

VOL. XX. No. 25

November 18

1916



THE COURIER PRESS,
LIMITED
TORONTO

THE CANADIAN
COURIER

MUSK-OX, ELEPHANT AND MOLE

Cartoon by Hans Johnston



A MAN OF MANY ANGLES

By Laura Durand



WE NEED MORE FARMERS

By Sydney Hood



THE CHIMES AT KIPIGAMI

By Idwal Jones



SIDNEY CORYN'S WAR SUMMARY





RE-DISCOVER THE ROCKIES

The Transcontinental Line of the Canadian Northern Railway traverses a section of the Canadian Rockies of exceptional grandeur, possessing characteristics absolutely distinct from those of older and more Southerly Routes.

Those who are travelling to Vancouver, whether on Business or for Pleasure, will find themselves well repaid for their patronage of our Line by the opportunity of traversing a new section of Canada, and of recovering that thrill aroused by their first glimpse of towering snow-capped peaks and rugged canyons.

For literature and information, apply to General Passenger Dept., 68 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.; 226 St. James St., Montreal, Que.; or Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

Travel Canadian Northern All the Way

Meet me at the
Tuller

For Value, Service,
Home Comforts



New HOTEL TULLER Detroit, Michigan

Centre of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Ave.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

200 Rooms, Private Bath, \$1.50	Single, \$2.50	Up Double
200 " " " 2.00	" " " 3.00	" " "
100 " " " 2.50	" " " 4.00	" " "
100 " " " 3.00 to 5.00	" " " 4.50	" " "

Total 600 Outside Rooms

All Absolutely Quiet

Two Floors—Agents
Sample Rooms

New Unique Cafes and
Cabaret Excellent

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL

SHERBROOKE ST., WEST, MONTREAL

TARIFF

Single Room and Bath from \$3.00 up.

Double Room and Bath from \$5.00 up.

Table D'Hote and a la carte Meals at Moderate Prices.

CANADA'S FINEST HOTEL

FRANK S. QUICK, Manager.

1st ANNOUNCEMENT

Canadians Who Travel

are invited to send for our new illustrated booklet descriptive of scenes on the trip from Halifax to Demerara via ships of the "Royal Mail." This little booklet tells what there is to see and do at Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad and Demerara. It also gives a list of the Hotels and Hotel charges at the various Islands.

Copies can be obtained from the following ticket agencies:

Melville-Davis Co., Ltd., 24 Toronto Street.
Thos. Cook & Son, Traders Bank Building, 65 Yonge Street.
A. F. Webster & Son, 53 Yonge Street.
S. J. Sharp & Co., 79 Yonge Street.
Hoseason Tourist Agency, 746 Yonge Street.
W. J. Hamilton, Traders Bank Building.
L. W. Clemens, 79 Yonge Street.
E. Tiffin, Gen'l. West. Agent, C.G. Rlys., 51 King St. East.
W. B. Howard, D.P.A., C.P.R., King and Yonge Sts.
T. Mullins, C.P.A., C.P.R., King Street East.
C. E. Horning, D.T.A., G.T.R., Union Station.
W. J. Moffatt, C.P. & T.A., G.T.R., Corner King and Yonge Sts.



THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
57-59 Granville Street, HALIFAX, N. S.

BIG GAME IN CANADA

The Finest Hunting
Grounds in America

ARE CONVENIENTLY REACHED VIA
CANADIAN PACIFIC

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents or
W. FULTON, Asst. District Passenger Agent, Toronto
W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto

Just what *experience* can do is shown by

WHITE LABEL ALE

THE production of White Label Ale, through every stage—from the raw barley to the careful bottling of our own bottlers—has been developed into an exact science.

And it is only necessary to compare it with ordinary ale to realize the real deliciousness of White Label Ale—the tastiest and cleanest of them all.

Prove our claim by comparison.

ORDER AT THE DEALERS AND HOTELS

Brewed and bottled only by

Dominion Brewery Co., Limited, Toronto



The Beginner's Garden Book

ALLEN FRENCH

For its practical completeness in gardening, The Beginner's Garden Book claims the attention of children and parents, pupils and teachers.

The book makes its main appeal to the natural love of seeing things grow. Its lessons are, however, continuous, holding interest in the work from season to season. The treatment is simple, sensible and free from technicalities.

Anyone who spends a garden year with this book will have a sound knowledge of garden processes and a lasting pleasure in gardening work.

With The Beginner's Garden Book the teacher may carry on using inexpensive school equipment a very good course in Agriculture.

The first section of the book begins with the study of living plants and their flowers:

THE AUTUMN.

Describes the picking and sowing of fruit; gives directions for the fight against frost; directs the preparation of the garden for the winter; tells how to pot bulbs and house plants.

THE WINTER.

The winter work consists in: Suggestions on garden notes and accounts; a study of seeds, their testing, and their sprouting; the growth of plants; the agencies of soil and water; simple plant chemistry; classification of plants.

For these activities there are carefully explained practical classroom experiments.

THE SPRING.

The spring work consists in: The starting of plants indoors; the transplanting and the potting; the starting and management of hot-beds and cold-frames.

For the summer there is a complete and detailed treatment of the garden:

THE SUMMER GARDEN SEASON.

Choosing the site; the study of what plants, annuals and perennials, bulbs, tubers, shrubs, roses, vines and fruit can best be grown in the home and garden; selecting the tools and preparing the soil; planting and transplanting; the fighting of enemies; general garden management.

A chapter on the lawn completes the cycle of the garden year, and brings the student to the starting point of the book.

University Book Co.

181 SIMCOE ST., TORONTO

THE CANADIAN COURIER

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

You will have noticed that with the issue of Oct. 7 the price has been reduced from 10 cents to 5 cents per copy.

EXTENSIONS

In keeping with this we are extending all subscriptions, so that the subscriber will receive extra copies sufficient to make up for the reduction in price.

CANADIAN COURIER

TORONTO

ONTARIO

EDITOR'S TALK

NEXT WEEK'S cover will be a portrait by E. Wyly Grier of a well-known military citizen of Nova Scotia. You will remember that our cover last week was a portrait of the Premier of British Columbia. We admit this is going to extremes. But it's part of the national game of making ends meet. In the same issue will be an illustrated article on the economies of wheat, somewhat as reflected in the Canadian consumer's flour barrel and bread tickets.

Our Decennial Number the following week will be a prelude to a live Christmas number on the 9th of December. The Christmas number will contain a number of features which we consider of particular interest to Canadians at this season of the year. Christmas sentiments do not change. But the way we work Christmas out in practical living in 1916 will be different from what it used to be a few years ago. It may even differ from last year. Whatever it may be, the Canadian Courier intends to express it in a way to leave no reader in doubt that what is absolutely best about Christmas can never be altered by any world war, and that what is useless or foolish we can afford to dispense with—the sooner the better.

Since the recent election in the United States the question has again come up without being exactly raised by anybody—Are we independent of the United States? If not, why not? If so, how are we going to prove it? An article in our December 2nd issue by A. B. MacMechan, of Dalhousie University, points out some of the symptoms of our Americanization in Canada. Written by a professor you might expect it to be dull. But it is just about everything else. In fact, it's one of the breeziest, "punchiest" articles ever published in this country. When you get a Nova Scotia man roused he shows fine form. We shall shortly have some more pungent copy from that part of the country.

1916 New, Revised and Enlarged Edition, Showing all Recent Improvements

Modern Gasoline Automobile

Its Construction, Operation, Maintenance and Repair.

By VICTOR W. PAGE, M.E.
600 Illustrations—Over 850 (5 1/2 x 8) Pages—Twelve Folding Plates.

Price \$2.50 net

A COMPLETE AUTOMOBILE BOOK, SHOWING EVERY RECENT IMPROVEMENT.

Motorists, students, salesmen, demonstrators, repairmen, chauffeurs, garage owners, and even designers or engineers need this work because it is complete, authoritative and thoroughly up-to-date. Other works dealing with automobile construction published in the past, make no reference to modern improvements because of their recent development. All are fully discussed and illustrated in

THE most complete treatise on the Gasoline Automobile ever issued. Written in simple language by a recognized authority, familiar with every branch of the automobile industry. Free from technical terms. Everything is explained so simply that anyone of ordinary intelligence may gain a comprehensive knowledge of the gasoline automobile. The information is up-to-date and includes, in addition to an exposition of principles of construction and description of all types of automobiles and their components, valuable money-saving hints on the care and operation of motor cars propelled by internal combustion engines.

TO THE 1916 REVISED EDITION

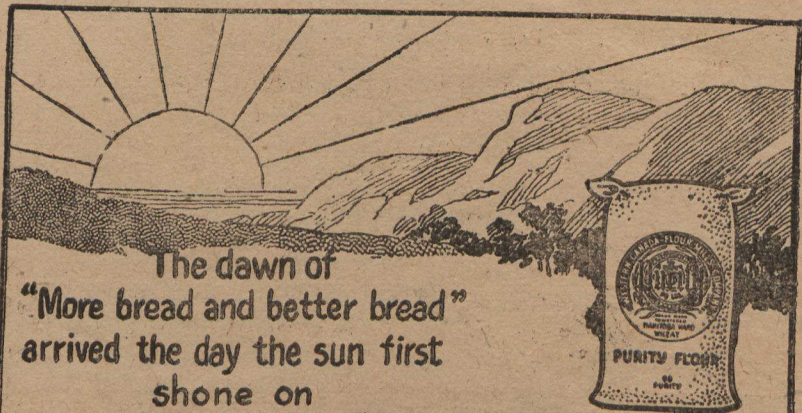
The subject of electrical motor starting systems has been considered at length and all leading systems and their components described. A discussion on ball and roller bearing, their maintenance and installation, has also been included, and a number of other features of timely interest such as latest types of gasoline and kerosene carburetors, cyclocar power plants, the Fischer slide valve motor, detachable wire wheels, cantilever springs, eight and twelve cylinder motors, new valve operating systems, Stewart-Warner vacuum fuel feed, Boat type body design, leather universal joints, Entz electric transmission, positive differentials, armored automobile, hydraulic brakes, etc., etc.

Entirely new material has been added on tractors in three and four wheel forms, cyclecars and agricultural tractors or automobile plows; combination gasoline-electric drive, front-wheel and four-wheel drive and steer systems and other important developments in power propelled vehicles. The discussion of power transmission methods has been augmented by consideration of the skew bevel gear and two-speed direct drive rear axle, as well as several new forms of worm gear drive, etc., etc., have been added to bring the work thoroughly up-to-date.

Copies of this book sent prepaid to any address on receipt of price.

FARM PRESS

181 SIMCOE ST., TORONTO



The dawn of
"More bread and better bread"
arrived the day the sun first
shone on

PURITY FLOUR

MORE BREAD and BETTER BREAD

10 years of better home-made bread.



Many people are sending their Couriers to the boys at the front. The Courier is a good "letter from home." Send more Couriers and still more.



EATON'S

CATALOGUE MAKES
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING
PLEASURABLE,
EASY AND ECONOMICAL

**THE
EATON
GUARANTEE**

*"Goods satisfactory
or money refunded
including
shipping charges."*

"ORDER EARLY" are two words worth repeating many times when used in reference to the buying of Yuletide gifts. To most of us the importance of this advice is quite apparent, and the purpose of this announcement is but to remind YOU that the best time to do your choosing is NOW. The great shopping medium for you is, of course, **EATON'S** Catalogue, with its multitude of Christmas Gifts, and if you will but "stroll" through your copy of this Catalogue you will be more than interested—you'll buy and, in the buying, save while you spend!

**WE PAY THE
SHIPPING CHARGES
ON \$10.00 ORDERS
OR OVER**

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA

THE COURIER

Vol. XX.

November 18th, 1916

No. 25

THE CHIMES AT KIPIGAMI

BY IDWAL JONES

THE momentary lull at which we had taken heart was broken by a burst of thunder that rolled overhead like a rattle of musketry. Another pounding roar up above, and the rain came clattering down like bayonets, and it set in again for another interminable drizzle.

"We may as well make an evening of it," said Sanders to me, resignedly.

I had run up to Kipigami to spend the day with Sanders, partly on business connected with the Little Calumet, and partly on pleasure. On the way home from the mine we had run into a slushing Temiskaming downpour, and here we were still at Malachi's tavern, lounging about and waiting as patiently as we might for a let-up.

A rather animated discussion was beginning to crop up among some of the Little Calumet crew marooned along with us. I turned an indolent ear to it presently. The proprietor, an excessively fat man; Gentilly, the mine foreman, and one or two others were arguing with much earnestness on bells. How conversation took the turn to this subject, I am still unable to conjecture. It was dangerously near supper-time, however, and it may have been that the idea of dinner bell was uppermost in the general mind.

Certain it was that the common fund of information regarding bells was decidedly meagre, so, having myself a profound inexperience with bells, I took an active part in the debate. In respect to the largest specimens of these interesting objects, their whereabouts, probable cost, and what not, the most fanciful statements were put forth and sustained with a great deal of unnecessary warmth. When Sanders came by—he was leisurely pacing the length of the porch, smoking, and with his thumbs hooked in his belt—I halted him.

"You ought to know, Sanders—look here, what's the biggest bell?"

He raised his eyebrows. "The biggest?—h'm. It's in Moscow, I think. I read something about it somewhere. Weighs a hundred and eighty tons, but there's a piece out of it, and I believe they now use it as a sort of chapel."

Malachi was loudly sceptical, and shook his head firmly. "Nobody would make them that size. And besides, if it ain't ringing it don't count in the discussion. Now, some years ago, when I was down in Ottawa—"

"The second largest," Sanders interposed, "is in Moscow also. Weighs about thirty tons less, and goes all night—for all I know to the contrary."

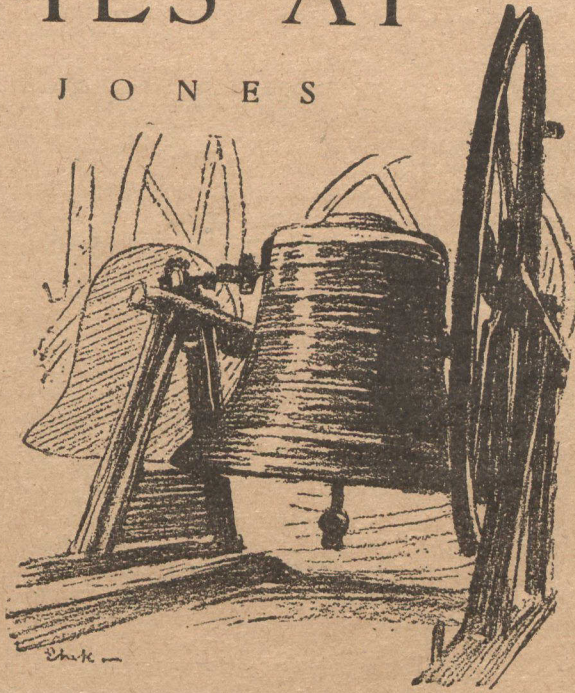
"I don't say, mind you, that I approve of such sizes myself. They must have cost a tremendous pile of kopecks, and the money would have been more wisely spent in some other direction, or in churches without any bell at all."

THE sentiment met with much murmuring commendation. Some even declared profanely that there was no more useless appendage to an edifice of the sort than a bell.

"After all," said Gentilly, settling back in his chair and nursing a clasped knee, "there's bells and bells."

"When I was a petit garçon, back home in Quebec, some rich old chap—a notary, I think—gave a chime of bells to our church. Did a thorough job of it: had a belfry built to house them in, and then had gardeners train ivy over it, so as to make it look like they had always been there. My grandfather used to ring them. Never got a penny for the ringing; wouldn't have taken anything if it had been offered him, except a glass or two of ale after an occasion, perhaps. Did it seulement pour l'amour de l'art, he used to say. The ringing, not the drinking."

"It was a treat I never tired of, to watch the old boy touch off the chimes. He worked the ropes in his old silk hat and swallow-tail coat, and far more solemn over it than the cure over his sermon. Six bells there were, and what with 'single bob' and



'triple bob' and all that, he could ring over seven hundred changes on them.

"The bonhomme has been gone these many years, but I'd give a good deal to hear those chimes once again in old Ste. Clothilde de Malbaie, ringing out clear and sweet of a Sunday morning, with the swallows flying out frightened from the ivy in the belfry, like they did when I was small."

"A peal like that must cost a mint to rig up, I suppose?"

"Five or six hundred dollars, perhaps. I remember once hearing my grandfather say they were a famous make, and made by an American, Ringwood, Ringgold—some name like that—who lived in Baltimore."

"Mercy; they couldn't have cost that much," said Malachi. "Surely nowhere near so much as that. It don't stand to reason somehow—for bells."

"Cloches d'église, they were, comrade—not the kind they hang on cows."

"I know that, Gentilly. Still, a man ought to get a good one for thirty or forty dollars, and that's plenty. The women were talking about one for the new church a month or so ago, and that's what they figured on."

He paused, and in deep cogitation stroked his chin.

"I think I will write to this—what's the name, again, Ringman?—and find out. It wouldn't be much trouble, and I'd enquire in a polite way, sort of mentioning these chimes." He peered over his glasses to seek approbation. But interest had long tapered to a thin edge, and he must have beheld yawns instead, and a vast amount of wearied indifference. The skies, too, were clearing up.

"Rain's stopped," announced the foreman, getting up and reaching for his dinner pail. "What's the use to argue with a man that has no ear for music? Come along, fellows."

The assemblage broke up at once, and everybody hurried home for a belated supper. Sanders walked down with me to the post-office, as was his custom, and in the nick of time I scrambled into the stage on the point of pulling off for the station four miles distant.

Late one afternoon, perhaps two weeks after this, I set foot again at Kipigami, descending from the coach before Malachi's. I helped another passenger to alight—a tall woman dressed in black, who might have been a school-teacher, or a dressmaker, or a lady drummer—and assisted her with her satchel. The curious spectator who came lounging up, hands in pockets and with a pipe stuck in the corner of a suppressed grin, was Sanders. He looked native to the place, and the lady accosted him.

"May I enquire, sir, if this is the residence of Mr. Melville?"

"Yes, marm; it is," he answered, respectfully, bestowing the pipe in his pocket. "Shall I bring him out?"

"I should be much obliged if you would."

We all mounted the steps, and Sanders went straight in to inform Malachi of the arrival of a visitor. The proprietor shuffled out forthwith in his carpet slippers, and puffing at a cigar. Sanders followed.

"Good evening, mum," said Malachi, managing a ponderous bow. Then, describing a parabola with his cigar: "Please sit down in the chair."

"Thank you," said the lady, seating herself. "But I won't take up much of your time just now, Mr. Melville."

She drew up her travelling veil over the brim of her hat. The gloves on her thin hands were worn and showed signs of much neat and frequent repair. It was a pleasant face; not young, old-fashioned and grave, with lines in it, but not many, and wrought there more by sorrow and care than by the years. Her rather wearied hazel eyes looked out bravely from a dark sort of halo. Then, in a high, well-bred voice:

"It gave me much pleasure, Mr. Melville, to receive your letter requesting information on our chimes. It was directed to my late father, Duncan Ringgold. . . ."

SANDERS and I moved away unobtrusively; we did not care to hear the rest. He pushed open the door and we went in. We sat down to a table in a quiet corner.

"It looks like a fix for the lady," I remarked, after some time.

"Yes, or for somebody else. How do you suppose the man worded the letter?" he queried, puzzled. He snapped his fingers in a sudden access of irascibility; then gave a short laugh, as though in despite of himself. "Let's have something to drink."

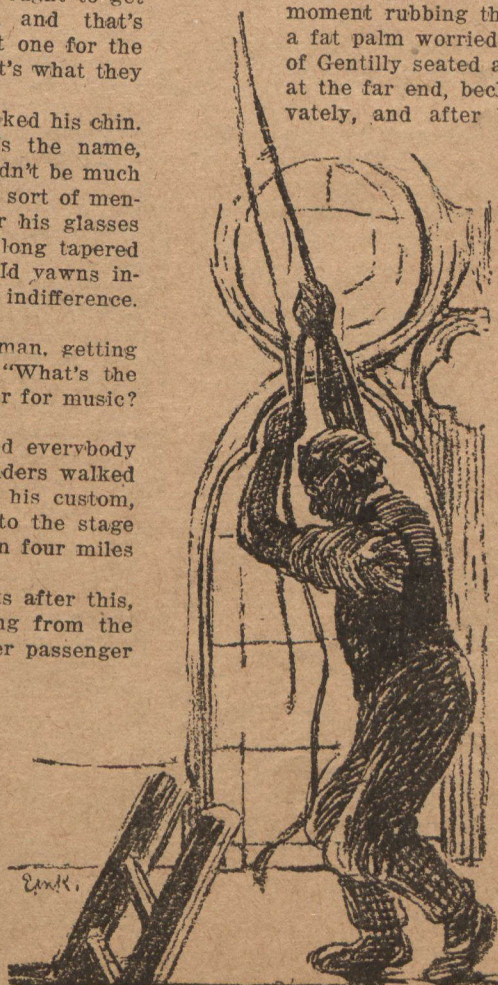
The door opened and Malachi appeared. Perturbation was writ large on his face, and he stood still a moment rubbing the top of his head with a fat palm worriedly. He caught the eye of Gentilly seated among convivial friends at the far end, beckoned him forward privately, and after having whispered into

his ear, seized him by the elbow and led him out. Gentilly's visage was dismay itself, and at the threshold he displayed such reluctance to proceed further that it was several seconds before the door swung behind the two. We did not feel exactly gay ourselves.

Sanders put down his glass smartly. "It's rather horrid. I really don't know how we—they are going to straighten things out. Did you hear her voice? Pretty nice sort, too. It didn't appear to you, did it, that she might not be very well fixed?" He pushed back his chair, then rose.

"I'll come out with you," I said, and we went out upon the porch.

Malachi upheaved



himself with more than wonted alacrity, pulled a couple of chairs into place for us, and announced our names to the lady. She bowed to us with grave courtesy.

"As I was saying, gentlemen, our house has been established in Baltimore for now half a century, and has a unique and enviable reputation to sustain for the high excellence of its products. Our foundry, however, since the death of my father ten years ago, has not turned out more than two complete sets of the chimes in which you are interested, but you may be assured that you cannot place your order in more capable hands.

MR. SANDERS, do you know that treatise on bells, Ringgold's CAMPANOLOGY? It was written by my father, and is considered one of the most authoritative works produced in any language on the subject in recent years."

"Miss Ringgold, I am not, I am sorry to say," said Sanders, regretfully, drawing his hand across his forehead. "The work must no doubt be intensely interesting." Then, after a while:

"May I enquire the cost of the peal, the bells in question?"

"The price of this sextuple chime is five hundred dollars. But as none, however, have been installed in the Province of Ontario, we consider ourselves warranted in quoting you the introductory figure of four hundred and fifty.

"They will be made to the original formula and design of Duncan Ringgold. In quality of tone our sextuple bells are mellifluous and vibrant; they are consonant, capable of infinite gradation, exquisite in harmony, free of the blatant and metallic sound, and in no single instance have they failed to exact the unqualified approval of the most distinguished experts.

"It may interest you to know," Miss Ringgold went on, with a note of quiet pride in her voice, "that the last set to be installed are in the belfry of the cathedral of Saint-Michel in Hayti, and that the famous Abbe Clochet in his delightful book of travels refers to them as one of the very noteworthy features of interest in the island republic."

"Some millionaire dook must have given them." The faint voice was Malachi's.

"Not at all, Mr. Melville. The bells were not the gift of any one individual. They were a votive offering presented by the fishermen and the sailors of the Haytian navy in token of their gratitude for having weathered with so little harm the devastating storm that burst upon their shores nearly a decade ago."

Malachi relapsed into dumb despondence. The lady was the only one who manifested much interest in bells. Finally, Sanders straightened up with a knitted brow, and folded his hands thoughtfully.

"Could convenient terms of payment be arranged, Miss Ringgold?" he asked.

"Certainly. We are always glad to consult the convenience of our patrons in the matter of payment."

Malachi gripped the arms of his chair and fixed his gaze on the floor.

"To everyone who has the interest of Kipigami at heart, Miss Ringgold," Sanders began, firmly, "there can be nothing more deplorable than the lack of a proper summons to church. Time and time again have I seen Malachi's—places of public resort, that is—crowded on the Sabbath with men of all ages in the adult span of life, forgetful of the unseemliness of time and place, and positively unaware that a sermon was being preached anywhere in the neighbourhood. All for the lack of bells. Indeed, the situation cannot endure further without working serious detriment to the spiritual welfare of the community."

The gloominess of the possible future had a further dampening effect on our spirits, and the proprietor of the sole resort in the community stirred uneasily.

"Towards the purchase of the sextuple chime, therefore, I subscribe in behalf of the Little Calumet Company the sum of one hundred dollars. Mr. Melville, with whom the movement originated, will contribute one hundred and fifty dollars. One hundred and fifty dollars," he repeated, in generous approval of the munificence of the gift. Malachi uttered something inarticulate, and corroborative, presumably. The remainder, Mr. Armand Gentilly here, who is treasurer, and myself, will get together within six months. Will this suit you, Miss Ringgold?"

"Very well indeed. I am staying in Kipigami for a day or two, and we shall have sufficient time in which to discuss the rest, and to make every arrangement necessary for the proper installing of the bells."

She rose briskly after that, adjusted her veil, took up her satchel, and bidding us good evening, departed.

MALACHI, looking like a man going under for the third time, turned an aggrieved and eloquent eye upon Sanders. He opened his mouth to formulate words, but shut it again when the other shook his head at him with mingled remonstrance and compassion. Miss Ringgold was now out of sight beyond a turn in the winding road.

"Malachi, you really should have been a little more careful. Now you've got us in bad. Heaven only knows what we shall have to go through—eating church suppers, dancing all night at benefit balls, and all that, until everything is paid up. These are not the times to put money in bells, but we simply had to square ourselves with the girl. What the deuce made you mention chimes, anyway?"

"I tell you," Malachi groaned, stooping feebly to pick up his extinguished cigar, "I just mentioned them when I wrote asking for a little information."

He muttered querulously and licked the uncurled leaf. "I thought maybe they'd be pleased to know we'd heard of them out here in Temiskaming. Now that the girl has come up here all the way," he added, but uncertainly, "I don't suppose we can back out of it."

"We couldn't think of such a thing, mon vieux," Gentilly assured him. "You acquitted yourself most nobly, Mr. Melville," said Sanders, admiringly.

"Magnificently, indeed!" I affirmed. And so on with more words in the cheering vein. Malachi grunted somewhat, but was visibly mollified, and before we left was puffing out full-blown clouds of cigar smoke with every evidence of returning self-satisfaction.

IN August I found myself again at Kipigami. It was Sunday, but Sanders was not at home, so I strolled on leisurely in the direction of the mine. I observed that at Malachi's the shades were drawn, and that not a single citizen was reposing in the inviting shelter of the broad-roofed porch. I went up and tried the door-knob, but with the premonition later confirmed that I should find the tavern locked for the day. It was unusually warm, and as I had arrived early, I sat down on the top step to rest for a while in the quiet.

The odour of oleander flowers, their fragrance increased under the sunshine, was abroad in the air. At times a desultory wind came swirling up the road, kicking up miniature cyclones of dust and rattling in the powdery foliage of the row of ungainly trees before the tavern. Two or three foolish sparrows were hickering on the door-step. I was beginning to find the solitude depressing.

Over the breeze there came a faintly melodious and vibrant strain. It was a prelude. Then in a twinkling the dominant tone in the neighbourhood was the voices of bells near by; loud, masterful, deep-sounding, sometimes as joyously resonant as laughter, now and then tumbling sombrely, and again sustained in a sweetly heroic peal. The performance was unceasing. The times were ever-changing, endlessly various, and there was something astonishing in the intricacy of the passages, in the graceful ease, the sureness of the execution. I listened to the pealing of the bells with a far greater feeling of complicity than I had ever listened to bells before.

"Hello, stranger! What do you think of that?"

