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**COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO**

Vol. XXII.

No. 2

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June 16, 1917

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# CANADIAN COURIER

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## Just Putting It Mildly

**S**UPPOSE Canada were as monotonous as Holland, or as much one thing as Japan, or as compact as Switzerland, or even as homogeneous as Russia with its twenty different provinces—it would be comparatively simple to get out just a plain Canadian publication. Every page in that case would be as national as a thistle or a shamrock. Everything that didn't concern that kind of Canada could be left out. The Canadian Courier might then be a national publication, merely by making a big enough noise in a sufficiently high key along national lines. We should start slogans and design flaming parochial cartoons. We should stick our heads in the sand and play tag with the ostrich while the great world swung past us and we failed to see it.

But Canada is no such country. We are open to the world—of ideas, of news, of business, of foreign peoples, of international ideas, of strange languages. We have a huge country to hold on the map, and we have invented a great national machine to do it. No country of 8,000,000 people ever spent so much on a national plant in governments, railways, steamships, factories, towns and cities, new harbours, educational institutions, newspapers and periodicals. It is a costly big business just getting ourselves installed on modern lines to compete with the world in national business.

**T**O all this we have added our share of the burdens of Empire. When we think British statesmen are a little blase on this subject we send over a posse of our ablest politicians, including statesmen, and help to tell them how the Empire should be managed. In this we are carrying out traditions of responsible self-government. Having been given the obvious chance to govern ourselves without bothering about self-protection, we do our best to help govern other people.

And this complicates us as a people—mightily. We have a race question on top of that again, and the everlasting problem of how to keep our national fabric from being swallowed up by the 13 to 1 democracy across the border.

Yet we persist in considering ourselves as a national entity. We squat upon our vast heritage of history and geography, and make ourselves believe we have one clear national aim and destiny for all our people.

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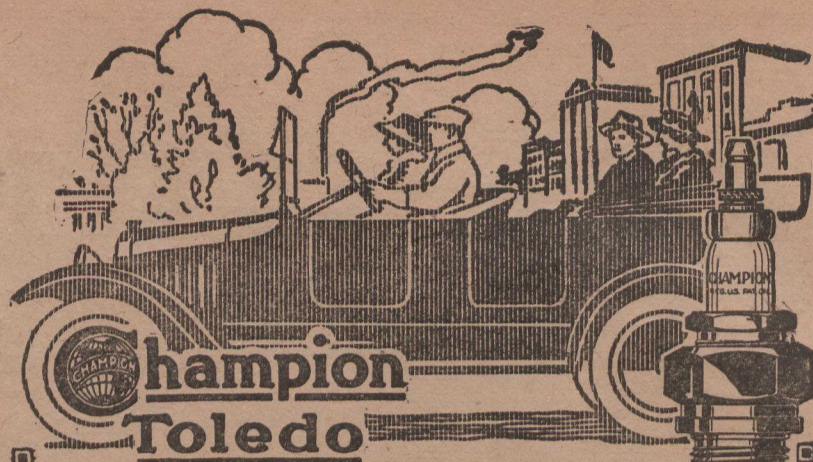
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# CANADIAN COURIER

*Goes to  
Canadians  
all over Canada*

Vol. XXII.

June 16th, 1917

No. 3



## God Made *the* Country; Man *the* Town

ONCE a year the Civic Improvement League of Canada meets somewhere to discuss how the towns and cities of this country can be made better places to live in. This is a large order. And of all places in Canada the League could have chosen no better city for its 1917 convention than Winnipeg. The press has not given the public the details of this important convention. But we understand that two of the subjects most energetically treated by the convention were Municipal Accounting and the business of looking after the economics of returned soldiers. Three papers were read on Municipal Accounting by Mr. R. H. Coates of Ottawa, Mr. J. Yorath of Saskatoon, and Dr. Brittain of Toronto. It was recognized fundamentally by the convention that a proper basis of muni-

cipal accounting lies at the root of all real civic service. In the matter of returned soldiers it was agreed unanimously that there should be absolute co-operation between municipalities, Provinces and the Federal Government. In the illustrations above—third from the left—Mr. Frank Beer, of Toronto, a noted enthusiast of wide experience, is seen talking to delegate W. R. Owen, of Vancouver. The next pair, to the right—not so vivacious—are Mr. J. Yorath, City Commissioner of Saskatoon, and Dr. R. L. Brittain, well-known impresario of the Municipal Research League in Toronto. At the extreme left may be seen Mr. R. P. Farley, English writer, lately appointed Secretary of the Winnipeg Research League, and J. W. Curle, Secretary of the Winnipeg Civic Improvement League.

## Nationalize Vancouver Port

SO large and influential a body of business men as the group below would not be likely to travel from Vancouver to Ottawa by special coach just for the pleasure of spending more time and money at the Chateau Laurier. These citizens of Vancouver are—Seated: H. S. Clements, M.P.; B. W. Greer, President Board of Trade; George Buscombe, Blake Wilson, W. H. Malkin, Hon. C. E. Tisdall; J. Loutet, Councillor North Vancouver. Standing: W. A. Blair, Secretary Board of Trade; Norman McLean; E. C. Knight, General Manager Vancouver Lumber Company; F. L. Fellowes, C.E., City Engineer, Vancouver; Chris Spencer, William McNeill; H. H. Stevens, M.P.; H. R. Kenvyn, Marine Editor Vancouver Province; G. W. Vance, Mayor North Vancouver; Nichol Thompson. They have flatly and reasonably asked the Gov-

ernment to take the Port of Vancouver off the City of Vancouver's hands; to extend, improve and undertake its upkeep; to take harbour dues imposts off the tonnage entering and leaving; in short to nationalize the Port of Vancouver as we have already nationalized the ports of Montreal, Quebec, Halifax and St. John. They also ask for a dry dock to cost \$2,500,000. The reasons urged for this work of nationalization are—that Vancouver has a registered tonnage 25 per cent. greater than that of Montreal; that the harbour is open to ships 365 days in the year; that the total movement of tonnage in and out of Vancouver port, including that which passes en route to Europe and from U. S. ports by call to the Orient, aggregates \$200,000,000 a year. Until we have a nationalized port on the Pacific, Canada will never be a nation.



# HOW THE WAR LOOKS NOW

ITALY occupies the centre of the stage, and the stage seems to be growing wider day by day. The suddenness of her offensive shows careful preparation and it has been rewarded by signal victory. Her troops are now within eight miles of Trieste, which must therefore be within range of the Italian artillery, and also of the heavy British batteries whose appearance on the scene is a proof of the co-ordination that has been for so long a military ideal and that seems now to be something of a fact. At the moment of writing there is a pause in the advance upon Trieste, but it is due to the necessity of guarding the Italian flanks and not to a reverse.

Practically there have been no reverses with the exception of that slight ebb and flow that is a feature of every great battle. The Austrians were taken by surprise and they gave way, which seems to confirm a very general conviction that the Austrians cannot win anywhere or at any time unless they have the support and backing of German troops, and just at the moment the German troops are very fully engaged elsewhere.

The Italian campaign has been an interesting and a difficult one from the beginning. The obvious objective of the Italian armies was eastward across the Isonzo and into the enemy's country toward Trieste. But it was necessary to guard against an attack from the Trentino which, if successful, would bring an Austrian army to the rear of the Italian forces moving eastward. A glance at the map will show Italy's peculiar vulnerability from this important quarter.

A definite offensive against the Trentino was out of the question, because of the impregnable nature of the defences, and the almost impassable mountains that had been strewn thickly with fortifications of the most formidable kind. The Austrian forces could not be driven out of the Trentino, but they could be held there, and prevented from coming southward into Italy, which would at once have been fatal to the Isonzo advance eastward. An Italian army was therefore sent northward in the direction of Trent to bar the way against an Austrian invasion, and until this had been satisfactorily done the major operations to the east had to be held in abeyance. About a year ago the Austrians actually made this attempt in the hope of effecting a decisive threat against the Isonzo armies. The attempt failed, but it served at least to delay the Isonzo operations, and when the Italians were once more ready to move forward the weather had become unfavourable, and the offensive against Trieste was postponed until conditions should become more propitious.

It was the imminent necessity of checking the Italian advance eastward that led to the recent reports of a great Teuton offensive against Italy by way of the Trentino. It was the only effective way in which that advance could be stopped. If it had succeeded, if the threat had even become a substantial one, it would have meant another delay to the Italian armies on the Isonzo. It is certain that enormous preparations were made for a Teuton invasion of Italy by way of Lombardy, and it is said that a million men were massed for that purpose somewhere to the north of Trent. But the plan was abandoned, presumably because Germany had to concentrate her men on the western front to withstand the British and French, whose offensive was becoming formidable. Italian aviators reported the withdrawal of large bodies of men, and the danger to Italy passed away. The Trentino front was vital to Austria for offensive purposes but its importance to Italy was a defensive one, and to prevent invasion.

ON the other hand, the Isonzo front was vital to Italy for offensive purposes, but to Austria for her defensive. It is now clear that Italy feels at ease with regard to her Trentino front, or she would not have attempted her present movement toward Trieste. But the Italian victory will not be complete until Trieste shall have fallen, and this would doubtless already have happened but for Italy's need to protect her flanks. It is for this reason that we hear of a sudden transfer of the fighting to the east

By SIDNEY CORYN  
Written Especially for the Canadian Courier

**AUSTRIA must know that she is wasting in a hopeless struggle what little strength still remains to her; strength that she might better employ in preserving her own independence. The Germans are impelled by their own necessities to bring these incessant counter attacks that must be carried out under the most destructive fire, and that deplete their forces quite as effectively as a large scale battle.**

of Gorizia. Nothing would have pleased the Austrians better than to see an impetuous advance on Trieste in disregard of the Austrian forces that lie to the eastward. Doubtless they hoped that the Italians would do this very thing, tempted by the glittering prize that seemed to be so close. But General Cadorna knew better than to fall into that trap, and to leave his long line on the Adriatic exposed to a flank attack from the east. He has momentarily stopped his advance upon Trieste in order to drive back his enemies who would otherwise have descended upon his line from somewhere beyond Gorizia.

THE Italian success has an importance far beyond its immediate military bearing. It comes at the moment of Austria's deepest dejection. It is hardly possible to conceal from her people the magnitude of the reverse that has befallen their arms. It is admitted by the official bulletins, and the mere naming of the towns involved tells its own tale of disaster. If Austria were free to consider her own position in the light of facts she would ask for a separate peace without the delay of a single day. She must know that every fresh reverse, with its consequent weakening of her military power, brings nearer the day that must already be clearly visible to her, when her virtual absorption by Germany will become a certainty. She must know that she is wasting in a hopeless struggle what little strength still remains to her, strength that she might better employ in preserving her own independence against an allied power that may not be wholly unwilling to see her slow depletion, and so to leave her powerless before the German domination that will surely be disclosed at the end of the war and that not even a Teuton defeat could obviate.

On the western front there has been no single movement of great importance during the week. The French won a brilliant little victory just east of Rheims by forestalling an intended attack from the neighbourhood of Moronvilliers. They forced the Germans out of carefully prepared positions, deepened the salient that the Germans had intended to crush, and captured a considerable number of prisoners. While without any immediate bearing upon the greater issues of this field it will be observed that Rheims is so close to the junction point of the Hindenburg line that any success here must have its effect in loosening the joint between the old and the new fortifications. The French action will tend, moreover, to protect Rheims against the wanton and useless bombardments to which it has been subjected from the German lines. It is against the two junction points of the old lines and the new, that is to say, against Laon in the south and Cambrai in the north, that the Allied attacks are being brought. These may be said to be the keys of the whole western war. It would probably be correct to say that if either Cambrai or Laon shall presently be taken it will mean the abandonment of the whole Hindenburg line, and not only of the Hindenburg

line, but of all German lines now on French soil. These are the two points to watch, and it is not likely that there will be any vital events elsewhere in France until the issue here has been decided.

THAT there has been no great battle during the past week around Lens or toward Cambrai must not be taken as an indication of exhaustion or quiescence. The great work of attrition goes steadily forward, and it becomes constantly more important as the German reserves from Russia and elsewhere are brought up to the battle line. The brief bulletins announcing the capture of a few yards of trench or a few shell craters with the assurances that "all counter attacks were repulsed" appear so frequently that the incurious eye passes lightly over them without a recognition of their importance. But actually they represent a military plan of vital significance, the unfolding of a method that the Germans have reason to dread even more than the large scale offensive. The trench section or shell crater that has been seized has been carefully chosen, first because of its relative vulnerability, and therefore the economy of lives with which it can be taken, and secondly, because it can be quickly consolidated against the counter attacks that the movement was intended to provoke. It is these counter attacks that represent the deadly process of attrition. They imply successive waves of German assault that break down before the concentrated Allied fire, and that are driven back over a carpet of dead and wounded. The ground gained may seem to be insignificant, but the tremendous efforts to regain it are by no means insignificant. Indeed, it may be said that the object of the attack is not to gain ground, but to provoke the counter attack. The attack, if the area has been well chosen by aeroplane observation, costs little, but the counter attack is expensive, and especially if it be repeated again and again, as is usually the case. The Allied commanders are acting on their knowledge that the Germans can not now afford to lose any ground, no matter how small its extent. It is not a matter of pushing the German lines back toward Belgium, but rather of pushing them back toward that critical point, now immediately in their rear, which, if lost, means the loss of everything, and a general retreat. The capture of a few shell craters may seem trivial enough when we compare the distance gained with the mileage to the Belgian frontier, but it is not trivial if the efforts to recapture those shell craters have cost thousands of German lives.

BUT the Belgian frontier is not the objective. The objective lies immediately behind the present German lines. It is the "last ditch" beyond which there can be no more defence. Its precise position can be surmised only in a general way. Indeed, it may have a certain elasticity, but it is represented by that point where a continued contact between the old lines and the new becomes impossible. It is now so close that a few yards gained or lost becomes of vital importance. The Germans are therefore under a dire compulsion to contest every step. They can not acquiesce in the loss of anything. They are impelled by their own necessities to bring these incessant counter attacks that must be carried out under the most destructive fire, and that deplete their forces quite as effectively as a large scale battle. It is to be remembered that the attack always loses much more severely than the defence. If the British, by a single assault carefully chosen with a view to economy, can provoke a dozen counter attacks they are obviously the gainers, and this seems to be precisely the plan that they are following. Even by the most conservative estimate the Germans are losing at the rate of ten thousand men a day, or three hundred thousand men a month. We do not know the British losses, but they are authoritatively said to be very much less. But even if they are as great, the relative advantage would still be on the side of the British, and largely so, seeing that they can better afford the expenditure.

# HOW *the* SOLDIERS VOTED in B. C.

**W**HETHER the Canadian soldiers now on active service should have the vote, and, if so, in what way they should exercise that sacred right, are questions belonging to the class known as vexed. The proposal is as interesting, no doubt, to the politicians as to the soldiers themselves; at any rate it has been discussed, praised, denounced, and legislated upon ever since the war began.

First in the Empire to grapple with the question was the Legislature of our sister Dominion, New Zealand. An Act was passed by it on September 4th, 1914—a month to a day after the war broke out—giving the vote to volunteers from that Dominion. The Act appears to be less wide in its application than later legislation nearer home, and even so it only passed, after meeting with strenuous opposition, by the narrow majority of three. When the Expeditionary Force left New Zealand, in October of that year, a general election was imminent, so, as was possible under the Act, the votes of the volunteers, to the number of some ten thousand, were simply "recorded," and filed away to be counted on polling day proper.

The Canadian Parliament, as will be well remembered, dealt with the question at the session of 1915. Besides being a new and radical departure in the way of election legislation, it was a subject that lent itself all too easily to quip and jest. There was nobody so dull but was able to make some kind of a joke about it. It was asked if it would be required of a Returning Officer that he don a diver's helmet and plunge beneath the flood to collect the ballots of the crews of submarines; if he would have to go up in a balloon, and hold a cloud poll, say from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., that the bird men might exercise their franchise. It was an easy subject to be funny about, and newspaper paragraphs must have looked upon it as manna dropped from Heaven.

Nevertheless, the experiment has been tried out thoroughly right here in Canada. In the recent General Election in British Columbia—and a bitterly contested affair it was—votes were polled by soldiers throughout the length and breadth of Canada, in England, at the Front, and even on the high seas. Furthermore, the soldiers who cast these votes also had an opportunity of casting their ballots for or against Woman Suffrage and Prohibition, and—greatest achievement of all—these votes were collected and counted, fairly and honestly. Thus the British Columbian, whether comfortably at home or fighting in the trenches, had an equal opportunity to perform his part in guiding the destinies of his country.

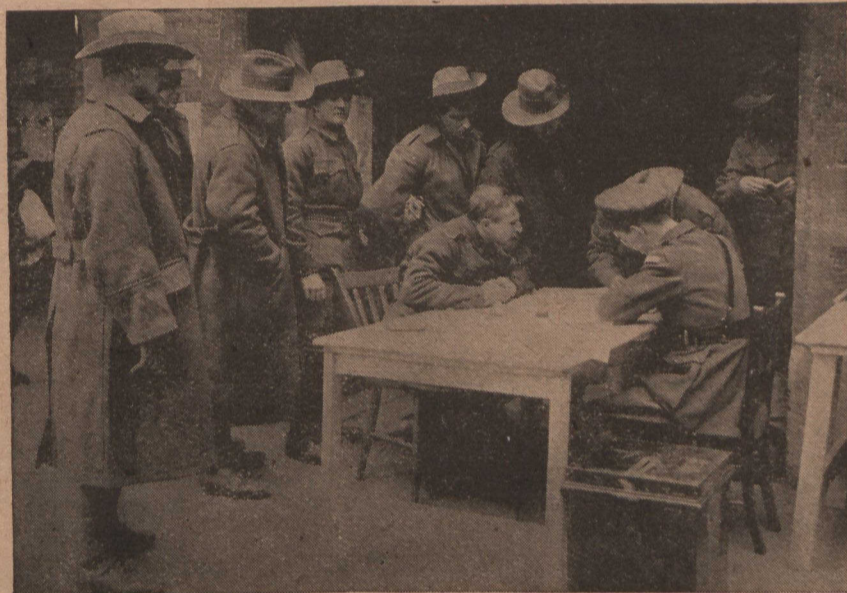
**S**OME of the departures from the methods of voting which have been so long in use were positively startling. Balloting could take place on any day (and at any hour of that day), between nomination and polling, a period of six weeks. Any volunteer, soldier or sailor, who had lived in the Province six months previous to the date of the election was entitled to a vote, without regard to age, colour, or previous condition of servitude. There was an instance in one of the camps in British Columbia of a bugler of the tender age of thirteen years, who walked proudly up and cast his vote for the Great Liberal Party and for Woman Suffrage. Perhaps it was the Great Conservative Party, but there is no doubt that this free and independent voter was strong

*If either Alberta or Saskatchewan in their forthcoming Elections intend to have a Soldiers' Ballot, this article will explain just how the system works*

**B y S . B A N W E L L**  
In Charge of the Soldiers' Vote in Canada.



**F**IRST soldiers' vote cast in the B. C. elections. Officer depositing is the C. O. of a battalion, then in Kamloops; the other is the Prohibition scrutineer. The returning officer stands behind.



**A**USTRALIA did the same thing. Here are some Anzacs on furlough in London recording their vote for or against conscription.

for the Sex. He disdained the secrecy of the ballot and declared himself on the subject. The theory, of course, was that if a man is old enough to serve his country, he is old enough to vote.

The votes thus taken between nomination and polling days, were not counted until some four or five weeks after the count of the civilian vote, which count was, of course, made on the evening of polling day. It happened, therefore, in many cases—that of former Premier Bowser was one of them—that a candidate might be defeated by the civilian vote only to find himself safely elected when the soldiers' vote was in. The reason for this apparent anomaly was that the votes had all to be counted either at the office of the Provincial Secretary in Victoria, or at the Agent General's Office in London, and time had to be allowed for the votes to be sent in after the last possible day for polling.

The modus operandi was necessarily somewhat complex, as it was a sine qua non that both the sanctity and the secrecy of the ballot should be preserved inviolate. It was the duty of the Returning Officer appointed for any particular camp to give due notice of the day on which the poll would be held. On the day appointed, armed with a full set of supplies, including ballots for every constituency in the Pro-

vince, and also ballots for the two referenda, and followed and surrounded by a swarm of scrutineers, he took up his position in the tent allotted to him, and gave the word to carry on. With regard to the scrutineers, it must be remembered that not only the Liberals and Conservatives, but the Prohibitionists and Suffragists, with their respective antis, were all represented, so that the intending voter was confronted with a somewhat formidable array when he presented himself to mark his ballot papers. Being a brave man, however, he stepped forward and was first required to make an affidavit as to his right to vote, and his proper constituency. This affidavit was printed on a long envelope, and after making the affidavit, and privately marking and folding his ballots, he placed them in this envelope which he himself sealed. The envelope was then placed by the Returning Officer in a canvas bag or some similar receptacle, and at the close of the poll this bag was closed and sealed by the Returning Officer and the vigilance committee as well. It was then sent to London or Victoria as the case might be, there to await the day of counting. Upon that eventful day, the seals being found intact, the receptacles were opened, the envelopes likewise, and the precious ballot papers, still remaining folded, were dropped into one of the ordinary ballot boxes of commerce, one box being provided for each constituency. This piece of prestidigitation completed, the ballot boxes were unlocked, the ballots counted and the final results proclaimed. Thus was the secrecy of the ballot maintained; then, and not until then, was the calling and election of any candidate sure.

**A**LTHOUGH it sounds complicated beyond words, as a matter of fact it worked out very satisfactorily in actual practice. There were, of course, many mistakes and misunderstandings, but these were all more or less successfully overcome. A common complaint on the part of the voter was that, as he had to put his name on the envelope which contained his ballot, there could be no

such thing as secrecy; and indeed this seemed reasonable enough, unless the method of counting was explained to him. On the other hand, the majority of the soldiers did not care who knew they voted, and the story goes that in one camp a voter for a certain constituency, where the Conservative candidate rejoiced in the Christian name of William, declared to the Returning Officer and Scrutineers there assembled that he desired to vote for Wine, Women and William.

