journal, tells the story of how, after 1870, amidst a people cowed and apparently crushed, a young soldier-poet founded the Nationalist movement that has flowered with such tragic beauty in the present great war. He writes (in part):

The founder of the (modern nationalist) movement (in France) was a soldier-poet who, having fought the campaign of 1870 as quite a young man, dedicated the remainder of his long and stirring life to the idea of national revenge. Deroulede was totally lacking in balance, sagacity, and statesmanship. He was a wild, reckless, passionate figure, exercising by reason of his elemental force and sincerity an influence to which prudence can never attain. During the war his course had been marked by romantic vicissitudes. He had been wounded at Sedan, he had escaped from a German prison at Breslau, had stolen into Paris during the siege in the disguise of a cattle-drover, and had been shot in the arm fighting against the Commune. His great stature and martial bearing, his flashing eyes, with their stern glint of fanaticism, his gift of direct and vehement eloquence and rare capacity for throwing his whole nature into all that he did and said, would have won for him a hearing in any assemblage of his countrymen. But he was not merely a vigorous platform speaker. His little books of songs for soldiers hit the taste of the barrack-room between wind and water. Edition followed edition. It is sufficient to say that Deroulede achieved an extraordinary success. Having been a private in the

Zouaves, and being a man of plain, wholesome, vigorous appetite, he knew exactly how to speak to the rank and file of the French army. His ballads and songs have no sense of strain or condescension about them. He does not fall into the fatal weakness of parading a familiarity with the technicalities of the military art or the curiosities of barrack-room slang. His metres are simple, rude, sufficiently intolerable to the cultivated ear, but well adapted to a marching tune or a rousing chorus. This is not a high order of art, and Deroulede, who came of a cultured family and was the nephew of that accomplished artificer in language, Emile Augier, could do a good deal better when he pleased. But in general it did not please him to do better, and he managed to discover just that subtle mixture of high spirit, sentiment, and moral platitude which seems to be demanded of the author of popular airs.

"I was anything," he writes, speaking of the days before the Franco-Prussian War, "but a patriot. There was a long period of my youth during which the glory of arms did not count for me compared with the glory of the arts. I had no comprehension of the grandeur of military service vaunted by Vigny, and I took pride in the fact that I loved Frenchmen no better than foreigners. This malady of cosmopolitanism, this coldness for France, this aversion to the army, had got hold of my brain during the last year of the lycee. My professor of philosophy



There can be no healing of the wound till the thorn is removed.

—Darling in the New York Tribune.

had sown the first germs, which rapidly developed when I passed to the Law School."

The most distinguished of Deroulede's disciples tells a story of an interview, between the prophet of nationalism and Ernest Renan. Deroulede had come to the College de France to importune the great theologian to join his Ligue des Patriotes, a newly founded association devised to sustain the martial spirit of France and to promote the war of revenge against the German Empire. "Jeune homme," replied the sage, with the suave melancholy of resignation, "la France se meurt, ne troublez pas son agonie," words calculated to dash the bravest spirit, and to the philosophic student of comparative birth-rates not without a sinister background of plausibility.

But the strength of nationalism lay in its sanguine defiance of the oracles of prudence and the counsels of resignation. Among a population deeply desirous of peace and rapidly outgrowing the crude ambitions of Continental militarism, Deroulede's men were a disturbing and upon the whole an unacceptable element. Why should France be required to brace herself up to an effort which upon every sane calculation of military probabilities must end in crushing disaster? Surely the wise course was to accept the inevitable, to find some means of living upon reasonable terms with the Germans, and to seek compensations for the lost provinces beyond the seas! So thought Hanotaux, the historian Foreign Secretary, and Caillaux, the coolest and best financial head in France.

Visitors to Paris in the eighties will remember the smile which used to come to the lips of wise men when the name of Deroulede was mentioned. He was regarded as an attractive but rather dangerous

madcap, picturesque as an incident in the landscape of politics, but of too fantastic a vehemence to give stable direction to any considerable mass of public opinion.

But the movement to which his energy had supplied an originating impulse gathered strength as it proceeded. When the Ligue des Patriotes was founded in 1881, the intellectual atmosphere of Paris was saturated with philosophic rationalism.

Twenty years later the intellectual atmosphere of Paris was strangely transformed. The great captains of rationalism had disappeared.

In this cultured and more congenial atmosphere nationalism received from its Catholic and literary exponents all the illustration and support which deep feeling and penetrative imagination could bestow. During the rushing hours of his tempestuous life, Deroulede had recked little of the rites and observances of the Church, nor was it until his last illness, as we learn from the charming pages of a reverent disciple, that he was brought to accept the consolations of religion. But though the nationalist movement, as its name implied, was designed to include, and succeeded in including, men of the most various convictions and antecedents, its prophetic literature was in fact Catholic, if not in profession, at least in sentiment, drawing its strength from the older traditions and memories of France, and reacting powerfully against the cosmopolitan hospitality which had given to Jews and aliens so large a part in the economy of the State.

There was nothing distinctively Christian about the doctrine, for the essence of nationalism was the hatred of Germany and the will to a war of revenge.

And in general the nationalists rendered excellent service by their exaltation of all the natural forms of local and provincial piety which had been so greatly overshadowed by the centralizing policy of the revolutionary State, so that, in reading the literature of the party, one is conscious of a pervading tone of affectionate warmth about everything in France which might contribute to build up the patriotic purpose and character.

The nationalists in truth were not agreed upon the polity for France. Some worked for a restored and modernized monarchy; others were suckled in the Imperial tradition; but upon the whole they contrived to swing themselves free of the old dynastic anchorages, and were content to wait upon the tide. The one thing which mattered to them all was the ignominy of belonging to a vanquished and acquiescent nation. They wished to spread a passionate, full-blooded wave of feeling about the national problem.

In this they were greatly assisted by the fact that the memories of the Franco-Prussian War were still living and poignant among men who reached the summit of their literary power in the closing decade of the last century.

Barres had seen with the impressionable eyes of a child enough of the tragedy of defeat and the insolence of conquest to furnish the basis for a life of political action. He remembered the weary and haggard Turcos streaming back in dejection from the field of Froeschwiller, the first Uhlans, revolver in hand, crossing the bridge at Charmes in the dusk of evening, the candles which by command of the conquerors were lit in every window of the village, the seizure of his father and grandfather as hostages to safeguard the trains, the murder of the chemist Marotte in the village street. On a sensitive artist-nature such experiences make an impression which colours every activity of the mind; an impression the more formidable seeing that it is of a kind eminently communicable to beings of the most ordinary clay.

What then is patriotism as it is understood by the nationalist in France, whose creed and influence we have been attempting to describe? The love of country, for M. Barres and his friends, is not, according to Renan's famous definition, the love of a soul, of a spiritual principle. It is nothing so ethereal. Rather it is first and foremost the love of a material thing, of an extended space upon the globe, of a land of plough and corn and meadow, shaded with trees, watered with streams, flowery with blossom, here offering some fat reposeful pasture to the sun, elsewhere broken into dark ravines and glistening crags, and bearing upon its surface the multiplied and appealing tokens of the long and diligent labour of man.

"BAW!" THEY SAY

Millgrove, Ont.,
April 16, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I have always told you that your paper fell down on the agricultural leg—perhaps not in just that elegant phraseology, but in words to that effect. A national weekly in Canada should not ignore that viewpoint. Hodge? He is in the carriage class, as far removed from the actual plow and furrow as Gaby Deslys from a setting hen. Here's for your edification right fresh from the pine stumps: The calves are arriving, all about the neighbourhood. Their voices are uplifted every time one opens the stable door. "Baw!" they say. "Where is that spring you promised to show me when I came? Is this your honour—April calves, no grass, snow in the fence corners!" Yes, they talk just like that. There are a few young cattle ready to be offered up, but most of us are waiting for the slow and sulky grass to fatten our beasts. You can stow a mighty lot of grain in the hides of very few cattle—but a little grass tanks them up in great shape. . . . Few lambs yet. We do not keep sheep in this neighbourhood very much. Too many stump fences—and sheep are surely some relation to Methodist ministers, for they are always "getting a call" and it is invariably to fatter pasture! Stump fences are not the complete discourager required—so we simply don't keep sheep at all. Colts? Not many this spring yet. We have fallen into a line of little horses hereabout, thoroughbred mongrels most of them—and are patiently working out, by a system of breeding and buying that should land us somewhere in the sweet bye and bye. . . .

But the hens—one look in the hen house would tell you the season of the year, even if the curtains were not hung out on the line and the whole place reeking of camphor-balls, and the paint-brushes set out in a row to soak in coal-oil, and all the house-

hold in a general state of siege. The hen house tells. The rooster steps about with an air of solid importance that would impress even a newspaper reporter. The hens have a hasty suffragette look. They scratch up six straws and two pebbles and sit down on them, hoping to bring forth a wheat harvest. They utterly scorn the humble business of laying eggs—any common sort of hen can do that, they seem to say, but it takes a hen of superior qualities to raise a family. Troth, it does. I escorted a chesty Barred Rock up to a quiet nook in the barn, and showed her a nice decent nest in the straw. "A dish of water, plenty of grain, and thou upon these eggs a-sitting in the wheat straw, should be paradise enough for you, or any one like you," I said, bidding her a fond farewell. When I went up this morning to bid her the time of day, she was up on the tongue of the roller, making a speech on women's rights and other abstruse topics. Some day those hens will lose their job. I will buy an incubator. Then when love's young dreams stir them to make a home and raise a family, they will find that Fate has given them the inclination but refuses the means to gratify it. That will happen in other cases too, I'm thinking.

The fanning mill is swallowing oats these days, as the whale swallowed Jonah, handicap and all—and sending it forth again ready for business, even as he was, at the end of all that soul-searching test. Harness is overhauled—new collar pads appear. Timothy and clover seed make the annual hole in our pile of shekels. It is the time of year when leases expire, and rents fall due, and the voice of the auctioneer is heard in the land.

People seem to think farm life is dull and tedious—perhaps it is—I have never felt it dull and tedious, here or anywhere. But I have said enough to show you that you are overlooking a valuable field if your weekly is to be national in the full sense of the word. So please start in at real agriculture.