Sanders in a Panama hat had approached, and was coming up the steps slowly out of the hot sun.

"First rate. You weren't home, so"—I conveyed a suggestion of reproach—"I thought you had gone to service with the rest."

"Service?—nothing! How often do you think we have service here in Kipigami? Not more than once or twice a year, and the bells we have knock out anything this side of the lakes, or Hayti, I suppose."

(Concluded on page 23.)

WHERE WILL THE IMMIGRANTS GO?

A CANADIAN soldier who went to France with the first contingent, won a commission and is now training in England, gives his views on the subject of post-bellum immigration, prohibition and the need of advertising Canada.

Bisley, England.

We are quite comfortable here in the heart of the Surrey Hills—they are sandy and covered with gorse, bracken and heather, and here and there are great pine groves in which our Canadian axemen are at work. I ran into one strapping big chap in the train the other day and he knew many of my old haunts in the East and West. We had quite a chin-chin.

Was so glad to get the Couriers, they are serving to enlighten the poor, ignorant Englander re God's Country. They, impossible as it may seem, still think of Canada as a barbarous country of snow and ice, Red Indians, buffalo, and God knows what. I'm speaking of the average young man and woman of the country, and city, not of the beener business man. I always send The Courier on to my sister, who is nursing with the Canadian General Hospital (Queen's) in France. She and her patients are delighted to have it. Incidentally, it will be good advertising for Canada, and advertising is more essential now in England, France, Russia and Belgium than ever before. The emigration from

these countries, apres la guerre, will be enormous, and it goes to Australia, South Africa or Canada, depending upon which is on the field first. Many must start life afresh, and where more luring than some great colony, where war is unknown and conscription unnecessary. Of course, such advertising, as at once leaps to the mind through pre-war posters, etc., will not do at present, at least not in toto, but, nevertheless, NOW is the time to commence, though in more subtle channels. Channels such as plentiful supplies of Canadian magazines in the hospitals, and what is more important, convalescent homes. Books on Canada in several languages, photos, pamphlets, pre-war advertising booklets in English and French in the hands of our boys at the

front and in England for quick, casual distribution amongst friends and acquaintances. It seems callous to trade on the trials of others, but it's to a double good end, the good of Canada and the good of the prospective settler.

THEN a great campaign should be started "sub rosa," at once, to be launched shortly after the war is finished, care being taken to formulate it on lines calculated to draw people to us, not antagonize them through lack of fact, as might easily be done, while the memories of sacrifices made are still green in the memory. As far as England is concerned, we hurt ourselves in many quarters by our big publicity outburst several years ago. It was too blatant.

I think, for this people. Lacked dignity was too much of the real estate flavour to it. Now, the press puritans of Canada promise to harm us again. Temperance is all right in moderation, but a dry country is a dull country in the eyes of cosmopolitan Europe. Few Englishmen like the idea of a beerless home—no European could conceive living in a town or city "sans vin." The boys over here won't stand for it when they return—not because they are booze fiends particularly, but because the laws were passed in their absence. It is a common plaint here that they waited until the men left and then passed laws prohibiting their pleasures."



A MAN OF MANY ANGLES

TWO names stand out, illustrious, in the history of the therapeutics of insanity in this country: those of the late Dr. Joseph Workman and his pupil and associate, Charles Kirk Clarke, M.D., LL.D., Dean of the Faculty of Medicine and Professor of Psychiatry in the University of Toronto, and Medical Superintendent (resigning) of Toronto General Hospital.

Dr. Workman was a pioneer in psychiatry, of world-wide reputation in 1874, and, as Superintendent, had initiated radical reforms in the management and treatment of the insane at the "Provincial Lunatic Asylum," as it was called in that day, when Dr. Clarke joined his staff as a clinical assistant.

To appreciate the advance which has taken place in the interval since that date in psychiatry—that is in the application of the healing art to mental diseases—the traditional function both of asylums for the insane and the superintendents of them then current must be recalled. Restraint of the insane was universally practised. Every asylum had, unwittingly, its barred and padded cells, straight jackets and fetters for the maniacal. Superintendents were custodians only, attendants chosen for strength, not intelligence, physical care of the inmates the chief end. No attempt was made, or thought of, at diagnosis or classification of the insane or scientific research into mental diseases.

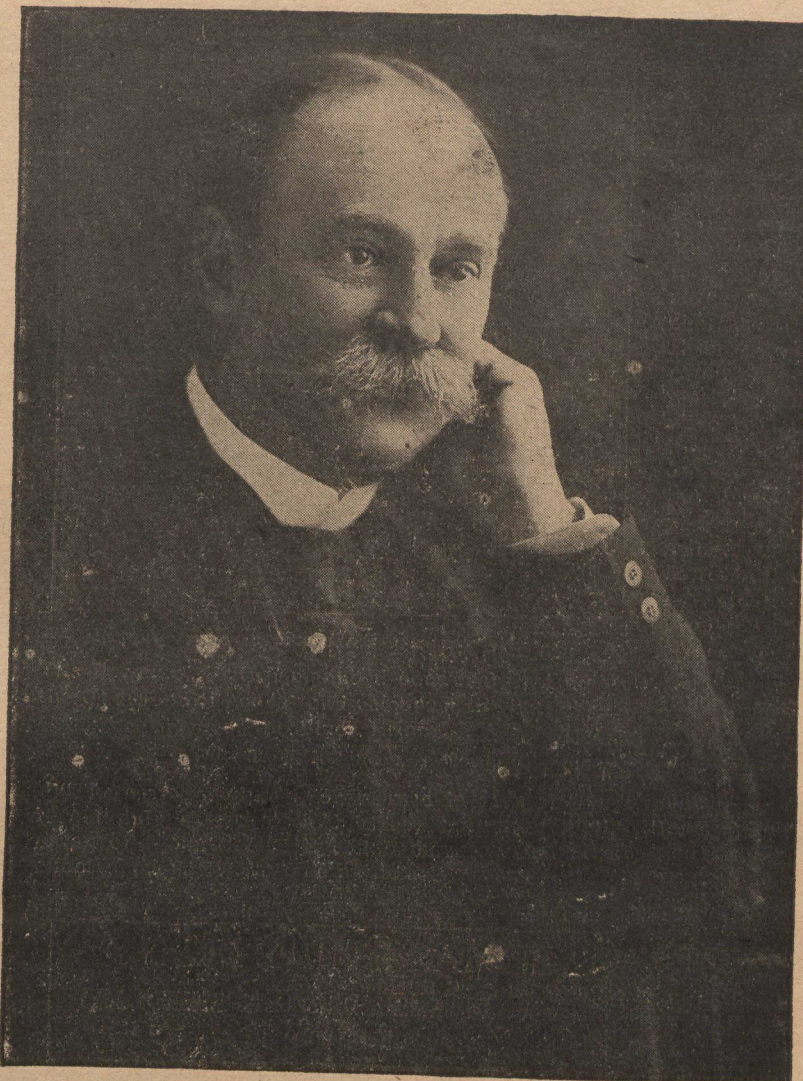
Psychiatry was an almost untrodden field when the young Clarke, urged by flaming ideals of earnest work, entered it. He looked then, so I am told, much as he does now, was as keen for cricket and tennis as now for golf, no less an athlete than a student. He went, later, to Hamilton Asylum for a time, and then to Rockwood, in Kingston, in 1885. It was here that he made his revolutionary advances. For twenty years and more he had the opportunity to carry out his scientific theories and humanitarian ideals in the treatment of the insane and he made use of it to the utmost.

Rockwood was a species of lockup for mad criminals when he took charge. Dr. Medcalf, the Superintendent who preceded him, had been imbued with the spirit of reform, but was killed by a patient before this had taken concrete form. Dr. Clarke, then his assistant, only escaped a similar fate through his superior strength and agility. Under his charge Rockwood became the great centre in Ontario for reforms in the nature of developing the hospital idea of asylums for the insane, and in introducing non-restraint and employment for patients. Dr. Clarke established here the first training school in America for nurses of the insane, thus radically raising the standard of his own staff and those of all other similar hospitals. He employed the modern continental method of classification of the insane, recognizing the many forms of the disease, and bringing its treatment to the level of therapeutics in other diseases. He thus contributed to lifting the stigma of ages from madness. He was an indefatigable pioneer in laboratory work in insanity. This department has attained to great proportions and efficiency to-day. But it was in its infancy when the young and ardent superintendent of Rockwood Hospital devoted his spare hours to microscopic work on brain tissue. He has incalculably stimulated research work in this line of pathology.

RADICAL and far-reaching as has been his work along the lines I have mentioned, of still greater significance to the human race is his now established psychiatric clinic for defective children. "G. P. I." (general paresis of the insane) has long been recognized in adults, but the juvenile form was unsuspected. For years Dr. Clarke has been hammering at the vital importance of an early diagnosis with a view to curative treatment. He has diagnosed G.P.I. in a child only three years old. To his remarkable psychiatric clinic at Toronto General Hospital every social agency in the province sends samples of the odds and ends of humanity. It is the final court of delinquency, and many a poor little kiddie entering on a criminal career has been rescued as a case of dementia praecox, and the suitable

Expert Alienist, Dean of a Faculty of Medicine, Head of a Hospital, Manager of an Asylum, Educational Reformer, Bird-benefactor, Naturalist, Humorist, Apostle of the Out-of-doors, Musical Amateur, Versifier—and a Canadian

BY LAURA DURAND



Resigned from Toronto General Hospital, but his resignation is not yet accepted.

curative treatment of his body and soul prescribed.

Dr. Clarke's extraordinary psychological insight in understanding the temperament and intellectual capacity of individuals is frequently available in solving the woes of "unequally yoked" couples. His note books contain enough tragic material of this sort to supply another de Maupassant.

He left Rockwood Hospital in 1905 to take charge of the Toronto Hospital for the Insane, and in 1911 made the striking departure of accepting the position of superintendent of Toronto General Hospital.

His resignation of this position now focusses the attention of the public.

It must not be assumed that his scientific attainments have unfitted the Dean for administrative work. While he has dictated the policy of Toronto General Hospital along broad, progressive and humanitarian lines, he has solid business capacity and is a match for any contractor. He has managed the hospital at the lowest per capita cost of patients contrived by any other hospital in America of its size, standard and equipment. Through, what seems to onlookers, a mistaken policy of economy he has been left without an assistant in this work. A great administrator, he has been spared none of the pettiest details of a mere housekeeper. His rare insight into character has resulted in the most fortunate sort of appointments to his staff. For he approaches people from the human point of view, from their possibilities. "What can he do," is his estimate.

The Dean stands for a very great achievement in hospital circles in Toronto in having promoted the best feeling among all, and stimulated all in efforts to reach his own standard of excellence.

When he announced to me his purpose of retiring he said in reply to my startled look:

"I'm tired of being held responsible for the last chicken!"

He said a lot more in the same vein which was very amusing, and then, "I have a big idea of my position, but others have a small idea."

He then gave me this precise statement:

"I am weary of official life. I have accomplished what I came here to do, namely, to establish this hospital on a solid foundation which has placed it in the position of being regarded as one of the finest and best organized hospitals in the world.

"I intend to take up a consulting practice in psychiatry.

"My greatest ambition, my aim in life, my ultimate hope, is to accomplish reforms in the treatment of the insane and the feeble-minded.

"As regards my educational work, I believe my election as Dean in succession to Dr. Reeve was in recognition of my deep interest in medical education. In my time, since 1908, I have been instrumental in securing the extension of the medical course from four years to five, and recently to six years, a change which will come into effect in 1918.

"Youth has always appealed to me. As a boy I came under the influence of Wesley Mills in 1872, Principal of the High School in Elora, my birthplace, and, later, Prof. of Physiology in McGill. As a young man I had the good fortune of being assistant to the great Dr. Joseph Workman. I know the value of enthusiastic leadership. If I pride myself in anything in the world, it is my influence on young men."

I am told that it is a memorable thing to see the Dean amid his students on "Daffodil Night," an annual festival he established as an outlet in place of rough house on Hallowe'en. He leads the orchestra, the stunts, and the fun. Students know him as a personal friend to whom they may go daily, seeking counsel and inspiration, as well as a "good sport."

"He has red blood in his veins, and young men know it," declared Dr. Clarence M. Hincks.

"Loyal! You can always count on him. But he tells you what he thinks unhesitatingly," said the young pathologist.

In recognition of his multifarious pursuits and accomplishments the students have christened the Dean, "Professoris Universalis."

One must admit him one of nature's favourites. Richly endowed, where she has been so niggard to others. Who might have succeeded equally well in half a dozen other professions, but having chosen one, in some preponderance of interest or sentiment, has excelled in that, and makes excursions into all the others for diversion, or in sheer opulence of energy—an "all-round man"—the joy of the literary executor with a thousand pages to fill, the despair of the journalist limited to a few columns.

THE Dean would probably call Psychiatry the "long suit" in the terms of the vernacular of his summer camp.

Professor Adam Shortt in presenting him for the honorary degree of LL.D. at Queen's in 1906, explained his "embarras des richesses" in the following passage:

"But, Mr. Chancellor, had I been required to omit all references to Dr. Clarke's professional achievements, I should not have experienced the slightest embarrassment in proving him worthy of the great distinction which we ask you to confer upon him. He is not only an enlightened and enthusiastic student of nature in general, but he is a noted specialist in the sphere of ornithology, and has made several new and valuable contributions to the literature of the subject through the medium of such journals as The Auk. When, fleeing from the din and nervous strain of that strenuous life which some people mistake for civilization, one takes to the woods for refuge, no more delightful companion can be found than Dr. Clarke, though it requires a good physique to keep pace with his enthusiasm. Yet his knowledge of nature in her varied and capricious moods, and of her shy and subtle household, is so varied and accurate that a sojourn with him in the wilderness is in itself a liberal education as regards the things that are really worth while. . . . I cannot pause to do justice to his interest in the fine arts, more particularly music, in which he is an accom-

plished amateur and a widely read critic. I cannot close, however, without saying a word with reference to the wide-reaching and thoroughly wholesome influence which Dr. Clarke has exercised in the important field of athletics."



THE MAESTRO.

The present writer has enjoyed the rare privilege of dipping into Dr. Clarke's manuscript volumes of field notes, and from them extracted the following delightful passage as illustrative of his habit of minute observation and style of recording it:

Although it was ten below zero this morning the bright sun and still air took the sting out of the cold and I went for a long walk on the lake. A few flocks of snow buntings were seen but the striking thing was the intense stillness—one could fancy that he heard the murmur of the water beneath the ice. I came across a strange track as if some little animal had been carrying a heavy load, and then had gone on freed from its burden. The track suddenly terminated in a confused swirl, and coiled up in a drift was a dead rat. A careful study of the back track revealed a pitiful story. If I were of the imaginative school it would run as follows:

An ambitious little Rat became tired of the monotony of life on Simcoe Island and determined when the ice "took" to cross to the mainland where the strains from the merry-go-round at Lake Ontario Park told of happiness and joy not known at Simcoe. After the pleasures of Christmas had passed and the New Year was well established, our Rat set out on January 27th. He travelled rapidly for a whole day and had reached within half a mile of the mainland when night came on. The cold was intense, so he dug a hole in a deep drift, and hungry and shivering tried to sleep. By morning he was thoroughly benumbed but bravely set out. When he had gone a few yards his strength failed him and for hours he curled up in a drift; again he made a sprint, shorter this time than before, although the first steps were firm and without faltering. Spurt after spurt he made, rest after rest he took, each spurt shorter, each rest longer—until within fifty yards of the shore, when he gave up the struggle. The whole story was plainly and pitifully told by the snow manuscript over which a dozen heedless snowshoes had tramped without reading what was there—the first day's track almost obliterated by drifting snow, the agonized trail of yesterday pathetically plain, the jaunty first steps from the halting places, the heavy dragging where exhaustion overtook the wanderer.

THIS side of the Dean's interests must be new and surprising to those who know him only as a Psychiatrist.

But the most unique of all his pursuits is his authorship of the "Lays and Legends of Mackie's Lake." Here is his summer camp, where he tosses aside conventions for some weeks every year and returns to nature for solace and rejuvenation.

The chronicle is hand-rubricated and copiously illustrated with water colour sketches, some by his own hand, and all the suggestion of his wit and fancy.

In his rhyming alphabet:

"D is for Dean, a chronic old joker
Who rouses the camp with a pan and a poker,
Tho' those who are sleeping can ne'er see the joke,
They all get up saying they are glad they were woke."

The tale of The Scouts of Arbutus Lodge, with

its amazingly clever illustrations, would create a sensation in comic literature if published. It opens with these lines:

"The scene is laid in the Northern wilds,
Where the eagles soar and raise their child."

"The dignified Dean was the Head of the Lodge,
In figure not gaunt, but decidedly podge.
His long suit was lore of abnormal psychol,
Varied by yarns of so-called biol. . . ."

The Dean has amused himself this year by writing
the drollest of rhymes:

The Tale of the Two Vanness,
A Tale of Deep and Dire Distress,
or
The Vanishing of the Vanness."

RETURNING to his scientific labours, Dr. Arthur Jukes Johnson said in substance during an hour's talk of a busy evening:

"Dr. Clarke has acquired an experience, as superintendent of asylums for the insane and through large clinics for the delinquent and feeble-minded, the value of which is unknown, untold, and yet to be recorded. He remembers all his cases. He classifies, tabulates and packs up in a neat little parcel which is placed in a convenient place in his mental makeup, all the facts worth noting in a patient he is examining, and these facts he can reach and use, along with what he has thought about them, instantly, at the required moment. I regard him as the greatest living authority in Canada in the diagnosis, management and treatment of the insane. All scientific men who come into contact with him admire him. He likes to complete everything. He is a great master of detail and he has no loose ends. Rivalry, you ask. There should be no sense of that with anyone. He is so vastly superior."

Dr. Clarke appears to have been born of the right kind of parents and into the right kind of environment. Elora was the prettiest of villages fifty years ago, set at the confluence of the Grand and Irvine rivers in Wellington County. His father, the Hon.

It has been a keen disappointment to the Dean that his Report as Royal Commissioner appointed by the Ontario Government to inquire into Psychiatric clinics abroad, in 1908, has been shelved, for a time at least, for lack of funds to carry out his recommendations, which the Government approved. He has this realization in the future. In appearance Dr. Clarke is above medium height and walks with the light step of youth, although portly. He has a ruddy face lit by eyes, large, brown and quietly observant, which read your inmost soul before you know it. He has the look of superb health, perfect mental poise, unfailing resource and self-containment. His habitual manner is brusque, his speech laconic, his voice rapid and low pitched. His countenance is benignant, his expressed point of view usually—comic.

Yes, nothing is more characteristic of him than this.

Solemn persons in conference with him exchange puzzled glances when his remarks cast an oblique light on matters in hand. I was told that the Faculty never know when he is serious.

"Ride si sapis," said Martial. Then who's wiser than Dean Clarke, who laughs much?

"Genuine humour and true wit," says Lãuder, "require a sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one."

"The Doctor must have his joke," said the young pathologist who is privileged to be his chief's comrade in court and camp, "and he seems to relish it most when the other fellow doesn't get it—and he often doesn't."

It is a sort of sunlight of the mind with the Dean, an overflow of mental riches.

A perception of the comic gives kinship to men and women like nothing else.

"They took my references to their chesty professors with deep concern in Germany," the Dean told me, speaking of his mission of 1908. "My Report was commented on widely. Germans have no sense of humour. If they had they would perceive the absurdity of treating women as inferior beings, and other nations as well.

THIS capacity to laugh over individuals, singly or in bulk, who are out of proportion and absurd in anyway, spares one the pain of getting angry, and is, likely, in part, the secret of Dr. Clarke's equilibrium, physical and mental.

The Dean can deliver a shaft of irony with effect. A story is told of this concerning a medical man who enjoys the greatest advantages from a private hospital. He called upon Dr. Clarke to express his indignation on the following injury to his feelings:

"I am informed," he said, "that you refer to the Blank St. Hospital as 'Dr. Blank's Hospital.' I resent this imputation. It is not my hospital, etc."

The Dean heard him out with his quiet look. Then he said, reminiscently: "A pear tree used to grow in our neighbour's garden in my boyhood, so near the fence that the largest branches hung over our side. The finest pears grew on these branches and we children used to pick them and carry them to our mother to eat. Curiously, we always called it 'mother's pear tree.'"

Dean Clarke could never, I fancy, even with fewer gifts, have belonged to the Brahminical order in science or any other thing. He has too clear a mental

perspective, too keen a sense of the comic. Moreover, he is too kind to be narrow, too sensitive to be other than generous.



Dean (Professor Universalis) Clarke, in his favourite role, "A Little of Everything."

Charles Clarke, Speaker of the Ontario Legislature for seven years, was born in the Stone Bow, an historic building in Lincoln, England, dating from Richard II. He had notable tutors, one the chartist poet Thomas Cooper, and was educated for the Bar. He came to Ontario in 1844 and threw himself into journalism and reform. He assisted William MacDougall to draft the Grit platform of that era, published in the North American. Later, he edited The Backwoodsman in Elora. He represented Centre Wellington in the Legislature for nearly thirty years in Liberal interests and was always interested in progressive movements. The Dean's mother was also of English birth and exceptionally gifted. Both parents were ardent lovers of nature, and one of Dr. Clarke's earliest memories is of his mother moving about in her quaint old garden, feeding the chickadees. His father introduced the first bill for the protection of insectivorous birds in Canada. The boy had a choice library to browse in and grew up nurtured in those ideals, moral, social and artistic, the impress of which he has left upon every community he has lived in. The people of Kingston, representing every class, made a great demonstration on his departure in 1905.



Cartoon from Dr. Clark's book of Illustrated verse, showing how he acts when pursued by a bear.

OH! EAST IS WEST AND WEST IS EAST



EDMONTON SCOTTISH (194th) DOWN AMONG THE BATTALIONS OF TORONTO

ONE marching battalion does more to pull east and west together on sentiment than a transcontinental railway, a banking system or a tariff. The Edmonton 194th swung into Toronto last week. People who saw them march past on the streets recognized—something different. The Toronto eye is used to soldiers by scores of thousands. When loyal Alberta sent a regiment down to military Toronto, it might have been a case of carrying coals to Newcastle, but it made an impression. Did Toronto cheer? Nay. Toronto never cheers—soldiers. She takes them for granted. It's a serious business this sending away soldiers and Toronto knows it. Alberta knows it. Edmonton knows it. The Minister of Militia knows it. At Exhibition Camp Sir Sam said to the 194th:

"The Germans will go up against a tough proposition when they go up against you boys of the 194th."

That put it in a nutshell. The Edmonton Scottish are a tough proposition. They have the reserve strength of a great Mogul locomotive and the energy of the jungle. They impressed the Toronto onlookers as men of marvelous power in mass formation and of high average ability in the individual. It was a mighty battalion—"michty"—as the Scotch would say. They didn't go down on bronchos, though most of them would rather ride than eat. They didn't wear J. B. Stetson cowboys, because that's no longer a western hat anyhow. They didn't whoop, and ran wild in the streets and act as though they were spoiling for a scrimmage the sooner the better. Yet they hail from a land that has the sting of the north wind and the heat of the chinook in its blood.

Without a doubt these men had individual character. Some battalions don't. It might have taken a keen eye to discover that they were westerners. They marched with the precision of Life Guards. They reeked of technique and discipline. But behind it all there was that tremendous strength that makes the 194th a "tough proposition." They may have been half of them city men; but they had the freedom of the ranges and the foot-hills where the broncho is as wild as the bull moose.

You may find this original character about many Canadian regiments. Clear from Victoria to Halifax there is more individuality about Canadian battalions than you can find anywhere else in the world in the same number of men. Our Canadian army is a marvellous aggregation of various kinds of people. It is probably the most diversified army of 300,000



The Duke of Devonshire pays a visit to the Duke of Connaught and comes away the beginning of a good Canadian.

men ever known speaking the same language. In going among them one would not be struck so much with differences of language as in an English army of the same size. We have no dialects in Canada. The differences are beneath the surface. The regiment from St. John, and the regiment from Edmonton differ more than the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Lancashires. They are just as equally Canadian at heart as the others are British. Our Edmonton boys have as much respect for the King as any of the King's Life Guards. They have as much love for the Old Land as any one could that was born under another sky and the same old flag. But when they go swinging on to the troopship, across the Channel to France this "tough proposition" will fight to the death, not merely for the love of King and of the Old Land, but for the love they bear to the great country of the Northern Lights and the Union Jack. They will carry with them the sentiments of the Man From Athabaska, expressed on another page of this issue. And believe them, they'll fight harder thinking of those far-away foot-hills and the great Saskatchewan than ever they could for the Highlands of Scotland, the Thames or the Clyde. What makes the 194th the tough proposition that it is going to be in actual war is not merely a matter of darddeviltry, or of drill. It is what we look for in any good Canadian battalion, a matter of human power to fight in the open against any kind of battalion from any country in the world.

WAR, the "bountiful jade," has become a pretty jaded thing to some of us, even though we only fight through the newspaper headlines. But when a regiment like the 194th swaggers down out of the highlands of Alberta, we get a new view in the thing, a fresh sparkle to our enthusiasm and a feeling that, after all, even in the final struggle of munitions it's a side that has the most of the best men that wins and that will be worth most to the world after it's all over.

There are plenty of other Canadian battalions able to thrill us as much as the 194th. The Edmonton Scots only happened to come our way and they struck us at a new angle. A good Halifax, or Montreal, or Ontario battalion might do the same thing for the people of Edmonton. But these good people don't have that privilege of seeing where east is west and west is east, no matter what Kipling may say. So "en passant" we cut ourselves loose and consent to "give three loyal-hearted cheers" for the men from the West.

GERMANY IS PAYING THE PRICE

IF Roumania should be utterly obliterated to-morrow it would do no more than prove that the Teutonic powers are able to concentrate with overwhelming strength upon any given point of action. Now if Germany were able to crush Roumania while at the same time holding her ground elsewhere we should indeed have to face a fact of tremendous significance, and one that would relegate the day of peace to a dim and distant future. But this is by no means the situation that confronts us. Germany has been forced to purchase her Roumanian successes, and before we can estimate their true value we must consider the price that she has paid for them. And the price seems to be a very high one. The first item in the bill, and one that it is not easy to measure, is the locking up of a considerable army that was intended for use elsewhere, and a loss of men that can not be replaced. But the other items are even more serious and much more visible. We do not know if there are any Austrians in these Roumanian forces, but we do know that there are Austrians further north, and that the absence of these Austrians from the battle line in Italy has enabled General Cadorna to win a great victory and to bring Trieste within the range of his guns. We are told that the Austrian commanders have notified Vienna that without reinforcements they can not hold Trieste, and we know very well that reinforcements can not be sent to them. This is a part of the price paid for the Roumanian successes, but it is by no means the greater part.

It was said last week that Germany can not now win at two points simultaneously. That fact was already evident, but it is much more evident now. Not only have we the Italian victory to the north of Trieste, but we have a fresh tale of Allied successes on the Somme and at Verdun. The French and British have made another considerable step toward Peronne and Bapaume respectively, and the French at Verdun have taken the village of Vaux and Damloup. Now certain assertions have been made with some authority to the effect that German troops have not been withdrawn from the west for the support of the east, but we need not take such declarations very seriously. They are as much a part of strategy as any of the regular field operations. We must suppose either that the forces in the west have been weakened by extensive withdrawals or that they have lost their morale, and we certainly can not choose the latter alternative. The French at Verdun in the course of a few days' fighting have snatched back every position of value that was taken by the Germans during many months of the bloodiest fighting upon record. In the north we see an Allied advance that is undeniably slow, but that is none the less undeniably steady, and this in the face of fortifications supposed to be impregnable and that were unquestionably of an unprecedented strength. Now the Verdun fighting is even more significant than the fighting on the Somme, because it gives us a basis for comparison. We can compare German successes with French successes, on the same field and for the same prizes. And we find that the tremendous energies put forth by the Germans a few months ago have melted completely away, so much so that the prisoners taken by the French actually outnumbered their own losses from all causes. Now there can be only one possible explanation. The German defensive force had been withdrawn. There were insufficient men to hold the lines, and this not because the lines were not worth holding, but because the demands elsewhere were even more imperative. And it may be said that there is no other tenable theory consistent with German courage and skill.

