

CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXII. No. 23

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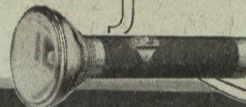
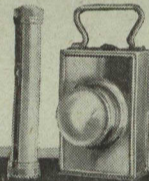
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CANADIAN COURIER

Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Coarier Press, Limited. **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.

What to Expect Next Week

NEXT week will be our issue of November 10th. We mention this because that leaves two more issues before the Anniversary Number of the Canadian Courier. We have promised a feature of great interest for that number in the announcement of our programme for the year 1918. This two-page feature of interest regarding the people who really make the Canadian Courier will be read by everybody who takes the paper, because it will be a feature of plain human interest concerning those who work at the business of entertaining other people.

But we are not putting all our eggs in that basket. Next week we shall prove the value of what we say about the December 1st announcement by giving the readers of the paper several things of high-average interest. Not least among these will be the Editor's examination of the character of Sir Joseph Flavelle. We have written him before. The recent bacon inquiry has put new light on the character of the man about whom millions of people have been talking of late, and the Chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board. This feature is not included this week because we need all the time possible to get a just estimate of the man from both sides of the fence.

Expect also a well-illustrated Celebration of the Telephone as embodied in the events at Brantford last week. The unveiling of the Bell Memorial took place two days too late to be featured in the present issue. There never has been a world-revolutionizing invention that claimed Canada as its birthplace and a Canadian as its author to compare with the telephone. We propose to give this feature the prominence it deserves.

We shall begin in our issue of November 10, also a new campaign of popular interest which has to do with the experience and the opinions of thousands of people all over Canada. "What is the Matter with My Town?" will give a large proportion of our readers a chance to take a still more practical interest in popular features for the paper.

A story—taken from life—by Archibald MacMechan will be given in that issue. We have had this for some weeks, waiting for a good chance to give it the treatment it deserves. And it will be a good story.

Our second instalment of the Amateur Music Master by Major B. Flat will be another thing you will read in that issue. Add to this a rattling good short story, Coryn's War Page, and all the other regularities that make up the paper and we can demonstrate that we are making a good run up the grade before we get to our Year's Prospectus for the issue of December 1st.

With Fingers! Corns Lift Out.

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

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

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

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

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



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The Business Side of Winning the War

THE WAR can be won only by a combination of Men and Money co-ordinated into invincible organization by the patriotism of all the people.

The most devoted patriot army could not fight twenty-four hours without money and the support of those things which money alone will buy.

Our soldiers must have food, clothing, arms, munitions and transport or be vainly sacrificed in battle.

So, no matter how brave our soldiers may be, nor how self-sacrificing they are, unless we back them freely and generously with money, their bravery and their sacrifices will be all for nothing.

Money is the coupling pin between Canada's fighting men and victory.

TO CARRY on the war Canada must be prepared to produce and sell on credit to Great Britain and our Allies, hundreds of millions of dollars worth of supplies.

Cash must be paid to the producers of those supplies.

The war is not only a terrific struggle of men and guns, but it is also the most tremendous business of producing, selling and financing the world has ever known.

And to successfully carry on this war, money is as indispensable as it is in operating a railroad or a private business.

The war is therefore a combination of commerce and fighting, of business and patriotism.

So, to keep on producing as well as fighting, the very highest commercial efficiency of Canada must be maintained.

And it is Canada's privilege to take a man's part in that combination of patriotic producing, financing and fighting.

Also it is Canada's duty as well as her privilege to so conduct that business that she can continue to produce and sell and finance on a still greater scale.

* * *

GREAT BRITAIN has advanced to our Allies five and a half billion dollars. The United States has advanced to Great Britain and our Allies nearly three billion dollars. These advances of course are not in actual cash, but in credit.

When Britain lends billions to France and Italy, she does not lend the actual cash, but she gives those Allies credit.

The British munition worker and coal miner who produce the supplies for France and Italy are paid in cash with the money borrowed by the British Government from the British people. But the

money stays in Britain, and helps to maintain for British working-men conditions of the highest productive efficiency.

* * *

NOW, because of the tremendous burden of expenditures which Great Britain is bearing at home and has made abroad in the past three years, and because of the billions of credits she is financing for the Allies, it is impossible for her to send out of Britain any more money in cash.

For her purchases in Canada and the United States she must have credit. And that credit must be established by the people. What the Government of Canada lends to Great Britain must in turn be borrowed from the people of Canada.

So Canada's Minister of Finance comes to the people of Canada for a loan which Canada promises, in the form of Canada's Victory Bonds, to repay at a stipulated time, with interest.

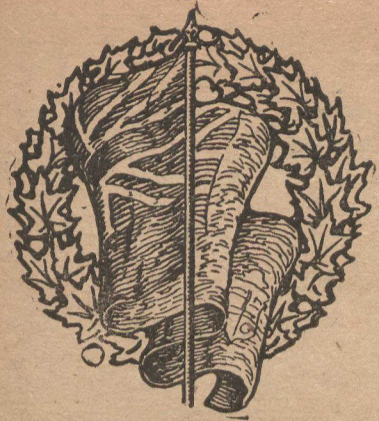
Canada's Minister of Finance sells Canada's Victory Bonds to the people, and the people pay him their money, which he uses to pay the farmer, the miner and the wage earner for the products which Great Britain needs and must have.

The producers in turn circulate all this money for food, clothing, furniture and other necessities, thus contributing to the business prosperity of the whole country.

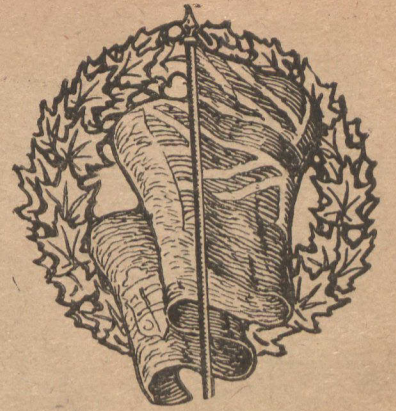
So, by buying Canada's Victory Bonds we are not only helping Great Britain to win the war, but we are also helping to maintain in Canada those conditions of material well-being which again are essential in maintaining at a high level the productive efficiency of the nation.

Thus the purchase of Canada's Victory Bonds completes the cycle of National effort in winning the war, in which every man, woman and child should take a part.

*That is the Business side of Winning the War—
Your Part in that Business is to buy
Canada's Victory Bonds*



CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXII. No. 23
NOVEMBER 3, 1917

What of the Apple?

By ONE WHO HASN'T GOT ANY



ALL people in the Maritime Provinces, all those anywhere within a day's journey of the Okanagan, may laugh at this plaint of the apple. For all the rest of Canada it is—Twenty Cents a Small Measure; and when you put them in your pocket, three out of the six may be windfalls. A small measure is a quarter of a peck. It takes twelve pecks to fill a barrel. The rest is plain arithmetic.

Canada is playing both ends against the middle this year in the business of apple-growing. Both ends are teeming with apples. Each end has more apples than it can shake a stick at. Nova Scotia a few

weeks ago had a million-barrel crop on the trees. A storm later blew a hundred thousand or so off. There is still an easy 400,000 barrels surplus. And Okanagan has a heavy surplus. It has all happened before. But it never happened before that the surplus apples couldn't get out. Even the hogs are not numerous enough to eat them. Surplus apples in Annapolis and Okanagan are worth somewhere about five cents a barrel. In Middle Canada the price is over \$9.00 for windfalls, bruised, wormy, 20 per cent. waste. A good apple is worth the price of an orange and a half. Ontario is almost as destitute of apples as the prairies. And Ontario is decorated with orchards. That's what they call irony. The sarcasm of nature. An Eskimo wouldn't begrudge \$10 a barrel for windfalls, because he wouldn't pay five cents for a kayak-load of first-class Northern Spies or Kings or any other kind of apple, any more than a citizen of Toronto would pay five cents a carload for blubber. But it's cruel to have an apple taste along with a 20c. a small measure price for windfalls.

Four millions of Canadians, more or less, brought up on apples, may whistle for their apples this year. Over a million others will be pretty nearly walking over the apples to get anywhere, as the inhabitants of Digby tramp over cherries on the sidewalks.

Ontario and Manitoba don't begrudge the two ends their overplus of apples. But the apples can't be sold. There is an embargo. Ships are too scarce. England is doing without apples, except those she raises herself. Apples are classed with the luxuries. But on London streets they never were anything else. The London lad who gnawed an apple a few years ago considered that else. The London lad who gnawed an apple a few years ago considered that else. The London lad who gnawed an apple a few years ago considered that else. Middle Canada is as far from the apple region this year as London is.

The philosopher asks why. He wonders how it is that in the very year of a huge crop at both ends of the country and no market either in England or the United States, there should be an apple famine in middle Canada? There should be somebody in Ottawa to blame for this. The thing looks too much like a conspiracy. If Okanagan and Annapolis could sell their apples for anything like what they cost in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal, there might be some compensation. Money always helps. But the mental picture of 400,000 barrels of good apples going to waste at one end of the country while half the population have no winter apples at all, makes even a patient citizen feel like making an example of somebody.

Among the large number of things with which public opinion—public opinion to the contrary—has nothing to do, this apple situation is pretty close to the top. Nature played a trick on the country. It might have happened that Ontario had a big crop of apples. In which case the farmers would have been in a wild way to get them picked and packed. But Ontario had a wonderful crop of almost everything else. Why did the apple trees fail us? Like the simple people of old we ask the question. Heaven does not answer. We conclude that 2,000 years of Christianity and other things have taken such things out of that department of thought. There must be some plainer reason. There is. The nature-student who raises apples conjectures that:

1916 was very wet up till the middle of July; very dry for several weeks afterwards. The wet weather brought on the next year's buds too fast; the

drought parched them up. 1917 opened the campaign with almost no fruit buds. As a proof of which, remember that the winter-apple trees bore little or no blossoms this year.

This makes very little practical difference to those who have to pay 20 cents a small measure for windfalls. But it relieves the Government, or anybody else.

More's the pity. It would be more comfortable to blame somebody. Even the Germans. Blaming nature is no satisfaction whatever. Nature can't be brought to book in an investigation. Speeches in Parliament against nature don't look well in Hansard. Headlines against nature are a

dead waste of ink. Bringing the local member to book for a failure of nature gets nowhere. We can't even blame the Food Controller. This is the worst cut of all. What did we invent a Food Controller for if we can't blame him for everything that goes wrong with the food business. We appointed him early in the summer. He had time enough to see that we had plenty of apples. It's no use for Mr. Hanna to say that dictating to an apple tree how many barrels of apples it will bear is out of his department. This matter of apples, we repeat, is not ultra vires. It is absolutely intra vires. When Mr. Hanna was appointed, to be sure, it was too late to wave a wand over the apple trees and make them bear. Mr. Hanna is not Moses; we admit that. We don't expect him to present us with Manna every morning that we don't have to pay for, and we don't ask him to lead us into a land of milk and honey. Neither does he have to perform miracles on the fruit-trees.

But there was surely some way out of this apple impasse. We are surprised that none of Mr. Hanna's advisers have found it. Mahomet did the trick a long while ago. Surely Mr. Hanna is as wise as an Islamite. But we fear not. He has left undone the things which he ought to have done.

All he had to do was to get the apples of Annapolis and Okanagan shipped into the parts of Canada that have none. He will no doubt allege a scarcity of cars. Then he should be able to build cars. If the trouble is in locomotives he should be able to commandeer engines for that purpose. If no engines, why not Food Controller airships? We expect the extraordinary. If Mr. Hanna is not prepared to perform a few plain miracles, it should have been a miracle that he ever got the job.

But the Food Controller has done none of these things. Some weeks ago, however, he, or somebody else in Ottawa, sent an enthusiast into middle Canada to arrange for an Apple Week. The people who had no apples were to be taught the use of the apple. Newspapers were to carry large apple advertisements. Teachers in the schools were to tell about the apple. Women's editors and other wise people were to explain the 43 ways in which the apple can be cooked and eaten. Preachers, for all we know, were to deliver sermons on the apple. Everybody that knew anything which he learned yesterday about the apple was to help us make a fireside friend of the apple as we used to do in the good old days when we brought up a panful of Spies from the cellar and with socked feet on the chairs and with neither knife nor plate proceeded to put those Spies into oblivion before bedtime.

Apple Week did not come off. Did somebody blunder in carrying out Mr. Hanna's idea? Or did the Food Controller have nothing to do with it? If the information is not forthcoming we ask the Food Controller to authorize an Apple Week—to tell people who like apples and can't get them, how to get along without apples.

THE FRUITS OF OKANAGAN

A WESTERN correspondent sends us a careful and enthusiastic survey of the fruit production in that famous modern Eden—Okanagan. The Okanagan Valley, says Oliver E. Mann, takes pride in the fact that while it has not been many years in the fruit business, it now produces and

(Continued on page 22.)



GOING AFTER the HARD-SHELLS

What some of the practical people in the West think of the Union Government; and how they miss it



DOES F. B. Carvell, the new Minister of Public Works, look like a man who would hitch up with a Conservative majority for anything less national than winning the war?



WHAT Editor McLean, M.P., said in the days of yore about Sir Clifford Sifton is much less important now than what either of them thinks of a new national Government that left out both of them.

By FRANK MAITLAND

UNION Government was announced at a time when the average citizen, long ago convinced that it was desirable, had nevertheless long since given up hope that our political leaders could compose their differences, agree to give and take on minor points and unite for the better service of our country in its time of crisis. He had long ceased to expect it, but the average citizen welcomed the announcement none the less heartily. He had long since ceased to fear

statesman and Prime Minister the possession of those peculiarly magical gifts of leadership which were Macdonald's and Howe's and are still Laurier's.

It happens that in the city of Winnipeg, where I live, I am well acquainted with several citizens of the hard shell variety politically, some of whom regularly vote in a way which does not commend itself, to my judgment, and others of whom have even more enthusiasm than I have myself for the party that usually—nay, to be quite frank, invariably—has commanded my vote and has never had to worry about it. Chatting with these hard-shell friends, I found that whether Conservative or Liberal, they were equally suspicious of this new departure. To their infinite disgust, union government is apparently much too popular just now in Winnipeg to be criticized very severely in the open; but in private conversation dire things are prophesied and a short life predicted for this new curiosity in Canadian Governments. Quoting no names, and careful to violate no confidences, I propose to present herewith, as the title indicates, the opinions held regarding union government by a few typical hard-shells—and others.

"BORDEN has been too confoundedly credulous and confiding," growled one nationally known Winnipeg Conservative. "Most of these excellent gentlemen from the Liberal party, whom he has taken into the new government, and whom he expects us to support, went to him fresh from conferences with Sir Wilfrid, George P. Graham, "Bill" Pugsley and "Ned" Macdonald. Didn't we read in the papers how Newton Wesley Rowell travelled back and forth by train in company with the white plumes between Ottawa and Toronto? Wasn't "Jim" Calder closeted with Sir Wilfrid up to the very last minute? Of course, it is possible they spent the time talking about the war and the weather and the Red Cross Campaign, or swapping yarns about old times. Perhaps they were trying to figure out the best way to help

Borden form a union government that would unite the energies of the whole nation in this one supreme task of winning the war. I think that's the way it is usually expressed in the cant and twaddle of the day. But then again, it is more than possible they were studying out ways and means of getting the Grit party out of a bad hole and putting Sir Wilfrid back again in the Premier's chair. I have had a good many years' experience in politics and I am pretty well acquainted with the character and methods of "Jim" Calder and A. L. Sifton. They are playing a shrewd game, and they will play it to the limit. 'Don't they want to win the war?' Of course they do. But if they can, incidentally, win a victory for the Grit party, they will do so."

"I TELL you it's all a plant," he continued. "You remember that convention last August. Who pulled the strings behind the scenes? "Jim" Calder. No, of course, I wasn't there; but don't tell me anything different, for I know as much about it as if I had been there. "Skipper Jim" Calder and A. L. Sifton were playing the party game then for all that they knew, and they are two wise birds who know a whole lot. Just wait and see."

"Well, I am willing to wait and I am content to hope," I replied. "But what do you expect that I shall see?"

"You will see a good many things you won't like after the elections are over. Won't the government win? Why, of course, it will win, for the simple reason that things are apparently fixed just now so that it can't lose. The way things are, the result will be nearly unanimous one way or the other in most of the constituencies. Sir Wilfrid, of course, will have sixty or more out-and-out supporters from Quebec and he will get a scattering of others from the other provinces, for plenty of people are not prepared to swallow union government. There will be another Cave of Adullam and 'everyone that is in distress, and everyone that is in debt, and everyone that is discontented' will gather under the leadership of the old chieftain. Say he gets eighty-five or ninety in all. I don't think that's putting it too high. The government will have the balance of the two hundred and thirty-four seats. Nice, comfortable majority, you say? So it would be, if you could depend on it. But remember that half the cabinet is Grit and that a big part of the union government supporters in the House will be—well, Unionists who were out-and-out Grits the day before yesterday. Calder and Sifton will see to it that the government supporters from Saskatchewan and Alberta will be the same hard boiled variety who howled down Turriff at that convention last August."

Did it ever occur to you that it might be an easy matter for Calder and Sifton to get Crerar, who, to do him justice, is above any conscious political trickery, but who is, nevertheless, an absolute fanatic in his devotion to the radical planks in the western farmers' platform to make some impossible demands of the Premier about the time Parliament meets in its first session? When Sir Robert refuses, as he must, don't you imagine it would be a mighty easy thing for Calder and Sifton and the rest of them to resign and swing the votes of their western members and a good many of the eastern members against Borden? Don't tell me that a Nova Scotia Grit will be any less a Grit because he happens to be elected as a Unionist. What then? A compromise with Laurier, of course. He would have to agree to support a radical fiscal programme, which he wouldn't like, in order to get back into power. But would he do it? Would a hungry bull-dog bite a tramp? Conscript, you say? Well, by that time the drafted men will be in the army, and a good many of them overseas. No use squabbling over

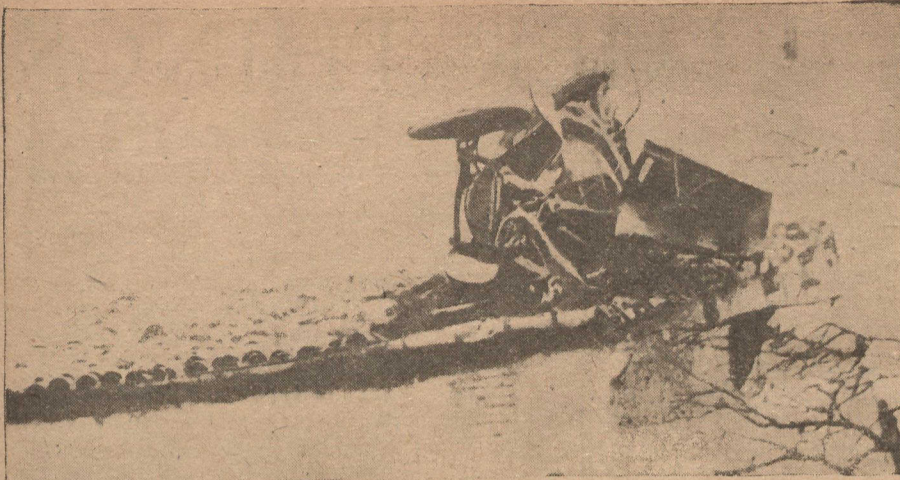
(Continued on page 17.)



J. G. O'DONOGHUE, K.C., very nearly M.P., looked a little while ago as though he might have been Minister of Labour. And the Labour portfolio must be important, considering the long time it takes to get it manned.



WHEN in doubt as to what might be the clear-cut win-the-election policy of the Opposition, in the coming campaign, one might ring up "Alec" Smith, supreme chief organizer. One of the most interesting men in Canada.



CHILDREN, listen to my story: The number of months between All Fools' and All Saints is 7. The number between All Saints and All Fools' is 5. This makes the origin of Hallowe'en—evening before All Saints—a toss-up between Ireland and China. There are seven letters in Ireland; five in China; 9 in Hallowe'en. The difference between 5 and 9 is 4. But if you add the "v" left out of the word "even" you have 5. Which proves that Hallowe'en originated in China.



AT once you recognize that these mystics are plotting Hallowe'en. They come from China way; from Burma. Five men; five letters—B-u-r-m-a. There is a "hen on." What is it? Sh! Rats are very bad on the western front. Burmese do not like rats; abominate 'em! So at Cartalmaison they plot a council of war to play on the rats, a Hallowe'en trick which they call—Extermination. Which of course is very rough on rats.



TO get even with the Burmese who are killing the rats on the west front, a German shell goes Hallowe'ening. A nice officer's motor was standing in the road beside this house. This cunning German shell landed right beside it, blew a hole in the road and chucked the car on to the roof of the house. Now will you be good?



DON'T you see, these Siamese Twins think they invented Hallowe'en, just because they look the part; not dreaming that the artist would come along and make a Chinese laundry-bill out of the word Hallowe'en.

HOW did the British air-man over here find himself Hallowe'ened into such a dangerous place? Very simple. He was skiting along in a balloon and the balloon was bit by a bullet. He took out his parachute and jumped. The parachute made for a tree and got tangled up. There the air-man hung, just as you see him. Morning broke before the rope did, and he saved himself by climbing down the limbs.