In some cases one Returning Officer was appointed for a number of places; for instance, one man took the votes of the men at all points where guards were stationed, and travelled some hundreds of miles by every known form of conveyance, his footsteps dogged by Prohibitionist, anti-Prohibitionist, Suffragist, Liberal and Conservative. This peripatetic Returning Officer travelled for three weeks, accompanied by his motley retinue, and it is said that the utmost cordiality prevailed during the entire trip, and that they all came back fast friends.

The first poll to be held was not for soldiers at all, but for sailors. It was held on the deck of H. M. C. S. "Rainbow," and thirty-eight ballots were cast. The accompanying illustration shows the first

(Concluded on page 23.)

# THE CAMP FOLLOWER

By MARVIN LESLIE HAYWARD

*The labels of the Manhurst Canning and Produce Company specified peaches, etc. But the real "peach" was the young manager from St. Louis as the Maritime Contingent discovered*

WE were told—early in the war—that one volunteer equalled four—or was it five?—conscripts, and it is quite true that there is all the difference in the world between a "regular" professional army and a volunteer force, especially in the way of discipline, without which, the drill books say, an army becomes a mere rabble and an officer's commission a delusion and a fraud. This being so, it is impossible to put things over on the former that would produce riot, insurrection and sudden death if tried on a free and independent citizen soldiery.

The Canadian militia, be it known, is no exception to this general rule. Even when not cutting loose in a German trench, it is no Sunday-school picnic, and at times was difficult to manage, even on a peace footing. Any member of the militia who ever wore the King's uniform on the canteened drill ground at Sussex will cheerfully—and profanely—testify to the truth of the foregoing statements; for that bloody field has seen encounters that would remind one of the spring when the Guimicers and Monquartiers fought the "Dalhousie Rangers" on the So'-West Miramichi. Again, there was the year that General "Hellion," as the men called him, came down from Ottawa, in a private car, with fifteen pounds of gold lace on his uniform, motored up to the grounds and made every man burn the straw bed he was sleeping on. British soldiers, he said, should get used to sleeping on the ground. What the boys said about the General is "another story," to quote a well-worn phrase, and better fitted for a different class of readers.

Another interesting session was when the 71st went down and took charge of the picket, the town and the bars thereof, and the 64th sent down to "run them in," came back with a casualty list that would make the battle of Manila Bay look like a Quaker tug-of-war.

THESE affairs were mere military episodes, however, but when the 34th New Brunswick Battalion was assigned to the irksome duty of guarding the six hundred odd German prisoners at the little Nova Scotia town of Manhurst, instead of going to France with the rest of the second contingent, as they had been led to believe when they enlisted, there was the nearest approach to open insubordination that was ever seen in a Canadian regiment.

It was certainly fierce while it lasted, and when the battalion landed in Manhurst one morning and found what they were really in for, there was a confusion of tongues that would make the Babel contract sound like a sewing circle in a deaf and dumb asylum.

I have certainly heard some classic swearing in my time, for I've followed the Tobique lumber camps and the Penobscot stream drives all my life; but for real high class cursing commend me to a Canadian battalion in an ugly mood. Say, they were fluent. The Frenchmen from Kent and Madawaska poured forth a torrent of bilingual profanity, and the Tobiquers and Guimicers and Nacawicers swore vilely, each according to his own particular gifts and in his own particular accent, and the officers who started in to restore order, wound up by cursing the Militia Department from the office boy up to General Sam.

I remember Big Pete Brewer, from Tucker's Gore,

standing in the middle of the old armoury, a look of blank amazement on his broad, bovine features.

"We enlisted to fight Germans," he declared, "and now we're goin' to watch and see that they get their three square meals a day. They's something wrong."

"Yes," broke in a man from Aberdeen, "and there I give up a good job in the Armour pork plant, thinkin' I was to see some real slaughter, and instead that here I am down here feedin' Germans."

"It's a cruel war," sighed the corporal from Perth, who was a reporter for his local paper. "I'm afraid I never can erase these scenes of carnage from my youthful mind."

There was, of course, nothing to do except to be resigned to our fate, although some of the officers resigned their hard pulled commissions and enlisted as privates in some of the overseas units, but those of us who had no commissions to throw in the tough and brazen faces of the men higher up were in the unkindest fix of all. The bare idea was bad enough, but we found the actual work worse than we had imagined. In a few days the novelty of the situation wore off; the trips down town got to be an old story, and we settled down to the ceaseless grind of going on and off guard, scanning the papers for the accounts of the Canadians at the front, and hoping and pleading for orders to follow them.

"All I see for you to do is to pray for orders to go," declared the Colonel, grimly. "It's no use to bother the department," and some of the men were desperate enough to take him at his word.

One man from Wilmot, a pronounced infidel who knew Tom Paine and Bob Ingersoll by heart, even went to the chaplain and suggested that he offer up special prayers on our behalf.

"I'm glad to see that you are interested in your spiritual condition," was the delighted reply.

"Spiritual condition be hanged," replied the disgusted follower of Paine. "We want orders to go to the front."

The man who took it the hardest of all, however, was Clare Stanton, whose home was in the town within half a mile of the prison camp. We seemed to have more in common than any pair of men there, and soon became close friends.

"It's bad enough for you outside fellows," he complained, one evening, "but at least the town's new to you, and there's a little something to take your attention. Here I am, though, stuck right home, when I enlisted on purpose to get away."

"What did you do, rob the local bank?" queried the reporter.

"It would have given me a better standing if I had," growled Stanton.

"Never mind," soothed the reporter; "you're right here under your own vine and fig tree, and in sight of those you love," and Stanton promptly "stumped" him out to fight.

Friends as we were, I could not understand his viewpoint, for he seemed imbued with an unreasoning hatred of the prisoners under our charge, and seemed to think that they were to blame in some way for our unwelcome inactivity. Many of the boys were fairly friendly with the Huns and picked up quite a smattering of German; but Stanton could with difficulty be restrained from putting the bayonet to them on the slightest provocation. He kept me in a constant flurry of apprehension lest he break loose to his eternal undoing from a military standpoint.

And he came near doing so; for the morning after the Count jumped from a third story window and slid safely to the ground via a tall telephone pole, the Colonel gave us our orders to say "halt" to any who attempted to escape in future, and then to fire.

"That's something like business," declared the delighted Stanton, "and some little luck may come our way after all."

A few days later the prisoners were taking their usual morning exercise in the yard, and Stanton was on guard.

Suddenly one of the prisoners ran straight for the high board fence, sprang at least ten feet straight in the air, and caught the top with his outstretched fingers. There was a warning cry from the Sergeant. Stanton threw up his rifle; a bullet ripped through the fence, and the German dropped to the ground like a winged partridge.

"Halt!" yelled Stanton.

"I obeyed your orders," he told the Colonel, "but just reversed them a little."

"See that it don't happen again," growled the O. C., turning away to hide the smile that tugged at his lips.

Things were quiet after that for several weeks; but the day the Lusitania went down, and the prisoners, by some subterranean system, got the news an hour or more ahead of the guards, Stanton was simply furious.

"See the d—— pirates jabbering away and gloating over the murder," he fumed. "They have some spy system that our fellows ought to get wise to."

BY that time Stanton and I were the very best of friends, and one evening as we strolled down town together, I began rallying him on his gloomy views of life in general.

"Cheer up," I advised him. "We may get over sooner than we count on."

"That's all right for you," was the grumbling reply, "but it's not much comfort to me."

"It would be to me," I declared, fiercely.

Stanton threw out his arms in a gesture of deep and abiding youthful despair.

"You're not in love with the sweetest girl in the world, who's going to marry a d—— cad," he laughed, bitterly.

"Now I see the lay of the land," I assured him. "Tell me about it," I urged.

"It's the old story," he went on. "Louise and I were boy and girl sweethearts, and there had always been a tentative understanding that we would be married in due time—a quasi-engagement, you might say."

"You haven't forgotten all your law, yet," I remarked.

"No," he replied, "I would have taken my finals this year if the war hadn't come on."

"I've read a little law myself," I assured him, "but continue your narrative."

"Everything was all right," he continued, "until the Manhurst Canning and Produce Company was formed, and the young manager from St. Louis took charge. He at once began paying attention to Louise."

"And then the trouble began," I observed.

"Sure. Her father had considerable stock in the company, and thought the new manager was the only thing that ever happened. As soon as the war broke out they got some big government contracts, in fact, they furnish all the supplies for the troops and prisoners here."

"AND it's put them right on their feet financially," I suggested, thinking of the cheap "punk" which was served out to us under the name of "rations."

"It certainly has," he agreed. "The manager had some money in it himself, and it's made him rich for a young fellow, so a struggling law student don't have a ghost of a chance. I went down to the house the other night, and the old man looked at my uniform as if it was a convict's suit, and practically ordered me out."

"Hasn't the old man any patriotism?" I demanded.

"Not when his bank account is concerned," replied Stanton. "The manager was even an officer in the local militia. I was in his Company and I suggested to the old fellow that he ought to volunteer with the rest of us; but he just laughed and said that he was too valuable a man to risk his precious life."

"Never mind," I comforted, "something will happen when you least expect it."

"If not I'll start something myself," he declared, grimly.

A few days later Stanton and I were on guard on the raised verandah outside the long dining-room



where the prisoners ate. The cooks and waiters were arranging the tables for dinner.

"See the stuff those d— Germans are fed on," growled Stanton, "and us eating dry bread."

"It does look like a banquet, comparatively," I agreed.

A messenger boy hustled in and handed a large basket of canned goods and other eatables to the head waiter, a big, florid German.

"See the Manhurst Canning and Produce labels on every one of them," fumed Stanton, as the waiter placed them on the table. "After the war is over the Government ought to hang every d— contractor."

"They'll all be knighted," I assured him. "It's a glowing example of what Randolph called 'the vermin of contract'."

STANTON banged his rifle on the floor and his eyes blazed with sudden fury.

"Say, I'm not going to stand for it," he declared, suddenly. "I'm going right in there and swipe the whole lot and we'll have something to eat for a little while."

"Don't do it," I warned him. "We'll all be up before the Colonel if you do."

Stanton pushed me back, consigned the Colonel to oblivion, knelt down by the open window, reached forward and, with a full length thrust, drove his bayonet into a can of peaches on the farther side of the table.

"Let's sample their goods, anyway," he laughed.

The head waiter sprang forward with a volley of Teutonic expletives; but Stanton was far too quick for him, and the waiter rushed out shrieking for help.

"He makes a devil of a racket over a can of peaches, considering what they did in Belgium," remarked Stanton, calmly, as he circled the top of the

can with the self opening attachment. "Peaches are certainly an improvement on what we've been having," he laughed, as he jerked off the top.

I fell back against the wall with a gasp of dismay and Stanton's rifle clattered to the floor. The innocent looking can, with the luscious peach on the label above the name of the Manhurst Canning and Produce Company, contained the finest assortment of hardware I ever saw in so small a space. There was an automatic of the latest design, a file and saw, and a sealed letter. It was a portable arsenal.

"I'm not much on German," said Stanton, as he glanced over the letter, "but there are some very explicit directions about where to go to find automobiles waiting for them after they escape."

"Then the manager is the German spy who got the Count away and who's been giving the prisoners all their information," I declared.

"Sure," agreed Stanton, "and he's in some deep game just now to get some more of them away. Let's go and have him pinched before he finds out the jig's up."

Stanton was doubly delighted when the infuriated Colonel put him in charge of a little detachment to go down and arrest the manager.

We lost no time, and ten minutes later we burst into the little office of the Manhurst Canning and Produce Company. The manager was warned almost in time; for just as we rushed in he dropped the telephone with an ashen face and jumped for the safe in the corner.

"The game's up," said Stanton, as he advanced towards him.

THE young manager from St. Louis was no coward, I'll say that for him. The colour had come back to his blanched cheeks and he carefully measured the distance between Stanton and himself.

"I'm proud of my help to the Fatherland, and you'll never marry Louise, anyway," he hissed, as he jerked an automatic from his pocket and sprang for Stanton.

He was a fraction of a second too slow. My revolver cracked spitefully, according to a report written for the Manhurst paper, and he sank in a huddled heap on the Turkish rug by the massive mahogany desk.

"Thanks, old man, I never could have gone to Louise with the cur's blood on my hands," said Stanton, gravely.

There was a hurried patter of feet from the hallway, and a portly, imperious looking old gentleman flung himself into the office. His face was pale. His breath was coming in quick staccato gasps, and his black bow tie was twisted around under his left ear.

"The old geezer himself," Clare explained, in a hurried whisper.

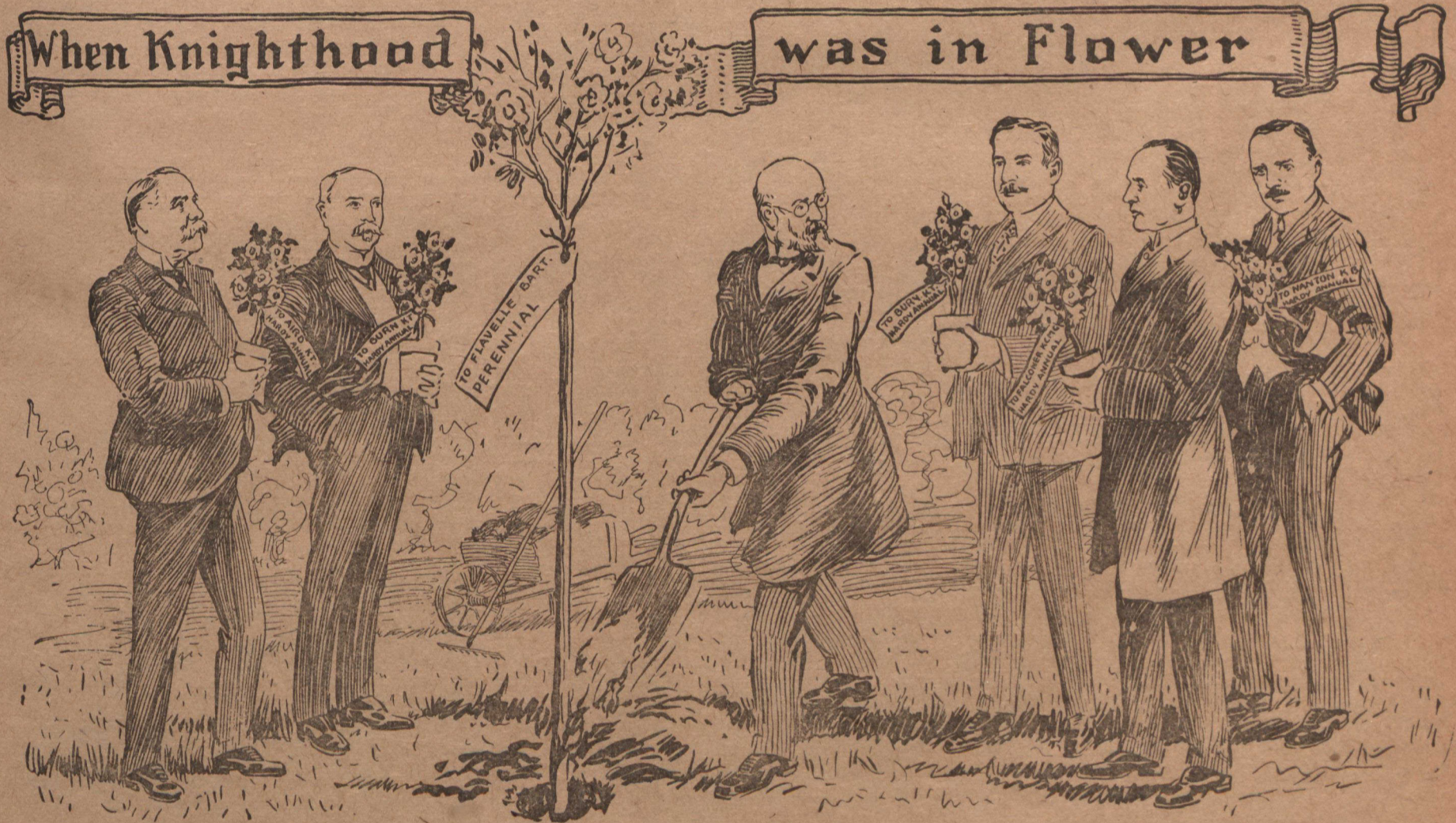
"What's happened?" croaked the newcomer. Then he caught sight of the huddled heap on the floor and a pudgy hand went to that part of his white vest which covers the normal heart.

"Your manager has just resigned," I assured him.

"Remove that body!" Clare ordered, "and ask the gentleman who just came in to report to the O. C. at once."

The crestfallen contractor stumbled out and we went to work. The papers in the safe enabled the authorities to squelch a well laid plan to poison off the whole battalion by means of the Company's products and release the prisoners en bloc, and the department was grateful enough to give Stanton a commission in the next overseas unit.

He was also able to take me along as sergeant, and the week before we left I was his best man at a quiet military wedding down in the little stone church.



Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart.: "What was that you said, Sir Robert, about the tree of the knowledge of good and evil?"

Sir Robert Falconer, supported by Sir Augustus Nanton, Sir George Bury, Sir George Burn, and Sir John Aird: "I merely venture the remark, Sir Joseph, that there's evidently a large botanical difference between that magnolia you are planting and the little pot plants the head gardener gave the rest of us. Do I rightly interpret that label to say, 'Perennial'?"

Sir Joseph looked calmly over the group of gardeners and said, with that impenetrable poise of which he is customarily capable:

"Gentlemen, you are perfectly right. There is a difference. This tree is guaranteed to be indigenous to Canada. It may look a little strange for a while. But we'll all get used to it as we did to the English sparrow and the horse chestnut. Bye-and-bye we shall wonder how we ever got along in the national garden without this kind of magnolia."

# WAR'S WEEKLY

BRITISH M.P.'s at Bethnal Green inform well-hatted, leisurely crowds that trench-fit men should be let out of munition works instead of calling up discharged soldiers. But what is the crowd of stay-at-homes supposed to do about it?

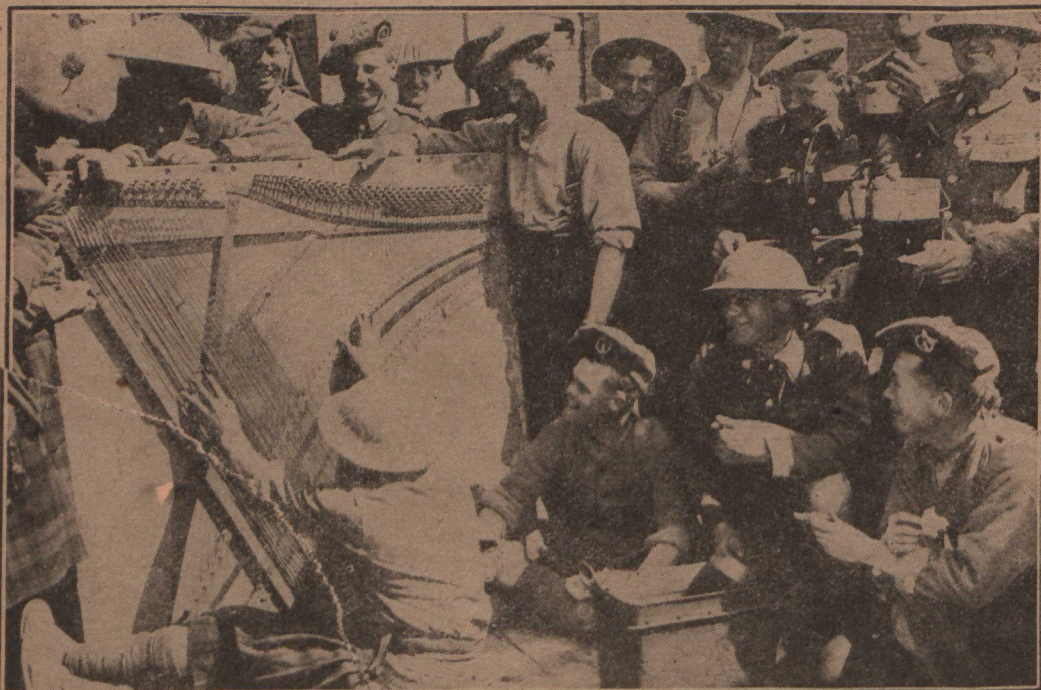


TEDDY just broke loose in the picture above. He was reviewing home defenders at Mineola, L. I., in his home county Nassaw. After the 4,000 defenders had marched past Teddy jumped on a table and did a Billy Sunday performance to 25,000.



OUR Tommie in the punt with the wing on it says to himself as he glides along—restfully—that Sir David Beatty will never know what a great man-o-war's-man was lost when he went to the infantry.

EVERY now and then King George and Queen Mary go among the workers, the soldiers or the sick. Down below is a picture taken at Birkenhead—one of the shipbuilding yards; His Majesty talking earnestly to one of the old shipwrights so fortunate as to be introduced to their Majesties. That man doesn't agree with H. G. Wells that monarchies should be abolished.



THIS khaki musician—S. A. soldiers at the front—is giving a good imitation of the Minstrel Boy and his harp on the strings of an old piano, while his comrades have dinner.

# OUR DEMI-GODS OF THE AIR

**A**LAD of 20—this was some months ago, and he is far different now—left a Canadian city as lieutenant in a local battalion. When he got to Bramshott, wherever it was, he was looked over critically by an air expert. At that time, air-men were in great demand along the front. This young Canadian looked the build of a bird man; he had that blithe, buoyant style of locomotion and looks and he came from a country where aviation was going ahead about as fast as a British biplane in chase of a Fokker. He was asked to join the air army. He consented, was given his release from his battalion and at once took what training he could cram down in aerial observation behind the lines.

This Canadian bird-man was sent post-haste to the front. The front needed him. He knew it. He smiled to himself at how absurdly important he was—once a negligible "lout," now a much-wanted air-man. He reported for duty at the aviation depot, where the land seemed to be swarming with aircraft as the Antarctic does with penguins; a restless, fluttering, hectic sort of place.