DOUBTLESS some of the German force at Verdun was sent north to stem the tide on the Somme. But it could not have been a very large force, seeing that it did not stem the tide. The chief beneficiary of the German withdrawals from Verdun was, of course, the Roumanian front and the lines farther north. The eastern battles were sustained at the cost of the western. Success in the east was purchased at the cost of reverses in the west, and we

Unable to concentrate on more than one front, what she gains in Roumania is lost elsewhere. Austria loses Trieste because she can't get troops. Germany loses at Verdun and the Somme

B Y S I D N E Y C O R Y N

Copyrighted in the United States by the San Francisco Argonaut. Canadian rights held by the Canadian Courier.



The black line indicates where the Anglo-French line was in early summer. The dotted line where it was a few weeks ago.

may form our own judgments as to the reality of the values received. When we have estimated the German gains in Roumania and set them forth in the war ledger, we may then enter upon the opposite page the events of Trieste, the Somme, and Verdun. It may not be easy to strike a balance, but we may none the less usefully remember that the two pages are actually parts of the same account.

THERE are various ways of measuring the results of the battle of the Somme, but what may be called the foot-rule way is the least accurate of all. None the less it seems to be the most popular. We are invited to look at the map of France and to observe how small is the indentation. It is certainly very small. And then we are invited to compare the depth of that indentation with the total distance to the German frontier. It is, of course, a very slight depth. Now these methods would be quite effective if they were in any way relevant to the aim of the Allies. But they are not relevant. The Allies do not expect to push the Germans back to their frontier by any process of direct pressure. They hope to be able to pierce the German line, which would have just the same effect as piercing a dam. The size of the hole would hardly matter at all. The whole line would have to fall back, and it would indeed be fortunate if it were able to do this without disaster. And if it should prove impossible to pierce the line, as may be the case, they hope so to weaken it by attrition that it shall be compelled to retreat upon a shorter base. These, therefore, are the only points that we need consider—the possibility of piercing the line and so rolling it up like strips of carpet to the north and south, and the alternative course of producing such losses that there shall no longer be men enough to hold the present position.

Now all of the calculations of existing German manpower are speculative, because we do not know the extent of the German losses. None the less, the facts speak for themselves. Germany may be willing

slowly to give up territory on the Somme, to feed it back to her enemies in return for a sufficient price. She herself has said so several times and has therefore admitted a voluntary retirement. But she was certainly not willing to be driven from Verdun. Indeed, the official bulletin spoke of the withdrawal as being "reluctant." She had to give up the Verdun lines because she had not men enough to hold them, nor nearly enough. It would

seem that she has not men enough to complete the speedy conquest of Roumania. We hear even of a reverse in the Dobrudja. Her forces in Russia are barely sufficient to maintain their precarious hold. And in Italy the Austrians have been driven back. Now it may be true that Germany still possesses reserves that might have been used to prevent these misfortunes, but they have been kept in the background for some greater end. This may be true, but at least it is highly unlikely. It is far more probable that Germany is straining every nerve to win a striking success that she may use as a base for some demand for a victorious peace.

AT the moment of writing the best that can be said for Roumania is that she has largely improved her position, but that she is by no means out of the wood. Her armies have rallied in such a way as to justify the belief that they were suffering more from inexperience than from incapacity. They have not only won many successes, but they have taken considerable numbers of prisoners and guns. But, more important than all this, they have held a large German army in the southern field, and they have prevented that army from accomplishing the strategic feat assigned to it of cutting right athwart the Allied line from the far north to Saloniki and throwing itself upon the Russian left flank in Bukowina. The results of the campaign are not to be measured by the bulletins of battles, but by the extent to which those battles aid or retard the general plan. Only by a recognition of the general plan can we estimate its fate or appreciate the true importance of events. Now Germany would certainly not have made so great an effort to crush Roumania merely for a moral effect

nor even to save Hungary from invasion. Her motive was to strike at the Russians to the north, and she has succeeded just so far as she has been able to do this. So far as she has not yet done this, so far as she has been compelled to extend her lines and to devote her treasure of men to that end, so far as she has been damaged and worsted. The questions that we have to ask are, What are the Teutons trying to do in the larger strategy, and how far have they succeeded in doing it?

If Roumania can maintain her morale she ought to be able to see daylight ahead. She is fighting along the whole southern frontier of Transylvania, a distance of some two hundred miles. She is winning at the western end of that line and barely holding her own at the eastern end. The Germans have penetrated into Roumania through the Predeal Pass and there were reports that they had taken Kimpolung, some twenty miles in Roumanian territory. But westward from there as far as Orsova the Roumanians seem to have the best of it. Reverting to the comparison between the shape of Roumania and that of a boot, we may say that the Germans are successful at the instep, but that the Roumanians are holding their own from the instep to the toe. North of the instep, at the top of the leg, is the point of contact between the Roumanian and the Russian forces at a place called Dorni Wafra, immediately to the southeast of Kirlibaba in the Carpathians. The Germans are naturally trying to cut through at this point so as to sever communications. If they were able to transport a large force to the vicinity of Dorni Wafra that force would be on the Russian flank. It would constitute a great German success.

To reach that point with a sufficiently large force over the body of a prostrate Roumania may be said to be the chief German objective. Probably Hindenburg would have struck at that point in any case, even if Roumania had not come into the war. With Roumania neutral he could do so in safety from a

(Concluded on page 30.)

MAY BE HARI-KARI FOR LIBERALS

THESE are rumours in the air that the Liberal party proposes to commit "hari kari" next year. It seems almost incredible to

an old stager like myself that any group of public men should deliberately march to political death down a road which they have twice trod to that undesirable consummation within my own memory. But persistent rumour insists that this is precisely what they are bent on doing; and all the surface signs of the situation point to the same stark insanity. This astonishing rumour is that the Liberal party proposes to refuse its support this next session of Parliament to a further extension of the life of that body, and so precipitate a general election in Canada during the most critical period of a great war—a war in which the very existence of the British Empire and the independence of Canada are at stake.

THAT will mean, of course, an Old Flag election. If the Liberal party takes the responsibility of forcing a dissolution of Parliament in war-time, they cannot possibly escape the responsibility of splitting this nation wide-open on party lines in the midst of a life-and-death struggle in which Liberals and Conservatives are dying daily, side by side, in the same uniform and under the same flag. The boys on the Somme do not know whether they are Liberal or Conservative—they only know that they are Canadian soldiers fighting for the greatest cause in history—viz., human liberty—against the most insolent challenge ever delivered to it by a nation of blood-drunken bullies. But an election in Canada, thrusting ballots into their hands to be marked, would remind them of their petty differences back home and invite them to divide when the basic need of the Allied armies is unity. It would not be effective, you say; and I agree with you. But the invitation would be there; and the responsibility would be with those who compelled an election.

STILL, without arguing the question—except to point to the fact that there is to-day a party truce in Britain, in France, in Italy, in Russia, even in Germany—I think it will be admitted that the election will be fought on an issue of patriotism—on an Old Flag issue—and that it will be the party which

No party can afford to be beaten by the Old Flag three times in one generation

By THE MONOCLE MAN

forces an election which will be accused of unpatriotic conduct. That is, the Old Flag will be energetically flapped in its face. Now, I should think that the Liberals would have a wholesome respect for the Old Flag as an election property, and would be exceedingly careful about presenting it to their opponents as a party weapon. No sincere Liberal will regard it as a good reply to this statement to plead that the Old Flag would, in such a case, be improperly used. Every sincere Liberal would at once plead that the Old Flag had been improperly used against his party on the two historic occasions when it worked the defeat of that party—that is, during the two reciprocity campaigns of 1891 and 1911. I have my own opinion on that subject, and it does not agree with that of any sincere Liberal I ever met. But the fact remains that the Liberal party in those two campaigns held that the Old Flag was dishonestly and improperly imported into the fray. And the succeeding fact remains as well that, properly used or not, the Old Flag beat the Liberals on those two occasions.

THOSE two elections were held in time of peace. They were held on trade issues. That is, popular feeling for the Old Flag was not particularly inflamed at the time; and a trade question gave the Liberals good talking points quite apart from the patriotic issue. Yet the patriotic issue soon swallowed up all the others, and became the deciding issue by polling day. The Liberals now propose—if the rumour be true—to challenge a combat with the Old Flag wavers in war-time, when Old Flag feeling is at fever height; and they propose to challenge it without any other issue in their hands to help them divert attention from the flapping of the flag. Simply on the cold-blooded basis of political judgment, what do you think of that? There are the Liberals, credited with the intention of deliberately taking the wrong end of a patriotic issue when patriotism is

the one great force in the community—when there is hardly a home from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia, which does not dread the moment when the shadow of a telegraph messenger will fall athwart the threshold, with a tragic message from "somewhere in France."

AH, but—it is suggested—the Liberals will have the true patriotic issue. They will criticize the conduct of the war. Does any sensible person really imagine that they can get by with that? We are all criticizing the conduct of the war—we all know things that could have been done better—but is there any God-given military genius among the Liberals to whom the people will turn in the midst of war to save us from mistakes? A Kitchener might carry a mid-war election on such grounds against a Pacifist Government; but certainly not one civilian Government against another. It is also suggested that they will attack "war graft." Again, we are all attacking "war graft." The present Government would have to discredit the work of its own Commissions to deny that there has been "war graft." But will the Liberal front bench come into court with such clean records that the people will believe that their sole purpose in precipitating an election in war time is to put an end to "graft"? Go to.

NO; the naked fact will stand out from any refusal by the Liberals to support an extension of the life of the present Parliament—that they have compelled a party fight in Canada in the midst of a world-war in which our sons are dying. Our Government will be driven to forget about the Germans for long weeks while they fight the Liberals. The callous, partizan, selfish unpatriotism of that course will be THE ISSUE of the elections; and there cannot be a moment's doubt as to what the people will do to the party responsible for this crime against the nation, against the Empire, against the Allied cause. The party which deliberately invites the nation to pronounce judgment on its conduct in forcing a war-election will be committing suicide—and there may be a long period before resurrection. No party can afford to be beaten by the Old Flag three times in one generation.

CANADA NEEDS MORE FARMERS

HERE is a pair of sketches that will illustrate at least one thing that is the matter with our cost of living economy in Canada, even after more than a year of P. P. Get this and you will believe the rest.

Two brothers are engaged in the farming industry in Ontario. The eldest occupies the 300-acre estate of his father. The younger brother met with an accident while a mere boy. Finding the lad permanently disabled so far as heavy work was concerned, the father laid by a small sum every month for him. By the time the boy became of age the father had died. The young man found himself unmentioned in his father's will and with only a few dollars to his credit. It behooved him to earn a livelihood as best he could. The elder brother did not care to be hampered with him. So the young man rented a bit of land—only ten acres—adjoining the estate of his father. There was a small house and a barn. The soil was identical with that of the next property, excepting for the growth of weeds.

For the privilege of working his father's estate, the elder brother pays \$700 a year and the taxes, which amount to about another \$150, or a total of approximately \$850. He employs one man at a wage of \$35 per month and board—or say \$50 per month. He counts his own labour equal to that of the hired man. For his wife, who assists with the milking of two cows and does a hundred odd things, he does not consider worthy of a wage. In adding his profits he forgets to take into consideration the wear and tear on his implements, nor does he account for interest on chattel investments. His total cost of running his farm per annum, he says, is \$2,050, the amount paid for rent and wages.

On his three-hundred-acre farm he has raised this

It's the man who farms on a big scale of cost and a low scale of production that forces up the price of other folks being able to live. This is one fundamental guess as to the reason for H. C. of L.

By SYDNEY HOOD

year 850 bushels of oats, 38 tons of hay, 40 tons of corn, 50 bushels of potatoes. The early part of the season being wet, he was late in getting onto the land. The remainder of the time was very dry and hot. To the drought he credits the shortage in oats, corn and potatoes. At the end of the summer he finds himself with a big deficit. His crop only accounts for part of his acreage. The remainder was utilized as pasture or required draining.

How many folk in the towns and cities employed in other vocations does this farmer feed? In other words, how much foodstuff is he throwing onto the market? He is increasing the cost of living by not properly cultivating his farm or letting others till it.

THE farmer looks upon the market merely as a place to convert his wares into cash. He forgets that he is under an obligation to humanity. The ammunition factories are under compulsion to turn out missiles, and surely the demands upon the farmer to supply foodstuffs is equally strong. Not only must the armies be fed by the farmer, but also the vast number of men and women who labour turning out clothing, boots, etc., for the farmer.

During the four years that the crippled brother

has been working the adjoining ten acres he has tiled it and also installed a sprinkler system. The wet weather and then the long drought would have played the same havoc with him had he been carrying on farming in the same manner as his brother. With his tile and sprinkler systems he was not so subject to the whims of nature. He has only one horse, and so does not require the amount of hay and oats that his brother does. He goes in for the better paying crops of vegetables and fruit. This year he has eight acres of potatoes, an acre set aside for poultry, and the remaining acre surrounds the house. Here is to be found a kitchen garden, a flower garden. A good sized lawn leads the way from the highway to the little frame cottage, trimmed with green and the main part white.

WHAT is this man doing in the way of shipping foodstuffs to market? He and his little family cannot eat up eight acres of potatoes, nor can he feed his horse with them. They are shipped to market and supply hundreds of city folk until the crop of 1917 is ready to replenish an equal number of pantries.

On the acre set aside for poultry, this little farmer has three hundred bred-to-lay leghorn hens. One hundred and fifty eggs per day is a little below the average number of eggs that these properly housed and well fed hens lay. In the year they have laid 4,380 dozen eggs, that, like the potatoes, find their way to the city market—to feed the people—to supply part of the demand humanity says is up to the farmer to look after. He feeds the people while his brother with thirty times the amount of land feeds his seven horses.

Compare the profits of the two men. The one

pays \$1,200 in wages, the other pays half that amount. The first one pays taxes on 300 acres while the second pays only on ten acres. The big man has nearly \$3,000 tied up in chattels, while the other has only \$300. One has \$700 rent, or in other words he is paying six per cent. interest on about \$12,000. The other has an investment of less than \$4,000 at outside figures.

From every direction come cries of the high cost of living. Increased wages are not buying as much as the salaries of years ago. Explanations are numerous. Still the prices soar. Railways are blamed, monopolies are held responsible; inexpensive advertising is credited with eating up extra profits, and extravagance on the part of wasteful consumers is said to be taking food from the working man's reach. Then comes the war devouring all before it, boosting not only food prices, but the cost of almost every conceivable commodity. But with all these, and the many other causes, there is food rotting while the people hunger, and acres of rich soil lie in idleness or are unprofitably tilled.

Science is teaching many things about the cultivation of mother earth, but the productiveness of the soil is not yet reached, nor its richness realized by man. A very striking thing in these times when folk are economizing and working long hours to eke out a bare existence is that in Old Ontario, where living is so costly, there is sufficient land unscientifically cultivated to feed a nation. Take any town or city as a centre, view the surrounding country for twenty miles, keeping in mind the cost of victuals, and only one conclusion can be arrived at, namely, that something is radically wrong. Travel any direction from the centre of Old Ontario—what is it that impresses itself on the keen business man, whose factory is rented by the square foot? Thousands of acres that are barely paying taxes. They are not so because of being created incapable of production nor because of a curse. True, an odd acre here and there is covered with stone or on some other account is unworkable. These acres, happily, are not common, and if they were the only lands neglected Old Ontario would be no longer an importer of food products that she could raise. On the other hand, the export trade in these lines would exceed the present export business of the Dominion.

WHILE factories expand and cities grow, increasing the multitudes dependent on the farmer for their feed, the cost of living must go on increasing unless some change comes into effect.

Where is the root of the trouble? Poor railway facilities, monopolies, extravagance and so forth are blamable to a certain extent, but no farther. They do not take away the productiveness of earth, nor do they hinder larger crops, nor hamper proper scientific cultivation, nor do they prevent great stretches of land from being cultivated at all. These are the

points that govern production, and production governs prices. An acre properly cultivated is better than a section of land that eats up its yield in paying wages, buying implements and feeding the horses whose sole object in life is to work its acres. The man with a back yard garden often reaps more net profit out of his spare moments than the farmer who spends his whole time labouring from early till late trying to do the work of half a dozen men and fretting because he has not another hundred acres to till in the same unscientific and unprofitable manner.

TOO many acres, lack of scientific knowledge, shortage of labour and distance from market are the evils that play havoc with the farmer and shoot up the cost of living.

Too many acres? Yes, in many cases it's the distance from one boundary fence to the other that keeps the farmer poor. Acres never made any one rich. It's what they yield, whether crops or rent, that supplies the necessaries of life. Government reports, to say nothing of personal observations, show that the small acreages far exceed the large areas in dividends.

Even in these perilous times when millions of men defending our country are added to those dependent on the farmer for food, there is land lying in idle-

TWO WAYS OF WAR

Still the steady stream of German prisoners in the region of Thiepval.



You conjecture by the snap and sparkle of this group that they are Canadians. They have just been relieved of trench duty for a while and are going to billets.

ness—not in the far west nor in Northern Ontario, where tillers of the soil have not yet found their way, but in Central Ontario. Farms which at one time yielded valuable crops and were treasured by their occupants, are to-day deserted. Two and a half hours' run east from Toronto there is a strip of country several miles in length and nearly as broad which was dotted here and there with churches and schools forty years ago. The land, when transferred from vendors to purchaser, was always at a high figure. A tragic change has come over this section. The treasured land which promised abundance in return for proper cultivation now presents a picture of poverty and despair. No longer are the churches well attended and the schools filled with happy children. There has been an exodus. The churches have lost their worshippers and sunken into decay. Only one or two remain, and they hold services only occasionally. Of the schools there is only one left. When it opened, on September 4th, after the summer vacation, only three boys and one little girl appeared to fill the seats that at one time could not accommodate the sturdy country scholars. Farms in every direction, practically every one as a matter of fact, have long since been sold for a few dollars an acre, swallowed up by mortgages or taken for taxes.

Now that this strip of land is covered with desolation, some folk say that it should never have been deforested. Yet these same people admit frankly that years ago this soil yielded rich crops. Its productiveness, they say, was at one time a well attested fact. A few say that its present bareness is the work of God. Surely the God revealed by nature—by the very piece of country itself—is not a god as these strange thinking men and women imagine. He who created it in its richness has surely not repented and taken away its power. The agricultural college reports that the soil is especially adapted to the cultivation of fruits and vegetables. As for chicken farms nothing better could be desired.

Forty years ago Toronto was a long way off. Montreal was farther away. Small fruits and vegetables were hard to convey to these points, the big markets. Strawberries and other small fruits would have perished during transit. To cover his land with a crop the farmer sowed grain. He failed to properly nourish the ground, and soon the top soil was starved. Scientific knowledge of agriculture was not within reach of every farmer in those days. Along came some strangers, and not knowing how to treat the land, plowed too deeply and rooted up the subsoil of sand. Then came a wind and by degrees swept the uprooted sand over an acre or two, and from there to an adjoining farm until now the district is known as the "sand plains." Farms are cheap there to-day. Pioneers had to take up this land because the farmers nearer the large markets wanted big acreages. Just like to-day, the new-comer had to go farther back. Too many acres spoiled the farm, the farmer, and raised the cost of living. Modern methods are working on exactly the same method. The aggressive newcomer, who wants land, is presented with dazing literature of golden opportunities in some almost unknown part—away from markets—away from conveniences that go to make life what it should be—away where years must be spent in clearing the land before its virgin soil is broken—away back where long freight charges depreciate the farmer's product or add to the cost of living by calling on the consumer to pay the additional cost. Not that the land in out of the way places is not rich and that it does not merit tillers' attention. Where the populace is production should naturally take place. The market is the paying teller for the farmer—it's there where the folk are dependent on the farmer, and the closer the producer is to that point the cheaper his produce can be sold.

THE factory that operates under methods of forty years ago soon finds its way into the hands of creditors. With the farmer it is slightly different. He gradually dwindles and while he sinks his big farm fails to produce what it should—what the people demand of it. The farm and the farmer go hand in hand—they sink together. Eventually the run-down farm is left to its fate or taken over by another tiller, who perhaps sees beyond the passing moment, and begins to build up the land where the former owner left off his destructive work. In a short time the fertility is reclaimed and again the farm yields dividend crops. Whole districts, the student of agriculture tells us, can be reclaimed, just as the one mentioned above could be brought back to its former richness.

The British farmer is said to feed forty-five to fifty persons. The German farmer from the same area of inferior soil is reported to feed from seventy to seventy-five people. The Ontario farmer

(Concluded on page 23.)

OUR NATIONAL MAINSTAY

Scenes at the great Three-Days Plowing Match, held a few days ago, on the Farm of R. J. Fleming, near Whitby, Ont.



Small-sized Gasoline Tractors costing about \$300 are now within the reach of many eastern farmers.



The furrow as straight as a sunbeam.



The ploughshare and the sword. 182nd Battalion held a recruiting parade on the grounds.

The Horse Plough is still the Standard of Good Ploughing.

The crowd on the grounds was large enough for a good County Fair.



WHEN we call the plough the national mainstay of Canada it is a figure of speech. The ploughman is the farmer.

And the plough is more important to this country than the smokestack or the electric generator. We never hesitate to say this. But there is a good deal of twaddle sometimes as to just how we are proving it. The farmer is the mainstay of this or any country on one condition only: that he is a farmer for profit. The more he makes without unduly taxing the average consumer on the cost of consuming what he produces, the better for everybody.

The pictures on this page illustrate the importance of the plough to the nation. Modern locomotion is revolutionizing the plough. Big Western farmers have long since discarded the horse for ploughing. Eastern farmers are beginning to consider the possibility of more machine-ploughing. The top picture on this page illustrates the use of a small tractor costing about \$300 without the plough. This tractor is very efficient. It is capable at ordinary speed, with three mould-boards, of turning over six acres a day. Is such a machine a wise investment for an average 100-acre farmer? Or will it be an unwise expenditure? If it is unwise for the farmer, it may be a good thing for the manufacturer for the time being, but a bad thing for the nation. We can't afford to have unprofitable machinery on farms. It is estimated that such tractors are a good investment only if they can be rigged with a pulley for the purpose of driving feed-cutters, fanning-mills, etc., in the barn. To tie up \$300 in a rig that does nothing but plough or draw a harrow—possibly a self-binder—is a bad investment; just as bad as raising wheat where mixed farming would be more profitable, or hogs in a section where cattle would pay more profit.

The gasoline tractor is a good example of the kind of thing that causes farmers to take stock of their farms as productive plants and to book-keep enough to find out where the money goes.



CANADA does not want conscription. No doubt this country is yet good for a third great effort to raise the last 140,000 of our national half-million of an army. But it may as well be set down as a national fact that conscription is not the way to do it. Let us keep in mind just what has been the experience of conscription in no-conscription countries like England and Australia. The parallel does not hold with conscript continental Europe. Trace it in democracy. Australia, which before the war had universal training and was able to send at once a much larger army to war than Canada sent in 1914, has recently voted down conscription. There must be a reason in democracy. England, which now has conscription, did not begin to create it until there had been instituted in the name of a free nation, first, voluntary enlistment; second, the national register and the pink forms; third, the Derby scheme of systematic recruiting based upon the national register—finally, to get the last remnant of the slackers, compulsory service. And if compulsion had not been exercised at the ports of debarkation much of that remnant of slackers would have escaped overseas. Conscription would have been defeated by its own force.

What have we done in Canada to test out our capacity to raise a half-million army without compulsory service? As yet nothing but voluntary enlistment. That has given us an army of 360,000. Will any one say that it is not a marvellous achievement? We have not as yet even the beginning of a national register. Our present census is six years old. Long ago the Government should have organized our census department upon a sensible business inventory of our resources in a time of war. A national register would indicate where the rest of our half-million army is to come from. But it would not of itself get the men. A Canadian Derby, taking the results of the national register, would surely have a chance to enlarge our Canadian army. Is it out of comparison with what we have already achieved under voluntary enlistment to imagine that such a scheme would get most, if not all, the necessary balance? And if it did not, would conscription do it? Consider the slackers of England who were kept in the country because the ports were blocked against them. But what blockade could Canada ever enforce along the United States border? What is to prevent 100,000 men—if we have so many slackers—from crossing that border to a land where there is no war? Nothing. Conscription, aiming to get the remnant, would make slackers and exiles of men who, under a more sensible extension of our voluntary system on the basis of a national register, might be got to enlist. If Australia, which is an island and capable of keeping her slackers at home, votes down conscription—why should Canada, which is half a continent, dream of adopting it?



A NEW national sentiment has sprung up in the United States. The struggle to elect either Wilson or Hughes has given the nation a voice such as it has never had in forty years of Presidential elections. The contest was not decided by straight party issues. Never before were party platforms so vague and nationalizing issues so powerful. Not in our time has that struggle been conducted with so little reference to old party slogans, so little bedevilment by corrupting influences, and with less to choose between the obvious personalities of the candidates. Neither Wilson nor Hughes fired the national imagination. Almost in spite of either personal or party factors 20,000,000 voters registered their choice in a supreme effort to discover if, after all, the United States had a soul bigger than party politics. Wilson, no longer too proud to fight, won the battle without the traditional aid of Tammany, whom he has always treated with contempt. In the predicament to which Wilson forced himself lies the sudden amazing strength of his position. He has never truckled to Tammany. Some weeks ago he gave that Irish organization a black eye in his letter to O'Leary. Since his election in 1912 he has been a changed man. Then he was solicitous about the opinion of his party leaders and cordial to his party press. Afterwards he ignored one and avoided the other. He ruled party and Congress like an autocrat. His two close admirers after his separation from Bryan were Secretary Lansing and Col. House. His course on the war was consistently neutral up till a few weeks before the election. To keep the peace he sometimes trifled with national honour.

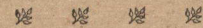
No President in our day was ever so beset with a foreign policy thrust upon him from within and without. No man ever hated it worse. No candidate for the Presidency was ever so between the devil and the deep sea. He was criticized by one section of his own party for being too hostile to the Germans; by another section for being just the opposite. He sacrificed the solid support of Tammany. Almost without expecting it he got as a compensation most of the Progressive vote, which was ear-marked for Hughes. It was impossible to reconcile a Roosevelt faction with a candidate supported by a large percentage of the German-American vote. Wilson entered the contest with the expectation that the German vote would go largely

to Hughes. Returns indicate that even this was divided, and its importance as a factor in the results much over-estimated.

The vote was exceptionally large. The party issues were exceedingly befuddled. Wilson's utterances were much the more pointed and explicit. On all sides, apparently, the old party lines were badly shaken. New issues emerged. President Wilson lived down the rebukes hurled at him by Roosevelt and Root. He changed his attitude in his light of experience. The Wilson of 1916 was not the Wilson of 1914. It took him two years to learn that the nation which had no desire to go to war had a desire to express itself as a nation of neutrality. The best sentiment of the United States is nowhere near pro-German. It is a desire to take rank as a nation among nations, dealing with world problems, even though old party lines had to be broken up to do it. In this respect the political revolution in the United States is not unlike the nationalizing sentiment in Canada. It was given a radical boost by the Progressive campaign in 1912. It was shoved infinitely further as a national issue common to both parties by the impact of the war. The United States may thank the war for having given it a chance to save its national soul. President Wilson may thank the gradual defeat of Germany by the Allies for his chance to show himself as a fighting head of a nation that is not too proud to fight when it comes to an election. He may thank Charles Hughes for being a candidate that no aggressive free nation could want for a head, and his own policy that kept the country out of war.