NOW, can you guess what sort of prank these Italian soldiers are playing on Hallowe'en? They had a lot of big field guns and came to a high mountain. They had to get the guns up the mountain, so that they could fire down upon the Austrians far below. There was no road. Horses couldn't pull the guns up. Motors couldn't do it. But the guns must go up this Monte Santo, the Holy Mountain; so the dauntless Italians just hauled them up with great derricks and ropes. But of course it wasn't on Hallowe'en.



SUBMARINES AND OTHER THINGS

THE persisting rain has at last called a temporary halt to the Flanders fighting, but not until the British forces had waded waist deep through the mud and won their way to a nearly complete possession of the Passchendaele Ridge. The village of Passchendaele lies at the northern extremity of the ridge which has Gheluvelt for its southern terminus, but Wytchaete and Messines, still further south, may be said to be parts of the same ridge, and the struggle for their possession was therefore a part of the same battle that is now being waged. Even though no further advance should be possible, the British are now in a position of extraordinary advantage. Bruges and Zeebrugge are actually within range of their guns, or they will be within range as soon as those guns can be brought into position. The Lille-Ostend Railroad lies only four miles to the eastward, and is in full view from the top of the ridge. We may say that it has actually been cut, since it can no longer be used for German supply purposes. The point of the Ypres salient is now well to the rear of the German lines to its north and south, and these lines have therefore become untenable and must retire. Even though there should be no further fighting, we may still say that the British success is of the most significant kind, not only from the nature of the territory that has been won, but still more from its demonstration of the fact that the Germans have lost the power effectively to resist either the British artillery or the British infantry.

This succession of gains must, of course, be attributed mainly to the irresistible power of the artillery. A dispatch from Copenhagen says that the German authorities are finding it difficult to reconcile their own descriptions of the intensity of the British fire with their assurances that the submarines have seriously interfered with the transport of munitions. They can not minimize the strength of the guns, seeing that it explains their own discomfiture. On the other hand, they can not reconcile the overwhelming supply of ammunition with their vaunts that their submarines are the masters of the ocean. A few months ago the references to the British drum fire were frequent in the German bulletins, and drum fire was supposed to represent the maximum of artillery intensity. But apparently the maximum has now been surpassed. We read of "whirlwind" fire, and the German bulletins say reproachfully that it is unprecedented in volume and rapidity. The Copenhagen dispatch in question quotes a description furnished by Lieutenant-General von Ardenne, military expert of the Berlin Tageblatt, of the curtain of fire through which the German storming troops had to pass in the battle of September 26th. He compares it with a waterfall. It could be passed only by watching the shells, and sprinting forward in short dashes, each man for himself, immediately after the bursting of a shell, and risking the chance that another shell would fall in the same place. The artillery is not only directed with shattering force against counter attacks, but it is used to isolate the German trenches that are about to be assailed, and to cut them off from reinforcements. The Germans hoped that they could disconcert the artillery fire by the use of "pill box" fortifications instead of trenches. The "pill box" is a small and nearly invisible concrete cupola sheltering one or two machine guns. These miniature forts were scattered about over the area to be defended in the expectation that they would be overlooked by the guns, and that they could be brought into effective action against advancing infantry. But they failed completely. The artillery fire was so dense that nothing escaped it, and the few "pill boxes" that survived the bombardment were easily taken by the bombers.

ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ seems at last to have confessed that the submarines are a failure, if he is correctly quoted by the Brunswick Landes Zeitung. The admiral says: "We can continue confidently to expect a final triumph over England as long as we continue to sink vessels faster than she

ZEEBRUGGE and Bruges, submarine bases, are now within British gun range. A smash-up at either or both of these bases would do a good deal to write Ultimate Failure on the words of Von Tirpitz, whose defence of the submarine campaign is a lame-duck effort. And the recent mutiny among the German sailors, who objected to submarine service, shows how popular the sub campaign is among those who know what it is.

By SIDNEY CORYN

constructs them. A submarine war success can not be expected immediately, however, but if we pursue our aim firmly we shall find after some months that our position for negotiations with England will be quite different." Now if the German public can extract any consolation from assurances of this kind they must either be at the point where small mercies are thankfully received, or else their memories must be very short. A few months ago Admiral Tirpitz was quite sure—and he said so with an exaggerated and quite Prussian arrogance—that the submarines would reduce England to an abject plea for peace within three months. At the expiration of the three months the German naval authorities—I believe it was Captain Persius this time—asked for a slight extension of time to compensate for unavoidable miscalculations. Three months had proved insufficient, but another two months would enable the submarines to win the war. Then we had the proclamation of Von Hindenburg assuring the army that it had nothing to do but hold on, and the submarines would do the rest. Then came a still more reduced plea. The Allies, we were told, were losing their merchant marine, and this would place Germany in a most advantageous position after the war. And now comes Von Tirpitz with his rather shadowy guarantee that after "some months" England will be ready for negotiations if Germany can continue to sink ships faster than England can build them. Von Tirpitz is, of course, quite well aware of the actual situation, and therefore he is quite well aware that England can bear the present rate of tonnage reduction far longer than Germany herself can bear to continue the war. He is also aware that the rate of reduction is falling fast, and we may notice with interest that he carefully refrains from any reference to American shipbuilding, and the immense reinforcement that it will give to the Atlantic merchant fleet. The admiral excludes American participation from his calculations because he does not dare to admit it. It is one of the factors that the German commanders refuse to face. The position of England, says the admiral, is comparatively favourable, and therefore she "desires negotiations." There is no evidence of such a desire, while on the other hand there is evidence of a German desire that finds expression about twice a week. But here we have a practical admission that things have been going badly with the German arms, an admission that the official war bulletins have been careful not to make. But then sailors were never famed for their diplomacy.

The German bulletins have systematically slighted or denied the British and French gains, although those gains find a tacit and unwilling admission in the geographical references contained in these bulletins. Thus we are told that Gheluvelt is still "firmly held," which is at least a confession that Gheluvelt is under attack. The German definitions of the battle front show clearly enough the extent of the British advance, if they are read in conjunction with a map. The map will show also the vital nature of gains that are minimized in the German bulletins by vague references to advances of a kilometer or so. The Germans have not allowed the British bulletins of the Passchendaele fighting to

appear in their newspapers, although it has been their practice to print those bulletins. They suppressed also the reports of General Maude's victory at Ramadie until they had obtained a semi-official Turkish bulletin to the effect that the British reports were "greatly exaggerated." Without the aid of a large scale map it is not possible to estimate the true value of any advance. The gain of a mile may be insignificant, or it may be vital. It may bring under fire some place of importance that was previously out of range, or out of sight. In this instance the gain of a mile has brought Bruges and Zeebrugge under fire, it has cut the Ostend-Lille Railroad, and it has tactically completed the outflanking of the German lines to the north. To refer to such a gain as "only a kilometre" is childish.

But there is another gauge of success that is even more valid than the map. An advance that involves the capture of guns implies confusion and rout. It means so rapid an abandonment of positions that the guns could not be saved, and it need hardly be said that to save the guns is a point of honour with a soldier. Now within the last two months the Germans have lost 332 heavy guns, and they have taken not a single one. They do not claim to have taken a single one. It need not be said that heavy guns are not placed on the front lines. They are to be found in the rear, and their capture implies not only a considerable penetration of the enemy positions, but it implies also a disorderly abandonment of those positions. When Junker statesmen assure the Reichstag that Germany's military position is a favourable one, they are either displaying themselves as impenetrable by facts, or they are assuming that their auditors are impenetrable by facts, perhaps both. If we mark the changing positions on the western front by shaded lines on the map we shall find a steady enlargement of the shaded area, and it is an enlargement that moves inexorably eastward. The same is true of the French positions around Verdun, and of the French positions to the north of the British lines in Flanders. It is now taken almost as an axiom that an Allied attack in the west implies a German retreat. It has been an unbroken rule for many months, and the fact is incontestable. It was conceded by the German authorities when they said that their "last hope" was in the submarines. The military situation for the Germans is much worse than it was when that confession was made, and now we have the frank statement by Von Tirpitz that the submarine also has proved to be a broken reed.

THE submarine situation is largely explained by the stories of mutiny in the German navy. It has been suggested that actually there has been no mutiny, and that the whole thing was a Junker ruse to discredit the Socialists. It is impossible to accept such a theory. The facts must have been known to large numbers of persons. If there had been no such event the story would instantly have been challenged by the incriminated Socialists in their own defence. They did not challenge the story. On the contrary, they seemed to know all about it, and they contented themselves with a denial of their own complicity. If they had been guilty they would have been shot on the spot, and we may therefore be quite sure that they would have denied the story if it had been deniable. Reports from neutral countries attribute the outbreak to the demoralization that comes from inaction, to bad feed, and to a dread of the submarine service. Probably all three causes played their part, but it is likely that the last of the three was the most important. Life on a submarine is almost unimaginably arduous, and a long period of rest must follow every trip. We know that the chief German difficulty has been to find crews for the ships that they have built, and to persuade the requisite number of men to undergo the long training that is necessary, and to face the dangers that follow that training. The silence of the Allied admiralities as to their successes against the submarines has lent an element of mystery to the situation that must have tried the nerves of the prospective crews.

EDITORIAL

WE must regard all the phenomena of this war in the light of history. The Food Controller's edict concerning cereals is a phenomenon of war. It is therefore entitled to be regarded in the light of history. One of the most astonishing things about the most modern of all wars is that it has made use of the most ancient discards. The hand grenade, the coat of mail, and the metal shield have all been resurrected and put into commission with the airship, the submarine, and the trench periscope. The exigencies of war demanded a return to all these things.

Very well. Years ago we bought oatmeal out of a sack, sugar and crackers from a barrel, raisins from an open tin, and so forth—when we had no breakfast foods at all. Rolled oats, corn flakes, grape nuts, shredded wheat and crumbles and all the host of the variations on the original theme of oats and wheat, were not known to those of us who organized our appetites on the crosscut saw and the pitchfork and stayed them with corncake and molasses and fat pork.

All the Controller asks us to do is to go back to what we—or our fathers—were, in a few of these items. If we must eat breakfast foods let us buy them in 20-lb. cases or else by the pound from the scoop, in the good old way. If we don't agree to this, he may put soap and tea on the bulk list also. And the end may be—not yet.

Why this reversion to type? Lest we forget the days of our fathers? Not so. There will be a saving of paper pulp used in the manufacture of cardboard, said pulp to be directed to the making of paper. And the price of the cardboard or paper case will be deducted from the total price of the cereal. We are to quit paying for style and go in for essentials.

Incidentally we may note that the original idea of the fancy cardboard container so interesting to the children was not style, but utility. When we come to examine the large number of eatables and washables formerly bought in bulk, now in containers, we are impressed with the advance of factory civilization. Some of the most popular eatables we have, and washables, too, were put on the market, largely because it was possible to take them out of bulk and handle them individually. Some of these goods will be in a bad way if they have to revert to the bulk system. We don't care to discriminate; but fancy the case of a delightful, aristocratic breakfast food that never entered the house without a Christmas chuckle from the kiddies, being dumped in a common paper bag, tied with a white cord—just like sugar!

As a matter of convenience and preservation we prefer the package, even though we do decorate our garbage tins with discarded cardboards. We are sure of keeping out the flies and the mice from the cereals and the raisins, pretty sure that our tea will not be diluted by aeration before we begin to use it, and that the soap will not lose by having the edges chipped off. How about candies? Will the Controller invade that feminine domain also? We shudder to think of it. The fact that his grandfather bought a pound of stick candies or conversation lozenges for his best girl will not be much of an argument for the young gallant who last week brought his lady love a dollar-box of valentined chocolates, and next week brings in a little paper bag.

Nevertheless, we are ready to pack up the Controller in any self-denying ordinance that will lower the cost of living, so long as he makes sure that none of the commodities are going to be deteriorated more by the bulk system than all we make up in the cost—if any.

SIR JOHN WILLIAMS says, in the New York Tribune, that the new Union Government will make the Conservative party in Canada obsolete. There's a psychology in this. Sir John

has been long enough studying the psychology of both parties in this country to be an impartial authority on the question. The development of a political party may be regarded by the political writer as something like the inundation of Atlantis was to the geologists. What is this sea of regenerative public opinion that will engulf the Conservative party—if not the Liberal? Is it possible that Sir John expects the new Liberal members to become Unionists? Are Rowell, Carvell, Ballantyne, Crerar, Calder, and Guthrie to forsake the Liberal party and join the Unionist party? We are advised not. These new members who are responsible for making the Unionist Government possible are to be Unionists till after the war, and then—they will revert to whatever Liberalism survives, if they feel so disposed. The mere fact of their having served in a Union Government will make no difference, we are told. These men are free agents who are Unionists for war purposes.

But—and here is the subtle side of Sir John's prediction—what will this Unionist party be? What will the term Unionist mean? Will it be a Canadian edition of the Unionist party in England? If so, our compliments to Sir John for a very adroit piece of political thinking. In that case the reconstructed and rebaptized Conservative party with the Unionist label will have for the main plank of its platform the status of Canada as a part of the Empire. Is this what Sir John means? Is the new Unionist (nee Conservative) party to be under the aegis of the group known as the Round Table?

Here is food for much thought. The cat may seem

The Solar System in Drama

WHAT's to be done about good plays? An old story, with a new face every little while. Last week three little one-act plays of Barrie were put on at one of the leading Toronto theatres, the new Princess. Enough people attended each of these performances to fill a handbox theatre. The plays were all new; all done since the war, some of them since that New York Barrie success, with Maude Adams in the leading role, *A Kiss For Cinderella*. One of them, *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, is as good a play as *Cinderella*. It has all the intimately clever characteristics that make Barrie's best work quite inimitable. It was a mixture of humour and pathos contained in a clever plot and carried by skilfully drawn, humanly interesting characters. The same theme carried out over a whole evening might have been regarded as a popular success. The other two were not quite so good. One of them is a satire on the fact that English fathers and sons are not really acquainted and should never be found chumming it. The other was an almost grotesquely pathetic but finely drawn sketch of an old colonel who forgets what happened yesterday and remembers what happens to-morrow; *Barbara's Wedding*; Barbara was married; but not to his grandson, "Billy Boy," or Carl, his German friend. The old man can't understand it. He seems to have seen both of these boys that morning, also Dering, the gardener, with whom he had a long talk about things that seemed to be happening that day, but of course didn't. He has a hallucination that a soldier and a nurse are at this wedding, to which grandma went that morning. He saw Billy Boy, Carl and the gardener and Barbara. But of course it turns out that Billy Boy and Carl killed each other in the war some time ago, the gardener enlisted and became a captain and married Barbara. And past, present and future, all swim in a war maze before the old Colonel, who can't make it out at all, till he meets Captain Dering, the lucky husband of Barbara, who is now a Red Cross nurse. Was this intended as a satire on the inconstancy of Barbara, or as a plaint over the old Colonel, who couldn't understand the war? Nobody knows. And that's what is the matter with this particular Barrie play. The war has gone to the author's nerves.

Yet, the three plays were good enough to have drawn good crowds of Barrie admirers; people who used to flock to Peter Pan. Then the question arises—What does Barrie amount to without Maude Adams? Does the success of a popular play-wright of Barrie's undoubted genius depend on the star system? Is Maude Adams Barrie's other and indispensable self? We don't know. But we do know that good drama, if it does not belong to the solar system, is slowly gravitating to the scope of the handbox theatre.

to be out of the bag. Let us notice which way the creature purposes to jump.

DR. GRAHAM BELL, Canadian inventor of the telephone, said in Brantford, the telephone city, last week, that seeing by wire will yet be an achievement of science. Dr. Bell is entitled to that prediction, if anyone is. The city of Brantford is entitled to be the place where he first said it for publication, because Mt. Pleasant, a suburb of Brantford, was the place where the world's telephone was born, less than 100 years ago. The unveiling of the Bell Memorial—which we expect to feature in next week's issue—is one of the greatest events of its kind ever staged in Canada. No political unveiling ever had the world-significance of this celebration of the telephone as a memorial to the inventor in his home city. And it was a time for scientific predictions. The prophecy of seeing, as well as hearing by wire is within the bounds of credibility. We do not think Dr. Bell a very rash prophet to have made it. In fact, we should like to carry his idea a step further and predict that long before the youngest child living is dead it will be possible for an audience to sit in a theatre and see on a movie screen what is transpiring at that very moment a thousand miles away. In fact, if our republicanizing prophets are not having their predictions also verified, it may be possible in 1967—or afterwards—for people in Quebec City to be present at the coronation of the King in England, as yet unborn, without going away from home.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN took some of the wind out of one of our sails when he came out with his slate for the Union Government. We intended letting the people of Canada elect the new Cabinet. We had got along rather well at the job—though we should have started sooner—when the Premier settled the whole matter out of court. He had a perfect right to do this. He may not have been conscious of stealing our thunder in so doing.

But in the meantime we have received other nominations for Union Cabinet positions. These, with apologies to those who forwarded them, we take the liberty of summarizing as follows:

Sir Robert Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Thomas White, Hon. Arthur Meighen, Mr. F. B. Carvell, Mr. N. W. Rowell, Mr. Henry A. Powell, K.C., and Justice L. P. Duff.

The second last named was backed up by a very interesting biographical sketch which we shall publish in the near future, concerning a very able citizen of Westmoreland, N.B. From the other end of the country a citizen of Vancouver sends a very timely estimate of what should be kept clearly in mind in the selection of men to fill such important positions in the public service. What he says for and against the present as opposed to a better system of selection will be of interest to everybody concerned in putting in the candidates for election to the House of Commons, the great school for public service.

For the sake of brevity, he says, let us tabulate the various points for and against the present system, omitting superfluous argument.

AGAINST

- (1) Red tape which limits freedom of action, dulls initiative and hinders decisive action.
- (2) Leaders who are trained in oratorical arts and the study of law rather than along lines of constructive and industrial organization.
- (3) Party patronage which is a lesser evil than many seem to think; few of the real executive heads are affected and no other method has yet been devised for rewarding the real workers in an election without whom an election would be even more of a mockery than it is at present when less than 50 per cent. of the electorate take the trouble to vote.
- (4) Consequent lack of efficiency when compared with a private industrial corporation.

FOR

- (1) Comparative freedom from dishonesty and graft which is more extensive in private industries than is generally known to the public.
- (2) Public knowledge of all transactions and ability to express approval or disapproval.
- (3) Direct representation of the needs of various sections of the country.
- (4) Practically an absolute check upon the individual action of our leaders ensuring a stable continuance of the present system.

EXPERIENCES



MARRIED Some days ago Major "Billy" Bishop was married in the Eaton Memorial Church. His bride is a niece of Sir John Eaton. When he was in Toronto previous to that important step in his extraordinary life he was asked by some air-men-to-be if he had any particular line of tactics in the air. To which he replied, saying, "Yes." And from what Bishop said the cadets gathered that his regular manoeuvre is to make straight for an enemy machine at full drive, engines open, guns ready. In all the drives he has made so far the enemy air-man ducked to avoid being among those present at the collision—not understanding why any air-man should want to mix it up in that way. When he dodges is the time that he gets what Billy Bishop gave to 40-odd Hun-snips. "But of course," as he humorously admitted, "some day a German air-man might decide to take me on at close quarters. In that case we should both go down together."

Those tactics are all very well 15,000 feet up in the air. But when it comes to the business of getting married, Major Bishop wasn't allowed to be married in an airship. He went to a church just like any groundling and was put through his p's and q's the same as any other man.



SNAPPED And at that the bridegroom was probably happier than the camera-gunners and movie operators who stood and sat ready to shoot him as he came out. This party in ambush had a trying time in the mob to get the air-man and his bride to come out into a convenient focus.



DRAFTED Observe a set, business look on the faces of these young men. They are being handed tickets by an officer. Each ticket entitles the holder to be relieved of the long line-up shown above, whereby hundreds from all points north, east and west in our most populous Military District (Divisional Area No. 2) have been waiting at a time to get into the Toronto Armouries for examination. Looks a bit like a line-up for Rugby; but it's a different kind of game. These men will be on no bleachers. They expect—experience; down on the field playing a harder game than any Rugby. At the time these pictures were taken, 586 had reported for service in Toronto, and 5,408 for exemption. About ten to one. Medical examinations are to be conducted hereafter in 25 towns in the Toronto District.



MARCHED These Highlanders don't regard the trek down from Camp Borden as much of an experience. They're just about ready for more.

DIVERSION

Opinions differ about the notorious Statue of Lincoln



AMERICAN art-critics are battle-raging about a new statue of Abraham Lincoln, by George Gray Barnard in Cincinnati, O., and comparing it with one by Borglum which stands in Newark, N.J. Just how the latter looks is shown by the photograph above and by the words of an admirer:

"There is no finer school for democracy in any city than the bronze bench where among the people the bowed figure sits, as if to rest a while with them. Children love to cluster round him."

But what the Art World says about the Barnard statue of Lincoln in Cincinnati which it is proposed to duplicate in London and Paris is just this:

"Even in the greatest hero democracy breeds nothing but a stoop-shouldered, consumptive-chested, chimpanzee-handed, lumpy-footed, giraffe-necked, grimy-fingered clod-hopper wearing his clothes in a way to disgust a ragman." That's all. Lincoln's son also protests against the Barnard statue, the original of which was a gigantic Kentucky rail-splitter. Have we any such grotesques of public men



AND THIS IS IT.

in Canada? Well, there's the Ryerson in Toronto which Goldwin Smith called "the human gorilla."

