

CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXIII.

No. 7

FIVE CENTS

January 12, 1918

Alex Fraser
67 Woodlawn Ave
Toronto
35207 June 18

What We May Expect

MEASURED by the strength of those who worked that we in Canada might be worthy of their labors and their faith, the Canadians now in Canada have learned only the a b c of hardship. We are a self-helping people. Our forefathers in a great rude country made us so. It was theirs and is ours to convert Canada into a nation. All they could do at a time was a day's work. And they did it. With what thrift, energy, self-denial, ingenuity, we have almost forgotten. War can never bring to this country a greater test of our personal resources than fell to the lot of Jonathan Lee and his woman. For the sake of cheerfully meeting the necessities of the times, you are invited to read about this--- *In Next Week's Issue*

It is a Handmade Clear Havana Cigar

You save 60 per cent. of the duty because

THE **AGRADA** CIGAR

is Made in Canada by expert native Cuban cigar makers out of clear Havana tobacco, wrapper and filler, and packed in Mexican cedar "boite nature."



Here is Our Offer

"AGRADA" PERFECTO

We will send twenty-five fresh, fragrant "Agradas" packed in a Mexican cedar box, and shipped to you

Direct from Our Cigar Factory

at the following prices: Corona or Perfecto size, box of twenty-five, \$2.50; Panatela size, box of twenty-five, \$2.25; you can then

Try Four at Our Expense

Smoke four "Agradas" when you receive them---if they don't please you in every way---send back the balance and we will return your money without a word. Don't wait---get your order in the mail to-day. You can't lose---we stand all the expense if they fail to please you.

Remit by money order or cheque and mention whether you like light, medium or dark cigars.

ROGELIO, GIRARD & CO.
39 McCaul St. - - - Toronto

DIARY.

My Tropical Tour
Jan 14th

We put into the most wonderful and picturesque Port this morning - all flowers and sunshine and quaint natives.

The ocean trip has given me a new sort of appetite - I eat everything in sight. Tomorrow we go

The Tour of All Tours

SIX weeks of rest and placid pleasure in the British West Indies, far from war's alarms and the irksome routine of home and business. Another climate, another civilization—all at minimum cost.

Royal Mail West Indies Voyages

From Halifax to the Windward Islands and Demerara and return to St. John, twenty-one calls en route, each port with its own individuality. See and know Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica and the rest.

Round trip, passage, including meals and berth, \$125.00 to \$145.00. Write for descriptive booklet.

ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.
Halifax, N. S.

CROWN BRAND CORN PURE SYRUP

In "Perfect Seal" Quart Jars

These are the finest preserving jars made; and hold 3 pounds of "Crown Syrup".

Your grocer also has "Crown Syrup" in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.

Write for free Cook Book.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED,
MONTREAL. 8

That Boy of Yours

is anxious to make extra pocket money, but does not know of a local job he can secure for Saturdays.

We solve the problem; we have the job. All the boy does is to claim it and go to work.

The work is made easy by our new method. We show the boy (or any one) how to go about getting subscribers to Canadian Courier. The instructions are so plain a boy can follow them.

Help the Boy

Your moral support back of the boy will mean much to his first efforts. Back this up with the help we can give, and success to the boy will mean a start in life towards money making.

Our terms are most liberal; a reasonable wage is guaranteed to every boy worker. Write to

SALES MANAGER, CANADIAN COURIER,
181 SIMCOE ST., TORONTO.

THE SOLUTION OF OUR PROBLEM

CANADIAN COURIER

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

HOW the New Canadian Courier proposes to give at least 50,000 subscribers, and as many more as possible, a better and a bigger paper, without raising the price. At a time when the buying power of the dollar was almost cut in two for everything else on the market, the B. P. of the Canadian Courier dollar was fixed. At a time when the B. P. of the average dollar is still going down, the power of the Canadian Courier dollar is still further increased by giving you—more value for your money.