TO the first snow, again—welcome! That doesn't commit us to the other snow that is to come, because it is a different kind of snow. Not half so pleasant-mannered as this snow. But the first snowfall is usually timid, tentative, quiet-mannered. It steals down and quietly finds its place. It does its work of transformation noiselessly. Now, on the other hand, rain has no grace whatsoever. Perhaps because rain lacks philosophy. It makes short business of getting to earth. The first snow lingers, pauses, dances a little, and then settles gracefully to the earth. Rain is like the love of man: direct. Snow is like the love of women—not so direct. Later snowstorms, gaining confidence by our reception of the first, will come in howling and swanking. So be it. But in the meantime the first snow is irresistible in its loveliness. Welcome!



DEMOCRACY makes paternalism difficult. But democracy will do well to take a few leaves from paternalism's notebook. In Canada our Departments of Agriculture have spent millions of money, much time and considerable brains in the business of teaching farmers how to farm. In this work they have sometimes gone too far, sometimes not far enough. There is a limit beyond which no Government can teach the average farmer anything. There are problems which become the personal affairs of John Jones inside his own line fences, just as there are problems which concern the whole community, and can only be adjusted by some corporation common to all and responsible to all.

We have no desire to set any definite limit to the aid and advice which Governments may give in teaching farmers to farm. At some other time we may have opinions which lean towards doing more of that in wise directions. At present it is timely to point out that the reason any Government advises farmers is mainly for the sake of increasing production. Our production of wealth from natural resources falls under a number of heads: the soil, the forest, the mine, the sea and the lakes. There is a practical way of deriving revenue from the air, but it is not of importance here. What we desire to point out is that although Governments have done a great deal to aid the farmer, the lumberman and the miner, Governments have as yet done very little to teach the fisherman how to fish. We have immense areas of fresh and salt water upon which we depend for our supplies of fish. These fish supplies are more important now than ever. With the price of meat and of bread skyrocketing as never before in this country, what are we doing to increase our visible supplies, and therefore to lower the cost of our fish? A little. What there is of it is first-class. What there is not of it—incalculable. We have Government fish hatcheries. We have not one-tenth enough. We complain of the depletion of lakes. We only fiddle away at the task of replenishing them. A good fisherman in Muskoka often stocks a fishless lake with fish. Is there any reason why Governments, which are the only corporations able to do such things, should not take steps, and as soon as possible, to see that all our water farms are made as productive as possible? It costs millions to buy plant food and to undertake reforestation. Fish food is absolutely costless. All we require is the fish in order that they may multiply and consume the food already lying idle in the lakes and the seas. Why do not all our Governments of both parties go into this business of, somewhat reducing the cost of living by increasing the supplies of so important an article of food?

New Books by Canadian Women

REVIEWED BY ESTELLE M. KERR
 THE WOMAN—BLESS HER
 ●●●●
 THE WHITE COMRADE
 ●●●●
 JESSIE ALEXANDER'S
 PLATFORM SKETCHES



Miss Marjorie MacMurchy.



Katherine Hale (Mrs. John W. Garvin).



Jessie Alexander (Mrs. Roberts).

THREE books lie on our office table: one fresh from the printers' hands, one that is still unbound, and one that has been on the market scarcely three weeks. "The Woman—Bless Her," by Marjorie MacMurchy, has already been welcomed with enthusiasm by the critics of our leading journals and is a real contribution to knowledge on a subject that is to our feminine minds of the utmost importance.

No woman can read this little volume without a feeling of self-consciousness, as if, among the glass cases of a museum of natural history, she came upon one containing a female of her own species, carefully stuffed, mounted, exposed to view and labelled. Miss MacMurchy has gathered together an amazing number of statistics. We learn, for instance, that over 80 per cent. of us marry, that two hundred and fifty thousand of us belong to national organizations; that three hundred and sixty thousand are in paid occupations! Then we are classified under various heads: The Business Woman, the College Woman, the Country Woman, and the Woman at Home, while the last chapter is devoted to Women and the War, with pertinent advice as to how we may become useful citizens.

CANADIAN women, Miss MacMurchy states, have a genius for organization, and such national societies as the National Council of Women, the Daughters of the Empire, Women's Institutes, Y. W. C. A.'s, etc., provide an intercommunication between provinces that is a genuine contribution to national life. Yet few of these organizations have made a study of the special business of women—the business of home-making and child-rearing. If women's organizations made the saving of infant life and the health of children their special care, infant mortality would be reduced fifty per cent. Neither do these organizations give much attention to the food supply, yet ten million dollars was spent last year, practically by women, in buying imported fresh fruits and vegetables! The business of the country can hardly prosper if women who yearly spend one billion of the total income of Canada, remain ignorant of the fact that their purchasing has an economic effect on the country. The main plea of the book is that home-making and child-rearing should be regarded as skilled occupations for which all women should receive definite training. (Published by S. B. Gundy, Toronto: Price, \$1.00.)

KATHERINE HALE, whose "Grey Knitting" met with such success last season, has brought out another little book, consisting chiefly of one long poem, "The White Comrade." In it a young soldier tells of his experiences from the outbreak of the war to the time when he lay wounded on the battlefield of Ypres and the White Comrade in the form of his dead friend came to his aid. There is some incongruity in the fact that a Canadian boy of the virile type that answered the first call to arms, should express himself in such vague, colourful language, should pay attention to the scenery, the "bourgeoning of springtime," than to the realities of battle, but it is a relief after all the grim horrors described in

recent war literature to read these delicately imaginative lines.

"So comes the Comrade White, down silent pain—
 He comes to woods and battlefields to-day,
 (Sometimes I think he loves the woods the best)
 And finds free souls flung skyward, glad to go
 Among the lonely and the pain-racked ones
 He comes—not death at all, but radiant life
 Comes in the eyes of comrades, lives in hearts
 That give all, taking nothing in return."

"I Used to Wear a Gown of Green" and four other short poems are included in this pretty blue booklet. (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto: Price, 25 cents.)

I USED TO WEAR A GOWN OF GREEN

I used to wear a gown of green
 And sing a song of May,
 When apple blossoms starred the stream
 And Spring came up the way.

I used to run along with Love
 By lanes the world forgets,
 To find in an enchanted wood
 The first frail violets.

And ever 'mid the fairy blooms
 And murmur of the stream,
 We used to hear the pipes of Pan
 Call softly through our dream.

But now, in outcry vast, that tune
 Fades like some little star
 Lost in an anguished judgment day
 And scarlet flames of war.

What can it mean that Spring returns
 And purple violets bloom,
 Save that some gypsy flower may stray
 Beside his nameless tomb!

To pagan Earth her gown of green,
 Her elfin song to May—
 With all my soul I must go on
 Into the scarlet day.

JESSIE ALEXANDER is a figure of real importance in our National Canadian life. There are few of us who do not remember her contribution to our pleasure at some Sunday-school entertainment or a concert in a village school house or town hall. She has made repeated visits to nearly every town in Ontario, and her never-failing kindness, combined with a keen sense of humour, makes for her a host of friends wherever she goes. Universities, prisons, drawing rooms, hospitals, soldier-camps, churches, steamships, mining and lumber camps, opera houses, barns, porches, and "all out-doors," in turn, served her as auditoriums in Canada, England and the United States, and she says, "I have found people of all ranks and nationalities wonderfully alike in their sensibilities, just plain 'human.'" "Jessie Alexander's Platform Sketches, original and adapted," will be hailed with delight by the student of elocution. They make capital reading, too, and if you think her original sketches, such as "Friday, Bargain Day," or "An Irish Shillelagh," are lacking in literary merit, why you should just hear Jessie Alexander read them and then you will be convinced that they are masterpieces.

THE best part of the book is the Confidential Preface and Reminiscences, wherein she sketches her career from the time when, at the age of four, she made her initial bow to the public, up to the present day. She was always the "best reciter" in her room at school, and amongst her girlish recollections is one of a Collegiate teacher who fostered independent thought—Mr. Sam Hughes—now General Sir Sam Hughes.

"Even in those days 'Sam' loved to superintend an argument and to set pupils to sparring verbally to defend their individual opinions as to the meaning of phrases and the relation of words. In 'Young Lochinvar,' the line, 'One touch to her hand and one word in her ear' evoked the question, 'What verb would you supply in that line?' 'Gave,' was the general suggestion. 'Gave one word in her ear,' was the ironic comment. 'Gave and spoke,' came the amendment. 'Any other suggestion? Well, Jessie?' 'Whispered or breathed,' was my choice. 'He breathed one word in her ear.' The master laughed: 'Jessie has been there.' Jessie had not been there, but it is one of the privileges of dramatic instinct to know some things without having 'been there.'"

LATER came a period when she taught elocution, and amongst her pupils were Margaret Anglin, Carrie Scates (Caroline Miskel Hoyt), and several others who have achieved success in dramatic art, but teaching was abandoned in favour of a public career. Ontario towns with no theatres of their own and very few concert attractions, were eager for entertainment, and it was a joy to cater to such keen appetites.

"Concert halls were, in those days, deplorable places, the atmosphere varying from the icy blast of an unheated, draughty stage, to the inferno of a six-by-ten dressing-room, with its big box wood-stove,

(Continued on page 26.)

BASIC FACTS ABOUT PRICES

THE full effect of the upward movement of prices of foodstuffs and other necessities of life has only begun to bear upon the consumer. In view of the present high cost of living and the advances over a year and two years ago this statement appears alarming, but it is clear after a study of conditions that the effect of the rising cost of raw materials is only beginning to be felt by the consumer. Prices are regulated in most part by the relation of the supply of the commodity considered to the demand for the commodity. In a few cases forces may be operating to secure control of the supply of certain products, and in such instances artificial means are employed to raise the cost of the products affected, to the detriment of the consumer. But, to-day, the high prices are due generally to increased demand for products, the actual supply of which is inadequate to meet present and immediate future needs. Added to this operation of the law of supply and demand are the many other factors, such as decreased labour supply, the unsettlement of industry due to war demands, lack of ocean shipping facilities, etc., all the outcome of the great war in which the world is engaged.

Up-to-date, most lines of commodities ordinarily purchased by the average consumer have been more or less affected. In breadstuffs the increased demand is clearly apparent, and with the Russian grain crop unavailable, and the Argentine crop wanting for the want of ocean tonnage to convey it to the world's markets, there is a shortage in the supply as compared with the world's present and immediate future needs. Added to this the North American crop this year is scarcely an average one, and although the Canadian grain crop is better than the average, thereby allowing for a large exportable surplus, the Canadian consumer is compelled to pay a price in accordance with that fixed for the raw material in the world's markets. The full flood of the Canadian crop to Eastern markets is now on, and manufacturers of breadstuffs have abundance of raw material available, so that, ordinarily, breadstuffs should now be selling at little above the low point of each year's fluctuations. But the manufacturers are compelled to purchase their raw materials in competition with the world, so that the rising costs of raw materials must be accompanied by proportional advances in the prices of the finished product in order that the manufacturer may be protected. Raw material prices are rising steadily, and this at a time when manufacturers are in the mar-

Fundamental Factors which the Government and the Municipalities will have to consider in a necessary regulation of the Cost of Living

By E. S. BATES

ket for supplies for future needs. The shortage in supply is bound to effect further increases, and as the increases go into effect the consumer pays. Unless governmental regulative means are employed to control the situation the Canadian consumer will pay considerably more during the next few months than he is now paying for his requirements of breadstuffs. Millers, manufacturers and bakers may have discounted the future to a certain degree, but scarcely to the extent proportionate to the present rising tendency of the raw material markets.

Leather, textiles, furniture, hardware, household goods, foodstuffs, canned goods, meats, fish, and in fact, practically all products entering into the requirements of the ordinary consumer are in the same category. Boots and shoes have advanced from 50 to 75 per cent. over pre-war prices. Present prices are based on prices paid for raw materials several months ago. Leather has advanced steadily since then, but manufacturers have had to purchase their requirements for the future, and their prices on next season's goods will be proportionately advanced. Woollens, cottons and all textile goods are similarly situated. Manufacturers are paying fifty cents to seventy-five cents a pound for wool and nineteen cents a pound for cotton to-day that cost thirty to fifty cents and twelve to fifteen cents a pound respectively six months ago, and next season the consumer will pay the price, facing a gradual rise in the meantime. Furniture dealers are now selling goods purchased six months or more ago, but their present purchases are on a basis fifty per cent. or more above prices then prevailing. Household hardware is on the same basis. Raw materials are advancing, labour is scarce, manufacturing costs are higher, and manufacturers are busily engaged on war contracts making the delivery of domestic orders next to impossible. Furniture factories are manufacturing shell boxes, textile manufacturers khaki cloth, socks and wearing material for the soldiers, hardware manufacturers are busy on shells. And so the tale goes, the home trade is a secondary consideration and the stay-at-home pays the price.

Foodstuffs, canned goods, meats and fish are in great demand for the fighting forces. Exports of

cheese, butter, eggs, canned meats, canned vegetables, and canned and frozen fish are larger than ever before in the history of the Dominion. Trade conditions have been such during the past two years that the Canadian product is in demand in England and France practically regardless of the

selling price. Bully-beef is scorned by the soldiers in France, nevertheless it is a very necessary part of the rations owing to the ease with which it can be transported and preserved, and the canned meat factories of this country have been working to capacity, together with those of the United States and other countries, maintaining the supply. Cured and pickled meats of all kinds, hams, bacon, etc., have been taken in large quantities, until the domestic supply of live stock is being drained and the country is facing a shortage. The Canadian consumer is already paying from 25 to 50 per cent. over pre-war prices for meats, but there is every indication that live stock will go higher and retail prices soar in proportion. Fish, generally the cheapest sort of meat food, is following the lead. Poor returns from the fisheries, and increasing demand from the military forces for supplies, are likely to send prices up before long. Already the tendency is becoming apparent.

Cheese is now selling at the highest point in years. The demand from overseas has been urgent in spite of these high prices, and stocks on hand at the leading markets here are comparatively small for this season. The demand from overseas will likely continue as long as the war lasts, so that the Canadian consumer stands a very poor chance of getting even a small share of the present supply. Butter and eggs are in the same class. Prices are now almost prohibitive, but the full effect of the upward movement is scarcely realized as yet. Potatoes are very high, perhaps from artificial causes, but whatever the cause, the supply available is far from sufficient to meet requirements. Canned goods are advancing steadily. The salmon run on the Pacific Coast last season was a poor one, but canned salmon must be had for the troops, and prices are proportionately high. Canned vegetables have advanced materially, about seventy-five per cent., under the increased demand, as also have all kinds of canned fruits, jams, etc., partly because of short crops, shortage of labour to handle crops, increased cost of other ingredients, and the increase in demand. These goods will surely go higher as stocks

(Concluded on page 17.)

THE MAN FROM ATHABASKA

This is a Canadian poem from a new volume entitled "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" (William Briggs, Toronto). These poems were written on the spot. Service is doing duty as a Red Cross man. His

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

verses are a powerful translation of what he sees and hears men say in the hospitals and the trenches. There are many poems in the book even better than this; none so thoroughly Canadian in tone.

OH, the wife she tried to tell me that 'twas nothing but the thrumming
Of a woodpecker a-rapping on the hollow of a tree;
And she thought that I was fooling when I said it was the drumming
Of the mustering of legions, and 'twas calling unto me;
'Twas calling me to pull my freight and hop across the sea.

And a-mending of my fish-nets sure I started up in wonder,
For I heard a savage roaring and 'twas coming from afar;
Oh, the wife she tried to tell me that 'twas only summer thunder,
And she laughed a bit sarcastic when I told her it was war;
'Twas the chariots of battle where the mighty armies are.

Then down the lake came Half-breed Tom with russet sail a-flying,
And the word he said was "war" again, so what was I to do?
Oh, the dogs they took to howling, and the missis took to crying,
As I flung my silver foxes in the little birch canoe;
Yes, the old girl stood a-blubbing till an island hid the view.

Says the factor: "Mike, you're crazy! They have soldier-men a-plea.
You're as grizzled as a badger, and you're sixty year or so."
"But I haven't missed a scrap," says I, "since I was one and twenty.
And shall I miss the biggest? You can bet your whiskers—no!"
So I sold my furs and started . . . and that's eighteen months ago.

For I joined the Foreign Legion, and they put me for a starter
In the trenches of the Argonne with the Boche a step away;
And the partner on my right hand was an apache from Montmartre;
On my left there was a millionaire from Pittsburg, U. S. A.
(Poor fellow! They collected him in bits the other day.)

But I'm sprier than a chipmunk, save a touch of the lumbago;
And they calls me Old Methoosalah, and blagues me all the day,
I'm their exhibition sniper, and they work me like a Dago,
And laugh to see me plug a Boche a half a mile away.
Oh, I hold the highest record in the regiment, they say.

And at night they gather 'round me, and I tell them of my roaming
In the Country of the Crepuscule beside the Frozen Sea;
Where the musk-ox runs unchallenged, and the cariboo goes homing,—
And they sit like little children, just as quiet as can be:
Men of every clime and colour, how they hearken unto me!

And I tell them of the Furland, of the tumpline and the paddle,
Of secret rivers loitering, that no one will explore;
And I tell them of the ranges, of the pack-strap and the saddle,
And they fill their pipes in silence, and their eyes beseech for more;
While above the star-shells fizzle and the high explosives roar.

And I tell of lakes fish-haunted, where the big bull moose are calling,
And forests still as sepulchres with never trail or track;
And valleys packed with purple gloom, and mountain peaks appalling;
And I tell them of my cabin on the shore at Fohd du Lac;
And I find myself a-thinking: Sure I wish that I was back.

So I brag of bear and beaver while the batteries are roaring,
And the fellows on the firing steps are blazing at the foe;
And I yarn of fur and feather when the marmites are a-soaring,
And they listen to my stories, seven poilus in a row,
Seven lean and lousy poilus with their cigarettes aglow.

And I tell them when it's over how I'll hike for Athabaska;
And those seven greasy poilus they are crazy to go too.
And I'll give the wife the "pickle-tub" I promised and I'll ask her
The price of mink and marten, and the run of cariboo;
And I'll get my traps in order, and I'll start to work anew.

For I've had my fill of fighting, and I've seen a nation scattered;
And an army swung to slaughter, and a river red with gore;
And a city all a-smoulder, and . . . as if it really mattered,
For the lake is yonder dreaming, and my cabin's on the shore;
And the dogs are leaping madly, and the wife is singing gladly,
And I'll rest in Athabaska, and I'll leave it never more.

Basic Facts About Prices

(Concluded from page 16.)

are reduced. Sugar is now selling at record prices, and advancing steadily.

Figures might easily be prepared to show the advances that have taken place in the prices of these commodities during the past two years, but the facts are patent to every purchaser. The increases have been all the way from 10 to 100 per cent. or over. Many commodities have been withdrawn from the market altogether, while the demand for all these commodities has greatly increased. Fortunately, it is the business of a great section of the business

world to anticipate events and rising prices by purchasing against future needs. In such cases present prices may discount the future for a short period, but conditions have been such that the accumulation of stocks has been a difficult matter owing to the inability of manufacturers to make delivery of domestic orders.

Investigation of the high cost of living at the present time appears to be a useless effort. Of course, distribution is of prime importance, but the fact that thousands of producers have been withdrawn from employment and the forces of production and have joined unproductive and destructive forces is the paramount cause of the advance in prices. Decreased production against increased con-

sumption, augmented by unsettlement of industry and trade facilities, is the cause. The panacea of the present situation is to increase production, and cultivate thrift. The average consumer at home must bend every effort to produce more than ever before. Thrift in spending, thrift in eating and in supplying the household needs must become a religion to the consumers of Canada. The men at the front must not be deprived of one iota of their requirements. They are facing conditions unparalleled in awfulness in the history of the world, and the stay-at-homes must bear their share. The situation must be faced with common-sense and fortitude, and useless expenditure entirely eliminated. Economy and thrift must be the goal of all efforts.

A TALE OF THE MUSK-OX

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Cartoon By Hans Johnston.

OUR musk-ox shown here is a wise animal. There are Indian legends fetched down by explorers that credit this animal with the ability to hold dialogues with his hunters. Moreover he is a most difficult beast to shoot or to capture, and for some years there was a standing reward in Washington for the hunter who should bring down a pair of live musk-oxen to that city.

There was a deep-laid plot in this and the musk-ox knew it when he declined to come down from the top of the world. He suspected that once he got down into the land of Uncle Sam he would be such a novelty that some political party would at once claim him for an emblem. The G.O.P. had got the elephant—a wise animal surely. The Democrats took the mule, who last week proved to be the greatest national kicker ever known. Tammany took the tiger, which President Wilson seems to have boycotted during his four years of Presidency. And Roosevelt took over the bull moose, which is a sort of second cousin to the musk-ox by way of the buffalo.

Was not the musk-ox wise to stay up on top of the world? Most certainly. He knows that he is the only animal yet discovered which Canada owns independent of the United States. He is the pure Canadensis and should be taken as our own national emblem instead of the beaver.

In the words of the growing child—what does the musk-ox say over the recent struggle between the mule and the elephant, the worst known in forty years? Let us put it in the form of a legend. Listen to the monologue of the musk-ox in the land of the aurora as he inspires the great fracas between the elephant and the mule with the bull moose looking up from below.

I AM the Musk-Ox. But my Arctic name is not "Alas my poor brother!" Still I am a brotherly bull. Here on top o' the world I look down upon all nations—my brothers. I observe that North America is a strange place. The top half of it, all but Alaska, belongs to Canada. It is inhabited by a people who have four kinds of politics. Count 'em on your fingers, people: Canadian—British—Imperial—American.

Bear with me a bit while I butt myself into a snow-bank and laugh. Ha! Ha! We are so vigorizing a people in this north-land that we like to help the whole world run the show. We are a three-ring circus and a menagerie. The United States is our menagerie, which is sometimes the biggest part of the circus. Ask the children. Politics is our perennial prerogative. I would refer you to Borden, Asquith, Hughes (Anzac), Botha, Chelmsford (India G.G.), Wilson. None of them got to the top o' the world without our knowing how it was done. We lent 'em all a hand. Our editors are omniscient. We are boosting the brotherhood of man. (Alas my poor brother!). We've got all those top o' the world

people settled except Borden and Wilson.

Just now we are settling Wilson. I remind myself that whoever invented the mule as the emblem of the Democratic party must have foreseen this election. No mule ever kicked so hard as this one on the dashboard of the national democrat to keep the G.O.P. from unseating Wilson. If ever the United States needed reciprocity it was this election of 1916. We could have lent 'em enough voters along with our editors to swing the nation one way or the other without half such a fracas as you are having, O elephant and mule.

Hughes or Wilson, you ask? I won't say. It makes no great difference to us. It was a Republican who offered us reciprocity in 1911. In the west we want our wheat to cross the border. In the east we say the country is too Yankee. But that never bothers

blowing up your munition factories—then you must fight as a nation as never you did to let the world know that at least you have a national mind about your elections, just as your people did when they sent food to Belgium and doctors to Servia.

Mind you, the bull moose is more interested in the elephant. Just for which I have a mind myself to encourage the mule. But I have no choice. Either of you is as good as the other, so long as you fight.

Listen, my people. It is the time as never before since you fought down yonder—when I was a calf—to abolish the slave, to show that you have a national soul to save. I know. I am in the land of thought and of soul.

And now I am done. Let me go back to gnaw mosses again under the snow, to paw the snow and to make strange noises at the midnight stars.

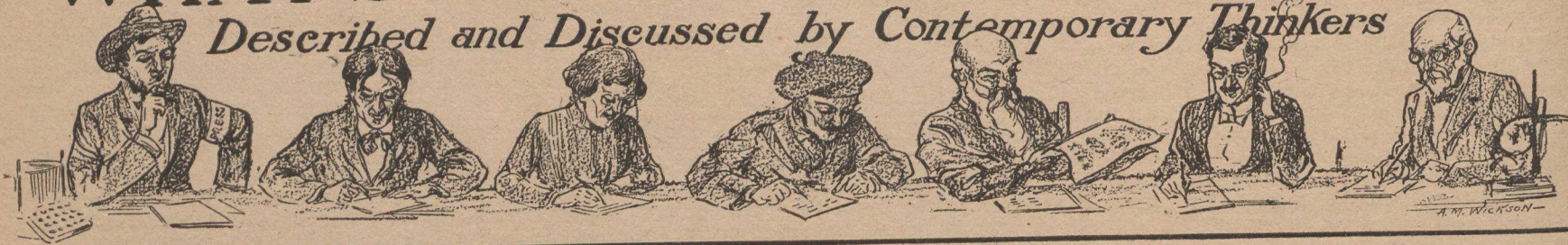


us. You see we'll have an election of our own one of these days and that will settle everything. Vox populi. It's always efficacious. Take it for all our diseases of body politic. That's democracy. Pity Mr. Wilson didn't take it oftener. After this he may. He's a stubborn man; pokes about on his own hook like a musk-ox. I suppose he couldn't trust anybody after Bryan went back on him. Too many vox populis. Thinking of the fellow that tried to please everybody carried his donkey and lost him. Rather think that bull-moose riled him. Bulls moose are exasperating critters. I never could abide one up here. Wilson didn't want the nation to think Roosevelt could be the only boss autocrat in the country. So he changed his mind. Said at first he would have nothing to do with the war, even though Canada sent her hundreds of thousands. At least one nation in the world might be too proud to fight. A little while before the election he said out and out that never again in a world war could the United States be neutral? Now his mule kicks and fights as never he has done in forty years to keep that White House and the dome like the top of the world for President Wilson. Do not blame him. All great men are fighters. Mr. Hughes is also a fighter. But his fight has not come yet. They have learned from the bull moose that fighting is needful.

FIGHT on, elephant and mule, while the bull moose watches you from below and the musk-ox from above. The musk-ox knows what is good for you. His people are fighting in Europe for the good of the world to which he wishes you to belong. When the world fights you must never be too proud. Do not think too much of that gold you have gathered. Gold may be your ruin. You cannot buy a place in the world. You must fight for that. Since you would not fight for Belgium, nor say a word on her behalf; since you would not arm a soldier or send out a battleship to protect the rights of your own people on the high seas; since you would not hinder the hyphens from

WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



MAKE HUN GENTLEMEN

How it is Done in Germany—and a Comparison

F. H. SWIFT, writing in the Contemporary Review on "The Making of a Gentleman in Germany," quotes from the diary of a German student an account of a duelling experience, as follows:

"In the morning I attended my second Mensur tournament. Eleven Mensuren were fought, all were of the Schlager variety. Many of them came to an end soon, several lasted the full fifteen minutes. Herr Becker fought with a left-handed German and easily won. In a number of cases the fighting was fierce and the wounds frightful. At least two of the Paukanten presented heads so covered with wounds and blood that they looked like lumps of raw flesh. One Paukant I shall never forget. Blood streamed from his scalp, ran down over his forehead, coursed over his eyes, and ran into his mouth. Again and again the Sekundanten (seconds) had to call a halt in order that the cords which bound on the various portions of the protecting suit and headgear, and which had been cut, might be repaired. During one of these pauses one of the Paukanten leaned back against his chair. A comrade brought him a drink. As he sipped the water, the blood that ran into it from his wounds turned it rapidly crimson, but the Paukant did not appear to mind it.

"The Leder (leather protector) is tied on again and the fight continues. One Paukant or the other is always dealing his antagonist a blow which must be examined by the Arzt (physician). Blood, blood, blood! It runs down the trousers of the Paukant who is getting the worst of it, and paints a band as broad as a man's hand on each leg of his white duck trousers. An ugly blow clips off a large slice of scalp and sends the blood spattering upon us. A bystander tells me there is blood on my collar. I turn to the long mirror behind us; there is blood on my collar, on my forehead, my nose, and my chin. Those in front of me are far worse spattered than I. More than once in the moments which follow I am obliged to remove my glasses to wipe off the blood in order to continue watching. No one is at all concerned by what is going on. One Bursch is plainly bored that the Mensur lasts so long, and begins reading a newspaper, though it is difficult to understand how he can see the print in the half-light of this dark morning. Other Burschen retire to the table a few feet away and order beer or coffee and Butter-brod (sandwiches). A few play cards. The majority, however, continue to watch the fray, which does not come to an end until the full fifteen minutes are up.