Teddy Roosevelt thought the Barnard Lincoln was the real thing. He said when he saw it: "I have always wished that I might see him. Now I do." Now what did Lincoln ever do to Roosevelt to have him make such a remark?

Sculptor Barnard tells how he got the original thus:

"I travelled through all the States," he says. "At last, in Louisville, Ky., I found the one I wanted. He was six feet four and one-half inches, and realized as nearly as any other human being conceivably could all that we know of Lincoln's appearance. A study of this man's body showed it to be in harmony with the body of Lincoln. The Greeks had nothing like that. It was a genuine product of American soil, as typical in its way as the Indians."

Comparing the two statues the New York Times says that the Borglum Lincoln and the Barnard Lincoln might almost be said to mark the stages of a development in sculpture cleverly described by an English critic as starting from the desire to serve the gods by expressing the divinity in men and proceeding to the need of flattering man by expressing the humanity of the gods.

H. A. FRICKER, late of Leeds, now conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, Toronto, refuses to wear a Canadian overcoat; thinks that guernsey under his coat will be O.K. Warm-blooded Englishman, he has already put some ginger into the Mendelssohn Choir, which was never in need of tabasco. English? Rather. Putting on Elgar's Fourth of August this season, in memory of war. Obvious temperament; no end of what they call rhythmic nuances and tempo rubato. But as yet no overcoat. Wait till the tempo of Mercury's 13th of February goes to 14 below!



THE great war will be remembered as the War of the Camera. No event in the world's history ever made so much use of photography as this war. Among the world's war-camera men Major Underwood, President of Underwood and Underwood, New York, is one of the biggest. He has been called to Washington by the President to serve on the War Photographic Board. As a mere comment on Underwood efficiency, it happens that three of the five photographs on this page are Underwood's. This is a picture of Underwood taken by Underwood.



WHEN the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be; when the devil got well the devil a saint was he. Lloyd George at rest is about as startling as the devil trying to be a saint. His recent holiday at Criccieth, Wales, was his first since the war.



A FEW days ago Harry Lauder made a speech on Wall St., and raised \$5,000 for the second Liberty Loan. Not long before he made a speech to the British boys in the trenches, shortly after his own son was killed in action. In that speech Lauder mentioned he saw three roads he might choose to travel: one led to the devil, one to drink, one to God. He decided against the devil and drink. A lot of folks have lost sons in this war who never had a chance to get anybody to hear them say in public how they felt about it. However, Harry chose well. Drink and the devil as a rule cost a lot of money.

Shaun and Fiona

by
Charles Battell Loomis

"Me mudder used to be tellin' me a great fairy story about Shaun and Fiona."

I might as well be candid. I had shamelessly taken Jimmy down to Coney Island in order that he might tell me one of the fairy stories his mother had been in the habit of telling him, and now after having had a bath we were basking in the kindly rays of the sun on a comparatively secluded stretch of beach and the little chap had warmed up to the point where a story was the most natural thing in the world.

I am not what they call a folklore sharp, but if I am not mistaken the story that Jimmy told me is an Irish variant of a folk tale of Brittany which I read when a boy myself. However that may be, the story as Jimmy told it, with its mixture of Irish and New York local colour, its shifting from Irish to "tough" dialect, and the affectionate interpolations of "so me mudder said" is anything but Breton in its flavour.

Jimmy had not gotten very far into his narrative when he was on his feet that he might better enter into the spirit of the remarkable adventures that befell Shaun and Fiona, and I wish it were possible to set down on paper the mobility of facial expression and the expressive gestures that proved Jimmy as good an actor as he was a "shanachie." As I learned what a shanachie is only a short time ago, myself, I make no bones of saying that it is the Gaelic word for story teller.

"Me mudder said that Shaun was a prince an' the son of a king," said Jimmy. "I can't remember the name of th' old man, but him an' his people had been kings in Ireland as long as there was any kings. Very proud, me mudder said they was, an' very rich. Sure she said they had fifty harpers playin' on harps whenever they would be eatin', just like the music in high-toned rest'rants.

"Fifty harpers, an' when they'd be done play'n, me mudder said the kings in the room'd chuck dem silver an' gold an' it would rattle ag'in the harps an' make sweet music widout any of the harpers touchin' a finger to it.

"Well, Shaun was a fine young feller, very smart an' needin' no book learnin' at all. Me mudder said he knew more dan anyone exceptin' the priests, an' he was that proud that he'd not speak to any one of the other kings' sons unless he felt like it, but he'd talk to the pisantry, ye understand.

"Well, one day he took it into his head he'd go seek his fortune beyond the seven seas that surround Ireland, an' so he takes his velvet cap in his hand an' he goes to his father, the king—I can't think what's this his name was—an' he said, 'Father, me people have been great an' powerful ever since there was any kings at all, an' I am great an' powerful because I'm the son of you, but I'll not be leanin' on that at all. I want to walk be meself. It's me own way I'd make, an' all I ask is your blessin'.' The old man gives him his blessin' quick enough an' tells him that when he was a young man of his age he had killed three lions at one stroke.

"In Ireland, father?" says the young man, an' his father says, 'Yes,' an' that makes Shaun wink his eye at th' old man because he knew there was no lions in Ireland at all any more than there was snakes, but he knew the old gentleman was husky enough an' if it wasn't lions, it was something else just as fierce, an' so he sets out wid the blessin'.

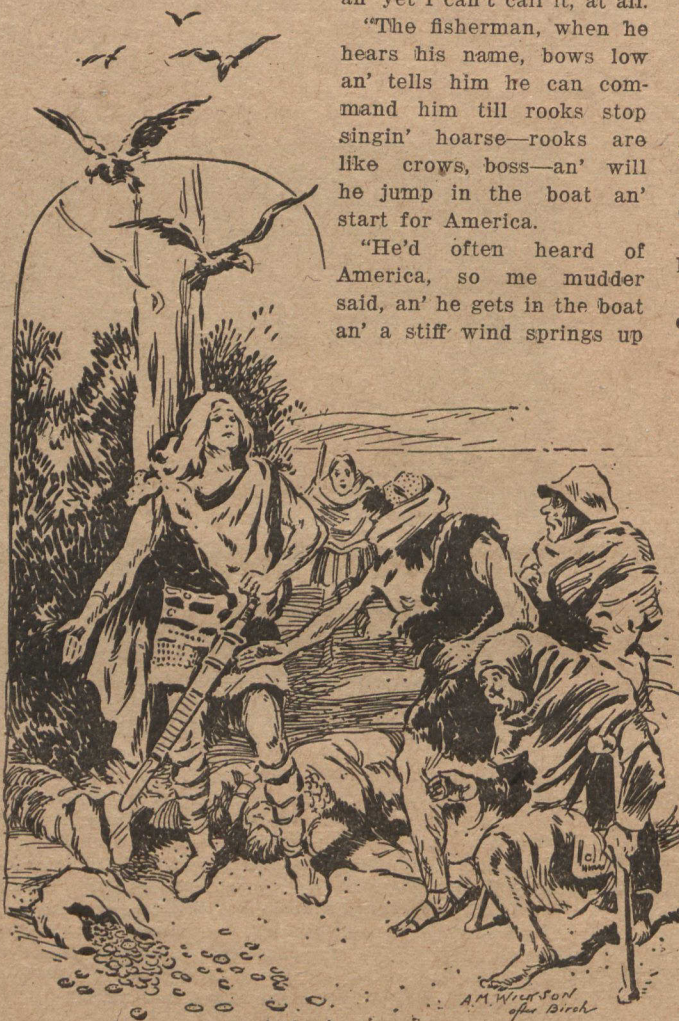
"Nothin' stopped him. The first day of his journey, he come on some robbers wid bags full of gold an' when they was about to ask him for his wad he sticks his sword through the bag of gold and it streams out on the ground. Then he runs the robbers through the middle (so me mudder said), an' seein' a lot of beggars in a field near at hand, he calls them up an' he says, 'Here, help yourself to this rubbish. I've no use for it.' (Gee, I never could understand dat, boss. Leavin' gold lie!)

"But that was the kind of a feller he was. When he comes to a mountain he makes nothin' of runnin' over it as light as a flake of snow on a blade of grass, an' when he comes to a river, he dives into it so quick that he's up on the other side before his clothes has time to get wet.

"When he comes to the seven seas that surround Ireland, he looks for a boat to take him away. Me mudder used to say that this was before the time of steamboats an' all they had was sail-boats an' very few of them, but at last he sees a fisherman in a boat an' tells him that he is Prince Shaun, of the house of—gee, I wisht I could remember the name of his father. Me mudder always said it every time an' yet I can't call it, at all.

"The fisherman, when he hears his name, bows low an' tells him he can command him till rooks stop singin' hoarse—rooks are like crows, boss—an' will he jump in the boat an' start for America.

"He'd often heard of America, so me mudder said, an' he gets in the boat an' a stiff wind springs up



"Here, help yourself to this rubbish. I've no use for it."

an' they sail so fast that in half an hour he couldn't see land at all.

"ALL night be the light of a moon that was almost as bright as the sun, but as thin as a thread, they sailed, an' at last Shaun sees a big body of land in front of them an' he asks is it America.

"I don't know what land it is,' says the fisherman, turnin' white, 'an' I don't like the look of it. I'll stop the boat,' says he. But when he tried to stop the boat he couldn't do it any more than if it was a runaway horse, an' the next minute it strikes on a rock an' the fisherman an' his boat disappears, but Shaun pitches head first into a furze bush. Me mudder used to say when I'd ax her what was a furze bush I'd know if I was chucked head first into one. Anyhow, it had thorns that bled the prince good, an' it was some time before he felt strong enough to pick himself out of the bush an' go to see what sort of an island it was anyhow he was on.

"While he was walkin' an' wonderin' where breakfast was comin' from, he came to a house that was thirty stories high. I remember well me mudder

tellin' me that, an' it was supposed to be a giant's house. Shaun had never seen the like of it before. It's a wonder he wouldn't come to New York and see some of the sky-scrappers.

"It was a giant's house, all right, for out of the top window a great head is put, a head as large as the big dinner table in the house of Shaun's father, an' a great voice roars so hard that every leaf fell off every tree in reach of the giant's breath. An' he says to Shaun, 'How dare you step on my island?'

"An' Shaun says, 'How dare you talk to me in a voice like that? I am Shaun of the house of MacCulin—that's the name I couldn't get, MacCulin. 'I am Shaun MacCulin,' says he, 'an' I want you to come down an' invite me in to breakfast.'

"Oh, he was not frightened of the giants at all. He knew most of these big fellers is bluffers.

"Pretty soon a door as large as the side of a church is opened, an' Shaun, wid his hat in his hand, for he was well mannered, me mudder said, walks in an' looks around him. All he sees is an ankle on a level wid his eyes. He looks up, the way a hayseed would look at the Singer buildin', an' there is the giant lookin' down at him.

"THE next minute a big hand comes down an' Shaun is lifted up in the air, an' feels like he's go'n' up in an elevator.

"But he wasn't frightened at all. 'Set me down on the roof,' says he. 'I don't want to be pinched between thumb an' finger like a bug,' says he. 'I'm a prince.' So the giant sets him on the roof. Me mudder said that the roof was all open so the giant could stand up straight, an' it was on the top of the wall that Shaun was set.

"Well,' says the giant, 'you came at the right time. Me servant died yesterday from fallin' in the way of me foot, an' I need a new one at once. What can you do?'

"I'm lookin' for me fortune,' says Shaun, 'an' if I become your servant,' says he, 'it's not because I have to, but because I want to do it for the sport of the thing.' Oh, he was a brave lad! Not afraid of anything on legs.

"I don't care why you work, but you'll work hard, I'll tell you that. I'm off to milk me double-headed cow, an' while I'm gone you must clean the stable. When that is done you may rest until I come back, an' then we'll ate dinner together, you an' me. But remember one thing. Don't go to the room that is locked on the twenty-fifth floor, for there I keep me wives.'

"Where is the key?" asked Shaun, but the giant only laughed at him an' went out to milk his two-headed cow.

"After the giant had gone Shaun looked out of the window an' saw where the stable was. 'Oh, ho, that's an aisy job,' says he, an' he decides to prowl around the house first, because he never was in a house so high, an' besides, he wanted to see what was in the room on the twenty-fifth floor. The giant had set him down in the hall an' the first thing he done was to go to where he smelt something cookin', for he was so hungry he could have eaten his leather belt.

"He entered a kitchen as big as his father's palace, an' there hung a pot on nothin' at all—just in the air, like an air ship, you know—an' steam comin' out of it.

"That smells like me breakfast,' says Shaun, an' he dips the feather in his cap into the pot an' out it comes coated wid copper.

"He knew well enough that copper soup wouldn't be on good terms wid his stomach, so he passed out of the kitchen widout tastin' any, an' came to a smaller kitchen, where a blood-red dog lay sleepin' by a silver fire that was boilin' water that wasn't in any pot at all but in the air.

"That's thin-lookin' soup,' says Shaun, an' he dips another feather into it an' it comes out coated wid silver. The dog wakes up an' growls an' Shaun raps him on the head with the feather, an' he disappears



"Shaun leans over to kiss the pretty pinks of lips."

altogether like steam does, but the growl stays be the silver fire.

"Shaun must have thought he was at some movin'-picture show, but he goes out of the smaller kitchen an' enters a third kitchen, an' there was a green fire, its flames leppin' up on a pot that was hangin' by a lock of golden hair that was fastened to nothin' at all.

"It's queer doin's in this house," says Shaun, "but it doesn't take away my appetite. I hope this soup is good to eat or I'll begin on me shoes."

"HE's just goin' to dip the third feather into the broth when a little bird flies out of the broth, all golden.

"Oh, ho!" says he, "that's it, is it? Well, I can't digest gold any better than copper or silver, an' if it isn't breakfast time I'll go up an' see what's in the forbidden room."

"So up the stairs he goes, climbin' them as lightly as if he was a goat, an' when he comes to the door of the room, there is the key right in it.

"It didn't take him long to turn the key in the lock, an' then the door opened of its own accord an' Shaun whistled.

"There was nothin' to ate in the room, but there was a girl there that me mudder said was the most beautiful girl that had ever been seen outside of Ireland, although she'd not occasion much talk there. But me mudder said that Shaun thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She had cheeks like roses an' a mouth like a pink, an' eyes like forget-me-nots, an' teeth like the petals of daisies—gee, I never liked that, but me mudder said it was part of the story—an' when she spoke Shaun forgot he'd ever heard the fifty harpers in his father's hall. Her voice made him forget he was hungry.

"But the beautiful girl was only using her voice to tell him that he had struck the unluckiest day of his life.

"Not on your life," says Shaun, "I was engaged this morning by your husband—"

"He's not my husband," says the girl, makin' a face. "He's a wicked man, an' if he has engaged you, he has probably told you to sweep the stable, an' when he comes home an' finds it hasn't been done, he'll sit down to dinner with you, an' you'll be the dinner."

"Oh, if that's the case," laughed Shaun, "I'll do the job at once. I never swept a stable, as my father

is a king, but I've seen it done by the grooms, an' it's not much of a job."

"Unfortunate man," says the beautiful girl. "It's a fairy stable, an' if you sweep it the usual way it'll become dirtier for every pass of the broom. But if you take the broom be the brush an' sweep with the handle the stable will be clean in a twinkling."

"It's you're the good-natured thing," says Shaun, an' he leans over to kiss the pretty pinks of lips she has, but she hands him out some pink for his own cheek with a slap of her hand.

"THAT made him love her all the more, an' he spent the day tellin' her the story of his life an' listenin' to hers. She was the daughter of a fairy an' her name was Fiona, an' the giant kep' her in this room on the twenty-fifth floor of his private skyscraper.

"When the lowin' of the two-headed cow showed Fiona that the giant was on his way back—you see, his farm was a hundred miles long an' it took him all day to go to the pasture where the cow was, an' the next day it took him all day to lead her to pasture again—Fiona warned Shaun that if he didn't get to work at once, the giant would have a very appetizing dinner.

"So Shaun slid down the banisters until his hands begun to burn, an' then he jumped down a flight at a time an' was soon in the barn, where he tried to sweep in the usual way, an' in a minute you'd suppose the stable hadn't been cleaned since the first barn was built.

"He soon had enough of that, an' reversed his broom an' in the wink of a couple of eyes the barn was as clean as a snow

winder.

"When Shaun heard the giant walkin' up the lane to the house an' the earth tremblin' wid every tread, he begun to whistle an' went out to meet him.

"Well, have y' cleaned the stable?" roared the giant, who was in a bad humour as the cow had kicked over the milk an' his day's walk had gone for nothin'.

"Long ago," says Shaun, with a grin. "Why don't you give me somethin' hard? I've been awfully bored with nothin' to do but that."

"Oh, ho!" yells the giant, lookin' up at the twenty-fifth story. "You have seen Fiona, unless you are lyin'."

"Sir, I don't lie!" cried Shaun, drawin' his sword, which made the giant laugh an' go off to the stable to see for himself.

"Yes," said he when he came back, "you have seen Fiona. You never thought of this with your own brain."

"Is Fiona the red dog that paves his growl behind him?" cried Shaun, lookin' as silly as he could.

"You'll know soon enough," roared the giant, an' then he went into the kitchen an' begun to yell at the cook.

"An amiable man," said Shaun, an' makin' a bed in the hay he fell asleep, forgettin' that he had aten nothin' all day. His dreams was all of Fiona, an' he made up his mind to free her from the wicked old giant.

"The next mornin' when Shaun woke up he was so hungry he begun to gnaw at his belt, but there wasn't a hayporth of nourishment in it—so me mudder said, whatever a hayporth is—an' when he found a dozen eggs in the hay he made short work of them, atin' them raw.

"THEN he goes out of the stable an' there is the giant just l'avin' the house to go take the double-headed cow to the pasture, a hundred miles away.

"Good mornin'," says Shaun, with a toss of his head to show that he wasn't afraid of the old giant. "What is it to-day?"

"To-day ye must catch me stallion that's grazin' on the shores of Lough Erne an' bring him to the stable to be groomed.

Once a month I groom him."

"An' is that all?" says Shaun.

"Oh, yes," says the giant, wid a roar of a laugh; "when that's done you can play the pipes, or do anything at all, so's you don't visit Fiona."

"Oh, I'm sick of Fiona, whatever it is. I'm sure it's nothin' to ate, for I hadn't a bite nor a sup yesterday at all, at all. Sure it's little care you take of them that honours you be bein' your servants."

"Oh, the grass is long an' there's plenty of it, an' you're welcome to all ye can ate," says the giant, roarin' again so loud that he broke a pane of glass in the henhouse that lay forinst them. An' wid that he starts off to lead his cow to the pasture, an' she bellerin' out of her two heads at once, for, like everyone else, she hated the giant.

"As soon as the giant had gone, Shaun called to Fiona, an' when she put her head out of the window, he asked her to let down a rope as there was no use of walkin' an' the elevator was out of order.

"She, bein' the daughter of a fairy, let down her hair, an' he pulled himself up hand over hand on it. Twenty-five stories long is a good head of hair.

"When he climbed in at the window an' saw Fiona he fell dead in love wid her.

"Come for a walk," says he, an' without ever stoppin' to put on any walkin' shoes, but all bare-footed, she went wid him, an' they were soon wanderin' over the hills an' lookin' out to the seven seas where the sun turned the waters to gold. An' they wished they was sailin' on the golden sea. "But," says Fiona, "it wouldn't do yet. What did the giant ax ye to do the day?"

"Oh, it's nothin' at all," says he. "I'm to bridle his stallion that's grazin' be Lough Erne." Me mudder said that Lough Erne was the same as Erne Lake, an' it would be a great place for picnics, she said. She was often there when a girl, for she came from Enniskillen, which is near by. But of course this was all centuries ago. Long before '98, she said, which is the same as an American sayin' 'before-'76,' which I learned at the Parish School.

