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THE RE-MAKING OF CANADA

How We are Learning from a World-War That a Nation is Not Made by Dividends

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

ABOUT fifteen years ago there was a preacher in a big downtown church in Toronto who, in giving a sermon to one of the garrison regiments, made a prediction:

That Canada never would be a nation without a baptism of blood.

The statement was never quite explained. It was one of those vague utterances that once in a while get the character of inspiration. But it was not popular. Nobody at that time wanted to contemplate bloody conflicts and the sacrifice of thousands of lives. Canada was just at the dawn of the twentieth century, which was grandiloquently said to belong to Canada. We were just past the Boer War. Immigrants were beginning to come from Europe and the United States by hundreds of thousands in a year. A second transcontinental railway was beginning and a third was being put on the programme. The new West was opening up. Great water-powers were being developed. Immense new areas of raw materials—nickel, copper, iron ore, gold, silver, coal and other minerals were being exploited. The Klondike and the Soo were still in the imagination. Canada had a huge work to do; such a programme of national expansion as never before confronted a nation of small population and almost cosmic geography. There was room in this country for all the millions of producers that could be brought in from older countries. There was work for them all. And there was no time for war. War was over. The prosperity of Canada depended upon an era of peace.

It would have needed a pretty gloomy Jeremiah to tell the people of Canada in those days that in fifteen years, just as Canada was coming to the end of the first great part of her new national programme, the railway epoch, the country would stop building new railways, stop bringing in immigrants from Europe and begin to send out armies, quit borrowing money in England, cease to enlarge factories and to build up big business, and put a large part of her mercantile marine at the disposal of the British Admiralty. Nobody wanted to imagine even a slight interruption to the glorious crescendo of prosperity built upon peace, which most people in this hemisphere imagined had come to stay.

BLIND OPTIMISM.

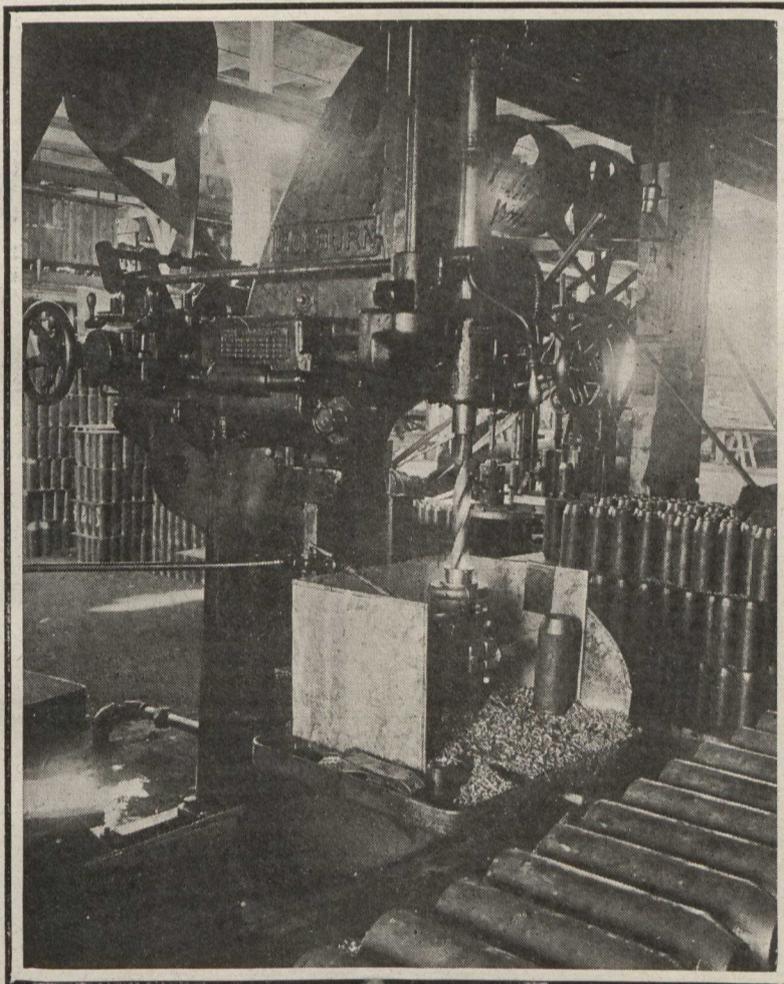
THE blind optimist believed that so long as the country was building railways, enlarging factories, pumping in immigrants, expanding crop areas and flinging new towns on the map, there never could come an era of economic depression in his lifetime at least. The crooked-eyed booster was ready to subdivide any part of Canada outside of the Arctic Circle at so much a foot. The smug club financier reconstructed our national finances over whiskies and sodas. The parish politician juggled with national issues as babies play with blocks. The tinpot martinet cut a fine figure at Sunday parades and talked about our local militia as though it were an army ready to take the field. And the national dreamer predicted that some day Canada would become the centre of Empire—by spending millions.

Most of these people are gone now. Some of them have gone to the front. The rest of them are being swung into the new Canada of world impulses, world economics and national self-help. The blind booster has become an enthusiast for a just war. In a little more than a year there has begun to come a bigger

change in this country than anything that ever developed in the first ten years of "Canada's century."

But at least a year before the war the reaction was under way. Subdivisionism and population-padding were becoming as dangerous as bombs. Banks were putting on the brakes. Factory-owners ceased to enlarge their plants and wondered how they should keep the plants they had busy on orders. Merchants began to reduce their selling and buying staffs—because their customers no longer bought without regard to the aggregate cost. Consumers

INDUSTRY—FROM PEACE TO WAR



This is a picture of a Canadian-built machine, in a Canadian factory, boring out shell billets made from Canadian Iron by Canadian workmen; where Berlin, Ont., is as much a part of the munitions machine as Birmingham.

generally began to go slow. People who used to occupy ten-roomed houses at forty dollars a month discretely pulled out and took flats at a lower rent. People who had bought houses on the instalment plan began to dicker how to pay interest without touching the principal. Speculators who were fed up on land, either occupied or vacant, found themselves unable to unload and began to scrimp in order to pay taxes. There is a land-owner in Toronto, for instance, who paid this year \$25,000 in taxes on property two-thirds of which is entirely unproductive. And the name of that man is—Legion.

Pages might be filled with signs of the times to show how the eight millions of people scattered over a vast empire of land more or less gridironed with new railways, began long before the war to adjust

themselves to a new order of things which they felt sure was coming; in fact, had already come. And it was the basic fact that in the last analysis even the bugaboo of prosperity can't fool all the people all the time, that made it possible for this country to gather itself together during the past twelve months and grapple with a new set of conditions.

When the war broke out, almost overnight, we had to scramble into war togs and start to think and act war. In twenty-four hours our banking machinery went out of gear. War had chucked a monkey-wrench into the works. The banks must adjust themselves. International credits were knocked on the head. Trade routes were jeopardized. Immigration was suddenly cut off. Foreign borrowings for the creation of more railways ceased automatically. Municipal bonds had to go begging elsewhere than in London for sale. Municipal works were interrupted. Government works, except those of the most immediately necessary character, were stopped. Most of our railway army of navvies struck camp and took to the cities. Our centres of population began to glut with unemployed men. Real estate experts, who before the war still hung grimly on in a last hope, pulled down the blinds. Land quit changing hands. Rents went down. Taxes went up. Some prices began to rise. Factories ran under-time or closed for a period. Staffs in offices, stores and shops were cut down; some wages and salaries were reduced; men did more work for less pay; luxuries were curtailed; simple living began to be a habit. In a few months we had executed almost a military right turn in our economy.

PAYING OUT AN ARMY.

AFTER our garrison regiments had responded to the first call, we were confronted with the problem of recruiting. It began to dawn upon us that the war which had throttled Europe, was also getting as near as possible a stranglehold on the world and was already gripping the economic system as well as the patriotic sentiment of Canada. In the South African War we had sent a few thousand men entirely at the expense of England for the sake of a vague Imperial sentiment. But the army we began to organize from our civilian population in 1914 was to be an army organized, equipped and sent abroad at our own expense. How big an army it would ultimately become none of us knew; we do not know yet. When Sir John French and Sir Ian Hamilton at different times inspected our overseas forces, we were given to understand that in any war which might arise we might be expected to send abroad one army division—20,000 men. Before the autumn leaves were dead in 1914 we had 33,000 in camp and as far as possible in khaki and under arms at Valcartier.

What would this initial army of 33,000 men cost? What would 100,000 men under arms cost? What would our army cost if it got to 200,000—which of course it never could, for the war would be over before the need from Canada went so high? We did not know. We are now beginning to know what an army of 200,000 will cost this country, for we already have that much of an army enlisted at home, in England and on the continent of Europe. That is, within fifteen months of the outbreak of war Canada has put out of its civilian population, and as far as possible into the field, as many men as the entire British Army in South Africa at the time of the Boer War.

This, we may be pardoned for believing, is re-

markable. In any case it is quite incredible—but for the fact that we have done it; and the end is not yet, may be in fact only beginning.

To get that army of 200,000—mainly civilians—into khaki and under arms meant a huge expenditure of money. An emergency session of Parliament on August 18th, 1914, voted a war credit of \$50,000,000. That was only the beginning. At the last regular session of Parliament the war loan was increased to \$150,000,000. And that is by no means the end.

THE COST OF OUR ARMY.

WHAT that Canadian army is really costing and will cost the country can be estimated. By government methods of purchasing supplies, in vogue up till half our present army had been mobilized, it cost on an average not less than \$1,000 to put every man into the field and to pay his wages of a dollar a day for one year. With an army of 200,000 as far as possible under arms and fully equipped this means a cost of \$200,000,000. Reorganized purchasing machinery has since lowered the average cost. But the aggregate cost of our army of anywhere under 300,000 men runs into hundreds of millions of actual outlay to get men into the field and to pay their wages on service. That, again, twelve months ago, would have been incredible.

But that is not all of the army cost. Every man taken from civilian life and into the army is a man taken from some form of productive employment and diverted to the business of consuming food, clothing and munitions on works of absolute destruction. If the average economic value of an English soldier, as estimated by Mr. Arthur Balfour, is \$600 a year, at Canadian rate of wages the average economic value of a Canadian soldier at peace industry is nearer \$1,000. The economic value of a Canadian army of 200,000 men is therefore not less than \$175,000,000 a year. Therefore, the total cost of our army abroad, quite independent of the food and the munitions they consume—which are paid for by Great Britain—means not less than \$375,000,000 a year. And that item of arithmetic if put before the average Canadian twelve months ago would have staggered the imagination.

In order to pay the interest on the war loans necessary to cover this mammoth expenditure, the people of Canada have been submitted to various forms of war taxes, both federal and provincial. No tax was ever less unpopular.

Corporate and more or less organized benevolence was in the field long before our first contingent landed in England. Every province made a separate gift of various kinds of foodstuffs and the Canadian Government donated one million bags of flour. A general Patriotic Fund was organized to take care of the families of Canadian soldiers. This fund raised a million dollars in a few weeks. It has since multiplied the amount to several millions, and for the coming year it is estimated that the Patriotic Fund will need to be fed to the extent of \$9,000,000.

The Red Cross Fund has been organized with local units in almost every town and village in Canada. That also has raised millions. The recent campaign culminating in Trafalgar Day netted the Fund \$1,500,000 from Ontario alone.

ORGANIZING BENEVOLENCE.

MANY other funds have been maintained and are still being maintained by numerous societies. Churches, lodges, clubs, municipalities, societies of one sort or another, have all levied tribute upon their respective sections of the public for war benevolences. We have never yet heard the song, "Pay, Pay, Pay!" in this war. The public have paid and are still paying and expect to go on paying cheerfully without theatrical incitements to do their duty. Canadians discovered almost suddenly that the aggregate of money capable of being dug up from the pockets of the people for benevolent purposes was no small amount. What people had been in the habit of handing out for extra benevolences to themselves in the form of luxuries, they found it quite as easy, and much more inspiring to hand out for to get comforts for other people elsewhere.

Before our first contingent landed at Plymouth, Canada began to organize a movement intended, as far as possible, to keep "business as usual," which was the slogan of the British public for months after the war began, but has since changed to something else. The made-in-Canada campaign was launched

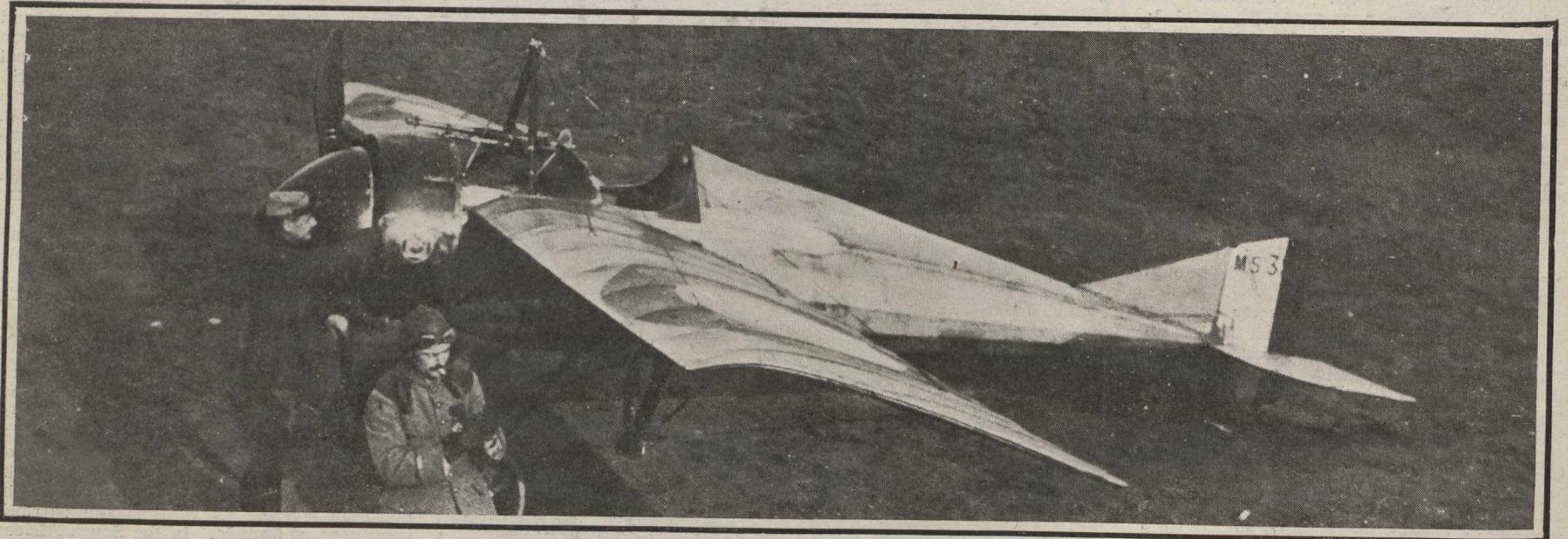
in the newspapers by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. The campaign was expected to convince Canadians that money spent for goods made by Canadians was a form of national economy that would turn an era of trade depression into a time of prosperity. The movement was somewhat sentimental, but its basic economy was sound and its results beneficial. If Canadians could not be induced by a mere patriotic appeal to buy Canadian goods, they could be persuaded on the grounds of national prosperity. And to a great extent they were acted on from both motives.

Similar in idea and even more spectacular in its appeal was the Patriotism and Production campaign, inaugurated by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa and supported by provincial departments of agriculture and farmers' associations all over the country. As Minister of Finance, Tom White pointed out not long ago in Toronto, Canadians found that it was possible both to economize and to increase production. Everybody economized. Everybody as far as possible increased production. How this P. and P. movement got hold of people even in cities and towns was well illustrated by the back-to-the-land movement in centres of population. In Toronto alone several hundreds of acres of vacant lots were turned into vegetable gardens. What the townspeople did in little the farmers by a more or less concerted effort did in large. Especially in the West the acreage under crop was increased by a large percentage. Those who did not increase acreage intensified cultivation. From both sources, aided by a season of unusually good weather, the total aggregate of wheat in the western provinces mounted by the most recent estimates to 300,000,000 bushels, which is about 90,000,000 bushels more than the highest yield on record before 1915.

NATIONAL SELF-HELP.

AND even this one item alone if predicted twelve months ago would have been relegated to the Tales of the Arabian Nights. It was found that under stress of necessity and a high form of self-interest, people at large could co-ordinate their own efforts into increased production. National self-
(Concluded on page 18.)

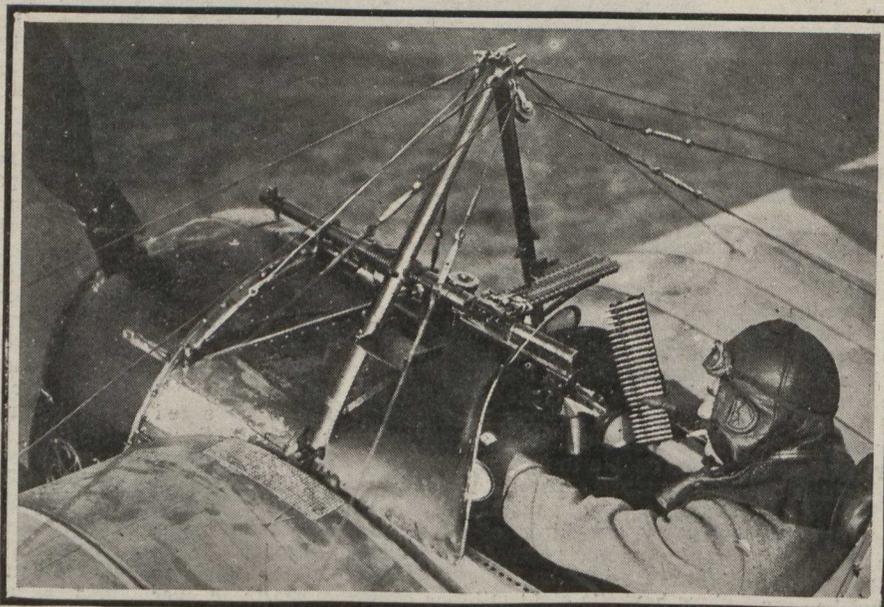
THE LIGHT MONOPLANE, SCOUT AND DESTROYER



The one-engine, one-man monoplane of Vedrines, the noted French aviator, ready to go up at a maximum of speed.

WAR aeroplanes are of two general kinds; the light, speedy craft that carries a very small load, travels at high speed and is used mainly for scouting and swift pursuit of enemy craft; and the heavier, more powerful machine that may be propelled by two engines, carries at least two men and a cargo of explosives running into hundreds of pounds. There is the same difference between these two general types of machine as between a battle cruiser and a submarine chaser. Both are highly necessary in this war. For the main use of aircraft in conjunction with troops the lighter machine is probably more effective. The aircraft is constantly engaged in scouting and observation work; that is its regular function in the war. It is more rarely but quite as effectively used for bombardments from the air, either upon enemy craft such as Zeppelins or upon fortified land positions, or any other object it may be necessary to destroy with high explosives.