OUR last week's talk on this subject made it obvious that if we could be persuaded to publish the Canadian Courier in Buffalo or Detroit and ship the product into Canada duty free, we should be saved the comfortable item of \$15,000 a year on the cost of white paper, not to mention other items. In what we have to say this week on the problem of furnishing 50,000 Canadian subscribers—and as many more as we shall get—with an illustrated paper fit to compete with over-the-border productions, we propose to say precisely how we ask your co-operation in getting out of the difficulty. We don't expect to move this paper across the border. It would find lots of friends there; but it was born in Canada and it intends to remain a citizen of this country. With Canada we stand or fall. After eleven years of experience in Canada we have good reasons for reaffirming this principle.

But to set it forth by our good works in a way that makes you take notice and interest, fetches us round to a piece of arithmetic. Most things simmer down finally to a sum in figures if you give them rope enough. This problem is very simple. If we can't furnish you a minimum of 1,500 pages a year this side of the border without paying \$15,000 a year more for the paper than we would over there, what can we do? Here we ask the reader to co-operate. This paper is a democracy. We believe in government by discussion. Kaisers don't. Your consent and co-operation is necessary in carrying out the scheme of,

GIVING YOU FEWER PAGES PER YEAR
ON A BETTER GRADE OF PAPER.

YOU believe as well as we do, very probably, that Canada has come to the time when the best is none too good for a national publication. The country contains no end of material, and plenty of talent in all lines. We have demonstrated this. We believe in growing from the inside out. We planted this paper here eleven years ago to grow up with the country. With all its errors and shortcomings—and we all have them—it is still growing up with the country. We have had experience on this soil, among these people, dealing with these problems. We think we know how to interest Canadians.

Well, in the sort of paper we expect to get out with your co-operation, we feel certain of interesting you more than we have ever done. The interest you take will cost you no more cash than it has done during the past year. It will afford you, so far as we can estimate it in figures, easily twice the satisfaction.

Every issue you get from the 19th of January and until further notice—say until the war is over and things

begin to get Christianly normal again—will contain,

A Minimum of 36 Pages,
Printed on a Good Grade
of Book Paper,
Splendidly illustrated in
all the Black and White
Mediums Known to Art;
Featured in Interest, as to
Fiction and Fact,
Replete with Human Interest;
Every issue—Much About
People;
All the Things we have put
out in our prospectuses and
More;
All set forth with the
Maximum of Printing Art.
The first of these will be
in your hands dated January
19, 1918. The second will
come along on February 2.
The third on February 16.

And now the cat is out of the bag.

For the period of the war—perhaps a little longer, depending on conditions, the Canadian Courier will be issued as a fortnightly instead of a weekly. In making this announcement we feel sure that all who believe in the work of the Canadian Courier as a medium of Canadianism will lend us their co-operation.

As a matter of fact you will get more for your money than you have had during the past year. By this time in 1919, the faith which you now have in this paper will be raised to enthusiasm.

And our issue of next week will be the first of the new series. You will like it. We shall continue to improve it, and your co-operation will be appreciated by

THE EDITOR.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

A Few of Many Letters to The Editor

Guelph, Ont.

The Courier of December 15 was received this morning. I feel that I must thank you for three of its articles. The cover article is a thoughtful and Christian appeal to every Canadian. The next article, "Measuring Up in Canada," is like a word in season, amidst a babel of tongues. "A Clear Perspective of Peace" is the most condensed and comprehensive statement of the causes and probable results of the war that I have yet read. Trusting the Courier (as the power of the press is incalculable) will continue to set before the people of Canada honorable and lofty ideals,

"A DAUGHTER OF THE EMPIRE."

Wabana, Newfoundland.

I have been a very much interested reader of your paper for quite a number of years. I wish to congratulate you on the excellence you have attained in your product, and wish to say I think it should be called "Canada's National Weekly" instead of the Courier, and should be in every Canadian home.

F. R. RAND.

The Courier is fine, and I like your own strong and breezy and characteristic (character-revealing) writing better than any other I have read therein.

Ad multos annos!