"Well, young man, I suppose you've been up before this?" said the C. O. of the air depot.

"Me?" said the Canadian. "No, sir. I've never been on anything that moved in the air, except an elevator."

"Oh! Then you'll have all the more experience when you do. Like to go up—now?"

"I sure would, sir!"

"Then up you go."

Ten minutes later, seated behind a pilot, he was high above the Airman lines with anti-aircraft shrapnel bursting all around him.

It would be romantic to be able to say that the young air-man became a mighty downer of enemy planes and got a V. C. But we know nothing of such. He is for this article merely an illustration of how young Canada is learning to fly because the



BY  
S. H. HOWARD

need for air-men is so great at the front; because Canadians have an aptitude for flying, and because we are beginning to hold up our end in the air, even though as a nation we must admit that we fall down as Jack Tars through lack of experience in a Canadian navy. And the story of how Canada is evolving a fleet of air-men along with the air-craft is a big one. For several weeks now on the streets of certain centres like Toronto, there has been a new species of recruit abroad; bronzed young fellows, clean in the jib, athletic in type, are growing more numerous. They were distinguished by tunics which buttoned across the breast in the fashion worn by officers of the Hussars. They wore close-fitting khaki caps, somewhat of the Glengarry

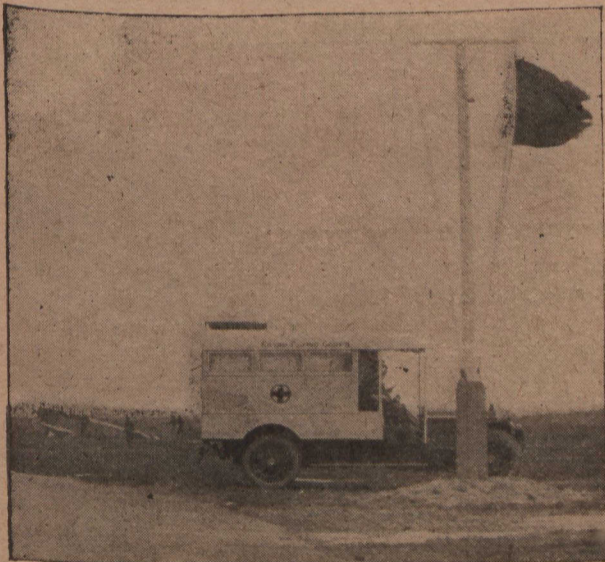
Rifle Ranges near that city. But not so. Previous arrangements for aviators were puny in Canada, compared to the scale upon which the training of sky fighters is being carried on now. Formerly, instruction was given by a private agency. The Curtis biplane people established a branch factory in Toronto, and brought up a staff of aviators from the States as instructors. The young fellow who wished to learn to fly deposited the sum of \$400, which amount was refunded to him upon his entering the Royal Naval Flying Corps in England as a qualified pilot. The recruit paid his own expenses. Naturally there were comparatively few with the enthusiasm plus the capital required for such a programme.

Meanwhile, in Europe, the usefulness of the airplane in war was being demonstrated more clearly every day. Greater and greater became the numbers of planes in use, and greater and still more insistent became the call for air pilots. Without supremacy in the air, the artillery, no matter how powerful and well served, was at a loss. And the general staff was likewise handicapped for lack of notice of the enemy's movements and the lay-out of his defences. More and more attention was given to the training of airmen in England. Suitable young officers of the infantry and other services were withdrawn and given opportunity to learn to be pilots. The increased need for flying men and aerial observers became so great that some of these newly trained young men were put into planes with experienced pilots and sent over the German lines as observers almost as soon as they had learned the rudiments of the game.

Canada seemed to lag behind in aviators. The authorities of the Militia Department here did not



A Camp Hoare pilot makes his flight report to the officer who has had the watch on him.

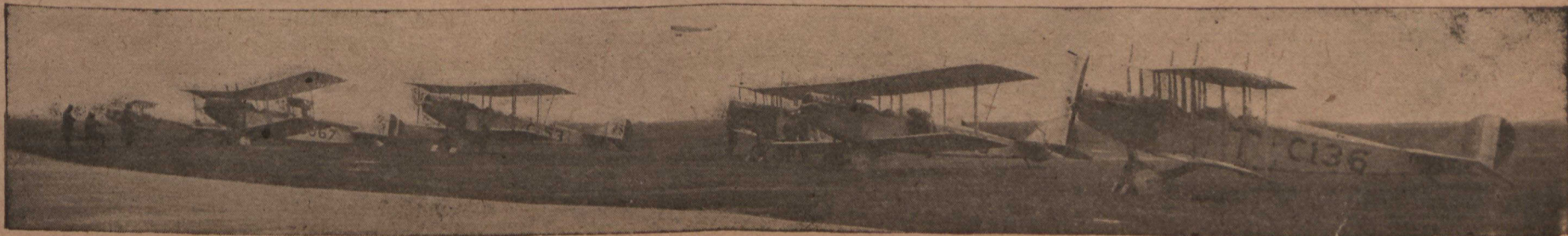


Camp Hoare Air Ambulance, always ready.

pattern. And on the epaulettes were insignia indicating that these young fellows belonged to the Royal Flying Corps.

There have been some flying men in training at Toronto since early in the war. Without inquiry, people supposed these young men belonged to the outfit who have been teaching flying at Toronto Island and at the militia grounds at Long Branch

go in very strongly for this branch of war service. At any rate, early this year the Imperial Government sent officers to Canada, men who had seen service in the Royal Flying Corps at the front, to establish an organization in this country, utilizing the material for air pilots to be found among adventurous, athletic young Canadians. Little was said of the plan, but recruiting for the Imperial Aerial Service was begun



throughout Canada. Meanwhile at Toronto, Deseronto, Camp Borden and Vancouver, active preparations were put under way for the establishment of aerial schools and training camps for the production of air pilots and airplane mechanics.

The distinction between an air pilot and a mechanic is similar to that between commissioned officers and privates. The cadet for a pilot's commission receives a training in the theory of aeronautics and some general military instruction. The private recruits are drilled as soldiers, and instructed in the mechanical details of air planes and their engines.

For it takes six men to keep one pilot in the air. The stress and strain upon the light construction of a flying ship is such that constant repairs and readjustments are necessary. Especially is this so at the front, where vicissitudes of shot and shell are added to those of wind and weather, and the uncertainties of strange landing places. The average life of an airplane at the front is calculated at just 200 flying hours. When it is recalled that the retail price of a Curtiss bi-plane is quoted at \$10,000, it will again be realized even though the British Government, buying wholesale, pays but \$7,500 apiece for them—that war in the air is an expensive business. At the aviation school at Camp Borden, there are on the average three more or less serious "crashes" per day, necessitating the consequent repairs. A "crash" is aviators' slang for a bump or a smash, no matter how trivial, that is followed by repairs.

Recently the organization of the Imperial Royal Flying Corps in Toronto and at Camp Borden was by invitation thrown open for inspection by the Press. For the first time outsiders were allowed to realize the scale upon which the Imperial Government has entered upon the work of training aviators in Canada. Several million dollars have been expended. An area to the southerly portion of Camp Borden has been set aside for the use of the Imperial Royal Flying Corps, and with British thoroughness and disregard for necessary expense, the area has been organized for flying school purposes. No less than ninety-five mechanics are in use, housed in fifteen hangars as large as the familiar covered curling rink. Camp buildings and offices to accommodate 1,000 men have been constructed. Asphalt roads here, there and everywhere give access to the different parts of the grounds. A special railway spur runs in to headquarters from the C. P. R. A field over a mile long has been cleared absolutely clean to the grass and sand. Every tree, shrub and stick has been removed. Here in this aviation field, or aerodrome, pupils learn to rise off the ground and land again without a "crash."

Already there are 600 mechanics and about 100 pilots in training at Camp Hoare, as the British

aviation section of Camp Borden is called. In all, 2,000 men are in the Imperial aviation service in Canada now. The commanding officer, Colonel C. G. Hoare, Major O. D. Filley, and most of the others on the staff, including the flying instructors, have all seen actual service in the Flying Corps attached to the British Army on the Western Front. The training at Camp Hoare does not consist in merely teaching men to fly. It teaches them to fight—fight in the air, thousands of feet above the ground, to map the enemy's position, to drop explosives upon him, and to encounter hostile battle planes.

The air fleet at Borden is divided into five squadrons of eighteen planes. Each squadron has a distinctive coloured device upon the tail of each of its planes, and each plane has its number, the series running back to an origin on British planes on active service. These machines are all accounted for and accountable to the War Office in London, which pays all expenses, and demands accounting for every penny.

After pilots have mastered the art of flying they are mustered in various flight formations and tactics and strategy of war in the sky are practised. Lectures on the ground supplement the practical work in the air.

The machines in use at Camp Borden achieve a speed of sixty-five miles an hour. A few months ago such a speed was considered fairly fast. To-day, on the western front, the scout planes travel at the rate of 120 miles an hour, and so rapid has been the development of air plane improvement, and the increase in the efficiency and power of airplane engines, that these training school machines are already far and away out of date. Indeed, the best machines in the air to-day will be out of date in two months at the rate of development in construction engendered by the war's stimulus to invention.

A sight quite new to Canada is now obtainable at Camp Borden. Like a flight of gulls, air-planes pass and wheel across the sky. From high in the blue comes the hum of engines. Great bird-like creatures, wings outspread, glide along the grassy plain before the great row of hangars and rise gracefully into the air. Like birds, too, is their habit of facing the wind to mount from the ground. The cadet sits in the seat in front, close under the whirling propeller, only his head showing above the shoulders of the great bird's body. The instructor, with a duplicate set of control levers, working in unison with the pupil's, sits in the seat behind. Five or six, or perhaps a whole squadron of planes, will fly in battle formation, the one reinforcing the other, just as experience has taught in the aerial raids over the German lines. Acting in concert to signals, they deploy and manoeuvre like a squadron of battleships

at sea, thousands of feet above the ground, where the forest surrounding the aerodrome is a blur of grass, and men on the plain have the significance of ants.

Accidents are not uncommon and the aviation camp has its own hospital and its own motor ambulance ready at a moment's notice when planes are "up." Reserved, silent men for the most part, are these Imperial demi-gods of the sky. They have no "side," no "swagger." They have "been there," and have seen and practised the "real thing." But there is an assured confidence about them, a steady nerve which strikes one as typical of the Imperial service. They are not amateurs in a new game. The science is young as far as years go, but the war has made it already a service with much experience behind it and developed traditions. The aristocratic unit of all the army units is the aerial service, and it is no wonder they pick the best young fellows the Empire produces, physically, mentally, and characterfully, to enter it. Youth is essential. Cadets must be not older than 25 nor younger than 18. The very flower of a man's time on earth.

When the war is over, what a society will the ex-soldiers of the great war create! And romantic-laden, experience-filled, heroic in our eyes, will return the pilots of the air service, the demi-gods of the sky.

## Harden's Plain Warning

MAX HARDEN, in his paper, *Die Zukunft*, speaks out boldly when he says that the millions who condemn Germany as the violator of human rights will not trail wearily home before the gigantic weight of America is thrown into the scale. What can be useful to us before that day? Not whimpering about peace, not wild shuttle-cock amateur diplomats, but a brave attempt to know the truth clearly, the return to worthy freedom of criticism without which guard and menace the strongest sovereignty droops and fades, the decision so to arrange the German house that to-morrow it will be fit to live in and not an abomination before the world. The United States won't fight a Germany led by sensible men which goes along that road towards the goal pointed out by Mr. Wilson. Not because he pointed it out must we reach it, but because the imperious necessities of German existence, spirit, and economic conditions, have long been forcing us towards it. And the responsibility for the peace which must come cannot be carried by a prince or a family, but only on the unburdened neck of the whole nation. Democracy is irresistible. This peace can the German people only conclude when it has recognized what it must want.

# CANADA IN WAR PAINT

By CAPT. RALPH W. BELL

Published in Book Form by J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

"BULLY-BEEF an' 'ard-tack," said Private Boddy disgustedly.

"Bully-beef that's canned dog or 'orse, or may be cats, an' biscuits that's fit for dawgs. . . . This is a 'ell of a war. W'y did I ever leave little old Walkerville, w'ere the whiskey comes from? Me an' 'Iram we was almost pals, as you may say. I worked a 'ole fortnight in 'is place, at \$1.75 per, an' then I——" Mr. Boddy broke off abruptly, b'ut not soon enough.

"Huh!" broke in a disgusted voice from a remote corner of the dug-out, "then I guess you went bummin' your way till the bulls got you in Windsor. To hear you talk a chap would think you didn't know what panhandlin' was, or going out on the stem."

"Look 'ere," said Boddy, with heat, "you comeralong outside, you great long rubberneck, you, an' I'll teach you to call me a pan-andler, I will. You low-life Chicago bum, wot never

did 'ave a better meal than you could steal f'm a Chink Chop Suey."

"Say, fellers," a quiet voice interposed, "cut it out. This ain't a Parliament Buildings nor a Montreal cabaret. There's a war on. If youse guys wants to talk about rations, then go ahead, shoot, but cut out the rough stuff!"

"Dat's what I say, Corporal," interrupted a French-Canadian. "I'm a funny sort of a guy, I am. I likes to hear a good spiel, widout any of dis here free cussin' an' argumentation. Dat ain't no good, fer it don't cut no ice, no' d'un ch'en!"

"Talkin' of rations," drawled a Western voice, "when I was up to Calgary in '08, an' was done gone busted, save for two bits, I tuk a flop in one of them houses at 15 cents per, an' bot a cow's heel with the dime. You kin b'lieve me or you needn't, but I tell you a can of that bully you're shootin'

off about would ha' seemed mighty good to me, right then, an' it aren't so dusty naow."

Private Boddy snorted his contempt. "An' the jam they gives you," he said, "w'y at 'ome you couldn't give it away! Plum an' happle! Or wot they call plain happle! It ain't never seed a plum, bar the stone, nor a happle, bar the core. It's just colourin' mixed up wiv boiled down turnips, that's what it is."

"De bread's all right, anyways," said Lamontagne, "but dey don't never git you more'n a slice a man! An' dat cheese. Pouff! It stink like a Fritz wot's laid dead since de British takes Pozieres."

Scottie broke in. "Aye, but hold yer maunderin'. Ye canna verra weel have aught to clack about when 'tis the Rum ye speak of." "Dat's all right," Lamontagne responded, "de rum's all right. But

who gets it? What youse gets is one ting. A little mouthful down de brook wot don't do no more than make you drier as you was before. What does de Sargents get? So much dey all is so rambunctious mad after a feller he dasn't look dem in de face or dey puts him up for office! Dat's a fine ways, dat is! An' dem awficers! De limit, dat's what dat is. I was up to de cook-house wid a—wid a rifle——" —"a dirty rifle too, on inspection, by Heck," the Corporal supplemented—"wid a rifle, as I was saying," continued Lamontagne, with a reproachful look in the direction of his section commander, "an' I sees wot was in de cook-house a cookin' for de awficers" (his voice sunk to an impressive whisper). "D'ere was eeggs, wid de sunny side up, an' dere was bifsteaks all floatin' in gravy, an' pottiters an' beans, an' peaches an' peyers."

(Concluded on page 23.)

## ART NOTES: By ESTELLE M. KERR

## ST. JOHN, N.B.

EARLY a year ago we endeavoured to find out what the various provinces and cities in the Dominion have done in establishing Art Galleries. An account of those in Hamilton, Montreal, Sherbrooke and Halifax has been already published, and this week we have the most recent information concerning art activities in New Brunswick, contained in a letter from Mr. C. F. Flewelling, of Saint John.

St. John, N.B.

Dear Sir,-

A late issue of your magazine contained an interesting account of the Municipal Art Galleries of Canada. It does not furnish much encouragement to art students to work for their own community when their legislators have so little sympathy with their work. Such a little help would go so far in broadening art knowledge and result in beautifying our towns and cities. Your information about St. John is, unfortunately, ancient history, and I am taking the liberty of correcting it. To state it correctly: A Mr. Owens left a considerable property entrusted to executors to build a church, this building was used for several independent bodies, but eventually was altered in the auditorium with a fine glass ceiling and closed windows. to make an admirable art gallery and studio. Mr. Robert Reed, the executor, obtained the services of Mr., now Professor Hammond, and sent him to Europe to study and purchase paintings and statuary. I remember hearing that the expenditure exceeded eight thousand dollars. The gallery, when fitted up, was a most attractive centre for the art-loving public, and visitors to the city. Mr. Hammond's art classes were well attended, and several students owe their training to his efforts, some of them not professional artists continue to produce, Mr. Alex. Watson, of this city, sending water-colours to Montreal exhibitions quite often.

Finding the cost of supporting the school a too-heavy drain on the estate, Mr. Reed abruptly closed it some fifteen years ago, and offered the collection to any New Brunswick city or town that would provide a fireproof building to house it properly and develop it in future. To the everlasting shame of St. John, neither its council nor any number of prominent citizens made effectual efforts to retain it. The Sackville Methodist institution, "Mount Allison," complied with the requirements, and erected a fine fireproof building, and received the collection, thus ending that chapter of art history in this city. Prof. Hammond was retained by Mount Allison and is still in charge and turning out many enthusiastic art workers, beside painting a great number of pictures of Canadian scenery which have been purchased by Montreal and Toronto people.

In regard to St. John, there is another chapter begun about 1908, when a Woman's Art Association was formed, merged in 1909 in the St. John Art Club, incorporated. Without going over its history, which has not been brilliant, the present condition of the Club is not unsatisfactory. The membership is about two hundred and fifty. Two art classes are working for seven months—are advanced in care of Miss Alice E. Hagarty, a pupil of Chase and a genre painter of much skill, and a junior in care of Miss E. R. Holt, a student of Valparaiso, Chi. The pupils number twenty-four and are making progress. We have the nucleus of a collection in twenty-eight oil and water-colour paintings of good size and quality by Bell-Smith, Gagnon, Bryden, Watson, Hammond, Nicholls and others, and also a fine lot of reproductions by Medeci process and original drawings in black and white; with a good collection of casts, models and drapery. The library has late art books and magazines.

Our social work is giving a course of seven lectures on Art and Travel, illustrated by a fine opaque lantern, and much enjoyed.

Our Club has had charge of the Art Dept. of the late Provincial Exhibitions in St. John, and has brought groups of paintings from Ontario and Quebec, the U. S. and England, making that part of the show very attractive. But it's a long way to Tipperary, and until the war is over, we cannot expect to do much toward a permanent home, or large addition to our collection. We have never yet had any municipal assistance, except the placing of an arc lamp near our entrance, but have paid our expenses from membership fees (only one dollar per annum), with an occasional spurt to buy a painting by a group of members. Our president, W. S. Fisher, Esq., has been in the chair since the Club was organized. Other men active are Col. E. T. Sturdee, Alex. Watson, W. F. Hathway, Dr. J. E. Manning, John Sealy, M. V. Paddock, Art Director, I. H. Eastbrooks, W. Brodie, T. O'Brien, and others, with a strong team of ladies who keep the pot boiling and the band playing "Dum Spiro Spero!"

Art, as we understand it down here, is not merely a matter of inspiration, except that of hard work for the good of the community. It is the business of

sculptors have offered their services to the government for work in the restoration of faces, our artists are eager to go overseas and make deceptive paintings to mask the landscape (to paint coverings for roadways which make them look like a forest as viewed from an airplane, so that our troops may pass in safety) to paint scenery which conceals the position of our guns, and to do all kinds of realistic painting which has of recent years been so scorned. A number of prominent American artists have formed themselves into a society and offered their services to the government for similar work, but it will probably be some time before they are in demand. We are constantly hearing of well-known British artists who have received permission to go overseas. William Orpen offered his services as a soldier, but he was deemed too valuable to his country to be spared, now he has gone as a painter. In France, too, a number of the best artists not engaged in scenic painting have been given permission to sketch in the war zone. It came about in this way:

A young painter, Berne-Bellecour, had been sent behind the lines to recuperate from an illness. He asked permission to return to his regiment, obtained an old bicycle and, contriving to evade the sentries, he filled his sketch book and painted with a most economic box of colours. Then he returned to Paris, confessed his crime, and pleaded that a few of his fellow-painters be granted leave from the trenches to visit some of those scenes which have made history in France during the past year; for Hoffbauer, who was in Champagne; for Jonas, at Soissons, and for Flameng, in the North.

WE are particularly interested in Charles Hoffbauer, an Alsatian, who as one of our professors during our student days in Paris and whose "Coin de Bataille," which hangs in the Luxemburg, is perhaps one of the most realistic war paintings produced before 1914. Some of his works were exhibited in Toronto last fall with the French pictures from the Panama Exhibition. Mr. Hoffbauer was executing a mural decoration at the Confederate Memorial

Museum of Richmond, Virginia, when the outbreak of war recalled him to join his regiment in France. He is now Corporal Hoffbauer, and did good service as a soldier, but the old French General who released him from these duties to serve France in the manner for which his great talent and years of training have especially fitted him, performed a lasting service for his country.

THE average Canadian is apt to agree with the rustic who, after watching a landscape painter at work for some time, remarked:

"Why don't you use a camera? It is quicker and more like the place."

Certainly the attendance at the exhibition recently held by the Toronto Camera Club, in the Art Museum, broke all records. Such a large number of prints were sent in that only half that number could be placed on exhibition. They came by the dozens from California, from Colorado, from England, and even from Japan, but the work of our own photographers was by no means eclipsed; the exhibition revealed an enormous advance in artistic photography. Some people deplored the presence of so many "gum prints," which they claim combines painting with photography and so removes it from its proper sphere, but in our opinion the end justifies the means.

Mr. J. S. O'Higgins is a landscape painter of whom Canada will some day be proud. He is living in Martinsville, New Jersey, with his brother, Mr. Harvey O'Higgins, the well-known author, and is working away very quietly, refusing to exhibit or to sell.



Painting class in Art School, St. John, N.B.

what is beautiful to help as many people as possible, through the hard work of other people.