The general tendency among British and French air-men is to encourage

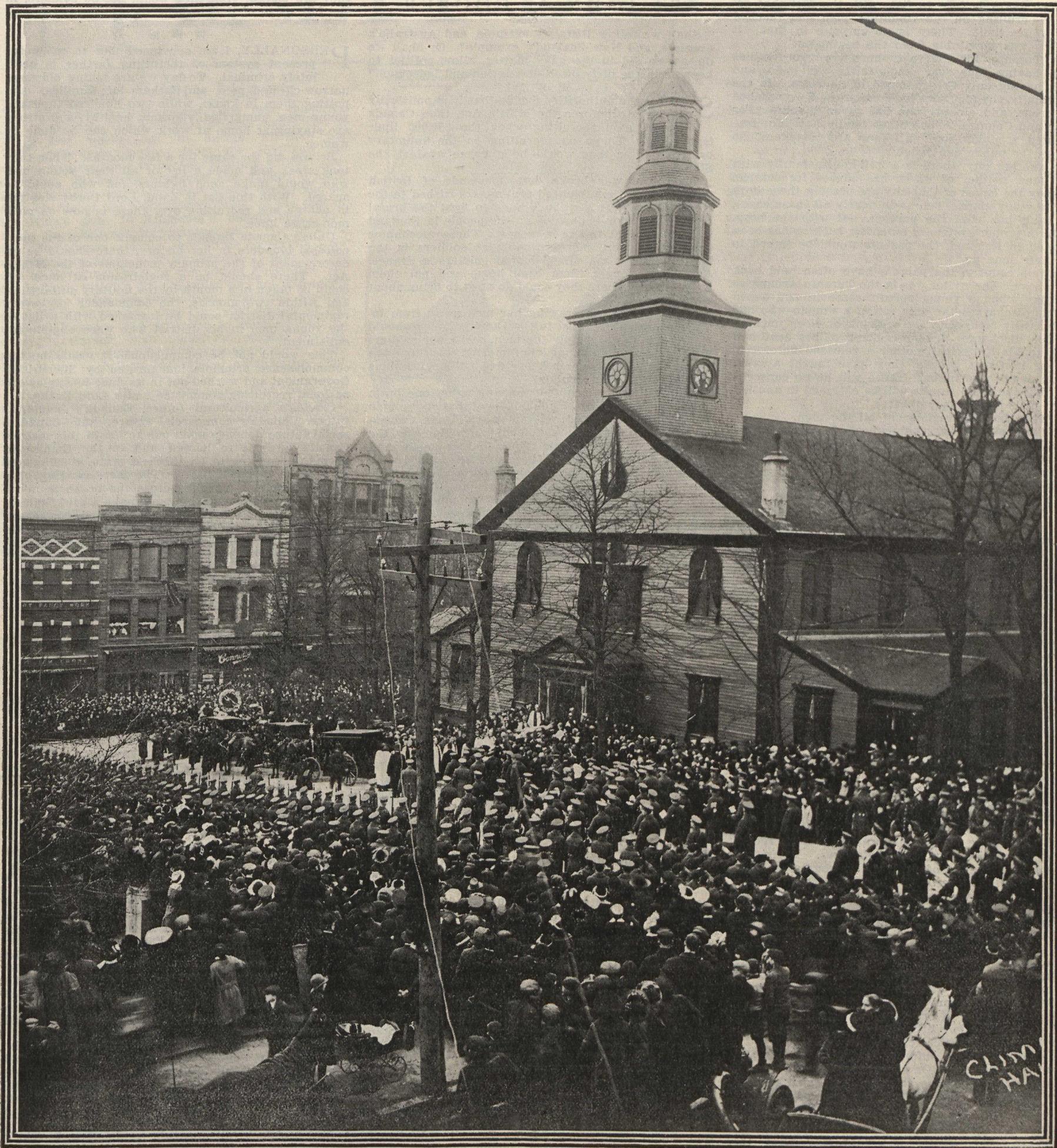


Vedrines getting ready his machine-gun for use against enemy craft.

the lighter type of machine as being more mobile and easier to manipulate for a given purpose in a specified time. The one-engine monoplane, such as the splendid French aircraft shown on this page, carries but one man, who must be his own pilot, driver and gunner. His chief weapon is a machine-gun, which is shown ready for action in front of him pointing directly out past the propeller. With this he may do deadly work on enemy aircraft of less size than a Zeppelin and might even damage a Zeppelin at short range. The air-man may carry, also, a small supply of small bombs which may be discharged by a lever operated like the levers of a motor-car. But for most of his time the bird-man in a light scouting monoplane is concerned in observation work. If he is surprised by enemy craft he usually has no trouble getting away at high speed. He is not dependent upon weather conditions as the giant aircraft are. He is the scout of the air-fleet, sometimes the destroyer. The light monoplane is on an average more useful than the heavy biplane.

BURIAL OF A GREAT STATESMAN

Exclusive Photograph by Climo.



A GREAT HISTORIC PICTURE OF THE FUNERAL OF SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART., ON TUESDAY, NOV. 16.

NO greater funeral has ever been solemnized in Canada than that of Sir Charles Tupper in Halifax Tuesday of last week. The only other two funerals, as impressive from a national point of view, were those of Sir John Macdonald and Sir John Thompson. Both were colleagues of Sir Charles Tupper who, after the disruption of the Bowell Cabinet, became leader of the Conservative party at the elections in 1896. The only public figure that was conspicuously absent from Sir Charles Tupper's funeral was Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who defeated him in 1896.

Sir Robert Borden was present both as Premier and as fellow-citizen of Halifax; Sir George Foster, another Haligonian; Mr. W. T. White, Finance Minister, and several other Cabinet Ministers; Lord Neville representing the Governor-General; Sir

Thomas Shaughnessy and Sir William Mackenzie, representing the railway interests; the Lieutenant-Governors of both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; Sir William Mulock and other distinguished representatives of the Bench; Gen. Rutherford and staff, Rear-Admiral Kingsmill and staff, and a whole corps of clerical representatives and political leaders of both parties from a great part of Canada. The two sons of the dead statesman, Sir Charles Hibbert and Sir Charles Stewart Tupper, Bart., were present as chief mourners.

The funeral cortege proceeded from the Legislative Chamber where 10,000 people viewed the remains lying in state, to St. Paul's Anglican Church and from there to the little cemetery of St. John's where Lady Tupper is buried. Archbishop Worrell, of Nova Scotia, pronounced the eulogy on the

deceased statesman. It was a scene such as makes history by great sentiment. Old St. Paul's, the once cathedral of Halifax, is the church where Sir Charles habitually worshipped when in Halifax. It is the most interesting historic church anywhere in Canada except in Quebec. It is the only wooden church that still stands as an active sanctuary of church work in a spot once the most picturesque in all Canada for great military and Imperial parades. No tourist in Nova Scotia misses seeing St. Paul's, which has been almost aptly called the Westminster Abbey of Canada, built of lumber brought in sailing vessels from Boston much more than a hundred years ago. And for many years to come the visitor to St. Paul's will be reminded that one of the greatest events in the history of that famous old church was the funeral of Sir Charles Tupper on Tuesday, Nov. 16, 1915.

SHALL WE CALL UP THE SLACKERS?

Has the Time Arrived When Canada, Like England, Shall Take Stock of Her Manhood?

By JOHN A. COOPER

CANADA is face to face with the fact that recruiting on the voluntary plan had reached its limit. There is no surprise in that. It was inevitable from the beginning.

In Toronto, for example, there are two families each having four sons, each fairly well-to-do, and each having only British blood in its veins. In the one family, the four sons have enlisted. Two reached the front, and already one has given his life "For King and Country." The other family have not contributed a single son. All four are "slackers" so far as the public can judge.

In another city, there is a well-known family with two sons, neither of whom has offered for service. Already the ladies of that city are passing these boys with a stony glare. Yet, as in nearly all these cases, the fault lies with the parents, not with the boys. Under a proper system of enlisting, such as has been adopted in England, the parents would be forced to let their sons go.

In this country, the parents have often held back their boys. The writer was in the Toronto Armouries one day when a young recruit came in and asked for his discharge—the only son of a woman who had hysterically refused to eat or drink or sleep until he got his discharge. The recruiting officer sent him back to his hysterical mother a released hero.

Over in Great Britain, they have fought a great battle over conscription. There will be no conscription, but the same results will be obtained in another way. This is how they did it:

1. They made a register of all the men.
2. They picked out the names of all unmarried men between 18 and 45, and canvassed them.
3. They offered bonuses to all who volunteered before a certain date.

Fine scheme, that. It was conscription without the sting. It was military method, softened down and enforced by civilian methods. It was reason and common sense as against militaristic conscription.

Canada has now come to the position that Great Britain reached a few months ago. When they had about two million recruits for Kitchener's Army, the recruiting stopped. All the enthusiasts were in khaki and the others would not come forward. Similarly Canada has enlisted over 200,000 men and the recruiting will come to a full stop when the 250,000, asked for by the Government, is reached.

When recruiting passes beyond that stage, new methods must be adopted to get men. But will these methods get the men whom Canada can best spare? Or will they get the men who are most valuable at home?

STRANGELY enough, the Militia Act of Canada provides for all these difficulties. It says that the unmarried men from 18 to 30 shall be called first. Then the unmarried men from 30 to 45. After that come the married men without children from 18 to 45, and so on.*

Why is this law not enforced?

For the simple reason that Canada has no record of the unmarried men and their ages. There has never been a register of our human resources—except for political purposes. We know how many cows there are under two years of age, and how many over. We keep track of the number of sheep and swine. But our human assets, the vital feature of the nation, have never been classified.

Do you think it is time for Canada to take stock? Or do you think it would be better to blunder along in the same old way? Shall we fear the snarl of the critic who will cry out against "compulsion," against "conscription," and against "militarism"? Shall we hesitate to organize the blood of the Dominion for fear some little group of hyphenated citizens will make political capital out of it?

In short, shall we enforce our military laws and call up the slacker? Or shall we go on, leaving it to the patriotic citizens to supply the men for the army, the men for the service of King and country?

*Militia Act, Chapter 41, Revised Statutes of Canada. Section 69—"The Governor-in-Council may place the militia or any part thereof on active service anywhere in Canada, and also beyond Canada, for the defence thereof, at any time when it appears advisable so to do by reason of emergency."

Section 15 divides the male population into four classes: "Class 1, shall comprise those of 18 years and upwards but under 30, unmarried or widowers without children. Class 2, all of those of the age of 30 and upwards but under 45, unmarried or widowers without children. Class 3, all those of the age of 18 and upwards but under 45, married or widowers with children. Class 4, all those of 45 and upwards but under 60. The said several classes shall be called upon to serve in the order in which they are referred to in this section."

Section 25 of the Act enacts that "the Governor-in-Council shall from time to time make all regulations necessary for the enrolment of persons liable to military service, and of cadets, and for all procedure in connection therewith, and for determining, subject to the provisions of this Act, the order in which the persons in the classes fixed by this Act shall serve."

Shall we follow Britain's example, and Australia's example, and New Zealand's example? Or shall we do, as we did in the navy matter, allow politics to keep us in the dirty ditch of inaction and indecision?

SHOULD the authorities decide that it is politically unwise to enforce the Militia Act, then Canada should stop recruiting when the 250,000 limit is reached. To go on recruiting on the voluntary principle after that would be a crime against the State.

When the war broke out, thousands of British mechanics and experienced coal-miners rushed to the colours, and were sent to France to fight the brutal Huns. But anon it dawned on the people in England who think, that this was wrong. These mechanics and miners were more valuable as soldiers in the factory and the coal-mine, than as soldiers in France. And they brought them back home and put them back to work where they could do most to bring about victory.

To-day Canada is drawing her men away from industries which are vital to the Empire. Why should we not let Russia supply the men, while our soldiers work in Canadian munition factories making the goods, the lack of which keeps five million Russians idle on the parade grounds?

If the Allies were united, working under one brain as the Teutons were, I don't believe that more than one hundred thousand soldiers would leave Canada to fight. Canada has a splendid situation for the production of wheat, oats, flour, leather goods, and other munitions of war. These can be shipped west to Russia or east to the European ports of the Allies. Most of the Canadians who are now enlisting for the fighting line could do three times as much for the final triumph of the Allies if they were to stay at home and make rifles and rifle bullets for the Russians. These Canadians are not soldiers and cannot be made into soldiers within two years. They are brave, of course, and will hold any position in which

they are placed. But they would not be soldiers, in the full sense of that term.

PERSONALLY, I am convinced that to carry our present system of recruiting farther is absolutely criminal. To-day we are taking old men, narrow-chested men, and fathers of families, and putting them in khaki, while two hundred thousand young men, unmarried, vigorous, healthy, and strong are staying at home at work which can be done by women.

Britain did the same for a few months. Then they took stock and made a list of all their young men who would make good fighters and who could be spared. With this list in hand, Lord Derby was put in charge and recruiting over there is now on common-sense lines.

Unless Canada intends to commit one of the most colossal blunders in her history, there should be an enforcement of the primary principles of the Militia Act. There should be a registration at once. It could be taken in a month by the military authorities, and within two months, the commander of every regimental district could be furnished with a list of the young men in his district who were eligible for enlistment.

This would not be compulsion. It would be the common-sense principle inaugurated by the British Government and worked out in its final details by the national recruiting committee under Lord Derby.

Canada's agricultural future, Canada's industrial future, Canada's commercial future, and Canada's social future depends upon our action in this matter. Canada owes it to herself and to the Empire to keep this country in the highest state of efficiency so long as this war lasts. The mere sending of a half million raw recruits across the ocean is not a proof of our patriotism. It may make a great splash, and it may look like loyalty, but is it common-sense? Will it in the long run be our best contribution to the successful ending of this tremendous fight against the military domination and the insolent ambitions of the Prussians?



THE GRAND ILLUSION

By AN OBSERVER

A BIRD-MAN in one of the Aviation School biplanes flying over Toronto last Saturday morning saw thousands of children swarming into a park; thousands upon thousands from all the street car lines, mobbing and multiplying among the bare, blown trees on the grass still green—thicker and more of a cram-jam around one spot that the air-man could just barely make out.

"Give it up," said he. "It's two months past children's day at the Ex. and more. 'Pon my soul! I never thought that town had so many children. What do the little dears want?"

His side-partner pointed at the park.

"Yonder it goes—see the procession?"

"Christmas! Looks like an overgrown Palm Sunday in Rome or something. Now what do you say if we duck down and have a squint?"

But bless your life! not one of the thousands of children in that long, jubilant, screaming procession so much as noticed the airship. That morning on the route from the park downtown, marching like the children that centuries ago went on the crusades, they would have ignored even a Zeppelin. War and soldiers they had forgotten. They had their eyes fixed on a strange, white-whiskered, red-coated figure away ahead yonder in a swaggering chariot of snow and ice in the part of the procession usually occupied by Gen. Hughes. That was the old world-character, born goodness knows when and where, who had swung down out of the north steering clear of the war zone, and here he was without even a flurry of snow, in the city for, perhaps many days, probably till Christmas, fixing up more benevolences for folks at home than folks at home had been able to do for soldiers abroad this long while—Old Santa Claus!

The old saint of unlimited benevolences had arrived. The newspapers said he would. They hit it right. He was sharp on time, too—marvellous how those editors knew! But, of course, the old saint had sent each of them a wireless, via the station top of the Eaton store no doubt, to have them announce

it so that no boy or girl under fifteen or baby just beginning to walk should miss being at the reception.

And this old General Santa Claus had stolen a march on thousands of people again; same as he did last year and year before—people never learn by experience somehow. For by 10.30 the old fellow was inside of Massey Hall, where he had fixed up a stage and a show; such a show! Paderewski was to come on Monday; but, however even the greatest pianist in the world would manage to play on that stage by Monday nobody but old Santa seemed to know. All that scenery and curtains and lights and a hundred strange animals and things would have to come down and out—somewhere. Well, old Santa had promised to clear the stage. He could do it.

In the meantime the hall was cram-jam full by 10.20. Before noon the hall would be empty and by ten minutes to one full again; by 2 o'clock empty once more for about five minutes—nearly four thousand people shuffling out all the back doors and then in a few minutes jam-cram full again, with the same show; and at 3.30 or about that empty once more, before 4 o'clock full up again—and before 7 o'clock that night every item of old Santa Claus' show would be out of that hall, because there was to be a concert that very night.

Well, old Santa had promised to clear the stage and he could do it. He had promised to fill the hall four times that day with 15,000 people to see him have a good time with the children who had been picked out to receive him; and he was doing it—all day long, in and out the thousands and thousands of people with never a mother hurt, or a baby jammed, or a little girl with her toes tramped on. That was remarkable. Any boy could notice that. 15,000 people are a lot to handle without a whole line-up of police.

And all those 15,000 people saw a grand illusion. They were most of them children when they arrived; the rest—no matter how old they were—became children just as soon as the funny curtain went

(Concluded on page 18.)

MAINLY PERSONAL.

An Earl With a Mission

LORD DERBY, descended from four centuries of earls, the 17th earl of that name, has a few weeks left to decide whether his fellow-countrymen, from the Hooligan upwards, will continue to become soldiers without conscription. No historic aristocrat ever tackled a more inspiring democratic business. Seven weeks ago he took charge of the recruiting to build up the rest of the King's army to Kitchener's dimensions. The noble Earl believes in volunteerism. He believes that Englishmen are not born to be conscripts. He undertook to prove it or to abandon it first by the end of November, now by the end of December. He set to work with his sleeves rolled up; got into touch with trade union representatives, organized a corps of civilian canvassers, used the "pink forms" of the national Register and arranged to send a letter to every "unstarred" man considered eligible for the army and not engaged on Government work. The Earl seems to believe in national organization—but without compulsory service.

If any man in England can prove that these two principles are compatible, Lord Derby is the man. He is nothing of a snob. He is a worker. He knows the masses better than any other man belonging to the classes. He has rubbed shoulders with them. He is a sporting man and a soldier. At 20 years of age he was a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. At 23 he was in Canada, A.D.C. to the Governor-General—between 1889 and 1891. In the South African War he was both chief censor and private secretary to Lord Roberts, being twice mentioned in despatches. Afterwards he went into politics, becoming Financial Secretary to the War Office and afterwards Postmaster General. Lord Derby is a man with a mission. He will probably be remembered in history as the man who proved that national organization means efficient and organized methods of recruiting.

Too Good to be True

OF course no one sanely believes there is any truth in the talk about Col. Roosevelt going to war at the head of Canadian-American troops. Sir Sam Hughes has not yet officially believed the rumour, which seems to have come out of the ground at Ottawa. No doubt if "Teddy" were let to do just the way he feels, he would go to war. He headed a regiment of cowpunchers in the little war picnic down in Cuba. He has had two terms and a piece as President. He made Taft and the Progressive Party. He hunted big game in various parts of the world and discovered a new river in South America. He toured most of the world, including all Europe, and lectured Englishmen in the Guildhall on how to govern Egypt. He became a personal friend—to some degree—of the Kaiser, whom he was said by some people to imitate. He was editor of the Outlook, and lecturer in a university. Now he is out of a recreation. War would suit him very well. And there is no doubt that Col. Roosevelt's heart and head are with the cause of justice in this war. He openly said, months ago, that the United States should long have repudiated the German crime against Belgium. He has been the voice of one crying in a pacifist or at least a neutral wilderness. There are probably complications that will prevent Roosevelt from going to war, unless he chooses to enlist as a private. But if he ever decides so to do and gets to the front anywhere near that other dynamo Winston Churchill, there should be a big general offensive in that part of the line.

Our Tallest Soldier

AT no time in the history of war was the tall soldier at so great a disadvantage as now. The tallest soldier yet sent from Canada to the war was Capt. C. Hutton Crowdy, formerly of the 13th Battalion from Montreal. He was six feet four in his stockings. When the war began he was a lieutenant in the 5th Royal Highlanders. He enlisted with the 13th Battalion and was transferred to the 15th. He went through all the battle contained in the four-days hell upon earth around Ypres, last spring, and was never even scratched, in spite of his tremendous height. But on October 20th a



Lord Derby, who believes that organized recruiting is better than conscription.

sniper's bullet got the tall one; probably some snip of a sniper about five feet four down a badger hole.