J. B. DOLLARD.

Your editorial upon Col. Roosevelt was worth far more than the year's subscription.

JOHN B. FLINT.

WHAT WE EXPECT NEXT WEEK

An Article from Philadelphia, By the Monocle Man

One from Windermere, B.C., By A. M. Chisholm

One from Montreal, By B. B. Cooke

A Timely War Article, By Sidney Coryn

The Power of a Phantom, By Thomas Topley

The Thrift of Jonathan Lee's Woman

By the Editor

Nursery Walls, By Estelle M. Kerr

Plays and Music; What We Owe the State, By Investicus;

Third Instalment of The Indian Drum.

The whole Issue Splendidly Illustrated.

Cover Designed in Colors, by Horsman Varley



Make the Most of Travel

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

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

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

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

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

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF STANDARD PRODUCTS

ADDING MACHINES.
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

APPLES, (Evaporated):
Graham Co. Limited, Belleville, Ont.

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES.
Hyslop Bros., Toronto.

BABBITT AND SOLDER.
Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.

BAND INSTRUMENT MANUFACTURERS.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.

"BETHLEHEM AMMUNITION BOX," CHAINS AND RINGS.
Tarbox Bros., Toronto.

BICYCLES AND SUPPLIES.
R. G. McLeod, Toronto.

BONDED WAREHOUSE
Standard Warehouse & Mercantile Co., Toronto.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
W. B. Hamilton Shoe Co., Limited, "Model" Shoes, Toronto.

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS
McLaren & Dallas, "Imperial Shoes," "Independent" Rubbers, Toronto.

BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.
Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.
Britnell & Co., Limited, Toronto.

CARBORUNDUM GRINDING WHEELS.
Norman Macdonald, Toronto.

CARPETS AND RUGS.
Toronto Carpet Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.

CAR WHEELS AND CASTINGS.
Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.

CHARCOAL.
Ely Bros., Toronto.

CIGARS.
Andrew Wilson & Co., "Bachelor" Cigars, Toronto.

COAL AND WOOD.
P. Burns & Co., Toronto.

DUPLICATORS.
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

ELEVATORS.
Otis-Fenson Elevator Co., Toronto.

FENCING (Ornamental, Farm, Railway).
The Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Limited, Hamilton.

FURNACES.
The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

GELATINE.
Charles B. Knox Co., "Knox Sparkling," "Knox Acidulated," Montreal.

GLOVES (Men's and Women's).
Dent, Allcroft & Co., "Dent's Gloves," Montreal.

GLOVES AND MITTS.
The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.

HARDWARE.
Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.

HOT WATER BOILERS, RADIATORS
Cluff Bros., "Regent" Hot Water Boilers and Radiators, Toronto.

LEATHER (Sole-Hemlock & Union Oak).
The Breithaupt Leather Co., Ltd. Kitchener, Penetang, Hastings and Woodstock, Ont.

LIGHTING, WELDING & CUTTING PLANTS
The Siche Gas Co., Ltd., Toronto.

LUMBER AND TIMBER.
R. Laidlaw Lumber Co., Ltd., Toronto.

MILK.
S. Price & Sons Limited, Toronto.

MOPS (Scrubbing and Dry Dusting).
Tarbox Bros., Toronto.

MULTIGRAPH LETTERS & MAIL LISTS.
Harry Edwards, Toronto.

MUSIC PUBLISHERS.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.

OFFICE FURNITURE.
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

PAINTS AND VARNISHES.
International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.

PIANOS.
Heintzman & Co., "Ye Olde Firm," Toronto.

PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS
The Newcombe Piano Co., Ltd., Toronto.

PLUMBING SUPPLIES.
Fiddes & Hogarth, Limited, Toronto.

PRINTING INKS.
Sinclair Valentine Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

PUBLICATION PRINTERS.
The Ontario Press, Limited, Toronto.

REFRIGERATORS:
Eureka Refrigerator Co., Limited, Toronto.

RIBBONS (Typewriter, Adding Machines).
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.
Frankel Bros., Toronto.