## WAR PICTURES.

THE official Canadian war pictures are now being shown—large, highly-glazed photographs representing the principal activities of our men at the front. Many of them have appeared in the Courier from time to time, others have been seen in moving pictures, but here they stand still and allow us to recognize men and identify places. They represent the principal activities of our men at the front, but most of the grim horrors of war have been eliminated. The collection was not chosen for their artistic merit, but the exhibition will have more interest to the average Canadian than the world's greatest masters of painting. There is one picture in front of which people are apt to pause, saying, "Surely this has been put here by mistake!" It represents a group of swans in a picturesque old canal, but the catalogue informs us that these swans, when the picture was taken, were the only living things in Ypres. There they stayed during many months of bombardment, rearing two broods of cygnets, while shells destroyed the lovely old city around them and gradually rendered each building, from its famous old Guild Hall, its Cathedral, and 16th century houses, down to the humblest modern dwelling, unfit for habitation.

CANADA has an official press representative, an official cinematograph operator at the front, but no artists who are recognized as such by the military authorities. Several of our most prominent



**C**LEAR understanding of what we must do as a nation is conditioned upon an adequate conception of what we are as a people. The day has come for unusual action. All commonplace average codes, all conventional axioms, all opportunist arguments must be abandoned in the face of a great crisis. All we used to be that denationalized us, that kept us halting and groping along in the shadows of childhood, that kept us from exerting our real strength as a self-governing people, must now be put aside.

The present is no time for such timid and sinister measures. The predicament in which we as a people find ourselves in the business of becoming a nation is no occasion for mere tactics. The statesman who shrinks from statesmanship, the leader who hides behind mere policies, the politician who lies in the long grass of the fence corner peering through the rails at the procession on the road—these men will go down to such history as we are privileged to make as obstacles to national progress.

Ottawa is face up with its greatest testing time. Parliament is confronted with its greatest problem. The men who have been put by the people of Canada into high places are challenged by the turn of great events in the world at large to get rid of their bickerings and jeerings and dust-throwings. The solemn and inspiring issues of government by the people in this great country are to shake the little politician out of his boots and send the party tactician to the rear ranks of them that stop the wheels of a nation.

Let us be—Ourselves.

Heaven never gave us so great an opportunity.

Let us be fair to the Government.

Heaven knows no government we ever had was in such big need of fairness from the people.

We have talked and prayed and sung and cheered ourselves hoarse and screamed into black headlines over the business of becoming a nation. Are we to take it out in talk? Are we no more nor less than a pack of revivalists with less faith in our ability to save ourselves than our backwoods forefathers had in their power to repent of their sins? Are we expecting some Billy Sunday to warp us out of our lethargy? Must we fall back upon the orators and the poets to inspire us? Are we waiting for some immeasurable, irresistible force to come along like a tidal wave and shoulder this young nation into the real struggle and storm of life.

These questions are asked because it has been highly possible for this people to await some miracle. There was once a community that depended upon miracles. Unless the signs and the wonders came forth the people dare not budge, nor keep on, nor win unto the end. It was so in the day of Moses, of the brazen serpent and the water from the rock and the manna from on high. It was so even as much thousands of years later in the days when one Jesus Christ had recourse to magic and parables in order to inspire His followers and to arouse a purblind people.

That nation which, in four thousand years, more or less, did not learn to get saved without miracles, is no longer and never again will be a nation. They are a wandering race. If we continue to wait for miracles we Canadians may follow their example. We have as good chance to make a rag picker race as any unless we rise now to the measure of our opportunity and know when the hour has struck to act as a responsible people.

**T**HE world no longer lives by signs and wonders. The light has come to people. Democracy is the much-repeated name of it. What do we mean by democracy? Is it a formula or a popular song? From what source does any people calling itself a democracy derive the right and the power to consider itself a nation?

There is no appointed time, no prescribed and patented way. The people do not go to sleep and dream and wake to find themselves a nation. This Canada nation of which we talk so much was never made by the British North America Act, nor by the little wars that followed it; not by the transcontinental railways and the incoming of peoples; not by the alliance between Upper and Lower Canada in a coalition of races; not by the South African War that called us to fight for an Empire.

All of these and many more were the prelude and the preparation. And two years ago we said to ourselves somewhat rhetorically—because we were so safely far from what it really meant—that the nation of Canada was born at St. Julien and Langemarck, much as we said it years before at the news of Paardeberg. Again we said it was born at Courcellette and the Hooze Sector. Then came Vimy and Arleux, and we said that in the blood and the heroism of our army at the front the baptism of this people as a nation had surely come.

These were the miracles of other men. These were the ultimate sacrifices of men in the King's khaki who had given their all that a nation might live. When the survivors who could no longer fight came back to us legless and armless and shell-shocked and trench-gassed, we pointed them out on the street as the men who had trod the winepress of which the poet sang and had made of us a people with a true place in the world.

All very well. Let us not minimize the deeds of our army. They have won imperishable renown abroad on behalf of a large remnant of quitters and slackers and home-runners in Canada; how many or what percentage we are not minded to say, just because we don't happen to know. But we do know that all the quitters and slackers are not those who refuse to go into khaki.

Many of them are men whose years are past military age. They are men whom we do not expect to go to war, nor to make munitions, nor to work on the land. They are men whom years ago, in a time of national uplift or of popular reaction we put into high places in this country.

Look in Ottawa for these men. Look in the capital city of any province. Look still further into any community where men still talk the speech and work the tactics of the partisan and the little Canadian. Look on any street or into any club or convention hall where men for the past two years of national unity to win a terrible war have been busy fomenting bigotries and race feuds, trying their worst on both sides of a fence which long ago should have been blown down to re-enact the Irish question in this country. Oh, yes, it was not all from one side and will not be so long as it lasts. Excellent imitators as we often are, we have not considered ourselves a real imitation of our Imperial Parliament without trying to make an Ireland of Quebec.

Well, we are all here to live together somehow. There is not even a channel to divide us. The St. Lawrence begins above Quebec and ends below Quebec. It is a great national river that knows no bigotries and no divisions. It would have been a great thing for this nation if Ottawa had been put on the St. Lawrence instead of where it is.

In spite of our race feuds, our soldiers, kith and kin, friends and comrades from all provinces died in battle or were shot to pieces that Canada might stay on the map of the world as a self-governing people. And pattering men at home comforted their souls with large talk about Canada being made a nation on the fields of Flanders.

**N**EVER was a worse piece of un-national bunkum in this country. Never was a better opportunity for Sadducees and Pharisees. Much as we have done, much as we have cut ourselves away from the little stature of former years, we have fallen far below the measure of the men whom we have sent to the front. What do they ask of us? Not only that we keep their ranks filled on the fighting lines. Not merely that we send them food and clothes and good cheer. Not mainly that we publish their names and their pictures in our newspapers.

No, but most of all that in heaven's name when we have a nation's job on our hands we go at it in the spirit of men that go to battle instead of them that jockey and manoeuvre for political place. The least inspiring thing we could ever do for our soldiers would be to send them marked copies of some of our newspapers containing on one page the faces of them who were cut off or shot up in the name of Canada, on the other the names of those who bickered and schemed and sneered and quarreled to make the name of this nation unworthy of those at the front.

Be sure that the nation will not arise in this country by the heroisms of other men. Equally sure is it that we can never make a nation by pilgrimages to London. Let us spend our last dollar and our last pound of energy for the sake of the heroes from Langemarck to Vimy. But let us not, like those who sit on the grandstand, leave the game of ball to these men only. They expect us to play ball. We expect it of ourselves.

London is all right. We don't want our political leaders to cut away from London. But we shall be untrue to both ourselves and to England if we fail to do bigger things from a sense of our responsibility to ourselves than London can ever advise us to do.

We cannot as we believe in the destiny of this nation on the top half of North America, escape this one ultimate fact:

This nation of Canada will be made in the last resort by men who never wore khaki; by men who at home are as daring for the work they have in hand as the men who storm the enemy trenches and as tactful and strategic to avoid needless trouble as the general who plans a battle.

Unless our statesmen are worthy of our soldiers we shall never be worthy of a place in the roll-call of nations. Unless our political leaders and their followers and their opponents in Parliament determine to unite as wholeheartedly as armies on a battle front we shall never be a great people. The crisis of any nation is the testing time of its leaders. In times like this let us not expect miracles from a government, and let us not waste ourselves with abuse of either side, so long as the Government and the Opposition do not regard themselves as mediocrities and their task as a mere device for keeping in power or of getting the other people out.

**W**E can never get anywhere on a basis of fifty-fifty. We do not need to hamper ourselves with the limits of a coalition. What Canada wants above all things is for the present and for a long while to come men who will forget their parties, who will not confound party government with democracy, and who will not bedevil the nation's prospects of getting ahead with the biggest work it ever had for the sake of a future political alignment.

The men that Ottawa needs may all be in Parliament or they may not; they may be more of one side than the other or less. But they are here. If one set of men will not do another must be got. We must save ourselves by being ourselves. And if we are to make a nation of this people we must realize that any species of even a bloodless civil war at home is the worst possible way to help win a great war abroad in which we have already invested so much of our blood, treasure and energy.

# WE ARE *Still* PRODUCING POETRY



## THE JAM ON THE MATTAWA.

By S. H. Howard.

**T**HIS song is not a poem according to the Mathew Arnold definition of poetry. It is a folk song. The author sang it once in Ottawa to a large crowd of parliamentary people, including the Premier and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In reading it you must fancy you hear it sung in a nasal dingdong minor, the tune a cross between a French chanson and an Indian melody. In each stanza of this north country ballad the word "Chorus" indicates the repeated refrain followed by the post-lude—whatever that is.

There came a thaw on the Mattawa,  
And the softest roads you ever saw,  
The horses wore their shoulders raw  
Till the teams could neither gee nor haw.

(Chorus—)

There was  
White pine there.  
There was  
Spruce and fir,  
There was  
Timber square,

And we dumped our loads for the roads were bare,  
And the logs went "Jump, dump, thump, bump, bump,  
bump,

"Jump, dump, thump—Boomp!"  
The weather man in Ottawa  
Blamed a flaw in natural law,  
But we said "Pshaw," with John McGraw,  
"The Devil himself hung up the draw."

(Chorus—)

But what the hill did the devil care?  
And the logs went "Jump, dump, thump, bump, bump,  
bump,

"Jump, dump, thump, bump—Boomp."

Or the dumps broke loose, and played the deuce,  
And the ice and the logs jammed in the sluice,  
We rolled the pine and we poled the spruce,  
But the best we done was not much use.

(Chorus—)

And the dam showed signs of wear and tear,  
And the logs went "Jump, dump, thump, bump, bump,  
bump,

"Jump, dump, thump, bump—BOOMP."

Oh, the boss went loaded up for moose,  
He swore and he cursed without excuse,  
And the nearest man got most abuse,  
Till the air was blue in the old campboose.

(Chorus—)

And we got the blame for the whole affair,  
And the logs went "Jump, dump, thump, bump, bump,  
bump,

"Jump, dump, thump, bump, BOOMP."

Old John McGraw, he gazed in awe,  
On the face of the gentle Mattawa,  
He squared his jaw, knawed off a chaw,  
And he hitched his belt another yaw.

(Chorus—)

And the jam was pilin' up for fair,  
With logs a-jumpin', bumpin', dumpin', thumpin',  
Bumpin', bump, bump, BOOMP.

Says John, "Of all the grand Hooraw,  
"Since first I drove the Ottawa,  
"By the holy Mackinaw  
"This is the wust I've ever saw."

(Chorus—)

For the Mattawa is a regular bear  
When the logs go "Jump, dump, thump, bump, bump,  
bump,

"Jump, dump, thump, bump, bump, BOOMP!"

So he took a stick of dynamite  
To move that jam from off that site,  
A job like that was John's delight,  
He took his time, and he done it right.

(Chorus—)

But he didn't have no time to spare,  
For the logs went "Jump, dump, thump, bump, bump,  
bump,

"Jump, dump, thump, bump—BOOMP!"

**P**ART of every free country's business is the production of poetry. We have had bonuses for ships; bounties for iron and steel, government grants and guaranteed bonds for railways, protective tariffs for industries, and patriotism and production campaigns to increase our output of food. But we have never found it advisable to pay any bonus on poetry, which, like virtue, is said to be "its own exceeding great reward." We use the term "spring poetry" much as we talk about chicken pox. Yet the poems continue to come in. Persecutions only multiplied martyrs. Adversities seem to stimulate poets. For some time back the Canadian Courier has been fying away certain poems for future reference. We are printing a number of them of varying sorts, from various places as further illustration of the fact that though poetry is the last thing the average editor wants to buy, it is not possible to squelch the poet. Of the seven poems here published, one author is a soldier, one a railwayman, one a landscape artist, one a newspaper man and publicity agent, and the others we can't so accurately define. But they are all Canadians, and the things they write are a fresh contribution to the thing we call current Canadian literature.—The Editor.



## JOSH OF WAWANOSH.

By B. B.

A man indeed, is farmer Josh,  
Among the folk of Wawanosh;  
He never got ten miles away,  
And long since lost the way to play.  
His bones are hard as Huron flint;  
A nail scarce gives his flesh a dint;  
A woolly, rusty chap is Josh,  
Whole hills are part of Wawanosh.

It was at school we first met Josh,  
Out on the Sixth of Wawanosh—  
Well built of logs, with such a crowd  
And capers which no law allowed.  
Because from clearings near and far,  
All ages came without a bar;  
Yet, truth to tell, one reckless Josh  
Was just himself in Wawanosh.

Old Bill, the dad of this same Josh,  
Had little land in Wawanosh;  
'Twas just a patch between the hill  
And where he ran his little mill.  
He had, however, cow and sheep,  
A pig and ducks, all in a heap;  
To touch a thing, this dad of Josh  
Would raise a row in Wawanosh.

The old man's rage brought ill to Josh,  
From every lad of Wawanosh;  
No spite we harboured 'gainst his cow,  
Or pigeon cage up in the mow.  
We soon forgot his dad and mam;  
Cared not a snuff for brother Sam;  
But every sting of gad, spelt Josh;  
We vowed he'd pay all Wawanosh.

To war indeed was born this Josh,  
Of that famed field of Wawanosh;  
At school you'd find him sure, at eight,  
And there he'd fight before the gate.  
The blood, maybe, would run like wine,  
Yet one more scrap he'd have by nine;  
So day by day, this rustic Josh  
Made fighters out in Wawanosh.

But when to manhood came our Josh,  
None gave more peace to Wawanosh;  
In every fight he won a friend  
And hasn't further to defend.  
Alas! the khaki he can't wear,  
But watches with peculiar stare;  
For since the war that heart of Josh  
Seems not at home in Wawanosh.

Yet little dream't we this of Josh—  
He'd train one more in Wawanosh;  
'Twas Bill, named from his old grand-dad—  
No finer son in khaki clad.  
He's at the front; can stand alone;  
Will fight to his last piece of bone;  
This keeps alive the soul of Josh  
And is "his bit" from Wawanosh.

ACCEPTED.

I sent a poem to an Editor,  
—Ah me!—it was returned without delay;  
As promptly as the wily creditor  
Serves notice that "Your bill is due to-day."  
I looked the verses over once again,  
And finding that they read as commonsense,  
—And altogether made their meaning plain,  
I realized wherein I had been dense.—  
With lightened heart I took a pen in hand  
And, without thought, made substitution there  
Until the theme which first my soul had planned  
Was lost beneath the flow of language rare.  
As far as I could see the verses now  
Possessed no meaning—gone was metre—rhyme—  
But something seemed to tell me that was how  
To write to "put them oyer" every time.  
Then did I send it 'long the narrow trail,  
And waited with new hope within my breast—  
Sure thing! There came in answer through the mail  
The wherewithal for me to take a rest!  
—(Pfc.) Stanley Gibbey,  
Signal Corps 164th Bn., Westinghouse Barracks,  
Hamilton, Ont.

We went ashore and climbed the height  
While old John set the fuse alight,  
But he cut it off too short a mite,  
And he signed his hair and his whiskers white.

(Chorus—)

And John went sailin' through the air,  
With logs a-jumpin', dumpin', lumpin', thumpin',  
Bump, bump, Boomp.

Old John came down with an awful thud,  
Though he landed easy as he could,  
He missed the rocks but he hit the mud,  
And the jam went out on the ragin' flood.

(Chorus—)

And we said, "Poor John has did his share,  
"On the logs a jumpin', thumpin', dumpin', bumpin',  
"Bumpin', bump, bump, BOOMP."

We got some stuff to warm his blood,  
He choked a bit and we loosed his stud,  
"Say, boys," says he, "let's see your plug,  
"O— D— the luck, I've ate my cud."

(Chorus—)

It's enough to make a preacher swear,  
When the logs go "Jump, dump, thump, bump, bump,  
bump,  
Jump, dump, thump, bump—BOOMP!"



## THE NEW-RIGOUT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

By Charles Stokes.

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,  
The bashful Soul to a New Suit aspires;  
And lo! the Style at Thirteen Seventy Five  
Puts forth, and Overcoat to Hock retires.

A Book of Patterns underneath the Bough,  
A Fashion Plate, a Piece of Tape, and Thou  
To measure me "as per the Form attached . . ."  
And Measurement were Paradise enow!

Alas, that Suits should perish with the Rose,  
That brighter Days should such Defects disclose!  
The passing Fashion that was all the Rage—  
Ah, whence and whither flown so soon, who knows?

The Newest Mode men set their Hearts upon  
May linger for a Season—and anon  
Like Crinoline, or rakish Panama  
Once Cynosure of Great White Ways—'s gone.

I sometimes think that Nothing shrinks so fast  
As Flannel Suiting guaranteed to last—  
And Vests that were of loud, flamboyant Hue  
Fall quite to bits, and thus their Day is past.

Indeed, indeed, the Pants I've worn so long  
Have done by Credit in men's Eyes much wrong;  
Have gone and bagg'd Balloon-like at the knees,  
And earn'd ironic comment from the Throng.

Then said a Tailor with a long-drawn Sigh:  
"My Bill with long Oblivion has gone high."  
But let him cry for Trifles on account—  
Methings I might pay Something—by-and-bye!

Ah, choose the Suit; what boots it to romance  
Of Likelihood of payment in Advance?  
Weigh out the Cash in hand, and owe the Rest,  
And cinch the Credit while you have the Chance!

Come, scan the Ads, and in the Fire of Spring  
The Winter Garment, willy-nilly, fling.  
To-morrow? Why, we cut our Dash to-day!  
Expense be—blow'd—First have our little Fling!  
One Sunday in the New Creation graced—  
One Afternoon, the Sweets of Life to taste—  
The Pose is short and fleeting, and the Crease  
That made the Picture joyous, runs—to Waist!

# POEMS THAT WILL BE READ; PERHAPS REMEMBERED



## APRIL DRUMS.

By J. E. H. Macdonald.

The motley weaving of the street  
Parts at the tread of marching feet;  
The lusty bugles drive along  
The clang and hubbub of the throng,  
And all things find their pulsing soul  
In the grave drums' abounding roll  
While youthful April gazes down,  
With eyes that ne'er have known a frown,  
On a fair flag of stripe and star  
Now lifted to the winds of war.

The steady drums we long have heard,  
Three saddened Aprils now they've stirred  
To promptings, not for leaf or bird,  
But for the straitened hearts of men,  
Urging to larger strength again.  
And so the listening hearts have gone  
To death and struggle streaming on,  
Bearing their steadfast banners far  
Against the demon hosts of war.

But one great people piled aloof,  
Nor heeded 'neath their arching roof,  
While the great mill-wheels constant whirred—  
Those saddened Aprils, wonder-stirred  
To promptings not for leaf or bird;  
Intent, they piled their heaping gold  
While others died their life to hold,—  
Bearing the glorious banner far  
Within the demon hosts of war;  
Until one desperate call of Man  
Above the whirring mill-wheels ran,  
Casting a flashing word supreme  
That turned to flame the selfish dream.

To tender April, looking down  
On smoke and bustle of the town,  
Smiles at the flag of stripe and star  
Flung greatly to the winds of war;  
O comrades! bent a gladden'd cheer,  
Our brothers of the South are here!  
The soul of Man is hard afoot,  
Invincible against the Brute;  
O Bugles! now you drive a note  
To Man in every clime remote.  
O Drums! your mighty pulsings bound  
From heart to heart the world around.  
O marching feet! you stronger tread  
Towards the nearing goal ahead.  
Blow, Bugles, blow! roll proudly Drums!  
Humanity behind you comes.

## THE MOTOR BOAT PATROL.

By Ilderim.

We're just in sight of the Harbour light, far over on  
our lea,  
And our cockle shell rides on the swell, of a limpid,  
placid sea.  
We strain our eyes, as the daylight dies, and the stars  
come into sight,  
For a last lookout, ere we turn about, and bid the sea  
good night.

Since murky dawn, like a startled faun, we've dashed  
about the sea,  
Always in hope that a periscope might somewhere handy  
be,  
And we'd get a shot at the dirty lot, who manned the  
submarine  
Which the day before, not far from shore, had sunk the  
Island Queen.

Said the Skipper to me, "In this perfect sea, the beg-  
gar's sure to rise,  
Under cover of night he'll be out of sight, blast his old  
bleary eyes,  
We've cruised all day while he slept away, secure be-  
neath the tide,  
He'll need some air, and the weather's fair, he'll sure  
expose his hide.

So we'll cruise around, without a sound, with the engine  
running slow,  
If we've any luck, and he doesn't duck, we'll return  
him down below."  
For an hour or more, till our eyes were sore, we peered  
into the dark,  
When dead ahead, so the Skipper said, he could see a  
little spark.

"That's a cigarette, or I miss my bet, we've got the  
beggar foul,  
Get ready the gun, we're in for some fun, we'll make  
the dastards howl."  
So we shut off power, and for an hour we waited pati-  
ently,  
Until in a rift of the great cloud drift, the evening star  
sailed free.

Canadian productions that illustrate the curious way in which the war gets hold of literature. The poem "April Drums" is by a well-known Canadian landscape artist.