MRS. NORMAN JAMIESON.

CEPHORE BEDORE

(Continued from page 12.)

reached into void. The dock was not there. He had left the boat unleashed and the slow current had gradually carried it out. The old man groped over the lockers for a boat-hook, and with a curse recollected he had taken that very handy implement out when he had padlocked the Gay Paree.

There was nothing left but to start the engine. But the motor was cold and had been standing idle for weeks. Its compression was tight, and it required all of Bedore's fast-waning strength to throw the fly-wheel over.

AT last, when his heart was beating like a sick trip-hammer and the breath was about all out of him, the engine ignited a charge and with a splutter and whirr made the Gay Paree leap forward like a lashed steed.

Cephore Bedore collapsed in the stern. A fiendish stab of rheumatics froze his fingers on the tiller, and the spasm drew his right arm up like the snap of a whip.

The Gay Paree veered in a semi-circle for the further shore. Before her master recovered and gained control, she collided with a submerged, water-soaked sinker. The Gay Paree received her death-stroke under the waterline. The sinker, rebounding, caught the whirling propeller and stripped it of its blades. The engine, eased of its labour, raced like a mad thing, while the water gushed into the cockpit.

Cephore Bedore knew the futility of calling for help. Instead, he seized the Gay Paree's one life-buoy and leaped into the chilly river with a prayer for his soul.

He made shore completely tuckered out. Quaking in his drenched garments, he lay for some moments unable to move.

The fear of death from exposure urged him to supreme effort. Dragging himself, he managed to reach the top of the riverbank, from which, about fifty feet away, loomed one of Flannagan's hay-barns. He lumbered, panting, through the long grass like a tortoise, and finally gained the barn.

As Bedore wiggled into the lowest mow one of his hands encountered a solid substance near a central beam. Groping, he brought forth a bottle. With trembling fingers, old Cephore extracted the cork and smelled of the contents.

"By gar!" he exulted aloud, "Flannagan's cache!"

Cephore tilted the half-filled bottle of Scotch roofwards and drank deep and long. It proved a life-saver. His half-palsied limbs steadied under him.

After carefully corking the bottle, the habitant burrowed feet-first to the crown of his head in the mow, and sank into sleep.

Patrick Flannagan awoke with the first crowing of the cocks. He had a splitting headache and a turgid tongue that rasped the roof of his mouth like a piece of dried herring. He had been making a night of it and was paying the first pangs of the morning after. He decided he must have an eye-opener. His remedy, he knew, was safely cached in the hay-barn. After lighting a lantern, he pursued a determined course for the barn. He groped by the beam where he believed he had cached the bottle of Scotch and found nothing. He straightened in speechless amazement.

When he commenced a careful search of the mow roundabout a movement in a hump of hay startled him and the form of Bedore rose spectre-like out of it.

"Holy Mother!" he gasped, a-tremble. "Spake, is it the snakes I have or is it the ghost of ye that's lookin' at me, Cephore?"

"It is Cephore—me," replied the other, but his hoarseness made him squawk.

"Then I don't belave a word ov it," denied Flannagan, backing away cautiously and dropping from the mow to the barn floor. "Cephore Bedore, bad cess to him, was at Death's dure when I last heard of him. Ye must be his spook or somewan else."

Swiftly into the crafty old head of the habitant there crept an inspiration.

"Let Cephore Bedore pass, Patrick Flannagan!" he commanded.

But Flannagan seized a nearby pitchfork and stood on guard.

"I 'vil a pass will ye make!" he threatened. "Spook or flesh, ye've been trespassin' on me property and stealin' me good whiskey. Ye don't get out ov this barn till ye've made over that fish-yawl to me. An' I want it in writin', you hear!"

"The Gay Paree she is not any more," exclaimed Bedore, despairingly, with a great waving of the arms. "She sink to the bottom of the rivaire."

"Then ye scuttled her, ye old varmint, ye frog-eatin' old swindler!"

"She sink of herself when Cephore take his last ride in her," and Bedore held his arms aloft. "I call on the saints to witness that Cephore Bedore tell the truth. But Cephore will pay all that is due to Flannagan, only he must pass on."

"Pay ye will!" roared Flannagan, "and more than that! Stay where ye be whilst I put somethin' in writin', and if ye so much as move it will be the pitchfork that will fly to ye, tines-first, Mister Spook!"

FLANNAGAN seated himself on a bushel measure with the fork across his knees and fished from somewhere a greasy note-book. On a page of this he scrawled laboriously with a very shaky hand. Bedore's beady eyes roved furtively for a possible way of escape.

With much wetting of the lead and nervous flourish of the pencil, Flannagan at length finished his task. He cautiously cut the page from the book with his jack-knife, then placed it on the end of the fork-tine and passed it up to Bedore.

"Sign that, ye old skinflint, and ye git yer liberty!" "But I cannot see," complained Cephore. "The light she is not yet good."

"The devil you say," tormented his captor. "Now I was after thinkin' a good live ghost could read in the dark."

Flannagan held the lantern high on the fork and Bedore, with considerable effort, studied out the legend on the paper scrap. When he had finished his face turned green under the lantern's glow.

"Flannagan," he finally spluttered, "to the hell you go!"

"Plaze yerself," replied the other, "but ye sign that bit ov paper or here ye stay till the folks are up and about, and thin what'll ye tell them and the high county constable about scuttlin' the Gay Paree, ye rheumatic old rummy?"

Already the first grey fingers of dawn crept through the crevices of the frame walls.

"Tin seconds more," came an inexorable voice from the barn floor. "Me arm's gittin' tired holdin' the lamp and when it comes down, divil another chance ye'll git."

Bedore's eyes blinked madly, and in mental anguish he placed the bit of paper against a beam and scrawled his name across it. Dumbly, he leaned over the edge of the mow and passed it back.

Patrick studied it carefully, folded it up and put it away in his notebook.

"So far so good," he commented, dryly. "Now I'll be thankin' you to hand me down what ye've left ov me bottle of Scotch, ye whiskey-thievin' old pirate."

"But the rivaire," suggested Cephore, now on the barn floor and edging toward the door, "to get across I must have the boat and the paddle."

"Down in—the dredge-cut—beyant the grove—there's the boat and the old punt," indicated Flannagan between gulps that fell like milk and honey on a throat of lava. "Ye take the punt, and if ye scuttle it and drown, small loss it will be t'any of us now."

AT the barn door Bedore turned to throw one silent, baleful glare at his neighbour. Flannagan doffed his cap in a sweeping bow. "Good mornin', Mister Ghost," he mocked. "Oh, ho, ha, ha! Mister Ghost, ha, ha!"

But in the freedom of the outer air, Cephore made an odd discovery. As he padded down the path to the river-front he sensed a buoyancy of physique which had not been his in months. His rheumatism was gone. The cold shock of his midnight plunge in the river had done for him what all the doctors and medicines could not do.

Madame Bedore blinked hard and rubbed her eyes

(Concluded on page 28.)

Are We Educating Them?

Of 1000 Pupils entering Ontario Public Schools, 75 go to College, and 800 leave School to Go To Work before the age of 16. What is the use of a system of education that tries to culturize these pupils instead of making them useful?

By SID HOWARD

EDUCATION is, by recognized authorities like Noah Webster and other lexicographers, defined as the systematic training of the moral and intellectual qualities. But gather a thousand-odd educationalists together from all over Ontario, this leading province of light and learning, and you will find a very wide divergence of opinion as to what is a proper systematic training of the moral and intellectual faculties.

Listening to the papers and discussions at the meetings of the Ontario Educational Association at the University of Toronto last week there seemed to be sheep and goats. Which was which—is not for me to say. But on the one hand were those who held that schooling was intended only for the development of the pupils' faculties, and his love of knowledge which he would apply to some purpose or other, to be defined after he has left school; on the other hand, those who urged that education was intended to train the pupil to find a use for himself—a definite, practical use and ability, such as an employer would recognize at once and pay money for.

Between these two definitions lies a whole world of difference, and the contrast of entire social systems. History and tradition, culture and gentility in this issue oppose up-to-date-ness, progress, business and common sense. It is the old struggle between culture and utilitarianism.

The school system in Ontario, it may be presumed, was modelled originally upon the public school system of old England, whose "public" schools, so called, were really very exclusive private schools, in a land where feudal conditions still lingered. In the unspoken understanding of that society which patronized and maintained Eton, Harrow and Rugby, public schools were for gentlemen's sons. And by another unwritten law a gentleman might not work with his hands or trade. The public school boy of England at the time Dr. Egerton Ryerson was founding our system of public schools in Ontario, was intended for the sons of the leisured class. Dr. Ryerson felt called upon to modify the English style of school, and he adopted features of the Irish schools, it is said, and of the school system in the United States, chiefly the State of Massachusetts. But the culture principle was still predominant. It was a literary style of education, composed chiefly of words and talk, of reading and writing, of books and papers, of look and listen.

And being founded upon the English tradition dominated by Oxford and Cambridge, it was somewhat of a decorative education. Knowledge of the classics was in a way a social necessity. In fact it is doubtful if in the feudal families of old England at the present day, your ignorance, or rather your lack of disrespectful familiarity with the Latin and Greek ancients and "all that bally rot," would not betray you as a rank outsider who could never really "belong."

Ryerson's effort no doubt was to borrow the English system's curriculum, and adapt it to the little log or

frame school houses of a raw, young, democratic country. Thus we have developed a pedagogy whose ideal is the fine old classical one of culture—of the idea that an educated mind is a mind refined, rounded out and filled like a tight sack with standard ideas. By the traditional English public school and university system a scholar was apt to be turned out "polished" and "finished." The young man, while grinding away at Greek roots, Latin poetry, and ancient philosophy, revived in the middle ages and still going strong in the age of electricity absorbed that delightful social ease which stamps the English gentleman and makes him—if he has money—such a fine, intellectually independent, refreshingly uncommercial example of the human family. And he was "finished." No new ideas were admitted.

As President Falconer, of the University of Toronto, said in an address to one of the sections of the Association, the men of Oxford and Cambridge are the very flower of English life, men of an intellectual quality and moral strength which stamps them as aristocrats of the human species the world over.