London's Red Envelopes

JACK LONDON has been denied the freedom of the United States mails. No particular indecency; just for being Jack London in a new way. London wanted a new way of being as red as raw meat. His books and short stories no longer exploded like they used to. Jack was tired trying the short-arm jab and the uppercut on his readers in the conventional way. So he hit upon the device of getting some of his sentiments printed in red ink on the reverse side of envelopes, which, of course, were sold—not for the benefit of the Red Cross, but in aid of the raw-meat artist in modern current literature. The article was entitled "A Good Soldier." Was it a call to arms, an appeal to his fellow-countrymen to go to war on behalf of right against might? No, it was a murderous attack on the good soldier whom he called all the names that escaped Henry Ford when he said the soldier is a murderer. Because it was a reflection on certain citizens of the United States who have been and still are soldiers, the envelope with the rouge decoration of Londonese was debarred the mails. Which will also deprive the finest literary pirate that ever lived of his profit on sales at 75 cents a hundred envelopes.

Kitchener's Outing

KNOWING that K. of K. is "somewhere in the Balkans" or thereabouts, the average British soldier in that part of the world is likely to feel himself getting a new interest in the war. Kitchener was a big man at the War Office. He is always a bigger man when he is out on the edge of things. Down among the soldiers he will probably feel more at home than he has ever felt round the War Office. Kitchener was never nervous over powder and smoke, but he must have been considerably irritated during the past six months at the popgun shooting of some London newspapers. Not to mention the Times and the Mail, there have been some harsh things said about Kitchener by the Nation, which declared recently that at the outbreak of war, Lord Kitchener "dissipated and destroyed the General

Staff and tried to run the war himself."

Well, he has always been used to running whatever war he was next to, and he probably reflected that a general staff in London is no use, whereas a general staff on the field is just as useful as Germany makes it. As has been pointed out, nobody knows who the Prussian War Minister is; but everybody knows who the general staff are and within a hundred miles where they are—not far from the firing line. And with all possible respect to Kitchener's genius as an organizer of an army, it has always seemed as though he were a bigger man in the very spot where he could most of all be a soldier—which is not in the War Office decorated with red tape, but in the field camp, where he can direct the men who are doing the fighting.

During the past few days Kitchener has held conferences with the King of Greece, Premier Skouliodos and the Greek War Minister. Greek ports are declared to be in a state of blockade by the Allies until Greece demonstrates that she is willing to remain neutral. None of which would have been so easy without Kitchener in the near East.

A Bungled Battalion

LIEUT.-COL. ALEX. WILSON, C.O. of the 33rd, is probably the the most uncomfortable commanding officer in Canada at present. His battalion, the 33rd, of Huron, which has been in camp at London more than a year without making progress anywhere nearer the front, is now the centre of the most serious scandal allegations ever made against any battalion in Canada. The charges made in the case include the theft of supplies said to be diverted to private use by officers of the battalion, smuggling liquor into the camp by the officers, shortage of rations to the men, the attempt to get a certain A.S.C. officer out of town in exchange for \$10,000, which was not available, the bribing of officers by meat supply teamsters—enough rottenness to make the lot of a respectable officer or private in the 33rd about as undesirable as that of a convict. The commanding officer himself is charged with no corrupt methods. But until he is able to find out by means of court investigation which and how many of his officers were involved in the charges made, he is very likely to wish he were almost anywhere else than in command of the 33rd at London.



Lt.-Col. Alex. Wilson, whose 33rd Overseas Battalion has been held up by a court of inquiry into irregularities.

Won Military Cross

THE information given below the illustration in a recent issue of the Courier of the three London officers who "did their bit" at the front was not quite complete. We have since learned that Lieutenant Scandrett, the centre one of the trio, has already won the Military Cross for brilliant work in saving the guns at Langemarck. He came through that great event without a scratch, and later took up the duties of an observation officer. It was while returning from observation work over the German lines in an aeroplane with a pilot that he met with the accident which put him out of active service for the time being. They were caught in one of the dense fogs so prevalent in the Western war zone, and when going at a speed of 85 miles an hour struck a hay stack. This put the machine out of business, and resulted in the death of the air pilot.

Lieutenant Scandrett tells some interesting experiences as an observation officer. He has been forty miles within the German lines, making observations of the movement of troops and notes on fortifications. One of the most trying things and one that requires a steady hand and plenty of nerve is taking photographs from a fast moving aeroplane. He tells of taking thirty-one photographs of Lille in one morning. To get a good picture the operator has to hold himself in the machine with his feet, thus leaving his body and hands free to so manipulate the camera as to overcome the vibration of the aeroplane in motion.



Canada's tallest soldier. Killed by a sniper, Oct. 20.

FROM HARRY TO MONKUS

Letter From a Well-known Varsity Footballer in the Trenches to His Chum at Home

Belgium, Nov. 3rd, 1915.

WELL, old chum, and how goes the war with you? I've just forgotten when I received your last letter—but seems to me it was last week sometime, back in France in our billets at Bailleul. You'll find it on the map, about 15 miles south of Ypres and almost due west of Armentiere. I'm allowed to tell you where we have been if we've been there a week.

And those were considerable billets, Monkus—life was just one bottle after another. But that's all over now and we're away on now in Belgium billeted at — (I'll tell you next week). We're just a mile behind the boys in the first line and, well, any old time you want to hear the big shells sing, just say so and I'll open the record. Just across the road is good "Bruin"—she throws a shell a foot in diameter, and when she blows you want to dig down into the ground about a mile. Can you imagine hearing a shell 12 inches in diameter whistling your way—seemingly going to wallop you right in the middle of the back?

Boy, we're apt at any time to have a dig-out of these old shacks and go hustling toward Spain. Usually they carry on the big bombardments about midnight. Can you picture diminutive William digging across turnip fields about a foot thick in mud in his pyjamas. It doesn't seem natural, does it? But that's what happens every once in a while.

I don't know that you'd exactly take to the trenches either, Monk—not unless you were a mud hen or something. The usual depth is just over your knees in the first line—and cold—boy, that slush is cold, that's what I mean. Add to that rain day and night and you get just a hazy idea of the winter work here. The Germans are just about forty yards over the way—from the Allies' first line. Believe me, they have the best little old games of bomb-throwing you ever did see (bombs are the biggest danger). You can see the rifle grenades coming quite plainly, so that you get a chance to duck around the corner if you're looking. A chap and I were watching them to-day—all of a sudden I catches sight of one which looked pretty much to me as if it was all booked up for us. Well, we just waited about half a sec' to

make sure, and say, boy, we sure did hop to it into the next traverse. They're digging out that cave-in yet.

But I think the worst fun is the mud—Monk, you couldn't imagine it—it's beyond all reason. The fellows are just plastered from head to tail always.

At present a third of the Brigade is in the trenches to-night. I'm going up again to-morrow and will be checking things up for a while. I wonder how many casualties there'll be in the morning—our big game is having pools on which of a certain bunch will get potted first—I wonder if I win?

YOU know, the only thing to do is to work the backs off the men when they're in the trenches—you've got to keep them warm. Heard one fellow, an N. C. O., yell at one poor devil, "Say, over there, are you ossified?" That man got up from where he was busy—put his entrenching tool down, and said:

"Well—you, what do you think I am? My name's Simpson, not Sampson."

One sign up there reads, "Keep your head down, your King and Country want you," but these are all just little bits of trench life, Monkus—for of course, as you know, the Tommies are the most humorous people in the world in the tightest corners. I only wish I could go on telling you more—but I might just as well start a book. But if you want sure death, just poke your old bean over the trenches—and, boy, you'll not have to hold it there longer than twenty seconds, guaranteed Greenwich time, before you'll have at least one little blue hole square through the centre, probably three or four. Just to illustrate, push over your periscope—the mirror will come tinkling down in ten seconds.

We're right in the middle of the Canadians here—so far I haven't seen very many, but when I get more time I'm going to look them up.

So far, Big Boy, this letter has been all military—now I'll change, and it's up to you to tell me a few things in exchange. They say over here that at least 150,000 more are coming over—and believe me, they're going to need them all, too. In ways, I hope you make the grade yourself, Monk—it's hard work when you eventually land—but up to that time it's

more or less of a sightseeing tour.

You'd love to hear the old guns rumbling away. It sort of makes you feel great every time the boys pump some shells into them. As far as I can make out, they pump a devil of a lot more into them than vice-versa.

But I've strayed again. Let me see, and how is the little fairy getting along? I can just picture the two of you over here sitting on a hill this dark night holding hands and watching the big show. See those star shells, aren't they clear? (If you're up on the parapet when one breaks you don't flop, you stand freezing until it goes out, it's safer that way, although it's pretty much like being in a hive of bees and waiting for the sting). Zowee, hear that big fellow sing—look over there; see the flash where he bursts? And listen to the double boom coming rolling back? Believe me, the night is night, for no one sleeps, that's all done in the day-time. But I think you'd really enjoy Shea's more—it's not quite so muddy—so horribly wet—so cold—and besides, one's not quite so apt to be hit there.

I had to walk four miles in the dark to-night—hell, it was, and no mistake. Believe me, I kept my old forty-five right jam full and on the safety in my pocket. The natives around here are the best snipers you ever saw; they picked off two mounted despatch riders a half-mile from here last night. But I got in all right, although just one smear of mud. In one place it was four inches above boot tops, kneeboots at that.

Well, Monkus, that little old sleeping bag on the floor looks mighty good to me. I don't think there'll be any trouble about pounding the ear. Often I dream of you all in Canada—it's all plain as day—the sailing—the shows—the pink teas—the big games—everything. Then a rat (they're right on the job, too) starts chewing your boot by your ear and you have to start all over again.

The candle is just done—the rain patters on the tin roof—the stove smokes (so do I) and all things call for an early closing. Pass the good word back and for the love of Pete don't wait for me to write. We move too often.

As ever,

HARRY SYMONS.

THE PATRIOTIC PUMPKIN OF 1915

The Story Told by Tom Spunkins 20 Years After

By H. A. CODY

"The Patriotic Auction was begun last night, when the Mayor sold the big pumpkin for three hundred dollars."—Daily Newspaper, 1915.

"IS it possible that I haven't told yez about the Patriotic punkin! Well, that's queer," and Tom Spunkins blew a cloud of smoke into the air from his old clay pipe. "It was a great affair, sure," and a smile lurked about the corners of his mouth as thoughts of the past surged through his mind.

"Tell us about it, Tom," I urged, speaking for the rest of the men who had gathered into the store, as was their custom after the work of the day was over.

"I kin see that punkin now," Tom continued. "It was a fine one, ho, ho! Zeb Scribner, who has been dead fer ten years, raised it the same as he did his calves an' pigs. When he went to give the critters milk, he always gave the punkin a drink, too. I did hear say that sometimes he gave it something stronger than milk, fer Zeb was mighty fond of the bottle. Howsomever, the punkin grew until it was the biggest one I ever sot my eyes upon. It fetched a good price in the market, so I understood, an' it deserved it."

"How did it become a patriotic pumpkin?" queried a young man sitting in the corner.

"Well, ye see, it was the time of the Great War, twenty years ago, an' they were rasin' money in the city fer the Patriotic Fund, which was gittin' purty low. They were agoin' to have a big Patriotic Auction, an' the Mayor wanted something to boost the affair along, an' give it a good send-off. Strollin' through the market, he spied Zeb's punkin, an' a happy idea shot into his mind. He bought it, an' the papers began to advertise it like mad. It was to be sold the first thing, so they said, an' it was sure to bring a handsome price."

"And did it?" I inquired, anxious to learn what happened.

"Did it? Well, I should say. I was present myself an' saw it knocked down fer three hundred dollars."

"Oh!" It was the exclamation from all in the store, and the tone was one of doubt.

"Yez may 'oh, ho' all ye like," Tom replied, unabashed by the incredulity of his listeners. "If yez don't believe me go to the city an' look over the old

newspapers fer the week that punkin was sold, an' find out fer yerselves. I was there, an' I guess I ought to know. Yez kin ask Martha, as well, fer she remembers how I came home clean crazy over the price that punkin brought. Zeb Scribner went about mad when he heard it, fer he got only two dollars. But we wern't the only ones who had our mental machinery knocked askew over that punkin."

"Why, what happened?" Ned Crocker inquired, as Tom paused and gazed reflectively into the smoke-laden air.

"NO, we wern't the only ones," the old man repeated. "It was wonderful what a fad that punkin became. It bust into fame in no time. Why, there were Punkin Leagues in nearly all the churches; punkin baseball teams; cats an' dogs were named after it, an' even a steamer, which ran fer awhile on the river, was called 'The Punkin.' She bust her biler one day, an' no wonder. But the limit was reached when a baby was named 'Punkie.' I don't know whether the kid lived or not, but it must have had a hard time of it if it did. Why, punkin blossoms were sold instead of roses, an' fer awhile people wore little green punkin leaves on their coats. I did hear that some wanted to have the punkin leaf as the Canadian emblem instead of the Maple Leaf, ho, ho!" and Tom leaned back and fairly shook with laughter.

"Did the interest soon die down?" I inquired.

"No, not at all. It spread throughout the country like wildfire. Every farmer began to raise punkins, an' as punkin-pies were all the fashion the prices soared up into the clouds. It was something like that fox business I've often told yez about. People went crazy over that fer awhile until the war hit it a sudden knock-out blow under the ear. Well, people began to invest in punkin farms instead, an' combines were formed. Farmers raised their prices, an' fer a while they did a rushin' business. But they couldn't compete with the patriotic punkin. The demand was fer that an' fer that alone. Hotel an' restaurant keepers had to swear that they would serve only patriotic punkin pies or they would lose their customers. They charged what they liked so long as they handed out the real genuine article."

"Was it mere sentiment," I asked, "which caused people to demand the patriotic pumpkin?"

"No, not at all. Ye see, it all had to do with that first punkin which sold fer three hundred dollars. The man who bought it gave it back again. It was then cut up into a number of pieces, an' it was wonderful how people fought to buy them. I ferget now how much each piece brought, but it was a big sum. One man, I heard of, took his home, an' his wife made it into a small pie. Some relations were invited in fer dinner, an' each was given a tiny bit of the pie so he could say that he had eaten some of the patriotic punkin. But, my lands! the effect was wonderful. No sooner had each eaten his bit than he began to sing 'God Save the King,' 'O Canada,' an' 'Rule Britannia.' Men, women an' children shouted the verses at the top of their voices. Even the cat, which had got hold of a tiny bit of the crust which had dropped upon the floor, set up sich a howl that it had to be turned out of doors. It was too patriotic fer the family."

"An' that wasn't the end of it, either. Every one who had tasted that pie marched at once to the recruitin' office an' tried to enlist. When they wouldn't sign on the women an' children there was sich a fuss that the police had to be called in to settle the disturbance. The same thing happened to all the other families, so I understand, which ate pies made from the rest of that punkin. They all became so patriotic that they rushed off at once to enlist. The fightin' spirit ran so high that they wanted to pitch into everyone they met, an' the ones who were turned down got landed into jail because they thought that their neighbours were Germans. I tell yez, there was big excitement fer awhile, an' all over that punkin."

"But what had that to do with the combines, and the high price of pumpkins?" I asked.

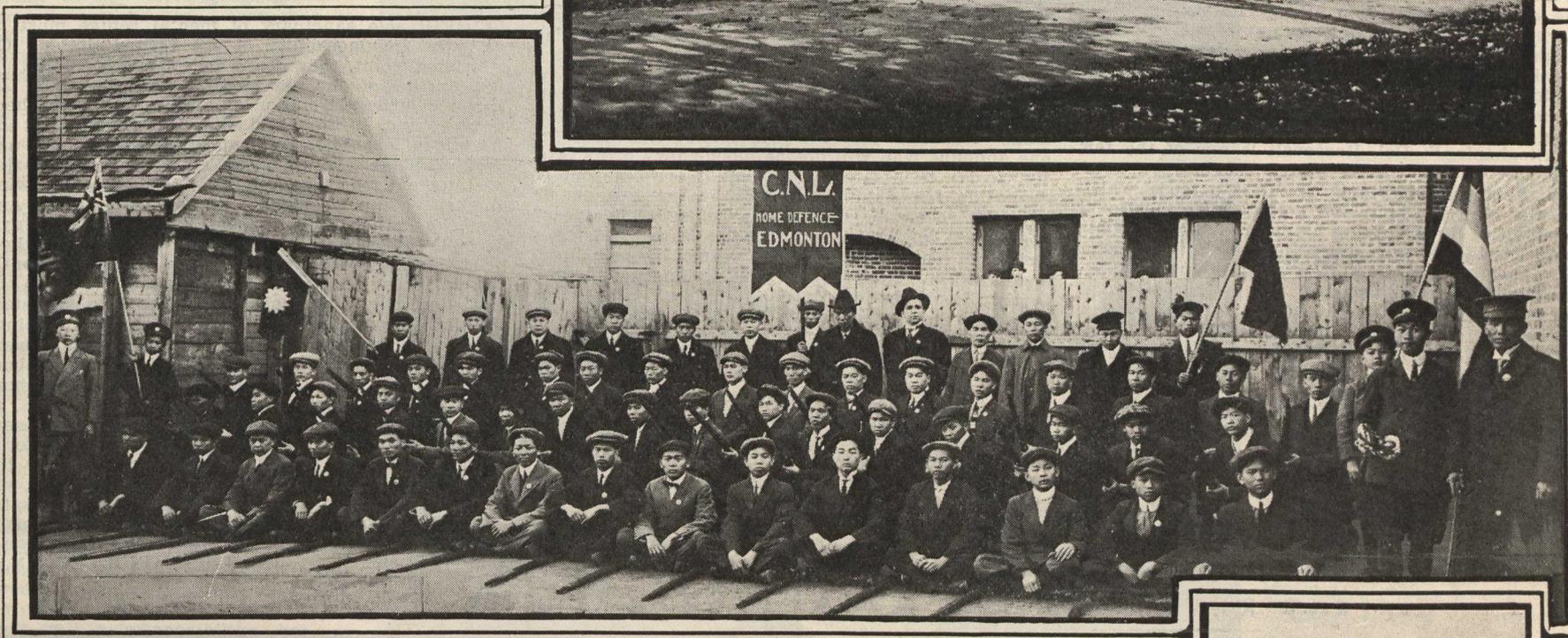
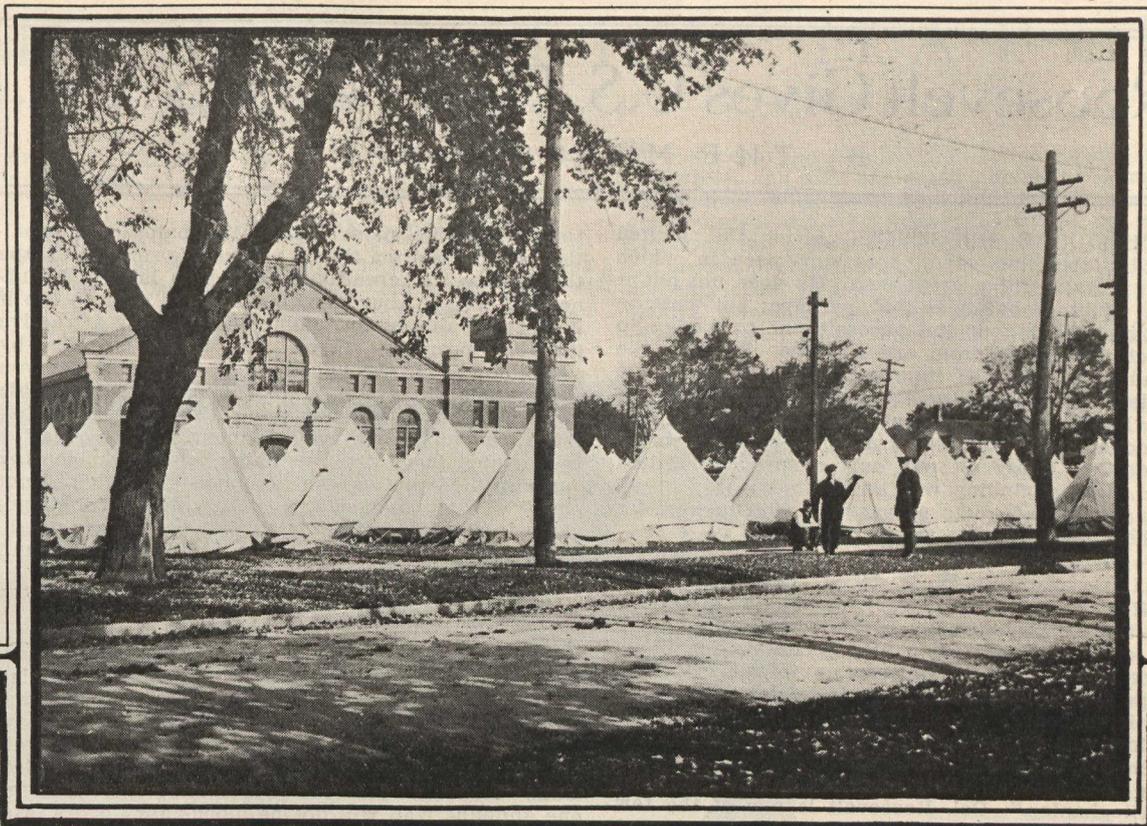
"I'm comin' to that, if ye'll only give me time," was the reply, as Tom brought forth a plug of tobacco, and began to whittle off several slices. "That forms the most interestin' part of the whole affair. Ye see, a number of mighty shrewd chaps bought up all the seeds of that patriotic punkin, an' they paid a dollar a piece fer them, too, so I learned. Now, them were the seeds which were planted on the punkin

(Concluded on page 18.)