"I might say that there were two men in the group who did appear to be affected by the sight. They were the Testant, the servant who disinfects the Schlager, and the Couleur-diener, the servant who dresses the Paukant. From time to time their faces bore signs of nausea, sometimes perhaps of pity, but theirs were the only ones. This lack of manhood on their part was regarded as excusable as they were only servants, not Herren (gentlemen)!

"At the end of the Mensur just described, the Paukanten sat down on their chairs and the Couleur-diener proceeded to take off their fechten (fencing) apparel. It was a sickening task. Every inch was reeking with half-congealed blood which stuck to the leather and made the knots hard to get at.

"I followed the two Paukanten upstairs to the operating room, where a number of young medical students were busy sewing up heads, noses, and lips. The defeated Paukant had received fifteen wounds. One wound was between three and four inches long, the other fourteen were smaller. As the amateur surgeon sewed the wounds, the blood still flowed into the Paukant's mouth and eyes and ran in little streams down on to the floor. Once or

twice he uttered a gasp of pain, but it was only a quick drawn breath, not a moan.

"From this Paukant I moved to another, also undergoing an operation. His lower lip had been cut across vertically so that the exterior surface fell down loosely over his chin. That his suffering was intense was most plainly evident. As the young surgeon drew his needle through the lip stitch by stitch with an indifferent degree of skill, cold perspiration burst from the patient's pores, stood out on his countenance, and thinned the blood. He looked grimly out into the room as he sat astride a chair, but not a muscle of his face moved; nor did he utter a single sound of pain. The operating room was small, and the patients were coming fast, so, after lingering a few moments longer, I joined the outgoing throng and returned to the Fechten-Saal below, where the Mensur tournament, which had begun at about 8.30, continued until two in the afternoon."



THE LAST RESERVES.

Nikita: "Extra! Great victory in Montenegro!"

Peter: "Extra! Great victory in Serbia!"

Albert: "Extra! Great victory in Belgium!"

—Willy Stieborsky, in Die Muskete, Vienna.

What must be the effects of such contests upon the youth who take part in them? To what extent do these frays, deliberately sought and entered into, dull the senses and render the participants indifferent to human suffering in themselves as well as in others? The Mensur is not only one of the most brutalizing activities ever devised by a nation, but it shuts out of student life wholesome sports. Some corporations do encourage other sports, but this is rare, although on the increase. In the eyes of the corporation student, however, the exertions incident to the ordinary English and American sports are not in keeping with the dignity of a gentleman. To drink, to fence, to insult those he has wilfully chosen to regard as enemies, and to avenge insults, this is the life of a gentleman.

PRESIDENT AND TARIFF

How Democratic Experts View the United States' Prosperity

HOW the tariff argument affected the Presidential election is well presented by two recent writers in the New York Times, Mr. F. D. Root and Secretary McAdoo.

Campaign orators could not profitably complain of the present effect of a law that freely admits the immense quantities of raw material required for the manufacture of goods the sale and shipment of which have swollen our exports to nearly \$4,500,000,000 a year. They were restricted to a brief period of about ten months before the war and to the time following a declaration of peace. And so they have been drawing sad pictures of the depressing influence of the Underwood Tariff Act during the ten months following Oct. 4, 1913, the date when it became effective, and making dreadful predictions about a devastating flood of imported goods that is to swamp and wreck our industries immediately after the European nations stop fighting.

There are official reports, accessible to everybody, by which it can be shown whether American industries were depressed by the operation of the Underwood tariff law during the ten months that elapsed between Oct. 4, 1913, and the outbreak of a war that has practically set aside many tariff provisions. It must not be forgotten that when that tariff law took effect our country was suffering from trade and industrial dullness or depression that was world-wide. Other countries, some of which had protective tariffs, while some did not have them, shared in this depression. Neither here nor abroad was it due to tariff changes. This could be shown by a historical review of those times. It was as if the whole financial and industrial world were benumbed by a premonition of the coming great and dreadful war.

Did the tariff reductions of October, 1913, depress our manufactures by subjecting them to a new flood of imports? This question is decisively answered by the monthly and quarterly reports of the Department of Commerce. If the tariff changes were followed by larger imports of manufactured goods, dutiable or free, in these reports the proof could be found. But their evidence is on the other side.

In these official reports there is absolute proof that the depression prevailing in the ten months immediately preceding the war was not caused by imports coming in under reduced rates and subjecting our manufacturers to injurious competition. So much for the campaign assertion that the tariff changes of Oct. 4, 1913, exerted a deadening influence before the war.

Avoiding any reference to the fact that the recent large increase of imports has been due mainly to the admission of free raw materials which have been used for the manufactured goods exported in great quantities, Mr. Hughes and his associates turn to the days after a declaration of peace. Then, they say, we shall need a new high tariff, on the Payne-Aldrich model, because the nations now at war will flood us with manufactured goods at low prices, thus ruining our industries, if there be no high-tariff barrier.

Mr. Hughes' remarks at Joplin in Missouri a few days ago are a fair example of their warnings and predictions. Our present prosperity, he said, was built on sand:

What will be our condition when the war is over? When the millions of men in the trenches return to production, our exports of manifold products will fall tremendously. We shall have the active competition resulting from the resumption of foreign production. That production will be more skilful, more intelligent, and better organized in every one of the foreign nations now at war than it has ever been before. I believe that each of them has a vastly increased efficiency. If the American people desire the principle of a protective tariff applied to the protection of American products, they must put in power those who believe in the protective principle.

Mr. Fairbanks, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, is one of those who tell their audiences about great stores of manufactured goods in the belligerent countries ready to be shipped across the ocean to our market after the close of the war:

Already, if we are correctly informed, some of our commercial and industrial competitors in Europe have immense quantities of commodities manufactured and stored, awaiting transportation to the United States when the seas are cleared. There is one method of meeting

the situation, and that is by means of a well-adjusted protective tariff reform.

There is evidence that those stores of goods waiting to be shipped do not exist. In Berlin some weeks ago Philip Heineken, Director of the great North German Lloyd Steamship Company, said in an authorized statement given to The Associated Press:

Whatever stocks of manufactured articles may have been on hand at the outbreak of the war have been utilized in Germany, and there has been no replenishment of these supplies. All Europe after the war will be calling for raw materials to replenish exhausted stocks.

Wm. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, puts the case for the Democrats even more strongly and with due respect to the American love of bold statement.

The United States, he says, is to-day the strongest financial power in the world. This is shown by the fact that we actually possess more than \$2,636,000,000 of gold, which is about one-third of the entire gold stock of the world. If the war continues another year we may have one-half the entire gold stock of the world; if it lasts longer, there is no telling how much of the gold of the world we may own. We are no longer a debtor, but a creditor, nation. We now hold, and can continue to hold, the dominant position in world finance. The other strong nations have entered the debtor class and must continue to be large debtors for years to come. So long as we are dominant in world finance we can dispense our credits in such a way as to protect more effectively than any tariff law could possibly do, the prosperity of our country. Our total interest bearing debt amounts to only \$972,000,000, and we have unlimited resources, amazing industrial development and unequalled economic strength.

We are at peace and the genius and energy of our people have full play upon industry and organization. We have never before reached such a high point in efficiency and productivity. We have not suffered the slaughter of millions of our skilled workers. We are not weakened by the wounding and maiming for life of other millions of our men. We are not obliged to carry the burden of supporting many more millions of widows and orphans and cripples as every belligerent nation of Europe must do for generations to come.

But Mr. Hughes says our prosperity is based on war orders. This is again reckless assertion, merely.

For three years we have had the greatest crops

never taken a war order. Did the European war bring prosperity to Ford and his workmen? Wages throughout the land in every line of business having nothing to do with war orders are the highest ever known. How did the European war produce that prosperity? Deposits in our banks increased during the last three years \$6,238,000,000, and these increases are not shown in cities alone where war orders are taken, but are distributed throughout the length and breadth of the land. The resources of our banks have increased \$6,500,000,000 in the last three years.

But the most conclusive and significant facts are shown by the figures of our domestic and foreign trade. The New York Annalist says that our "Home Commerce," or domestic trade, amounts to about \$507,000,000,000 a year. Our total export trade, including all munitions of war of every direct and collateral sort, to all the belligerent and neutral nations of the world, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, amounted to \$4,272,000,000—or about eight-tenths of 1 per cent. only, of our total domestic trade—a percentage so small that it is almost negligible. But the Government figures show that the total amount of exports of war munitions, including actual munitions such as explosives, guns, and cartridges, and also what may be called secondary munitions such as horses, mules, automobiles, aeroplanes, boots, shoes, saddles, harness, wool clothing and blankets, brass, copper, lead, zinc in pigs, bars, and other manufactures, for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1916, amounted to a total of \$930,000,000 in round figures.

This is less than two-thirds of 1 per cent. of our total domestic trade.

Some economists say that our total domestic trade, excluding successive turnovers as The Annalist figures indicate, and basing it upon the total of our home production and one turnover, representing consumption, amounts to \$100,000,000,000 per annum. On this basis our exports of war munitions of all kinds for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1916, (\$930,000,000), amount to less than 1 per cent. of our domestic trade!

How indefensible it is for any reputable man to say that our prosperity rests upon war orders! It is deliberate misrepresentation. When peace comes and war orders cease, the process will be gradual. We shall undoubtedly be called upon for other supplies to help restore the destruction of war in Europe that will more than offset the loss of war orders. We shall also regain our trade with the Teutonic allies, now wholly suspended, and amounting to \$431,000,000 per annum.

from the books of acknowledged masters. Trollope, for instance, was a master of the art of mere storytelling, but his people are organisms of a low degree of vitality. Their movements interest us exceedingly, but they never become as intimate friends or arouse a definite enmity; we meet them with pleasure, we leave them without a sigh. Even Mary Thorne, perhaps the most attractive woman he has given us,



JOY RIDING.

—Carter, New York Evening Sun.

loses her value the moment the tale closes with her marriage to Frank Gresham—we feel that she has accomplished her life's work, has held out bravely until the last knot of a clever tangle has been unravelled, but that the impact of her personality has been trifling.

To examine, by way of contrast, the work of a master such as George Meredith is to realize a difference that is startling. Despite the almost metallic brilliance of the conversation in such a book as "One of Our Conquerors"—a brilliance which has at times even a disruptive tendency—we are forced to feel the problem of Victor and Nataly; we are smirched with the lost honour; the crash of the terrible final collapse rings in our ears; and, though we prefer to regard Meredith as artist rather than moralist, the message thunders at us from the ruins. Here is a triumph of personality in fiction. The creative mystery is no less vivid in the work of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Who can fail to visualize Tess as a suffering human being? We set the story aside to think of her and her troubles; the grim pursuit of fate reacts upon the reader; the creation of the novelist's brain has achieved the garb of flesh, has walked and talked with us. And in one respect Mr. Hardy has the advantage of Meredith: his minor characters, almost without exception, are as convincing as his heroes and his heroines. If we take another example, from the work of Mr. Henry James, we are on more delicate ground; he has his select circle, and it increases but slowly. Few would venture to deny his paramount creative power, his projection of a score of living fictional personalities. Turning back to Charles Dickens, we find the line of demarcation between individuality and personality difficult to draw; in so many cases Dickens invented some easy, exaggerated peculiarity for his characters and let it stand as a label of sure identification—a mean way of shuffling out of the true creative task. Certain of his chief characters—Uriah Heep, for example—simply "give away" the trick—albeit the trick of a superb craftsman. Yet we are bound to concede that creation went hand in hand with observation in so amusing a couple as the Wellers, and that in some instances, such as the Cheeryble brothers, Captain Cuttle, Mr. Pecksniff, Mark Tapley, and others that will be brought to mind by a moment's reflection, Dickens succeeded in reaching a more purely creative plane.

Is, then, the creative mystery exhibited so freely by so many exponents, explicable as a matter of practice or perseverance? The men whom we have considered were men of the active world, competent and shrewd; Charlotte Bronte, compared with them, was a secluded flower in a country garden. Wherein lies the secret?

Astonishingly, indeed, have we travelled in our quest: We have seen that the creative artist may be the silent central point of a brilliant universe; that his experiences may be love-laden without love; convivial without companions; spacious and assured



WELCOME SHADE.

Hughes: "Won't you come under, Columbia?"

Wilson: "Don't pay any attention to him, Columbia. Besides, the heat is only psychological."

—Alford, in Baltimore Star.

in our history. Did the European war increase the productivity of our soil? Railroad earnings have exceeded every previous record. Did the European war increase the volume of traffic, except for the relatively small tonnage of munitions, furnished principally by plants near the Atlantic seaboard? The Ford Automobile Company never built and sold as many automobiles as during last year. The company is 200,000 cars behind its orders, and it has

SECLUSION AND GENIUS

And the Creative Art Exhibited in Literature

"THE CREATIVE MYSTERY" is the difficult theme undertaken by Wilfrid L. Randall, in an article in the North American. The first written story, he says, was probably scratched on a tablet of smoothed bark or slate, and must have been a record of an actual occurrence.

It is perfectly true, of course, that we cannot imagine anything of which we have previously had no knowledge. We can picture a flying cow, but we are familiar with cows and with wings; we can see with the mind's eye distant rivers and mountains and icy wastes as described by explorers, but we are familiar with their component parts. We cannot conceive, try how we will, an animal lacking head and body and tail; nothing so extraordinary has ever come within our range. Even the strenuous ingenuity of Swift could merely exaggerate humanity in the Brobdingnagians, diminish it in the Lilliputians, and distort it in the Houyhnhnms. From the persons and places and objects which we have seen and read of, from the conversations we have heard, it is possible, however, to construct any number of combinations and elaborations. On a basis of fact, the imaginative artist builds a structure so firm and shapely and imposing and sometimes so beautiful that he wins from the world the final, incontrovertible title of creator, even though we know quite well that what we behold is but his dreaming made manifest.

The mediocre novelist, entertaining though he may be, and skilful at his task by using the impalpable, diffused "material" accumulated by his busy brain, never reaches this stage. His characters may have individuality, may be recognizable and well differentiated, but they fail to move us. Individuality and personality are two very different attributes: the one is the mechanical working model, the other the living, breathing man. Illustrations may easily be drawn

without wanderings in strange lands; agitated and impetuous without discordant voices; furious and wounded without the shock of battle; and that the secret thoughts of a man, his memories and fancies, incommunicable unless he pleases, compose, in the most profound and significant sense, his life itself, wherein as to friendly shelter he may withdraw, secure, unapproachable, supremely content, to give forth in due time the adventures of his soul.

THE BENGALI POET

Rabindranath Tagore gives His Impressions of Poetry

THE proper function of the poet," said Sir Rabindranath Tagore, "is neither to direct nor to interpret his fellows, but to give expression to truth which has come to his life in fullness of music."

This was the answer of the distinguished Bengali poet to my question as to whether the proper function of the poet was to direct or to interpret his fellows. It may be considered to be the poetic creed of the author of "Gitanjali" and "Chitra."

In this way Joyce Kilmer, in the New York Times Magazine, begins an account of a conversation with the famous poet.

I asked him if, in his opinion, a poet should depend upon his writings for a living, or should have some other means of support. He was silent for a moment. Then he said, slowly:

"Poets and artists need ample leisure to make their works true, and their Muses claim exclusive attention from them. Therefore, any distraction from their own line of work for the sake of livelihood is disastrous. On the other hand, to have to be dependent upon the favour of the public, who are not always the best judges of new creations of art, is an evil—but it is the lesser evil of the two."

"In the East," I said, "there is more general appreciation of poetry than in the West. What is the reason for this?"

"Appreciation of poetry," Sir Rabindranath replied, "is more general in the East, because in the Eastern countries poetry is the proper medium through which the deepest spiritual experiences of the people are expressed and disseminated."

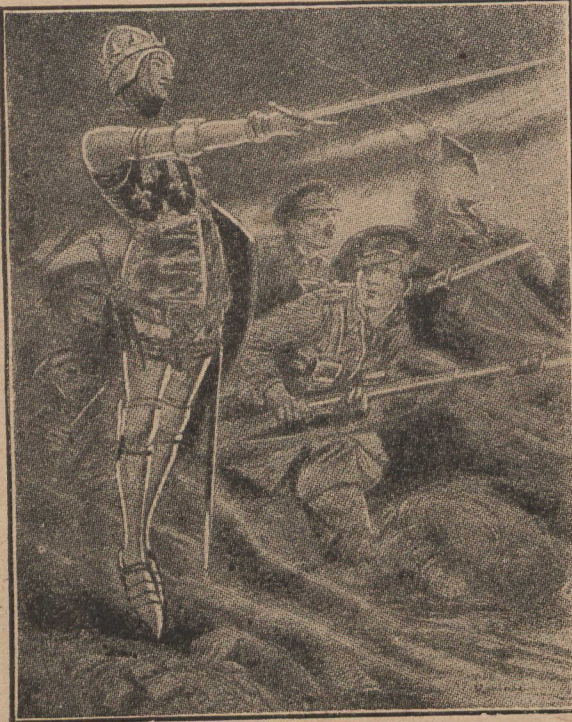
"Sir Rabindranath," I said, "is there any radical difference between the soul of the East and the soul of the West? If there is, how does this difference show itself in literature?"

Again the Bengali poet answered slowly, with an air of grave thoughtfulness.

"I cannot believe," he said, "that the soul of the

ence, while your emphasis in the West is upon the world where God comes as a supplemental truth or not at all."

With his poem "Thanksgiving" in mind, I asked its author how the war, according to his observation, was affecting the poets of his native land and of England. I found that he was far from believing that the war stimulates literary expression and is a source of great poetry. In carefully chosen phrases, he replied:



THE BLACK PRINCE OF PICARDY.

The flower of British manhood once more maintains the traditions of honour and valour on the battlefields of the Black Prince.

—T. H. Robinson, in To-day, London.

"The war acts like a dust-storm in men's minds. It not only obscures the horizon, but injures the organ of vision itself. It cannot have a stimulating effect upon poetry so long as it lasts."

CHAPLIN IN FRANCE

How Charlie Acts on Parisians who never saw him before

DO you ever shut your eyes for a moment, at the movies—say when the villain's black-hand letter is being screened for the third time—and think how wonderful it is that the same film is perhaps holding audiences in New York and Buenos Ayres at the very time you are looking at it in Toronto? And if you do, are you interested to know what they think of it? What details strike them as strange and what features they like best?

The exchange of vaudeville and drama is, of course, nothing new, but it is limited by language; dancers and singers of world-reputation have a wider scope, but they are not for the many. Besides, they can only be in one place at the same time. But a movie artist can be almost as ubiquitous as a book, with the added advantage that he does not require translation and scarcely demands that his audience shall be able to read. (In fact most managers seem to assume that some of their patrons are half-illiterate, if we are to judge by the length of time allowed for the reading of letters and captions). That is why an article on Charlie Chaplin, in an intellectual French periodical, can appeal to the learned and the unlearned of all nations and tongues.

Charlie—Charlot they call him there—has arrived, with a big A, in Paris, and Paris has accepted him, despite certain misgivings due to the vigorous Americanism of the advertising campaign—that is where Americanism is most vigorous at present—and the obvious triviality of his setting. But the latter is the French high-brow objection and does not cut much ice with the crowd; though one likes to believe that Chaplin is too great an artist to have chosen the scenes in which his managers display him. What we want to know is, how did Charlie look to this calm and critical member of the clearest-minded race on the planet?

"At first sight," writes M. Dyssord, in the *Mercure de France*, "you want to plant a sound kick in the seat of the loose and floppy pantaloons that drape themselves abundantly round his queer-shaped legs. But you soon change your mind, because if you did,

Charlot would only make it the occasion of one of his renowned and acrobatic tumbles: he is resilience personified.

He wears a little billycock perched on top of his woolly locks, his tie like a toreador's, supports in some wonderful fashion a collar two sizes too big and two inches too high: he has a little bob-tailed coat and a minute tooth-brush moustache, and carries a cane in perpetual motion, now swinging in careless abandon, now switching in sharp, vicious flicks."

So much for Charlie's appearance—we all know about that, and could tell our French friend the same and more also. But he continues, in the analytical manner of his race, to examine the sources of our amusement.

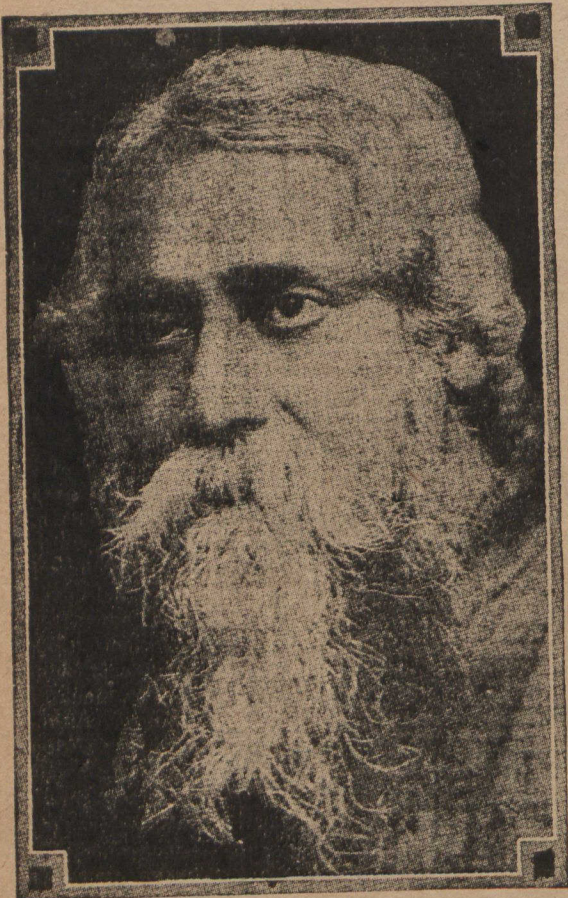
There are many theories about what is funny, and why, but the one that fits most naturally the peculiar talents of the great humorist of the screen is the following: The ludicrous seems to depend on a sense of superiority in the laughter, arising from physical, social or intellectual advantages. To take three simple instances from the "Floorwalker," the gambols on the escalator find the ultimate basis of their fun in the onlooker's feeling that he would not be so clumsy. This is the amusement caused by disaster. In the savage death and pain do not detract from the sense of the ludicrous, and we can imagine the chortles of the cannibal chief as his snicker-snee slithers into the squirming liver of a hostile man-eater. In more civilized minds disaster, to be amusing, must be free from painful results. If Charlie were to wind up his escalating with a broken leg the show would cease to be funny, especially for Charlie. Again, when he butts into a group without the formality of introduction and smothers them with a series of little frenzied puffs of cigarette-smoke, we find it funny because we should know better. Bad manners can be amusing if we don't have to live with them; contrariwise, one knows people who laugh at good manners if expressed in a fashion unfamiliar to them. Finally, in the action of watering artificial flowers we find an incongruity from which we should ourselves be preserved by acquaintance with the phenomenon of artificial flowers.

M. Dyssord finds Chaplin amusing primarily as a clown—in fact, his discussion opens with the sentence, "If Rigadin is an actor, Charlot is a clown"—and from this point of view a number of people might find interest in Charlot who now are turned away by the cheap vulgarity apparently inseparable from the comedy film. The French critic applies Bergson's definition of the ludicrous as the sudden passage from life to automatism, quoting the example of the celebrated clown Footit, who could win roars of spontaneous laughter by the simple expedient of pretending that his foot had become an independent instrument and guiding it to its next step with his hands. We can see much of this simple and universal source of mirth in Chaplin's work: Dyssord credits him with a long study of the famous clowns of the last century, Grimaldi and the rest, whose names have passed with the rise of vaudeville and the banalities of so-called burlesque. The last good clowning one remembers was in the pantomimic play of Sumurun.

But in all art, and therefore in the art of clowning, there must be some human touch, a glimpse of the performer's heart and personality. So Charlie must be shown in relation to the fair sex and we see him dealing with a bouquet intended for a jilting belle; with one significant stroke of the broom he sweeps it into the discard, demonstrating by that single gesture that love's sighs and jealousy find no lodgement in his psychological outfit. Which is also good business, for the audience knows very well that tears will come in quart-pots and sighs will blow in gummy hurricanes when the "drama" gets on the screen, and does not want any of the sob-stuff in its comedy.

The Parisian's fascinating study of the world's best-known humorist concludes with an enumeration of those little tricks and mannerisms that are part of every burlesquer's stock in trade, but which only become really funny at the hands of the true artist. "He cannot bring himself to mount a storey in the escalator; he would much rather miss a step, slide down a few feet on his stomach and repeat the performance again and again before reaching the second floor. Very careful of his fantastic clothes, he carries this dandyism to the length of brushing his hat with the first thing that comes to hand. He is all the time hitching his funny neck-tie. He is not shy and never waits for an introduction. Social conventions are not his concern, either to reform or to resist: he simply ignores them."

So on the whole Charlot makes much the same impression in Paris as Charlie Chaplin does in Toronto. But one wonders that nothing was said about that remarkable walk.



SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

East and the soul of the West are different. There happen to be differences in their outlooks such as may happen in the same people in different stages of its history. We in the East give all the emphasis of our life upon God Who is the Centre of all Exist-

MUSIC AND PLAYS

G. B. S. Again.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, keeping away from Shakespeare, has turned to G. B. S., who said once that he could have written Shakespeare's plays himself—or words to that effect. Faversham is the latest apostle of the great G. B. S. in America. After the customary correspondence by post and cable with the author, Mr. Faversham has finally selected a cast, a date, and scenery suitable to the former, and only the arrival of the spectacular dramatist by airship and his personal

performance of his "Chitra," to be given this winter under the auspices of the Stage Society, in New York. Alla Nazimova will produce the play and will act the title role. This will be the first offering of the society, and it will be followed by a drama by an anonymous author, entitled "As It Was in the Beginning."

* * *

N. Y. Sniffs at Jeff.

STEPHEN LEACOCK will be mortified to know that "Jeff," the dramatized version of Sunshine Sketches, did not prove to be popular

has had a lot of experience turning out writers such as Bliss Carman and Mr. Roberts. In a recent issue, the St. John Globe pays a high compliment to the Canadian author of "The Black Feather," recently played in Montreal and Toronto. The writer in the Globe says:

That in Mr. W. A. Tremayne Montreal possesses a dramatist whose ability has not been recognized as it deserves, was a point upon which stress was laid when at the end of the third act of *The Black Feather*, at His Majesty's Theatre, Montreal, repeated calls for the author gave Mr. Albert Brown an opening for a sincere and well-turned little introductory speech, in which he referred to the skilled workmanship of Mr. Tremayne, not only in the present play, but in others which have won wide success on the American stage. Mr. Tremayne replied briefly and modestly, thanking the audience for their warm appreciation of the offering, and paying tribute to Mr. Brown and his associates for the skill with which they had given life to his characters. Incidentally he expressed his pleasure that Mr. Brown, in playing an entire season in Canada with a Canadian-made play, was fulfilling a prediction which he himself had made ten or more years ago. Although *The Black Feather* was to a certain extent made to order, Mr. Tremayne having undertaken to supply Mr. Brown with a role, that of Dick Kent, which is virtually a duplicate of Kit Brent in *The White Feather*, it contains no internal evidence that the author found himself hampered or limited by this condition, but moves smoothly and logically from one interesting situation to another, while the character-drawing is free and unrestrained. Like Mr. Brown's previous vehicle, *The White Feather*, Mr. Tremayne's play is based upon the constant warfare between the secret service of the continental powers and Great Britain.

* * *

"Treasure Island" Back Again.

LADEN with crimes and riches—like that saucy ship, the *Hispaniola*—"Treasure Island" has come back to town. Once more at the snug little Punch & Judy you can shiver at the clank of cutlass against cutlass, watch Cap'n Flint a-preening himself on the sunlit Bristol quay, and hear the ominous tap-tap-tap of old Pew's stick on the fog-wet flagstones outside the Admiral Benbow. Here are sailors' tales to sailors' tune for young and old, since one of the best of last year's plays has returned to add another to the meagre list of things worth going to see.