But, say, the utilitarians, all this intellectual refinement, this culture with its lofty attitude towards life, its ideals of honour, and duty, was after all based upon what? Money, they reply; money—nothing more nor less. A gentleman and a scholar was not obliged to enter into commercial competition, or if he was so obliged he must reeducate himself. His position was more or less assured at his birth. There were others, of course, but they were not typical—sons of ambitious parents who struggled to acquire academic culture for culture's sake. Having aptewed such men were to be seen later as pathetic figures engaged in the thankless task of "tutoring others to tute," or wasting their culture as proof readers or as private secretaries to this or that. The utilitarian principle had been left out of their curriculum.

One of the advocates of vocational, technical and manual training in Ontario public schools put the situation something like this: "Our public school system is founded upon the assumption that every pupil of the public school expects to enter the university. What are the facts? Out of 1,000 pupils entering Ontario public schools, only 75 enter the colleges and 80% leave school to go to work before the age of 16. The educational system we have looks on at these falls from the lower rungs with regret, but still maintains the ladder for those to climb who have the economic strength."

This movement towards vocational training has been fermenting in the Ontario Educational Association for years. This year it seems to be more nearly to a head. Principal Hutton puts this feeling up to the war. It seems natural to suppose that sentiment would drift towards science and material efficiency in war time, and away from Greek roots, Greek poetry, art and philosophy, and the age of

Pericles. Principal Hutton, however, steeped in Greek, expects that there will be a re-action after the war when culture in the purely intellectual and academic sense will come once more to its own.

But the utilitarians are very insistent.

"I've been reporting these conventions for 25 years," said Mr. Thomas Bengough, the professional stenographer. "I have never seen a radical resolution carry. But we are certainly at the fermentation stage, and a change is coming. Russia didn't need a revolution more than our educational system. And yet Dr. Waugh at the last meeting of the Dominion Association in Ottawa said we have in Ontario the ideal system, 'a perfect ladder of learning.' Why even in England the other day some one said £100,000,000 should be devoted to reforming the educational system over there. Look at our spelling—speakers at this convention asserted two years of the pupil's schooling in English-speaking countries is wasted in learning to spell. We could insert four more subjects in our curriculum if we reformed our spelling. No scholar ever became a grammarian by studying grammar. Our school inspectors should be inspirers rather than inspectors. Our public schools should teach reading, writing and arithmetic. These are the tools of training. In learning to use these tools, history, literature, geography, composition and such subjects should be used as incidental mediums to the primary objects of teaching those three main subjects. Schools should be used to make children at home in the world. There should be less talk, less study of words and more do, more action. I would reduce the size of the school buildings and surround the school grounds with work shops where children could be taught to make, construct—do! Our technical training is done only in spots, so far. Out of 71 towns and cities in Ontario 35 of them only have evening classes. Only 10% of our scholars go to the High Schools, and of them only 14% go on to the universities. I would have rapid, legible writing; rapid calculation; familiarity with weights and measures, and such points drilled into them. I would inculcate the dignity of work if I had to read the pupils Carlyle's 'Apostrophe to Work' every morning."

Thus spake the practical speed-man who works on a basis of so many words a minute reduced to shorthand. Is he the goat? Or is it the Oxford system that has the long thin whiskers with very little wool?

The Unlike and the Like

(Concluded from page 9.)

conferred indiscriminately. Those to whom an oath is meaningless should not be privileged to take it.

But far more important than the question of political or national allegiance is the question of an ultimate admixture through an open door of immigration of our own blood with that of races nationally deficient in the very qualities which we prize and reverence most highly. If the door is not barred to these peoples now that the scales have fallen from our eyes so that we see them clearly, there can be but one ultimate result—a lowering of our national standards in every way, and a deviation by the ultimate Canadian from the type to which he would otherwise breed true.



The Outdoor Girl

Protects the skin and complexion from all weather conditions. Soothing and healing after exposure. Relieves sunburn, tan and rough or chapped skins. Try it to-day.

Gouraud's
Oriental Cream

Send 10c. for Trial Size
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Montreal

Fast and Frequent Service

That is what the Wholesaler and Retailer wants.

WE HAVE IT

to

Thornhill	Queensville
Richmond Hill	Keswick
Aurora	Jackson's Point
Newmarket	Sutton
Schomberg	Toronto

and a number of smaller pieces in the County of York. You ought to get all the facts. It will pay you. Write or telephone the Traffic Department.

Toronto and York Radial Railway Company

Head Office: Toronto

Telephones
Main 7044 North 4517

"Express Delivery at Freight Rates."

ELECTRIC SERVICE

Means comfort, convenience, economy, and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of house-keeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

At our showrooms all these devices are ready for your inspection. Competent demonstrators will operate and explain them for you.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

12 Adelaide Street East

Telephone Adelaide 404

STAMPS AND COINS.

PACKAGES free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

THE ACTOR'S MAKE-UP in the FIDDLER

Mr. Luigi Von Kunits shows just how Ysaye translates his divine message to an audience

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

ALL ye who dream that the art of Ysaye is a heaven-born gift to mankind, read the complete explanation of how Ysaye does it as recorded by the editor of the Canadian Journal of Music. Those of us who, unversed in the technical mysteries of the fiddle and the bow, talk about the effects produced on the listener of an artist like Ysaye, are as a rule denied the more diabolical joy of telling people how the trick is done. Now comes Mr. Von Kunits, himself a violin virtuoso, and tells us with prodigious exactitude every device in Ysaye's leger-demain. We recognize at once that there are no poetic illusions to the expert. With relentless accuracy he tracks each divine subterfuge to its lair. He admits that,

"The key to Ysaye's phenomenal hold on the public is his magnificent personality. Ysaye's own actions and gestures are always the immediate outcome, the genuine impulse of the mood that sways him."

But between this and the audience apparently there is as much make-up as a good actor requires to get a piece over the footlights. Ysaye is not merely a violinist. He is an actor. Here are a few of the ways in which he is said to get his effects:

In his left hand, a certain quick, nervous vibrato; a complex, unusual fingering in shifting positions; an ingenious way of continuing a rapid shake, by a strange alternation of the trilling fingers; a skilful intermingling of the natural harmonics in quick passage-work (especially scales and broken chords) and a clever use of the open strings.

In his right hand, the most striking feature is Ysaye's "hammered" bowing-style which he has developed to a perfection and which he handles with a velocity that actually must be seen to be believed. A further result of the truly marvellous control of that special part of the bow (meaning the "third quarter" of the bow-length) is a sparkling staccato of fascinating firmness and brilliancy, equally at command with the down-stroke and with the up-stroke. Another favourite spot on the bow is a place near the nut or frog, especially for clearly detached and accentuated up-strokes, which Ysaye executes with a moderately stiff wrist and a prompt lifting of the arm—taking a rather ostentatious delight in it, at times. Guarnerius on which he plays, is one of those rare, infinitely sensitive instruments on which alone that astounding multiplicity of shadings and colours are producible. In the cantabile, Ysaye has such a subtle way of changing sustained tones from one string to another, preserving the quality intact in the transfer, that a similar effect is produced as with the loud pedal on a piano, where, by skilful manipulation, one tone can be made to imperceptibly "flow" into the next. His little finger hardly ever touches the stick, and even the fourth finger is frequently taken off. Most violinists would find themselves uncomfortably incapable of balancing the stick, if they tried to adopt this idiosyncrasy.

To complete the merely technical details, we should also mention the vigorous pizzicati which Ysaye executes with a sudden, quite violent pull in a half-upward direction (instead of strictly sideways, which is the usual manner).

Passing from the mere technical peculiarities to the characteristic marks of style and conception, Ysaye's most pronounced trait is the forceful, pulsating vitality of his rhythm. There is always the steady swing of the principal accents, while there are many incidental, interesting, side-lights effected by secondary accents and more subtle dynamic shades (phrases within a phrase); and there is withal an elasticity of the tempo which, if ventured upon by other virtuosi, would often seriously endanger the unity, the connectedness of the piece. It is not alone Ysaye's ever dominating personality by which the many episodes into which he seemingly dissolves a composition, are held together, but his in-born, artistic taste never permits him to overstep the border-line beyond which arbitrary caprice would distort the ideas of the composer.

There is more than mere abandon; there is complete absorption of the work performed, by the performer who performs it. The work may become somewhat transformed by that process; but, in compensation thereof, it impresses us now with a directness, with an immediateness that cannot be effected as long as an artist only relates somebody else's message. It is his own story that Ysaye tells us, with all the vivid fervour of one who has himself seen and heard; it is his own joy, his own grief he unfolds to us, from the bottom of his heart; it is his own pun he throws to us, with his own roguish smile; it is his own cause he pleads and urges with unabating insistence; and it is his own greatness of soul which towers up before us, in majestic grandeur, and which carries us along to those elevated heights to which it so easily ascends. Whatever the mood may be that is conveyed, we are face to face with Life, we are in touch with Reality, we are ourselves made to take part in the story going on before us.

And all this by means of a "miserable fiddle," with four cat-gut strings stretched over it and some horsehair drawn across!

There stands the wizard, bowing his acknowledgments to our frantic applause; and again and again the huge figure, slowly, cautiously, steps from behind the curtain and nods with a good-natured smile, half benevolent, half mocking.

How many people have listened, during the many, many years he has travelled from country to country, to the tones of his violin, of this faithful companion, this mouth-piece by which he communicates his self to humanity. How many hearts has this fiddle moved to quicker beats—hearts that, perhaps, beat no more! How many fellow-artists have assisted him in his triumphs—and have passed away! What an endless chain of ovations and laurels and royal decorations and homages of all kind, from all parts of the world!

And how little this world is, after all; how short the time that has passed by—a "life"-time; and how few people we meet that are worth while, people that know, that understand, that feel!

"Still more recalls? Still applauding? All right, Dambois, we shall play another encore. Plaudite, cives! But just one encore, for now I am getting tired,—it was such a long programme. Just think: first, a Mozart sonata; then that suite by Geminiani (oh, how I revere those old Italians, they knew how to write for the fiddle, those grand poets!); then those little Godard pieces for two violins (you did very

well, Gabriel); and your fine work, Maurice, at the piano (excellent, my boy, first rate!); then that final group of brilliant pieces, ending with the "Ballade and Polonaise" (some people say that Vieuxtemps is antiquated—the idiots!),—a long programme! And to-morrow? To-morrow, we must travel again — many miles — many miles."