By its pale light we glimpsed a sight, which made our pulse beat fast,  
For floating at ease, on the heaving seas, we spied our prey at last,  
Our gunner true, with a shot or two, plumped into her thin shell,  
Soon put her away until Judgment Day, and sent the crew to Hell.

We're again in sight of the Harbour light, and are singing merrily,  
We've reached the goal of the Motor Patrol, mosquito of the sea,  
And the evening star says from afar, "I've avenged the Island Queen,  
For by my pale light, on this dark night, you espied the Submarine."



## My Gray Goose Quill

BY THE EDITOR.

A FREQUENT poetic contributor to the columns of a Toronto daily is Charlotte Carson Talcott. They are invariably short and nearly always musical. They may be called lyrics of the fancy rather than of the imagination. How delicately musical is this writer's rhythm may be judged from just two lines of her poem on The Soul of Things:

"There's sweetness in the living when the softest winds are blowing,  
When the reddest roses open to the warmest love on wings."

This is perfectly singable and is peculiarly happy in its alignment of phrases such as, in the same line, "reddest roses open to the warmest love on wings."

HOW far modern versifiers can afford to ignore the ordinary rules of rhythm is suggested by a number of poems sent to this office for some time back by Reginald Gourlay, of Picton, Ont. We must confess to being somewhat musically puzzled over Mr. Gourlay's verses. He begins a poem on a regular metre and in a sudden detour breaks away into an irregular form. In this matter of course he is in very good company, since some of the most epoch-making modern poets have shown a contempt for the common rhythms that have made poetry so largely a matter of form. But the combination of regular and disregarded metre is what puzzles us, as for instance in the following stanza taken from his poem, "Together Now," and hitherto unpublished:

"They fought right well, the Frenchmen,  
At Quebec for the Fleur de Lis;  
They fought right well for the old town then,  
The regiments of Berne and of Brie."

Here it is the last line that jumps. Other lines later on in the poem jump still more unusually.

But the spirit of Gourlay's poems is always good and the heroic quality frequently high. He must be credited with real vigour in composition—and it may be added that his work frequently finds its way into magazines across the border.

ONE of the most vigorous verse contributors, whose work we have never yet published, is Mr. J. M. Hogg, of Winnipeg. It is frequently asked why westerners do not write more poetry. Mr. Hogg's poems are a capable answer. The West does write poetry, and Mr. Hogg is one of those who constitute the fact. One of his first submitted MSS. came in response to an editorial in the Canadian Courier last year, "Why No Poet?" Most of his themes are patriotic, dealing with countries, nations and the Empire. It is quite possible that we may publish one of Mr. Hogg's poems in our Confederation Jubilee issue of June 30.



## WAITING.

By Amy L. Ratz.

THE author of these verses is of German descent, living in Kitchener, Ont. Her own explanation of how she came to write them is sufficiently clear to make the story help to give definiteness to the poem. It is a picture that must be kept in mind—as indicated by the illustration head-piece.

Having read, says the author, of a Toronto Lieutenant being killed in action who was to have been married, on his return, to one of Toronto's most popular young ladies, I wrote this poem. She imagines she hears him calling to her, trying to send her a comforting message, for she knows that he, too, is waiting until Death will set her free—free to come to him who is waiting for her always in the "Over There."

Hark! 'tis nothing but the breeze  
With its swish, swish, amid the leaves.  
List! List! was that a voice divine  
Or was it only songster on yon vine?  
My heart would dearly love to know,  
For as the wind is sweeping to and fro  
I seem to hear a voice from yonder clime,  
A voice that seems 'twould make its message mine.  
I seem to hear it (hear it! hear it!) say—  
Ah now, alas! its echo fades and dies away  
And then I'm left to think it but the breeze  
A-playing with its swish amid the leaves.

And oh my heart is hungry for that voice,  
Oh could I hear it how I would rejoice!  
And sometimes when I hear the dismal rain  
Go splatter, patter on the window-pane  
It seems to say—or rather seems to weep—  
The message that it vain would speak.  
I'm sure I heard it sob—I'm sure I heard,  
And then the voice dies off without one word.  
Oh, breeze and rain, you fill me with hope fair  
To think I heard that voice—and then despair.  
The message ceases e'er I have one word,  
O heart of mine, O could we but have heard!

And in the silence of the midnight hours  
When the gleam of moon and stars is ours,  
From window mine I gaze with much unrest,  
But God knows for us—heart of mine—what's best.  
The lamp of silver goes sailing slowly on,  
The stars grow dimmer—then the dawn,  
I hear the feathered songster sing,  
And then I see his mate upon the wing  
And slowly comes the sunlight on the wall,  
It throws its golden gleam of splendour over all  
And through the long, long night and through the day  
I listen—oh could I hear that voice—I pray.

And when some friends would gayly speak to me  
I would be gay, give cheer, and be from sorrow free,  
But when at even' when the west is fading slow  
And the deep blue heavens wear a golden glow  
Then must I leave my earthly friends and come to thee,  
For then I hear you, hear you, calling me.  
And when I know you call I use my will,  
I cannot hear your message—just its thrill  
Is all that ever comes to me—I hold that dear,  
Ah, would thy voice could send thy message clear.  
It cannot be—oh, voice, you know I thrill  
And that I'm waiting, waiting, for your message still.

I know the storm at last will come—it comes,  
I hear the distant roll of thunder's drums  
And on my window soon the rain will splash  
And soon through murky clouds the lightning flash.  
The wind will moan and tear and sweep,  
But I'll be not alone, I will not weep.  
The thunder crashes, lightning flashes—there on high!  
Oh, no, I fear not, neither do I weep or sigh,  
For 'tis the last great storm upon life's sea,  
And as the last—it will bring peace to me  
I go, and going hear your message clear:  
"I am waiting, waiting always, for you Here!"

## COMING OF DAWN.

While sitting at my window all I hear is rain!  
The throbbing of my heart, it only brings me pain!  
At the coming of the dawn the rain will cease  
And at the Dawn of Life Eternal—Peace!

A POEM, "Ballad of the Battery Boys," by Kathleen R. Bowker, has been crowded out of the selection made for these two pages. It will be published at a later date, also "Returned," by Eve Graham Double.





# AS Much READING as Two BIG NOVELS

*Focused into Four Pages from Fifteen High  
Class Current Periodicals*

## POSERS FOR OUR SOCIALISTS

*International Opinions on the Trend of Events Abroad  
shew that if ever there was a Popular Movement likely  
to be perverted for German Purposes it is—Socialism*

**H**OHENZOLLERN or none, what is the real attitude of the German people? It is the united intention of the Allies to root out autocratic government in favour of government by the people. Is this possible? What are the factors that will bring it about?

The North American Review comes at the problem in its June number and asks,

Is it a dynasty that we are fighting, or is it the settled policies and temper of a nation? And supposing that there does exist a latent antagonism of ideals and purposes between the German Government and its subjects, and that if the former were destroyed and the latter liberated Germany would again become a tolerable neighbour, what are the chances of the experiment being tried?

A few weeks ago the British took prisoner a man of the Third Reserve Ersatz Regiment. On him they found a letter which he had written to his wife but had not had time to mail. It was like scores and hundreds of the letters that for some months past have been coming into British hands—letters of wailing misery, letters of bitter despair, letters of deep, of almost murderous anger against the German officers. But in this letter the writer went beyond the stock complaints of the horrors of the blood-bath of the Somme, the familiar expressions of amazement at the power and skill of the British artillery and aeroplanes, and the usual rancorous diatribes against the brutality of the officers toward their men. He had his say on all these matters, but he fetched also a wider compass. He tried to look beyond his immediate surroundings and grievances for the ultimate responsible cause, and he found it in the German Government. "The German Government," he said, "is always writing about other States and the German Government is far worse. The German Government deceives the people in a very shameful way; one sees it now very clearly in this wholesale murder. One can hardly help being ashamed of being a German. We must turn our rifles round and destroy the whole Government. If I should happen not to return, then think how I have written to you about it all, that the gang has caused us to be killed for fun and for sport. . . . It is quite clear that Germany is losing and is getting into a terrible state. . . . In this wholesale murder we get to know completely how much we are under the knout."

There have recently been strong sentiments by the Junkers of fealty to Wilhelm. But Ledebour, Socialist, says, "We regard a republic as a coming inevitable development in Germany." German Socialists are said to be making pledges among the Russian Socialists that if they will only help to declare a separate peace there will be a revolution in Berlin twenty-four hours after the war ends. This may be regarded as part of the German ruse to entrap Russia. The Tribuna, published in Rome, is certain, from all that comes by way of Munich, of the existence of a severe dynastic crisis in Berlin. If the tales of the Emperor's illness be true, it says, and if there be a possibility of the accession of the Crown Prince before the war ends, this crisis must become acute rather than mild. It is preposterous to deny, the same daily holds, that the entry of the United States into the war, and the words of Presi-

dent Wilson, have had no effect upon this dynastic crisis. As for the denials of the inspired German press that there is a dynastic crisis at all, they deceive only Emperor William, who has entered into a species of tutelage while Hindenburg reigns with Ludendorff. Everybody knows in Italy, says the well-informed organ, that the position of German Emperor exists to-day as a kind of constitutional pretence.

Bernstorff, too, who was supposed to be in for a drubbing when he got back to Germany, has been giving the Junkers a piece of his mind. According to Current Opinion, quoting from Italian sources, Bernstorff has been urging the adoption of a democratic system of government with all therein implied. He astounded the Wilhelmstrasse by affirming that the rupture of relations with the United States was unnecessary. Bernstorff complains that no sooner did he patch up one grave difficulty in Washington than Wilhelmstrasse perpetrated a new imbecility that made matters worse than they were before. The hand of Bernstorff is detected by the Italians, moreover, in the refusal of the imperial German government to take any notice of Washington's declaration of a state of war. He is understood to have been given some measure of control over the next peace campaign to be directed from Berlin. The fact that the Count is given great latitude—he is said to be directing the Wilhelmstrasse from behind the scenes—is accepted in some foreign dailies at any rate as evidence that the dynasty is in peril and that some heroic expedient has been devised for its salvation.

Socialism the world over seems to be emerging on this subject. The recent congress at Stockholm brought out several new ideas. Scheidemann, leader of the German Socialists, in the absence of Liebknecht, who is in jail, affects to be speaking sincerely for Germany. He is distrusted by the Junkers, whom he opposes. His group advocate a nominally independent Belgium, an independent Poland without an army, a German Courland, a Turkish Armenia and Dardanelles. They, with the other Stockholm Socialists, seem to agree that a real peace cannot be made if one autocracy survives. There is some fear in Germany that the Stockholm Socialist convention aims not merely at a general peace, but a general revolution. Kerensky, new War Minister in Russia, and Tcheidze, head of the Council of Soldiers and Workmen—both Socialists—do not, however, expect an anti-dynastic revolution in Germany. In the United States Socialism is organizing against the war. In England the group headed by Ramsay MacDonald, Snowden, Jowett, et al, have emerged with a programme of restricted effort.

**G**ERMANY has for a long while feared the Social Democrats. In his book, Imperial Germany, von Buelow said plainly that Social Democracy, gaining in power before the war, must be stamped out. The war did so—for a time. Socialism is now re-emerging. In Russia it has precipitated a revolution that leaves the country in a bad way unless Kerensky and Tcheidze, with Prince Lvoff, the Premier, can keep the workers busy behind the army and the German canvass out.

The general upshot of the movement is very cloudy. It is no longer contended that Germany is a unit on the war. There is open discontent. How far it will organize depends upon what concessions the German Government are willing to make and

what success the German penetrators can achieve in the further disruption of Russia. If the upheaval of Socialism the world over can weaken the war energy of the Allies, no doubt Germany will be willing to have Socialism organize—everywhere, even at Berlin.

But from the general tone of recent press comments on the situation, it may be deduced that the net result of all this has been figured out in Berlin. If German Socialists can disrupt the enemy, the War Party will grant concessions enough to Socialists in Germany to make it worth their while. On the greater Germany built from these concessions and the peace terms of "no indemnity, no annexation," the same Imperial organization will construct another War-Germany. The one fatal flaw about the Socialist uprising is—that the German Socialist may not be truly international. He is more interested in a new, more liberal Germany than in Socialism itself or the general good of the world.

On this point the Paris Temps says:

Now, things are out in the open and no one can be deceived by them. Imperial Germany, despairing of obtaining the peace "full of honour," and knowing that she is doomed to irremediable defeat, seeks perfidiously to exploit the Russian revolution and in the mad hope that the impossible defection of emancipated Russia will oblige France and Great Britain to treat for peace. For the purposes of this clumsy enterprise, she relies upon the avowed complicity of international revolutionaries and pacifists who have already so often, through the medium of too complacent neutrals, served her ends. The government of Berlin thinks it can manage them as it did and does, since the fourth of August, 1914, manage the German social democracy, subject to all its wishes. . .

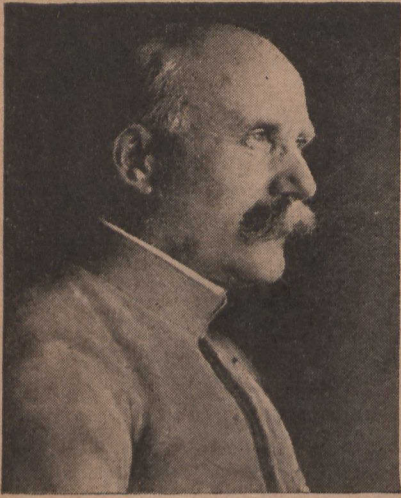
**P**RESIDENT WILSON is credited by J. Ellis Barber, in the Nineteenth Century, with a desire to help Germany revolutionize herself into a democracy. To quote from the President's address of April 2:

"We have not quarrelled with the German people. We have no feeling towards them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon, as wars used to be determined upon in the old unhappy days, when people were nowhere consulted by their rulers, and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or little groups of ambitious men, who were accustomed to use their fellow-men as pawns and tools. . .

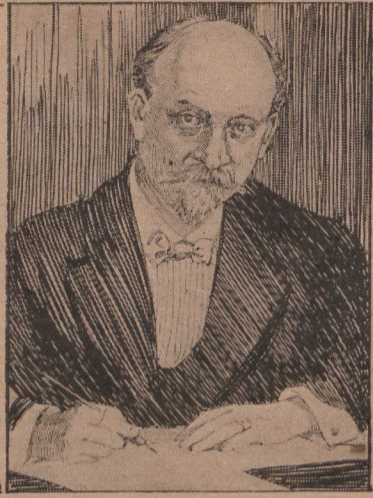
Will Germany thus imitate Russia? is the question raised by Ellis Barker, who asks himself another—are the Germans fit to rule themselves? and promptly answers, yes, because originally the Germans were a democratic people. He examines history to show how democracy rose in the German States while Russia became a feudal despotism, "a nation of obedient, soul-less serfs." History teaches us that the German race is as democratic as the British, says Mr. Barker, who quotes from an article by himself, published in September, 1914, saying:

"Failure of the Government in the present war will make absolute government impossible in Germany. If Germany should experience a serious defeat she may either become a strictly limited monarchy on the English model or a republic."

He says that such a revolution would not be brought about by the Social Democrats, but by the bulk of the nation; that a revolution in Germany consequent upon defeat is not absolutely certain, but is highly probable in view of the historic character of the German nation. The German race is naturally democratic, and the events of the war have undoubtedly strengthened the democratic spirit to a very great extent.



**SUPERB STRATEGIST.**  
Gen. Petain, new Commander-in-Chief of French armies shaves himself without a looking-glass.



**SOCIALIST MANIPULATOR.**  
Scheidemann, missing link between Junkers and Socialists, says Prussia has more human sympathy than England.



**MASTER OF MOBS.**  
Kerensky, Russia's Minister of War is as fond of oranges as Robespierre used to be in the French Revolution.

## THREE NATIONAL MASTERS

**C**URRENT OPINION picks three men for illuminating character sketches: Kerensky, Petain, Scheidemann. None of these have the defect in H. L. Thencken's article on Ludendorff, because the writers quoted treat their men as human beings. The great demagogue Socialist of Russia, the brilliant strategist of France and the eloquent pacifier of Germany are none of them regarded as supermen.

Kerensky, former Minister of Justice, now of war, is in his early thirties. He believes in a Russian republic; is himself a Socialist and an officer of the Council of Workmen and Soldiers. He is a strong, passionate, popular-spoken man, says his illuminator, possessing diplomacy, knowledge of the Russian character, decision, boldness and ability to inspire confidence. The Workmen and Soldiers' Council will not buck Kerensky, who dominates the army with his discipline. He is described in the London Chronicle as neither tall nor short, with a stoop that comes of much posing over books, brown hair brushed straight up the forehead, a sharp nose, quick, restless steel-grey eyes, etc. He wears a sack suit even on formal occasions. The peering expression of the face seems to betray near-sightedness, and the hands wander restlessly to a pencil in the vest pocket as this man talks. It is not easy for him to sit still. In the middle of a conversation he will leap out of his chair and pace restlessly to and fro. It is not easy to understand, as Kerensky talks nervously and in a low tone, upon what his great reputation as an orator is based. One must hear him in the Duma or when he confronts a labour group to comprehend that. In his earnestness he will advance upon an interlocutor and seize the lapel of his coat. One who has lived long in Russia is struck by the freedom of Kerensky's speech from all local idiom.

The French paper Humanite says he is the greatest lawyer in Russia, the Duma deputy from Saratoff in the Volga, where every man is a natural-born lawyer, politician and orator. His stare in the Duma is as disconcerting as his torrent of words at the height of which he stops, folds his arms and gazes about him in a strained, alert fashion before he hurls a flaming epigram or an accusation. He is compared to Desmoulins and Marat in his passion for the mob; to Robespierre in his fondness for oranges, and to Dantus for power of lungs. He called his predecessor in the Ministry of Justice "a crocodile without the tears," and Premier Golitzin a simperer. When somebody interrupted him in a Duma speech to say that Socialism was a dream, he replied, "Yes, and capitalism is a nightmare." Thus with violent and caustic wit he holds his own among a turbulent assemblage. It was he who insisted upon the red flag for the Revolution. He has an intensive idea of crowd psychology. He can leap on a table and get attention. He waves an arm and cries, "Follow me!"

Yet this very volcanic leader, according to the Paris Temps, always puts his influence on the side of moderation. His is the restraining hand behind Nicholas Tcheidze, the very radical head of the Soldiers' and Workers' Council, a man of Georgian

origin, who sits for Tiflis. Tcheidze wanted to disperse the Duma during the revolution. He brought forward a plan to abolish the whole higher command of the army and to confiscate all capitalist enterprises. Tcheidze is a thoroughgoing revolutionary Socialist, in comparison with whom the advanced Kerensky seems positively timid in his conservatism. The friendship between Kerensky and Tcheidze is said by a writer in the Debats to be very great, their only quarrels growing out of the fact that the man from Saratoff is, in the opinion of the man from Tiflis, too mild, too conservative. The difference between them is illustrated by an exchange of ideas on the subject of the revolution when Kerensky came over from the Winter Palace, where the Duma was sitting, to report to the Council of Soldiers and Workers in the Tauride Palace. "We've got rid of the Czar," explained Kerensky, "we've got rid of the monks, we've got rid of the bureaucrats."

"Good!" cried Tcheidze. "Now we'll start the revolution."

**G**EN. NIVELLE succeeded Joffre as generalissimo. In less than two months Petain succeeds Nivelle. Why was not Petain promoted ahead of Nivelle? More than a year ago his fame was high as the artillery genius who turned Verdun into a German disaster. He afterwards went into comparative obscurity. He declined the chief command because of his own ideas of strategy—and he is a master strategist. He is now France's great hope in arms. Sometimes, says the sarcastic Homme enchaîne, he seems a great, long-limbed, overgrown, blue-eyed, shy, smiling boy, an impression confirmed by his habit of wandering about in the rain with neither hat nor overcoat, whistling a melancholy tune. His habit of amusing himself with the skipping-rope has become as famous as the tub of Diogenes. He has a mania for dashing madly hither and hither at breakneck speed in a shabby motor car. He can run on his lean legs at top-speed for mile after mile and he seems to enjoy the practice hugely. He has a horrible taste for brass music of the street-band description, listening with tears in his eyes as immense blocks of discord are quarried out of the atmosphere by trumpeters, cornetists and drummers. He can shave himself without a mirror, and the greatest deprivation of the war to him is the lack of pastry. He enjoys anything, according to a correspondent of the London Mail, that a boy would enjoy—throwing stones, climbing trees, floating a paper boat in a tub of water and looking at the animals in the zoo.

Petain criticized Molke for not securing the coast of Belgium and covering his flank before he invaded France. He criticized the Allies for not saving Antwerp. He said that Gen. French after the Battle of the Marne should at once have hurled his forces into Belgium. He never tries to please anybody; makes his explanations of strategy labouriously and retires in bewilderment himself. Gallieni said nobody could work with Petain who totally disagreed with Foch wanting to wait to see what the

Germans should do, because that would be letting French strategy develop in Berlin.

It is to Verdun that General Petain, like General Nivelle, owes his great reputation.

When the great German assault on Verdun was launched, in the closing days of February, 1916, Stephane Lauzanne, in the Paris Matin, months ago said, General de Castelnau, at that time chief of the General Staff of the French Army, hurried to the spot. He had been sent by General Joffre, with full power to decide whether the town was to be abandoned or defended at all costs.

General de Castelnau arrived, looked over the terrible battlefield with his calm and clear eyes, and decided that, cost what it might, Verdun must be defended.

For this defence an army and a chief were needed. Orders were transmitted by telephone to the army of General Petain, in reserve not far away, to come up and defend the stronghold. A few hours later the first auto trucks, into which the soldiers of Petain were packed, loomed up on the horizon, and General Petain himself appeared to take over the command. There was a short talk between General de Castelnau and General Petain in the "mairie" of a little village on the outskirts of Verdun. What happened at that conference is not known, but we may be permitted to guess.

"They must not pass," said General de Castelnau.

"They shall not pass," answered General Petain.