ACTIVITIES OF A NATION

AS CHRONICLED
BY THE BUSY CAMERA

ARMORY AT ST. CATHARINES—A TYPICAL SCENE OF A NATION AT WAR

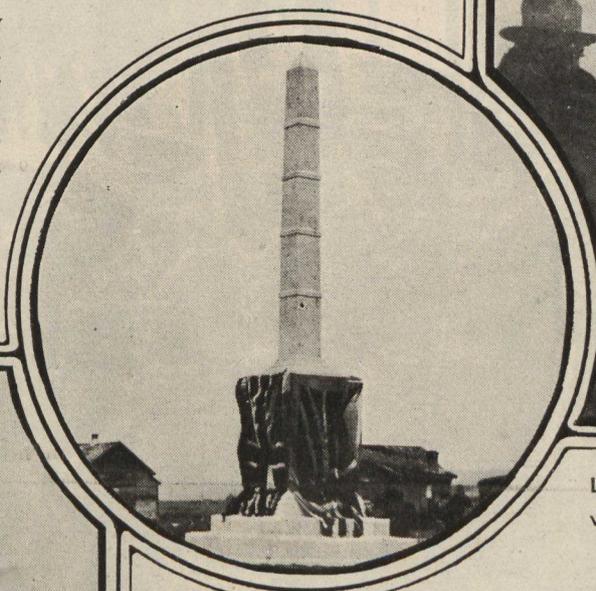


CHINESE HOME DEFENCE CORPS AT EDMONTON

EDMONTON possesses a Chinese Home Defence Corps of one hundred men, the first and only one of its kind in Canada. When war broke out they wanted to enlist, but were debarred because they could not speak fluently in English. M. D. Hung, a leader, suggested a branch of the Chinese National Party. A roomy bungalow was purchased as quarters. Here they studied English, geography and history. In May they formed the Home Defence Corps, under Hou Yen, formerly an officer in the Chinese army. He gives his orders in the Chinese tongue. The Edmonton Chinamen would like to see a Canadian Chinese battalion enlisted for service overseas.



Lieut.-Governor Lake unveiling Qu'Appelle Monument.



ON the 15th of September, 1874, Alexander Morris, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, David Laird and W. J. Christie, Indian Commissioners, made a treaty with thirteen Indian chiefs at Qu'Appelle, whereby the Indians relinquished their claims to this district in exchange for certain allowances. On the 8th of November, 1915, a memorial monument was erected at that place to mark the historic event.

Of the signers of the treaty, but one is now alive. The Indian Chief, "The Gambler," resides in Northern Manitoba. His existence was not known until a few days before the event and he was not present. Seven of the witnesses are alive, and one, Joseph Reader, a missionary, was present and addressed the Indians in their own tongue.

Lieutenant-Governor Lake officiated at the unveiling, and the Chiefs were duly presented to him. Much of the credit for the collection of the memorial funds is due to W. M. Graham, Inspector of Indian Agencies, at File Hills.



Indians of the Assiniboine Tribe in full regalia to smoke their peace-pipe at the unveiling of the Treaty Memorial Monument at Fort Qu'Appelle. It is only on state occasions that the head dresses and blankets are brought forth.

Roosevelt Gives U.S. Five Years to Arm

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT gives the United States five years' breathing-space in which to arm for a great war. He does not put it quite so baldly as that, perhaps; but what he says, in speaking of the necessity of preparing to protect the nation from armed force, is that the secondary question of expense "may well be of life and death significance to the nation," and that "five years hence it may be altogether too late to spend any money." If this has any meaning at all, it surely is that Col. Roosevelt will only ensure the United States, against finding war so imminent that it can no longer buy adequate preparation with money, for the short period of five years.

AND he means a great war; for he talks of getting the second-best navy in the world, and an army of at least a million men. That is, he wants a navy bigger than the German navy; and he wants enough men to put up a formidable defence on the Atlantic seaboard. He shows that he knows whence the blow will come—if it comes—by not talking any nonsense about Japan, but significantly advising his people to locate all their munition plants "west of the Alleghanies." Col. Roosevelt is one of the few public men in the United States who have a good grasp of international politics. It is a study which naturally interests him; and he has had exceptional opportunities for satisfying his interest. Most of his fellow Presidents and other prominent American public men have taken a view of international politics which is well illustrated by their provincial habit of appointing—not trained diplomats—but wealthy local magnates, innocent of any language save their own, to important foreign Embassies. It is nothing new for the American Ambassador to a foreign capital to see that city for the first time when he arrives to take up his duties. He speaks "United States" with fluency and fervour, and thinks it no more than a proper recognition of the "greatest nation in the world" when he finds that the leading men of the nation to which he is accredited and most of his fellow "diplomats" can speak a Londonized version of his own home language.

But Colonel Roosevelt knows that the United States is one of the nations of the world, and

that it can no more escape the pains and penalties of that position than a rich man's son can escape the mumps. International politics is largely a business of feeling your neighbour nation over to see if it is vulnerable at any point and has any attractive portable property which you might acquire by stabbing quickly through the first noticeable gap you discover in its armour. If you have the portable property, then you spend your time watching that there are no gaps in your armour. And no nation is exempt from this neighbourly and unceasing curiosity. No nation can announce that it "will not play." To try to keep out of this delightful round-game is only to excite the suspicions of your neighbours that you have something worth acquiring and are not quite ready to defend it.

THE Colonel knows this. Most of his fellow countrymen do not. They imagine that, unless you join the international club, you need not play in the tournaments. I am afraid that they are due for a rude awakening some day; but they cannot say, if that tragic day ever comes, that Colonel Roosevelt did not warn them, again and again. When the Germans "Louvain" Harvard University, there will be one alumnus who will not be blood-guilty of its fate. But to-day it is safe to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the free and happy American people will laugh a merry laugh at the Colonel's "five year" bogey, and tell each other that the Rough Rider has permitted his dashing uniform to turn his own head. They will no more believe the Colonel than the British Empire believed good old "Bobs." You recall, no doubt, how superior we all felt to "Bobs"—that "little red-faced man" who told us solemnly that "Germany would strike when Germany's hour had struck." We laughed the tolerant, easy laugh with which men of poise and cool heads always greet the frenetic clamours of the "crank." To use a very common expression, we are laughing on the other side of our mouths now.

THE American people, however, have infinitely less excuse for failing to perceive the all-too-firm foundation for Roosevelt's warnings than we had for flouting "Bobs." The generation which

smiled superior at "Bobs" from every foot-ball stand and every five o'clock tea table in the British Islands, had never seen a serious war near at hand. The Franco-Prussian War was the last outburst of savagery in Western Europe; and that was exactly forty-five years ago. That was the last time that a civilized European nation had set out deliberately to raid the premises of a neighbour, for the purpose of sand-bagging the proprietor and going off with the loot. And our dreamers of various sorts were easily able to persuade us that humanity had finally outgrown this form of barbarism.

THE American people, however, are to-day watching a burglars' war. They know that a great and well-organized Western European nation is quite capable of deliberately arming itself for the purpose of plundering a neighbour. They know that the less well-armed the neighbour, the more tempting the enterprise; and also that the temptation is further increased by the amount of wealth to be lifted from the strong-boxes of the unarmed neighbour. They do not have to guess about this—they see it in course of operation under their horrified eyes. So that, so far as the willingness of the burglar-nation to burglarize goes, they can be in no genuine doubt.

THEIR sole sanctuary of mental refuge must be the invulnerability of the United States. On that point, they ought to consult a soldier. If the control of the sea should once pass into the hands of a burglar-nation or group of nations, there is no country in the world so easily conquered as the American Republic. We quoted a week or so ago from an American writer in an American magazine a statement from an European Staff Officer showing one easy way in which this could be done. And doubtless other Staff Officers know of other ways. It is their business to study the premises of their friendly neighbours with a view to subsequently burglarizing them to the tune of shots fired into the bodies of the said neighbours. This is a sad state of affairs, but there is no use "Toronto Globeing" about it. The thing to do is to prepare to prevent it. Roosevelt says that the Americans have about five sure years for that job. And that is just about what they have got if Germany should be left, at the end of this war, with anything like her present military prestige. Of course, I do not think for a moment that she should be so left, as long as the Allies have a shot to fire. But if the Americans will not join us now in trapping the wolf, they had better be careful about piling up their "easy dollars," made out of neutrality, where the wolf—if still at large—can see them.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

FIRST REVIEW OF CANADIAN GENERALS BY HIS MAJESTY



Before the war Canada had only two or three generals, but none who had gained that rank on active service. The other day, in France, a number of Canadian generals were reviewed by His Majesty, just before his unfortunate accident. This picture is thus unique in several respects. The generals in France include: Major-General Currie, Brig-General Rennie, Brig-General Lipsett, Brig-General Leckie; Brig-General Seeley, and Brig-General Thacker, of the First Division; Major-General Turner, Brig-General Hughes, Brig-General Watson, Brig-General Ketchen, Brig-General Sissons, and Brig-General Morrison, of the Second Division; Major-General Mercer, Brig-General Lord Brooke, and Brig-General Smart, of the Corps Troops. First on the left in the photograph is Brig-General Burstall, Corps Artillery Commander; third, General Mercer; fifth, Lord Brooke; ninth, General Hughes; eleventh, General Turner, and thirteenth Surgeon-General Fotheringham.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

The Australian Cadets

IN these days of many visitors and startling events, it is wonderful how we are learning of all parts of the Empire, through the progress of the war and the passing of the tourist. Toronto has enjoyed, this month, the visit of the Australian Cadets, under Lieutenant Symonds. The entertainment, given by these young Britons from the Antipodes, was of the merriest order and afforded a Massey Hall audience an evening of welcome amusement. The gymnastic features of the programme won loud applause from the Toronto Cadets who appreciated the splendid "fitness" of these Imperial cousins from across the Pacific. The city extended a hearty welcome and various clubs and societies did their best to make the Commonwealth citizens feel at home in the Capital of Ontario—and it is to be hoped that such a call will be made again, in the happy time when peace will be restored.

Work Worth While

THE Daughters of the Empire, throughout Canada, are proving their value as an organization—or, rather, an Imperial Order—by the various patriotic enterprises which they are carrying through, to aid our military forces during these months of distress. In every city of the Dominion, the various chapters have toiled in every department of the work which has been evolved through military emergencies. In Toronto, a most valuable and kindly campaign is now being carried on by the "Daughters," who have undertaken to visit the families of soldiers who are away in the country's service. There will be a great need throughout this year—and the next—and who knows how much longer?—for attention to those dependent on the fighting man. The work of visiting these families is, not only a responsibility, but a privilege, and those who have undertaken it are finding the true meaning of "Daughters of the Empire."

ERIN.

A Worker in Wool

OUT in British Columbia the women are working earnestly to provide what comforts are possible for the soldiers who are so gallantly upholding the cause of the Empire. Chief among these workers is Mrs. George DeBeck, of New Westminster, who last June celebrated her hundred and first birthday. Mrs. DeBeck is most anxious to do her share for the boys at the front and has already knitted a great many pairs of socks. She is very much interested in the progress of the war and is always anxious to see the latest dispatches with news from the front. She is a great optimist and is firm in her belief that she will live to see the day when peace is restored and German tyranny once and for all time overthrown.

Before her marriage, Mrs. DeBeck was Eliza Ann Dow. She was born in the County of York, and first went to British Columbia over forty-six years ago. In her journey across the continent she travelled by sailing vessel via New York and San Francisco, the most expeditious route in those days. On arriving at the Coast, Mrs. DeBeck first settled in Victoria, but within a few months moved to New Westminster, where she has resided ever since.

Our photograph shows her intent upon a delicate piece of crocheting, trying work to even much younger



AN OCTOBER BRIDE.

Mrs. Charles E. Grey, who was Miss Muriel Anglin, daughter of Hon. Justice and Mrs. Anglin, of Ottawa.

eyes. Her skill in this art has brought her many distinctions.

An Ottawa Wedding

ONE of the most charming brides Ottawa has seen for a long time, was Mrs. Charles E. Grey, nee Muriel Anglin, whose marriage was celebrated very quietly on October 20th. Mrs. Gray is a daughter



WHEN YEARS ARE BUT A BENEDICTION.

Despite the fact that she has reached the age of five score years and one, Mrs. George DeBeck, of New Westminster, B.C., is as keen a worker in the Allies' cause as any woman in her Province. Many are the ounces of grey wool that she has turned into warm and comfortable socks for her two grandsons and three great-grandsons now fighting at the front.

ter of Hon. Justice and Mrs. Anglin, and a niece of Canada's renowned actress, Miss Margaret Anglin. Mr. Gray is the Manager of the Royal Bank in Ottawa.

An Interesting Appointment

MISS ANNIE B. JAMIESON, B.A., whose picture appears on this page, has lately been appointed by the City Council of Vancouver as a member of the Public Library Board of that city. Miss Jamieson, who is a graduate of the University of Manitoba, has for several years held the position of assistant-principal in the King Edward High School. She was for two years president of the University Women's Club of Vancouver.

What They Tell in Berlin

ONE hears frequent tales of the scant or false war news given out in Germany, but a letter which recently came to Toronto, via the United States, from a Canadian lady resident in Berlin, gives evidence of the circulation of more fabulous tales than the most vivid British imagination could have devised. This Canadian lady, who is well known to the writer, had spent a large part of her life in the United States, but had never taken out naturalization papers and when, some months before war broke out, she went to Berlin to study music and the language, it was with pride that she displayed her Canadian passport.

Upon the declaration of war friends in Canada and the United States wrote and cabled urgently, asking her to come home. An appeal was even made through the United States ambassador at Berlin. It was of no use. She was determined to stay.

"I have money enough to keep me here for six months and am put to no inconvenience, excepting

that of reporting regularly at police headquarters," she wrote, and also expressed herself as being very sympathetic with Germany and much surprised and disappointed at Great Britain's attitude, as well as deploring the evident trend of American sympathies.

Through people coming out of Germany and by addressing them to friends in the United States, this disloyal Canadian has succeeded, recently, in getting letters to her friends, reiterating her pro-German sentiments and making such statements as:

"Everything would have been all right if only Great Britain had minded her own business. But then she never could mind her own business."

"She isn't getting correct news," was the only excuse her friends could offer, and a closing sentence in a recent letter showed how almost ludicrously true this was.

"You think we don't know what is going on, but we hear everything," she wrote, with the proud addition, as crowning evidence of information on all points:

"We know that the Russians are fighting before Paris!"

MONA CLEAVER.

Teuton Importers Barred

MRS. GALT, President Wilson's fiancée, is having trouble over her trousseau. The whole difficulty has developed through a coincidence. It seems that Mrs. Galt commissioned an importer by the name of Kurzmann to purchase gowns for her in France. Now Kurzmann is a German name, though in this particular case the gentleman is a naturalized citizen of the United States. He also happened to be, however, one of two importers of Teutonic origin whom the Paris Dressmakers' Syndicate had blacklisted. This action was taken some time ago, when it was found that a large number of dress importers in New York were of the Teutonic race and it was decided as a matter of principle to blacklist only two. The names were drawn by lot, and Kurzmann was one of these. That's where the coincidence comes in.

Now the modistes are refusing to fill the Kurzmann order to supply dresses for the Galt trousseau. They will supply them to Mrs. Galt, herself, and with pleasure, but they must not pass through the hands of an intermediary such as Mr. Kurzmann. In the meantime, December and the White House wedding nears. What is Mrs. Galt to do? Would it be too much to suggest that she patronize made-in-America products?

The Ottawa Kermesse

THE elaborate patriotic entertainment which has kept so many of Ottawa's prominent women haunting the Art Gallery for the last few weeks, which has kept musicians busily at practice and which has necessitated much thought and devotion in other ways, was a brilliant, artistic and financial success. The Kermesse was held at the Russell Theatre, on the 17th, 18th and 19th, including matinees two afternoons. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Red Cross Fund and will probably amount to several thousand dollars. The returns are not available at the moment. Their Royal Highnesses attended the performance in person, and several of the A. D. C.'s took part in the tableaux. Mrs. Chadwick was largely responsible for the organization of the Kermesse, dividing the (Continued on page 20.)



MISS ANNIE B. JAMIESON, B.A.

A graduate of the University of Manitoba and lately appointed member of the Public Library Board of Vancouver.

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A Fair Exchange

SHOULD the United States allow Colonel Theodore Roosevelt to come to Canada and take command of an American division, it would be only common politeness to allow Sir Adam Beck to go to the United States. The people over there are very proud of Sir Adam, because he prevented the British and French Governments from buying horses in Canada and forced them to go to the United States, where they spent two hundred million dollars. It is said that the Washington Government would like to confer special honours on Sir Adam, who ranks, in their estimation, with Mr. Schwab and Mr. Morgan as creators of big business.

The Peace Organs

WONDERFUL is the "conversion" of the peace organs of Canada. All those estimable journals, once devoted to a denunciation of the soldier and of military preparedness, have hastened to produce editorials breathing magnificent belligerency. They are now more militaristic than their competitors whom they so roundly lectured in the days of piping peace.

For example, a leading editorial in the Toronto Globe last week contained this phrase:

"The flabby-minded who think only of a negative peace that would be more disastrous to the world's civilization than a positive war."