A TWO IN ONE RECITAL.

WAS it a Grecian gown—that simple, but suave drape of cream-coloured satin, worn by the young lady who gave the piano part of the programme at Nordheimer's in Toronto last week? If so, it was not intended to match the music which was anything but Greek to the audience that crowded out into the corridors. Margaret McCallum is a new note in Canadian piano-grams. It was her first public recital. She played with the assurance of an old-timer. For this excellent poise she may thank partly a very athletic figure which is a great advantage on the merely powerful side of playing the piano. Here again the music was often unsuspected by the player who sometimes decrescendooed a piece till it became the subtle shadow of a sound.

Miss McCallum began with the Funerailles of Liszt, much of which I did not hear; and a good deal of that which I did hear must have been lost in transit through the doorways. In spite of the defective acoustics of



Loretta Taylor as "Haunted Annie," in the play "Out There," by her husband, Hartley Manners. The play is based on Red Cross work at the front. In this picture "Haunted Annie" is shown delivering a recruiting speech in Trafalgar Square, after her return from nursing in France. Catherine Proctor, a Canadian actress is one of the cast.

More Miles for Tires

Remember that air is the backbone of your tire, and that a limp backbone cannot withstand a heavy burden. Stiffen the backbone of your tire whenever it needs stiffening.

The SCHRADER Universal Tire Pressure Gauge will tell you when that is. Price \$1.25 at your dealer or

A. Schrader's Son, Inc.
20-22 Hayter St., Toronto
London Chicago
New York

Highest award at the Panama Pacific Exposition

CANADIAN FICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.
REXTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.

Established 1864.

The Merchants Bank
OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.

Paid-up Capital - - \$7,000,000

Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - \$7,250,984

215 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

General Banking Business Transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and interest allowed at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:
13 Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Parliament St.; Dundas St. and Roncesvalles Ave.; Dupont and Christie Sts.

ALBERT DOWNING
First Tenor Adnan Quartette.
Soloist Bloor St. Pres. Church.
Mus. Dir. Dovercourt College of Music.
Phone College 3153, Jct. 274.

ERNEST SEITZ
Pianist and Teacher.
Studio: Toronto Conservatory of Music.

RICHARD TATTERSALL
Organist, Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.
Studio: Canadian Academy of Music only.
Residence:
347 Brunswick Ave. Phone Coll. 2403

FRANK S. WELSMAN
Pianist.
Studio for Lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence: 30 Admiral Road.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
A. S. VOGT, Mus. Doc., Musical Director.

Unrivalled facilities for Professional and Non-Professional Students. Conservatory School of Expression, Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick, Principal. Send for Year Book, Syllabus, Women's Residence Pamphlet, and School of Expression Calendar.

the hall—under those conditions—she succeeded in delivering large masses of tone in contrast to spirituelle pianissimos.

Perhaps if one were able to hear the same performance in an open hall this rather violently exaggerated contrast might have been toned down to something more like unity. Liszt, however, depends for a good deal of his dynamic effects on this rather violent tone-colouring. A similar characteristic was noticed in the player's rendering of the Scriabini Prelude in D minor. Scriabini it happens is the young lady's pianistic grandfather in the pedagogical line, because he was the tutor of her Canadian teacher, Djane Lavoie Herz. The strange tone-colouring of this prelude was given a very successful pointing by Miss McCallum. The composer, it will be remembered, died about a year ago, shortly after the unsuccessful attempt to produce his Prometheus colour music in colours. Her rendering of the Mozart Sonata (allegro and andante) was the nearest to the Greek note in the programme. The exquisitely polished little rhythmic figures in the allegro and the delicate lace-like outlines of the melodies in the andante were beautifully worked out. The Chopin Nocturne in D minor must be counted as the nearest approach to Debussy that Chopin ever achieved. It failed in rhythmic continuity somewhat as played by Miss McCallum, but was well sustained in colour and feeling.

Miss McCallum may live to perform bigger programmes to larger audiences. She will probably never do anything that gives her more art satisfaction than the programme of last week.

Miss Lenore Ivey was the other half of the programme. In two groups of songs she displayed a mezzo voice of beautiful quality and of considerable variety of expression. Her enunciation was what one might call perfect. She sang with delightful flexibility and a high degree of charm. All her songs were well within the compass of her voice. There was a pleasing simplicity and lyric sincerity about all her work and a good quality of natural spontaneous suggestion in acting. Her encore, Habamera, from Carmen, indicated that a good deal of this lyric acting has been gained in the studio. Miss Ivey is a very refined artist, who has no small degree of song-individuality to encourage her in the pursuit of her work.

Two-artist recitals are not always so charming—when even the noticeable defects were themselves interesting.

GIFTED PERFORMERS.

THE Fortnightly Recital held at the Toronto Conservatory of Music on Wednesday evening of last week again brought to a hearing a number of highly-gifted performers representing the artistic results of the pedagogical work of several of the leading teachers of the institution. The programme was as follows:

Schumann... Vienna Carnival Scenes, Op. 26, Allegro molto.

Miss Helen Cameron (Pupil of Mr. Seitz).

Mendelssohn... Be thou Faithful unto Death (St. Paul).

Mr. Albert Hart (Pupil of Dr. Ham).

Debussy... En Bateau

Debussy... Minuet

Dittersdorf-Kriesler... Scherzo

Miss Edwina Palmer (Pupil of Miss Adamson).

Gounod... Scene and Aria, Jewel Song (Faust).

Mrs. Denison D. Dana (Pupil of Miss Shepherd).

Meyerbeer... O Paradise (L'Africaine)

Mascagni... Drinking Song (Cavalleria Rusticana).

Mr. Josef Shlisky (Pupil of Mr. Baker).

Meyerbeer... Robert toi que j'aime
Miss Irene Symons (Pupil of Mr. Stevenson).

Mendelssohn... Hear ye, Israel (Elijah)

Mrs. Ellison West (Pupil of Dr. Ham).

Moszkowski... Caprice Espagnol, Op. 37.

Miss Muriel Robertson (Pupil of Mr. Welsman).

(a) Grieg... Gavotte from Holberg Suite.

(b) Moszkowski... In Autumn
Miss Eleanor Willoughby (Pupil of Mr. Wells).

Chips
From "Canada Chops"

HERE is a typical extract in character-descriptions from "Canada Chops," by J. G. Sime (Oxford University Press):

His job was selling ribbon at the Ribbon Counter—and he didn't like it. He didn't like it at all, he disliked it; there were days when he loathed and hated it. . . . For a miracle, he was strong, he was tall, and he made muscle, muscle that he would dolefully feel for in the intervals of serving lady customers. . . . He saw no way out of it short of going back to the land—

and the lady customers hadn't pushed him that far yet. . . . When war broke out—he saw a way. He knew nothing about war, but he thought it couldn't be worse than a Departmental Store, and though he knew less than nothing about a shell, he fancied somehow he would take to it more kindly than to a yard of ribbon with a woman at the other end. . . . It was not a beribboned life he led in France—no one could say that of it; but he learned a lot. He learned what hunger means, and what fear means, and what the Communion of Rats means, and what pain means, and what comradeship and sharing means. . . . He got on well with everything and every one there was. They liked him "fine."

One day Chips found himself once more in the orbit of high explosive. . . . By this time he had learned to keep his head on any and every occasion—for he had been over a year at the front. An officer was going along, and Chips was watching him. He wasn't an officer that Chips knew anything or cared anything about. . . . And yet, when he heard a bomb coming along—nothing in the world could have been more involuntary and instinctive and unreasoned—he stepped in before the officer he neither knew or cared about and saved him. He protected the unknown body

at the cost of his own. And he hadn't even time to wonder why! . . . As Chips lay in hospital, however, he lay and wondered day-long, and sometimes night-long, too. He wondered—why! He went on wondering, and he found no answer. The Ribbon Counter won't see Chips again—that's clear. But then it wouldn't want to now that he's minus pretty nearly everything that you can make a living by. What will Chips do when he comes out of hospital? Who will want him? You can't make livings out of asking why. . . . There's a deal of wondering yet, I fear, ahead of Chips.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of New York, tells this story of himself: "Not long ago a mother of one of my pupils came to me and said: 'Doctor, how could you speak to my little daughter so cruelly? She came home in tears, and never wants to go back.' 'What on earth did I say to her?' I asked in astonishment. 'You told her if she didn't come oftener you would throw her in the furnace,' the accusing mother asserted. I thought it over, much puzzled, and then I recalled that what I really did say was this: 'If you are not more regular in attendance I shall have to drop you from the register.'—The Argonaut."



EASE OF CONTROL

THE increasing number of lady drivers brings added popularity to the McLaughlin. Ladies, as well as discriminating men, like the beauty, style and comfort of the McLaughlin. But they like especially the *ease of control*—the quick response—the smooth flexible power, the safety and simplicity of operation of the McLaughlin.

The valve-in-head motor with sound engineering principles and advanced styles of coach building has established McLaughlin supremacy and won for it the appropriate slogan "Canada's Standard Car."

Our new catalogue gives descriptions and specifications of the 1917 McLaughlin series in Roadster and Five and Seven Passenger Touring and Sedan bodies at prices ranging from \$910 upward.

Send for your copy to
The McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited,
 OSHAWA, ONTARIO.



See the McLaughlin series before buying your 1917 car. There is a McLaughlin dealer near you anxious to show our line.

BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES; DEALERS EVERYWHERE;

Branches in leading cities. Dealers Everywhere.

Canada's Standard Car

Investors in All Parts of Canada

The exceptional Safety and the good interest return offered in our "guaranteed investment" are so attractive that investors from every quarter of the Dominion have taken advantage of it. This

INVESTMENT 5% INTEREST GUARANTEED

is secured by a first mortgage on improved property and also by the Capital and Reserve of the Corporation. Sums of \$500 upwards accepted. Interest, from the day money is received, is paid by cheque, semi-annually or quarterly, at the net rate of five per cent. per annum. We shall be glad to explain particulars by letter and by free booklet on request.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

Established 1882 Capital \$1,500,000.00 Reserve \$1,850,000.00
Head Office, Bay and Melinda Sts., Toronto. Branches, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Vancouver.