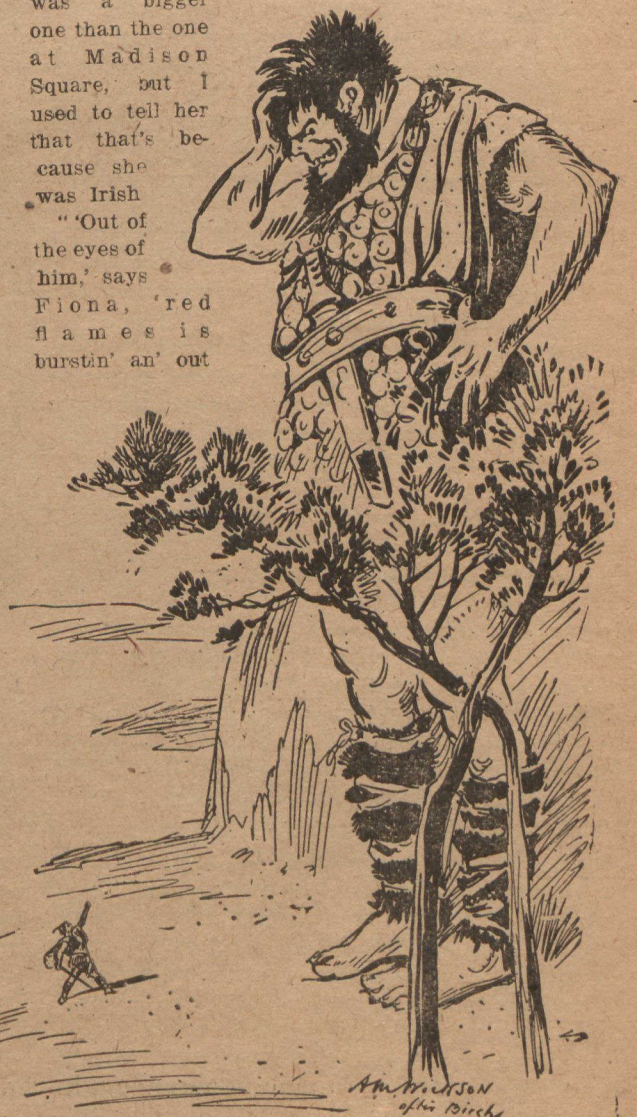
"It's nothin' at all," says he, but she says, "It's more than a grate dale. Have ye seen the stallion?"

"I have not," says he, "but I've seen many a one in the Dublin Horse Show, an' it's little I fear them." Me mudder used to say that the Dublin Horse Show

was a bigger one than the one at Madison Square, but I used to tell her that that's because she

was Irish.

"Out of the eyes of him," says Fiona, "red flames is burstin' an' out



"Sir, I don't lie," cried Shaun, drawin' his sword."

of the nostrils of him steam is pourin,' an' Shaun wonders is it a horse a' all or only a steam engyne.

"The breath of his nostrils would scald ye to death,' says she, 'but here in me pocket—if I haven't left in me other skirt—is a bit of a bridle that'll make the bridlin' of him child's play, an' then you can pipe an' I'll dance for the rest of the day.'

"So she hands him a little red bridle wid a sprig of shamrock in it, an' hand in hand they go to Lough Erne.

"There on the edge of the lake is a stallion as big as the hippopotamus in Central Park an' as graceful as a colt, but whenever he leaps in the air you'd think a freight train was runnin' over Brooklyn Bridge from the noise of him.

"WHEN he seen Shaun comin' toward him, he lowered his head an' blew a cloud of steam out of first one nostril an' then out of the other, in a way that was terrible to look at, an' his eyes gleamed wid fire. Oh, he was a horrible object, an' Fiona was near dead wid fear. But Shaun, bein' of the house of MacCulin, didn't know what fear was, an' he runs up to him empty handed an' was near kilt wid the breath of the steam. But his hand happened to touch the bridle in his pocket, an' he leaps in the air an' places it in the stallion's mouth, an' in a moment you'd think it was a pet lamb he was leadin' home to put to bed in the baby's cradle.

"Oh, the stallion was so gentle that Shaun took hold of his forelock the way he had taken hold of Fiona's hair an' pulled himself up, an' he rode between his ears. An', helpin' Fiona up, the two rode to the stable, where Shaun gev the stallion four bushels of oats an' a couple of tons of hay, an' then Fiona kisses Shaun good evenin', an' climbs up the twenty-five flights, wishin' the giant wasn't too stingy to put in an elevator.

"Pretty soon the giant comes home be himself, havin' left the double-headed cow in a pasture up Donegal way—so me mudder said—an' when he seen Shaun sittin' on a seat in front of the house tryin' to get a tune out of the pipes, he says, 'Did you get me stallion?'

"Sure an' I did,' says Shaun. 'An' child's play it was. It's a wonder you wouldn't ax him to come home every night be himself. I've a kitten at home that is fiercer.'

"The giant goes into the stable to satisfy himself that Shaun is not lyin', an' when he comes out he says, 'Ye have seen my Fiona.'

"Oh, it's always Fiona,' says Shaun. 'The word means nothin' at all. Do ye think I have nothin' to do but to be seein' things. Where's me dinner?' says he.

"Wid that the giant puts his hand in his pocket an' chucks a bone to Shaun, an' that put the boy in such a rage an' fury that he trun the bone up at the giant an' blinded his left eye.

"That night Shaun sleeps in the hay as before, an' in the mornin' he finds more eggs an' ates them, an' there must be some special nourishment in the eggs, for he feels as strong as a horse, for all he'd had nothin' but a couple of dozen eggs since landin'.

"THAT mornin' the giant says, 'It's little ye'll have to do the day,' says he. 'All I want is me rent from the bottomless pit.'

"Do ye own the bottomless pit?' says Shaun.

"I do,' says the giant.

"It's a wonder ye wouldn't be closin' it up then, for the good of the world, an' never mind the rent.'

"But the giant only laughs, an' tells Shaun that when he has collected the rent, he can help himself to whatever he finds that's good to eat in the kitchen, but Shaun, remembering the copper soup, is leery, an' takes no stock in the giant's words.

"After the giant had gone to the pasture to get the double-headed cow, Shaun, feelin' the need of exercise, walks up the twenty-five flights to Fiona's room an' finds that she, thinkin' perhaps he might be hungry, has prepared him a bit of lunch—some foreign thing like you'd get in a delicatessen shop—I forget what me mudder said, but we'll call it blutwurst. Sure he did justice to it, an' then he tells her what it is—he has to do to-day, 'Go down to hell an' collect the rent,' says he.

"Fiona laughed at the funny words of him, but she soon stopped laughin', an' says, 'It's no slouch of a

job, ye have,' says she. 'It's as like as not ye'll never come out—wid no chance of purgatory at all,' says she.

"That made Shaun feel a little queer, because, although the MacCulins were afraid of nothin' on earth, hell's different.

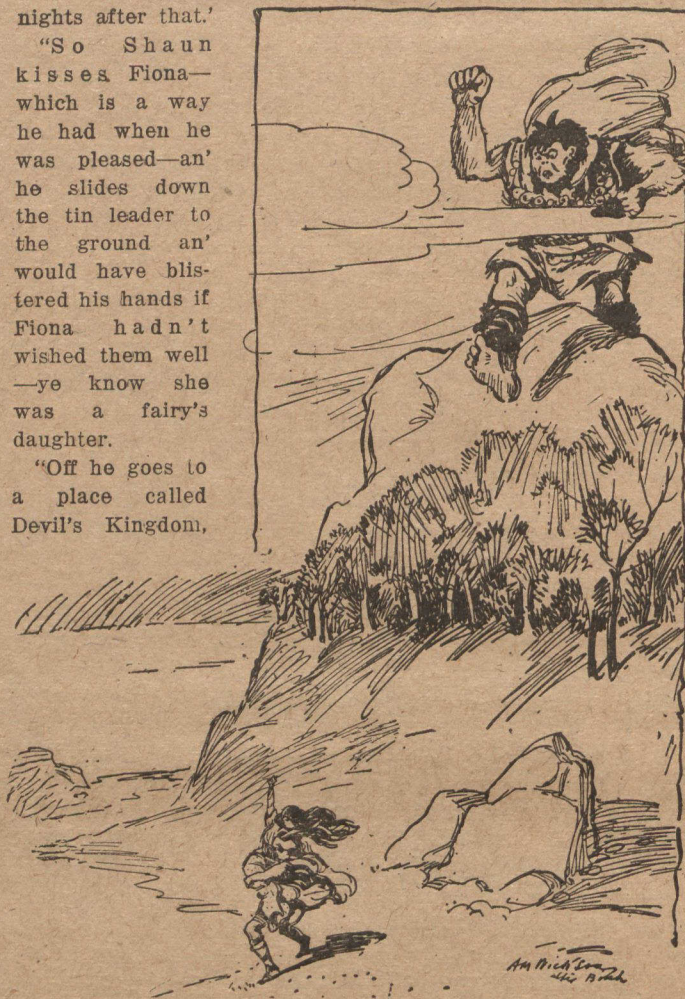
"An' what'll I do?' says he. 'I can't tell the giant I wasn't able to do his work.'

"Wid that she goes to a little closet an' she brings out a shillelah. 'There's the first one that ever was made,' says she. (Me mudder said it was a big club made out of blackthorn, an' worse than a night stick if ye'd be hit wid it.)

"Hit this three times on the gate of the bottomless pit,' says Fiona, 'an' a red devil, streamin' fire at every joint, will come up an' ax ye what ye want. Be sure to tell him you're after the giant's rent, but you want only what you can get away wid, or he'll take you down an' your mudder'll never worry about your comin' home nights after that.'

"So Shaun kisses Fiona—which is a way he had when he was pleased—an' he slides down the tin leader to the ground an' would have blistered his hands if Fiona hadn't wished them well—ye know she was a fairy's daughter.

"Off he goes to a place called Devil's Kingdom,



"'Fiona took the bullet of silver an' she threw it into the sea.'"

over Sligo way, an' a wild, rocky place it is, full of crags an' nothin' growin' on it but heather, me mudder said.

"When he got to the gate of the bottomless pit, which he knew because of the hot steam that was oozing up through the rocks, he strikes the ground three times an' a devil like the one on the beef cans comes up—sure I wish I might see one. Red as fire an' fiery as flame an' flamin' like a torch—that's the way me mudder said it.

"What do ye want?' says he.

"I have come for the giant's rent,' says Shaun.

"And how much do ye want?'

"On'y what I can get away wid,' says Shaun, rememberin' Fiona's advice.

"Bully for you,' says the devil, 'there's some wants more'; an' wid that he leads Shaun down into a cavern which had Tiffany's beat to a pulp. Di'mon's was so thick that Shaun forgot to notice them before he was there a minute. An' what's this?—rubies an' emeral's an' onyxes—buckets an' buckets full, an' streamin' around like the ashes from a barrel on a windy day. Gee, if it was me that was there!

"Have ye such a thing as a potater bag?' asks Shaun, rememberin' to be polite, for a little further on he saw hot flames, an' he seen a lot of pitchforks stacked up in a corner.

"The devil opened a closet where he kep' potater bags an' he gives one to Shaun, an' the prince filled it wid nothin' but emeral's an' di'mon's, an' he on'y

took the emeral's because he was Irish—me mudder said—because for a fact they wasn't as valuable as di'mon's.

"Much obliged,' says Shaun, ready to go. 'Come an' see me some day.'

"Mebbe I will,' says the devil, grinnin'.

"Shaun was not long in returnin' to Fiona, an' he axed her how much was the giant's rent.

"Oh, the half of that! No one ever brought so much before. It's strong ye are.'

"All the MacCulins is strong,' says Shaun, squarin' his shoulders, as vain as an athlete.

"When the lowin' of the double-headed cow showed that the giant was comin' home, Shaun went down to the seat in front of the house, an' after cuttin' down the sack so it would look full—but he had left the most precious stones wid Fiona—he began to whistle, an' so the giant came on him.

"Have ye been to the bottomless pit to get me rent?' says the giant.

"Can't ye see I have?' says Shaun, for he was beginnin' to get tired of service an' thought he'd ask for a Thursday off next day.

"You have seen my Fiona,' says the giant. 'It's not your brain thought of this.'

"An' what's the matter wid my brain?' says Shaun, risin' an' gazin' at the giant like a banty rooster.

"Ye'll see her to-morrow, that's what'll happen,' said the giant, an' wid that he went in the house, leavin' the double-headed cow in the front yard, an' Shaun milked her an' had a good supper for the first time since he had come to the island.

"THE next mornin' the giant went off to take the cow back, but he was home before long, complaining of a headache.

"He goes up to Fiona's room an' he says to her, 'There's a gossoon down below that'll make good broth. Pop him into the kettle, an' when he's ready to serve, call me. Where's me headache powders?'

"Fiona goes to the closet an' takes out some powders that makes people sleep sound an' she gives them to the giant, who never notices the differ, an' soon he was sleepin' that hard that the house shook like it was in San Francisco.

"Downstairs Fiona hurries an' she finds Shaun wonderin' what to do next, an' she says to him quick, 'Help me to carry this log of wood in the house and I've me prick your finger wid me needle.'

"Women is queer creatures,' says Shaun, but he lets her draw three drops of blood from his finger and they drop on the log. Then she an' him heave it into the pot which was hangin' on nothin' at all, an' then they

filled the pot with door mats an' tablecloths an' pieces of oilcloth an' sink mops an' old shawls an' mattin, an' what not.

"Gee!' says Shaun, 'but that's a soup that's not to my likin'.'

"Then Fiona leads Shaun through the three kitchens, an' wid a mold she had, she made a bullet of copper, a bullet of silver, and a bullet of gold.

"Life begins now,' said Shaun. 'Of a Thursday,' says Fiona, an' they run away from the giant's house.

"Now the blood drops was enchanted, an' when the giant woke from his sleep, after ten or twelve hours, he calls out to Fiona, 'Is dinner ready?'

"Dear, no,' says the first drop of blood. 'It's only just beginnin' to boil. There's somethin' the matter with the fire.'

"So the giant turns over an' goes to sleep again.

"In five or six hours he wakes once more. 'Is that dinner ready?' says he. 'I'm hungry as a hog,' says he.

"Half done,' says the second drop of blood, with a wink at the other two drops.

"So the giant turns over again and sleeps so hard that the bedclothes tremble.

"In a couple of hours he wakes again an' says, 'Say, I'm comin', anyhow, whether dinner's ready or not. I'm afraid I'll eat me blanket.'

"Come along,' says the third drop. 'It's ready this minute.'

"The giant never stopped to dress, but rushed into

(Concluded on page 25.)

THE WOMEN'S LEGION

By

ESTELLE M. KERR

WOMEN were formerly limited, not only in the things they were permitted to do, but also in the places they were allowed to do them. No one doubted their ability to cook, wash, mend, yet they were never allowed to accompany an army even in pursuance of those womanly activities. They were admittedly able to drive and repair their own motor cars, yet it is only recently that the military authorities permitted them to drive motor trucks or ambulances for the army. Now the question is not of sex, but of ability, and women are supplanting men in the army itself wherever their qualifications show that they are well fitted for the work.

The first auxiliary army work of nursing was introduced by Florence Nightingale, sixty years ago; now nursing in the military hospitals is done by women as a matter of course. Seventy thousand French women are serving in the Red Cross hospitals with the French armies, though when the war broke out France had just 80 permanent nurses. This was immediately augmented by thousands of temporary nurses, and the gradual growth of the various Red Cross associations has brought the number of partially trained nurses to their present state of efficiency. In addition to this there are 10,000 women of various foreign nationalities serving with the French. Every woman in France is now a war-worker, but while the French women have worked, the English women, in their greater security, have organized, and the result is that the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps has developed into an organization of surprising resources, which is carrying on the work of substitution of female for male labour in the army to a surprising extent.

STATISTICS given last March showed that 288,000 women responded to the call for recruits, some for service in France, some for the land army in England. The majority of those accepted were placed on duty in England, while 5,000 were sent to France for work behind the firing lines. These have proved so successful that a call has been issued for 10,000 more recruits and once more the offices of the society have been deluged with applications from every class of women throughout the land, from the wealthiest to the poorest. Sometimes the reasons and qualifications for serving are pathetic, sometimes amusing. Some state that they can feed pigs or dig potatoes. Several want to "get away from washing day," and one girl said she was "fond of animals and might like motors. One, in reply to the question as to previous war work, said: "I have brought up six sons to be soldiers." One solitary man applied for a form, as he wanted "to look after women on the land."

Women who are skilled in trades are those most readily accepted by the corps. The chief demand is for mechanics, automobile drivers, cooks, stenographers, waitresses, packers, telephone operators, and women who are trained in farm work. The first applicants to be accepted for service in France were 200 highly qualified clerks, shorthand writers and typists, who received three weeks' special instruction in London, which included some teaching of hygiene and during which time they were inoculated. Some drill, also, is necessary, for when large bodies of women have to be transferred quickly from one place to another, even a matter so seemingly simple, as entering or leaving trains, can be greatly delayed by haphazard methods. The low pay seems to be no deterrent to recruiting. Wages vary with the different kind of employment, the minimum wage being \$5 a week with 14 cents an hour for overtime, and the maximum amounting to \$13 a week when board and lodging are not included. A clothing allowance of \$20 is granted to provide a khaki tunic and trousers, high boots and sombrero hats. At the end of the second year a bonus of \$25 is paid. The badge of the corps, a laurel wreath surrounding the initials "W. A. A. C." is worn on the shoulder strap with the badge designating the wearer's rank, a combination of roses and fleur-de-lis,

which varies from the double rose, worn by Mrs. Chalmers Watson, controller of the W. A. A. C., to the single rose of Class II. quarter-mistress attached under war office orders.

The quarter-mistress is perhaps the greatest innovation, for she comes into more direct contact with the soldiers, having control of their stores, distributing the belts, boots and other things they need. Wash women and seamstresses are also attached to this department to look after their clothing; there are also women shoe-makers. The chief difficulty experienced at first was that of providing suitable accommodation, so 200 women carpenters were dispatched to the front to build huts and new camps, which can accommodate from 30 to 500 women and are established wherever they are needed. Hostels, too, are supplied, and sometimes there is a social supervisor to see that all work and no play will not make Jill a dull girl. They receive rations which they cook for themselves.

Women may enlist for a year or "for duration," and are accepted for home service at a minimum age of 18, and for service in France at 20. The test for women chauffeurs is very exacting: they must not only be accomplished motor drivers, capable of driving any type of machine through London traffic, but they must be able to take a machine apart and put it together again. They are usually required to serve one month before they are given a uniform and six months before they are allowed to go to France. They are treated as privates under strict army discipline and are not allowed to speak to officers. Even a woman chauffeur who may have

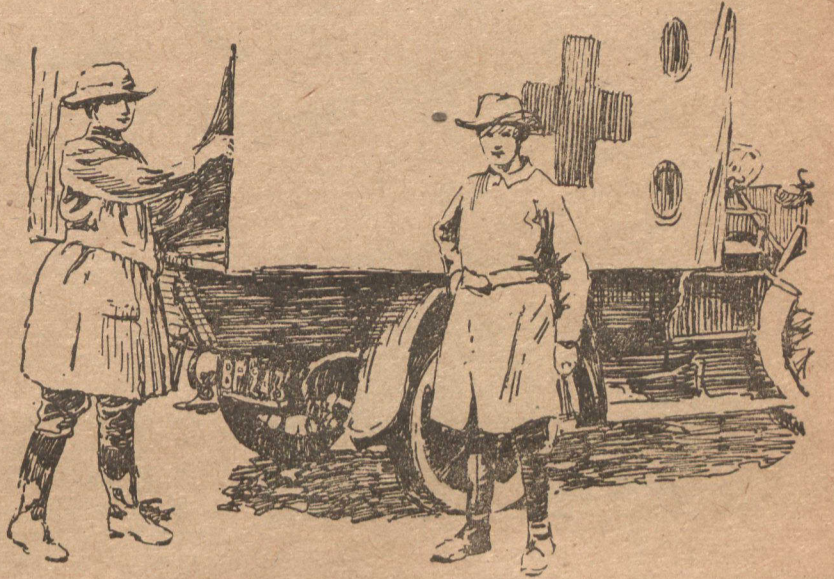


Serving in the Land Army.

a title in her own right may not address a modest sub-lieutenant, or passing with an empty ambulance she may not give him a lift.

WHEN the first draft from the Women's Legion went to France they had orders to salute all officers. The first one they met was a Highlander, who looked astonished on seeing so many women in uniform saluting him, but he responded by holding out his skirts and curtseying! Then the order went out that they were to salute no officers except those of the women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

This organization works in close co-operation with the Joint War Committee of the British Red Cross



Many of the ambulances in France are now driven by women.

and Order of St. John, who care for the sick and wounded. Nurses have the rank of lieutenants and are consequently not under such strict discipline as the privates in the W. A. A. C. Some people hint that nurses have an easier life because they have men for their superior officers, and it is said that women are more particular about their use of their military titles than men. The head doctor in the "All Women Hospital" in Endell Street is a colonel, and her own nephew, a captain, must, in accordance with army regulations, salute her with due respect. The women orderlies and nurses of the hospital do not object to having women for their superior officers, but they did grumble when the wounded soldiers were cleared out of some of their wards to make way for a large number of members of the W. A. A. C., who had been in France and had broken down under the severe work and unaccustomed food. They quite disproved the assertion of some of our civilian doctors that women are more patient on their sick beds than men.

IN most of the branches of the W. A. A. C., women are engaged in work that has long been regarded as belonging to women's sphere, but some branches of their work are an innovation. As carpenters, their value is regarded with scepticism. It is hard to disassociate a woman and a hammer with a vision of a mangled thumb, yet the head of a big Glasgow shipbuilding firm speaking at an exhibition of women's war work, paid a warm tribute to their qualifications when he said:

"Given two more years of war, I would undertake to build a battleship from keel to aerial in all its complex detail entirely with women labour.

"The idea is neither fantastic nor visionary. The woman who has trained for a trapeze can find her vocation at the giddy heights of a Scotch crane, and the girl who is proficient at dancing is well equipped for undertaking the work involving movement of position."

The W. A. A. C. is only the beginning of a vast system, but so far it is an assured success.