The conversion of The Globe is but typical of that which has come or is coming to all the deluded peace organs.

These Serious Days

MOST foolish would it be for Canada to fail to see that these are most critical days for the Empire. While peace and prosperity reign temporarily within our boundaries, events are happening in Europe of far more importance to Canada than the size of the crop or the value of our munition orders. The wonderful national profit on the year's crop and trade will not save Canada from slavery if the German World-Conquest is not stayed.

Christ went into the Temple and drove out the money-changers and the traders. In the Temple of Canada's National Destiny the stock boomsters and dividend seekers are plying their trade without, apparently, any thought of the possible dangers which surround us.

Would it be unwise to appeal to Sir Henry Pellatt, Sir Rodolphe Forget, Sir Edmund Osler, Sir Edmund Walker, and other Knights of the British Realm to see that the people's minds are turned from stock gambling to the higher national problems? Or are we so sunken in commercialism that we cannot see over the money parapet?

Patriotism and Treason

THAT the difference between patriotism and treason is but a slight divergence in opinion or sentiment can be readily proved by citing certain Canadian and Australian contrasts.

Canadians like Sir Joseph Pope declare it treason to fly the Canadian Red Ensign. Australians carry the Australian Red Ensign, with the Southern Cross in the fly, at the head of every procession, and have it waving on every public building.

Canadians of the extreme Tory type have declared it treason to talk about a Canadian fleet or about building battleships in Canada. Australia has a fleet of its own, mostly built in England, but manned largely by Australians. On September 30th, the Australians launched, at Sydney, New South Wales, a sister ship to H. M. A. S. Sydney, which ran down the Emden in the Indian Ocean. This ship was built entirely in Australia.

In Canada to talk of universal military training is to be dubbed a Prussian or worse. In Australia every boy must be trained as a cadet from 16 to 18, and as a militiaman from 18 to 26 years of age. Moreover, this law was introduced by a Labour Government and is supported by all parties.

Slight Defects

WHILE everyone admits that the Militia Department has shown a wonderful efficiency under the trying development of the past sixteen months, it may not be amiss to mention one or two minor defects.

The Army Service Corps seems to be either ill organized or inadequate. The unfortunate revelations in connection with the 33rd Battalion at the London Camp show A. S. C. inefficiency. The waste in that case, as disclosed at the Court of Enquiry, is but indicative of general waste in the feeding of all units. Apparently the rations of meat and bread are too liberal, and contractors seem to be charging the Government for more than they supply, simply because the battalions cannot use all that the regulations call for. This was the case in England during the early months of mobilization, and the food supply was diminished after inquiry.

Again, the Quartermaster-General's Department at Ottawa is pretty generally believed to be weak. Its task has been unusual and tremendous, but it is the part of our militia system which was criticized before the war and since with remarkable consistency. This section of the militia seems to need a thorough re-organization and strengthening.

Manitoba and Suffrage

AS the Western States were the first to adopt woman suffrage in the neighbouring republic, so the Western Provinces of Canada are likely to lead in its adoption here. Already the ministerial party in the Manitoba Legislature have declared in favour of it, and the necessary legislation will probably be passed next session.

The West has led in many legislative advances of this kind and also in administrative reforms. In Manitoba, for example, the Public Service Commission is the finest regulating force of its kind in the Dominion. When the Calgary oil-stock boom was on, it prevented these stocks being sold in that province. Saskatchewan was the first province in Canada to take over the liquor traffic as a Government business, although Prince Edward Island was the first to adopt provincial prohibition. The first experiments in civic rule by commission were made in the west. Their coming experiments with woman suffrage will attract considerable attention.

Fatal Idealism

RUSSIA and Britain believed that Germany would not force a general European war. They refused to believe that Wilhelm II., German Emperor, aspired to outrank Napoleon. Consequently, these supposed guardians of the World's Peace have failed to stay the hand of the most fiendish military power that the world has ever seen. The idealism of Russia and Britain has made them almost as chaff before the wind.

So the United States, influenced by the same blind, illogical belief that the world has reached the mil-

lennium, talked Monroe Doctrine and other equally idle follies. Millionaires hired men, including our own professional orator, Dr. Macdonald, to go around telling of the glories of the new peace, and the magnificent opportunities for founding useless public libraries, schools for the discussion of unimportant social theories, and erecting monuments to a peace which did not exist.

Now come a few hair-brained scholars and lawyers in New York with an effort to found a Supreme Court that will rule the World and prevent future wars. They propose to dam the Niagara of atavism and racial antagonism with a puny "World's Court," instead of with an "International Army and Navy." A World's Court would last almost as long as an ice-floe in Niagara Rapids.

War Profits

SHOULD Canada intend to tax war profits, an announcement to that effect should come immediately. To be sure, this is a question which Parliament must decide. Yet, Hon. Mr. White, Minister of Finance, could announce at once that at the next session of Parliament he will ask the members to sanction a plan whereby fifty per cent. of extra profits from war contracts shall go into the Dominion Treasury. Then investors would be on their guard, and innocent purchasers for value of war stocks would not be deceived and mulcted by the stories of the huge profits now being made by those companies whose stocks are listed on the exchanges.

It is hardly fair to allow the manufacturers and their stock brokers to unload these war stocks on the public at high prices, and then spring an announcement which will cut the market price in two. If there is to be a tax on war profits, the public should be so informed without delay.

German Plots in America

NUMEROUS German plots have been unearthed in the United States. Most of these have been foiled by the activity of United States government agents, and many arrests have been made. The latest disclosure has caused the arrest of twenty-four men for the theft of magnetos and automobile tires from shipments for the Allies at New York and elsewhere. Thirty White trucks reached Europe without magnetos and were thus useless. About 4,000 automobile tires have disappeared between the factories and the steamships.

While this much is known, the plot to steal war munitions or render them valueless is apparently widespread. The supposed leader in the "game" is a German lieutenant by the name of Fay, who is now in custody.

The German spy system seems to be in full working order in the United States. German-Americans are active wherever they find opportunity. Yet this activity is not increasing the United States' sentiment against those who use their American citizenship as a cloak for German machinations.

A Grey Suggestion

"There is one thing Mr. Bourassa must admit—the large liberty which is allowed by the British Constitution. If this gentleman was under the German flag and dared to offer criticisms of that power similar in character, he would receive the attentions of a firing squad in the grey of the morning."

—St. John's (P.Q.) News.

PRIVATE RECEPTION ROOM FOR SOLDIERS



A nice idea has been worked out by the C. P. R. at Vancouver. A section of a waiting-room at the station has been divided off and fitted up as a reception room, where returning soldiers may be greeted by their friends. The railway officials notify the military authorities and a ladies' committee when trains bearing returned heroes will arrive. In addition, the men of Vancouver have provided an up-town club for these men.

The Annexation Society

OR THE ADVENTURES OF JIMMIE TRICKETT.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

The Marquis of Scraye at his historic country seat in England is much bewildered over the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the Tsar's Golden Cross, which was a relique presented to his grandfather by the Tsar of Russia. The Cross was kept in a cabinet in Queen Elizabeth's room, made famous by visits from the great Queen to the Scrayes. To solve the mystery the Marquis wires to Nicholson Packe, a novelist friend in London, to meet him at Brychester Station. Packe takes with him his clever friend Jimmie Trickett, whose adventures form a considerable part of the story to follow. Scraye suspects Mrs. X., one of his guests. He tells Packe his suspicions and the reasons why, and asks him to shadow Mrs. X's movements in London. Packe invites Trickett into the plot. The two of them shadow Mrs. X in London. Trickett lands in a millinery shop—one of Mrs. X's haunts—and decides suddenly to go to Paris. Scraye has unearthed two other important and similar thefts. Trickett explains his belief that the golden cross is in the hat-shop. He goes to Paris, in company with Miss Walsden from the hat-shop, who has a mysterious hamper containing an alleged Michaelmas goose, etc., which he volunteers to see delivered along with his own things. In the hamper he finds—the cross!

CHAPTER X.

Monsieur Charles.

TRICKETT awoke next morning to find himself immediately confronted by as difficult and embarrassing a set of problems as he had ever had to deal with in his life. He sat up in bed and checked them off on the tips of his fingers; each, being duly specified and enumerated, seemed to assume vaster and gloomier proportions. First—should he make a clean breast of everything to Eva Walsden? Second, should he restore the goose to its hamper, carry the hamper to the Rue de la Paix, hand it over, and say nothing whatever about the valuables which he had found in it? Third, should he immediately send for Packe and Lord Scraye and consult them? Fourth, should he get rid of the goose, profess to Eva that he knew nothing whatever about its fate, and leave matters to take their course?

These were the main points of Jimmie's presentment of the situation. But they were capable, too much so, of sub-division. Supposing he told Eva Walsden everything? They had become somewhat confidential during the previous evening, and he had learned a good deal about her. She was the orphan daughter of a poor clergyman; she had to earn her own living, she had also to help to support a younger brother, a schoolboy. Jimmie Trickett foresaw trouble for this girl if he told her the truth. If she found out through him that she was being made the catspaw of a gang of unscrupulous thieves she would certainly throw up the situation at the London establishment of Valerie et Cie, a situation, she had told him, which was highly paid. Moreover, if she did so throw up that situation she would probably become an object of suspicion to Madame Charles, especially as the valuables had disappeared with the goose. Clearly, this was a matter which required great delicacy of treatment, infinite finesse.

Things seemed to be no plainer on the second point. Supposing he carried the hamper, with the goose restored to it, but minus the stolen property, to Eva? She would, of course, hand it over to Monsieur Charles, unconscious that it did not contain all that Madame Charles had put into it. But Monsieur Charles would not be unconscious; in Jimmie's opinion,

Monsieur Charles was probably very well aware, by virtue of telegraphic or telephonic message, or by ordinary letter, of what it was that his sister-in-law's assistant was innocently bringing to him. He would proceed to the shop in the Rue de la Paix ostensibly to receive a Michaelmas goose; in reality to take possession of the stolen property. What, demanded Jimmie of himself, would happen when Monsieur Charles found that the hamper did indeed contain nothing but a goose? Of a certainty he would make inquiry; he would want to know all sorts of things, such as—had the hamper ever been out of Eva's possession—had she seen it tampered with—oh, there was no end to the embarrassing questions which Monsieur Charles might put! As receiver of goods of so much value, he would certainly make some, probably some very serious, effort to gain possession of them.

At one period of these cogitations, Jimmie was on the point of bounding out of bed and ringing up Packe or Scraye on the telephone. Two considerations restrained him. To begin with, he did not want either of these men to know, just then at any rate, why he had come to Paris; to end with, he had an instinctive desire to make this particular score off his own bat. He was quite conscious of his own ability to engineer things if left to himself; the adventure was exciting, amusing, interesting; at that moment he had no desire to share it with anyone. Luck had favoured him unexpectedly; it might continue to favour him. All his life he had believed in his star; he believed in it now. And in the end he got out of bed repeating these words:

"LET things happen!" he said. "Let things happen!"

In pursuance of this resolve, Jimmie, having locked up goose and hamper in a wardrobe, key of which he carefully pocketed, took his bath, made a careful toilet, broke the accepted rules of continental travel by eating a typically British breakfast, and smoked a few cigarettes on the steps of the hotel while he watched the life of Paris at that point wake up to another morning. And eventually, nerving himself to unknown adventures, he strolled off to keep his appointment with Eva Walsden at the establishment in the Rue de la Paix. It was precisely half-past ten o'clock when Jimmie walked into the elegantly appointed Maison of Valerie et Cie. He had taken a careful look at it before he approached the threshold; in outward appearance it was very like the shop in South Molton Street; that is to say, it looked much more like a private residence than a business establishment.

Jimmie entered a reception room furnished very like that in which, two days before, he had encountered the buxom lady in the beautiful sables. And he at once saw that he had walked into the midst of a scene. There, distressed and troubled almost to the verge of tears, stood Eva Walsden, nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers; behind her, an assistant, unmistakably French and very pretty, was staring with alarmed eyes at a third person, a little, stoutish, fierce-eyed man who was gesticulating almost as excitedly as he talked. Jimmie calmly took this person in. His boots were by no means in the best state of repair; his principal garment appeared to be a somewhat dingy overcoat, which came well down below his knees; his chin was blue from need of a razor; his hat, which he wore, despite the presence of ladies, was of a melodramatic cast,

well pulled down about his eyes and much the worse for wear. Nevertheless, this person wore new lemon-coloured kid gloves, carried a fine gold-mounted walking cane, much betasselled, and sported a flower in one lapel of his coat as a set-off to a fragment of ribbon in the other. And regarding the entrance into the shop of a possible customer, he continued his indignant harangue.

"How, then, ma'amselle?" he exclaimed with fervour. "Do I understand that you confide my goose, my fine, fat goose of Michaelmas, the seasonable present of madame your employer, my respected sister-in-law!—to the care of a stranger. My faith! it is incredible, it is—"

Eva Walsden glanced at Jimmie. The glance wandered appealingly to the irate person between them, who, after one glance at the new-comer, had turned his back upon him with an indifference which almost amounted to contempt. She tried to interrupt his angry diatribe.

"Monsieur!" she said. "If you would only allow me to explain; if—"

"Explain, ma'amselle! How can that be explained which admits of no explanation? Your instructions, ma'amselle, were to deliver my goose to me, myself! Instead, you give my goose to—ah, just heaven! if only one knew to whom you had so thoughtlessly confided it!"

"But, Monsieur Charles, the gentleman is here, and has no doubt come to say that your goose is safe," exclaimed Eva. She turned to Jimmie with hopeful looks. "Mr. Trickett!" she continued imploringly. "The hamper was not delivered here last night with my other things. Do you know anything of it? Monsieur Charles has come for his goose—"

JIMMIE looked calmly at the furious little man who had turned suddenly upon him.

"Monsieur, then, is unhappy at the loss of his goose?" he said, with well-simulated sang froid and in his best French. "It discommodes him?"

Monsieur Charles took the young Englishman in with a swift, keen glance, which Jimmie was not slow to appreciate. This was not the look, he said to himself, of a gourmand deprived of his dinner; it was the sharp, demanding inspection of a man who wanted to know what and who he was dealing with. And Monsieur Charles's next words were slightly altered in tone.

"Monsieur!" he said. "My sister-in-law, knowing my circumstances, sends me her little present by the hands of her employee, this young lady, who is charged to deliver it to me. Instead—"

"Instead," interrupted Jimmie, as coolly as before, "instead, monsieur, this lady charges me with the duty of sending her luggage to this address. And I, monsieur, depute that duty to a porter. Hence arises the mistake. The hamper becomes—missing. But mistakes will arise, monsieur, in spite of all the care in the world, they will arise. After all, then, it is only a goose."

Monsieur Charles gave the young man another glance. He assumed a dignified attitude and expression.

"You forget, monsieur, that we are speaking of a present from my sister-in-law to myself," he said. "A present, monsieur, that should have been delivered personally to me by the person who carried it. I come for my goose—it is not here."

He shook his head as he might have shaken it if he had heard of some irreparable national disaster; his voice shook a little.

"If you only knew how sorry I am, Monsieur Charles," said Eva, with genuine repentance. "I am so grieved that—"

"Monsieur," said Jimmie, "this is my fault. Ma'amselle must be absolved of all blame. She is not in any way to blame. I took upon myself to see that her luggage, including the hamper of the goose, was delivered. It has not been delivered. Accordingly, I am the culprit. Monsieur will accept my profound apologies. Also, with profound respect, I beg monsieur's acceptance of the finest and fattest goose which Paris can supply. To replace, monsieur, the lost one."

MONSIEUR Charles bowed but shook his head mournfully. He straightened himself.

"Monsieur!" he answered with renewed dignity. "I thank you. But, monsieur, it would not be the same goose. Monsieur will understand and respect my feelings of sentiment? The goose which monsieur would so generously offer would not, however arouse in me the tender feelings which that presented by my sister-in-law, the thoughtful, the affectionate, could have created in my bosom. I must regretfully decline monsieur's offer, so kindly made. But—" Here Monsieur Charles gave Jimmie another of his sharp glances—"if monsieur would do me a service—?"

"With the greatest pleasure, monsieur," said Jimmie. "It has but to be named."

"Then if monsieur would but accompany me to the station where this hamper was given in charge of that careless imbecile of a porter?" suggested Monsieur Charles. "I should be infinitely obliged to monsieur, and the goose may yet grace my poor table."

"With pleasure, monsieur," replied Jimmie. He was not so convinced as he made it appear that his pleasure would be real, but he saw that there was no escape. He must go with Monsieur Charles to the Gare du Nord, submit to the inquiry-making process, and trust to luck to get out of it. "Shall we proceed to the station at once?" he continued. "I am at your service."

"Your sister's hat, Mr. Trickett?" remarked Eva, softly.

"Ah, I interrupt your business? You are a customer?" exclaimed Monsieur Charles.

"Mr. Trickett," said Eva, pointedly, "is one of our London customers, Monsieur Charles. He has come here specially this morning to see about a hat for his sister, a lady who lives in India."

"Never mind that, now," said Jimmie. "I can call later on. Will you come to the station, Monsieur Charles?" He manoeuvred the Frenchman to the door, and himself turned at the threshold and gave Eva a look. "I shall call again about noon," he remarked, and in order to save time he signalled to a passing taxi-cab and ushered his companion into it. "I hope, monsieur," he said politely, as they rolled off northward, "that our expedition in search of the goose will not prove to be a wild-goose chase!"

Monsieur Charles turned eyes of genuine alarm upon Jimmie.

"My faith, monsieur, indeed I trust not!" he exclaimed. "I shall be desolated if I do not find my little present. But how can it be that we shall not, monsieur? Chut! the matter is easy. You will find the porter to whom you gave these baggages, you will question him—oh, yes, then everything will be of the easiest sort."

"I suppose there are many porters, scores of them, perhaps hundreds at the station," said Jimmie. "I did not

A TRUE STORY.

A member of the staff of Canadian Courier was asked to write an advertisement for the University Book Co. (the one that appears on the back cover of this issue.) He became so interested in his task that on its completion he ordered a set of the books. They are certainly excellent value, and meet the requirements of all book lovers.

particularly remark my man. I may not recognize him, you know."

But Monsieur Charles reiterated his opinion that the affair would be easy. And suddenly the cab swept into the Gare du Nord, and to Jimmie's intense horror and perplexity the porter who came to its side was the very man to whose care had been entrusted the wickerwork hamper, and who now, at sight of him betrayed hearty and respectful recognition of a very generous patron. Here, indeed, was a disconcerting situation!

CHAPTER XI.

The Porter—and the Goose.

JIMMIE brought the Trickett shrewdness and readiness of resource to bear on that situation with a sharpness that surprised himself. He hustled Monsieur Charles out of the cab, thrust money, whether much or little he knew not, into the hand of the chauffeur, motioned the too attentive and friendly porter aside, and hurried his companion into the hall, as if there was not a moment to lose in whatever they were doing. But Monsieur Charles' keen little eyes turned backward in the direction of the porter.

"That man there, monsieur," he said. "He seemed to be well acquainted with you. Is he, perhaps, the miscreant to whom you entrusted my lost goose?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Jimmy, bestowing an indifferent glance on the porter, who hovered in the wake. "Not the same man at all, quite another person. You see I—I'm so often in Paris that lots of porters know me—I—I always tip them pretty well, you know, and the beggars are always on the look out. Well, now, here we are! I say, Monsieur Charles!"

Jimmie had unconsciously slipped into English. To his surprise Monsieur Charles answered him in the same tongue, speaking it fluently.