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of
Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers
and
Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

Western Assurance Company

(Fire, Marine and Explosion)

Incorporated A.D. 1851.

Assets over \$4,000,000.00.

Losses paid since organization over
\$64,000,000.00.

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO.

The Impulse to Save

Comes frequently to everyone. Never was it more important that it should be acted upon. By saving your money, you not only ensure your future and increase your independence, but you serve your Country as well. After you have started a Deposit Account, you more frequently obey the impulse to save.

You can open an account with this Corporation, which for more than sixty years has been the depository of the savings of thousands of our citizens, with a deposit of one dollar. We welcome the small deposits as, in our long experience, we have seen many such grow into accounts with handsome balances. All your deposits will bear interest compounded twice a year at

THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT.

per annum. Begin to-day. Call and make a small deposit, and take a pass book home with you. Or, it can be sent by mail and the book will be sent you by return post.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Established 1855

Paid-up Capital and Reserve
ELEVEN MILLION DOLLARS
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

DUNLOP TIRES "Special Tread" - "Traction Tread"

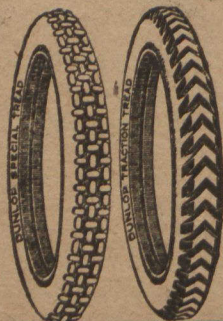
Service Begets Supremacy

Dunlop—"The Automobile

Tire you see the most of

and hear the most about."

Most
Mileage



Most
Safety

A. 75

Doing Good By Stealth

By INVESTICUS

IT is sometimes a dangerous thing to try to do good by stealth. I don't speak from personal experience of the dangers of such a course. But to try to do good to the public, quietly, is sometimes like trying to sneak past a sentry in war time just in order to save him the inconvenience of saying: "Oo goes there?" Or it is like surprising him with a ham sandwich in one hand and a bottle of milk in the other. He is as like as not to pot you first and eat the sandwich second. The milk, of course, would be a total loss.

A certain company with five million dollars capitalization has recently been announced in the official gazette. This company's object in life is to raise cattle—to put Canada on the ranching map once more. It had its beginning in the first place in a certain small association of patriotic men who were interested in the cattle business and felt that, failing to qualify for army service, their opportunity to serve Canada lay in stimulating one of the greatest industries in the country: the raising of cattle. This public-spirited body of men—it included such names as Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture in Alberta, the late Nelson Monteith, Senator Talbot, Andrew Broder, M.P., R. H. McElroy, M.P.P., and others of similar high standing—collected a fund by private contribution and proceeded to do whatever could be done to help the ranching industry. Owing to its efforts it succeeded in having the herd laws of Alberta so amended that whereas the onus formerly rested upon the ranchman to keep his wandering herds off the property of the homesteader, the situation was reversed in the northern part of that province so that the settler was required to fence his land against invasion by the ranchman's herd. In this way thousands of acres of land which had previously been lying idle, and invaluable cattle-food which had previously gone to waste each year, have been thrown open to the ranching interests.

This group of men then started to lend a helping hand to ranchers. It found reputable ranchers who needed capital, or capitalists that were looking for ranch investments, or land that needed both the ranchman and the capitalist to bring it into use—and this modest little body of citizens brought these various interests together. In this way it helped into existence eight or ten ranching companies, and even went so far as to pay the expenses of organizing and securing charters. All the while it avoided publicity and asked no credit for what it was doing beyond the thanks of the men it helped.

Recently, however, the association decided upon a bold stroke by which to aid the cattle trade of Canada. It conceived the idea of forming one great big company which would operate a colossal number of ranches and build up an enormous breeding herd. As it is against the rule of this column to give direct benefit to any one company by mentioning its name—except in the case of certain old established concerns—I shall not do so. Suffice it to say that in the next few weeks a cattle supply company will offer something like a million dollars worth of stock to the Canadian public. This stock will be issued at par and will be sold only by the company or by members of the National Livestock Association. No broker, nor any other person will be allowed any commission. No one will receive any promotion stock, or any stock whatever except in return for dollar for dollar real

value. This company, it is understood, already has interested certain powerful foreign governments and the Canadian governments and has in sight more orders than can be filled for some time to come. It estimates its cost of production at \$17 per head for an animal which at present commands approximately \$125—and even in the poorest years commands in the neighbourhood of seventy-five dollars. The management of the company is in the hands of expert cattlemen and the board of directors includes such men as the General Manager of the Union Stock Yards and the General Manager of the William Davies Company, both of these men having resigned these positions to undertake the new work.

The work of the National Livestock Association has been open to one criticism, that is, that it was overly modest. When first the name of the big company which the association is promoting was mentioned in financial circles many questions were asked as to its origin. Men who had not heard of the National Livestock Association wondered just what interest that body had in the new company. In other words, by being modest about itself the association ran the risk of being misunderstood. Only now when the facts have been made public is the association and its gigantic cattle-raising project receiving the credit due. The National Livestock Association deserves the approval of the general public for its disinterested public service. We wish success to its new company—whose name we have not mentioned, but whose fortunes we shall watch with interest.

HUNGRY BELGIUM.

Montreal, April 20.—What life in Belgium is like at the present time may be gathered from the following extract from a letter received from a citizen of the ancient city of Ghent: "Over two years have passed since the time, when, hot from the doors of the city, the cannon thundered. The period that has intervened has brought us much unhappiness, I need not tell you. God alone has preserved the population while it has been under the German regime, which has been full of oppression, vexations, hunger and misery. Among us the tyranny has reached such a point that we are forbidden to go abroad, to promenade, to sleep, or to work, without permission. This tyranny has created a state of things the effect of which will be felt for many years. We are rationed, which means that we are condemned to continual hunger. Processions of the famishing people may be seen in the streets every now and again, although various punishments are inflicted for taking part in such demonstrations. Sad and hungry little family parties appear on the streets, all wearing sabots, for shoes have become articles of great luxury. When will the deliverance come?"

The story is revived of a society woman who wrote to Paderewski for "a lock of hair." She received this reply: "Dear Madame: M. Paderewski directs me to say that it affords him much pleasure to comply with your request. You failed to specify whose hair you desire. So he sends samples of that of his valet, cook, waiter, and mattress belonging to M. Pullman, proprietor of the coach in which he travelled in America."—Public Opinion (London).

CHESS

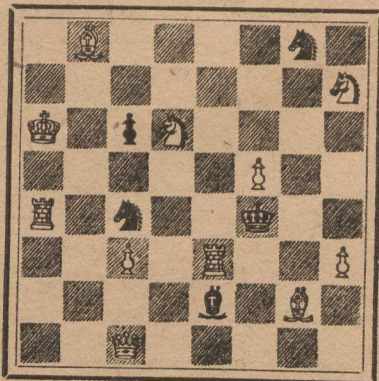
Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

Solutions to problems and other chess correspondence should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 132, by Comins Mansfield. (British Army in France.)

First Prize, Good Companions' Club, Mich., 1917.

Black.—Five Pieces.



White.—Eleven Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 133, by N. M. Gibbons.

(A White "Pickabish.")

(Brit. Chess Mag., Feb., 1917.)

White: K at QB3; Q at QKt6; Bs at Q4 and K2; Kt at QKt4; Ps at QB2, Q2, Q7, KKt2 and KKt4.

Black: K at K5; Q at Kkt2; B at KB3; Kt at KB8; Ps at QR5, QR6, QKt4, K3, K8 and KB5.

White compels Black to mate in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 128, by Frank Janet.

Due to a compositor's error, a Black Bishop crept in at KR7. The square should be unoccupied, consequently we withhold solution till next issue.

Problem No. 129, by H. W. Bettmann.

1. B-Q7, KxP; 2. Kt-Q2, Rany; 3. P accordingly mate.

1., RxP; 2. B-K6; R any; 3. P accordingly, mate.

1., threat; 2. B-Kt5ch, KxP; 3. Kt-B3 mate.

Correction.

In addition to the error pointed out above, in Problem No. 123, by K. Grabowski, there should be a White Bishop at KB2. Mr. B. Gordon, Ottawa, calls our attention to this omission and sends in correct solution, together with that of Problems No. 125 and 126. George Marler, Lennoxville, correctly solves Problem 122.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE

The following interesting game was played in England between H. Moss and Rev. F. E. Hamond, at Board No. 1, in the recent correspondence match between the counties of Lincoln and Norfolk. The score we take from the British Chess Magazine, the notes being a rearrangement of those by the Norfolk expert.

Caro Kann.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| H. Moss. | Rev. F. E. Hamond |
| (Lincoln.) | (Norfolk.) |
| 1. P-K4 | 1. P-QB3 |
| 2. P-Q4 | 2. P-Q4 |
| 3. PxP | 3. PxP |
| 4. Kt-KB3 | 4. Kt-QB3 |
| 5. P-B3 | 5. P-KKt3 |
| 6. B-KB4 (a) | 6. Kt-B3 |
| 7. Kt-R3 | 7. Kt-KR4 |
| 8. Q-Q2 | 8. B-B4 |
| 9. B-KR6 | 9. BxB |
| 10. QxB | 10. Q-Kt3 |
| 11. Castles! | 11. Kt-KB3 |
| 12. B-Q3 | 12. BxB (b) |
| 13. RxB | 13. Kt-K5 |
| 14. Q-K3 | 14. Q-R3 (c) |
| 15. KR-Qsq | 15. P-QKt4 |
| 16. K-Ktsq | 16. Q-Kt2 |
| 17. Kt-K5 | 17. Kt-R4 |
| 18. R-Ksq | 18. R-QKtsq (d) |
| 19. Q-B4 (e) | 19. P-B3 |
| 20. Kt-Kt4 | 20. P-Kt5 |
| 21. Pxp | 21. QxP |
| 22. R-K2 | 22. Castles (f) |
| 23. K-Rsq! | 23. R-Kt3 (g) |
| 24. Q-Bsq!! (h) | 24. R-B3 |
| 25. R-B2 | 25. KR-QBsq |
| 26. Kt-K3 (i) | 26. Q-Kt 2 (j) |
| 27. P-B3 | 27. Q-R3 |
| 28. RxR (k) | 28. Kt x R |
| 29. Q-QKtsq | 29. Kt-Kt4 (l) |
| 30. KtxP | 30. R-Qsq |
| 31. Kt-B7 | Draw agreed (m) |

(a) In the game in our last issue, White here continued 6. B-QKt5.