To-day the women employed in the war office in London, including the cable and postal censorship department, number 7,700, though at the outbreak of war they numbered only 156.

One of the largest activities of the Women's Legion has been the organization of a land army, and Mr. R. E. Prothen, the president of the Board of Agriculture, tells of the invaluable service they have rendered to farmers and to the nation by enrolling, training and placing in employment such a large number of agricultural workers. There were, last September, in England and Wales, 200,000 women doing real national work on the land. In the management of horses, in the hundred and one jobs about a farm, he states that women can hold their own.



DEER

WHETHER you shoot deer yourself, or just eat venison as an anti-H. C. of L. you will enjoy this one-who-was-there account of a deer-hunting trip north of Parry Sound.

By HUGH B. McCULLOUGH

Photographs by Boyd.

stove in one corner of the cabin and had discovered a cooking stove lying in the bush about half a mile distant. The cook-stove had been too heavy for them to move, so they had left it there until the main party arrived. The camp was very comfortable and, as it was situated only twenty feet or so from the bank of the Naiscootyong River, a splendid supply of cold, clear water was available.

Eight o'clock found a hungry and tired bunch in the camp. But the fatigue proved stronger than the hunger, and the hunters fixed their cots or clothed their bunks and slept. Next morning the task of getting the things in order was completed, and by ten o'clock everything was in its place for a two weeks' stay. Some of the boys had found the bunks uncomfortably hard, and in the morning piled in a thick layer of boughs. The writer preferred the cot, as he had been nearly frozen the first night, so cold, indeed, that he had, about two a.m., crawled in with two of the bunch to get warm. The choosing of the cot, though, was unfortunate, as it is a mighty cold thing to sleep on and, as a second trial proved, not nearly so comfortable as a bough-bedded-bunk.

Very early Monday morning the hunt started. The sleepers were dragged out of bed about 4 a.m. to find breakfast nearly cooked. By six o'clock—or just as the sky was turning from black to grey—we left the camp and followed the guide to the places he designated as "stands," or "runs"—"stands" for us and "runs" for the deer. And "stands" they proved to be for three or four days.

The Thursday following our arrival one of the bunch went to Shawanaga for Pete, an Indian guide, who was supposed to have come to us a couple of days previously. Pete landed that night and we went to bed feeling satisfied that Pete would lead us to where we might expect to get "de beeg buck." And Pete did—at least if "de beeg buck" wasn't where Pete took us he wasn't anywhere else, because, in the opinion of most of the boys, Pete led us over all of Parry Sound District at least twice. His favourite hunting grounds were around Buck and Crooked Lakes, which were situated at distances, varying in the opinions of the walkers, of from five to ten miles from the camp. The trip out in the



DEER hunting is a serious business. Of course it's sport, but it's business, too. A glance over the items taken North on a recent hunting trip by our party of deer-slayers will prove that.

It is almost unbelievable, the amount of provisions eleven mortals with, we presume, ordinary mortals' stomachs, can consume. The task of the commissary department is certainly no light one. It, in this case, had to supply a case of canned tomatoes, ditto corn, ditto evaporated milk, couple of dozen heads of cabbage, three bags of potatoes, two sides of bacon, part bag of onions, turnips, beans, sugar, flour, tea, fifty large loaves of bread, etc., and even this wasn't enough. Twice we were short of various supplies and one of our number had to journey to Byng Inlet or Parry Sound to obtain them.

Then, of course, cots, some mattresses, blankets, and quilts had to be taken, for the greater part of the party was absolutely new to the game and didn't intend to "rough it" any more than necessary. The prospect of sleeping on the cold, damp ground, protected from rheumatism and kindred ills by a layer of pine boughs a few inches in thickness, and covered only by a light overcoat and the starry firmament, did not appeal to the novices. So, clothes and bed-clothes there were in abundance. Some slight addition to the "tote" upon arrival.

Fortunately the cooking utensils, of which there was quite an assortment, were packed in one box and, although the box was fairly large it was light and was moved without difficulty.

We left home for the North on Saturday, Oct. 20th, bound for Naiscoot, Parry Sound District midway between Byng Inlet and Point au Baril. The first and only change was made at Bolton, where all the luggage was transferred—I use the word "luggage" in preference to "baggage," as it was "some lug" both going and coming.

AFTER a trip of almost 160 miles from Bolton we arrived at Naiscoot. Two or three of us hurried to the baggage car and handed out the "stuff," while the remainder handled it on the platform. After the train had left we got a flat lorry from the section foreman, loaded a part of the goods and headed down the track for camp. After about five minutes of walking we reached our "getting off place" and then we "packed" our belongings over a rough road to camp.

Dan and Baze, two of the bunch, had left a couple of days ahead of the main party to locate and fix a camp. Fortunately, they had been able to obtain a shack, or rather a log cabin, well roofed and floored, about twenty by thirty, and in it had built bunks and a table. They had placed a small box



morning wasn't at all bad, but the trip back, lugging the game, was very tiring. Distance never worried Pete. The slim figure of this old bushman of seventy-eight Indian summers, clad in corduroy breeches, flannel shirt, red canvas coat and corduroy cap, could be seen at the head of the party on the way out and well to the rear of the party on the way home when anything was to be carried. Pete absolutely refused to carry anything but his rifle and his lunch. He probably considered it beneath his dignity as a guide to "tote" anything, or perhaps he thought the money would be forthcoming just the same whether he "toted" or not and he decided not to "tote."

WHEN you inspect the carcass of a deer the other fellow shot you say to yourself, "Huh, that's easy." Then you try it, and much to your disgust you miss. It isn't just like putting a couple of pellets of shot into the body of a rabbit at twenty yards with a cylinder bore shot-gun. In one case you have dozens of chances, and in the other just one. You usually miss that "one." The majority of shots have to be made quickly, too. Then there is that pleasurable but mighty inconvenient excitement when the deer comes within sight and range. "Buck-fever," some call it. Ten to one, on your first deer, you'll either pump all your loaded shells over your shoulder without firing at all or the muzzle of your rifle will describe such a large circle that the deer could jump right through it without getting touched. You laugh! That's right, the joke's on me this time, but wait until you try it. If your first deer is as large as an elephant you may knock a point off his horn or the tip off his tail, but that's as close as you'll get to a vital spot—just see.

Within two hours of going onto the stand the first morning the writer had a shot at the head and horns of a deer at about sixty yards—and the writer missed him. But to his excited imagination the deer went down. Unfortunately, though, the "going down" proved to be the "going away," and the only souvenirs of the exciting moment were the tracks in the moss—and an empty cartridge. The second deer disappeared too rapidly for a shot.

THE third try was at one running up the river at a distance of about 150 yards, and in sorrow I register three clean misses. Immediately after these misses I brought down a very small bird from the top of a very large tree with my first shot. Upon my making this shot, Pete, who was with me, said, "Good shot, good shot, you shoot too fast."

Now, is that the trouble with the average would-be-deer-slayer? Does he shoot too fast or does he, in his excite-

ment and anxiety to make a kill, neglect to get down into his sights? Perhaps a combination of the two would explain some of the seemingly impossible misses.

My fourth deer was going much too fast for me to hit. I fired twice, but must register misses in both instances as the doe's flag was flying as she disappeared in the bush. The cleared space this doe had to cross would probably measure thirty-five yards. She covered the distance, if my memory serves me aright, in four jumps. Much too fast for this Nimrod!

My fifth and last deer appeared on the scene not more than five minutes after the doe quitted it. He was a very large buck and was coming slowly. At about eighty yards I fired and the buck went down. I could picture the appearance of a mighty fine pair of horns in my sanctum. But Mr. Buck felt that he was fit for better things than an ornament in a country newspaper office, so he got up and made off. I hit again as he was going and within two hundred yards he was knocked down again by Mac. And still that buck got away.

I have no other excuse for mentioning my own deer hunting experiences than that I could not better explain the trials and tribulations of the novice. Our party was made up largely of novices, and the most of them had troubles similar to mine—at least I conclude they had or they would have "brought home the bacon." The old hunter is not so troubled. In the majority of cases when he sees a deer he gets it, and he gets it without filling it with lead. One or two shots usually suffice because the old hunter knows, firstly, where to hit them, and secondly, hits them.

One gains considerable information even in the wilds of Parry Sound. The writer has, for some years, been a close reader of various sporting journals. From his perusal of these publications he had long been under the impression that a "still hunter" was one who matched his craft against the natural instincts of the deer. But from experience gained on this trip he is forced to the conclusion that the definition is erroneous. In the Naiscoot district there was not one "still hunter" of this description. The "still hunters" of that district took their stands on each side of the territory hunted by the men with dogs and, as the deer ran before the other man's dogs, the "still hunter" potted them. The latest definition of a "still hunter" in the Naiscoot district is "A —, who is too miserable to feed a dog himself, but who does not hesitate to shoot his full count in front of another man's dog." Presumably all "still hunters" are not of this sort.

After the day's hunt, hunters came in to spend a while chatting or playing cards. There were a dozen or more camps within a radius of five or six miles and there was a spirit of camaraderie among the hunters. The day's runs or the day's kill or the stories of the big one missed served to pass the hours of the evenings.

At every meal there were twelve hunters to feed, as well as the frequent visitors, and the meals were well prepared and splendidly cooked. Whether the meat was beef, pork, venison or rabbit it was placed upon the table in a mighty appetizing form, and the choice and preparation of vegetables would please even a gourmand. And at that the stove was in a bad state of disrepair—no front damper, door fastened in place with wire, a cracked oven and pie-plates for stove-lids. The cooks managed to bake some apple pies—the top of a box served as a bakeboard, and a bottle, empty, of course, served for a rolling-pin—and the pies were very acceptable, even though they were a trifle overdone on the top and a little underdone on the bottom.

When the game was brought into camp it was hung upon a heavy pole supported by crossed saplings. While putting up deer number six the supporting saplings at one end slipped and the horizontal pole with its load of six deer landed on the back of Frank's neck. Some jar! Then someone in the crowd asked, "Did it hurt, Frank?" Frank, who was handling his neck very tenderly just at that moment, said, in a tone that was very like a peevish growl, "Certainly not, I just held it on my neck for exercise." It would seem as though the query might be listed Foolish Question Number 1,793,497.

Writing of the deer reminds me that the bringing

in of the game was by far the most tiresome and uninteresting part of the two weeks spent in camp. The game was shot, in nearly every instance, more than three miles from camp and, as it was impossible to reach water with it, or at least any body of water upon which it could be floated nearer to camp, the deer had to be carried in. With the smaller deer it wasn't so difficult. With them the legs were tied together and the load hoisted on the shoulders of one man who would carry for several hundred yards before passing the load over to the next porter. For the larger deer a sort of stretcher was made. The game was tied thereon and two men, with the aid of tump lines, would lift the load and carry. It was tremendously heavy work, particularly where the country was very rough, and it might be said to have fairly skimmed the cream from the day's sport. For the transportation of the last three deer the rear wheels and axle of an old buggy were used. A platform was built upon the axle and the deer were securely lashed thereon. With two men steering and four pulling the work was made much easier. But the rough country proved too hard on the "jitney," as the boys called it, and the conveyance broke down when about two miles and a half from camp. Then the game had to be lifted and packed the remaining distance as before.

Dan was elected captain of the party. He assigned certain of the boys to certain duties and thus the work about the camp was done. Some were delegated to help the cooks, others to light and tend the fires, others to care for the maintenance of the wood supply, and others to look after the dogs. The captain, the first morning, placed us on the runways and left to "put in" the dogs. About one o'clock the boys headed for camp leaving the captain in the bush with the dogs. After reaching camp the writer and Baze took shot-guns and went out to try for smaller game. While tramping through the bush, about four hundred yards from camp, we raised a

large doe, which disappeared so rapidly that she must have broken all speed records for that district.

Hearing a noise a few hundred yards to our left we hurried over and found three of the party, including the captain, on the road to camp. We mentioned that we had started a deer a little to the right. This provided an opening, if one was needed, for the captain, and he sure did "open up." He brought his rapid fire gun into operation and the writer had the pleasure (?) of listening to the finest calling-down it has ever been his misfortune to receive. The address was illuminating and instructive and clothed in language lucid and lurid. The duties of a huntsman were thoroughly explained, and it was evident, when the captain got through, that a man placed on a "stand" had a right to remain there until taken off, particularly when someone was in the woods with the dogs endeavouring to scare up game.

When it is known that Dan had walked perhaps eight or ten miles through the woods in his "dogging" operations and had returned to find not a single man on his runway, and two of the number tramping around with shot-guns looking for rabbits, it is scarcely surprising that he opened up when he found someone to talk at. Owing to the fact that Baze and I got our rifles and went out after the deer we were not at the camp to hear what happened when the captain arrived. However, we subsequently learned that the rest of the boys had "got theirs." The dressing was productive of good results. The runways were carefully watched thereafter.

In benefit to health the trip proved a good investment. It took the hunters from their daily grind and returned them to their work refreshed in mind and body. For a time it solved the problem of the H. C. of L. by bringing to each of the party a liberal share of venison and bear-steak. The successful shot and the unsuccessful shared alike. Practical socialism, and a deuce of a good time—that's what we got for going out after DEER.

GOING AFTER THE HARD-SHELLS

(Continued from page 6.)

something that's over and done with. More men than the half million might be needed, you say? Well, not immediately. They could settle how to get them later on. If they had the usual Laurier luck, the war would be over before they had any trouble over that. Sir Wilfrid and the Grits would be securely in power, and Borden would be in the soup, where he deserves to be for not sticking to his own party. I tell you I am afraid it's the shrewdest plant that has been known in Canada since the day when John A. out-manoeuvered George Brown in the "double shuffle."

"You alarm me," I said, "or rather you would alarm me if I were able to take your ideas seriously. But I am not. To my mind, public opinion is what has forced union government and made it possible for Borden to carry out his plans in spite of all discouragements. Public opinion wouldn't stand for any such shenanigan even if these men were capable of such treachery. Borden would have it in his power, anyway, to ask for a dissolution, and the country would be quick to punish any such nonsense as you seem to fear."

"Dissolution within three or four months after an election, and with no supply voted? He couldn't get it. There would be nothing to do but make way for the one man who would be in position to 'carry on.' And the tragedy of it is that, with the new Franchise Act, the old government couldn't possibly have lost. Didn't you notice Sir Wilfrid's comment, 'Are we downhearted? No!' He has no reason to be."

I left this Conservative Jeremiah and an hour or two later encountered one of my dyed-in-the-wool Liberal friends. He had lost all interest in things political. Usually a war horse whinneying for the fray around election times, he saw no likelihood of that sort of conflict that had been the joy of his previous existence, and he was correspondingly depressed. Of course, there was nothing to do now but line up behind the Union band waggon, and there was no prospect of any fun in that. In short, he was frankly indignant and sadly disappointed.

"If our fellows only had had the nerve to stand

by the convention platform, we had your crowd trimmed," he complained. "It was the grandest chance ever to put the West on the political map and the old man back into power, but Calder and Sifton have spoiled it all by losing their nerve and being carried away by a lot of sentimental flapdoodle in the papers. Why, we'll hardly know we are having an election. I know what a Grit is, and I know what's meant when they call a man a Tory; but hanged if I know what's meant by a Unionist. I know what a Unionist isn't. Remember what Bob Edwards said about Independents in that rag of his that is more widely read in the west than the Gospel according to St. John. A Unionist, like an Independent, is 'neither fish, flesh, hash, hell-fire, nor mahogany.' Nevertheless, I suppose if there is an election here there will be nothing to do but vote for a Unionist. There will not be any other candidate here that any man but an anarchist could support. I am assuming there will be no straight Liberal candidates in the west, although I am not so sure of that, after all. If the government candidate happens to be a Grit in a Unionist uniform it won't be so bad," he concluded. "But elections were the best sort of fun I knew, and apparently there is to be no more of it—thanks to the Kaiser and Jim Calder's sentimental foolishness."

His attitude reminded me of the story of the Irishman who listened with open mouth to the happy prediction that this was to be the last war, that the treaty which will bring it to an end would usher in the era of universal peace.

"Do you mean there will be no more sodgerin', no more fightin'?"

"That's what I mean exactly."

"Thank God, there'll always be the police."

I next sought counsel with an old friend, known to a small but intimate circle as "the senator." For years an active political worker and as much in the confidence long ago of his one time chief, Sir Clifford Sifton, as any man was permitted to be by that political sphinx—I thought his opinions would be of value.

(Concluded on page 24.)

RASPUTIN THE NEW DOPE

ALL the writers about Rasputin have missed one of the most obvious points of interest.

Rasputin and Russia both begin with R. In saying Rasputin, accent the "Ras" and pronounce "in"—"een." That's the way Hamilton Fyfe says it. And he was in Russia; one of the many wise investigators who found so much to interest them in the Russian people that they had no time to write about Rasputin. Now—everybody's doing it. And everybody seems to enjoy it. Russia, we say, is not up to par in our appreciation market. But we had rather gossip about Petrograd than about Berlin. The misdoings of this "bear that walks like a man" are as entertaining as Jack the Giant-killer and very much the same sort of thing. Russia is the great barbarism with the knout and the pogrom on one end and the art of Tolstoy and Moussorgsky on the other—

Excuse habit. For the present we can afford to just sum it all up in Rasputin; all that mixture of East and West known as Russia. He is the key to the mystery. This black-whiskered scoundrel and sandbagger was both Orient and Occident, just as Russia is: the meeting place of two opposite worlds. And Rasputin is enjoying the same sort of heyday now that the book Trilby had twenty years ago. Maybe there's a similar reason. The mere fact that a sledge-driving vodka fiend with a towering desire for women and rotten politics ruled Russia for twelve years without the newspapers saying a word about it till he was just about dead in 1917, is not enough to justify the vogue of Rasputin.

NO, Rasputin is the universal hunch just now, largely because, when that delightful hypnotic romance known as Trilby was succeeded by Evelyn Nesbit Thaw in the headlines of the newspapers, we had discovered that novelists don't have to invent some of the weirdest stories in the world. No novelist invented Rasputin. He was. And he was so much of a reality in the unreal that he kept clean out of the newspapers.

Svengali was all the rage twenty years ago, because hypnotism was the popular hobby. Thaw took over the spotlight ten years later because hypnotism wasn't personal enough. Ten years later Rasputin elbows both Svengali and Thaw off the stage because he had both of them beaten at their own game, two of the biggest and worst games in the world. Rasputin, we must confess it, occupies the imagination of a lot of people, largely because he is the worst mixture of hypnotism, charlatanry, mysticism and sexuality ever discovered in one man with enough force of character to rule an empire of 170,000,000 people while he wore peasant's clothes and could neither read nor write.

How this black-bearded mountebank from Siberia leaped from a horse-collar hung on his neck for a common thief to the secret counsels and even the bedrooms of the Czar; how he turned the palaces of Nicholas Romanoff into houses of prostitution, the court into a head office of high treason, the church into a burlesque, and himself into very nearly the agent of a separate peace with Germany, is the story so vividly told on the reel, *The Fall of the Romanoffs*. It is the conundrum that interests millions of people

PEOPLE who expect never to understand Russia, past, present or future, are engaged just now in studying Rasputin. The mountebank mystic who ruled Russia is as popular—even though detested—in 1917 as Svengali was in 1895. Perhaps in *Helping You to Keep Posted, the story of the Reel, Fall of the Romanoffs* may throw some light on the character of Rasputin and the destiny of Russia.

By THE EDITOR



"Where did you feel the shock, Your Majesty, in your head or your heart?" . . . "Then rule Russia from your heart and God will reward you in that you shall have a son." So said Rasputin—so they say on the screen—when he was brought from Siberia into the Czar's palace in order to tell the Emperor whether his next of family should be a boy or a girl. (Scene from the Reel, *Fall of the Romanoffs*, now on circuit.)



GEN. KORNILOFF read the order of the Duma calling for the arrest of Czar Nicholas fleeing from the Revolution in Petrograd. A few months later he headed a revolt against the new Government. He said he didn't like the way the Germans were getting on in Russia.

who have given up trying to puzzle out whether Russia will come back, or hang together, or go into complete anarchy, or become an appendix of Germany, or whatever she may do. We are all ignorant about Russia; and we saddle our ignorance multiplied by our interest off on Rasputin. It's much easier.

THE reel, *Fall of the Romanoffs*, goes a long way to explaining the unreal riddle known as Russia. The reel got its premiere in Canada week before last. By the end of 1918 it will be all over the country, talked about by even those who swear by C. Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Petrova. The author got his story from newspapers, magazines, books and whatever else he could get his hands on. His story is melodrama, which it must be to make a good reel. No one supposes it is all historically accurate. What difference? Russia is the most inaccurate blunder in the world, anyway. Prof. Mavor, of Toronto, spent seventeen years trying to elucidate Russia. The rest of us will begin where he left off. He never mentioned Rasputin. But of course he was not studying Russian statecraft, or art, or religion and philosophy; merely Russian economics, which is about the last thing nowadays anyone wants to know about Russia.

One regret concerning this film is that it was not set off by more real Russian music. A "canned" Russian choir would have done something. The choir that sang at Toronto Convocation Hall, last spring, did some things that would have helped on the mystic entanglement of Rasputin with Ilidor, the mad monk, and with the bishops and archbishops. The Rachmaninoff Prelude put on a little colour. Not enough.