"I am here, Monsieur Trickett. What then?" he asked.

"What do you say if we—" began Jimmie, desperately clutching at the first straw that presented itself—"what do you say if—the fact is, I'm getting a bit hungry. What do you say to our taking our dejeuner before we commence our inquiries? It's nearly noon, monsieur."

Monsieur Charles hesitated. A moment later he gave in.

"I am agreeable to your wishes, Monsieur Trickett," he answered. "Certainly an hour more or less will make no great difference. And I took my coffee at an unusually early hour this morning."

"Come on, then," said Jimmy, greatly relieved. "Perhaps you know of a good place close by?"

Monsieur Charles did know of a good place, a most excellent place, immediately adjacent to the station. He led Jimmie to it: Jimmie, full of a deep design, carefully selected a table close to a window which commanded the street. He ordered a sumptuous dejeuner, commanded a wine which Monsieur Charles specially recommended, and devoted himself to seeing to his guest's comfort. Under the influence of good food and sound wine, Monsieur Charles became friendly and confidential—confidential, that is, in the sense of taking great interest in his host.

"You know Paris well, then, monsieur?" he asked.

"Pretty middling," answered Jimmie. "Often drop over, you know."

"Just so, monsieur. And if I wish to see you before you leave, on the matter of this lost goose, where shall I find you?"

"Oh, I always put up at the Grand Hotel," replied Jimmie carelessly, only to wish the next moment that he had kept his address to himself. "But that goose, now? You won't be utterly desolated if it doesn't turn up?"

Monsieur Charles adjusted his napkin under his unshaven chin. His face became solemn.

"Monsieur," he said, "a present, denoting thoughtfulness, remembrance, affection, from one relation to another, is a serious thing, even if the present take the form of the body of a bird not remarkable for wisdom. I should consider myself an ingrate, Monsieur

Trickett, if I did not trace my goose to—wherever it may be."

"Quite so, quite so, admirable sentiments!" said Jimmie. "We'll do our best, Monsieur Charles, of course. Excellent wine, this."

Monsieur Charles was about to deliver his opinion on the subject of wine when Jimmy suddenly started from his seat and made for the door, napkin in hand and bareheaded.

"Man I know just passed!" he exclaimed. "Want to see him. Excuse me one moment, monsieur, don't wait!"

He darted out of the cafe and into the street before his guest could reply. And in the street Jimmie pocketed his napkin, turned the corner, and hurried to the station, caring nothing for the fact that he was without hat on a cold autumn morning, or that people observed him with wonder.

The situation was desperate. See that confounded porter he must, and at once. He was sufficiently aware of Monsieur Charles' keenness of observation to know he had noticed the man. Probably, however, he, Jimmie, might strive to throw him off the scent—he would find that man and extract information from him, would learn, at any rate, that Jimmie knew more of the wickerwork hamper than he had confessed to. That must be stopped; the porter's lips must be sealed. It was fortunate, thought Jimmie, that money could do many things—here he would have to buy silence with it.

He darted into the station, looking wildly and anxiously about him. Presently he caught sight of the porter who was still idling about. Jimmie beckoned him aside.

"You remember me?" he said, breathlessly.

"Perfectly, monsieur," replied the porter. "I had the honour to serve monsieur last night."

"You saw me just now with a man who wears—"

"I observed monsieur's friend," interrupted the porter. "I know him, By sight, monsieur, when he travels to England."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jimmie. "Well, if he should come here asking you any questions about last night, about me, about the young lady who was with me, about the luggage you took charge of and despatched—you—understand!—you know nothing whatever about anything? Eh?"

THE porter, who possessed a sinister countenance and a vile squint, smiled horribly as he looked at Jimmie with comprehension. Jimmie let him see the glint of a couple of gold coins.

"You know—nothing," repeated Jimmie. "You never saw any luggage. Eh?"

"Monsieur puts the matter admirably. I know nothing. I am dumb, blind. In fact, I was not there," said the porter.

Jimmie slipped the coins into his hand.

"Don't forget!" he commanded.

"Monsieur may rely on my discretion," said the recipient of the gold. "I understand perfectly, monsieur. Monsieur could not have entrusted his confidence to one more discreet than myself. Thanks, then, monsieur. Rest tranquil!"

Jimmie hurried back to the cafe. He was now easier of mind, and he contrived to make himself more agreeable to his guest, heartily wishing at the same time that something would occur to prevent Monsieur Charles' further investigations. But he soon discovered that his companion's ideas ran in only one direction.

"Monsieur is acquainted with the young lady whom we saw this morning?" remarked Monsieur Charles, relapsing into his native language over his cigarette and the petit verre with which Jimmie insisted on finishing the repast. The young lady who is assistant in London to madame my good sister-in-law."

"Acquainted with her—yes," replied Jimmie laconically.

"Monsieur is perhaps Ma'amselle's fiancé?" suggested Monsieur Charles.

"Nothing of the sort!" said Jimmie. "I only know the young lady from hav-

(Continued on page 21.)

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President.

JOHN AIRD, General Manager.

H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. General Manager.

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RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

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Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

Trust Company Charges

Charges for Trust Company service are usually the same as would be allowed for similar service by an individual. They are never more. Unless otherwise arranged, the Trust Company has its fees fixed by the Court, and accepts whatever compensation the Surrogate Judge may set. Trust Company service excels that rendered by individuals, not in expense, but in effectiveness.

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Capital Paid-up,
\$1,500,000.

Reserve,
\$1,500,000.

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

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Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your family, and cannot be bought, sold, or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5,000.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS.

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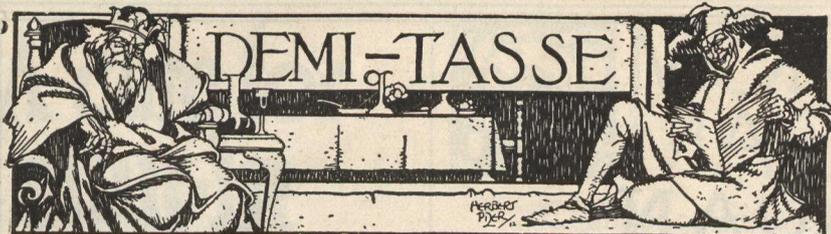
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For over half a century the Cosgrave label has meant the best in hop and malt beverages.

As light as lager, but better for you.



Courierettes.

THE most unpopular thing in the United States just now is the hyphen.

The Panama Canal seems to be just as good at sliding as is Ty Cobb.

Mexico is said to be still solvent, in spite of her worries and wars. At that rate it should be impossible for Europe to go broke.

Those interviews with General Joffre seem to consist of questions by the interviewer and nods of his head by the general.

There is cold weather consolation in the thought that the duty on ice is only 7½ per cent., while on woolen clothing it is 42½.

A man is judged by his works—and also by his lack of them.

Everywhere they are talking of erecting monuments to Edith Cavell. Her memory will live without them.

Cincinnati gave 70,000 majority against prohibition. Those figures cannot be said to be dry.

John D. Rockefeller, jr., says he wants to help the workingman. Well, he has a large chance.

Thomas Edison says war can be made so terrible that nobody will want to fight. The U. S. seems in no need of such an added dissuader.

The man who is always talking leaves himself no time for thinking.

Bryan says he has a right to criticize Wilson. He has. Everybody else has a right to roast Bryan, and everybody seems to make use of the right.

Sunday Schools report an increasing attendance. Well, Christmas is coming.

The Wilson administration is steadily solving its problems. The wedding march is to be played by Mrs. Galt's sister.

Rev. Arthur Goodenough has been pastor of a church in Connecticut for 45 years. Evidently he is a Good-enough preacher to hold his job.

How true to nature it is that when a girl is offered a match her face lights up!



The Reason.—Automobile stealing is on the increase in Detroit and 1,000 cars have been swiped in 1915. Well, it takes a hero to steal some cars, and perhaps there are chaps to aspire to prove their right to a Carnegie medal.



Too Much.

He drove at sixty
Miles an hour—
He died because
Of too much power.



It Must Be.—When a young and pretty widow marries a rich old fogey it must be that she wants something to match her antique furniture.



A Misnomer.—We note in the newspaper ads, on the real estate signs, etc., a phrase which should never be used in these times. That phrase is "Easy payments." There ain't no such thing, as Ald. Sam McBride would say.



Votes For Women.—If women got the vote the next thing they would demand would be a voting costume.

The men who say that woman suffrage would be a menace to the country at large are really afraid that it would be a menace to some men at large.

But if the dear girls get the vote it will be a good thing for the poor

husbands. Their wives will be afraid of moving so often, lest they lose their votes.

The fellow who argues that woman's place is in the home usually means his wife or his sister—not the chorus girls that he winks at from the front row.



The Retort.—The social reformer was making a speech. "Do you know," he shouted, "that one half the world does not know how the other half lives?"

"Yes," said the rude voice in the rear of the hall, "there are some folks who mind their own business."

WAR NOTES.

Britain calls for millions more of fighting men. Sure sign of an earlier peace.

Heading says "Greece will stay neutral for the present." What kind of a present is Greece expecting?

John Bull has been bearish of late, while the Russian bear has shown a bullish disposition.

Bonds between America, France and England are very strong. In fact, they can't be bought under 98.

After all, it's not such a bad outlook when the British have time to do a little scrapping among themselves.

Reports from the front of yards gained or lost make us think of the football game descriptions.

Russia has ordered 10,000 Pullman cars. The Czar's latest strategic move is evidently to mobilize the Pullman car porters. They would make any man run.

Poor little Serbia no doubt feels in the mood to issue a Black and Blue Book about now.

Makes Old Faith Firmer.—Over in the United States they have lately exposed a new religious cult which called itself "The House of David." Such exposures serve to give us a firmer faith in the good old-fashioned brand of religion that our fathers and mothers found good enough for them.



He Surely Will.—Owner of Detroit Tigers claims to have signed "an unbeaten pitcher." He will be a lonesome chap on that team.



Uncle Sam's Policy.—Woodrow Wilson proposes an army of 500,000 and a fleet almost equal to England's. Will that fleet share with Britain the sovereignty of the seas or support Britain's mastery of the main? Will Roosevelt come along with a proposal for an army of 1,000,000 men? Old Uncle Sam has some problem to solve.



Money and Matrimony.—Of all the religious organizations, the Salvation Army probably has the best business enterprise. It loses no chance of turning an honest penny.

In front of the Salvation Army Temple in Toronto the other day stood a large sign, painted in red letters, and reading somewhat as follows:

"Brigadier Adby
Will Unite In Marriage
Two of the Young People
Of the Temple.
Come and Bring a Friend.
Collection at the door."



Waiting.—Carranza is now said to be getting ready to crush Villa in

Mexico. What is he waiting for? The moving picture men?



Tragedy.—Newspapers tell us the story of a boy who heard that a circus was coming and wanted so much to go that he sold a pet chicken to raise the money. He was paid in bogus money, the circus did not come, and he was arrested. Was there ever such a tragedy in the world's history?



A Dutch Blunder.—Holland has issued an Orange book. If the Dutch want war the Irish will now be ready to give it to them.



Knockers Missed a Chance.—With so many pessimistic knockers in Britain, we are amazed that nobody has protested against the King falling from his horse and arguing that he should have stayed in an automobile.



More Than Noise.—Some of the U. S. naval experts say that the guns on the new American ships are the best in the world. We prefer to wait for a report later than that of the guns.



Optimistic Note.—Facing a long and dreary winter, we note with joy that the price of one of the commodities of life has dropped. Radium is now down to \$36,000 a dram.



Allies.—Richmond Pearson Hobson, America's much-kissed hero and statesman, has joined William Jennings Bryan's peace at any price party. These two gentlemen seem determined to waft a gleam of sunshine into these drear November days.



MARY WAS WISE.

Mary had a little lamp,
Well trained, beyond a doubt,
For every time a fellow called
The little lamp went out.



Fashion Note.—Lillian Russell announces that she returns to the stage. Her dressmakers must have completed her new dramatic sketch.



Yesterday's Slang.

Where is the slang of yesterday?
Let's start a slaughter's quest.
Where is the gink who used to say:—
"Go on, pull down your vest?"
—Youngstown Telegram.

The slang of yesterday is pat,
Though laid upon the shelf;
You used to hear some lobster blat,
"Say, you, go chase yourself."
—Plainsville Telegraph-Republican.

The dear old slang of yesteryear,
So pat and so unkind,
How hot we were sometimes to hear:
"Your necktie's up behind."
—Houston Post.

Gone is the slang of yesteryear,
No more it comes to bat;
Remember when you used to hear,
"Where did you get that hat?"
—Grand Rapids News.

And we rejoice that Father Time
Doth plagues and boredoms bury,
So that it's now become a crime
To echo "I should worry."

SURE DELIVERY

A United States manufacturer of munitions created somewhat of a stir recently by the announcement to some of his Canadian friends that he was making shells for the Germans.

The Canucks were incredulous. Finally they thought they had him floored with the query: "Well, how do you deliver them to the Huns?"

It was the question he had been waiting for. Not a crack of a smile on his face, he replied: "I ship them over to the Allies and they fire them into the German trenches."



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Preserves, beautifies and purifies the skin and complexion. The favorite for over 66 years.

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We will send a complexion cham- ois and book of Powder leaves for 15c. to cover cost of mailing and wrapping.

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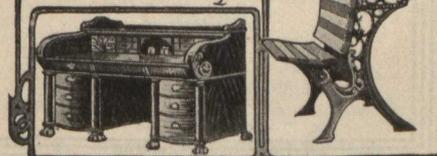
In ½, 1 and 2 pound cans.
Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

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WAR LOAN

DOMINION OF CANADA

ISSUE OF \$50,000,000 5% BONDS MATURING 1st DEC., 1925

REPAYABLE AT PAR AT

OTTAWA, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN, CHARLOTTETOWN, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG,
REGINA, CALGARY, VICTORIA.

INTEREST PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY—1st JUNE, 1st DECEMBER.

ISSUE PRICE 97½

A FULL HALF-YEAR'S INTEREST WILL BE PAID ON 1st JUNE, 1916.

THE PROCEEDS OF THE LOAN WILL BE USED FOR WAR PURPOSES ONLY.

In the event of future issues (other than issues made abroad) being made by the Government, for the purpose of carrying on the war, bonds of this issue will be accepted at the issue price, 97½, plus accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash for the purpose of subscriptions to such issues.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE offers here-with on behalf of the Government the above named Bonds for subscription at 97½ payable as follows,—

10	per cent	on application,
7½	"	" 3rd January, 1916,
20	"	" 1st February, 1916,
20	"	" 1st March, 1916,
20	"	" 1st April, 1916,
20	"	" 1st May, 1916.

The instalments may be paid in full on and after the 3rd day of January, 1916, under discount at the rate of four per cent per annum. All payments are to be made to a chartered bank for the credit of the Minister of Finance. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture and the allotment to cancellation.

Applications, accompanied by a deposit of ten per cent of the amount subscribed, must be forwarded through the medium of a chartered bank. The bank will issue a provisional receipt.

This loan is authorized under Act of the Parliament of Canada and both principal and interest will be a charge upon the Consolidated Revenue Fund.

Forms of application may be obtained from any branch of any chartered bank in Canada, and at the office of any Assistant Receiver General in Canada.

Subscriptions must be for even hundreds of dollars.

In case of partial allotments the surplus deposit will be applied towards payment of the amount due on the January instalment.

Scrip certificates payable to bearer will be issued, after allotment, in exchange for the provisional receipts.

When the scrip certificates have been paid in full and payment endorsed thereon by the bank receiving the money, they may be exchanged for bonds with coupons attached, payable to bearer or registered as to principal, or for fully registered bonds without coupons.

Delivery of scrip certificates and of bonds will be made through the chartered banks.

The interest on the fully registered bonds will be paid by cheque, which will be remitted by post. Interest on bonds with coupons will be paid on surrender of coupons. Both cheques and coupons will be payable free of exchange at any branch of any chartered bank in Canada.

Holders of fully registered bonds without coupons will have the right to convert into bonds with coupons, payable to bearer or registered, without payment of any fee, and holders of bonds with coupons will have the right to convert, without fee, into fully registered bonds without coupons at any time on application in writing to the Minister of Finance.

The issue will be exempt from taxes—including any income tax—imposed in pursuance of legislation enacted by the Parliament of Canada.

The bonds with coupons will be issued in denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1,000. Fully registered bonds without coupons will be issued in denominations of \$1,000, \$5,000 or any authorized multiple of \$5,000.

Application will be made in due course for the listing of the issue on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

The loan will be repaid at maturity at par at the office of the Minister of Finance and Receiver General at Ottawa, or at the office of the Assistant Receiver General at Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary or Victoria.

The books of the loan will be kept at the Department of Finance, Ottawa.

Recognized bond and stock brokers will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent on allotments made in respect of applications which bear their stamp.

Subscription Lists will close on or before 30th November, 1915.

Finance Department, Ottawa, 22nd November, 1915.

A cure for shut-in lives of the joy of journeying

Don't scold the cold;
get on board a Santa
Fe train to summery
California and run
away from winter.

On the way—

Quaintly garbed Indians,
petrified forests, painted
deserts, and that supreme
wonder the **Grand Can-
yon** of Arizona.

At the end—

Hedges of roses, gold of
orange orchards, sunny
skies, golf, autoing, and the
romance of old Spanish days.

You may go in luxury on the
California Limited or
travel economically in a tour-
ist sleeper.

Four daily transcontinental
trains and the weekly Santa
Fe de-Luxe.

Fred Harvey meals.
Ask for booklets.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Confidence Justified in the Canadian Situation

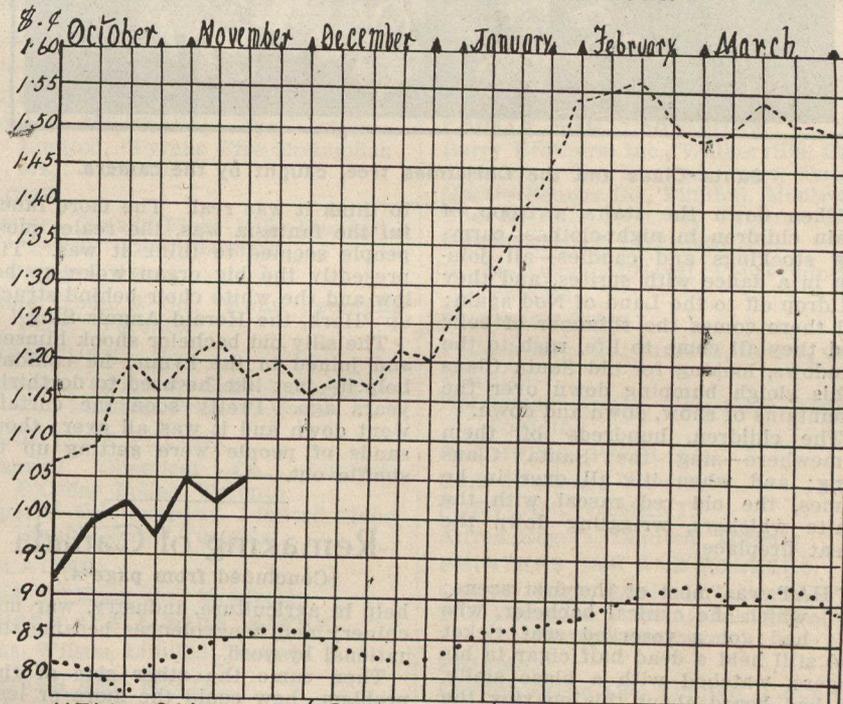
ONE may doubt whether the business circles of Canada ever awaited the publication of the annual statement of the Bank of Montreal with as much interest as this year because the earlier reports had indicated that a condition of unusual strength might be looked for. In this respect the early expectations were more than justified, for the annual statement of the premier bank of the country, which was for the fiscal year ending October 30th, 1915, was undoubtedly, in many respects, the most satisfactory that had ever been issued.