They did not pass. And they did not pass because of the energy, coolness, will power, and ability of General Petain. For six months, night and day, he was in the breach. He saw everything, prepared everything. Every time that a hole was made in the wall of the defence, he rushed up with fresh troops and plugged the hole. Every time the Germans stopped attacking he attacked in his turn and recaptured that day the ground lost the day before.

One of his general orders, issued during the first fortnight of the defence of Verdun, will be famous forever. It ended with these words:

"Courage, comrades! We'll get them!"

**S**CHEIDEMANN is a Prussian, and one of the most persuasive characters in Germany. He once said in the Reichstag that there is more sensitiveness to human suffering in the Prussian soul than in the whole of England. This statement stamps Herr Scheidemann at once as a very clever man. He was probably thinking about the sufferings of other Prussians. He claims that the spiritual side of human nature has been stimulated more by Prussia than by any other people since the days of the ancient Greeks, and to the influence of Germany in consequence the world is indebted for the progress of civilization in Europe since the era of Napoleon.

If Prussia is Hohenzollern, it is easy to estimate how far Scheidemann may be sincere in any of his talk about the necessity of a revolution in Germany.

Scheidemann knows how to use the German language with the delicacy of a Heine and the verbal dexterities of a Clemenceau. His success at the Socialist Conference in Stockholm depended a good deal upon his oratory, and he was well chosen by the German War Party for the purpose. He is the voice of progressive, advanced and pacific Germany. By trade he was originally a printer.

Scheidemann joined the Socialist party when he was 18; he revolutionized Socialist literature; he despised professors and pedants. "Don't be afraid of fine language," he said to his staff on the Press Committee. "But no language is fine that is unintelligible. Above all, be interesting. Commit all the faults imaginable of you, but remain interesting to your reader."

In a letter to the New Yorker Volkszeitung, after the outbreak of war, he said:

As Socialists of firm conviction, we have voted for the war credit and moved this vote through a declaration from our party representative, Haase. In our programme we have demanded that a volunteer army replace the standing army. Why do we demand the volunteer army? Because we consider it the best protection against every attack on the Fatherland. . . . From whatever side we consider the situation, we German Socialists could not have acted otherwise than we have. A party like that of Social Democracy—the strongest in the country—cannot avoid the facts by hiding its head in the sand; it must act! It is no exaggeration to state that in the present crisis the entire German people is united. That whole nation is determined, cost what it may, to end the war as speedily as possible, but at the same time victoriously."

## SEVEN PAPERS QUOTED ON THE FOOD PROBLEM

**A**RCHIBALD HURD, in the current issue of the Fortnightly, sums up the world's food situation. Europe in the shadow of famine is his theme. He shows how the neutral nations are affected quite as much as belligerents by the reduction in production and the destruction of shipping. What, he asks, will be the position of Holland? Her home production of wheat, flour, rye, barley, oats and buckwheat falls far below the needs of her population.

How will Denmark fare? In normal years her production of cereals and fodder is inadequate for her needs. She requires from overseas 400,000 tons of cereals, 15,000 tons of fruit, 130,000 tons of phosphates, 33,000 tons of nitrates, and 104,000 tons of oilseeds and fats. What will be Sweden's position? In normal years she imports 320,000 tons of wheat, rye, and barley, etc., as well as 13,000 tons of sugar, 14,500 tons of fruit, 56,000 tons of oilseeds and vegetable and animal oils and fats, about 33,000 tons of nitrates, and 80,000 tons of phosphates. She cannot live on wood-pulp or paper, or even subsist on metal ores. How will Norway get through the crisis? She has a superfluity of animal produce but she imports four-sevenths of her breadstuffs—26,000 tons of oilseeds and vegetable and animal oils and fats, 48,000 tons of sugar, about 40,000 tons of phosphates, besides 14,000 tons of fruit. These neutrals are already familiar with bread tickets and other expedients. During the coming months all these nations will suffer economic constriction owing to their second denial—on the eve of the ruthless submarine campaign—of the moral law which is obligatory on all nations if they are to live. Though these nations are neutral, Germany is making war upon them and thus bringing them face to face with economic conditions which could hardly have been worse had they, after two and a half years which might have been devoted to naval and military preparations, courageously decided to oppose the new piracy.

The Central Powers are no better off. Germany has a high percentage of poor land and no imports of fertilizers. Owing to intensive cultivation the German farmer has been able to beat out the British by a scale varying from 100 to 250 per cent. in production. Under present conditions this difference vanishes.

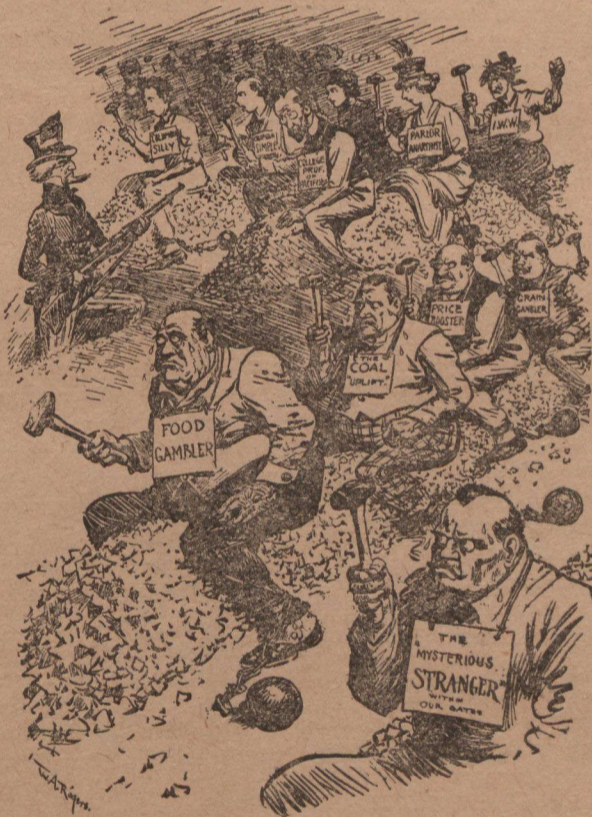
The Allies are much more favorably situated. Despatches last week indicate that the British harvest in spite of increased acreage will be smaller than last year. But Australia can export 60,000,000 tons of wheat. This is more than half the total required to feed Great Britain on the French national estimate of 90,000,000 tons for France. India has a wheat surplus to export. Canada's is yet to be estimated.

If England is brought face to face with want, says Hurd, it will be due far less to the failure of crops than to the folly of our rulers in failing to maintain our oversea transport. We live by ships. When war came the pre-occupation of the British Government should have been the preservation in strength and efficiency of the mercantile marine. On the contrary, the Merchant Navy was neglected, our unparalleled shipbuilding resources were frittered away in no slight degree, and skilled workmen in the shipyards and engine-shops were permitted, if not encouraged, to enlist in the Army. Only during the past few months has any effort been made to make good by new construction the depredations suffered at sea owing to the activity of German commerce raiders and submarines. Even now the progress which is being made is not great. The cause is to be traced not to the Shipping Controller or those associated with him, but to the failure of the country as a whole to realize that the maintenance of the two fleets—war and commercial—is the predominant war problem, and that if we fail at sea we fail in all directions, since the armies abroad are sea-supported, the munition movement exists largely on seaborne supplies, and this country cannot continue its war activities unless it receives adequate supplies of food from overseas. In the history of nations probably none has ever been so blind to its vital interests as

the British people during the period which has elapsed since the outbreak of war. Successive Governments have revealed energy in developing military power, in organizing a vast output of munitions, and in supporting the finances of this country and of the Allies, but they have treated almost with indifference the one industry upon which everything else depends. Under wise management, and in spite of the activity of German submarines, the vast population of the United Kingdom should have been able to continue to exist in complete comfort, obtaining full supplies of food. Unfortunately, it is now too late to rescue the country from the fruits of a policy of laissez-faire. We shall suffer from the shortage of food supplies during the coming months owing to want of sea carriage. Every ship sunk at sea reduces our ability to make good our losses, because it limits the capacity for transporting material for shipbuilding. That is a significant fact which has hitherto been overlooked in both Houses of Parliament.

**L**EADING French and Italian papers agree that Germany's chief business just now is not to defeat armies but to discover food. Germany seeks lands in which the harvest can be gleaned after an invasion—lands in which grain is cultivated. The map is as eloquent for the Allies as it is for Hindenburg! Roumania has already brought her contribution of tons of grain escaped from destruction. If the planting was accomplished by such of

YES INDEED, "WAR IS HELL!"



—Rogers in New York Herald.

the population as is terrorized, the yield will be inadequate none the less. On the other side of the Sereth, which separates the armies, extend the vast fields of Bessarabia and southern Russia. Trodden and ravaged by the armies though it might be, there would remain millions of tons of grain. Possession of Kieff and Odessa would justify an offensive of the kind witnessed two years ago.

Russia is not the only wheat country which may have a call from Hindenburg, says the Temps, as quoted by Current Opinion. Not far from the foot of the Alpine giant, where for nearly two years Italian armies have stood on guard, the famed plains of the Milanese, of Mantua and Venetia offer admirable harvests for the German Maw. The lines of attack would be shorter than those leading to Bessarabia. Two battles and the German armies would be at the Po, an excellent line for the new front covering the

harvest. At a stroke Italy is punished for her defection, just as Roumania was. The strategy of Hindenburg is thus a strategy of famine.

Charles O'Brien, in the Atlantic Monthly, says that the Council of National Defence should work as hard to put labour on the land as in the munition factories; that individualism should be abandoned in favour of system, organization and efficiency. The appointment of Herbert C. Hoover as food dictator in the United States is a big step in this direction. Concerning Hoover the New York Times quotes Kennedy Jones, English Food Economy Director, as saying:

"There are doubtless Generals coming from America who will win fame on the battle-fields of France, but in Mr. Hoover President Wilson already has a General who for more than two years faced the actualities of war and achieved victories in its most complex phase, namely, the rationing of nations."

Mr. Hoover has summed up his advice to the nation in the motto, "Eat plenty, wisely and without waste." He will divide food-administration into four branches: price-regulation, distribution, domestic economy and exports. Under the third of these he says:

"It is my present idea to propose a plan to the American women by which we ask every woman in control of the household to join as an actual member of the food-administration and give us a pledge that she will, so far as her means and circumstances permit, carry out the instructions which we will give her in detail from time to time."

He says there should be no danger of famine if every man does his share and food is kept out of speculation. "I have no hesitation in saying," he points out, "that if the able, patriotic men representing the majority of each branch of the food trades were called in and clothed with the necessary powers to force the small minority of skunks that exist in every trade, one result would be that an equally nutritious flour based on even \$1.50 wheat could be sold in New York for a good deal under \$8 a barrel and every trade would receive its legitimate profit."

Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale, member of the Council of National Defence, writing to the New York Times, advocates prohibition as a food-conserver. He cites the examples of Canada, England, France and Russia in this direction. Two and a half per cent. of the cereals grown are used to make intoxicating liquors in the United States; in all about 7,500,000,000 lbs. of food of all kinds used for that purpose, or enough to sustain 7,500,000 men for a year.

Columbia University professors observe that food-production is decreased by the fact that thousands of farmers have been induced by high wages to board up their farmhouses and go into munition-manufacturing. The shortage of labour has been so serious, they say, that milk farmers, who have depended on hired labour heretofore, have been compelled themselves to do all the work connected with the care of their stock during the winter. Many of them are reported to be killing and selling their stock because they are unable to obtain competent labour.

We have the same thing in Canada. Thousands of our farm help are in munition factories. The Commission appointed by the Government will probably see that these labourers are returned to the farms. The Minister of Labour at Ottawa says there is no undue storage of food at this season of the year, nothing that would indicate hoarding. Opposition critics do not agree with him.

For some time, says the Journal of Commerce, edited by Hon. W. S. Fielding, no white bread has been made in Great Britain. In order to conserve the wheat supply the Government ordered several months ago that all flour made in Great Britain or imported must be not less than 81 per cent. of the wheat and contain a proportion of other grains. Similar action in Canada, it is estimated, would reduce the consumption of wheat some 2,000,000 bushels a year, and save the consumer upwards of \$1.00 per barrel in the cost of flour. The nutritive qualities of this flour are said to be greater than white flour, and the dark bread is said to be just as palatable as that made from the latter. A number of millers have advocated the use of roller flour, which would effect the above saving and would not entail the necessity of changing over existing plant as would be the case if the British regulations were put into effect here.

## Wooden Stage Work

EUGENE WALTER, Canadian playwright, author of *Paid in Full* and *The Wolf*, writes to the *New York Tribune* to criticize the present-day stage director. How this business is carried on and what is wrong with its methods is explained in the following extract:

The director of to-day—there are honorable exceptions, of course—works in a way that cannot but insure poor results. The trouble with so many plays is not really miscasting, but misdirecting. It is almost impossible to miscast a play utterly. Any actor trained in his profession is capable of telling a story in his own way. The difficulties arise when he is compelled to tell it in another's way. The present director subverts, inverts and contraverts a player's personality, and so produces something which is false and artificial.

He comes to the rehearsal, in the first place, with a manuscript covered with pencillings indicating the groupings of the players on the stage, when they shall sit and when they shall rise—in brief, their every movement. Every speech, also, is intoned. The actor is compelled to read it and to accent it in the way in which the director would do it if he were playing the part. The director has generally been an actor in the past—a bad one, as a rule. And he stifles spontaneity by forcing the actor to talk in a way that is not natural to him. And many of these fellows, you must remember, have not even the faculty of lucid explanation.

## Patriotic Songs

ON the subject of patriotic songs Paul Morris in *The Theatre* admits that of all La Marseillaise is the most famous. It was written by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle. He was a captain of engineers quartered at Strasburg in 1792. The Mayor of Strasburg, lamenting the lack of a marching song for the soldiers who were about to leave the city suggested to him the idea of writing a war song. Inspired by the mayor's words he went to his lodgings and wrote the whole song in one night, both words and music. The melody he picked out on his violin. It was first called "War Song of the Army of the Rhine," and dedicated to Marechal Lukner in whose army de Lisle was serving. It was first sung at the house of the mayor.

A few days later it was sung at a public meeting in Marseilles and caused so much comment that it was published and distributed among a body of soldiers about to depart for Paris. They sang it as they entered Paris, and on August 20, 1792, it was sung during the march on the Tuileries. From that time it was known as the "Marseillaise."

Most of the national anthems of the Allies have been the direct outcome of war. In several cases they were written by soldiers and in nearly all cases they were inspired by some particularly stirring event.

The marching songs are usually of a more or less temporary character. "It's a Long, Long, Way to Tipperary," a London music hall song written by Jack Judge and Harry Williams, about the time the present world-war began, has been sung incessantly in the trenches both by the English and the French, but it is beginning to lose its hold on the fighting men, and "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile," and a dozen other popular songs are superseding it.

"Pack Up Your Troubles," which was written in England by George Aslaf and Felix Powell for a \$5,000 prize contest, has been interpolated into several musical comedies and plays. In New York it was sung by Adele Rowland in "Her Soldier Boy," and it was also interpolated into "Lilac Time." "Tipperary" was sung for the first time in America by Florence Moore at the Palace. "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," which was the marching song of American soldiers in the Spanish-American War was a music hall song. Now its popularity seems to be fast fading away, as is that of "Marching Through Georgia," which was sung by the Northern soldiers during Sherman's march to the sea, which many think, because it is still objectionable to Southerners, should be dropped from our list of "patriotic" songs.

As almost every one knows, "The Star Spangled Banner" was written during the War of 1812. Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer, was detained on a British vessel during the siege of Baltimore by the British, September 13, 1814.

Under a flag of truce, Key had rowed out to the British fleet to obtain the release of a medical friend who was a prisoner of war. As an attack had been arranged by which the enemy expected to take Fort McHenry during the night, he was not permitted to return to land. All through the night he watched for the American flag, which he had seen on the fort at sunset, and elated at seeing it when at dawn there was light enough to discern the Stars and Stripes, he wrote the first verse beginning,

"O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming."

Upon landing, the other verses were written and set to the music of "Anacreon in Heaven."

Mr. Krehbiel, critic of the *New York Tribune*, roundly condemns the Star Spangled Banner as a national anthem when he says that it is practically unsingable by the masses, because its range of melody, covering one octave and four notes, requires a voice of extraordinary compass. The melody is not American. Judge Nicholson, of Baltimore, discovered that the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven," an old English drinking-song, fitted the words of Francis Scott Key, so the words and music were speedily joined. As a lyric poem "The Star Spangled Banner" is inadequate, because the words and music are not a good fit. Many of the phrases, abounding in harsh-sounding consonants, are inharmonious, such as "Whose broad stripes and bright stars," "And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air," "the foe's haughty host," "What is that which the breeze," "Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just," etc. On the words "glare" in the first verse and "must" in the last the note F (high for most voices) must be sung. The beginning, "Oh, say, can you see," is weak. The song was "occasional," pertaining to a certain occurrence, and, as such, fails to embody the most enduring sentiments. The composition does not compare favourably with the patriotic hymns of other countries and has been deplored and ridiculed for years by musicians.

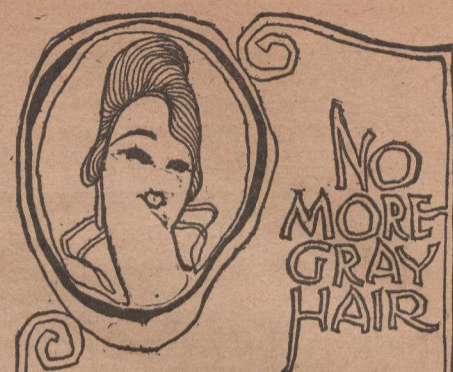
## How Canada Pays

ONE of the largest problems presented by the war is the task of caring for the families of enlisted men who have gone overseas. Canada has already enrolled four hundred thousand fighting men, and the care of their dependents has been assumed by those who remain behind. To efficiently and economically do this The Canadian Patriotic Fund was organized soon after the outbreak of war. In the June number of the "North American Review," Sir Herbert B. Ames, M.P., Hon. Secretary of the Fund, gives some facts and figures relative to the solution of this problem of such magnitude. Sir Herbert says:

"Looking forward to the prospects of 1917, the administrators of the Fund have every reason for confidence. Three Provincial Governments have made generous grants: Ontario, \$1,000,000; Quebec, \$1,000,000; Saskatchewan, \$900,000, while several other Provincial Governments have given underwriting engagements that the provincial contribution will not be allowed to fall below the allotted amount. Most of the larger cities have recently held campaigns for voluntary subscriptions, with results beyond all previous records. Montreal, exclusive of the city grant, has pledged \$3,000,000; Toronto, inclusive of the city contribution, \$2,850,000; Hamilton, \$600,000; Ottawa, \$550,000; Vancouver, \$400,000; London, \$275,000; Halifax, \$250,000. The smaller cities also, in proportion to their resources, have given no less generously, a per capita average of from \$5 to \$10 being by no means unusual. The place of leadership among the smaller cities has been vigorously competed for, and is in dispute as between St. Catharines, Windsor-Walkerville, Kitchener and Guelph, all these communities having exceeded a \$6 per capita annual record.

"In the matter of recruiting, British Columbia, in proportion to population, leads all others. A province containing but few wealthy men, essentially a province of wage-earners, it has presented some of the most marvellous instances of generous giving in the record of the Fund. This is especially true in the mining towns of the Kootenay, where 'a shift a month' from the miners and smelter men is the established practice. Some remarkable records are in evidence. Trail, with a population of 4,000, gives \$50,000 per annum, or a per capita contribution of \$12.50. Rossland, with a population of 4,000, gives \$36,000 per annum, or \$9 a head of population. Hedley, with a population of 400, gives \$9,000 per annum, or \$22.50 a head; Greenwood, with a population of 600, gives \$15,000, or \$25 a head; Phoenix, with a population of 1,200, gives \$18,000, or \$15 a head, and Silvertown, with a population of 800, gives \$16,000, or \$20 a head.

"One of the most prosperous districts of Ontario is the county of Waterloo. Of its 95,000 people fully one-half are of German birth or origin. Yet no community has been more generous towards the Patriotic Fund. Waterloo had paid in up to the end of 1916, more than \$350,000, and has pledged a further sum of \$250,000, payable during 1917 if the war continues till the end of the year. In this magnificent total the German population have borne their full share.



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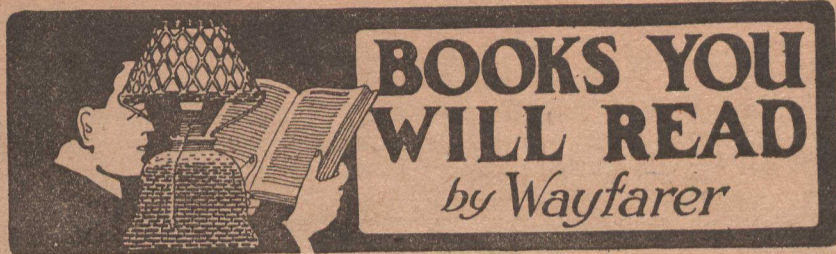
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**RAILWAY NATIONALIZATION AND THE AVERAGE CITIZEN.** By William H. Moore. McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Ltd., Toronto. \$1.35.

IN view of the recommendations of the Special Commission on Railways in their report recently made public one of the most pressing of these problems is this very question of public ownership, which forms the subject of the book under review. It will, it must, figure very largely in the next general elections. Before that time, it is the duty of every citizen to inform himself as thoroughly as may be upon the pros and cons of this subject in order that he may register not only an intelligent vote but one which will be governed by the sole desire to serve the highest interest of our country. That this result may be achieved he must study very carefully both sides of the question. In Mr. Moore's book he will find much, very much, to help him.

It is frankly an argument in defence of private ownership, but since, so far as I know, it is the only book of its kind on this side of this question, it should prove of the utmost value to all students of political economy and to all who have the welfare of the country at heart.