(b) This exchange gives Black an interesting though precarious attack.

(c) Threatening KtxKBP.

(d) And following this Kt-B5 is Black's intention.

(e) If 19. P-B3, then 19. ... P-Kt5.

(f) Black intends a violent assault upon the White King, but his advantage to do so is curiously illusory.

(g) The best continuation is not easy to determine. If 23. ... KR-QBsq, then 24. P-B3, Kt-B6; 25. R-B2 (PxKt?), QxKt; 26. R(Q3)xKt and Black must lose something. If here instead 24. ... Kt-B4, then 25. R-B3, threatening 26. KR-B2, to meet which 25. ... Kt-R5 would, of course, allow a reduction of Rooks.

which 24. ... Kt-B4 would be good as after 25. R-B3, Kt-R5 follows without the undesirable exchange of Rooks. If instead of the text-move White attempts to counter-attack by 24. R-R3, then follows 24. ... R-Bsq; 25. Q-R6, Kt-Kt4, and if White persists with 26. R-R4, threatening 27. P-B4, Black mates in three by 26. ... R-Bsch; 27. Kt-Ktsq, Kt-Kt5ch, etc.

(i) A very fine move!

(j) If 26. ... KtxBP, then 27. R(Q3)-B3, and Black cannot play 27. ... RxR on account of 28. PxR, with both the Black Queen and Knight en prise.

(k) If 28. KtxQP, then 28. ... RxR; 29. KtxR, QxR; 30. KtxPch, K-Kt2; 31. KtxR, Kt-Q7; 32. Q-Ksq (obviously Kt-Ksq, Q-Qsq or Kt-Kt4 would lose for White), QxKt; 33. Q-K7ch, K-R3; 34. Q-Bsch, K-Kt4; 35. Q-B5ch. Black must now play carefully to win against the Pawns, but would probably just pull it off. If here 29. ... Kt-B6, then 30. RxKt, RxR; 31. K-Ktsq, R-B5; 32. KtxPch. White has then Knight and two Pawns for a Rook, and a draw would probably result.

(l) The long-posted Knight must now retreat and the attack is over. The game simply bristles with complications and interesting positions! If 29. ... Kt-QKt5, then 30. KtxP, QxR (if 30. ... KtxR, then 31. KtxPch, K-Bsq; 32. KtxR, Kt(K5)-Q7 or B7; 35. Q-B2 wins); 31. KtxPch, K-Bsq; 32. KtxR (not 32. QxQ first, because of 32. ... R-Bsch; 33. Q-Ktsq, RxQ; 34. KxR, Kt-Q3), and Black can do nothing.

(m) Black's King's Pawn never moved.

END GAME NO. 23.

By Horwitz and Kling.

White: K at K7; B at QB2; Ps at QR4, QKt2 and QB4. Black: K at QR2; Kts at QKt2 and KR5; Ps at QR4 and QB4. White to play and win.

Solution.

1. B-K4, K-R3 (a); 2. K-Q7 (b), K-Kt3; 3. P-Kt3, K-R3! (c); 4. K-B7, K-R2; 5. BxKt, Kt-B4! 6. B-B8, Kt-Q5; 7. B-R3, K-R3; 8. B-Kt4 (d), K-R2; 9. B-B8, KtxP; 10. K-B6, K-Ktsq; 11. B-Kt4, K-R2; 12. B-Qsq wins.

(a) The Knights, of course, cannot move (b) White now proceeds to win a piece. (c) If 3. ... K-R2; 4. K-B7, K moves; 5. BxKtch and 6. B-K4. (d) White now proceeds to get his King to Kt6 or B6, to do which successfully he must lose a move, for after 8. B-Bsch, K-R2; 9. B-Kt7, KtxP; 10. K-B6, Kt-Q5ch! follows.

TORONTO CHESS LEAGUE.

The final standing of the Clubs in the "A" Division of the Toronto Chess League is as follows:

Clubs	Won	Lost	Draw	Pts.
Beaches	8	0	2	9
Parliament	4	3	3	5½
Toronto	4	3	3	5½
West End Y.M.C.A.	4	4	2	5
Varsity	4	5	1	4½
Central Y.M.C.A.	0	9	1	½

The Beaches are to be congratulated upon their fine record. Last year they held second place, tie with West End Y. The Parliament Club, promoted but a year and a half ago by the energetic secretary of the League, Mr. W. H. Ferguson, has climbed from the fifth place to tie for second. Last year's winners, Central Y., owe their lowly position to defaulting many of their matches. The winners hold for one year the Geo. E. Holt Shield, emblematic of the League Championship.

Parliament Club proved winners of the "B" Division by 8 wins to 1, with none drawn.

SAM'S DANDER IS UP.

(Concluded from page 13.)

of silver. White feathers are reaching them by mail. Some German-American clubs are nervously running up the American flag. A New York woman tried to take her life because her neighbours were taunting her with being a German. At a conference of Methodist Ministers, in New York, one of them tore down a German flag and substituted a French one for it, and the entire conference applauded. School children are getting the same flag-tearing habit. Woe to Germany when the people are roused. A professor of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania has had his services dispensed with, after presiding at unpatriotic peace meetings. David Starr Jordan can now add a mob attack to his experiences. Pro-Germans everywhere who are talking indiscreetly and disloyally are finding themselves under arrest and indictment.

It is worthy of note, also, how the nation is taking action. Thousands of industrial plants have already been placed at the disposal of the government; an organization representing 97 per cent. of the railways has similarly guaranteed the services of their roads—"to the last flat-car," while gifts of boats and ambulances and airships and hospitals are being made by corporations and individuals.



Shaving Single Handed in a Military Hospital

Only those who have been there can realize what the Gillette Safety Razor is doing for the wounded!

Clean shaving on the firing line, possible only with a Gillette, has saved endless trouble in dressing face wounds. In the hands of orderly or nurse it shortens by precious minutes the preparations for operating. Later, in the hands of the patients, it is a blessing indeed!

As soon as their strength begins to return, they get the Gillette into action, and fairly revel in the finishing touch which it gives to the welcome cleanliness of hospital life. For though he can use but one hand—and that one shaky—a man can shave himself safely and comfortably with a Gillette Safety Razor.

It may seem a little thing to you to send a Gillette to that lad you know Overseas, but to him it will mean so much! It will bring a touch of home comfort to his life on active service, and be even more appreciated if he gets "Blighty".

240

BRUCE'S Flowering BULBS

We offer a complete assortment of Bulbs to give the greatest satisfaction in the garden.

GLADIOLUS Choice Mixed—10 for 30c.; 25 for 65c.; 100 for \$2.00. **Groff's Hybrid Seedlings Mixed**—10 for 40c.; 25 for 75c.; 100 for \$2.00. **Bruce's White and Light Shades**—10 for 50c.; 25 for \$1.00; 100 for \$3.50. Postage—10 for 10c.; 25 for 20c. and 50c. per 100 extra.

DARLIAS Splendid Named Varieties—20c. each; 3 for 55c.; \$2.00 per dozen. **Mixed Varieties**—16c. each; 3 for 30c.; \$1.00 per doz. Postage—5c. each extra.

Also a large assortment Begonias, Caladium, Gloxinias, Lilies, Tuberoses, etc.
Handsome catalogue of Bulbs, Plants, Seeds, Poultry Supplies, etc., FREE.

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO.
Limited
HAMILTON
Canada

Many Uses

SNAP

THE GREAT

Hand Cleaner

15c.

GET IT TODAY

ROSES, BULBS SHRUBS, ROOTS, SEEDS

- Hardy Irish Hybrid Tea Rose Bushes, Gov't. choice, 5 best kinds, \$2.50.
- Hardy Hybrid Tea Rose Bushes, Gov't second choice 5 sorts, \$2.00
- Hardy Climbing Rose Bushes, including Ramblers, etc., all kinds, each 35c, 50c.
- Hardy Garden Rose Bushes, fragrant, 10 varieties, for \$2.25
- Hardy Moss Rose Bushes, any color, strong, 3-year-old, each . . . 40c
- Tuberous Begonia Bulbs, 6 colors, large single flowers, each 12c, 4 for 40c.
- Giant Gloxinias, Scarlet, Blue, spotted, White, any color, each 18c, 10 for \$1.50.
- Giant Cactus Dahlia Roots, newest blooms, any shade, each . . . 25c
- Grand Show Dahlias, best collection, each 25c, 10 grand sorts \$2.15
- Gold Medal Gladioli Mixture, finest flowers, no two alike, 10 for 85c, 100 \$6.00.
- Superb General Gladioli Mixture, popular assortment, 10 bulbs 50c, 100 \$3.50.
- Fined Mixed Gladioli Bulbs, best for the money . . . 10 bulbs 25c, 100 \$1.75.
- Hardy Phlox Roots, most beautiful kinds, all different colors, each 20c, 10 for \$1.75.
- Gorgeous Double Paeony Roots, newest and best, all shades, each 25c, 40c.
- Auratum Lily Bulbs, hardy, golden banded, crimson, white, each 20c, 10 for \$1.75.
- Clematis Vines, hardy, large flowering sorts, any color, each 50c and 75c.
- Boston Ivy Vines, clings to any wall each 30c and 50c
- Hardy Hydrangea Grandiflora Shrubs, grandest of all, each 30c, 10 for \$2.00.
- Spiraea Van Houttei Shrubs, make gorgeous hedge . . each 25c, 10 for \$2.00, 100 for \$18.50.
- Herbert Red Raspberry Bushes, unexcelled for size, flavor and yield, 3 for 40c, 100 for \$7.50.
- Famous Golden Bantam Sweet Table Seed Corn Pkg. 10c, lb. 40c, 5 lbs. \$1.90.
- XXX Earliest Table Marrow Peas, luscious, high quality, 4 ozs. 15c, lb. 40c, 5 lbs. \$1.90.
- Rennie's Stringless Wax Butter Beans, superb 4 oz. 15c, lb. 50c, 5 lbs. \$2.40.