What it indicated perhaps more than anything else was that back of the Canadian situation at the moment there was a great deal of justification that Canada was meeting the unusual conditions caused by the European war even more satisfactorily than most people expected would have been possible a year ago, and no statement that is published gives such ample proof that this has been the case as that of the Bank of Montreal. If in a year so much progress has been made, there is a feeling that from now on, with the larger business that is offering our industrial concerns, still further improvements should occur, but, at the same time, the leading banks, in addition to being in a position to maintain an exceptionally strong position, will perhaps have more opportunities for increasing their profits than they have had in the past year.

New high records were established for total assets, these reaching \$302,980,554.98, compared with \$259,481,663.25, an increase of over \$40,000,000 for the year. Of these assets a record amount was also maintained in the form of cash or liquid assets, the latter amounting to \$170,007,568.09, being equivalent to 64.27% of the total liabilities to the public. The increase in deposits was strikingly large, and under the conditions that prevailed, reflected, to a great extent, the confidence entrusted by the public. The deposits not bearing interest increased to \$75,745,729, compared with \$42,689,031; deposits bearing interest \$160,277,083, compared with \$154,533,642. These deposits represented an increase for the year of over \$38,000,000.

That, generally speaking, there is a lessened demand for money for commercial purposes throughout the country is indicated by a slight falling off in current loans and discounts, these amounting at the end of the year to \$99,078,506, compared with \$108,845,332 at the end of the previous year. On the other hand, loans to cities, towns, municipalities and school districts have shown a substantial increase, amounting at the end of the year to \$11,203,472,

THE RISING LINE OF WHEAT PRICES.



KEY: 1915 ——— 1914 - - - - - 1913 ·····

This graph shows how wheat prices rose rapidly during January, 1915. The line of October is following last October, and the question is, What will happen in December and January?

compared with \$9,017,324. The general statement also would indicate fewer opportunities for increasing profits, inasmuch as the bank, during the year, had a smaller demand for current loans, while it also had to be satisfied with a much lower rate than usual on its call loans. Notwithstanding such a condition, the profits for the year, after deducting charges of management and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, amounted to \$2,108,631, equal to 13.18% on the paid-up capital, as compared with \$2,496,451. These profits for the year were sufficient to enable the bank to make its full disbursements to its shareholders, and after providing \$127,000 to pay the special war tax imposed on its note circulation to add a little over \$61,000 to profit and loss account. This brought the total of the profit and loss account at the end of the fiscal year to \$1,293,952, compared with \$1,232,667 at the end of the previous year.

With the more stable conditions that now exist throughout Canada there would seem to be every reason to expect that from now on the bank, in addition to maintaining a strong position, will be able to increase its earnings.

A Dangerous Precedent

PERMISSION has been granted, so report says, to the Imperial Oil Company, which is the Canadian end of the Standard Oil, to acquire, lease or construct railway lines. This is a dangerous precedent. Coal and oil companies, and similar industrial companies, should not be allowed to operate their own railways. Wherever this practice has obtained in the United States there has been trouble.

If the Imperial Oil Company is to get this special privilege, it should only be granted after a full and free discussion in Parliament. That the Imperial Oil Company is advised by Hon. W. J. Hanna, a man in whom the public have great confidence, and that the company has decided to take a million dollars of the new Dominion loan, should not blind the authorities at Ottawa to the character of the privilege which is said to have been granted.

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Incorporated A.D. 1863.
Assets over \$2,000,000.00.
Losses paid since organization over
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obscure interiors, making them not only
light, but sanitary and healthy. The
saving in artificial illumination will more
than repay the initial outlay.

Let us advise regarding your problems
and figure on the installation you may
require.

"Made In Canada."

The Luxfer Prism Co., Limited
100 King St. W., Toronto, Can.

The Grand Illusion

(Concluded from page 6.)

up with the comic animals on it and the cow jumping over the moon and the big boot full of people, making everybody expect something strange and fantastic behind the curtain.

Two little folks in night-things first, scared on Christmas Eve; then a big grandfather's clock opening, and out popped the queen of the fairies and all her little folk dancing; dwindling little dots down to brownie size.

and the donkey and the elephant were just men rigged up that way; but the dogs were real enough, and so was the pony. But they all seemed like fantastic big toys.

Anyhow it was a huge jumble of toys and live things, real things and fantastic things, little soldiers singing national songs and drilling, a sort of dream when you half awake and hear the clock tick. Everybody seemed



Santa Claus and the Christmas tree, caught by the camera.

Then down the stairs a troop of plain children in night-clothes, carrying stockings and candles—all joining in a dance with sprites, and they all drop off to the Land of Nod again; till there comes the shimmer of bells and they all come to life, rush to the windows, looking for old Santa Claus—his sleigh bumping down over the mountains of snow, down and down.

The children, hundreds of them somewhere—sing the Santa Claus song; and when it's all over in he comes, the old red rascal with the white whiskers, wriggling down the great fireplace.

THAT was most of the first scene; which the cynical bachelor, who had got a reserved seat ticket and still held a dead half cigar in his fingers, watched with a blase smile. He had heard about this coaxing the old hoax Santa Claus. Here he got it in full dimensions. In all Canada there was no such a Santa Claus hallucination as this. He was glad to be present, so that he could go and tell his dismal friends what a lot more fools were in the world than any of them dreamed.

Next thing he knew he was looking at a different scene. This was Toyland and Joyland. Poh! Everybody knew it was only a stage; only a lot of children trained to frolic about and to dance and sing and talk to Santa Claus, who, of course, was some chap the bachelor knew about town if only he could make out exactly who he was and josh him about it afterwards. Of course the youngsters knew just who it was too; but they seemed to act as though they had never seen him before. Children are some actors—he concludes.

He laughs to himself when he sees on the stage, in a curious hodge-podge of merriment, all kinds of animals dancing and frolicking like Sunday at the Zoo, clowns doing all sorts of things, a little dancing girl taken out of a candy box and wound up to dance—supposed to be a toy, when she was alive all the while, same as the little black chap that clogged. And, of course, the cow

to think it was real. The more fanciful the fantasia was, the realer most people seemed to think it was. Till presently the big organ woke up below and the white choir behind struck up "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

The silly old bachelor shook himself and joined in the hymn; he couldn't help it—just like he used to do thirty years ago. Pretty soon the curtain went down and it was all over; thousands of people were getting up to shuffle out.

Remaking of Canada

(Concluded from page 4.)

help in agriculture, industry, war machinery and benevolences became the national by-word.

Then came the other side of the problem—how could the more or less organized industrial machinery of this country become a part of the general war machine for the supply of munitions. It had already been demonstrated that we could furnish men and foodstuffs. The men were a direct charge on the country; the foodstuffs would be sold abroad and at the same time help the cause of the Empire.

But it was mumbled by somebody less than a year ago—that Canada might make munitions of war. Had anybody mentioned such a thing to the average M. P. or the average man of big business the reply would have been too scornful for utterance. To be sure we had a rifle factory at Quebec, and the Ross rifle we were putting into the hands of our men at the front was by many supposed to be the equal of at least the average rifle used on service. But we began to discover—along with England—that the great war was not essentially a war of rifles. It was to a great extent a war of machine guns. It was to a still more colossal extent a war of shells and of high explosives. Germans had blasted their way into Belgium and France. Unable to go further they had dug themselves in with concrete and steel trenches and must be blasted out again.

The precise story of how Canada

changed in a few months from a land of peace factories turning out about \$1,200,000,000 worth of goods in a normal year, to a land of war factories already scheduled to turn out war orders totalling \$500,000,000, is too much a matter of detail behind the curtain to be told here. For the past ten months this country has been as much interested in the problem of how to make shells for the British army as it used to be in how to build transcontinental railways. This again was some revolution.

WHEN Mr. Charles M. Schwab in England at the outbreak of war, got track of tremendous orders for munitions to be made in the United States, he included in his programme the manufacture of a fleet of submarines to operate against the undersea navy of Germany. But the neutrality declaration of the United States expressly made it impossible for Mr. Schwab or anybody else under the American flag to make one submarine or any other such "unit of war" and ship it to the Allies or any of the belligerent countries.

He visited the Vickers-Maxim British-Canadian works at Montreal. In a very short while a fleet of submarines, perfectly equipped units of war, was being made on Canadian soil under the British flag, more or less assembled from parts made in the United States, ready to go abroad on war business.

When the Curtiss Aviation School, said to be the biggest in the world, was started in Toronto, it was forced there for the same reason that Schwab sent his submarines into Canada. But the school was useless without the air-machines. The air-machines must be made. And they were made, are now being made by Canadian workmen from Canadian material, in Canada—for the sake of Canada's practical contribution to the machinery of war.

The Patriotic Pumpkin

(Concluded from page 8.)

farms. It was great how they did boost the whole thing. Why, they had the fox advertisin' business knocked to slitherens. They had whole pages in the papers filled with information about the wonderful punkins raised from the seeds of the original punkin. People who ate of them would be so patriotic that the Germans would not have a ghost of a chance against the thousands of Canadians who would go out against them."

"Were they large pumpkins?" I queried.

"No, not very large. But they were the most wonderful I ever saw. I almost hate to tell yez the rest fer fear yez won't believe me. It's somewhat uncanny, an' I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it myself. It was the way them punkins grew. Why, the leaves on the vines all had the shape of the flag, an' instead of bein' green, as is their nat'ral colour, they were red, white, an' blue, with the three crosses up in the corner."

A complete silence followed this astounding statement, and Tom glanced around to observe the effect of his words. The expression in the faces of his listeners gave him much satisfaction, and so he continued:

"The owners of the farms did a big business sellin' the leaves. People bought them like mad, an' were glad to pay fifty cents apiece fer 'em. It was certainly astonishin'."

"But them punkins were the most amazin' things of all," he went on. "They were different from anything I ever saw before. Instead of bein' green or yaller, they had picters 'all over 'em. On one side there was the picter of King George, with the crown on his head an' boots on his feet, a settin' on his throne. On t'other side were the picters of Lord Kitchener, General French, an' Sam Hughes, while underneath were the first verses of 'Tipperary,' an' 'The Soldier's Return,' by Robbie Burns. I'm an old man now, an' I've seen many wonderful sights, but them punkins were the greatest I ever sot my eyes upon. I could tell—"

Tom stopped suddenly. Looking quickly around, he saw his companions sprawling upon the floor.



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Buyers unable to find the desired information in this directory are invited to write to this office for information, which will be furnished free of charge.

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Imperial Oil Company, Limited, "Imperial" Asphalt, Toronto.

AUTOMOBILES.

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Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Limited, Toronto.

Deer Park Garage & Livery, Toronto.

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White & Thomas, Toronto.

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Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., "K. & S." Auto Tire, Toronto.

Dunlop Tire Co., Limited, Montreal.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited, Toronto.

Gutta Percha & Rubber Co., Limited, Toronto.

BABBITT AND SOLDER.

Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.

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Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited, Toronto.

BISCUITS AND CAKES.

Christie-Brown Co., Limited, Toronto.

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The Beaver Brass Foundry, Toronto.

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Canadian Postum Cereal Co., "Postum," "Grape Nuts," Windsor, Ont.

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CAMERAS.

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.

CHEWING GUM.

Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Ganong Brothers, Limited, "G. B." Chocolates, St. Stephen, N.B.

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Cudahy Packing Co., Limited, "Old Dutch Cleanser," Toronto.

COAL AND COKE.

The Standard Fuel Co. of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.

COAL AND WOOD.

The Elias Rogers Co., Ltd., Toronto.

COATS AND PANTS.

A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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COPPER WIRE (COVERED).

The Standard Underground Cable Co., of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

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Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

CORSETS.

Crompton Corset Co., Limited, "C. C. a la Grace" Corsets, Toronto.

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Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto

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Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd, "Purity" Flour, Toronto.

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FURNITURE.

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Imperial Oil Company, Limited "Ioco Liquid Gloss," Toronto.

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Chas. Wilson, Limited, Toronto.

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Gummed Papers, Ltd., Brampton, Ont.

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Should your copy of the Canadian Courier not reach you on Friday, advise the Circulation Manager

At the Sign of the Maple

(Concluded from page 11.)

workers into conveners of "courts," and these ladies arranged their own pictures. Prominent among the conveners were Mrs. C. J. Doherty, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, Mrs. St. Denis Lemoine, Mrs. George Desbarats, Mrs. Blondin, Mme. Lemieux, Mrs. Biggar, and many others. Some of the strik-

ing pictures were "Lady Godiva," "The Studio," "La Musette," and "When did you last see your father?" Miss Jean Fleming, whose mother is in charge of a hospital for Canadian convalescents at Lunn House, England, danced several intricate numbers with professional grace and skill.

Canadian Women's Press Club

MRS. L. O. Bingay, editor of the Women's page of the Port Arthur Chronicle, has gone to England to join her husband, Captain Bingay.

At the same time that Miss Saunders was injured by the shell, one of her companions in the work, the daughter of the burgomaster of the town, was killed.

The Edmonton Women's Press Club have petitioned the city commissioners, requesting them to lower the street car steps. This Club also held an open meeting in November to discuss the proposed agreement of the city with the Hydro-electric Company, who intend spending \$6,000,000 in the erection of a dam on the Saskatchewan river.

One of the interesting guests entertained by the Toronto Club recently was Monsieur de Champ, who had been called back to France at the beginning of the war, but is now invalided home to Canada. Monsieur de Champ gave a most graphic description of war conditions in France.

At the annual meeting of the Winnipeg Club, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Annie Anderson Perry; Vice-President, Mrs. A. V. Thomas; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. C. P. Walker; Secretary, Miss Cohen; Treasurer, Miss C. Cornell.

Mrs. Nellie McClung, whose name has become a household word in the western provinces, has, during her recent visit to Ontario, been speaking to crowded houses in various towns and cities. While in Toronto Mrs.

Miss Edna Kells, of the Edmonton Journal, has been elected President of the Edmonton Women's Business Club. The new apartments of this club were officially opened last month by Mrs. Arthur Murphy.



MISS EDNA KELLS, of the Edmonton Journal, President of the Edmonton Women's Business Club.

Mrs. A. V. Thomas, of Winnipeg, has been appointed a member of the Advisory Board of the Agricultural College in that city.

The Vancouver, Calgary and Edmonton Clubs have placed special printed wrappers on sale, so that newspapers may be readily sent to the soldiers. These are already addressed to the different hospitals and fighting fronts.

The writers of Port Arthur and Fort William have forwarded through the Dominion Treasurer, a grant of money for the Benefit Fund of English newspaper women, who are out of work owing to the war.

Miss Georgina Binnie-Clark, author of "Wheat and Woman," who is now visiting in England, has just published a little book called "Tippy," the proceeds of which are to be used for the relief of wounded war-horses.

McClung was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the local club in that city.

"In Times Like These," by Mrs. Nellie McClung, bids fair to have a record sale. The book was issued this month by McLeod and Allan, of Toronto, and is bristling with humor, and bright epigrams. Above all else, it is eminently sane.

At one of its weekly teas in November, the Toronto branch listened with much interest to Mrs. Strathy, who came to tell of her work in connection with a reading room and library in the Home for Convalescent soldiers.

Mrs. George Slipper, a pioneer press woman of Fort William, has been appointed editor of the "Ontario Eastern Star," a magazine published monthly under the authority of the Grand Chapter of the Masonic Fraternity of Ontario.

Mrs. Frances Fenwick Williams is working on the dramatization of her new book, "A Soul on Fire." Negotiations for the production of which are pending with Mr. George Driscoll of His Majesty's Players.

News has just reached Toronto that Miss Margaret Bell Saunders, one of the members of the Women's Press Club of that city, while helping to care for a number of homeless children in Belgium, has been wounded by a shell dropped from a zeppelin. Miss Saunders left Canada just before war was declared, and for some time has been engaged in this work of caring for homeless Belgian children at Furnes.

Mrs. Nellie L. McClung and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Percy Anderson, of Winnipeg, were the guests of the Montreal Branch C.W.P.C., at a luncheon held at the Themis Club on Monday, Oct. 25th. Mrs. Frances Fenwick Williams, president, presided, and others present included Mrs. C. J. Alloway, author of "Under Crossed Swords," Miss Alice Mitchell, Mrs. F. D. Nutter, Mrs. E. S. Bates, Miss Mary Kingdom, Mrs. E. J. Archibald, Miss Cook and Miss Margaret Meldrum.

The Annexation Society

(Continued from page 14.)

ing met her at your sister-in-law's shop, where I went to buy a hat for my sister."

"Yet monsieur takes her out, privately, to dinner," said Monsieur Charles, elevating his eyebrows. "Eh, well, the English are, of course, different."

"Quite different," answered Jimmie, in English. "Utterly! The English do just what they please. Shall we proceed to discover the miscreant who muddled the matter of the goose, monsieur?"

Monsieur Charles hailed this proposal with delight, and they returned to the station. There they passed in review a regiment of porters of all sorts and sizes. Jimmie professed his inability to recognize any of them. In the end, feeling convinced that he had thrown Monsieur Charles off the track, he remarked drily that he did not know if the man they wanted was dark or fair, tall or short, fat or thin, and that he was afraid they would never find him. Monsieur Charles turned on him with eyes of reproach. "But, monsieur, my goose!" he exclaimed.

Jimmie spread out his hands and shrugged his shoulders.

"There it is, monsieur!" he said. "I have done my best. Amidst all these men, amidst all this confusion, what more can I do? The hamper has evidently gone astray, it has probably got mixed up with other affairs. Possibly by this hour it has arrived at Cannes, or Biarritz, or is in Switzerland or Italy. It would, I am sure, Monsieur Charles, be far better if you would permit me, as it was through me it was lost, to replace its contents."

MONSIEUR CHARLES drew himself up, removed his hat, and bowed stiffly.

"Monsieur!" he said. "I thank you and decline your offer. I also offer my apologies for occupying your valuable time. Monsieur will now permit me to continue my investigations in my own way—alone."

"Just so," replied Jimmie, phlegmatically. "Good-day, then."

He went away and got into a cab and drove back to the Rue de la Paix, and was fortunate enough to find Eva Walsden alone. She looked an inquiry as he entered the shop. Jimmie shook his head.

"Not a trace of it!" he said. "Bless me!—does it so much matter? A mere—goose! Ridiculous!"

"But he is so angry," she replied. "He is furious! And madame, in London, she will be very, very angry. I dread returning to her."

"Talking about that," observed Jimmie, "when do you return?"

"To-morrow morning," she answered. "The day-mail."

"Then to-night," said Jimmie, "you will dine with me again? And we will go to one of the theatres afterwards."

The pretty hat-maker looked thoughtfully at some ribbons and laces which she held in her hand.

"I should like to," she said, demurely, "but—"

"No buts," commanded Jimmie. "Same place, you know, in the Rue Royale. Half-past six o'clock. Now I must go—piles to do."

"Your sister's hat?" she said.

"Ah!—I'll tell you what we'll do about that," said Jimmie. "You get the hang of the right thing, don't you know, and the stuff, and all that, and all the rest of it, and then you can make it in London. I've wasted so much time on that old ass and his goose that I'm pressed now, and I shall have to run. Half-past six, mind!"