Among the satisfactory newcomers is above all—Henry E. Dixey as Long John Silver. Edward Emery made much of that soft-spoken old scoundrel last season. Mr. Dixey makes more. Emery, with his naturally wheedling voice, fairly revelled in Silver's hypocrisy, but Dixey enriches the role with a somewhat deeper and more gleaming humour and strengthens it with a telling touch of the sinister. Even when Long John smiles these days, you remember that his heart is black and that about his neck dead men are hung like millstones. Mr. Dixey has always let his hands and the whites of his eyes do much for him on the stage, but they never seemed so useful or so potent as in his performance of this shifty and guileful old cripple. The author of the play has provided an entertainment that stands well the test of several visits. From Stevenson's celebrated story of the Spanish Main he has fashioned a play as picturesque as that sailors' tune—which Mr. Cohan says is the worst rum song ever written—and of which there once more echoes down Broadway the mournful refrain:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

* * *

Vernon Castle in the Air.

Mrs. Vernon Castle has heard that Mr. Castle, who is serving as an ensign in the British Royal Aviation Corps in France, (Concluded on page 24.)



George Arliss and Margery Maude, in Paganini, as seen in Canada last year and this season at The Criterion, in New York.—The Theatre.

intervention can prevent the performance as announced.

The players Mr. Faversham has gathered about him, with the approval of the author, are Henrietta Crosman, Charles Cherry, Hilda Spong, Lumsden Hare, John Harwood, Virginia Fox Brooks, Arleen Hackett, Mrs. Edmund Gurney, George Fitzgerald, Hugh Dillman, Edwin Cushman, and Herbert Belmore.

It is hardly necessary at this late date to summarize the plot of this dramatic dissertation on the marriage question. The comedy has never been acted before in this country, but it has been included in one of the volumes of Shaw plays for a good many years and so is known to the followers of the Irish wit and satirist.

* * *

A Tagore Play.

TORONTO has the distinction of getting ahead of New York in the production of *Chitra*, which was given in the Canadian city last year at the Arts and Letters Club. The author, Tagore, at present lecturing in the U. S., will be present at a

performance in New York. It seems that Cyril Maude, who played *Jeff*, has tried the play in New York and had to fall back on another, "The Basker," another shopworn English comedy in a new dress. In speaking of this, the *New York Times* pertinently remarks:

Mr. Maude is playing "The Basker" because his piece de resistance, "Jeff," did not seem suitable for New York. It was a dramatization of Stephen Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches of a Canadian Town," with Mr. Maude cast as Jefferson Thorpe, the barber. They do say that the greater part of the evening slipped away the while Mr. Maude stropped his razor and philosophized amiably in the dingy, fly-specked barber's shop of Mariposa. At all events, after playing the still far from exhausted "Grumpy" for three whole seasons, Mr. Maude played "Jeff" for three whole weeks, and then paused to reconsider. The result was "The Basker."

* * *

Appreciating a Canadian.

ST. JOHN, N.B., keeps a watchful eye on successful Canadian playwrights and litterateurs, somewhat because that part of the country



A Charming Complexion

Friends are calling or you have a sudden invitation. Just a moment to look your best. It takes but a few seconds to apply

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

and obtain a perfect complexion - a soft, clear, pearly-white appearance that is always refined and in good taste—Non-greasy—in use 65 years.

Send 10c. for trial size.
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Montreal, Que.

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR?

Understand all spoken parts. Read the moving lips. A good Lip Reader understands every word spoken in the SILENT DRAMA. "Lip Reading in the Movies," just published, tells how. Contains a simple key for all Lip Positions and Movements, which enables the eye to "hear" the conversation on the screen. Price 25c. School of Lip Language. Dept. C., 24 Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A.

FRANK S. WELSMAN

Pianist.

Studio for Lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence: 30 Admiral Road.

ALBERT DOWNING

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

ATHERTON FURLONG

A Brilliant Season
Now Opening.

159 College St. Telephone College 1193

W. O. FORSYTH

Pianist and Teacher of the Higher Art of Piano Playing—Complete Training for Concert Room or Teaching.
Address: Care Nordheimers, Toronto.

DELBERT R. PIETTE

Pianist Teacher.

Studios—Nordheimers
and 684 Bathurst St.

RICHARD TATTERSALL

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

HARVEY ROBB

PIANIST Toronto Conservatory of Music.

PAUL WELLS

Concert, Pianist and Teacher.
—Toronto Conservatory of Music—

REGENT THEATRE

Canada's half-million dollar Photo-Play House
TORONTO.

Coming Week of Nov. 20th.
Mon., Tues., Wed.

HAYAKAWA

The Noted Japanese Actor
in

"THE SOUL OF KURA SAN."

Thur., Fri., Sat.
EDWARD BRENNAN AND
GRACE ELLISTON
in

"BLACK FEAR."

Entire Week of Nov 27th
MARY PICKFORD in
"Less than the Dust"

World's Foremost Artist in the
Supreme Art Attainment of
Motion Pictures

FINANCIAL

How to Cheat Women

By INVESTICUS

THE world of investment is a world by itself. The average man or woman, trying to learn something about it, is like a dumb man trying to beat his way into a circus. He is apt to be thrown out, or beaten-up and robbed. The wisest people in the financial world to-day are men and women who b-o-u-g-h-t their knowledge at a price—a big price in many cases. Countless investors, and particularly women investors, don't know this. They think they can walk straight in with their money in their hand and be perfectly safe. Often this is the case. Very often, however, they come to grief.

ONE of the things for the woman investor to bear in mind is the fact that polite manners, good clothes and dazzling personalities are not the ear-marks of honesty in an investment salesman. Another thing to remember is that fact that skilled advertising writers know much more about the uses of words than the average reader of the advertisement ever suspects—and that words can often be used "to conceal" not only thoughts but facts. Good manners, good clothes, pleasant personality and convincing language are the three pitfalls for the woman investor. As a rule women like these things. They cannot help be impressed by externals. But they should not, in matters of finance, use the same standards of judgment that are used in the social relationships.

Mrs. Blank's husband died leaving her ten thousand dollars of insurance money. About a thousand had to be paid out for his debts. The balance was placed in the widow's hands. Now a shrewd but unscrupulous broker had noted the death of Mr. Blank in his usual careful survey of the morning newspaper. He noted also the mention of Mr. Blank's will when the same was filed for probate, and the insurance policy mentioned therein. The widow was not the only victim he had in mind. He had in his office long lists of just such people who had from five hundred to twenty thousand dollars to invest and who were likely "prospects" for his schemes. He kept daily record of the wills probated in the chief cities of Ontario, and the names of the chief beneficiaries. To each of these beneficiaries, as to Widow Blank in this case, he sent a letter—a circular letter with just the name and address cleverly filled in on the type-writer. The letter was dignified and courteous. It was printed on the very best quality of paper with plain lettering. It stated that The Glenholme-Fiddies Securities Company—some such name—begged the privilege of drawing to the attention of Mrs. Blank a peculiarly good opportunity to invest any money she might have in a "guaranteed" investment that would yield her twenty per cent. on her investment. The letter went on to say that of course such a rate of interest was unusual and would, under ordinary circumstances, seem too good to be true, but special circumstances, etc.

NOT everybody who received that letter was taken in by it. But it must be said that it read very smoothly, and to the hand, felt as rich and substantial as an invitation to a Lord Mayor's banquet. If the first letter didn't catch on, there were

other form letters in the office of the Glenholme-Fiddies Securities Company which were quite as attractive. Some people of course never fell for these letters. But an unbelievable number DID go the length of inviting the Glenholme-Fiddies Securities Company to send their representative. This is what the Widow Blank did. Thus the sleek broker won his opening. He came down in person. He was very quietly dressed but the material in the coat was of the best—a woman's eye could tell that. There was nothing oily about him. His expression was grave except when he permitted himself the faintest of smiles—all the while looking straight into the eyes of his intended victim. He was a combination of consulting-physician and a young high-court judge. He was clear, explicit, patient—and not a bit eager to induce Mrs. Blank to invest. Far from it! He was glad to offer Mrs. Blank the opportunity but—of course—he did not wish to urge the matter. There were so many other people eager to take up the opportunity. Mrs. Blank called in her husband's brother, who was a shrewd farmer. The representative of the company was less suave with the man. He was more on his dignity. He somehow suggested the aloofness and spotlessness of a clergyman! . . . At all events after several weeks of cogitation Mrs. Blank made the investment and her money. The Glenholme-Fiddies Securities Company was really nothing but a wild-cat oil concern shorn of its usual flamboyant advertising matter.

NOW one thing that helped convince the widow and her husband's brother, was the fact that the "investment" was "guaranteed." Naturally the brother wanted to know who was doing the guaranteeing. This turned out to be The Unfailing Trust Company. Now that word Trust Company has a good reputation, because there are so many good trust companies. But just as bad men wear the manners of virtuous people, so there are crooked trust companies that masquerade as real trust companies. They will "guarantee" almost anything—for a consideration. Their guarantee, in the present instance, amounted to nothing. The Glenholme-Fiddies outfit kept a small amount of money with the Trust Company—very small in comparison with the total money it was borrowing from small investors. All that the Trust Company "guaranteed" was to pay the investors whatever money it held for the crooked concern in case of liquidation. Mrs. Blank got about thirty dollars. That was the value of the "guarantee" to her.

Two other "investments" had been

Wall Street Defeated

WHILE neither Wilson nor Hughes inspired Canadians with any great enthusiasm, one way or the other, over the United States Presidential elections, one grain of comfort is to be drawn from the fact that New York's favourite was defeated—Hughes. It was very difficult for any outsider to judge which of the two candidates was more friendly with the cause of the Allies—naturally the candidates themselves were reticent on that point. We were told on the one hand that Hughes was pro-

offered to Mrs. Blank. One came from a man Mrs. Blank and her deceased husband had known since childhood. He was an absolutely honest man. He had lived in the same county with them for years and years. He had earned always a decent living at his business—he was a miller—and owed no man a penny. But there came to this man a great dream. He had read in a back page of a country weekly, what a great boon to mankind it would be if the principle of roller-bearings could only be applied to heavy pieces of machinery such as railroad locomotives as well as to bicycles. The problem had long baffled engineers, the paper said, and it wound up with the usual flourish that winds up nearly all of these "time-copy" things that are used to fill up the space in a paper, "there would be a fortune in it for whoever solved the great problem." You know what happened. Mrs. Blank's friend sat up at nights trying to solve the problem. It looked so easy! First, he thought of it just as a joke. Then it became a hobby, and one day he announced to himself that he had discovered the trick. He explained it to his wife to see if his reasoning was sound. She was sure it was. The Presbyterian minister was invited in and he was impressed. It was planned to take out a patent and form a company for the exploitation of the rights on the new idea.

MRS. BLANK did NOT invest in the scheme. But it was not because she knew any better. As it happened, she and the inventor's wife had a tiff about some trivial matter—and Mrs. Blank reluctantly admitted to herself that she could not take up the investment in the roller-bearing process. But other people in that community did take it up—and lost their money. Why? Because the invention was no good? No. Or because the inventor was dishonest? No. The invention was, as it happened, a very excellent one, though it was not capable of being applied to the great extent which the inventor had thought possible. It failed as countless patent concerns fail. The reasons for that I shall give in another article. What was it that made the townsfolk fall so easily? Enthusiasm. The enthusiasm of the inventor. It simply bubbled out of him, and gathering in a sort of tide swept aside all objections. It took a cool-headed businessman with a knowledge of mechanical engineering to prove that. Even lawyers to whom the inventor had gone were enthusiastic.

Enthusiasm is another thing to beware of. Doubtful concerns, wild-cat oil wells and mines will pay big salaries to "enthusiastic" salesmen. Enthusiasm is catching. It has its place and its value. But it should be carefully watched and analyzed, especially by the woman investor.

German and on the other hand that he would have acted more courageously on the Lusitania issue, etc. The truth of the matter is this: that not all the friends of Germany in the United States are of German birth or descent. In New York, and especially in Wall Street, there is a curious hostility toward England. It is not openly expressed. It is seemingly contradicted by the fact that Wall Street has absorbed the Allies securities so readily. But in the eye of Wall Street a bond is a bond, and a good invest-

THE IMPULSE TO SAVE

comes frequently to everyone. After you have started a Deposit Account you more frequently obey that impulse.

You can open an account with this old established institution with a deposit of one dollar. You can add a dollar at any time. All your deposits will bear compound interest at

THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT.

Begin to-day.

Paid-up Capital \$ 6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund 4,750,000.00
Investments 33,546,242.74

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Established 1855.

We own and offer a wide range of Canadian City Bonds to Yield 5% to 6.30%.

Particulars Upon Request

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901
HEAD OFFICE: 26 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO
MONTREAL LONDON, E.C., ENG

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of
Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers
and
Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO



The BEST LIGHT

A soft, luminous light, which casts no shadow. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c a week. No dirt, smoke nor odor. Over 200 styles, ranging from 100 to 2000 candle power. Absolutely guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. **THE BEST LIGHT CO.** 448 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

ment is never to be passed up even if you dislike the man who offers it to you. Wall Street is jealous of Lombard Street. It still resents and will always resent the fact that the sale of a car of coffee by Brazil to New York has to be financed through London. If London were not so great—New York and all the little people in Wall Street would be the biggest fish in the pond. The Wall Street American backed Hughes because Hughes looked to him to be the nearest thing to anti-British that the United States dared come. The defeat of Hughes was the defeat of Wall Street.

Two 7,000 Ton Steel Steamers

THE Canadian Vickers, Limited, is understood to have closed recently contracts with an unknown firm for two large steel-plate cargo steamers of 7,000 tons net each.

This report, if true, should be another excellent example of the possibilities ahead of this country in a shipbuilding way. It is now a great many years since Canada lost shipbuilding fame. That went with the passing of the wooden vessel. Nevertheless there have been constructed in this country since the beginning of the war many such vessels and at high-record prices. The steel steamer is more or less of an unknown item of industry in Canada, although several types of smaller ships have been constructed. The Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company was the first concern seriously to con-

sider steel shipbuilding in Canada, and that company has prepared a shipyard and already has one good-sized cargo vessel under construction, with the possibility of others in the near future. Sound thinkers maintain that the opportunities offered the manufacturers of this country in the construction of ships is a wonderful one and one that should not be lightly passed by.

Newspaper Advertising Up

IT is estimated here that the Canadian newspapers are carrying fully 25% more advertising now than they were last summer, which evidences the remarkable improvement that has occurred in general business conditions. Across the border there has been an even greater improvement in the advertising run. One result of this has been to enlarge the amount of newsprint that has to be used, and this in turn has heightened the famine in the paper market.

New Shipping Company in the West

THE Canada West Coast Navigation Company, Ltd., has been formed to operate a line of boats on the Pacific, and has given contracts for the building of ten auxiliary semi-Seisel engineed schooners, several of which are to enter the Canada-Australia lumber trade service. Eventually it is planned to enter the grain trade also. Eastern interests are identified with the concern, including, it is understood, James Caruthers of the Canada Steamship Lines, J. W. Norcross, and M. J. Haney, the latter of Toronto.

The Chimes at Kipigami

(Concluded from page 6.)

He seated himself beside me and mopped a flushed but gratified face with a handkerchief.

"But there's no keeping that man Malachi away from those bells. Took to them from the start—had to get his money's worth, I think. Made such an atrocious jangling the first few months that everybody got to hate them, and there wasn't a bird in the riotous atmosphere for a mile around, but—just listen to that peal!

"He will have it that bartending and bell-ringing won't mix—that is, on Sundays, so he locks up for the day and makes it up to us with music. Neglects his business, that's what,"

affirmed Sanders, with a moody glance at the closed door. "And this is the dustiest, thirstiest tract of road hereabouts."

He fanned himself vigorously with his hat, aggrieved. The chimes seemed to ring out more defiantly masterful than ever.

"As it was," I quoted, admonishingly, "the situation couldn't have endured much longer. You should have been a little more careful; now you have got us in bad. I'm thirsty myself."

He became meek. "I suppose you're right there," he agreed, clapping on his hat, sadly.

Canada Needs More Farmers

(Concluded from page 12.)

feeds only a small percentage of this number. The German farmer is reported to raise potatoes by the ton; the British farmer, it is said, raises them by the hundred weight, while production of this same vegetable in Ontario is jocularly spoken of as "by the small measure." Yet Ontario is, as a whole, well adapted to the cultivation of potatoes. Instead of being an exporter of this vegetable Ontario is an importer. Large quantities are brought from outside points every year. Last winter, for instance, this vegetable fluctuated in value on the Toronto and other markets according to the weather—some weeks being too cold to import from Nova Scotia, and from far away Alberta and British Columbia. This year it is estimated that larger shipments than ever will be required. When a few Ontario farmers become potato specialists, this vegetable will be produced in larger quantities and at smaller cost per bushel. They will reach the Ontario consumer minus long freight charges, importers' profits and the other expenses now incurred. These expenses help swell the figures required to keep the kitchen supplied. The same thing could be said of many farm products. It is food that plays the big part in the cost of living in rich soiled Ontario, which, when

scientifically cultivated will emerge from being at the mercy of other lands. She will then not only feed herself, but will export to the points to which she now looks for supplies.

Too many acres, unscientific methods, and lack of system keep the farmer poor and boost the cost of living. When these antagonists of economy are rooted out and keen business methods are applied to the production of food stuffs and the rural parts peopled as they should be to carry on this greatest of all professions, eatables—the great item in the cost of living—will be found in abundance, and should be cheapest in the exporting province.

A story is told of an old Irish gentleman who was the only undertaker in an upper Michigan city years ago. He was what might be called a forehanded man. One day he met on the street the young son of a citizen who was reported to be at death's door. "How is yer fa-ather this mornin'?" asked the undertaker. "He's sinking fast," said the boy. "Is that so? Poor boy! By the way, how tall is yer fa-ather?"

THE BAREFOOT TIRE

*Clings to the Road
Doesn't Grind Over It*

Practically every great advance in Rubber manufacturing in the past twenty years has had its inception in the Research Department of The B. F. Goodrich Company.

It is not surprising therefore that Goodrich is responsible for the wonderful new Super Fabric Tire—the Goodrich Black Safety Tread.

This "Barefoot Rubber" Black Tread will outwear anything yet evolved. It hasn't that rigid stiffness that marks other types. "Barefoot Rubber" can be best described as "gristly"—with a "give" to it, yet a remarkable toughness. Harder to cut—harder to puncture.

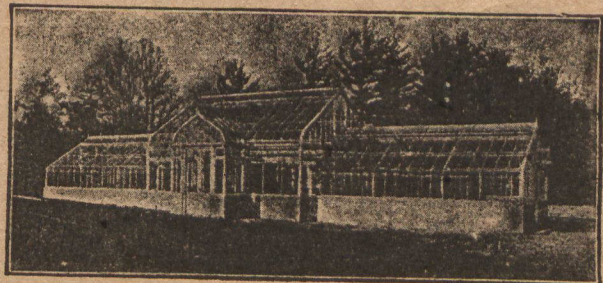
And it's a "classy" Tire—its jet Black Tread contrasted to the clean white side-walls adds to any car.

Bring your car up-to-date with Goodrich Black Safety Tread Tires.

The B. F. Goodrich Co. OF CANADA, LTD.

482 Yonge Street
TORONTO, ONT.

855 St. Catherine Street W.
MONTREAL, QUE.



WHY NOT YOU?

You have doubtless admired so-and-so's greenhouse—perhaps envied it. To see the owner cutting a bunch of flowers while you passed, muffled up against the blizzard, aroused even deeper longing. When you write us regarding prices, you may find you have been denying yourself and your family quite needlessly.

Write Dept. C.

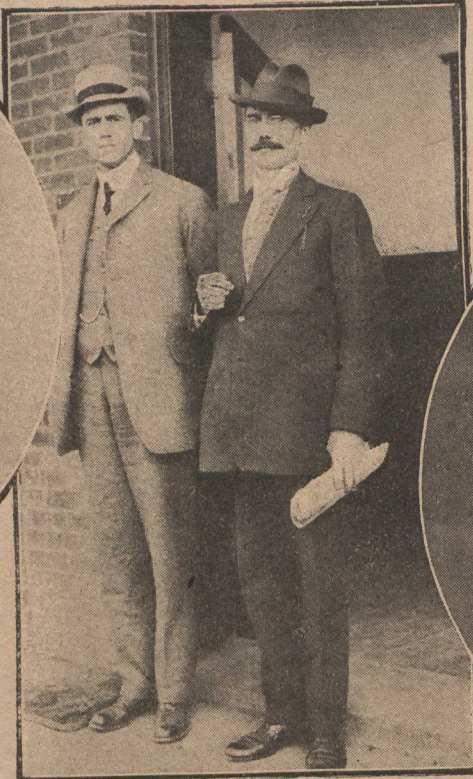
GLASS GARDEN BUILDERS, LIMITED

Kent Building
Toronto.

Transportation Bldg., St. James St.
Montreal.

Factory—Georgetown, Ont.

PEOPLE MORE OR LESS TALKED ABOUT



MISS BESSIE MCKENNA, M.A., has been appointed Supervisor of Female Labour in Canada. No longer, chatelaine in hand, does she go shopping. With thousands of women workers in Canada under her educated eye she travels free on all trains everywhere that women are employed, either in making munitions or whitewear or anything else.

ONE of the handsomest women in Ottawa, the wife of Lt.-Col. F. McKelvey Bell, Acting D.D.G. of Medical Services for Canada. Mrs. Bell is petite, a brunette, with French-inherited vivacity; daughter of Mons. Henri Casgrain, of Ottawa, a cousin of our Postmaster-General. Spent several months in France. Her husband has just completed a novel, called "The First Canadians in France," now running serially in The Canadian Magazine.

HON. WALTER SCOTT hands over the Premiership of Saskatchewan to Hon. W. M. Martin. The ex-Premier is on the right. He is not sorry to relinquish a distracting job which he has

had ever since Saskatchewan became a Province. Neither is W. M. Martin sorry to get it, even though he has a good idea of how tough a contract it is. The new Premier is under forty, a man of good education, serious ideals, a radical, democrat, sanely a socialist, and a man of rigorous system in living. Saskatchewan therefore sets her house in order.

Miss McKenna is a thoroughly new woman who knows the needs of women and naturally will accumulate knowledge of her parishioners enough to write one of the best books of the times, if she ever finds leisure to make it. She was born in St. Thomas, the home town of the Minister of Labour, and educated at Toronto University.

MUSIC AND PLAYS

(Continued from page 21.)

is to be decorated by the French government. On Tuesday, Oct. 3, the dancer, in his guide monoplane, led a flight of seven other aeroplanes over the German lines, located Genermont and Boville Farms for the French artillery, and returned to the allied aerodrome in safety.

Leginska Going Strong.

Ethel Leginska, who spent two seasons in Canada, is still strong in the foreground of American music in New York. Her recital at Carnegie Hall, on the afternoon of November 2nd, was not merely a repetition of her great triumphs at Chicago, Boston and Detroit. In spite of the counter attraction of President Wilson, at Madison Square, the great auditorium was packed with an enthusiastic crowd in which prominent pianists, violinists and vocalists were numerous.

For some time a wild-eyed gentleman has been following Ethel Leginska around the country waiting at hotels and concert halls for an interview that would assist him into a musical career. Leginska finally gave him a hearing. In reply to his question as to what particular style, or what instrument would suit him, the brilliant young English pianist, after a close study of his hands, his head, and a sample of his vocal attainments, replied: "I think you might do well at whistling."

Viggo Kihl's Recital.

MR. VIGGO KIHl gave the first recital for this season last week at the Toronto Conservatory. Concerning this there is nothing to write but music. Mr. Kihl deliberately chose a good standard programme, which he played intentionally well and let it go at that. There was no glamour about the performance. The audience were invited to adjudge Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt on their merits as expounded honestly by Mr. Kihl.

It is no small feat to step virtually out of a studio, where one plugs at teaching all day long to give a recital covering much of the best literature of the piano. Mr. Kihl has, however, plenty of bodily vigour, a fresh original outlook upon his work, and a gift for imparting it to other people. His Beethoven shows him in some respects at his best, as the

legitimizing respecter of melodic and rhythmic form. The Sonata which he chose as the second number on his programme was that in C Major, one which the unmethodical Pachmann once chose at a rehearsal of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra to show the members the difference between Beethoven and Chopin,—it was Chopin he wished to illustrate. The idea was that Beethoven pays implicit respect to 1-2-3 in a measure, and the player must do likewise; in Chopin 1-2-3 are only a beginning.

Mr. Kihl got very much more than 1-2-3 out of this Sonata—I did not hear the variations—and don't care for that sort of variety anyhow. He did, in fact, play the work with diligent mastery of its exceedingly variegated contents. He played it as a tutor should. Lovingly, strictly and with intellectual enthusiasm unspoiled by abandon.

The rest of his program fell into two groups, the first of which was Mendelssohn's Capriccioso, Schumann's Nachstuck and Allegro in A Major by Scarlatti. The last named was the first played; one of those unswerving bits of virtuosity that start a jig or a dervish going and never stop it till the dervish runs down like a clock. A most exacting piece of work which the player did with remarkable skill and power of sustained effort in one direction. His Nachstuck was an agreeable contrast. Here the player showed great power of insight and not enough of what sometimes becomes the one great quality in a piece, the strict value of smooth sustained singing tone. His Mendelssohn Rondo Capriccioso was a fine bit of show work, full of good tone and fireworks.

The Chopin group was his most ambitious number. If some players play the feminizing side of Chopin, Mr. Kihl does not. He prefers the drier, more technical, in some respects more masculine side of the great sentimental player. I think he played the etude for the sake of the students. One may always expect that concession. On the whole he gave a good legitimate rendering of the three Chopin numbers, but no thrills. He played to the understanding rather than to the heart, except in the ballad, which he gave with great tenderness. This kind of pre-

ference or limitation means much more in the case of Chopin than it does in Beethoven. I think Mr. Kihl could give a very good illustrated lecture on this theme of Chopin vs. Beethoven. He wound up the evening with a fine big rendering of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2. He seemed to have reserved considerable energy for this which he gave with true Magyar abandon, considering that Mr. Kihl is anything but a Magyar himself. I think he enjoyed doing that number, because it did not bother him with too many bits of point lace or sustained spider webs of caressing legato. The whole recital was most illuminative and enjoyable.

BADGE FOR WOMEN MUNITION WORKERS

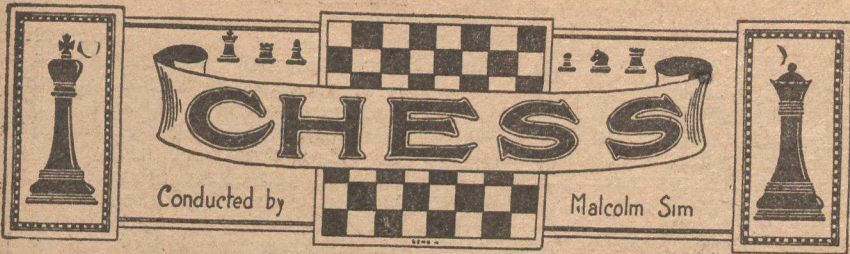
THIS is the badge now worn by women workers of Canada who are now engaged in the making of munitions. The badge is issued by the Imperial Munitions Board, of which Mr. J. W. Flavell is chairman, and Mr. Mark Irish, M.P.P. Director of Labour. As there are thousands of Canadian women engaged in the manufacture of munitions it was thought to be an encouraging thing that women so engaged should be recognized as army workers. These has been a splendid response to the call for women to engage in this work. The pay is considerably better than obtains in offices, other factories and in domestic service. But apart from the pay it is considered a necessary thing to stimulate "recruiting" for women workers by giving them some distinctive badge of national service. The badge is given after 30 days' employment and a service bar is added for each six months' continuous work at one plant.