In fact, the reel was too much melodrama and not enough mysticism. Rasputin, as depicted by Edward Connolly, was less of a magician than any of the good Svengalis we have seen. Imagine Lyn Harding as Rasputin.

Steffens' story in *Everybody's*, part of which was sketched in these pages three weeks ago, supplies some aspects of Rasputin not contained in the reel version. Both of them make a good deal of his influence over women. Here is where mysticism borders on the sensual. Rasputin seems to have had just about enough of the former to get all the sexual sensation he wanted. According to Steffens, he could bring any court lady under his spell; and we are left partly to surmise that he made a great many of them courtesans. He had one of them so much under his black art, says Steffens, that she wore next her skin a patch of his dirty old under-shirt.

HIS nails were filthy and long, his hands unclean, his clothes evil-smelling; he always dressed in the style of a peasant, even in the silken garments made for him by court ladies with their own hands. Yet he could fascinate and horrify "the Duchess"—name unmentioned by Steffens for diplomatic reasons—when he first met her, because he wanted to make her the same kind of creature as the gipsy woman Anna, depicted on the screen.

Steffens does not mention Anna. The screen makes her Rasputin's accomplice in drugging the Czarovitch, and if he

had not tried to do her bidding in another matter she would have told the Czar the real story of the "faith miracle" that restored the heir to all the Russias to consciousness. To that matter Steffens makes no allusion. It concerned the passion which Anna had for Prince Felix, who also was in real romantic love with the eldest daughter of the Czar Anna, to oust the Princess, demands that Rasputin make of her the same kind of creature that she herself had become under his influence. He undertakes the task; fails; the Court learns about it; the Czar and Czarina have their doubts—the Czar both ways.

Instead of the Princess, Steffens tells us of a Duchess who lured Rasputin to "get" her that the Prince—name unmentioned—and his accomplices might get Rasputin. For by this time after twelve years of black art in the court, Rasputin was considered superhuman; a man whom it might be impossible to kill. Many had sworn to do it, some had tried, all had failed. Rasputin survived. Was this "Grand Duchess" mentioned by Steffens the Princess shown on the screen? We merely guess. Anyway it matters little. Rasputin's the thing.

Steffens says nothing about Iliodor, the mad monk, whom the screen, impersonated by Iliodor himself, makes the second most interesting character in the story. But Iliodor can't be left out. He was the religious scholar and orator, who, according to the version of the story given in Photo Play, himself falls a victim to the lure of Rasputin, plunges into a carnival of lust and repents, as Rasputin was so fond of doing—always sinning that he might repent—and becomes the able instrument of the Czar in putting down the revolution of 1905. The strange relations between this saintly young scholar and the mountebank, who ruled Russia through credulity,

are not well enough depicted on the screen.

Iliodor, says the Photo Play Journal, was an exile living in New York when the revolution broke out. All his eloquence and the fire of his idealism had, for many months previously, been directed towards the destruction of the very autocracy he had at one time worked so diligently to defend. But he was still a priest of the orthodox Greek church. The possibilities of the screen as a field for the projection of his propaganda had been pointed out to him but his ecclesiastical training had taught him to regard the theatre, the movies and all kindred entertainments as "coming directly from the devil." Yet—and here is a glimpse of the perplexing quality in the Russian character—he finally threw all of himself and much of his knowledge of the back-stairs intrigue of the Russian court into the filming of a "popular" picture.

F. V. Bruner records an interview given by Iliodor through an interpreter, in which the monk tells why he did it.

"I consented to take part in this picture, and play the role that I had taken in the recent events in Russia simply because I wished to condemn all evil and to make public to the world the wrongs of Russia. My friends in this country, especially those who were priests in the Greek Church, persuaded me against it. They advised me to keep away from moving pictures on the grounds that such occupations were not fitting to the dignity of a priest. I was in a strange country. I did not know what to do or whom to believe. I longed to give the world by means of the screen my knowledge of Russia's woes and injustices."

The picture was made under the direction of Herbert Brenon, who was, no doubt, "inspired" by

the timeliness of the subject and the "popular" appeal in the subject. Iliodor, the idealist, takes this view of it: "I look upon it as the will of destiny that Mr. Brenon undertook to accomplish this great work. I consider Mr. Brenon chosen by God to be the man through whom these revelations are given to the world.

"The Russian people never knew what was happening," continues Iliodor. "They never realized how they were being mistreated and misgoverned.

"I feel, too, that 'The Fall of the Romanoffs' will be the means of my moral rehabilitation. Of that I am convinced. Whatever mistakes I have made in my life this picture will wipe away. The good that it will do in the world and for Russia in particular will compensate, I know, for any wrongs I have committed."

Rasputin, in ruling Russia, ruled also the church. He was himself not an orator, but he knew the Russian's weakness for oratory when he sent Iliodor out on a circuit of speechmaking to show the people what a monster revolution was. In the Saturday Evening Post, William T. Ellis, writing on Russia's Substitute for Vodka, says:

"Instead of Vodka, Russia has betaken herself to a wild debauch of speechmaking. Public address has gone to her head. Concerning the hearing and making of orations it may be written: 'Everybody's doing it.' Spellbinding is the highest gift of New Russia."

Ten years after Rasputin had made the first revolution a failure, Rasputin was the emissary of the Czarina to Berlin, the medium of the separate peace so much desired by the Czarina and feared by Nicholas, and the reason why the Grand Duke was removed from the supreme command to be replaced by the Czar, who, between the Czarina and Rasputin was as near crazy as he could be. So the screen says, and is agreed with by other authorities less melodramatic.

"When I die the Romanoffs shall fall," was one of Rasputin's cock and bull prophecies. Like most of his other post-hoc-propter-hoc predictions, it came true. How Rasputin was killed is dramatically told by Steffens, who is considerably supported by the screen. Lured to a banquet by "the Duchess," he took the poisoned cakes and the drugged wine given him by "the Prince." He survived them both. The Prince hysterically shot him and reported him dead to his fellow conspirators hidden on the stairway. A few minutes later Rasputin came through the door. Then they all fired and "got" him. He was flung into the Neva.

And of course that was the beginning of the revolution whereby the Romanoffs did fall. The rest is newspaper history.

WHAT HANNA CAN'T DO

A Study in Rootless Economics; first of a series of articles on the limits and possibilities of price control, with special reference to food control.

MY household gods, said the essayist Lamb, plant a terribly fixed foot, and they are not rooted up without blood. A like statement can be made of our economic institutions. They ramify deep into our social life. The older they are, the more deeply rooted, as a rule, they are. There is no modern "Bloodless surgery" that can excise them. To tear them out from the soil in which they have grown means toil and travail. There are occasions when the replacement of old by new and better institutions, will justify the toil and travail, but let no one imagine that without it any existing system can be changed, that a mere legislature or executive fiat can of itself create a new system, or do anything but throw confusion into the old.

Yet this impossible result is just what many have hoped to see accomplished by the appointment of a Food Controller. They have thought—and the thought has been fostered by much hasty writing and speech—that all the Food Controller has to do is to dock the ever-rising prices of our necessities with the sharp scythe of his statutory powers. They have thought that all that is necessary is for him to "fix" prices, and the complicated system of economic causes and effects would forthwith accommodate themselves to the prices fixed. Those who entertain such hopes are thinking of a deep-rooted system as though it were rootless—like their own economics. They think effects can be abrogated while their causes remain. The root cause in this case is scarcity. The effect is the higher cost of living. And no power on earth can remove that effect until it first removes its cause.

It is not to be wondered at that disappointment has succeeded expectation. Prices go on rising and people think that there Food Control has failed—or has not begun—not realizing that the success or failure of the Food Controller is not to be measured in that way. Complaints are raised on every hand that the cost of living refuses to yield to the hand of authority, or else that authority is afraid to apply its hand, afraid of the profiteers, the monopolists, the middlemen, or the producers.

There is all justice in the condemnation of those who make their opportunity for extortion out of war's necessity. No conduct could be more detestable, more unpatriotic. No remissness on the part of government could be more reprehensible than its failure to control such rapacity. But such control, necessary as it is, will not turn scarcity into abundance, the desert of war into a garden of plenty. For the scarcity in the first place is due, not to profiteering, not to the demands of workers or producers, not to the remissness of government, but to the war. It is part of the necessary sacrifice it entails, part of the inevitable cost of the most costly of all undertakings. Every soldier who leaves the factory or the farm for the camp or barracks means a further drain on the economic resources of the country, for he consumes more than before and he ceases altogether

to produce. Every worker who is called from normal work to the making of munitions increases the cost, for he or she leaves economically productive for economically destructive work. Every dollar of capital that is diverted from productive investment to the financing of the war decreases the purchasing power of the dollar, and makes the labour of the productive worker less effective, and, therefore, more costly. War makes everything scarce but money, and it makes money less valuable. Furthermore, the greater scarcity that afflicts our war-stricken allies makes heavy demands on our food resources. Their scarcity becomes ours in part, for only so can theirs be lessened. This is an essential part of Canada's service, and we should be willing to recognize the cost and glad to bear it so far as we are able. So long as the causes of scarcity remain, so long must we endure the consequences, the high cost of living. Mr. Hanna is, unfortunately, no magician that his efforts should neutralize the economic consequences of a world at war.

This is no justification of inertia. On the contrary where so much is beyond our powers, it is incumbent on us to be the more determined that nothing which remains within our power is neglected. War necessity has driven us to examine rigorously conditions which formerly we were willing to let alone, to be exigent where formerly we were tolerant, to demand control where formerly we were content with drift. The demand is natural and right. As we are asked by authority to control ourselves, as economic individuals, in ways unknown before, to control our eating, our drinking, our spending, our working; so we may well demand in turn that collective control be exercised by government over those economic activities which lie within its power successfully to regulate. The economic system is no more perfect than the other works of man. There is much room for improvement—but only by those who understand its workings. The same necessity which in three years could so improve the aeroplane is surely not powerless to improve our economic system. It may be made more efficient, less wasteful, not merely for the period of the war but permanently.

Only there is this difference between the improvement of a mechanical thing like the aeroplane and the improvement of a social institution. The former can be effected without touching our interests very closely, the latter demands often a difficult readjustment of our social life. Our economic methods, like Lamb's household gods, plant a terribly fixed foot, and they are not to be rooted up without blood.

Meantime, certain immediate and permanent necessities face us, and they will not brook delay. What they are, what is being done or must be done to meet them I will discuss in a succeeding article.

R. M. MACIVER,
University of Toronto.



"Anything I can do to help you?"

—Marcus in N. Y. Times.

- M U S I C -

- B O O K S -

THE TWO-VOICED MAN

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

DID you ever hear what they call a vox humana stop in a fine organ? If so, you've noticed that it was so like the human voice, some voice, but not any voice—that if you didn't know it was an organ playing you would be sure somebody was singing a song without words. Now where did the organ-builder get his idea for this beautiful stop? Not from anybody's voice. Some voices you have heard would be better at stopping a clock than stopping an organ.

Opinions may differ; but the Music Editor thinks he has discovered the voice that the organ-man took for his vox humana stop. It was the voice of M. Graveure, the Belgian baritone, who sang in Massey Hall a few days ago. There were times during this man's programme when, by closing your eyes, you could swear it was a vox humana stop in an organ—but not the Massey Hall organ.

Graveure does this vox humana trick a little better than anybody we have heard. He does it with a sense of absolute tonal beauty. It doesn't much matter what word he may be singing, though, as a rule, he gets a better effect in some form of the vowel E. When Mons. Graveure sings that way he's doing just what the composer does when he doesn't use words, he is making absolute music. And because it's so confoundingly beautiful you don't stop to ask just what he is singing about, you are so bewitched by the quality of the tone.

That was one voice of this two-voiced man who sang so delightful a programme of songs—mostly modern, English, French and Italian—and that paralyzer of most baritones, the Prologue to Il Pagliacci. How about this latter? We don't know. Coming late,

we just missed it. But the other voice of Graveure we may guess was used to the limit in this Prologue, or he couldn't have sung it at all worthy of an artist of his rank.

The other voice was the ringing, trumpet baritone. Graveure has less of this than some baritones have, but he surely knows how to declaim, how to make his voice detonate. Now and again, in the upper register, he gets a shade off pitch, but never off the key. He has a smallish voice, but it feels big; a voice that carries perfectly in any kind of hall, because of perfect voice production—when he isn't that trifle off pitch.

And it's a voice of many colours, this two-voiced man's voice. He is a rare artist. Sometimes he startles you by just seeming to talk out loud—till you discover that he's singing.

The rest of his programme? Matters very little what it was; it was all so beautiful. He had with him a very expert and gracious little foreigner playing the violin, named Samuel Gardiner. Somebody advised him to take that name—we should guess. He doesn't play a bit like any Sam Gardiner we ever knew. He is a neat little artist, full of all sorts of genial tricks.

But the lady-soprano—oh, dear! She seemed to be dreaming that she was singing; when what she really had was a vocal nightmare. Now and then she woke up and did a mezzo voce very sweetly. Then she went off again.

As for Francis Moore, the accompanist, we only judge from the beauty of his accomplishments that it would have been much better and somewhat cheaper, if M. Graveure had left the nice little lady at home and asked Mr. Moore to play a couple of piano solos.

INTELLECT NECESSARY TO CONTROL EMOTION

(Omitted from the Symposium last week: Do Musicians Need Ideas?)

DR. ALBERT HAM, organist of St. James Cathedral, Toronto, and conductor of the National Chorus, prefers to consider music as a parallel to the sister arts of painting and literature.

It would seem a simple matter, he remarks, to dispel such an erroneous illusion as that suggested by the ambitious art-critic, to whom you refer in your letter, as having stated that "artists did not need brains!" Does this gentleman really believe that great artists, such as Michelangelo or Raphael, Rubens or Meissonier, Corot or Landseer, Holman Hunt, in his "Light of the World," or Dore, in "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," "did not need brains" to conceive and execute their masterpieces? If so, the inevitable conclusion is that such a critic is not given the capacity or education to judge any work of Art correctly.

Far from being a mere matter of feeling or emotion, the education with which the musician should be equipped is at least as sane and logical as the education of those trained for other professions, and should ensure the ability to reason and perceive in a broad-minded manner any general range of subjects, however extensive, which may come under his notice.

Real music has its accidence, its syntax and its prosody, and there is nothing in the Art of Music contrary to the principles of truth and common sense. The study of the scientific side of music teaches exactitude and aims to strike the true balance between intellect and emotion.

True, in this, the most subjective of all arts, the emotional often smothers the intellectual, and with disastrous result, but the true education of the musician teaches control of the emotions by the intellect, and demonstrates, also, that intellect uninspired by emotion is worthless.

This training insists that, before the emotional is reached, there must be a necessary action of the intellect, and that intellectualists narrow the borders of Art, while emotionalists would destroy Art by casting aside all rules and regulations of Form or Design.

A well-schooled intelligence in the science of one Art is surely a recommendation and passport for the same in another sphere.

ALBERT HAM.

The Seamy Side of Coal

KING COAL. By Upton Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

UPTON SINCLAIR is a great war-maker. He has a way of stirring up wrath with a dollar's worth of pulp and print that smears the efforts of any other three muck-rakers taken together into insignificance. He sees Capital as a slobbering behemoth champing its jaws and crunching the life out of labour. He digs into anything that looks like dirt and fingers about in the seamy side of things in his search for pearls of popularity. His "Jungle" book set a few thousand people racing for the vegetarian restaurants to get away from the smell of the thing. His knack of distilling evil odours into print is more than a gift. His descriptions are mottled with vivid splashes of realism—so, for all the matter of that, is a cutting block in a slaughter house.

And in King Coal he uses every blessed knick-knack in the whole bag of tricks. The dirt, the dust, the dread and dreariness of the coal-mining region is all there. A little love creeps in the record of relations between a man and a maid; but cupid all smudged up with coal dust is a sorry spectacle and one feels sorry for the little chap as he limps in and out from Chapter One to freedom at the Finis.

Improbabilities

UNDER SEALED ORDERS. By H. A. Cody. McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart. \$1.35 net.

THE title of Mr. Cody's latest book is quite misleading. One looks for a staunch ship steaming out through the danger zone with dead-lights on every port, an eager curiosity in the fore-peak and grim determination amidships, or wherever it is the gallant skipper skips in nowadays. If not a ship on a mysterious mission, then an intrepid, tight-lipped, lean-hipped and daring doer of doughty deeds going out into the night (a very wet and generally uncomfortable kind of a night) for a secret session supposed to rock or wreck two or three dynasties. Instead of that there is a tale of how some tumbling water was tunneled into turbines to make an old man's vision come true and illuminate the shady lanes of a little village after night-fall. It is a hotch-potch of improbabilities served up without sense of continuity or respect for the credulity of the reader; not, however, minus some of H. A. Cody's undoubtedly wholesome humanism.

Six Love Stories—and the War

BROMLEY NEIGHBOURHOOD. By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50 net.

WHEN the reviewer comes across a novel and begins reading it at page 10, jumping thence to page 20, and suddenly finds that there is a certain subtle thread of intrinsic beauty to the plot and a certain wealth of wholesome colour to the handiwork, and has therefore to turn back to page 1 and read the story through, he is at once surprised, annoyed and pleased. It is thus with Bromley Neighbourhood. There is a character to Brom-

ley Neighbourhood that demands it be read through.

A pastoral story, rich in rustic atmosphere and all aglow with love. Alice Brown is seemingly aware that all the world loves a lover, and shrewdly suspects that all the world loves six lovers six times as well. Miss Brown knows also that all the world is getting more or less tired of the impossible love affairs conceived by certain prolific writers who, given two soulful eyes and a heaving bosom, can weave an utterly impossible texture of almost immoral silliness. A wholesome story that concerns the affection of a mother for her sons and for her cold, implacable husband; of two country youths for two country girls; that relates how the mature womanhood of one girl drank deeply of the cup of proffered affection and tasted of the bitter dregs; and how the girlish mind of the other saw nothing in the cup and spurned it and dreamed of a stranger who was to come and carry her away, over the hills to her heaven. As the story progresses through the sunny springtime of season and youth there is sounded a grim note but for which Bromley Neighbourhood might have been termed "a pretty story." And it must be read through to get it.

The great war plays a very important part in Miss Brown's narrative, and it is a privilege to review those heroic and awful events of 1914 and 1915 as they are reflected in the minds of the simple and good people of Bromley.

Churchill Illuminates
Disintegration

THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT. By Winston Churchill. Macmillan. \$1.50.

FROM riven rock, to slipping shales, shifting sands and driven dust, the work of disintegration goes on for some enormous purpose. The will behind—the dynamic in the thing—is big beyond the scope of our finite conception. It is only when the time element is quickened; the atoms in contact shaped to something sympathetic to ourselves that the plane on which the process is working is brought within the perspective of our perception. Even then, you and I and most of the rest of us need an interpreter to tell something of the meaning of it all. And Mr. Churchill seems to be winning the right to be regarded as just such an interpreter. In this last book of his he traces the trend of the process in modern industrial civilization. He begins with a human fragment, bewildered and helpless, torn from the parent rock, crushed, rolled smooth, and left stranded in a strange place. This fragment, Edward Bumpus, is gate-keeper at a cotton mill—"severed and rolled from the ancestral ledge, from the firm granite of seemingly stable and lasting things, into shifting shale, surrounded by fragments of cliffs from distant lands he had never seen," as Mr. Churchill says. His daughter, Janet, is Mr. Churchill's heroine.

The story tells of her shifting from place to place until she finds happiness at last in the Dwelling Place of Light.



The Redskin



THE magistrate leaned forward and surveyed the slouching figure in the dock. The black, inscrutable eyes of the Indian grew a shade more sullen, but he gave no other sign that he had heard the magistrate's words:

"Tom Three Feathers! You here again!"

"What is the charge? Vagrancy, and drunk, too, as usual, I see. Constable McGinnis, you are the witness in this case."

"Yer honour," began McGinnis, an impeccable pillar of the force with a rich brogue and an air of disinterested truth-seeking. "I was on dooty at half past eleven on Saturday night last. I seen the accused on Main Street the worse av lick. I ast him where he was goin', and he could give no satisfactory ree-ply. I turned him over to Constable Wilkins, who fetched him to the station."

"I see. Same old story. Have you anything to say, Three Feathers?" The magistrate's eyes came to rest on the prisoner.

A heavy somnolence brooded over the little Western court-room. The fetid air, poisoned by the morning's procession of "drunks," "vags," Chinese gamblers and Galician carousers, enveloped the scene like a foul blanket. Through the open windows came floating, now and then, a breath of the soft Chinook, sweet with the scent of prairie flowers.

Tom Three Feathers' nostrils quivered as the clean spring air floated past his cheek. His shapeless grey suit and flannel shirt devoid of collar were inexpressibly worn and dirty. The slouchy droop of his great, loose-jointed frame took several inches from his six-foot-two of height. His clothes were white man's clothes; his figure was the figure of a loungee in the back alleys of a white man's civilization. Only the red-brown face with its high cheek bones and dark eyes, fringed with lank black hair, betrayed his kinship with a race of men that had once ruled the prairies.