But when Jimmie got out of the shop he fell into a very leisurely walk. He had but one business—to get rid of the goose now lying in his wardrobe at the hotel. How was that to be done? He could not leave a dead goose in his room; he could not give it to a chamberlain as he might have given a coat or a pair of boots. He must do something with it, that was certain. But what?

"The devil!" he muttered as he strolled along. "Now, what would ex-

actly happen if Charles found out that that hamper had really come into my possession? Of course, he'd realize it at once that I'd found the things. All I can see just now is that it might be jolly bad for the girl if he found it out. It might also be bad for me. This is a worse mess than I thought."

In order to solve the problem thus presented, Jimmie turned into a cafe, sat down in a quiet corner and considered matters with the help of a drink and a cigar. He had long since come to the conclusion that Monsieur Charles, whoever he might be, was not a person to be trifled with. For that reason he had hoped that he would accept the theory that the wickerwork hamper had really been lost. He knew very well that Monsieur Charles dared not advertise for it, that it was most improbable that he would take more than the simplest steps to recover it. What Jimmie dreaded was that Charles should discover that it was in his possession—that indeed would lead to complications in which Eva Walsden, innocent enough of these goings-on, would inevitably be involved. Therefore, the plain thing to do was to get rid of both valuables and hamper, and goose, as quickly as possible.

Arrived at this determination, Jimmie set forth again, intent on carrying it out. He called in at a stationer's shop, purchased several sheets of stout wrapping paper, a few sticks of sealing wax, a quantity of twine and two heavy glass paper weights. With these things he returned to the hotel. Locking himself into his room he went systematically to work. He made the Tsar's cross, the Book of Hours, and the gold chain into one parcel; he replaced the goose in its hamper, and made the hamper into another. He corded and sealed both parcels: the one containing the stolen goods he addressed to himself at the Carlton Hotel in London. And then, leaving the larger one on his table, he carried the smaller to the nearest post-office, and sent it off by registered post. It was with a sigh of relief that he saw the clerk who received it place it indifferently aside amongst similar packets.

Now for the hamper and its ridiculous contents. Jimmie had already made up his mind what he would do with respect to that problem. He had enclosed the heavy paper weights in the hamper. As soon as dark fell he would sally forth to the quays which run along side the Seine, choose a quiet spot, and drop the parcel into the river, in whose limpid flood he devoutly hoped it would sink for ever. It could be done; it must be done. Meanwhile he went for a stroll around the heart of Paris.

It was five o'clock, and dusk was approaching when Jimmie returned to the hotel. He mounted to his room, and turned on the electric light. And as its brightness flashed about him he realized, in one comprehensive glance, that the second parcel had disappeared.

CHAPTER XII.

The Telephone Bell.

JIMMIE sat down on the side of the bed and stared fixedly at the table on which he had left the parcelled hamper. For a moment he had wild notions that his eyes were deceiving him, or that his memory had gone wrong. It seemed inconceivable that the hamper could have disappeared during the two hours in which he had been absent. Here he was in one of the best hotels in Paris; the floor on which the room was situated was much frequented at all hours; he had carefully locked the door when he went out, and it was the only door which admitted to the room; further, it was impossible for anyone to gain entrance by the windows. Yet, the parcel was gone.

In order to make assurance doubly sure, Jimmie rose and searched the room thoroughly. He knew very well that it was an unnecessary task, but he wanted to prove to himself that he

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had not moved the parcel in an absent-minded moment just before going out. He looked everywhere, under the bed, in the wardrobe, in his own suit-case, in the drawers, big and little. He drew blank every time. After that he put his hands in his pockets, whistled softly, and proceeded to think.

Most people, placed in this predicament, would have rushed to the bell, summoned the manager and initiated a movement of inquiry. But such a notion never entered Jimmie's mind. He knew things about this affair which he was not going to communicate to any hotel manager on earth. He wanted anything rather than inquiry, commotion, bother—the proper course was one of secrecy and quiet procedure. But, on what lines? It was very evident to him that Monsieur Charles was already at work. Jimmie's active brain had already conceived how the theft of the parcel had probably taken place. To begin with, Charles had most likely had him watched from the moment they parted at the Gare du Nord. There need have been no difficulty about that. Jimmie had noticed that at the cafe to which the Frenchman had taken him for dejeuner Charles was well known, and had exchanged greetings with several men. Secondly, it was evident that somebody who knew definitely what he wanted had entered Jimmie's room and purloined the parcel. That could have been done by either of two means—Charles might have some agent amongst the hotel servants to whom he had wired immediate instructions, or he might have commissioned some person in his employ to take a room at the hotel in close proximity to Jimmie's, to watch Jimmie out and to enter in his absence. All these things were within the bounds of reasonable probability—the sure and certain part was that the parcel was gone. By that time Monsieur Charles, agent and receiver of the thieves in London, would know that the booty sent over to him under cover of the innocent present had been intercepted and abstracted by him, Jimmie Trickett. And now, what would Monsieur Charles do?

It was characteristic of the Trickett temperament that Jimmie quickly made up his mind as to what he himself was going to do. He had already recognized that he was not dealing with any ordinary gang of thieves. In all probability there was over there in London a highly-equipped, clever, resourceful organization; it was only reasonable to suppose that there was just as highly organized a combination of ingenuity on this side of the water. That combination doubtless knew by this time that he, Jimmie, had foiled it in this particular case. Therefore, it would keep a sharp eye on him. And—there was Eva Walsden to consider.

JIMMIE quickly made himself ready for going out. Once more he locked his door; once more he walked away from the hotel. It was fortunate, he reflected as he did so, that he had comfortable knowledge of Paris. That knowledge enabled him to go straight to the headquarters of the police. Within a few minutes he was closeted with a high personage of the detective department. To him Jimmie, in his most business-like fashion, told the entire story, as he knew it, from the disappearance of the Tsar's Cross at Scraye to his discovery of it in the wickerwork hamper. The high personage, already sworn to secrecy, heard this marvelous narrative with a deep interest and enjoyment which he made no attempt to conceal. Indeed, he rubbed his hands over it, foreseeing many things. "And at present, monsieur?" he asked when Jimmie had made an end. "At present?"

"At present, monsieur, absolute secrecy on this side until you hear from me in London, where I return to-morrow morning," replied Jimmie. "But to-night—your assistance."

"Of what nature, then?" asked the official.

"This. I want one of your very best men—the best, the trustiest, the most resourceful man at your disposal, to keep in touch with me from this even-

ing and through the night until I leave the Gare du Nord to-morrow morning. I will pay handsomely for his services—now. There need be no trouble about expenses—I am a rich man. I may not need any special service—again, I may. But I want him to be at hand if I need him. You have such a man?"

The high personage smiled, and picking up a tube spoke a few words into its mouthpiece. Almost immediately the door opened and a well-dressed gentleman, spectacled and bearded, who might have passed for a highly respectable merchant or lawyer or doctor, entered the room.

"Monsieur Schmidt," murmured the high official with a glance at Jimmie. "At your immediate disposal, monsieur."

Jimmie saluted Monsieur Schmidt, and turned to the chief.

"You will perhaps explain briefly to Monsieur Schmidt how the matter lies when I am gone?" he said. "I am a little pressed for time. But I will explain now to Monsieur Schmidt exactly what I want to-night. It is this," he continued, turning to the detective. "This evening, Monsieur, at half-past six, I dine with a lady at the cafe at the bottom of the Rue Royale—you know it?—yes? I wish you to be there, to follow us in, or to be there when we arrive—that, perhaps, would be better—to dine there yourself, to follow me when we leave. We shall go to some theatre—you will follow us there. When we leave that I shall escort the lady to an address in the Rue de la Paix—the bonnet-shop of Valerie et Cie. You will see me leave her there. After that I wish you to spend the night at my hotel—the Grand. I am now going to telephone to the hotel to order a room for you—a friend of mine, you understand?—close to my own. We shall meet, then, at midnight, at your room there. All you have to do is to ask for the room ordered for you by Mr. Trickett. Is it all plain?"

"Perfectly, monsieur," murmured the detective. "I comprehend matters precisely. I shall have my suit-case forwarded to the hotel during the evening to be in readiness on my arrival."

"That's all right," said Jimmie. He drew out his pocket-book, handed certain banknotes to the high personage, exchanged a few words with him as to secrecy and future developments, and went away. At the next telephone call-box he rang up the hotel, and secured a room for his friend—the next room to his own. And that done, he strolled off to the Rue Royale to await the appearance of Eva Walsden.

"Lay fifty pounds to fifty farthings that I'm being followed," mused Jimmie as he lounged carelessly beneath the lamps. "I only hope that the chief there was right when he said that Schmidt was absolutely unknown to the criminal aristocracy of Paris. If he is so, it helps matters."

AS Jimmie waited for his lady guest at the door of the restaurant, Schmidt, still the highly-respectable, top-hatted, gloved and umbrella'd citizen, intent on nothing but dinner and the relaxation of the evening, came along the street. He glanced at Jimmie, showed no more recognition of him than of the nearest lamp-post, and walked ahead into the brilliantly-lighted interior. Five minutes, later, Jimmie, entering with Eva, caught sight of him leisurely sipping an aperitif. And for some reason for which he could not account, he felt relieved to know that he and his companion were under expert surveillance.

Jimmie, as he came to keep his appointment, had debated the question of telling Eva Walsden of the events of the day. He had an uneasy feeling that she might be in some danger, the exact nature of which he could not prophecy. And yet, if he told her everything, she might form an entirely wrong impression of himself. She might, for instance, knowing as little of him as she did, get the idea that he had been exploiting her for his own interest in tracking down Charles and the gang behind him. In any case, she would be seriously alarmed. He decided that the best thing to do was to follow his usual policy of letting matters take their course; he, at any

rate, would take care that she returned to London in safety. After that—

"You have seen no more of Monsieur Charles?" he asked as they settled down to dinner. "He hasn't been in again?"

"I have seen no more of Monsieur Charles," she answered. "But—I have heard from Madame in London."

She made a little grimace of amused annoyance as Jimmie turned and stared at her.

"From Madame Charles!" he exclaimed. "What—since I saw you? How?"

"By telephone—this afternoon. I suppose Monsieur Charles has been telephoning to her. She is—furious."

"Furious? What—about the hamper?"

"About the hamper. She—abused me—frantically. She blamed me entirely. And she said I must at once do all I could to find the hamper—leave all business and set to work at once."

"What time was this?" asked Jimmie, after a moment's silent consideration.

"Time? Oh, about half-past one. Of course, I could do nothing. I don't understand why there is so much fuss about that ridiculous goose. Still—I shall have a very unpleasant quarter of an hour with Madame when I return."

"You had better allow me to see her," remarked Jimmie. "I'll take all the blame. And perhaps I can bring her to see reason."

He felt as he spoke that it was all very well saying this; but, after all, it was mere talk. He knew now that Monsieur Charles must have telephoned to London as soon as he, Jimmie, had left him; that showed the anxiety he felt about the missing valuables. Well, Jimmie knew of later things than this. Unconsciously, he glanced across at Monsieur Schmidt. That gentleman, apparently very much at his ease, was eating his dinner with all the enjoyment of your true Parisian—for all the sign that he showed of it there might have been no crime in the world. His calm face gave Jimmie courage.

"Eh bien!" he said suddenly. "Hang Madame and Monsieur and their old goose. Let's enjoy ourselves."

He gave himself up to entertaining his companion, pressed all the dainties of the season upon her, showed her every attention, finally drove her off to a theatre and did all in his power to give her a pleasant evening. And always he was conscious of the presence of Monsieur Schmidt. He was on evidence at the theatre; Jimmie felt that he was at hand when he left Eva at the house in the Rue de la Paix. And, when, half an hour later, Jimmie knocked at the door of the bedroom next to his own, the detective opened it with a smile and a bow.

"There you are!" said Jimmie, cordially. "Come into my room and have a drink—I've got the materials there. I—hullo!"

Inside Jimmie's room, the door of which he had left open, the telephone bell began ringing. Jimmie turned and ran back to seize the receiver.

"Hullo—hullo!" he exclaimed.

"Who's that?"

The next instant he turned a frightened face to the detective.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "This is Miss Walsden calling me!"

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER OPTIMIST.

AMONG the passengers on a train on a one-track road in the Middle West was a talkative jewelry drummer. Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. An express came along and, before it could be stopped, bumped the rear end of the first train. The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched head first into the seat ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his ears. He picked himself up and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. He drew a long breath, straightened up, and said: "Well, they didn't get by us, anyway."

Conceits of the Moment

This, That and the other Smart Thing that Women Will Wear

THE TRAIN—NOT LOST TO SIGHT

THE shortness of skirts now in vogue, not only for day costumes but also for evening dress, has not precluded the wearing of trains. They are being worn just as effectively with the abbreviated frock as they were with the trailing gown that marked the yester-year. There is necessarily, however, a difference in their treatment.

Cut as slender panels of the gown material, they often hang entirely separate from it. Attached to the waist at the back or falling from the shoulders like a court train, they detach themselves gracefully from the short evening frocks, to which they are now a novel addition.



A simple evening cloak of black satin made with a full skirt and loose blouse. A wide belt of silk braid combined with inserts of gold lace is a feature. A big collar of ermine gives a rich touch.

There are two distinct styles of evening gowns with these trains. Both are extremely short—they are not long enough even to cover slender ankles. In one of the styles the short skirt is shaped so that it flares in bell-like contour; in the other the gown clings to the figure in the lovely, long line draperies of a Tanagra statuette, revealing every curve.

Thus the debutante of 1916 may combine the dignity lent by a train with the coquetry of the short frock, and find the balance struck an altogether charming one.

LACE EVEN HERE

ONE of the prettiest fads which the short skirt style has brought in is the evening stocking with a lace inset. One thinks of lace decorated stockings generally as the old fashioned kind with the conventional oblong lace inset over the instep from the toes to above the ankle. The latest style is quite different. Black lace motifs of attractive shapes are inset in the stocking so that

a flight of black lace butterflies or swallows, a flower cluster, or odd geometric motifs are inset with the same artistic care that one would pose an ornament on a hat.

One of the prettiest pairs of stockings seen was of black silk with a diagonal inset of vine leaves of lace, with the tendrils of embroidery.

To make these inset stockings the lace motifs are pinned on the stocking while on the foot. Then the lace is basted to the stocking and is sewn on with an over and over embroidered stitch along the lace edge done with silk sewing twist. The part under the inset is then cut away.

A SIMPLE METHOD

TO clean kid gloves when slightly soiled.—Take a teaspoonful of powdered French chalk. Put the gloves on the hands and the chalk into the palm of one glove and rub the hands and fingers together as if washing your hands. Take off the gloves without shaking them and lay them aside for a night. Put them on and clap the hands or wipe the gloves with a clean cloth. Fuller's earth will do nearly as well.

DAME FASHION'S DECREE

THE high coiffure is included in the season's silhouette. While the French twist has not altogether disappeared and is still found by many to be the most becoming arrangement of the hair, it is rapidly being replaced by the "psyche knot," or soft cluster of curls placed high upon the head. The outline thus gained is very graceful and adds both youth and height to the wearer.

Skating, it would seem, is likely to become a revived art this winter. In anticipation the shops are showing a great variety of attractive sport costumes. One comes in velveteen, the skirt and cap of wide stripes on a background of contrasting colour, while the coat, of a length half way between hip and knee, matches either the stripe or the background. Fur trimming on collar and cuffs adds to the attractiveness of this smart costume.

The fur coat is always capable of filling a variety of purposes. Hudson Seal with skunk banding makes an excellent combination. Such a coat serves for both day and evening wear and is practical as well as vastly becoming.

"Joffre blue" is one of the season's soft and becoming shades. This apparently is a contradictory term, as General Joffre, we understand, is of a decidedly optimistic temperament.

Floor cushions are milady's latest whim. Square, oblong, round—they may be any shape to match the character of the room, so long as they serve as an effective rest for dainty feet.

To be quite smart, one must wear something that no one else is wearing. The only real novelty in shirtwaists is one of georgette crepe, buttoned in the back. It is quite different—therefore it is to be considered.

The unfolded Christmas card, delicately coloured, for personal use, is the season's choice.

Quite the most luxurious boudoir pillow shown among the new designs, is of dark soft sealskin, bordered with lace and decorated with silver flowers.

REMEMBER THIS

Few women know how to sew dress snaps on so they will stand the strain of being pulled apart with a certain amount of force, as they must be to separate them. If, instead of sewing through the holes over and over, a buttonhole stitch is used the snap will stay firmly placed and much less thread be used.

ANGELIC WOMAN

"I don't like my new gown very well," said the young lady in Bond Street. "The material is awfully pretty, and the style is all right, but it needs something to improve the shape of it."

"Why," suggested her dearest friend, "don't you let some other girl wear it?"

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Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

Tales for Children from Many Lands

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From the publishing house of J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.,—designers of more than one famous library—comes another Series of Classics just in time for the Christmas season. “Tales for Children From Many Lands” is the title of the new series which, by its pleasing appearance, is intended to captivate the fancy of more than the “Kiddies,” for to see, to touch and handle these exquisite books is to enter once more into the alluring regions of mediaeval legend, of fairy tale, fable, and of rich romance. But first and last the series is for the children. And happy the child who first becomes acquainted through these tasteful volumes with King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, with the redoubtable Gulliver, with the Romance of Bayard and the fables of Æsop and LaFontaine, with Robin Hood and his merry men, with the fairies of Britain, Spain and the Continent, and with the incomparable tales of “The Ugly Duckling” and “The Stork” and others with which the genius of Hans Andersen has enriched the English tongue. For mere form, nothing has been left undone to make the child’s introduction to imaginative literature what it ought to be—a ministry of pure delight.

The Format

From the accompanying illustrations some idea may be gathered of the exquisite and convincing format which the publishers with their unerring taste have chosen. With the same judgment which formulated the famous Everyman’s Library for the general reader they have made the “Children’s Tales” in appearance the inevitable “last word.” The form chosen is what is called Square Crown Octavo, which is 5 x 7 inches. The paper is of heavy texture, with faint India tint and the dull surface so restful to the eyes. The binding is in two styles, full Cloth with luxurious gold design and coloured vignette, and an even richer library style of One-quarter Morocco, which also has a design in gold. In order that the reading of the volumes should create and convey the critical pleasure which clings around character and design, a specially clear font of type has been cast for the text. It is most artistic and beautiful in character and imposes the least possible strain upon the eyes.

The Illustrations

Each book of the sixteen comprising this Children’s Library has been supplied with numerous decorative head and tail

pieces as well as cleverly executed line drawings illustrative of the text. All these emphasize the humorous and grotesque note to the rich and mellow text of these child’s classics, and add a distinction that is sufficient to the ordinary booklover. But with the thought of Children (and who is not a child when it comes to colour), the publishers have gone a step farther, and each volume of the set is supplied with eight full-page drawings in colour, similar to that which appears in this advertisement. The artists who have accomplished this are the well-known English artists Arthur Rackham, R. Anning Bell, Herbert Cole, Dora Curtis and the Brothers Robinson. The list of titles also appears herewith. The editor of the series is F. C. Tilney.



Specimen Illustration.

THE TITLES

1. King Arthur and His Round Table.
2. Robin Hood.
3. Fables of La Fontaine.
4. Æsop’s Fables.
5. English Fairy Tales.
6. Andersen’s Fairy Tales.
7. Perrault’s Fairy Tales.
8. Gulliver’s Travels.
9. Fairy Stories from Spain.
10. The Story of Bayard.
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