Quickly Cuts
Burnt-in
Crusts
and
Grease
from
Baking
Utensils



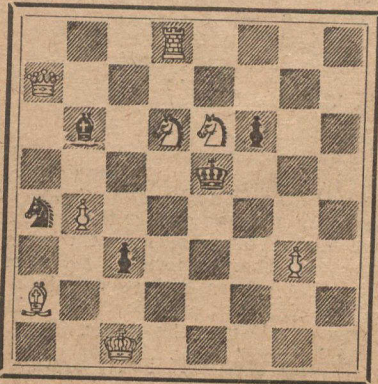
MADE IN CANADA
Write to THE CUDAHY PACKING CO.,
TORONTO, CANADA, for our booklet,
"HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES."



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

PROBLEM No. 94, by J. Scheel.
Second Prize, Tidskrift for Schack, 1915-16.

Black—Five Pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 95, by F. Kohnlein.

White: K at QR4; Q at KR5; Rs at K4 and K5; Bs at QKT3 and K3; Kts at Q2 and Q3.

Black: K at QR8; Q at K8; Rs at QB5 and QB3; B at KR5; Ps at QR3, QKT5, QB4 and KK5.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 90, by Dr. J. J. O'Keefe.

- 1. R-Q2, K-K5; 2. P-Q5 mate.
- 1., Kt-K5; 2. Kt-K3 mate.
- 1., P-B5; 2. Q-B6 mate.
- 1., threat; 2. PxKP mate.

Problem No. 91, by J. C. J. Wainwright

- 1. P-K4, Kt-K4; 2. KtxB dis. ch, K-Q3; 3. Kt-B3 mate.
- 1., Kt-K2; 2. Kt-R3 dis. ch, K-Q3; 3. Kt-B4 mate.
- 1., Kkt ease; 2. K accordingly, any move; 3. R-KB3 mate.
- 1., B-Kt3; 2. Q-R3 ch, K moves; 3. B-Kt sq mate.

In the first two variations, the black Knight, in anticipation of the King moving to Q3, forms "anticipation blocks" on K4 and K2.

THE MARSHALL EXHIBITION.

The following interesting game was played at Board No. 2 in the exhibition of simultaneous chess at the Central Y. M. C. A., Toronto, on October 25. The notes are our own:

Danish Declined.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| F. J. Marshall. | G. K. Powell. |
| 1. P-K4 | 1. P-K4 |
| 2. P-Q4 | 2. Pxp |
| 3. P-QB3 | 3. P-Q4 (a) |
| 4. PxpP | 4. Qxp |
| 5. Pxp | 5. P-QB4 (b) |
| 6., QB3 | 6. QxQP |
| 7. B-K3 (c) | 7. QxQ ch |
| 8. RxQ | 8. Kt-KB3 |
| 9. Kt-B3 | 9. P-QR3 (d) |
| 10. B-QB4 | 10. B-K2 |
| 11. Castles | 11. Castles (e) |
| 12. Kt-K5 | 12. QKt-Q2 |
| 13. P-B4 | 13. KtxKt (f) |
| 14. PxKt | 14. Kt-Kt5 (h) |
| 15. B-B4 | 15. P-KK4 (i) |
| 16. Kt-Q5 | 16. B-Q sq |
| 17. B-KKt3 | 17. B-K3 |
| 18. R-B3 | 18. P-Kt4 |
| 19. B-K2 | 19. P-KR4 (k) |
| 20. P-KR3 | 20. Kt-R3 |
| 21. Kt-B6 ch (l) | 21. BxKt |
| 22. RxB | 22. Kt-B4 |
| 23. B-B2 | 23. Kt-Kt2 (m) |
| 24. BxBP | 24. KR-B sq |
| 25. B-B3 (n) | 25. R-Q sq |
| 26. B-Q6 | 26. QR-B sq |
| 27. R-Q2 | 27. R-B3 ch |
| 28. K-R2 | 28. Bxp |
| 29. P-QKt4 | 29. B-K3 |
| 30. B-Kt7 | 30. R-QR8 |
| 31. B-Q5 | 31. BxB |
| 32. RxB | 32. P-R5 (o) |
| 33. R-QB5 | 33. Kt-R4! (p) |
| 34. R-B5 | 34. Kt-B5 (q) |
| 35. RxB ch | 35. K-R2 |
| 36. R-B7 | 36. K-R3 |

(a) It is good policy to decline the Danish against Marshall, an opening for which he shows considerable predilection.

(b) The safest defence.
(c) 7. QxQ, PxpQ; 8. Kt-Kt5, regaining the Pawn with a perfectly even game is the better continuation. The sporting instinct, however, is essential to success in an undertaking of this description.

(d) There is hardly time for this precautionary measure. B-K2 at once could have played. If then, 10. Kt-QKt5, Kt-B3; 11. Kt-Q6ch, BxKt; 12. RxB, Kt-B2, retaining the Pawn plus with a safe position, 13. Bxp not being feasible.

(e) 11., Kt-B3, preventing White's

Kt-K5, appears a good move at this juncture.

(f) This leads to a difficult game. 13., KtK-Kt3; 14. B-Kt3, B-B4, or 14. B-Q3, R-Qsq, etc., would be our choice.

(h) If 14., Kt-Q2, then 15. P-K6, Kt-K4; 16. Pxp ch, KtxP; 17. Kt-Q5, B-Qsq; 18. Bxp, R-Ksq; 19. Kt-B7, etc. If 14., Kt-Ksq, then 15. Kt-Q5, B-Qsq; 16. Bxp, etc.

(i) A weakening move, but White threatened P-KR3 and BxKt.

(j) Threatening to win the exchange.

(k) A hazardous advance that takes the game into a very interesting phase. 19., BxKt; 20. RxB, P-B5; 21. P-KR3, Kt-R3 (B-Kt3ch would lose two pieces for a Rook); 22. B-B2, B-K2; 23. B-K3 (threatening P-KR4), K-Kt2; 24. B-Q4, QR-Qsq was, perhaps, the best line at Black's command.

(l) An unfavourable transposition. 21. B-B2, P-B5 (if 21., R-Bsq, then 22. Kt-B6ch, at once); 22. B-B5, R-Ksq; 23. Kt-B6ch, BxKt; 24. RxB, Kt-B4; 25. BxRP, threatening 26. Bxpch was the correct play.

(m) 23., P-B5; 24. BxRP, Kt-Kt2 (if 24., QR-Qsq, then 25. RxB, RxR; 26. Bxpch); 25. B-B3, QR-Qsq; 26. RxR, RxR; 27. B-K3, R-Q6; 28. BxKtP, P-B6 would have given Black good chances of victory. If instead, 26. K-Bsq, then 26., RxRch; 27. BxR, R-Qsq; 28. K-Ksq, R-Q4; 29. B-KKt3, Kt-B4; 30. B-R2, Kt-K6; 31. B-B3, Kt-B7ch; 32. K-K2, Kt-Q5ch; 33. K-K3, KtxB; 34. RxB, P-Kt5 and wins.

(n) This is unfavourable. The retreat of his Rook is cut off and Black succeeds in reverting to his status of a Pawn plus on the Queen's side. 25. P-QKt4 would have been better. If 25., BxQRP,

then 26. R-Rsq, B-K3; 27. B-B3, winning the exchange at least. If instead 25., R-Qsq, then 26. R-B2, retaining the Pawn with a safe game.

(o) 32., Kt-K3, in order to seize the open file with the Rook looks promising, but White defends by 33. R-Q2! R-QBsq; 34. K-Kt3, the King's move anticipating P-R5 and R (Bsq)-B3. Still the move might have answered under the circumstances.

(p) Kt-Ksq is not good. White replies 34. R-B5.

(q) Mr. Powell, up to this stage has played chess of a very high order, but here he unaccountably neglects the opportunity of Kt-Kt6, which would have secured the draw, e. g., 34., Kt-Kt6; 25. RxB+Pch, K-R2; 36. RxB, PxBch; 37. KxP, R-KKt3sqch, winning the Knight's Pawn shortly. The text-move loses.

(r) The concluding moves were not recorded, but White wins easily by 37. R-KB5, Kt-R4; 38. R (B5)xP, Kt-Kt6; 39. R-KR7ch, and the Black Rook's Pawn falls.

TORONTO CHESS LEAGUE.

Two divisions have been formed in the Toronto Chess League for this season, consisting of "A" and "B" teams of last year's entrants, e. g., Central Y.M.C.A., West End W.M.C.A., Beach, Toronto, Parliament and Varsity. The half dozen, or more, players of higher calibre in the Toronto C. C., were debarred from the formations. Wednesday evening, Nov. 8th, in the "B" division. Parliament beat Toronto by 4 games to 1, and on Saturday evening, Nov. 11th, in the "A" division, between the same clubs the result was 4 games to Toronto and 1 to Parliament. Rt. Rev. Bishop W. D. Reeve, president of the League, has very liberally donated a shield for the "B" division. The Holt shield, emblematic of division "A" is held by Y.M.C.A., last season's victors.

Exhibition by Morrison.

Mr. J. S. Morrison, the Dominion champion, playing against 16 players at the Central Y.M.C.A., Friday evening, Nov. 10th, made a clean score of 16 wins. On January 8, 1915, Mr. Morrison, at the Toronto Chess Club, made a score of 17 wins against that number of players.

MOTORING IN WINTER

THE good people who lead their cars into the storage garage after the first heavy snow-fall and for the rest of the winter ride in street cars or the limousines of their neighbours, cheat themselves of one of the healthiest and the pleasantest uses of the motor. At no time is the air as good and the zest of driving as keen.

"I tell my patients," said a doctor of my acquaintance recently, "To keep their cars in commission if it is at all possible."

"But what about delicate people catching cold?"

"They won't catch cold if they're reasonably careful, and they will get so hardened by a bit of exposure that they will find themselves presently freer from colds than they have ever been before."

"You know, too many people are afraid of shivering. They think a shiver is a chill and a chill is a cold. That is nonsense. A cold comes from a germ. You inhale the cold germs in street cars and in badly ventilated rooms, such as offices and concert halls, or even at home. Perhaps the germ doesn't get a chance to work. Perhaps in a moment of low vitality—that is practically what a chill is—it does get a start. That is how we catch cold. But cold, fresh air has really nothing to do with it. Winter motoring is a protection against cold rather than anything else."

"Keep warm from your waist down. Keep the sides of the neck and the head warm and you are not likely to have much trouble from cold. People who know how to look after themselves can keep their chests as used to cold as their faces—by cold sponges in the mornings. Get a big pair of gauntlets for your hands. See that they are not too tight—and there you are."

"Winter is the healthiest time of the year in the city. The air has less dust in it and a greater tonic influence. It stimulates every surface. It increases the power of resistance. Last year I had occasion to advise

a man to buy a motor in order to get out into the air and relax after office hours. He made great use of it during the summer and gained physically and mentally. But when the winter came he was bound to lay it up, until I talked to him. He drove his car all winter—and he gained in health half as much again in the winter as he had gained in the same length of time in the summer."

A Smile or Two

A travelling man one night found himself obliged to remain in a small town on account of a washout on the railroad caused by the heavy rain, which was still coming down in torrents. The travelling man turned to the waitress with:

"This certainly looks like the flood."

"The what?"

"The flood. You've read about the Flood, and the Ark landing on Mount Ararat, surely."

"Gee! mister," she returned, "I ain't seen a paper for three days."—Harper's.

Policeman (giving evidence)—"After being ejected from the cinema, he was discovered with a large bouquet in his arms on the doorstep of the back entrance to the picture-palace."

Magistrate—"Did he give any reason for his extraordinary behaviour?"

Policeman—"His speech was very indistinct, yer worship, but from what I could gather, 'e was waiting to see Mary Pickford 'ome."—Passing Show.

"Does my practising make you nervous?" asked the man who is learning to play the cornet.

"It did when I first heard the people round about discussing it," replied the sympathetic neighbour.

"But now I'm getting so I don't care what happens to you."—Contributed.

Prosperous and Progressive

Up-to-date business methods, backed by an unbroken record of fair dealing with its policy-holders, have achieved for the Sun Life of Canada a phenomenal growth.

More than 166,000 of its policies are now in force for assurances totalling over \$265,000,000—much the largest amount carried by any Canadian life company.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL

ENROLL NOW

as a shipper on the

TORONTO AND YORK Radial Railway Company

Here are some of the busy "recruiting" towns and villages on the Metropolitan Division:

- THORNHILL
- RICHMOND HILL
- AURORA
- NEWMARKET
- SCHOMBERG
- QUEENSVILLE
- KESWICK
- JACKSON'S POINT
- SUTTON
- TORONTO

For full particulars as to "enrollment," apply to the transport department, Headquarters, King and Church Streets, Toronto.

WE HAVE IT

"Express Delivery at Freight Rates"

"Best" Hand Lantern

A powerful portable lamp, giving a 300 candle power pure white light. Just what the farmer, dairyman, stockman, etc. needs. Safe—Reliable—Economical—Absolutely Rain, Storm and Bug proof. Burns either gasoline or kerosene. Light in weight. Agents wanted. Big Profits. Write for Catalog. THE BEST LIGHT CO. 448 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

"I earn \$2 a day at home"

You may say that, too—if you want more income. Easy to learn. Steady work at home the year round. Write Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd. 327F, 257 College St., Toronto.

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES AND HOW TO FEED H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S. 118 W. 81st St., N.Y., U.S.A.

STAMPS AND COINS.

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

PRINTING.

PRICE TICKETS that sell the goods. All prices in stock. Fifty cents per hundred. Samples for stamp. Frank H. Barnard, 35 Dundas St., Toronto.

HOTEL DIRECTORY

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

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

New Books by Canadian Women

(Concluded from page 15.)

the footlights were reeking coal-oil lamps, and only the zeal of romantic youth enabled one to inhale kerosene fumes and breathe out—sentiment."

In 1892, Miss Alexander launched her first Western tour amid many hardships, for there was but one through train a day, and it often did not fit in with concert hours; but, through the courtesy of Mr. afterwards Sir, William White, she secured permits to travel on "freights"; but, after spending the best part of a day in a "caboose," she says, "I felt too much like freight myself to electrify the audience at the jumping-off place."

"In another town, it had been customary to ring the town bell four times a day, and under no circumstances would the old bell-ringer omit the nine p.m. ringing, so on the stroke of the hour the brazen tones pealed out in the middle of a selection. I couldn't resist the temptation of shaking my fist in the direction of the noisy tower, and declaiming sternly, 'Curfew should not ring to-night!' I learned afterwards that the town council, fearing a repetition of this public ridicule, abolished the curfew

on concert nights from that evening."

On later visits to the West, Jessie Alexander had the pleasure of seeing mere hamlets grow into thriving towns, and cities like Winnipeg and Vancouver develop into metropolitan centres of distinction. On her visits to England she had many engagements in the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy, where she was usually requested to give New World selections, Whitcomb Riley's poems being then the favourites.

Miss Alexander was married to Mr. Charles Roberts, Professor of Elocution in Union Theological Seminary, New York, with whom she had studied, and was absent from Canada and from the platform during the earlier years of her married life; but on the death of her husband she returned to the concert stage and realized the loyalty and love of the Canadian audience.

In her youthful days, Jessie Alexander aspired to give classic compositions to satisfy her literary sense and display her own attainments, but the old Scotch body's exclamation after a humorous selection, "Hech! that tak's the cobwebs aff ma hairt," gave her a

new cue, and she has been brushing cobwebs from the hearts of responsive Canadian audiences ever since.

The book comprises ten original sketches, chiefly of a humorous nature, and the numerous other selections which she has adapted for concert purposes have been thoroughly tested and warranted to receive a warm welcome from Jessie Alexander's lips. Whether others can "get them across the footlights" depends upon the talents of her disciples. (Published by McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto.)

A YEAR ago last September, a little collection of poems by Canadians, edited by Mrs. William Brooks, was published under the title of "A Band of Purple," in aid of the Red Cross, which was so successful that the proceeds have already been \$700, and it is still selling. The money has gone to assist in the furnishing of a reading and rest room in the hospital at Buxton, and is known as the Canadian Poets' Room. It was originally a chapel, and contains beautiful stained glass windows, and is 40 x 25 feet. Surely a fitting setting for the commemoration of Canadian poets, and one that reflects great credit on the editor of the "Band of Purple" for the work she has done in the interest of both poets and soldiers.

further away from the spot where he had last fired and pulled an extra clip of cartridges from his pocket.

The blood was flowing hot over his face. He made no effort to staunch it or even to feel with his fingers to find exactly where or how badly he had been hit. He jerked the empty cartridge clip from his pistol butt and snapped in the other. He swept his sleeve over his face to clear the blood from his brows and eyes and stared through the dark with pistol at arm's-length loaded and ready. Blood spurted over his face again; another sweep of his sleeve cleared it; and he moved his pistol-point back and forth in the dark. The flash of the firing from the other two revolvers had stopped; the roar of the shots had ceased to deafen. Eaton had not counted the shots at him any better than he had kept track of his own firing; but he knew now that the other two must have emptied their magazines as well as he. It was possible, of course, that he had killed one of them or wounded one mortally; but he had no way to know that. He could hear the click as one of the men snapped his revolver shut again after reloading; then another click came. Both the others had reloaded.

"All right?" the voice which Eaton knew questioned the other.

"All right," came the reply.

But, if they were all right, they made no offer to fire first again. Nor yet did they dare to move. Eaton knew they lay on the floor like himself. They lay with fingers on trigger, as he also lay, waiting again for him to move so they could shoot at him. But surely now the sound of the firing in that room must have reached the man in the room above; surely he must be summoning his servants!

Eaton listened; there was still no sound from the rest of the house. But overhead now, he heard an almost imperceptible pattering—the sound of a bare-footed man crossing the floor; and he knew that the blind man in the bedroom above was getting up.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Under Cover of Darkness.

BASIL SANTOINE was oversensitive to sound, as are most of the blind; in the world of darkness in which he lived, sounds were by far the most significant—and almost the only—means he had of telling what went on around him; he passed his life in listening for or determining the nature of sounds. So the struggle which ended in Eaton's crash to the floor would have waked him without the pistol-shot immediately following. That roused him wide-awake immediately and brought him sitting up in bed, forgetful of his own condition.

Santoine at once recognized the sound as a shot; but in the instant of waking, he had not been able to place it more definitely than to know that it was close. His hand went at once to the bellboard, and he rang at the same time for the nurse outside his door and for the steward. But for a few moments after that first shot, nothing followed; there was silence. Santoine was not one of those who doubt their hearing; that was the sense in which the circumstances of his life made him implicitly trust; he had heard a shot near by; the fact that nothing more followed did not make him doubt it; it made him think to explain it.

It was plain that no one else in the house had been stirred by it; for his windows were open and other windows in bedrooms in the main part of the house were open; no one had raised any cry of alarm. So the shot was where he alone had heard it: that meant indoors, in the room below.

Santoine pressed the bells quickly again and sat up straighter and more strained; no one breaking into the house for plate or jewelry would enter through that room; he would have to break through double doors to reach any other part of the house; Santoine did not consider the possibility of robbery of that sort long enough to have been said to consider it at all; what he felt was that the threat which

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM McHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

Canadian Serial Rights held by the Canadian Courier.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

HIS instant's glimpse of that face astounded him. He could not have seen that man! The fact was impossible! He must have been mad; his mind must have become unreliable to let him even imagine it. Then came the sound of the voice—the voice of the man whose face he had seen! It was he! And, in place of the paralysis of the first instant, now a wild, savage throe of passion seized Eaton; his pulses leaped so it seemed they must burst his veins, and he gulped and choked. He had not filled in with insane fancy the features of the man whom he had seen; the voice witnessed too that the man in the dark by the wall was he whom Eaton—if he could have dreamed such a fact as now had been disclosed—would have circled the world to catch and destroy; yet now with the destruction of that man in his power—for he had but to aim and empty his automatic pistol at five paces—such destruction at this moment could not suffice; mere shooting that man would be petty, ineffectual. Eaton's fingers tightened on the handle of his pistol, but he held it now not as a weapon to fire but as a dull weight with which to strike. The grip of his left hand clamped onto the short steel bar, and with lips parted—breathing once, it seemed, for each heartbeat and yet choking, suffocating—he leaped forward.

At the same instant—so that he could not have been alarmed by Eaton's leap—the man who had been working moved his torch, and the light fell upon Eaton.

"Look out!" the man cried in alarm to his companion; with the word the light of the torch vanished.

The man toward whom Eaton rushed did not have time to switch off his light; he dropped it instead; and as Eaton sprang for him, he crouched. Eaton, as he struck forward, found nothing; but below his knees, Eaton felt a man's powerful arms tackling him; as he struggled to free himself, a swift, savage lunge lifted him from his feet; he was thrown and hurled backwards.

Eaton ducked his head forward and struggled to turn, as he went down, so that a shoulder and not his head or back would strike the floor first. He succeeded in this, though in his effort he dropped the jimmy. He clung with his right hand to the pistol, and as he struck the floor, the pistol shot off; the flash of flame spurted toward the ceiling. Instantly the grip below

his knees loosed; the man who had tackled him and hurled him back had recoiled in the darkness. Eaton got to his feet but crouched and crept about behind a table, aiming his pistol over it in the direction in which he supposed the other men must be. The sound of the shot had ceased to roar through the room; the gases from the powder only made the air heavier. The other two men in the room also waited, invisible and silent. The only light, in the great curtained room, came from the single electric torch lying on the floor. This lighted the legs of a chair, a corner of a desk and a circle of books in the cases on the wall. As Eaton's eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, he could see vague shapes of furniture. If a man moved, he might be made out; but if he stayed still, probably he would remain indistinguishable.

The other men seemed also to have recognized this; no one moved in the room, and there was complete silence.

Eaton knelt on one knee behind his table; now he was wildly, exultantly excited; his blood leaped hotly to his hand pointing his pistol; he panted, almost audibly, for breath, but though his pulse throbbed through his head too, his mind was clear and cool as he reckoned his situation and his chances. He had crossed the Pacific, the Continent, he had schemed and risked everything with the mere hope of getting into this room to discover evidence with which to demand from the world righting of the wrong which had driven him as a fugitive for five years; and here he found the man who was the cause of it all, before him in the same room a few paces away in the dark!

For it was impossible that this was not that man; and Eaton knew now that this was he who must have been behind and arranging and directing the attacks upon him. Eaton had not only seen him and heard his voice, but he had felt his grasp; that sudden, instinctive crouch before a charge, and the savage lunge and tackle were the instant, natural acts of an old linesman on a championship team in the game of football as it was played twenty years before. That lift of the opponent off his feet and the heavy lunge hurling him back to fall on his head was what one man—in the rougher, more cruel days of the college game—had been famous for. On the football field that throw sufficed to knock a helmeted opponent unconscious; here it was meant, beyond doubt, to do more.

Upon so much, at least, Eaton's mind at once was clear; here was his enemy whom he must destroy if he himself were not first destroyed. Other thoughts, recasting of other relations altered or overturned in their bearing by the discovery of this man here—everything else could and must wait upon the mighty demand of that moment upon Eaton to destroy this enemy now or be himself destroyed.

Eaton shook in his passion; yet coolly he now realized that his left shoulder, which had taken the shock of his fall, was numb. He shifted his pistol to cover a vague form which had seemed to move; but, if it had stirred, it was still again now. Eaton strained to listen.

It seemed certain that the noise of the shot, if not the sound of the struggle which preceded it, must have raised an alarm, though the room was in a wing and shut off by double doors from the main part of the house; it was possible that the noise had not gone far; but it must have been heard in the room directly above and connected with the study by a staircase at the head of which was a door. Basil Santoine, as Eaton knew, slept above; a nurse must be waiting on duty somewhere near. Eaton had seen the row of buttons which the blind man had within arm's-length with which he must be able to summon every servant in the house. So it could not last much longer now—this deadlock in the dark—the two facing one, and none of them daring to move. And one of the two, at least, seemed to have recognized that.

Eaton had moved, warily and carefully, but he had moved; a revolver flashed before him. Instantly and without consciousness that his finger pulled the trigger, Eaton's pistol flashed back. In front of him, the flame flashed again, and another spurt of fire spat at one side.

Eaton fired back at this—he was prostrate on the floor now, and whether he had been hit or not he did not yet know, or whether the blood flowing down his face was only from a splinter sprayed from the table behind which he had hid. He fired again, holding his pistol far out to one side to confuse the aim of the others; he thought that they too were doing the same and allowed for it in his aim. He pulled his trigger a ninth time—he had not counted his shots, but he knew he had had seven cartridges in the magazine and one in the barrel—and the pistol clicked without discharging. He rolled over



Open Car Freedom — Closed Car Luxury Combined — at Moderate Prices

These two new Overlands are the first full-size Touring Sedans ever offered to the public at moderate prices.

Such cars at such prices are possible only because of the economies made possible by our enormous production.

And they fill a long-felt want.

Undoubtedly the car that is both an open touring car and a closed sedan, easily convertible on the instant, is the ideal family car for year-round, every purpose use.

Such cars at \$1,675 for the four and \$1,855 for the six—both roomy five-passenger cars—are heretofore unheard-of values.

Closed, these cars afford perfect protection against cold, wind, rain or

When open, they are free to every friendly breeze that blows.

The change can be made either way easily and quickly, and with no more effort than it takes to raise or lower the windows.

And, either open or closed, these cars are beautiful in appearance—have lots of style—are absolutely free from the suggestion of makeshift which is so apparent in separate sedan tops for touring cars.

But there are many other features to commend these cars, in addition to their perfect convertibility.

The four has the 35 horsepower motor which has made the Overland famous for years—in its latest improved en bloc type.

The six has a 40 horsepower en bloc motor with wonderful flexibility and lightning pick-up.

Cantilever rear springs make both cars remarkable for their easy riding qualities.

And long wheelbase—the four 112 inches, the six 116 inches—and four and one-half inch tires add further to their riding comfort.

See these new cars at once.

You will be amazed that such beautifully finished, luxurious Touring Sedans can be built to sell at such low prices.

See the Overland dealer at once.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 769.

Specifications

Motors—en bloc type—The Four, 35 horsepower—The Six, 35-40 horsepower.

33 x 4½ inch tires—non-skid rear.

Gasoline tank and gauge at rear.

Auto-Lite starting and lighting system.

Cantilever rear springs. Richly carpeted floor.

Wheelbase—The Four, 112 inches—The six, 116 inches.

Electric control buttons on steering column.

Vacuum tank fuel feed. Improved seat springs.

Divided front seats with wide aisle between.

Attractive cloth upholstery. Interior dome light.

Willys-Overland, Limited, Head Office and Works **West Toronto, Canada**



One Good Way to Prepare Macaroni

EGGS WITH MACARONI

Boil 2 ounces Catelli's Milk Macaroni for 10 minutes, then drain. Add 1 pint milk, and let simmer for 15 minutes. Next mix with a slightly beaten egg or two, put all in a greased pie-dish, grate a little nutmeg over the top, and bake for half an hour.

Have it for dinner to-morrow. Easy to make—appetizing—satisfying—wonderfully nutritious—and costs less than half as much as meat.

"The Girl at Catelli's". A new recipe book—free—Write

THE C. H. CATELLI CO., LIMITED,
MONTREAL.



Boys Wanted!

Never was such a time in Canadian history as now. So many Boys are finding out that they are useful and can earn money. More at it than ever.

Boys have an earning power that helps. Nickels and dimes are important in the boy's bank, or the family finances.

To the Boy who wants to get ahead we give a grand opportunity to start—by selling Canadian Courier at 5 cents per copy. Try it. You will be surprised how easy. I can help you—tell you how. Write me.

Sales Manager
CANADIAN COURIER
Toronto

ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY;

OR HOW TO ATTEND
AND NEVER FORGET

By Prof. A. Loissette

The complete Memory System. Its aim is to increase the power of memory in much the same proportion as the power of the eye for vision is increased by means of the microscope and telescope. 12mo cloth, 170 p.p. Price \$3.00 post-paid.