Mr. Moore states his case simply, reasonably and fairly. He does not depend upon rhetorical flights of eloquence to bolster up his arguments. He supports them with facts and figures which may easily be verified by anyone who takes the trouble to do so, for he cites his authorities not in foot-notes nor in appendices but in the very text itself. These facts, drawn from the experience of counties where public ownership exists and has been in force long enough not only to have passed the experimental stage but to form a fair basis for comparison, should certainly make us pause before embarking upon any such Utopian scheme as is involved in public ownership.

The whole question of public ownership is bound up irretrievably with that of finding men who are honest, efficient and willing to devote their lives to the service of the State. Frequent reference is made by the supporters of public ownership to conditions in Australia. By a comparison of immigration into Canada and Australia and by a description of the infinite variety of gauges in the latter country Mr. Moore makes out a very good case for the superior efficiency of private-owned systems over those owned by the State.

By argument, by analogy and by the deadly method of the reductio ad absurdum he demolishes the stock arguments of the theorists and shows that State-regulation of private ownership is much better than State-ownership, for "under public-ownership the State defends monopoly as against the Average Citizen, and under capitalistic systems the State defends the Average Citizen against monopoly." For

the present, at any rate, it would be better to leave the ownership and operation of railways as they are at present in private hands and direct our energies and the vast sums of money which the purchase of the existing railways would cost to the construction and maintenance of good highways which can never in the nature of things become a private monopoly.

**LLOYD GEORGE: THE MAN AND HIS STORY.** By Frank Dilnot. Harper and Brothers, New York. \$1.00 net.

UNTIL a man dies it is not possible to estimate exactly his influence upon his fellows and his worth to his community. Nevertheless it is possible during his life time to tell the story of his achievements down to a certain date. Nay, more, it is a duty that should be discharged in order that the growing generation may be inspired and uplifted by the life story of one, who, greatly daring, has greatly achieved and at the same time be instructed in the most pleasant manner in the history of their country. There is, perhaps, no more inspiring life story to-day than that of Mr. David Lloyd George, the poor son of a poor

schoolmaster, who from the most humble beginnings in a country where the bonds of caste are wrought in triple steel rose to be not only Prime Minister of Great Britain but the hope of the whole British Empire in the hour of its gravest crisis.

In a simple, brightly written narrative Mr. Dilnot sketches the life of this wonderful little Welshman and at the same time brings before us again the great constitutional changes brought about by his indomitable will. Many and bitter were the taunts hurled at Mr. Lloyd George by his opponents before the war, but now that the din and smoke of political strife has been cleared away by the greater din and heavier smoke of the most cruel war the world has ever seen all must agree that he has made his life sublime. Because of its subject as well as by reason of the simple, straight-forward manner in which it is written we heartily commend this book to all our readers as one that they should buy, read, and keep to read again.

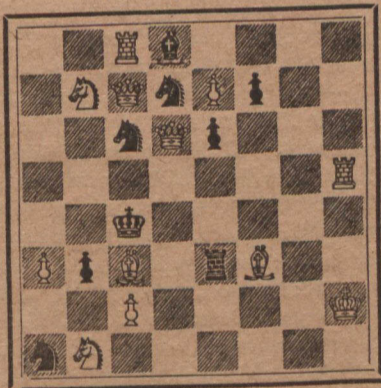
**SIMILIA SIMILIBUS OR LA GUERRE AU CANADA.** By Ulric Barthe, Quebec.

FROM the author we have received a copy of the above book which appears to be a very sincere attempt to bring his countrymen to a realization of their duties in the present crisis, especially their duty to enlist. It is to be hoped that Mr. Barthe's little book will meet with a big sale and will accomplish the purpose the author has in view.

# CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

Address all communications for this department to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant Street, Toronto.  
PROBLEM NO. 141, by E. E. Westbury.  
First Prize (ex aequo) Good Companions Club, May, 1917.  
Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Eleven Pieces.  
White to play and mate in two.

**SOLUTIONS.**

Problem No. 139, by C. Promislo.  
1. Kt—Kt3, B—Q2; 2. QxKt mate.  
1. .... Kt—Q2; 2. QxKt mate.  
1. .... QKt—Q6; 2. QB6 mate.  
1. .... Kt—Q6; 2. QxP mate.  
1. .... Breat; 2. Kt—K2 mate.

**"E.C.M." ANNUAL.**

We have just received from the British Chess Magazine publishers their second "Chess Annual" for 1916. Its appearance has been delayed due to war conditions, but is quite up to the wonderful excellence of the first issue. It contains a very complete account of all important chess events the world over, together with a selection of the most interesting games, carefully translated, and a problem section with the best prize problems of the year. A synopsis of the Vienna Game by J. Foulds, presented with a brief history of the opening by the Editors, is not the least feature. We extract, at random, the following game played in the seventh tournament of the interned Russian prisoners at Tribberg.

**Sicilian Defence.**

- |                     |               |
|---------------------|---------------|
| White.              | Black.        |
| E. Bogoljuboff.     | H. Fahrnl.    |
| 1. P—K4             | 1. P—QB4      |
| 2. Kt—KB3           | 2. Kt—QB3     |
| 3. P—Q4             | 3. PxpP       |
| 4. KtxP             | 4. Kt—B3      |
| 5. Kt—QB3           | 5. P—K4 (a)   |
| 6. Kkt—Kt5          | 6. P—Q3       |
| 7. B—Kt5            | 7. P—QR3      |
| 8. BxKt             | 8. PxB (b)    |
| 9. Kt—R3            | 9. P—Kt4      |
| 10. Kt(R3)—Ktsq (c) | 10. B—K3      |
| 11. P—QR4           | 11. P—Kt5     |
| 12. Kt—Q5           | 12. BxKt      |
| 13. QxB             | 13. Kt—K2     |
| 14. Q—Kt3           | 14. B—R3      |
| 15. B—B4            | 15. Castles   |
| 16. Castles         | 16. P—R4      |
| 17. Q—KR3           | 17. B—Kt4     |
| 18. Q—R5            | 18. Kt—Kt3    |
| 19. P—KKt3          | 19. Q—Kt3     |
| 20. P—R4            | 20. QR—Bsq    |
| 21. PxB (d)         | 21. RxB       |
| 22. Kt—Q2           | 22. RxBP      |
| 23. QR—Qsq          | 23. PxpP      |
| 24. P—Kt3           | 24. Q—R3      |
| 25. QxKtP           | 25. P—Q4      |
| 26. PxpP            | 26. QxQP      |
| 27. Kt—B4           | 27. Q—B6      |
| 28. KtxKP           | 28. QxQKtP    |
| 29. Kt—Q7           | 29. KR—Bsq    |
| 30. Kt—B6ch         | 30. K—Rsq     |
| 31. Q—R6            | 31. Kt—Bsq    |
| 32. R—Q4 (e)        | 32. R(B7)—B5  |
| 33. R—Q5            | 33. Q—B7      |
| 34. R—KKt5          | 34. Kt—K3     |
| 35. R—KR5           | 35. Kt—Bsq    |
| 36. K—Kt2 !         | 36. Q—Kt3 (f) |
| 37. R—KKt6 !        | 37. P—Kt6     |
| 38. RxQ             | 38. BPxQ      |
| 39. R—Ksq           | 39. R(B5)—B2  |
| 40. Kt—K8           | Resigns (g)   |

(a) As played by Lasker in his ninth game with Schlechter, 1910, but a violation of principles, nevertheless. Schlechter replied 6. Kt—K3. Bogoljuboff's move seems an improvement, for he speedily gets the upper hand.  
(b) If 8. .... QxB, then 9. Kt—Q5 decides matters.  
(c) If White has time for this, Black must indeed have an inferior position.  
(d) 21. B—Q3, BxpP, etc., would give Black good chances of counter attack.  
(e) The end is now in sight.  
(f) If 36. .... R(B5)—B4, then 37. R—Q5sq, RxB; 38. KtxR, Q—K6ch; 39. K—R2, etc. The text-move, however, leaves White the opportunity of a smart finish.  
(g) If 40. .... R—B2, then 41. R—K7.

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Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,  
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

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## NEW KNIGHTS OF FINANCE

Passing Notes about three men who have handled almost as many millions of Canadian Investments as our National Debt before the war

By INVESTICUS

**B**URN, NANTON, AIRD. These financial surnames snorn of their knightly prefixes are placed in this order for a reason. Evidently there was more than a coincidence in the selection of these men for honours in Canada's Federation Year. Note the initials—B.N.A., which spelled out become British North America, the name of the Act that gave modern Canada its constitution.



Col. McCualg, of Montreal, has been seen many a time when he was in financial affairs as businesslike as he is here. — Photographed after his recent visit to the King, who conferred on him the D. S. O.

Sir George Burn, President of the Bank of Ottawa, is more than a banker. He is a Scotchman; or at least he was so before he became such a thorough-paced Canadian. That he has the average proverbial tenacity of the Scot may be judged by the fact that he has been head of the Bank of Ottawa since 1880, which is exactly 37 years. Only one other banker in Canada has such a record of long connection with one bank; that is Sir Edmund Walker, whom Sir George Burn, by the way, very nearly resembles in the varied character of his interests. Sir George, to be sure, has spent most of his energy on the practical things. He has been banker, vice-president of the Canadian Bankers' Association, of the Ottawa Clearing House, President District Bankers' Association of Ottawa, promoter of flour mill interests, etc. But in his lighter moods Sir George has been a liberal patron of the fine arts and considerable of a philanthropist. Music has been a hobby of his, along with drama. He has been President of the Ottawa Schubert Club, not merely as an honorary, but as a man who understands the value of music in civilization. He has also been a member of the Earl Grey Theatrical Competition Committee. Along with art and philanthropic institutions, Sir George has always been one of the most constructive citizens of Ottawa, interested in all that makes the Capital City a place of greater human interest than its politics on Parliament Hill. Sir George Burn has still a long period ahead of him in which to work out his own ideas of citizenship based on business and affairs of other moment. As a philanthropist he has already done much in connection with several of the most important institutions in Ottawa. In this public business his energy and wisdom will be all the more useful.

## NEW RECORDS

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## SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

**B**UT at Winnipeg, you seldom hear of any "enterprise of great pith and moment" in a practical way that does not somewhere, somehow get back to the man who until the other day was plain A. M. Nanton. Financially, Sir Augustus—our first of that ilk—is the big man of Winnipeg. And he has never dabbled in the lighter side of life to the distraction of his energies. All his obvious interests are those of a financial and commercial character. In sticking to his last he has made it a big one—since 1884, when as a junior in the firm of Osler, Hammond and Nanton he was sent out to open a branch of that brokerage firm in Winnipeg. Thus he has smouldered behind the Winnipeg chariot of progress since almost the earliest days. He was the first financier of Winnipeg in the days when it was a glorified furpost and a wooden-walk, mud-hole, boom town. He remains the first financial citizen of modern, metropolitan Winnipeg with its high walls, broad, busy streets and big enterprise, with most of which Sir Augustus is and has been one way or another identified—Stock Exchange, Board of Trade, Street Railway, Stock Yards and Land Corporations. In the days when Sir George Bary was the second biggest C.P.R. man in Winnipeg, it was hard to find a thing of any size going along with a swing and a big grip that didn't somehow revolve (Concluded on page 23.)

**W**HEN Sir Edmund Walker ceased to be general manager of the Bank of Commerce to become its President, succeeding the late Senator Cox, it was supposed by casual critics that no man down along the line could step into his shoes. He was succeeded by Mr. Laird, who succumbed to hard work in a few years and left the general manager's desk vacant for the man who had come down from the West to be assistant to the general manager.

That man was John Aird, now Sir John, one of the hardest-working bankers that ever signed a check in this country, or any other. Nobody in Winnipeg when he was bank manager there, nobody in Longueuil, P.Q., where he was born, ever in his wildest dreams imagined that John Aird would ever become a Knight, even in 1917. There never was a general manager of a great bank in Canada of whom so little has been said in print as about Sir John Aird. He has never been a mark for the interviewer or a butt for the paragrapher. When he slid up to the G. M.'s desk in Toronto, following those two other masters of hard work, Sir Edmund Walker and Mr. Laird, he sat down heavily to take a big lift on the scales. There was a twinkle in his eye. He knew he could do it, but nobody else knew that he knew—outside the office. And of all times in history the period of Gen. Mgr. Aird at that desk has been

the most beset by the demon of hard, slavish work. The war played hob with the big banks. The bigger the bank the more it was affected. Gen. Mgr. Aird never gave out a word to the press that he was the least bit alarmed over the prospect. He hung on, worked while he waited and shouldered up more work. Any day at noon he might be seen at the York Club, the only chance he had for much conference with the President. He saw more than a thousand men leave the Bank of Commerce for the front. As best he could he filled up the ranks. Nobody outside the bank ever knew there was any labour shortage in the big institution. It was never Sir John Aird's way to magnify difficulties. He has always been too busy overcoming them.

For pure undemonstrative neglect of notoriety along with consuming hard work, it is doubtful if banking ever produced a knight in Canada the equal of Sir John Aird.

## New Knights of Finance

(Concluded from page 22.)

itself back to Nanton and Bary as centre figures on stage. They were a powerful team. With Sir George Bary knighted in Montreal, Sir Augustus keeps up his end in modern Winnipeg. He has never been a typical westerner; but he has done as much to put the West on the map of all-Canadian achievement as any man west of the great lakes.

## How the Soldiers Voted in B. C.

(Concluded from page 7.)

soldier's vote proper which was cast in the election. The officer seen in the act of depositing his envelope is the Commanding Officer at that time in Kamloops. The other officer is the prohibition scrutineer; the Returning Officer is standing behind the table.

The general results were pretty much the same as in the case of the civilian vote,—that is, "agin the Government." On the question of prohibition, however, the civilian vote was strongly on favour of the measure, and the soldiers' vote just as strongly against. Perhaps the famous tot of rum has something to do with it. Two of the candidates were serving overseas at the time of the election, both Conservatives. One of these, Captain Hayward, of Cowichan, was returned, and the other, Major Foster, of the Islands constituency, was defeated, in spite of the heavy soldiers' vote in his favour.

### An Operatic Feast.

WHENEVER Maestro Carboni gives a pupils' programme there is something to interest everybody who takes any stock in the development of high forms of vocal art. His latest offering of this kind, the Patriotic concert in aid of the Great War Veterans' Association in Columbus Hall, Toronto, last week, was probably the biggest and finest thing he has ever done in Canada. A large number of pupils took part, most of them familiar to Toronto audiences, except for the natural development that takes place between one recital and the next under M. Carboni's instructions. The works chosen were nearly all operatic

and covered a large arc of operatic interest in all forms and schools.

It is in this work of operatic instruction that Maestro Carboni most impresses the public and his numerous pupils. When in a single recital an audience can hear selections—creditably and in some cases powerfully rendered—from such a list of operas as the following, it must be surmised that this branch of vocal art is making rapid progress in Canada. The list on the programme included arias from Gretny's Les Deeix Avides; St. Saens' Samson et Dalila; Meyerbeer's Les Huguenots; Gounod's Sappho; Massenet's Cendrillon; Bizet's Habanera from Carmen; Gounod's Faust; Rossini's Semiramide; Bizet's Les Pechews des Perles; Gounod's Queen of Sheba; Donizetti's Elixir of Love; Donizetti's Lucia de Lammermoor.

\*\*\*

MAX FLEISCHMANN gave his farewell recital in Toronto week before last. He is a young lad who began to study the violin about three years ago with Jan Hambourg and

since the latter's removal to New York did some further studying with Georges Vigneti. He is going to New York for more lessons with Jan Hambourg.

Max is a lad of great talent, which he has begun to display in a remarkable way. He is not young enough now to be considered a prodigy and not old enough to rank as an artist. But in the uncertain interval between he displays himself as a young virtuoso who is bound to develop into a really big player. Whether he ranks in future as a Canadian artist or not, he will be sure to reflect great credit upon his own temperament and the training he originally got in this country. His playing is still rather imitative; but for that matter so is the playing of half our big artists. One of the great problems of teaching in any branch of art is to develop imitation into interpretation. If this young man works as hard for the next few years as he has done for three years past he should become a real interpreter by the time he is old enough to vote.

## CANADA IN WAR PAINT

(Concluded from page 12.)

"Quit yer fool gabbin'," said Chicago. "H'aint you got no sense in that mutt-head o' yours? That's food them ginks buys!"

Boddy had been silent so long he could bear it no longer.

"'Ave a 'eart," he said, "it gives me a pain ter fink of all that food the horficers heats. Pure 'ogger, I calls it. An' ter fink of th' little bit o' bread an' biscuit an' bacon—wot's all fat—wot we fellers gets to eat. We does the work, an' the horficers sits in easy chairs an' Heats!! Oh w'y did I join the Harmacy?"

At this moment, Private Graham, who had been slumbering peacefully until Lamontagne, in his excitement, put a foot in the midst of his anatomy, added his quota to the discussion. Private Graham wore the King and Queen's South African medal and also the Somaliland. Before drink reduced him, he had been a company Q.M.S. in a crack regiment. His words were usually respected. "Strike me pink if you Saturday night soldiers don't give me the guts-ache," he remarked with some acerbity. "In Afriky you'd ha'

bin dead an' buried months ago, judgin' by the way you talks! There it was march, march, march, an' no fallin' out. Little water, a 'an'ful o' flour, an' a tin of bully wot was fly-blowed two minutes after you opened it, unless you 'ad eat it a'ready. An' you talks about food! S'elp me if it ain't a crime. Rations! W'y, never in the 'ole 'istory of the world 'as a Army bin better fed nor we are. You young soldiers sh'd learn a thing or two afore you starts talkin' abaht yer elders an' betters. Lord, in th' old days a horficers' mess was somethin' to dream abaht. Nowadays they can't 'old a candle to it. Wot d'yer expect? D'yer think a horficer is goin' to deny 'is stummick if 'e can buy food ter put in it? 'E ain't so blame stark starin' mad as all that. You makes me sick, you do!"

"Dat's what I say," commented Lamontagne!

From afar came a voice crying, "Turn out for rations."

In thirty seconds the dug-out was empty!

## NATIONAL SERVICE

ONLY one who has recently visited Great Britain or France can realize the contrast between the grim, determined, "win-the-war" attitude prevalent in those countries, and the somewhat detached interest so large a proportion of the people of Canada show in the struggle. To arouse the whole nation—to enlist the whole-hearted, practical co-operation of every Canadian—the National Service Board of Canada announce that a systematic campaign of education will begin at once in the press throughout the country.

Canada was by no means slow to grasp the importance of military service, and our production of munitions has far exceeded the most optimistic predictions. But far more than that is required if our whole power is to be

exerted in the Empire's fight. Those who can neither fight nor make munitions, can each in his or her own way render valuable service.

With the slogan "Fight, Work and Pay," the publicity campaign planned by the National Service Board combines an earnest appeal for this universal service, with practical suggestions for giving it. Increased production—conservation of food—thrift—and the purchase of War Savings Certificates—these are the keynotes of the advertising which, it is hoped, will have results comparable with those which have been secured by similar publicity in Great Britain. The nature of the appeal, and its vital importance, should win for these National Service messages the closest attention and heartiest response.

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(CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

**L**EWIN RODWELL, though ever since that afternoon when he had been so indiscreet he had tried to hide the truth from himself, now realized that, at all hazards, the young man's activity must be cut short, and his mouth closed.

Sir Boyle remained and dined with him. As a bachelor, and an epicure, Lewin Rodwell always gave excellent dinners, dinners that were renowned in London. He had a French chef to whom he paid a big salary—a man who had been chef at Armenonville, in the Bois, in Paris. Upon his kitchen Rodwell spared nothing, hence when any of those men—whom he afterwards so cleverly made use of to swell his bank balance—accepted his hospitality they knew that the meal would be perhaps the best procurable in all London.

Many are the men-about-town who pride themselves upon their knowledge of the gastronomic art, and talk with loving reflections of the soups, entrees, and what-not, that they have eaten. Most of such men are what may be termed "hotel epicures." They swallow the dishes served at the fashionable hotels—dishes to the liking of their own palates possibly—smack their lips, pay, and are satisfied. But the real epicure—and he is indeed a rara avis—is the one who knows that the thin-sliced grey truffle, light as a feather, cannot be put on a fillet in London, and that "sea-truffles" have never been seen in the Metropolis.

To be a real epicure one must be a cosmopolitan, taking one's bouillabaisse in Marseilles, one's red mullet in Leghorn, one's caviare at eleven in the morning in Bucharest, one's smoked fish and cheese in Tromso, one's chicken's breasts with rice in Bologna, and so on across the face of the earth. To the man who merely pretends to know, the long gilt-printed menu of the smart London hotel becomes enticing to the palate, but to the man who has eaten his dinner under many suns it is often an amusing piece of mysteriously-worded bunkum.

Lewin Rodwell and his friend the Birthday Baronet sat down together to a perfectly-cooked and perfectly-served repast. Franks, the quiet, astute, clean-shaven man, a secret friend of Germany like his master, moved noiselessly, and the pair chatted without restraint, knowing well that Franks—whose real name was Grunhold—would say nothing. It was not to his advantage to say anything, because he was a secret agent of Germany of the fifth class—namely, one in weekly receipt of sixty marks, or three pounds.

Rodwell was apprehensive, unhappy, and undecided. Truth to tell, he wanted to be alone, to plot and to scheme. His friend's presence prevented him from thinking. Yet, after dinner, he was compelled to go forth with him somewhere, so they went to the revue at the Hippodrome,

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

**L**EWIN RODWELL and Sir Boyle Huntley are directors of the Ochrida Copper Corporation, in London. Jack Sainsbury, a clerk of the company, overhears a conversation between them which leads him to suspect them of being traitors. Jack and Dr. Jerrold, an intimate friend, have together been investigating acts of espionage for the War Office. Dr. Jerrold is found locked in his room, dying. He explains that he has been shot. His death is a mystery. There is no bullet wound. He leaves a letter for Jack, with Trustram, of the Admiralty. This letter is not to be delivered or opened for a year. Jack hears that Rodwell is a German, and his real name Ludwig Heitzman. The Coroner's inquiry into the Doctor's strange death results in a verdict of suicide. Doctor Jerrold leaves £18,000 to Jack. Rodwell is aware of Jack overhearing his conversation with Boyle and has him dismissed from the company. Trustram has become quite friendly with Rodwell, who cunningly draws naval secrets from the Admiralty official. Tom Small, a North Sea fisherman, is under Rodwell's power. His cottage, on the Lincolnshire coast, holds the shore end of a secret cable between Germany and England. Here Rodwell transmits to Berlin the state secrets he has learned.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

and on to Murray's afterwards.