He belonged to the little community of Indians and "breeds" at Slow Creek, on the borders of the neighbouring Reservation, whose drunken fights, illicit whisky-trading and occasional knifings kept life from growing monotonous for the Mounted and the civic police. Constable Larry McGinnis had twice before rounded him in on general principles and the all-inclusive charge of vagrancy and drunkenness. Always he persisted in an obstinate silence. As McGinnis drew himself up in the witness box in the way that constables have, his blue Irish eyes were full of a vast contempt for the filthy figure in the dock.

BUT the magistrate seemed to discover something in the aspect of the prisoner that was not apparent to Constable McGinnis. He was a kind man and a discerning one. In the early days, before the railway came, he had served with that great corps, the North-West Mounted Police.

"Now see here, Tom Three Feathers," he said, leaning forward in his chair, "if you don't leave whisky alone you'll kill yourself; why don't you straighten up and be a man? You can do it if you want to. I ought to send you to jail this time, but I'm not going to, because I have an idea you want to do better. So I'll let you off with a fine. Now you go and find work, and keep away from these fellows who sell you whisky. Do you understand?"

A just-perceptible answering gleam lit up the dark eyes of the Indian.

"All right. Two dollars and costs."

Constable Larry McGinnis looked his puzzlement as he stepped down from the box. Even the fine had been a light one.

"The dirty, lazy, good-fer-nothin' scoundrel!" he muttered under his breath as he passed the Inspector. "Lot o' good it is tryin' to do yer dooty these days. Phwat's the matter with his nibs?"

As for Tom Three Feathers, once in the open air he slouched off at a shambling, purposeless gait

ONE of the most interesting race features of the war, is the service rendered by Canadian red men in the trenches. The exploits of Three Feathers by one who met him in action, are a study in the short evolution from ancestral scalps to Hun helmets

towards the busy main street, a sodden, malodorous bit of flotsam on the currents of the town's life. He showed no interest in the shifting spectacle of the streets. His eyes wore the veil which came over them when he was brooding—a veil which few white men could penetrate. Tom was a pure-blooded Indian; his father had been a Blackfoot and his mother a Sarcee. But since his orphaned boyhood he had known no other associates than this degenerate populace of Slow Creek. He had grown up with them, lived the same squalid life, contracted the same vices, till now he was not to be distinguished from the rest.

Yet every now and then something within Tom rose in revolt against the squalor in which he lived. At nights, when he stumbled heavily out of the dirty shack at Slow Creek after a drunken debauch and the clean air smote him in the face, he would straighten himself up instinctively in the starry stillness of the prairie, his nostrils distended and his ears alert. Something called to him, he knew not what nor whither; something alien to the forces that had shaped his life; the same insistent call, had he known it, that had thrilled his forefathers on that very spot, long before the white man came.

To-day the mysterious restlessness had complete possession of his soul. He had no eye for the show windows of the Hudson's Bay store, the gaudy "movie" posters, the glittering quick-lunches, the marvel of a newspaper press in motion, the procession of whizzing motor cars. Just now he hated the town and its unheeding faces. He hated the rotting hovel where he lived and the rags he wore. He hated his disreputable cronies. He hated the old priest who talked to him of God, and the teachers at the Government school, where they had tried to teach him to read and write and had failed. And above all, he hated Constable Larry McGinnis. Men looked down on him, despised him as an outcast. He was "only an Indian." He wanted to be a man. Yet somehow the tendrils that Slow Creek and fire-water had wound about him, body and spirit, kept him down to the level of shiftless vagrancy.

He avoided the keen glance of a passing Mounted Policeman and turned into another street. The pungent odour from a hotel bar set up a momentary craving. Around a store near the corner a crowd was gathered, listening to the exhortations of a very earnest individual in khaki.

"It's men we want and men we're going to have," challenged the recruiting sergeant. "I ain't talkin' to lazy, good-fer-nothin' loafers that ain't worth their salt. I'm speakin' to men! Men that is men and can play a man's game. That's the kind of men we want—and we want 'em quick! Believe me, they're needed. So if there's any of that kind in front of me here, just step up and show wot kind of stuff yer made of!"

The scene was not new to Tom. The recruiting office, with its pungently-persuasive orators, had become a familiar feature in the little city's life. On the prairie, close to the Reservation had sprung up a great military encampment. Tom had previously taken no interest in all this. But to-day, something in the sergeant's appeal touched a responsive chord. The very remoteness allured.

"It's the only life worth livin', boys," urged the sergeant, with diplomatic partiality. "But I ain't layin' no stress on that. It's yer dooty to them that's gone afore and to them that's comin' after."

But then, reasoned Tom, restraining an impulse,

he had said they didn't want loafers, they wanted men—the best. . . . Still, the magistrate had told him . . .

A sudden gleam of resolution came into his eyes. He elbowed his way through the crowd of men and stood suddenly before the sergeant.

"You take me?" he asked, laconically, and waited, immobile but expectant, for an answer.

The sergeant's practised eye sized him up at a glance.

"Take you?" he said, clapping Tom on the shoulder. "See here, son, you just step inside here."

And the eyes of Constable Larry McGinnis, who had paused on his way to point duty on the corner, widened to a glassy stare as he beheld the familiar back of Tom Three Feathers disappearing through the door of the recruiting office.

"If they make a sojer of that specimen," murmured Larry to himself, "my name ain't McGinnis."

ON a certain night in the second September of the Great War, a little group of soldiers crouched behind the parapet of a Canadian first-line trench in the Ypres salient. One of them, a tall private with powerful shoulders and a lithe, sinewy body, was distinguished from his fellows by evidences of a different race. But you would scarcely have recognized in this bronze Hercules the degenerate Indian whom Constable Larry McGinnis had "vagged" a few short months before.

Tom's body, cramped and stifled from childhood in the vitriating environment of Slow Creek, was now rejoicing in a glorious normality. The faculties planted in him by his forefathers were reviving. An uncanny keenness of hearing, a quickness of observation that frequently astonished his officers, and a knack of moving about in difficult places cat-like, without a sound, were qualities which had made him chief scout of his battalion.

Those voices that had called to him so mysteriously out of the prairie breeze called to him now with greater potency. And now he could answer their call; the old, futile restlessness was gone. He went about his work with taciturn zeal. He could be relied on to carry out an order swiftly, silently and with intelligence. He shuddered when he thought of the old cramped life of Slow Creek. It was unreal and remote, like a bad dream, half-envisioned. In the new life he moved on a plane with his fellows. When he first "joined up" there had been just a slight tendency to regard him as "only an Indian." It was this that had nerved him for his victory over fire-water. After one terrific "bust" in the early days of his training, he had renounced it altogether. Now his bearing had a confidence born of healthy achievement and the comradeship of strong men. He grinned often, showing his white teeth in a display of good humour that was irresistible. His mates called him affectionately "The Redskin."

"The Redskin will be doing something to distinguish himself one of these days—just you watch," his new comrades would say among themselves. To his face they would josh Tom, and ask him how many German scalps he expected to collect.

"Me hup-to-date Injun," he would reply, with a good-humoured grin. "No scalp 'im. Get hees 'elmet."

NOW, on this second night in the front-line trench, the tedium of inaction was to be broken by a reconnaissance patrol, and Tom Three Feathers had, of course, been selected as one of the party. It was a supreme moment for the Redskin. Crouching behind the parapet there, in his taciturn way, he was vibrant with eagerness.

In the dense blackness the officer and the three men, who had been conferring in whispers, moved to a low part of the parapet.

"Ready?" came the whispered word from the subaltern. "All right, boys; over we go."

Noiselessly, one by one, they crawled over the top

and crept out into the blackness of No Man's Land. Away on the right the big guns boomed dully. Now and then a rifle cracked sharply from some sniper's lair and a bullet whined through the darkness. Every few minutes a flare would shoot up in curving flight from one side or the other, lighting up a small area with a ghastly mockery of moonlight. Then the creeping patrol had to flatten themselves like dead men, with faces pressed to the ground, till the flare had burned itself out. The German trench was but eighty yards away, and even in the darkness the slightest noise would have meant death.

THEY were quickly through the prepared passageway in their own wire entanglements, however. Closely behind the officer, who led the way, came Tom Three Feathers, a sensitive transmitter of any significant sounds that might escape less cunning ears. The others were spread out at several paces interval. Each man of that little party could hear his heart pounding in his ears with a rhythm like the engine-beat of a steam vessel. Nerves were strung taut as telegraph wires and eyes and ears strained almost to painfulness.

Ten yards—twenty yards—thirty yards—slowly, cautiously, like industrious snails, they advanced towards the German trench. There was no sign of enemy patrols. Fortunately, too, flares seemed to be not as frequent as usual to-night. But suddenly a hand was laid on the arm of the officer and the lips of Tom Three Feathers approached his ear.

"Noise," came the almost inaudible whisper. "You wait here. Me go see." None but an Indian's ears could have construed the faint click Tom heard as the drawing of a rifle across a coat button. The officer had heard nothing, but he knew the uncanny endowment of the Indian. By a pre-arranged touch signal the others were halted.

Tom Three Feathers turned off half-left and crept cautiously away. When he had gone about ten yards he stopped, unslung his rifle, put the bayonet in the scabbard at his side, and flattened himself along the ground to the whole extent of his body. In this posture he wormed his way silently inch by inch through the long grass.

As he drew nearer the spot whence the infinitesimal sound had come, other infinitesimal sounds interpreted themselves to Tom's ear. But the German sentry in the listening post remained blissfully unconscious of the silent catastrophe that crept towards him by inches. Suddenly a flare shot up from the German trenches. Tom Three Feathers, frozen into absolute movelessness in the long grass, could see the head and shoulders of the German protruding from the sap-head several feet in front of him. The flare faded and died in its slow descent to earth. All the instincts of his race that had lain dormant in Tom Three Feathers since boyhood, came to the top. His lithe body writhed through the long grass, scarcely stirring a blade of it. His dark eye burned with the intensity of the hunting wildcat close upon its quarry. His muscles were like steel springs ready to uncoil. So his ancestors before the white man came crept down upon some unwary deer or rival tribesman in the shadow of the foothills.

Suddenly the Redskin's body gath-

ered itself into a crouch and his powerful arms shot forward. One hand closed with a grip like a steel trap over the German's mouth, the other clutched him round the neck, thumb pressing upon wind-pipe; at the same time, swift as a cougar, with his whole weight, the Indian bore down. Noiselessly the German, powerful as he was, sank beneath that sudden cat-like spring. The gripping fingers tightened, tightened. . . . Then a bayonet, gripped in the Indian's right hand like a dagger, rose and fell.

At that instant from the darkness came a guttural "Wer da?" The sentry's comrade, a few feet away, awakened from his slumber, scrambled to his feet. But guided by the sounds Tom Three Feathers had already crept closer—stealthy, cat-like, absolutely noiseless. Again his long arms shot forward; again his hands closed over mouth and windpipe; again the bayonet rose and fell. There was not even a groan. . . .

PRESENTLY Tom Three Feathers rose and wormed his way silently back through the darkness, recovering his rifle on the way. Tied to his belt, one on either side, as in former days his fathers bore the scalps they had taken in battle, were two pickelhauben, placed so as to make no noise when he moved.

"Me got 'im," he whispered into the officer's ear. "Listening post. Finish 'em both." In a few words he made his report.

There was no need for the patrol to go further. The enemy's parapet could be made out through the darkness, and the officer was able to observe certain important alterations in the first line trench where unusual activity had been noticed during the day. Cautiously the signal was passed from man to man, and the little party of scouts turned and began to work

their way back to their own trench, each making mental note of what they had seen. None but Tom and the officer knew how narrow had been their escape.

As Tom pulled himself over the parapet with the others and dropped into the trench, several men, anxious to hear of the patrol's adventures, gathered round them.

"Wipe out the German army, old scout?" asked one bantering of Tom.

"No," murmured the Redskin, touching the helmets that dangled from his belt. "Scalp two Boches."

Some weeks later, back in the little Western city, Constable Larry McGinnis sat glancing over the columns of the morning paper between bites of his mid-day sandwiches. Suddenly his eye came to rest on a headline, and he forgot all about the sandwich. This is what he read:

WESTERN INDIAN WINS D. C. M.

The Distinguished Conduct Medal has been awarded to Private Tom Three Feathers, a Canadian Indian, for bravery in the field. Private Three Feathers enlisted in this city last spring and went overseas with a draft. The announcement of the award says: "Private Three Feathers, while on a reconnaissance patrol, discovered a concealed listening post, and single-handed overpowered the two German sentries, enabling the patrol to carry out important work in safety. He set a fine example of courage and resourcefulness."

Accompanying the item was a photograph of Tom Three Feathers which some enterprising reporter had secured from the local police records.

Constable McGinnis finished his sandwiches thoughtfully. As he brushed the last crumbs from the tunic of his blue police uniform, there was an odd look in his eyes.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" said he wonderingly.

What of the Apple ?

(Continued from page 5.)

markets more than all the other fruit districts of the province put together. The whole output of the fruit and vegetable business of the valley covering the year 1916 amounted to about 3,500 car loads, representing a cash value of \$1,750,000. These were loaded at Penticton alone, which is at the south end of the lake. It is on record that one day last year 46 car loads arrived at Sicamous Junction. These were made up into two train loads and sent up over the Rockies to be distributed over the Prairie cities and towns. Only a few years ago the entire output of the valley was not much more than 46 cars for the whole year.

The C.P.R. has a system of its own for the purpose of handling car loads upon the lake. The cars are conveyed several at a time on ferries, which are drawn by small tug boats, and are run upon the rails at Okanagan landing at the North end of the lake.

The fruit season opens early in July with strawberries, which this year were greedily bought up by the prairie consumers. The supply of strawberries, and raspberries, though large, did not meet the demand. Early and late cherries, of a splendid quality, found also a ready market throughout the adjoining provinces.

The apricot season this year began early in August. Huge shipments of

20-lb. crates were taken off the wharves of the lake growers by the steamers, and conveyed to the landing at the north end.

Summerland, one of the largest and most prosperous towns on the lake, is rightly named. Its summers are lengthy, with a great amount of sunshine, and a minimum of cold rains. To understand it as an orchard community one needs to climb the hills adjacent to the lake and see orchard after orchard in which grow apricots, peaches, cherries, apples, plums and pears; while grape vines trail along like weeds. Orchards alternate with gardens, several acres in extent, which produce tomatoes, cucumbers, red peppers, and cantaloupes by the ton.

Experts agree that this district is the best in the western half of the continent for the production of the apricot. The shipment of apricots in August was exceptionally heavy from Summerland. One day as many as eleven lorries loaded high with crates, stood in a row upon the wharf in the early morning, awaiting the boat. Big piles of crates were also in the shed waiting to be loaded on the boat.

Of recent years there has been an over-production of peaches; and growers are now pulling out peach trees

(Concluded on page 24.)

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A BOND AT THE FRONT

Is the Next Best Thing to a Boy

By INVESTICUS

MOBILIZING the dollars of Canada is one of the most inspiring programmes in the world. The Government has undertaken to mobilize \$150,000,000 in the shape of a new War Loan. The name of this Army of Dollars is Canada's Victory Bonds. And the mobilization of this army is the biggest financial enterprise ever undertaken in Canada.

In one of J. M. Barrie's charming trio of plays put on in a Toronto theatre last week there is one in which on Old Lady enacts the chief part. She is a charwoman. Her home is visited by three other charwomen, all of whom have sons at the war. They compare experiences, and talk about the letters each of them receives so regularly from the boy at the front.

The Old Lady, quiet and a bit sad, but mainly cheerful, brings out a pack of pencilled letters which, she says, are from her Scotch son. A clergyman comes in—to say he has good news:—the Old Lady's son, giving his name, has leave of absence, is in London, he has seen him—he is at the door.

In he comes, the swaggering big Highlander, and the other charwomen go away with the minister. At once there is a tirade from the Highlander. The Old Lady listens while he scolds. He has been getting mysterious gifts and letters from a lady in London whom he does not know. She—

Well, to make a delightful long story short—the Highlander was no son of hers at all, and he had no relatives. Here he was in London for a time. The clergyman had directed him to the home of the Old Lady who was supposed to be his benefactress.

And she was. The mysterious sender of gifts was the old charwoman. All the other women had sons at the front; she had none. The letters she showed them were pure fake. She had gone through the lists of names in the papers, and had picked the Black Watch as the regiment in which she would have liked to have had a son; also the name of the Highlandman which she fancied she would like to have for a son—because he had the same name as herself—and this was he: Private Davey.

The power of the story is the desire of the Old Lady to have a son at the front. She couldn't bear to be left out.

There are thousands of people in Canada who have no sons at the front, because they have no sons. They can't all concoct the scheme of the Old Lady. Canada's Victory Bonds are the army in which ever man and woman in Canada can enlist without going into khaki.

Somewhere in Canada, everywhere, there are millions upon millions of these dollars to be mobilized into the Great Dollar Army representing all the people of Canada. Taking \$50 as the lowest figure of a bond, and supposing that all the bonds issued are of that denomination—though they run into higher figures up to \$1,000—the \$150,000,000 Army will make just 3,000,000 bonds at \$50 each. It is not possible that 3,000,000 people in less than 8,000,000 can each buy a \$50 bond. It is not so expected. Thousands of people will buy bonds of higher denomination. It is not possible to es-

timate how many people will actually mobilize their dollars into this great \$150,000,000 army. But the dollars will be mobilized. Probably more than the \$150,000,000 will be taken up. The money is here. It can be got. The people have it. In a hundred forms this money is cached in the country, some of it busy, some of it half idle. Canada's Victory Bonds Army proposes to mobilize those dollars from coast to coast in every cranny of Canada. The call of the nation will go out to these dollars. The people will hear it. And the grand march of the dollars to Ottawa will begin—on November 12th.

Perhaps a million people will be helping to mobilize the Dollar Army that gives everybody a chance to have

A BOND AT THE FRONT.

These people will be the great new army of Canada behind the army in the trenches. Everybody who has a boy at the front can follow him with a bond at the front. The Boy and the Bond are bound up together. These bonds are to back up the Canadian boys. They are to provide money, lent to the Government of Canada, by means of which Canada may help England to continue buying war supplies in this country. The dollars in the C. V. B. army are not given, they are not merely invested in the ordinary sense. They are lent to the Government on interest. The Bond given in exchange is Canada's promise to pay back the face value of that bond plus the interest at five per cent. The ability to pay back is guaranteed by the whole nationhood of Canada, all its provinces in men, money, materials, national spirit and war organization. In fact the very existence of Canada as a nation, the only thing that guarantees the security of any bank, any business, any railway, any home, any law of Canada, is behind the promise of Canada to pay back the money.

The people who have bonds at the front as well as those who have boys at the front, become partners with the Government in the great business of helping England to carry on the war. The opportunity to belong to this great C. V. B. army belongs to everybody. It is the first real opportunity the whole people have ever had on such a scale to help along a great national work. The mobilizing of this grand army of dollars will be the greatest national act we have ever known, because it will call for the united activities of the greatest number of people, all engaged in a common cause. The people of Canada get excited enough in elections, when they differ in opinions. The C. V. B. Army of Dollars is a chance for a much greater enthusiasm when everybody is of the same mind—that it will be a good thing to have

A BOND AT THE FRONT.

AFTER THE WAR —FINANCIALLY

WE should expect the end of the war, if it came to-morrow, says the Monetary Times, to be followed by a period of intense industrial and commercial activity—possibly modi-

fied in some countries, or even generally, by one or all of the retarding factors mentioned above. There will follow an extraordinary production of commodities in every direction. For some time this will be absorbed by the increased consumption of daily life and by the replacement of the material which has been destroyed, and by the repair of the world's equipment which has run down. When the latter task has been overtaken—and it will not take very long—there will be a possibility of a condition of over-production setting in, with the usual attendant circumstances of falling prices, curtailment of credit, increase in the real burden of debt, and spreading stagnation.

It is not, however, necessary that this should happen. The production which is no longer needed for replacement and repair may be absorbed by the development of new countries. Here, again, the question will be a psychological one. There are large areas of the globe now comparatively unproductive, where capital can be spent to the ultimate advantage of the world if people can be found to take the trouble and self-denial of accumulating it and the risk of employing it. But for schemes of development where the return is certainly distant and not certainly assured, easy credit is essential. Credit depends partly on actual conditions, partly on the temper of banks and financial institutions. If those who manage the world's finances are inclined, when the period of over-production draws near, to throw themselves zealously into the development of new countries to a greater productiveness, the period of stagnation may be avoided. If, on the other hand, they find themselves in a timid and conservative frame of mind, credit will grow difficult, and the over-production of commodities, finding no new fields to absorb it will soon make itself felt, with the usual consequences.

A Topeka business man employs two negroes to work on his gardens, which he personally oversees. One morning Sam did not appear.

"Where is Sam, George?" he asked.

"In de hospital, sah."

"In the hospital? Why, how did that happen?"

"Well, Sam he been atellin' me ev'ry mornin' foh ten days he gwine to lick his wife 'cause o' her naggin'."

"Well?"

"Well, yestiddy she done ovahheah him, da's all."

Bonds for \$100

Many people of small means are possibly not aware of the opportunity for safe investment offered by our \$100 Bonds. The small investor has looked upon owning Bonds as rather beyond him—thinking of bonds as being only in denominations of \$1,000, or some other equally impossible sum. But \$100 will buy one of our Bonds, giving the holder of it precisely the same security as those of the largest denominations. They are a security in which Executors and Trustees are by law authorized to invest.