"I have no hesitation in commending Professor Loissette's system to all who are in earnest in wishing to train their memories effectively."—Richard A. Proctor, the Eminent Astronomer.

UNIVERSITY BOOK
COMPANY

8 University Avenue, Toronto.

had been hanging vaguely over himself ever since Warden's murder was being fulfilled. But it was not Santoine himself that was being attacked; it was something Santoine possessed. There was only one sort of valuable article for which one might enter that room below. And those articles—

The blind man clenched his jaw and pressed the bells to call all the men-servants in the house and Avery also. But still he got no response.

A SHOT in the room below meant that in addition to the intruder there must be a defender; the defender might have been the one who fired or the one who was killed. For it seemed likely, in the complete silence now, that whoever had fired had disposed of his adversary and was undisturbed. At that moment the second shot—the first fired at Eaton—rang out below; Eaton's return fire followed nearly simultaneously, and then the shot of the third man. These explosions and the next three the blind man in bed above was able to distinguish; there were three men, at least, in the room below firing at each other; then, as the automatic revolvers roared on, he no longer could separate attack and reply; there might be three men, there might be half a dozen; the fusillade of the automatics overlapped; it was incessant. Then all at once the firing stopped; there was no sound or movement of any sort; everything seemed absolutely still below.

The blind man pressed and pressed the buttons on his bellboard. Any further alarm, after the firing below, seemed superfluous. But his wing of the house had been built for him proof against sound in the main portion of the building; the house, therefore, was deadened to noise within the wing. Santoine, accustomed to considering the manner in which sounds came to himself, knew how these sounds would come to others. Coming from the open windows of the wing and entering the open windows of the other parts of the house, they would not appear to the household to come from within the house at all; they would appear to come from some part of the grounds or from the beach.

Yet some one or more than one from his house must be below or have been there. Santoine pressed all the bells again and then got up. He had heard absolutely no sound outside, as must be made by any one escaping from the room below; but the battle seemed over. One side must have destroyed the other. From the character of the fighting, it was most probable that some one had secretly entered the room—Santoine thought of that one definitely now as the man he was entertaining as Eaton; a servant, or some one else from the house, had surprised him in the room and was shot; other servants, roused by the alarm, rushed in and were shot. Santoine counted that, if his servants had survived, one of them must be coming to tell him what had happened. But there was no noise now nor any movement at all below. His side had been beaten, or both sides had ceased to exist. Those alternatives alone occurred to the blind man; the number of shots fired within the confines of the room below precluded any other explanation. He did not imagine the fact that the battle had been fought in the dark; himself perpetually in the dark, he thought of others always in the light.

The blind man stood barefooted on the floor, his hands clasping in one of the bitterest moments of his rebellion against, and defiance of, his helplessness of blindness. Below him—as he believed—his servants had been sacrificing life for him; there in that room he held in trust that which affected the security, the faith, the honor of others; his guarding that trust involved his honor no less. And particularly, now, he knew he was bound, at whatever cost, to act; for he did not doubt now but that his half-prisoned guest, whom Santoine had not sufficiently guarded, was at the bottom of the attack. The blind man believed, therefore, that it was because of his own retention here of

Eaton that the attack had been made, his servants had been killed, the private secrets of his associates were in danger. Santoine crossed to the door of the hall and opened it and called. No one answered immediately; he started to call again; then he checked himself and shut the door, and opened that to the top of the stairs descending to his study below.

The smoke and fumes of the firing rushed into his face; it half choked him; but it decided him. He was going to go down. Undoubtedly there was danger below; but that was only why he did not call again at the other door for some one else to run a risk for him. Basil Santoine, always held back and always watched and obliged to submit to guard even of women in petty matters because of his blindness, held one thing dearer far than life—and that thing was the trust which other men reposed in him. Since it was that trust which was threatened, the impulse now, in that danger, to act for himself and not be protected and pushed back by any one who merely could see, controlled him.

He put his hand on the rail and started to descend the stairs. He was almost steady in step and he had firm grasp on the rail; he noticed that now to wonder at it. When he had aroused at the sound of firing, his blindness, as always when something was happening about him, was obtruded upon him. He felt helpless because he was blind, not because he had been injured. He had forgotten entirely that for almost two weeks he had not stirred from bed; he had risen and stood and walked, without staggering, to the door and to the top of the stairs before, now, he remembered. So what he already had done showed him that he had merely again to put his injuries from his mind and he could go on. He went down the stairs almost steadily.

There was still no sound or any evidence of any one below. The gases of the firing were clearing away; the blind man could feel the slight breeze which came in through the windows of his bedroom and went with him down the stairs; and now, as he reached the lower steps, there was no other sound in the room but the tread of the blind man's bare feet on the stairs. This sound was slight, but enough to attract attention in the silence there. Santoine halted on the next to the last step—the blind count stairs, and he had gone down twenty-one—and realized fully his futility; but now he would not retreat or merely call for help.

"Who is here?" he asked distinctly. "Is any one here? Who is here?"

NO one answered. And Santoine knew by the sense which let him feel whether it was night or day, that the room was really dark—dark for others as well as for himself; the lights were not burning. So an exaltation, a sense of physical capability, came to Santoine; in the dark he was as fit, as capable as any other man—not more capable, for, though he was familiar with the room, the furniture had been moved in the struggle; he had heard the overturning of the chairs.

Santoine stepped down on the floor, and in his uncertainty as to the position of the furniture, felt along the wall. There were bookcases there, but he felt and passed along them swiftly, until he came to the case which concealed the safe at the left side of the doors. The books were gone from that case; his bare toes struck against them where they had been thrown down on the floor. The blind man, his pulse beating tumultuously, put his hand through the case and felt the panel behind. That was slid back exposing the safe; and the door of the safe stood open. Santoine's hands felt within the safe swiftly. The safe was empty.

He recoiled from it, choking back an ejaculation. The entry of this room had been made for the purpose which he supposed; and the thieves must have succeeded in their errand. The blind man, in his uselessness for pursuit, could delay calling others to act for him no longer. He started toward the bell, when some scrape on

the floor—not of the sort to be accounted for by an object moved by the wind—sounded behind him. Santoine swung toward the sound and stood listening again; and then, groping with his hands stretched out before him, he left the wall and stepped toward the center of the room. He took two steps—three, four—with no result; then his foot trod into some fluid, thick and sticky and not cold.

Santoine stooped and put a fingertip into the fluid and brought it near his nose. It was what he supposed it must be—blood. He raised his foot and with his great toe traced the course of the blood; it led to one side, and then the blind man's toe touched some hard, metal object which was warm. He stooped and picked it up and felt over it with his fingers. It was an electric torch with the light turned on. Santoine stood holding it with the warm end—the lighted end—turned away from him; he swiftly switched it off; what put Santoine at a disadvantage with other men was light. But since there had been this light, there might be others; there had been at least three men, perhaps, therefore, three lights. Santoine's senses could not perceive light so dim and soft; he stood trying fruitlessly to determine whether there were other lights.

He could hear now some one breathing—more than one person. From the house, still shut off by its double-sound-proof doors, he could hear nothing; but some one outside the house was hurrying up to the open window at the south end of the room.

THAT one came to, or just inside the window, parting the curtains. He was breathing hard from exertion or from excitement.

"Who is it?" Santoine challenged clearly.

"Basil!" Blatchford's voice exclaimed his recognition in amazement. "Basil; that is you! What are you doing down here?" Blatchford started forward.

"Wait!" Santoine ordered sharply. "Don't come any further; stand there!"

Blatchford protested but obeyed. "What is it? What are you doing down here, Basil? What is the matter here? What has happened?"

"What brought you here?" Santoine demanded instead of reply. "You were running outside; why? What was out there? What did you see?"

"See? I didn't see anything—except the window here open when I came up. But I heard shots, Basil. I thought they were toward the road. I went out there; but I found nothing. I was coming back when I saw the window open. I'm sure I heard shots."

"They were here," Santoine said. "But you can see; and you just heard the shots. You didn't see anything!" the blind man accused. "You didn't see any one going away from here!"

"Basil, what has happened here?" Santoine felt again the stickiness at his feet. "Three or four persons fought in this room, Wallace. Some—or one was hurt. There's blood on the floor. There are two here I can hear breathing; I suppose they're hurt. Probably the rest are gone. The room's all dark, isn't it? That is you moving about now, Wallace?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing?"

"Looking for the light."

"Don't."

"Why, Basil?"

"Get help first. I think those who aren't hurt are gone. They must be gone. But—get help first, Wallace."

"And leave you here?" Blatchford rejoined. He had not halted again; the blind man heard his cousin still moving along the wall. The electric switch clicked, and Santoine knew that the room was flooded with light. Santoine straightened, strained, turning his head a little better to listen. With the flashing on of the light, he heard the sharp, involuntary start of Blatchford as he saw the room; and, besides that, Santoine heard movement now elsewhere in the room. Then the blind man heard his friend's cry. "Good God!" It was not, Santoine instantly

sensed, from mere surprise or fright at finding some intruder in the room; that must have been expected. This was from something more astounding, from something incredible.

"What is it?" Santoine cried.

"Good God! Basil!"

"Who is it, Wallace?" the blind man knew now that his friend's incoherence came from recognition of some one, not alone from some sight of horror. "Who is it, Wallace?" he repeated, curbing himself.

"Basil! I it—it must be—I know him! It is—"

A SHOT roared in front of Santoine. The blind man, starting back at the shock, drew in the powder-gas with his breath; but the bullet was not for him. Instead, he heard his friend scream and choke and half call, half cough.

"Wallace!" Santoine cried out; but his voice was lost in the roar of another shot. This was not fired by the same one who had just fired; at least, it was not from the same part of the room; and, instantly, from another side, a third shot came. Then, in the midst of rush and confusion, another shot roared; the light was out again; then all was gone; the noise was outside; the room was still except for a cough and choke as Blatchford—somewhere on the floor in front of the blind man—tried again to speak.

Basil Santoine, groping with his hands, found him. The blind man knelt and with his fingers over his cousin's face; he found the wound on the neck where Blatchford's life was running away. He was still conscious. Santoine knew that he was trying his best to speak, to say just one word—a name—to tell whom he had seen and who had shot him; but he could not.

Santoine put his hand over a hand of his cousin. "That's all right, Wally; that's all right," he assured him. And now he knew that Blatchford's consciousness was going forever. Santoine knew what must be most on his friend's mind at that last moment as it had been most on his mind during more than thirty years. "And about my blindness, Wallace, that was the best thing that ever happened to me. I'd never have done what I have if I hadn't been blind."

Blatchford's fingers closed tightly on Santoine's; they did not relax but now remained closed, though without strength. The blind man bowed and then lifted his head. His friend was dead, and others were rushing into the room—the butler, one of the chauffeurs, Avery, more menservants; the light was on again, and amid the tumult and alarms of the discoveries shown by the light, some rushed to the windows to the south in pursuit of those who had escaped from the room. Avery and one or two others rushed up to Santoine; now the blind man heard, above their cries and alarms, the voice of his daughter. She was beside him, where he knelt next the body of Blatchford, and she put back others who crowded about.

"Father! What has happened? Why are you here? Oh, Father, Cousin Wallace!"

"He is dead," Santoine said. "They shot him!"

"Father; how was it? You—"

"There are none of them in the room?" he asked her in reply.

"None of them?"

Her failure to understand answered him. If any of the men who fought there had not got away, she would have understood. "They were not all together," he said. "They were three, at least. One was not with the others. They fired at each other, I believe, after one shot him." Santoine's hand was still in Blatchford's. "I heard them below." He told shortly how he had gone down, how Blatchford had entered and been shot.

The blind man, still kneeling, heard the ordering and organizing of others for the pursuit; now women servants from the other part of the house were taking charge of affairs in the room. He heard Avery questioning them; none of the servants had had part in the fight in the room; there had been no signal heard, Santoine was told, upon any of the bells which

he had tried to ring from his room. Eaton was the only person from the house who was missing. Harriet had gone for a moment; the blind man called her back and demanded that she stay beside him; he had not yet moved from Blatchford's body. His daughter returned; her hand on his shoulder was trembling and cold—he could feel it cold through the linen of his pajama jacket.

"Father, you must go back to bed!" she commanded uselessly. He would not stir yet. A servant, at her call, brought a robe which she put over him, and she drew slippers on his feet.

"They came, at least some of them came,"—Santoine had risen, fighting down his grief over his cousin's death; he stood holding the robe about him—"for what was in your safe, Harriet."

"I know; I saw it open."

"What is gone?" Santoine demanded.

He heard her picking up the contents of the safe from the floor and carrying them to the table and examining them; he was conscious that, having done this, she stood staring about the room as though to see whether anything had escaped her search.

"What is gone?" Santoine repeated.

"Why—nearly all the formal papers seem to be gone; lists and agreements relating to a dozen different things."

"None of the correspondence?"

"No; that all seems to be here."

Santoine was breathing quickly; the trust for which he had been ready to die—for which Blatchford had died—seemed safe; but recognition of this only emphasized and deepened his perplexity as to what the meaning had been of the struggle which an instant before had been going on around him.

"We don't know whether he got it, then, on not!" It was Avery's voice which broke in upon him; Santoine merely listened.

"He? Who?" He heard his daughter's challenge.

"Why, Eaton. It is plain enough what happened here, isn't it?" Avery answered. "He came here to this room for what he was after—for what he has been after from the first—whatever that may have been! He came prepared to force the safe and get it! But he was surprised—"

"By whom?" the blind man asked.

"By whomever it is that has been following him. I don't attempt to explain who they were, Mr. Santoine; for I don't know. But—whatever they were—in doing this, he laid himself open to attack by them. They were watching—saw him enter here. They attacked him here. Wallace switched on the light and recognized him; so he shot Wallace and ran with whatever he could grab up of the contents of the safe, hoping that by luck he'd get what he was after."

"It isn't so—it isn't so!" Harriet denied.

Her father checked her; he stood an instant thoughtful. "Who is directing the pursuit, Donald?" he asked.

A VERY went out at once. The window to the south, which stood open, was closed. The blind man turned to his daughter.

"Now, Harriet," he commanded. He put a hand out and touched Harriet's clothing; he found she had on a heavy robe. She understood that her father would not move till she had seen the room for him. She gazed about again, therefore, and told him what she saw.

"There was some sort of a struggle near my safe," she said. "Chairs—everything there is knocked about."

"Yes."

"There is also blood there—a big spot of it on the floor."

"I found that," said Santoine.

"There is blood behind the table near the middle of the room."

"Ah! A man fired from near there, too!"

"There are cartridges on the floor—"

"Cartridges?"

"Cartridge shells, I mean, empty, near both those spots of blood. There are cartridge shells near the fireplace; but no blood there."

"Yes; the bullets?"

"There are marks everywhere—above the mantel, all about."

"Yes."

"There is a bar of iron with a bent end near the table—between it and the window; there are two flashlights, both extinguished."

"How was the safe opened?"

"The combination has been cut completely away; there is an—an instrument connected with the electric-light fixture which seems to have done the cutting. There is a hand-drill, too—I think it is a hand-drill. The inner door has been drilled through, and the catches drawn back."

"Who is this?"

The valet, who had been sent to Eaton's room, had returned with his report. "Mr. Eaton went from his room fully dressed, sir," he said to Santoine, "except for his shoes. I found all his shoes in his room."

During the report, the blind man felt his daughter's grasp on his arm become tense and relax and tighten again. Then, as though she realized she was adding to his comprehension of what she had already betrayed, she suddenly took her hand from her father's arm. Santoine turned his face toward his daughter. Another twinge racked the tumult of his emotions. He groped and groped again, trying to catch his daughter's hand; but she avoided him. She directed servants to lift Blatchford's body and told them where to bear it. After that, Santoine resisted no longer. He let the servants, at his daughter's direction, help him to his room. His daughter went with him and saw that he was safe in bed; she stood beside him while the nurse washed the blood-splashes from his hands and feet. When the nurse had finished, he still felt his daughter's presence; she drew nearer to him.

"Father?" she questioned.

"Yes."

"You don't agree with Donald, do you?—that Mr. Eaton went to the study to get something, and that whoever has been following him found him there and—interrupted him and he killed Cousin Wallace?"

SANTOINE was silent. "That seems the correct explanation, Harriet," he evaded. "It does not fully explain; but it seems correct as far as it goes. If Donald asks you what my opinion is, tell him it is that." He felt his daughter shrink away from him.

The blind man made no move to draw her back to him; he lay perfectly still; his head rested flat upon the pillows; his hands were clasped tightly together above the coverlet. He had accused himself, in the room below, because, by the manner he had chosen to treat Eaton, he had slain the man he loved best and had forced a friendship with Eaton on his daughter which, he saw, had gone further than mere friendship; it had gone, he knew now, even to the irretrievable between man and woman—had brought her, that is, to the state where, no matter what Eaton was or did, she must suffer with him! But Santoine was not accusing himself now; he was feeling only the fulfillment of that threat against those who had trusted him with their secrets, which he had felt vaguely after the murder of Gabriel Warden and, more plainly with the events of each succeeding day, ever since. For that threat, just now, had culminated in his presence in purposeful, violent action; but Santoine in his blindness had been unable—and was still unable—to tell what that action meant.

Of the three men who had fought in his presence in the room below—one before the safe, one at the fireplace, one behind the table—which had been Eaton? What had he been doing there? Who were the others? What had any of them—or all of them—wanted? For Santoine, the answer to these questions transcended now every personal interest. So, in his uncertainty, Santoine had drawn into himself—withdrawn confidence in his thoughts from all around, from Donald Avery, even from his daughter—until the answer should be found. His

Boys, Become Salesmen!

WHEN the war is over there will be a lot of new salesmen wanted to sell goods. If you are ambitious to "get along," why not begin in any easy task like selling a high-class weekly paper. This will teach you to become a bigger salesman later on.

You Can Sell Canadian Courier for several reasons. Listen.

(1) The people will want it when they see it.

(2) There are not near enough agents at work selling. Has your town got a boy salesman?

(3) Canadian Courier is becoming more interesting and valuable every week. A fine programme of special articles, pictures and stories is going to give it a big boost everywhere.

(4) Subscribers write us telling how they appreciate it. "I would as soon miss a meal as my Courier," said one man down in Quebec Province.

Boys, Become Agents.

(5) Reason No. 5 is good. We have helps for the "new boy." It is called "Selling Points," which shows him how, also full instructions how to do business.

(6) The boy agent cannot fail to be rewarded. The new and popular price of

5 Cents Per Copy

is making new readers for us every day.

Come on, boys. Try it in your spare time. Write to me for descriptive terms and sample copies.

SALES MANAGER

Canadian Courier

181 Simcoe St., Toronto Courier

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.

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

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.

That First Thousand Dollars

If, as some financial expert has said, the first thousand dollars is the hardest to get, the sum should be safeguarded with all precautions when it has been earned.

Our Guaranteed Trust Investment plan offers complete protection with reasonable interest return for sums of five hundred dollars and upwards.

We are glad to explain by booklet or by personal interview the details of this form of investment.

National Trust Company

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

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

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, 49 MILLION DOLLARS.

For further information and literature apply to

FRED J. DARCH, S.S. E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.
Temple Buildings, TORONTO.

blind eyes were turned toward the ceiling, and his long, well-shaped fingers trembled with the intensity of his thought. But he realized, even in his absorption, that his daughter had drawn away from him. So, presently, he stirred.

"Harriet," he said.

It was the nurse who answered him. "Miss Santoine has gone downstairs. What is it you want of her, Mr. Santoine?"

The blind man hesitated, and checked the impulse he had had. "Nothing," he replied.

(To be Continued.)

Germany is Paying the Price

(Concluded from page 10.)

southern attack, but a hostile Roumania must first be disposed of. The armies that he is now employing against Roumania are probably the armies that he had amassed for the purpose of striking at the Russian flank in Bukowina. To picture the Central Powers as waving a sort of magic wand and summoning inexhaustible new armies to meet new enemies is merely absurd. The armies that are attacking Roumania were not amassed for that purpose at all. They have been diverted under the stress of necessity from the purpose for which they were amassed. Doubtless the possibilities of Roumanian intervention were well foreseen, but it none the less meant the frustration of the greater plan. That Hindenburg was preparing a new blow at Russia, and presumably at the Russian flank, was quite well known. Practically he said so himself. He drew men from the west for that purpose and he asked of the Bulgarians all the help that they could give. When Roumania intervened it became necessary to find armies to crush her, and the armies intended for use elsewhere were then employed. They were employed with the success that Germany can always command for a time at any given point, thanks to her generalship and artillery. But they were not new levies raised to meet a new danger. Falkenhayn and Mackensen are now about a hundred miles apart, and separated by Roumania proper. We may suppose that their intention is to meet in the heart of Roumania and then to go northward toward Bukowina. If this supposition is correct we shall find that Mackensen in the Dobrudja will make no attempt to cross the Danube until he has some reasonable expectation that Falkenhayn will be able to come half-way across Roumania to meet him. And if Falkenhayn should be unable to do this Mackensen will speedily find that his position in the Dobrudja is by no means a comfortable one. Indeed he seems to be discovering that already.

If the foregoing estimate of the situation is at all a reasonable one then it is equally reasonable to say that Germany can not possibly improve her general situation by any successes that she can now win against Roumania. She may win in spite of Roumanian intervention, but none the less that intervention must be counted as a grave embarrassment to her. She would have won much more effectively and much more rapidly without it, although it is also true that if she had been able to crush Roumania instantly she could have used her very conveniently as a high road to the north

that would have placed her not only on the Russian flank, but to the eastward of it. But she now finds herself with six hundred miles of new lines that are being defended with sudden if belated energies. She finds that an army that would have been invaluable elsewhere must remain locked up on those lines. And even if she should presently succeed in conquering Roumania she will have incurred heavy losses that she can not spare and that will have depleted the forces already dangerously diverted from their original purpose. And lest this view may be considered as a partisan one it may be well to quote Mr. Frank Simonds, whose article in the Review of Reviews comes to hand at the moment of writing this paragraph. Mr. Simonds says: "A campaign against Roumania that was completely successful and drove the wreck of the Roumanian army into Russia or even annihilated the military force of Roumania would not be a gain for Germany over her situation while Roumania was neutral, but a loss, measured by exactly the number of men and the amount of ammunition expended in this triumph, because in these respects she would be weakened in her combat against her main foes. In a war of attrition, such as the present conflict has become, it is the death lists that count, and Roumania, even though the cost may be terrific to her, has weakened Germany by opening a new death list. German victories against Roumania will doubtless do much to encourage the German and Austrian, as well as the Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Turkish publics. They have manifestly helped the German loan, just being offered to the people. But unless they discourage France, Russia, Italy, or Britain sufficiently to lead one of these nations to leave the fight, they do not permanently strengthen Germany, but, rather, they weaken her by exactly the amount they cost her. For this the chastisement of Roumania is no recompense, however it may gratify German indignation and Austrian wrath."

Two supers were being drilled to take part in the production of "Virginius" at a London theatre. One was intensely curious about the play and was valiantly trying to get the characters and incidents straight in his mind. The other, who had drawn a gorgeous but scanty costume, was intensely put out by the unwonted display of his legs. They met in the wings between rehearsals. "I know 'oo you are," said the first one; "you're Happpius Claudius." "I aren't Happpius Claudius," retorted the other. "I'm as un'appy as 'ell."—The Argonaut.

GOING FISHING?

Then don't forget to take along with you a plug of Master-Mason, the sportsman's tobacco made from choice, rich, mellow, fully matured selected tobacco, pressed into a plug, convenient, handy, easy to carry, and which retains the natural fragrance and moisture of the natural leaf.

SMOKE
Master *Mason*

Equal by test to the very best,
Much better than all the rest.

"It's GOOD TOBACCO"

Say MASTER-MASON to your dealer — he knows.

PRICE: 15 CTS.

THE ROCK CITY TOBACCO CO., LIMITED



All this talk of hyphenated citizenship has evidently had its effect upon a San Francisco youngster, American-born, who recently rebelled fiercely when his Italian father whipped him for some misdemeanour. "But, Tomasso, your father has a right to whip you when you are bad," some one of the family said. Tomasso's eyes flashed. "I am a citizen of the United States," he declared. "Do you think I am going to let any foreigner lick me?"

Murderer—"Is this the guy who is to defend me?"

Judge—"Yes; he's your lawyer."

Murderer—"If he should die could I have another?"

Judge—"Yes."

Murderer—"Can I see him alone for a few minutes?"—Boston Transcript.

Electric Service

Means comfort, convenience, economy and safety.

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

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

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

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

The
Toronto
Electric
Light
Company,
Limited

"At Your Service"

12 Adelaide St. E.
Telephone Adel. 404

To Investors

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT, MAY PURCHASE AT PAR

DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF \$500 OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF.

Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.

Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

Holder of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA,
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

**To Drink —
and
to enjoy**

This is the universal experience of the thousands who have bought

O'Keefe's
SPECIAL PALE DRY
GINGER ALE

Drink O.K. Brands:
Special Pale Dry Ginger Ale
Belfast Style Ginger Ale
Cream Soda
Lemonade
Ginger Beer
Orangeade
Cola
Sarsaparilla
Lemon Sour
Special Soda

It is right up to the O'Keefe standard of wholesome, refreshing beverages—it's Good. It has caught the public. Repeat orders are coming in daily.

A case at home will be found most convenient—to refresh you and your friends. Order from your dealer or grocer. If they cannot supply you, Telephone Main 4203. Look for the seal on the bottle.

Be sure it's O.K.

O'KEEFE'S, - Toronto
508

OUR ADVERTISING POLICY

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

WHITE SWAN FOODS



FOR more than 20 years grocers all over Canada have recognized White Swan as the standard of quality, and ever since the Dominion Government passed an Adulteration Act, *White Swan* products have all been guaranteed and sealed with a *Government Warranty* which protects the dealer against fraudulent adulteration and is the consumers' guarantee as to purity.



Biscuit Flour

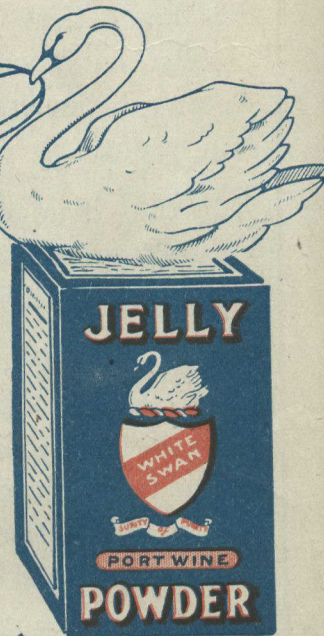
FOR making biscuits, gems, muffins and rolls. Self-rising. The uniform percentages of seasoning and leavening ensure absolute success in baking. 15c.



SELF-RISING Pancake Flour

EVERY member of the family enjoys the delicious, satisfying flavor of White Swan Pancakes. Easily made and economical, too. Just mix the flour with an equal amount of water and the batter is ready.

Big 2-lb. package, 15c.



Jelly Powder

A DELICATE, dainty dessert, full of fresh, fruity flavor. Only the finest English Calf Gelatine is used.

10c.



Wheat Flakes

MADE from carefully selected Canadian White Winter Wheat. Special process of preparation retains the protein, phosphates and bran—the full nourishment of the whole wheat.

15c.

At All Good Dealers



Spices

THE best that the East offers, despite advancing markets. Only hard, clean, wholesome berries are found in White Swan; all stems, hulls, and low grade stock are carefully excluded.

In handsome shaker tins.

10c.

Extracts

THE purest and strongest procurable, prepared only from highest grade essential oils and choicest vanilla beans. Guaranteed stronger than the Government standard, and sold under the "Government Warranty" of absolute purity. Not artificially coloured nor fortified in any way.

25c.



Coffee

50 YEARS of experience in blending and roasting makes White Swan Coffee indescribably delicious. The choice grade of coffee beans used means an exquisite aroma that wins a large following of enthusiastic customers.

50c.

White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, 156 Pearl Street, Toronto, Canada