It was half-past two o'clock in the morning when Rodwell re-entered with his latch-key and, passing into his den, found upon his writing table a rather soiled note, addressed in a somewhat uneducated hand, which had evidently been left during his absence.

Throwing off his overcoat, he took up the note and, tearing it open, read the few brief unsigned lines it contained. Then, replacing it upon the table, he drew his white hand across his brow, as though to clear his troubled brain.

Afterwards he crossed to the small safe let into the wall near the fireplace and, unlocking it, took forth a little well-worn memorandum book, bound in dark blue leather.

"Cipher No. 38, I think," he muttered to himself, as he turned over its pages until he came to that for which he was in search.

Then he sat down beneath the reading lamp and carefully studied the page, which, ruled in parallel columns, displayed in the first column the alphabet, in the second the key sentence of the cipher in question—one of forty-three different combinations of letters—and in the third the discarded letters to be interspersed in the message in order to render any attempt at deciphering the more difficult.

**I**N that cleverly-compiled little volume were forty-three different key sentences, each easy of remembrance, and corresponding in its number of letters with about two-thirds, or so, of the number of letters of the alphabet. From time to time it changed automatically, according to the calendar and to a certain rule set forth at the end of the little volume. Hence, though the spy's code was constantly being changed without any correspondence from headquarters—"Number 70 Berlin"—yet, without a copy of the book, the exact change and its date could not be ascertained.

Truly, the very best brains of Germany had, long ago, been concentrated upon the complete system of espionage in Great Britain, with the result that the organization was now absolutely perfect.

Taking a sheet of ruled paper from one of the compartments in the American roll-top desk before him, Lewin Rodwell, after leaning back wearily in his chair to compose him-

self, commenced, by reference to the pages of the little book before him, to trace out the cipher equivalents of the information contained in the note that had been left for him by an unknown hand in his absence.

He opened the big silver cigarette box at his elbow, and having taken a cigarette, he lit it and began reducing the information into cipher, carefully producing a jumble of letters, a code so difficult that it had for a long time entirely defied the British War Office, the Admiralty, the Foreign Office, and the French Secret Service.

Though marvellously ingenious, yet it was, after all, quite simple when one knew the key-sentence.

Those key-sentences used by "Number 70 Berlin" in their wonderful and ever-changing secret code—that code by which signal lights were flashed across Great Britain by night, and buzzed out by wireless by day—were quite usual sentences, often proverbs in English, such as "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," "A man and his money are soon parted," "Give one an inch and he'll take an ell," "Money makes the world go round," and so on.

Simple, of course. Yet the very simplicity of it all, combined with the constant change, constituted its greatest and most remarkable secrecy. The great Steinhauer, with his far-reaching tentacles of espionage across both hemispheres, held his octopus-like grip upon the world, a surer, a more subtle and a more ingenious hold than the civilized world, from the spies of Alexander the Great down to those of President Kruger, had ever seen.

With infinite care, and because the information concerning naval movements in the Channel was urgent, he produced a mass of letters with words in German interspersed—a cipher message which resulted a fortnight later in one of our battleships being sunk in the Channel, with only eighty survivors. Of the message the following is a facsimile:—

*6 n u' s s t' A g' 7 7 x m r' s' t' n o' j' f' o'  
- s w' b' p' o' o' a' B q' t' n' z' l' f' g' g' s' a'  
s c h a c h e p e i l' a o f' x' a' g' r' e' k' b' u' z'  
L a r' f' p' h o t' n' s' h' x' u' k' f' b e g e h'  
s' s' w' t' i' v' d e k o t' b' o b' h' x' j' s' s' h'  
d' y' n' g' l' e i c h' g' u' l' t' i' g' j' o' n' b' s' x' h'  
86' k' e' s'*



CHAPTER XII.  
On Thin Ice.

**O**NE evening early in January three men had assembled and held a serious conference in Jack Sainsbury's modest little flat in Heath Street, Hampstead. His sister being out for the day, Jack had personally admitted his visitors, who were Charles Trustram and Sir Houston Bird, and the trio had sat by the fire discussing a matter of the greatest moment.

Briefly, the facts were as follows: Trustram had, ever since the raid on Scarborough, wondered whether the failure of the British naval plan to entrap the German Fleet had been directly due to his own indiscretion in mentioning to Lewin Rodwell what was intended. He deeply regretted having let out what had been an absolute secret; yet Rodwell was a man of such tried and sterling patriotism, constantly addressing audiences in the interests of recruiting, and a man whose battle cry of "Britain for the British" had been taken up everywhere. No one was possessed of a deeper and more intense hatred of Germany than he, and Trustram felt certain that no man was a greater enemy of the Kaiser.

The papers wrote fulsome praise of his splendid example and his fine patriotic efforts, both as regards recruiting and in the raising of funds for various charitable objects; therefore the Admiralty official was wont to comfort himself with the reflection that such a man could never be an agent of Germany.

Only a few days ago, when he had confessed to Sir Houston and the latter had, on his part, spoken to Sainsbury, the puzzle had become pieced together; and on that evening, as the trio sat opposite each other, the young fellow explained how he had been dismissed from the Ochrida Company at the instigation of Lewin Rodwell and his titled sycophant Sir Boyle Huntley.

"There is a mystery," Jack went on, "I'm certain there's some great mystery regarding poor Jerrold's sudden death," he said decisively. "I was, that night, on my way to him, to tell him what I had accidentally learnt, and to seek his advice how to act. Yet, poor fellow, he died in my arms."

"His suicide was certainly quite unaccountable," declared Sir Houston. "I often reflect and wonder whether he really did commit suicide—and yet it was all quite plain and straightforward. He must have swallowed a tablet—coated, no doubt, or the effect must have been far more rapid."

"But why did he declare that he'd been shot?" asked Trustram, whose fine, strong face was dark and thoughtful.

"Ah! Who knows? There's the mystery," declared the great pathologist. "Of course, men sometimes have curious hallucinations immedi-



ately prior to death. It might have been one."

"He was in terrible agony—poor fellow," Jack remarked.

"No doubt, no doubt. But the drug would, of course, account for that."

"Then, in the light of your expert medical knowledge, you don't think that his death was a mysterious one?" Jack queried.

"No, I don't say that at all," was the reply of the busy man, who was working night and day among the wounded in the hospitals. "I merely say that Jerrold was poisoned—and probably by his own hand. That's all."

"You say 'probably,'" remarked Trustram. "Could that man, Rodwell, have had anything to do with it, do you think?"

"My dear Mr. Trustram, how can we possibly tell?" asked Sir Houston. "What real evidence have we got? None."

"And so clever are our enemies that we are not likely ever to get any, I believe," was Trustram's hard reply. "I only know what has happened to our plans for the defeat of the German Fleet. Is it really possible that this Lewin Rodwell, one of the most popular men in England, is a German agent?"

"If you dared to say so, the whole country would rise and kill you with ridicule," remarked Jack Sainsbury. "Once the British public establishes a man as a patriot, their belief in him remains unshaken to the very end. This war is a war where spies and spying, treachery and double-dealing, play a far bigger part than the world ever dreams. Jerrold always declared to me that there were German spies in every department of the State, just as there are in France, in Russia, and in Italy. No secret of any of the European States is a secret from the central spy-bureau in Berlin."

"JERROLD knew that. He set out sacrificing body and soul—nay, his very life—to assist our Intelligence Department," Trustram remarked.

"I know," said Jack. "They were foolishly jealous of his knowledge—jealous of the facts he had gathered during his wanderings up and down Germany, and jealous of the sources of information. They pretended a certain friendliness towards him, of course, but, as you know, the khaki cult is never in unison with the civilian. Jerrold did his duty—did it splendidly, as a true Englishman should. His work will live as a record. Seven years ago he commenced, at a time when the money-grubbing, ostrich-like section of the public—bamboozled by politicians who pretended not to know, yet who knew too well, and who told us there would be no war—not in our time—were content in amassing wealth. What did they care for the country's future, as long as they drew big dividends? Jerrold foresaw the great Teutonic plot against civilization, and was not afraid to point to it. What did he get for his pains? Ridicule, derision, and aspersions that his mind was deranged, and that he was a mere romancer. Well, to-day he's dead, and we can only judge him by his works."

"There are others—certain others too—whom we may also judge by

their works," remarked Trustram grimly—"their subtle, fiendish works, aimed at the downfall of our Empire. If the truth had been realized when Lord Roberts started out to speak—and when the whole Government united to poke fun and heap ridicule upon the great Field-Marshal, who knew more of real warfare than the whole tangle of red-tape at Whitehall combined—then to-day thousands of brave men, the flower of our youth, who have laid down their lives in the trenches in Flanders, would have been alive to-day. No!" he cried angrily. "There are traitors in our midst, and yet if one dares to suspect, if one dares to breathe a word, even to inquire and bring absolute evidence, the only thing which the khaki-clad Department will vouchsafe to the informant is a meagre printed form to acknowledge that one's report has been 'received.' After that, the matter is buried."

"Perhaps burnt," laughed Sir Houston.

"Most probably," Trustram asserted. "To me, an Englishman, the whole situation is as utterly appalling as it is ludicrous. We must win. And it is up to us all to see that we do win."

"Excellent!" cried Sir Houston. "And so we will—all three of us. I'll go to the War Office to-morrow and try and see someone in authority. You, Sainsbury, will come with me, and you'll make your statement—you'll tell them all that you know. They must take some notice of it!"

"I should be quite ready," was Jack's reply. "But will they believe me? They didn't believe poor Jerrold, remember—and he actually held proof positive of certain traitorous acts. The whole idea of the Intelligence Department is to pooh-pooh any report furnished by a civilian. Indeed, Jerrold showed me a signed statement by a British officer whom the authorities had actually threatened to cashier because he had assisted him to investigate some night-signaling in Surrey!"

"Impossible!" cried Sir Houston. "It's the absolute truth. I've had the statement in my own hands. He was an officer stationed in a town in Surrey."

"Well," remarked the great pathologist. "Let us allow the past by-gones to be by-gones. Let us work—not in resentment of the past, but for our protection in the future. What shall we do?"

THE two men were silent. On the one hand they saw the fortress-wall which the War Office placed between the civilian and the man in khaki. Reports of espionage were extremely unwelcome at Whitehall. And yet how could men in khaki and assistant-provost-marshals, with their crimson brassards of special-constable or veteran volunteer conspicuousness, ever hope to cope with the clever, subtle and wary spies of Germany? The whole thing was too farcical for words.

The British public, trustful of this cult of khaki and of a Cabinet who daily bleated forth "All is well!" had no knowledge, for instance, of the cleverly-laid plan of the enemy in Russia—the plot to blow up Ochta, the Russian Woolwich. Later, the English, in their ignorance of German intrigue, asked each other why no forward move was being made—



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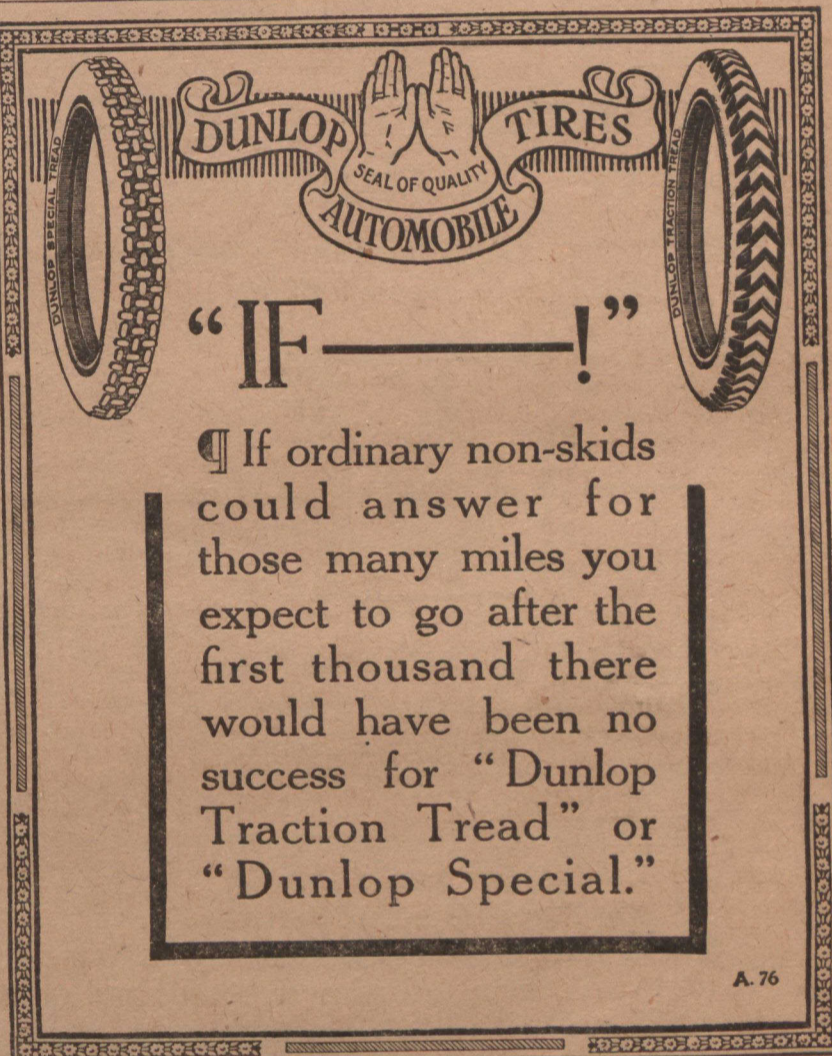
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the move promised us in the spring. They knew nothing of that great disaster, so cleverly accomplished by Germany's spies, the blowing up of Ochta, that disaster which entirely crippled Russia, and which resulted, later on, in her retreat from Warsaw. It was this—alas that I should pen these lines!—which prevented the British and French from advancing

during the whole spring and summer of 1915.

THE Russians, our gallant allies, were producing, at the Putilof works, great siege guns, bigger than any turned out from Krupp's. Yet, after Ochta had been blown up by means of a cable laid by spies under the Neva before the war, so that



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hardly one brick stood upon another and Petrograd had been shaken as by an earthquake in consequence, what could Russia do? She had no munitions; therefore why make guns?

That act of German spies in directly crippling Russia—an act plotted and prepared ten years previously—had checked the striking power of France, and quite defeated the splendid intentions of Lord Kitchener and our own good General French.

Let history speak. As our two armies were holding only a small section of the line, it was more convenient for the general interests of the Allies that we should, instead of employing our increased forces, postpone the entry into action of our national armies, and bend our chief energies to the task of supplying Russia with the munitions which had suddenly become to her a matter of life or death.

Was not this, indeed, an object-lesson to England?

The trio were discussing the situ-

ation, when Jack Sainsbury exclaimed:

"And yet the public will not believe that there are spies amongst us—even in face of daily events of incendiary fires, of submarine outrages, and of spies who, arriving with American passports, are watched, arrested, and executed at the Tower of London."

"True!" cried Trustram. "I agree entirely with all you say. Shall we act—or shall we join in the saliva of sweetness and raise the chorus that the Germans are, after all, dear good people?"

"Never!" exclaimed Sir Houston fiercely. "Jerold knew, and he died mysteriously. We, all three of us, know. Let us act; let us raise our voices, as the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Leith of Fyvie, Lord Crawford, Lord Portsmouth, Lord Headley, and all the others have raised theirs. 'Britain for the British,' I say, and we must win—and, at all hazards, we will win!"

"Yes, but what shall we do? How are we now to act?" queried Jack, looking at his visitors.

"That we must decide," Sir Houston responded. "We know many things—things that are proved as far as Lewin Rodwell is concerned. We must watch—and watch very closely and carefully—then we shall learn more."

"But while we are watching the Empire is, surely, in gravest peril!" Trustram protested.

"We have an Intelligence Department which is said to be dealing with news leaking from our shores."

"Intelligence Department!" laughed Jack Sainsbury. "Read the German papers, and you'll see that the public in Germany are daily told the actual truth concerning us, while we are deliberately kept in ignorance by the superior cult of khaki." Then he added, "The whole of this system of secrecy, and of playing upon the public mind, must be broken down, otherwise very soon, I fear, the British

will believe nothing that is told them. We won't be spoon-fed on tit-bits any more. We are not the pet-dogs of a Hide-the-Truth administration."

"That's a bit stiff," declared Trustram with a frown, as befitting an official wearing His Majesty's uniform.

"I don't care! I speak exactly what I feel. The British Empire is to-day greatly menaced, and if we are to win, we must face the facts and speak out boldly. We don't want these incompetent khaki-clad amateur detectives telling the matter-of-fact British nation official untruths. Why, only the other day the Parliamentary mouthpiece of the War Office told us that every German secret agent was known and under constant surveillance! Is that the truth, I ask you, or is it a deliberate official falsehood? Read Hansard's reports. I have quoted from them!"

The two men could not raise a protest. They knew, alas! that the words the young man had spoken were the actual and ghastly truth.

"Well," he went on, looking at his visitors, "we know what is in progress—or at least we have the strongest suspicion of it. Now, what decision have you both arrived at? What, in the interests of the safety of the Empire, shall we do?"

Trustram shrugged his shoulders blankly, while Sir Houston drew a long breath.

Neither man replied. What could they do, save to warn the War Office, who they knew would probably turn a deaf ear to all their suspicions?

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### Towards the Brink.

LATER that same evening Jack, who had walked down Fitzjohn's Avenue to Mr. Shearman's, as was his habit, found Elise's father at home.

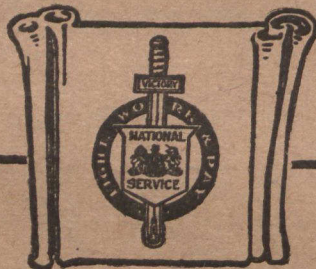
Though old Dan Shearman, a hale, bluff North-countryman, rather liked young Sainsbury, yet, at heart, he would have preferred a man of established prosperity as his daughter's husband—a manufacturer like himself, or a professional man with a good paying practice. Dan Shearman—as everybody called him in Birmingham—was a practical man, and had made a fortune by dint of hard toil and strict economy. He had begun as a half-timer in a cotton-mill in Oldham, and had risen, step by step, until now he was one of the biggest private employers of labour in the Midlands.

For years he had hoped that Elise would make a rich marriage, yet her chance meeting with Jack Sainsbury had suddenly turned the course of events, and both he and his wife could not hide from themselves how deeply the young couple had fallen in love with one another. More than once husband and wife had consulted as to whether it would not be to Elise's future interest if they broke off the attachment. Indeed, just before the outbreak of war, they had contemplated sending Elise for a long stay with her aunt, who was married to an English merchant in Palermo.

Yet, partly because the girl begged to remain in London, and partly because of Mrs. Shearman's liking for young Sainsbury, the bluff old fellow gave way—though there always remained the fact that Jack was a mere clerk and that, at the present time, he was out of a situation. That he had been rejected by the military doctors Mr. Shearman knew, but he

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19



was unaware that Jack had been left a legacy by the doctor who had so mysteriously committed suicide in Wimpole Street.

"Hey, lad!" old Dan cried cheerily, as Jack entered the little smoking-room. "Sit yer down a moment, an' have a cigarette. There's some over yonder!"

WHEN the young man had lit up and seated himself, Shearman asked:

"Well! what's the pay-pers say to-night—er? Aw wonder 'ow this 'ere war is goin' on?"

"Badly, sir, I fear," was Sainsbury's prompt reply. "We don't seem to be able to move against the superior power of the enemy."

"Superior power be 'anged, lad!" cried the round-faced, grey-haired old man, his eyes flashing as he spoke. "We're still powerful enough in good old England to lick the 'ole o' them."

"Well, I hope so," laughed Sainsbury, who really was anxious to get upstairs to the drawing-room, where he knew Elise was eagerly awaiting him. "But at present we seem to be progressing very slowly. The Russian steam-roller, as it was called, has come to a halt."

"Ah! a bit more o' them there writers' bunkum! What aw say is that we're a-bein' misled altogether. Nawbody tells the truth, and nawbody writes it. What yer reads to-day, lad, 'll be flatly contradicted to-morrow. So what's the use o' believin' anything?"

He was, truly, a bluff old chap who, born and bred in Lancashire, had afterwards spent three parts of his life in and about Birmingham. Old Dan Shearman was a man who always wanted hard facts, and when he got them he would make use of them in business, as well as elsewhere, with an acumen far greater than many men who had been educated at a public school. He rather prided himself upon his national-school training, and was fond of remarking, "Aw doan't pretend to much book-learnin', but aw knows my trade, and aw knows 'ow to make money by it—which a lot o' people doan't!"

Jack Sainsbury always found him amusing, for he was full of dry, witty remarks; and as he sat for a quarter of an hour, or so, the old fellow, puffing at his cigar—though he always smoked his pet pipe in his private office at the works—made some very caustic remarks about official red-tape at Whitehall.

"We're a-makin' munitions now," he explained. "But oh! the queries we get, and the visits from officers in uniform—people who come and tell me 'ow aw should run my business, yet the first time they've ever seen a Drummond lathe is in one of my workshops. Aw say that 'arf of it's all a mere wicked waste of a man's time!"

"Yes," sighed the young man—"I suppose there is far too much officialism; and yet perhaps it is necessary." Then he added, "Is Elise at home, do you know?"

"Yes, she's at 'ome, lad—she's at 'ome!" laughed the old fellow cheerily. "Aw know you want to go oop to 'er. Well, aw did the same when I wor your age. Aw won't keep yer longer. So go oop, lad, an' see 'er. My wife's out somewhere—gone to see one of 'er fine friends, I expect."

(To be continued.)

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