"Pakro" Seedtape. "You plant it by the yard."
2 pkts. for 25c. Ask for descriptive list.

Rennie's Seed Annual Free to All. Delivery Free in Canada.

Order through your LOCAL DEALER or direct from

RENNIE'S SEEDS Wm. RENNIE Co., Limited
King and Market Sts. TORONTO
Also at MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

There are all kinds of
weather but only one kind of

PURITY FLOUR

Always the same
More Bread and Better Bread



THE TUSCO Comforts of your home.
American and European.
(Private Hotel) Moderate rates. Hot and
cold water in every room.
E. S. EDMONDSON, Prop., shopping dis-
trict, 235 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont.

KING EDWARD HOTEL
—Fireproof—
Toronto, Canada.
Accommodation for 750 guests, \$1.50 up.
American and European Plan.

Cephore Bedore

(Concluded from page 22.)

when she paid her morning visit to the room of the invalid. She found her lord and master sitting up in bed. Also there was hayseed matted in his hair and about the carpet.

Cephore ate a light breakfast sullenly and ordered a bottle of Imperial. He drank of the whiskey in great gulps, and recalled the Madame.

"Marie," he ordered, "you shall send for the Padre, and for Patrick Flannagan and his Madame and for their son, Thomas, to come at once. I have tidings, tell them. Our daughter, Josephine, you shall also tell to be present."

"Your poor father is very drunk," the Madame whispered to her daughter. "He has sent for the Padre and the Flannagans!"

Poor Madame Bedore, poor Josephine! They verily believed the Evil One had taken possession of the head of the house. But the Madame on the party telephone wire did exactly as she was instructed, and Josephine—well, Tom was coming and there was little time to do her hair and dress.

A despairing, if expectant, party gathered round the bedside of Cephore Bedore. Cephore looked straight at the black cassock of the priest and from there to the ceiling. He spoke slowly and with great effect, as one enunciating a dream.

"Cephore has had a vision which he has been commanded to impart," he declared. "In the night he was taken from here and down to the rivaire. There, before his eyes, was the Gay Paree sent to the bottom by hands he did not see. It was to end the affair of trouble between the Bedores and the Flannagans, and a great voice said that Cephore must agree to the marr-eege of his daughter, Josephine, to the son of the Flannagan, and a

great good would come to him. So I agree. Also, I lose the rheumatics.

"Daughter Josephine," he requested, "will you to the rivaire run and see if the Gay Paree is not gone?"

The girl, for whom the glad sunlight seemed to dance as she caught the none less ardent eyes of Tom, flew away like a bird and was back before Cephore's startled audience could ask the questions that were on the tip of every tongue but one.

As she returned to her father, Tom Flannagan stepped to her side.

"The Gay Paree is not at the dock, father," she announced, "nor is it anywhere to be seen!"

Cephore leaned forward and placed his daughter's slim white hand in Tom Flannagan's generous palm.

"You hear, you hear!" he cried. "The Gay Paree is gone as was in the vision shown Cephore. Therefore, with you, Josephine, I must do as I agree."

"It is a miracle!" proclaimed the womenfolk, but the good Padre, having smelled Cephore's breath, made no comment save a puzzled shaking of the head.

Patrick Flannagan remained when the others had gone. Silently, he handed Bedore a crumpled scrap of paper. The latter scanned it once with a doleful grimace!

"I, Cephore Bedore, being in me proper sineses, do solemnly agree that me dotter, Josephine, shall be jined in the holy bonds of wedlock to Thomas Patrick Flannagan, and that I shall give her 100 acres and me barn fer doing the same. (Witness) Patrick Flannagan. (Sgd.) Cephore Bedore."

Bedore tore the slip into little bits and tossed them on the floor. His guest sniffed significantly.

"Phwat kind ov whiskey's that ye've been drinkin', Cephore," asked Flannagan, "an' is there any more ov it hereabouts?"

SKETCHES YOU WILL SMILE OVER

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

CANADA IN WAR PAINT

By Captain Ralph W. Bell

J. M. Dent & Sons

In a few weeks now this will be circulating in book form. Before those who are likely to buy the book get a chance to read these sketches, readers of the Canadian Courier will be able to get the best of them.

WRITTEN BY A CANADIAN,

Breezy, Experienced. Written from the Inside Out. To be illustrated with

SKETCHES BY A CANADIAN ARTIST.

KING—OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"YOU mourn like a dog," King told him. "Three howls and a whine and a little sulking—and then forgetfulness!"

Ismail looked nasty at that, but did not answer, although he seemed to have a hot word ready. And thenceforward he hung his head more, and at least tried to seem bereaved. But his manner was unconvincing none the less, and King found it food for thought.

The ex-soldiers and would-be soldiers marched in fours behind him, growing hourly more like drilled men, and talking, with each stride that brought them nearer India, more as men do who have an interest in law and order. Behind them tramped the women from Khinjan, carrying their babies and their husbands' loads; and behind

them again were the other women, who had been told they would be overtaken in the Khyber, but who had actually had to run themselves raw-footed in order to catch up.

Down the Khyber have come conquerors, a dozen conquering kings, and as many beaten armies; but surely no stranger host than this ever trudged between the echoing walls. The very eagles screamed at them.

And as they neared Jamrud Fort the men who sought pardons began to grow sheepish. They began to remember that the hakim might after all be a trickster, and to realize how much too friendly—how almost intimate he had been with the sahibs at All Masjid. They began to cluster round him instead of letting him lead, and by the time they met the farthest outposts up the Khyber they were as nervous as raw recruits and ready to turn and bolt at a word—for no one can

be more timid than your Hillman when he is not sure of himself, just as no one can be braver when he knows his ground.

Signals preceded them, and Courtenay himself rode up the Pass to greet them. But of course he was not very cordial to King, considering his disguise; and he chose to keep the Hillmen in doubt yet as to their eventual reception. But one of them, the Orakzai Pathan (for nothing could completely unman him), shouted to know whether it was true that pardons had been offered for deserters, and Courtenay nodded. They were less timid after that. Some of them pulled medals out and pinned them outside their shirts.

At Jamrud they were given food and their rifles were taken away from them and a guard was set to watch them. But the guard only consisted of two men, both of whom were Pathans, and they assured them that, ridiculous though it sounded, the British were actually willing to forgive their enemies and to pardon all deserters who applied for pardon on condition of good faith in the future.

That night they prayed to Allah like little children lost and found. The women crooned love-songs to their babies over the clear fires and the men talked—and talked—and talked until the stars grew big as moons to weary eyes and they slept at last, to dream of khaki uniforms and karnel sahibs who knew neither fear nor favour and who said things that were so. It is a mad world to the Himalayan Hillman where men in authority tell truth unadorned without shame and without consideration—a mad, mad world, and perhaps too exotic to be wholesome, but pleasant while the dream lasts.

Over in the fort Courtenay placed a bath at King's disposal and lent him clean clothes and a razor. But he was not very cordial.

"Tell me all the war news!" said King, splashing in the tub. And Courtenay told him, passing him another cake of soap when the first was finished. After all there was not much to tell—butchery in Belgium—Huns and guns—and the everlastingly glorious stand that saved Paris and France and Europe.

"According to the cables our men are going the records one better. I think that's all," said Courtenay.

"Then why the stuffiness?" asked King. "Why am I talked to at the end of a tube, so to speak?"

"You're under arrest!" said Courtenay.

"The deuce I am!"

"I'm taking care of you myself to obviate the necessity of putting a sentry on guard over you."

"Good of you, I'm sure. What's it all about?"

"I don't mind telling you, but I'd rather you'd wait. The minute you were sighted word was wired down to headquarters, and the general himself will be up here by train any minute."

"Very well," said King. "Got a cigar? Got a black one? Blacker the better!"

He was out of his bath and remembered that minute that he had not smoked a cigar since leaving India. Naked, shaved, with some of the stain removed, he did not look like a man in trouble as he filled his lungs with the saltpeterish smoke of a fat Trichinopoly.

And then the general came and did not wait for King to get dressed, but burst into the bathroom and shook hands with him while he was still naked and asked ten questions (like a gatling gun) while King was getting on his trousers, divining each answer after the third word and waving the rest aside.

"And why am I arrested, sir?" asked King the moment he could slip the question in edgewise.

"Oh, yes, of course. Try the case here as well as anywhere. What does this mean?"

OUT of his pocket the general produced a letter that smelt strongly of a scent King recognized. He spread it out on a table, and King read. It was Yasmini's letter that she had sent down the Khyber to make India too hot to hold him.

"Your Captain King has been too much trouble. He has taken money from the Germans. He adopted native dress. He called himself Kurrum Khan. He slew his own brother at night in the Khyber Pass. These men will say that he carried the head to Khinjan, and their word is true. I, Yasmini, saw. He used the head for a passport to obtain admittance. He proclaims a jihad! He urges invasion of India! He held up his brother's head before five thousand men and boasted of the murder. The next you shall hear of your Captain King of the Khyber Rifles he will be leading a jihad into India. You would have better trusted me. Yasmini."

"Too bad about your brother," said the general. "The body is buried. How much is true about the head?"

King told him.

"Where's she?" asked the general.

King did not answer. The general waited.

"I don't know, sir."

"Ask the Ranger," Courtenay suggested.

"Where is he?" asked King.

"Caught him coming down the Khyber on his black mare and arrested him. He's in the next room. I hope he's to be hanged. So that I can buy the mare," he added cheerfully.

King whistled softly to himself, and the general looked at him through half-closed eyes.

"Go in and talk to him, King. Let me know the result."

HE had picked King to go up the Khyber on that errand not for nothing. He knew King and he knew the symptoms. Without answering him King obeyed. He went out of the room into a dark corridor and rapped on the door of the next room to the right. There was a muffled answer from within. Courtenay shouted something to the sentry outside the door and he called another man who fitted a key in the lock. King walked into a room in which one lamp was burning and the door slammed shut behind him.