TRUST FUNDS

Shall we send you copy of our Annual Report and full particulars?

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Don't Avoid Corns But Don't Keep Them

With dainty footwear, corns can hardly be avoided. But they matter little when you know the way to end them.

As soon as a corn starts, attach a Blue-jay and forget it. The corn will never pain. In two days, if it is a new corn, it will disappear. Sometimes old corns need a second application.

It is almost as simple as removing a dirt spot. Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. It fits the toe like a glove. When you re-

move it—in 48 hours—the whole corn is done for. Blue-jay is a scientific method. A noted chemist invented it, and a famous laboratory prepares it.

It is not mussy, it is not harsh. It centres action on the corn alone, so it doesn't lead to soreness. And it is sure. No corn can resist it.

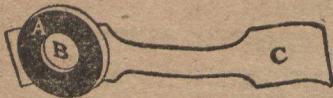
Its millions of users have no dread of corns.

For your own sake, prove it on one corn. See how easily these kill-joys can be ended.



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How Blue-jay Acts



A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.
B is the B&B wax, which gently

undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

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What of the Apple ?

(Concluded from page 22.)

and planting apricots, apples, and cherries, which are always more in demand. The apple crop is excellent as a whole throughout the valley; and already there is a large demand. Some growers have their entire output sold before the apples leave the trees.

Before the war Britain was a good customer for B. C. apples; and when the embargo cut off that trade shippers at first thought that large quantities would be unsold. That fear is now past, as far as the Okanagan valley is concerned.

A growing trade was fostered during recent years, across the Pacific. Each of the overseas markets seemed to have its own particular taste, and desired one particular class of apple, which the shippers were wise enough to meet. New Zealand, for instance, wants the medium-sized coloured fruit; South America orders call for larger varieties; and the best Old Country trade likes the apple of good appearance and distinctive flavour.

Summerland and other districts are training a large number of expert girl packers, some of whom gained knowledge of packing fruit in crates and boxes, from the packing school

instituted by the government and carried on during the winter months.

The fruit when picked is placed in orchard boxes and conveyed to the packing house. The packer picks up an apple with one hand, a wrapper with the other; and in less time than it takes to read this, the apple is placed in its particular box, graded according to size and quality. Some packing houses this season have installed grading machines, which do the work with wonderful efficiency.

Expert packers earn as much as \$3.00 and \$4.00 a day. Managers and government inspectors keep a close watch on the grading and making of boxes.

The city of Calgary is the chief distributing centre for B. C. fruit. Late news shows that there are large demands for fruit coming from the United States. One brokerage firm of Calgary has already placed over 40 cars of fruit in the States.

As might be expected, the labour problem raises an acute problem throughout the valley as elsewhere. Thousands of men have enlisted from here, and women and children are doing nobly in making up the shortage.

Going After the Hard-Shells

(Continued from page 17.)

He was jubilant, for the same reason that my Conservative Jeremiah had been depressed. He saw in it all the touch of a master hand—whose, he refrained from saying; but he assured me that I would awaken some morning, after the elections had been apparently won by Sir Robert Borden, to find that Sir Wilfrid was back in power to spend his remaining days of activity in the highest position of influence and responsibility to which any Canadian may attain.

"You seem mighty well pleased with the result, my friend," he assured me, "but those fellows Borden has taken

in with him have forgotten more political tricks than Sir Robert ever knew or ever will know, although they will show him one or two good ones before he is many months older."

Time alone will tell. The hard shells may know more than the rest of us do, but it is my own opinion that there is to be a new game played now with which they are not familiar and of which they do not know even the elementary rules. It is to be played because, at long last, public opinion is aroused to the need of a radical change and is determined to have it, because the gravity of the crisis to-day has been sufficient to persuade even active and bitter political rivals to drop their petty differences and trivial ambitions in order that, united, they may give to Canada the best service that it is in them to give. Over in London we have the inspiring spectacle of the greatest men in the Unionist party serving under that virile little Welshman whom, in the long ago before the Hun was pounding at the gates, they hated with an intense hatred which has not been known even in the hurly-burly of Canadian politics—over seriously as we have always been disposed to take our party differences. We have the further inspiring spectacle of General Smuts sitting day by day at the same council table with his old antagonist of Boer War days, Lord Milner. That fact does not cease to be wonderful simply because it has become familiar to us. The co-operation of Balfour, Curzon and Bonar Law with Lloyd George, of Smuts with Milner is one of the most splendid instances of moral unity in the face of a common danger that the whole world can present to-day. Are we to believe that our Canadian statesmen and politicians are of such inferior clay, that they are so comparatively lacking in moral fibre, that, having come together in recognition



Make the Most of Travel

THE passenger to the Pacific Coast is to-day offered a choice of routes that renders it unnecessary to re-trace his steps and opens up a wealth of new scenery and outdoor sport.

Do not fail to visit Jasper and Mount Robson Parks with their wonderful mountains, gorges, glaciers and cataracts.

Here the protection given to game has increased the quantity and reduced the fear of man

Mountain sheep and goat, the most wary of animals, are seen feeding on the hills, and coming down to the railroad in view of passing trains.

For further particulars see our booklet "The Canadian Northern Rockies," or apply to General Passenger Department, Montreal, Quebec; Toronto, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

of the serious and most pressing needs in this, the most solemn and momentous hour in Canada's history, they will not loyally play the game as honourable and high-minded gentlemen and patriots? The hard shells belong to the old school, they judge present day events by the experience of other and more careless days. They forget that,

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

They forget that many things have been revolutionized by the mad act of a mad Kaiser, and among them the game of Canadian politics.

It would be too much to expect that the union consummated on October 12th can last for ever. Nor is it, indeed, desirable that it should. Peace will bring its reconstruction problems about which there will be room for honest differences of opinion; our Imperial relationships will have to be defined after the war, for we cannot forever be content with our present anomalous position of Colonial dependency. Peace will bring leisure for the consideration of old and new domestic problems, and Canadians will not all view these questions from the same angle. Therefore, lines of cleavage will develop and parties there will always be. Parties there are now for, even if the Union Government could command the practically unanimous support of eight provinces out of nine—which it undoubtedly cannot do—French Canada would be more clearly isolated than ever before by this new turn of the political wheel. Union even such as we have to-day is unlikely to be permanent. It will probably disappear when the danger has passed away which has caused some of our leaders to postpone consideration of minor matters upon which they differ in order that they may act together upon the supreme matter upon which they are agreed. There will be party divisions, perhaps more clearly defined than before. But is it not more than probable that there will be a new alignment?

CHESS

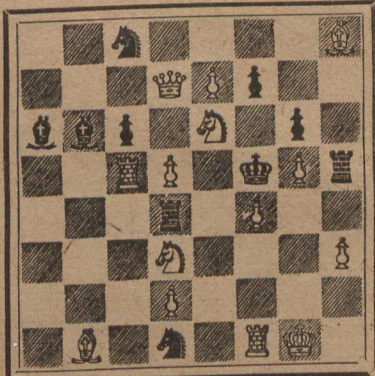
Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

All correspondence relative to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 158, by W. J. Faulkner, Anderson (Oxford).

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

Black.—Ten Pieces.



White.—Fourteen Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 158, by W. J. Faulkner.
1. R-B4, P-B4; 2. P-B4, PxB e.p.; 3. R-R4, P-B5; 4. P-K4ch, PxB e.p.; 5.

P-B4ch, PxB e.p.; 6. Q-B2, P-K7 mate. The construction of this problem is masterly. Dual moves are avoided without apparent effort. By 1. R-K8 looks promising, but guards K2. The second move (with the bishop to preserve the guard at Q4), cannot be to K5, to cover the Rook, as it presents a flight square. We received no solution.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Brilliantly Prize Game.

Played in Tournament No. 228 in the Chess by Mail Correspondence Bureau, between Mr. P. J. Wortman, of Dayton, Ohio, and Mr. R. G. Smellie, of Toronto.

Max Lange's Attack.

White.	Black.
P. J. Wortman.	R. G. Smellie.
1. P-K4	1. P-K4
2. Kt-KB3	2. Kt-QB3
3. B-B4	3. B-B4
4. Castles.	4. Kt-B3
5. P-Q4	5. PxB
6. P-K5	6. P-Q4
7. PxB	7. PxB
8. R-Ksq ch	8. B-K3
9. Kt-Kt5	9. Q-Q4
10. Kt-QB3	10. Q-B4
11. QKt-K4	11. Castles QR
12. P-KKt4	12. Q-K4
13. KtxQB.	13. PxB
14. PxB	14. KR-Ktsq
15. B-R6	15. P-Q6
16. P-QB3	16. P-Q7
17. R-K2	17. B-Kt3 (a)
18. K-Kt2	18. Kt-K2
19. P-B4	19. Q-Q4
20. P-Kt4 (b)	20. Kt-Kt3
21. P-QR4	21. Q-Q6
22. P-R3 (c)	22. Kt-R5ch
23. K-R2	23. Kt-B6ch
24. K-Kt2	24. Kt-Kt8
25. R-B2 (d)	25. QxRPch
26. KxKt	26. R-Q6 (e)

(a) Up to this point both players have adhered to a well-known book variation. White now attempts a deviation when the opportunity is the least favourable. The correct move is the clearance 18. Q-KBsq, making room for 19. R-Qsq.

(b) White loses grasp of the position, the opportunity for a counter-attack being remote indeed. The best at his command would appear to be P-KR3 opening a feasible square for the King, thereby unpinning the knight. If 20. QxP, of course black retorts 20. ... QxKtch. The position is a remarkable one.

(c) The leisurely tour of the black knight now becomes curiously effective. If 22. KtxP, then 22. ... Kt-R5ch; 23. K-Rsq, Kt-B6. Or 23. K-Bsq, Q-R6ch; 24. K-Ksq, Kt-B6. If 22. Kt-B2, then 22. ... Kt-R5ch; 23. K-Bsq, Q-KB6; 24. RxB, Q-Kt7ch and mates in two. If 22. Kt-B5, then 22. ... Kt-R5ch; 23. K-Bsq (or Ktsq), Q-R6 (or B6ch); 24. K-Ktsq, QxQB; 25. R-Ktsq, Q-KB6! with an irresistible game. If here 26. RxB, then 26. ... Q-K6ch. There is no adequate defence for white at this stage.

(d) If 25. Kt-B2, then simply 25. ... QxR; 26. QxQ (if 26. QxKt, then 26. ... P-Q8 (Q); 27. RxB, etc.), KtxQ; 27. Kt-Qsq, R-Q6; 28. R-R2, P-B4 and wins without difficulty.

(e) 26. ... QxB was all that was necessary. White might have delayed resignation a move. However, if 27. P-Kt5, then 27. ... BxRoh (if 27. ... R-K6; 28. Q-KBsq); 28. KxB, Q-R7ch; 29. K-Bsq, Q-R8ch; 30. K-B2, QxKt would settle matters. An interesting game with multitudinous variations. Mr. Smellie showed keen insight and is to be congratulated upon winning the Brilliancy Prize.

END-GAME NO. 28.

By Seelesniew.

White: K at KB2; R at KKt8; Ps at QB4 and KKt6. Black: K at KR7; R at Q2; Ps at QR5, QB3, KB3 and KR2. White to play and win.

Solution.
1. R-KR8, R-Q7ch; 2. K-Bsq! (the only move to win, for otherwise black can play R-KKt7 and K-Kt8), R-Q8ch; 3. K-K2, R-KKt8; 4. RxBch, K-Kt6; 5. R-Rsq! (again the only move; of course if the sacrifice is accepted white gets a Queen and wins easily against the scattered pawns), R-Kt7ch; 6. K-K3, K-Kt5 (or 6. ... P-KB4; 7. P-Kt7, P-B5ch; 8. K-K4, K-B7; 9. R-R7 wins); 7. R-R2! R-Kt6ch (R-Kt8 has the same reply); 8. K-B2, R-B6ch; 9. K-Ktsq, R-QKt6; 10. R-Kt2ch, K-B5; 11. P-Kt7, R-Kt8ch; 12. K-R2, R-Ktsq; 13. P-Kt8 (Q), RxB; 14. RxB and wins easily.

SHAUN and FIONA

(Continued from page 14.)

the kitchen in his nightshirt, an' there is the table set for only one.

"Have you had your dinner, Fiona?" says he. There is no answer, for the drops of blood ain't much on talk an' the giant goes nosing over the soup. 'Smells as if you'd forgotten to salt it, Fiona,' grumbles the giant, an' then he sees a bit of maddin' stickin' out of the pot an' he stirs the soup with a ladle, an' fell to swearin' like a truck driver on South Street.

"Lookin' out of the window he seen that Shaun was not in the front yard, an' he rushed out of the house.

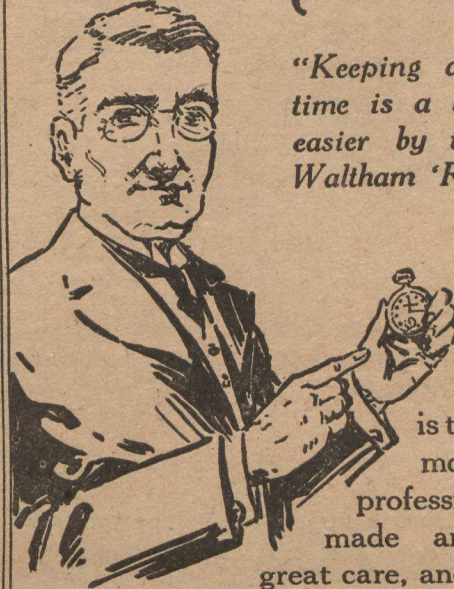
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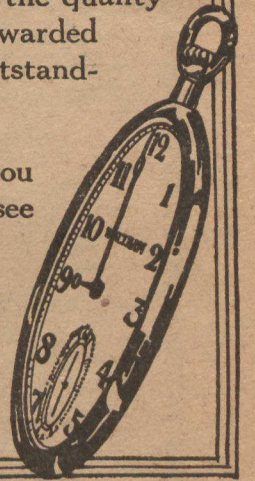
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Military Service Act, 1917

Explanatory Announcement by the Minister of Justice

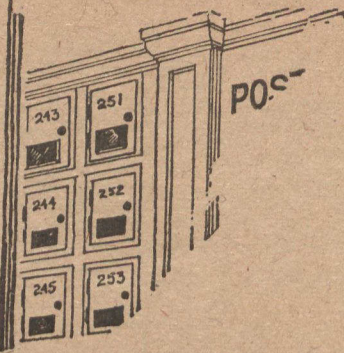
REINFORCEMENTS UNDER THE MILITARY SERVICE ACT IMMEDIATELY REQUIRED

Men call limited to men between 20 and 34 who were widowers without children on July 4, 1917

Civil Tribunals to deal with exemptions

Proclamation will announce the day

How to apply for exemption



Should You Be Exempt?

Every facility is afforded those who have reasonable ground for applying for exemption under the Military Service Act. Each man's case will be considered by a local, civil board, sitting in the locality where he lives, and will be decided as is desirable in the national interest.

The idea behind the Military Service Act is to call up first only those whose absence from civilian occupations will cause least disturbance to the country's economic and social life. One hundred thousand reinforcements—no more—are to be raised under the Act.

Cases of Exemption

Over 1,250 civic tribunals have been organized throughout Canada, known as Exemption Tribunals. These Boards are comprised of 2 members, one appointed by the county judge and one by a joint committee of Parliament. It will be seen that these tribunals are non-military and independent. The members are men closely acquainted with conditions in the places where they sit and will be able to give each case sympathetic attention.

National Interest Will Govern Exemptions

Consideration will be given to applications for exemption received from men engaged in the production or manufacture of commodities necessary to the conduct of the war and the support of those at home, and cases in which real hardship would be caused by the withdrawal. Not all men who register these claims will be exempted, but such claims will receive careful attention. National interest must govern.

Promptness is Essential

Prompt application for exemption is strongly urged upon all who, being included in the first class, believe they deserve exemption. But first visit a Medical Board and find out if any further action is required. Unless the Medical examination places you in Category A, you will have no immediate obligation for service.

Issued by The Military Service Council.

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"Fiona has eloped wid him," says he, rushing over the ground like an automobile on Long Island.

"Although the two had nearly eighteen hours' start of him, he came on them inside of half an hour, an' when the two saw him thunderin' along up in the air like a Singer tower on legs, Fiona's knees gave way an' Shaun had to sling her over his shoulder, and hurry along like an ant in front of a steam roller.

"If I can only reach the seven seas," says Shaun.

"Here, throw this bullet at him," says Fiona, handin' the copper bullet to her lover. (I always used to like this part when me mudder tol' me, because they was po'try in it.)

"Copper bullet, round and small, Give the giant a frightful fall."

"When Shaun said this a big hill rose in front of the giant's feet an' he stumbled headlong an' stunned himself, an' before the second round Shaun an' Fiona was on the seashore.

"ME mudder used to say it wasn't like Coney Island, but a lovely shore, all soft sand and no bathin' houses an' no Luna Park. Just countrylike. Me mudder was always fond of the country, because dat's where she come from, but me for the city every time. An' Luna Park's better'n the country.

"Shaun was hopin' that by a miracle the boat that had brought him to the island would be there to take him back to Ireland, but there was nothin' but waves comin' in an' sobbin', me mudder said, because they couldn't help him. Listen, boss. The waves sob here the same way. I'll bet it's the people that's drowned that they're thinkin' of.

"Fiona took the bullet of silver an' she threw it into the sea, an' the sea was so large that she hit it. An' here was another piece of po'try:

"Silver bullet, round an' bright, Save us form our fearful plight."

"Say, boss, what is a plight? . . .

A bad scrape? Yes, I t'ought it was like dat.

"No sooner was the words out of Fiona's mouth than a cunning' little ship is sailin' on the sea, all made of silver, with riggin' of silver ropes an' a silver sail. Oh, me mudder said she'd often seen it in a dream, an' it was very beautiful.

"They stepped aboard an' away they sailed, happy as kids on a picnic, till Shaun looks up at the shadder of a cloud an' it ain't a cloud, but the giant on the shore, about to heave a rock at them.

"Well, if the rock ever hit them that would have been the last of Shaun an' his steady, but Fiona takes the golden bullet an' she trun it into the sea, sayin' the third bit of po'try:

"Golden bullet, bright an' yefter, Save us from this wicked feller."

"An' wid that there was a big dragon wid claws on him like the claws on a grizzly in Central Park, an' a mouth as big as St. Patrick's Cathedral, an' he came right out of a cave near the sea, an' before the giant could turn an' run, the dragon had bit so much out of him that what was left wasn't enough to run the business, an' the giant died.

"An' that evenin' Fiona got a interduction to Shaun's father, old man MacCulin, the Irish king, an' me mudder said, "They was married, an' lived happy ever afterwards."

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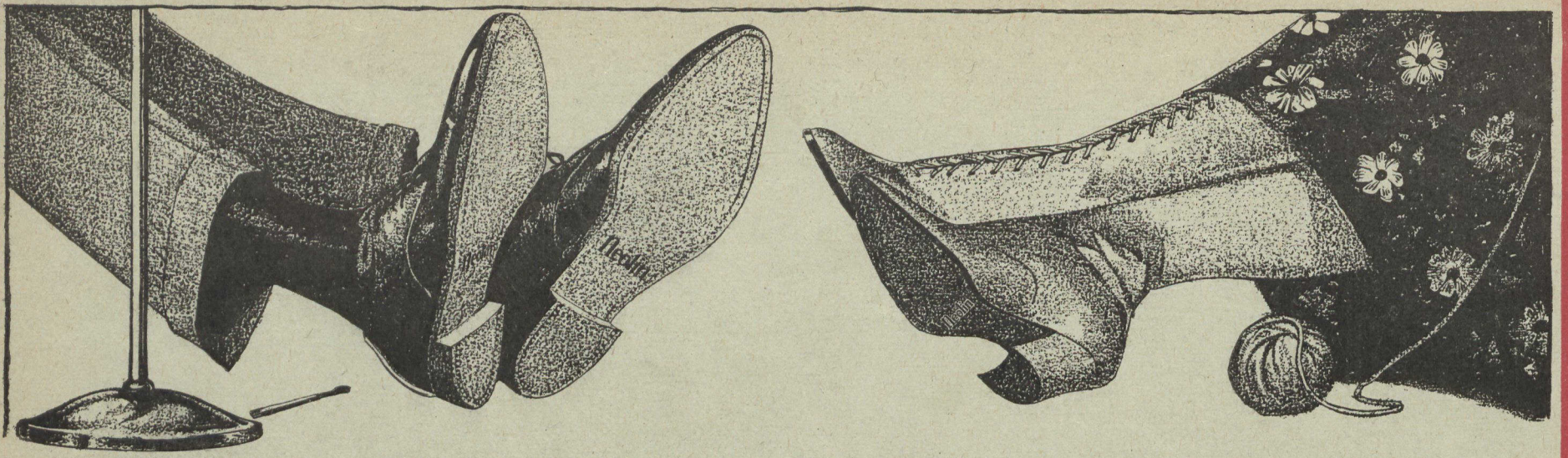
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