He was in there an hour, and it never did transpire just what passed, for he can hold his tongue on any subject like a clam, and the general, if anything, can go him one better. Courtenay was placed under orders not to talk, so those who say they know exactly what happened in the room between the time when the door was shut on King and the time when he knocked to have it opened and called for the general, are not telling the truth.

What is known is that finally the general hurried through the door and ejaculated, "Well, I'm damned!" before it could close again. The sentry (Punjabi Mussulman) has sworn to that over a dozen camp-fires since the day.

And it is known, too, for the sentry has taken oath on it and has told the story so many times without much variation that no one who knows the man's record doubts any longer—it is known that when the door opened again King and the general walked out with the Rangar between them. And the Rangar had no turban on, but carried it unwound in his hand. And his golden hair fell nearly to his knees and changed his whole appearance. And he was weeping. And he was not a Rangar at all, but she, and how anybody can ever have mistaken her for a man, even in man's clothes and with her skin darkened, was beyond the sentry's power to guess. He for one, etc. . . . But nobody believed that part of his tale.

As Yussuf bin Ali said over the camp-fire up the Khyber later on, "When she sets out to disguise herself, she is what she will be, and he who says he thinks otherwise has two tongues and no conscience!"

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



What is surely true is that the four of them—Yasmini, the general, Courtenay and King sat up all night in a room in the fort, talking together, while a succession of sentries overstrained their ears endeavouring to hear through keyholes. And the sentries heard nothing and invented very much.

But Partan Singh, the Sikh, who

For Sore Muscles

here is a germicidal liniment—one that is healing, cooling and soothing



Absorbine J
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Reduces Inflammation and Swelling Quickly —allays pain and soreness.

Used as a rub-down after violent exercise it puts vim and energy into tired muscles.

\$1.00 a bottle. Druggists or postpaid. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F. 282 Lyman's Bldg. - Montreal, Can.

PATENTS AND SOLICITORS.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & Co., Patent Solicitors, head office, Toronto, and Ottawa. Booklet free.

PATENTS IN ALL COUNTRIES

Book "Patent Protection" Free
BABCOCK & SONS
Formerly Patent Office Examiner. Estab. 1877
99 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL
Branches: Ottawa and Washington

The New Series CHEVROLET FOUR-NINETY

STANDARD EQUIPMENT

- Valve-in-head motor.
- Streamline body.
- Electric lighting and starting system.
- Selective sliding gear transmission, 3 speeds forward and reverse.
- Speedometer.
- Staunch frame.
- New front and rear spring brackets.
- New front spring suspension.
- New accelerator foot rest.
- Oil indicator light equipment.
- Ample road clearance.
- Cantilever springs
- Improved upholstery.
- Mohair top.
- Non-skid tires on rear wheels.

FIVE PASSENGER TOURING CAR FULLY EQUIPPED

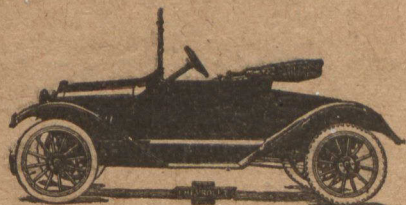
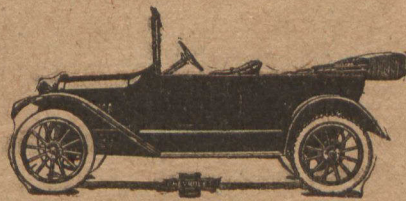
\$695

f. o. b. OSHAWA

CHEVROLET ROADSTER THE CAR FOR BUSINESS

\$680

f. o. b. OSHAWA



THE CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
OSHAWA, ONTARIO
WESTERN SERVICE AND DISTRIBUTING BRANCH: REGINA, SASK.



SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE.

For Home Service



"We should send overseas with as little delay as possible the troops now in Canada which have enlisted for overseas service".



CANADA

"It is necessary that the country should not be left without an adequate force for home defence in case of emergency".

SIR EDWARD KEMP,
Minister of Militia and Defence.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE—

You Men Who Cannot Go Overseas

Take these two statements above and you will realize your opportunity. Who will enlist for Home Defence, and release a trained soldier, ready and anxious to fight in France?

You can stay in Canada, yet serve the Empire in its greatest trial. In this day, when every man is needed, you can help to provide adequately for home protection by enlisting in the

Canadian Defence Force

The term of enlistment, training, equipment and clothing are the same as for overseas service. Pay the same as that for Militia on Active Service. Separation allowances for married men in addition to pay.

Enlist now in the Canadian Defence Force if you are between 18 and 45, physically fit, and anxious to serve to the best of your ability.

For full particulars enquire at Armories of the Regiments listed below.

MEN STILL REQUIRED FOR OVERSEAS IN THE CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

More men are required for reinforcements at the Front. Those who desire to volunteer for Overseas service may enlist through one of the regiments ordered to mobilize for Home Defence.

Military District No. 2, Headquarters, Toronto.

Toronto, 2nd Regiment (Queens Own Rifles).	Hamilton, 13th Royal Regiment.
" 10th Regiment (Royal Grenadiers).	" 91st Regiment (Canadian Highlanders).
" 48th Regiment (Highlanders).	St. Catharines, 19th Lincoln Regiment.
" 109th "	Brantford, 38th Regiment (Dufferin Rifles).
" 110th Irish Regiment.	Sault Ste. Marie, 51st Regiment (Soo Rifles).

Military District No. 1, Headquarters, London,

Military District No 3, Headquarters, Kingston.

carried in bread and cocoa to them at about five the next morning and found them still talking, heard King say, "So, in my opinion, sir, there'll be no jihad in these parts. There'll be sporadic raids, of course, but nothing a brigade can't deal with. The heart of the holy war's torn out and thrown away."

"Very well," said the general. "You can get up the Khyber again and join your regiment."

By that time the Rangar's turban was on again and the tears were dry, and it was Partan Singh who threw most doubt on the sentry's tale about the golden hair. But, as the sentry said, no doubt Partan Singh was jealous.

THERE is no doubt whatever that the general went back to Peshawur in the train at eight o'clock and that the Rangar went with him in a separate compartment with about a dozen Hillmen chosen from among those who had come down with King.

And it is certain that before they went King had a talk with the Rangar in a room alone, of which conversation, however, the sentry reported afterward that he did not overhear one word; and he had to go to the doctor with a cold in his ear at that. He said he was nearly sure he heard weeping. But on the other hand, those who saw both of them come out were certain that both were smiling.

It is quite certain that Athelstan King went up the Khyber again, for the official records say so, and they never lie, especially in time of war. He rode a coal-black mare, and Courtenay called him "Chikki"—a "lifter."

Some say the Rangar went to Delhi. Some say Yasmini is in Delhi. Some say no. But it is quite certain that before he started up the Khyber King showed Courtenay a great gold bracelet that he had under his sleeve. Five men saw him do it.

And if that was really Rewa Gunga in the general's train, why was the general so painfully polite to him? And why did Ismail insist on riding in the train, instead of accepting King's offer to go up the Khyber with him?

One thing is very certain. King was right about the jihad. There has been none in spite of all Turkey's and Germany's efforts. There have been sporadic raids, much as usual, but nothing one brigade could not easily deal with, the paid press to the contrary notwithstanding.

King of the Khyber Rifles is now a major, for you can see that by turning up the army list.

But if you wish to know just what transpired in the room in Jamrud Fort while the general and Courtenay waited, you must ask King—if you dare; for only he knows, and one other. It is not likely you can find the other.

But it is likely that you may hear from both of them again, for "A woman and intrigue are one!" as India says. The war seems long, and the world is large, and the chances for intrigue are almost infinite, given such combination as King and Yasmini and a love affair.

And as King says on occasion: "Kuch dar nahin hai! There is no such thing as fear!" Another one might say, "The roof's the limit!"

And bear in mind, for this is important: King wrote to Yasmini a letter, in Urdu from the mullah's cave, in which he as good as gave her his word of honour to be her "loyal servant" should she choose to return to her allegiance. He is no splitter of hairs, no quibbler. His word is good on the darkest night or wherever he casts a shadow in the sun.

"A man and his promise—a woman and intrigue—are one!"

THE END.

If you change your address and desire to receive your copy without delay, always give your old address as well as the new one.

DAVIES - PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

MADE IN-CANADA

THE HIGHEST STANDARD



THE PICKLES THAT TICKLE THE TASTE

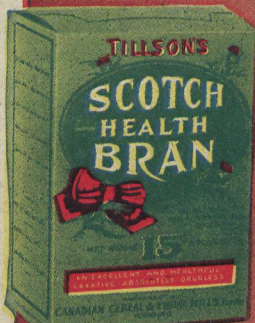
THE W. DAVIES CO LIMITED, TORONTO & MONTREAL

COWAN'S Products :



Always Preferred.

QUALITY - IN EVERY PACKAGE



CANADIAN CEREAL & FLOUR MILLS CO LIMITED TORONTO

This is the can that holds the coffee You hear so much about

SEAL BRAND COFFEE



"Try it!"

DUSTBANE



A SANITARY-METHOD OF SWEEPING

SAVES LABOR KILLS DUST

DUSTBANE MFG CO OTTAWA - CANADA



BOWES

FOR QUALITY. AT ALL DEALERS THE BOWES CO LTD TORONTO CANADA

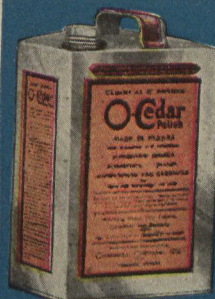


ALWAYS EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

ASK FOR **EDDY'S MATCHES**



BAGS, WRAPPING PAPERS, INDURATED WARE, WASHBOARDS ETC.



O-Cedar Polish

REG. CAN. PATENT OFFICE AND ALL FOREIGN COUNTRIES



1.25 - 2.00 - 3.00 SIZES

25¢ - 50¢ SIZES



"CLEANS AS IT POLISHES"

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO. LIMITED.

1.00 - 1.50 SIZES

369 SORAUREN AVE TORONTO CANADA 75¢ - 1.25 - SIZES

NATIONAL SHOP WINDOW

"There's a Reason"



Loss of sleep is only one of the ills avoided by the use of Postum instead of tea or coffee.

People who make the change soon realize

"There's a Reason" for
POSTUM