SEEDS (Garden—of every Description).
Carter's Tested Seeds, Inc., Toronto.

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKS.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited, Toronto and Winnipeg.

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.
United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

STEEL (Tool).
Wm. Jessop & Sons, Limited, Toronto.

STORAGE
Standard Warehouse & Mercantile Co., Toronto.

STOVES, COOKING, Coal, Wood, Electric and Gas.
The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

TINWARE
Wrought Iron Range Co. of Can., Ltd., Toronto.

TINWARE
Soren Bros., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

TYPEWRITERS.
United Typewriter Co., Limited, "Underwood" Typewriters, Toronto.

UNIFORMS.
Beauchamp & How, Limited, Toronto.

VARNISHES AND JAPANS.
The Ault & Wiborg Varnish Works, Toronto.

VEGETABLES, (Desiccated):
Graham Co., Limited, Belleville, Ont.

WASHING MACHINES.
Hurley Machine Co., "Thor Electric Washing Machines," Toronto.

WATCH CASES.
American Watch Case Co., Limited, Toronto.

WINDOW LETTERS AND SIGNS.
J. E. Richardson & Co., Toronto, Ont.

NORTHERN ONTARIO

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c an acre in some districts—in others Free.

Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario, a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

H. A. MACDONELL,
Director of Colonization,
Parliament Buildings,
TORONTO, CANADA.

HON. G. HOWARD FERGUSON,
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

Royal Naval College of Canada.

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

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,
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

The Radial Lines

Passenger and Freight Service Daily

Toronto	Richmond Hill
Aurora	Newmarket
Sutton	Schomberg
New Toronto and Port Credit	

Information as to rates and schedules will be gladly furnished by local agents or traffic department,

Head Office :

88 King St. East, Toronto

Toronto & York Radial Railway

Express Service at Freight Rates

Cosgrave's Beers



Known by discriminating Canadians for over half a century.

PALE ALE
HALF and HALF
XXX PORTER

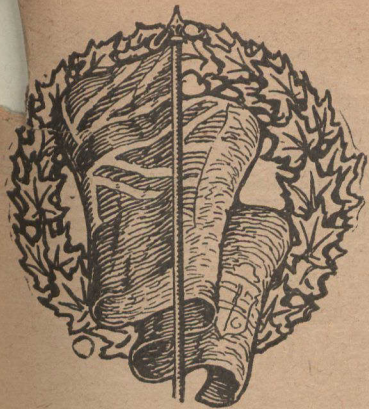
In original strength order from
EXPORTERS LIMITED

489 St. Paul St. West, MONTREAL

To meet Ontario Temperance Act, order from dealers, grocers, or direct from Brewery.

THE COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. LTD.

Toronto: Tel. Adelaide 486-487



CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 7
JANUARY 12, 1918

THE BOZZY FOR ALL ENGLAND

A Wonderful Glimpse of an Enchanted Stage Filled with Great Actors

WHETHER you like politics mixed up with literature and philosophy or not, you can't help being interested in what Viscount John Morley thought about all the great people he had ever met—and he seems to have met most of them. Morley was to England what Bozzy was to old Dr. Johnson. His book of Recollections is the greatest thing of its kind that ever came out in any language. Written by a man who sidetracked literature for politics, but never became Premier, who hated war, but loved England; who never knew much about Germany and took very little interest in Canada; absorbed in scientific and literary people, but caring little for art and nothing at all for music. We don't have John Morleys in Canada. One would be a great blessing. Just one.



By THE EDITOR

of the Pall Mall Gazette and a friend of John Bright. He came to maturity in an England that had ceased to take active interest in Europe after the Crimean War. Hence he knew the thinkers of France, and by association those of Italy. He seems to have taken very little interest in Germany and not much more in Russia, except as that country affected the problems of India, whose Secretary of State he was during the whole term that Lord Minto was Viceroy. His allusions to Canada are almost painfully monocolled. He scarcely seemed aware of our existence. He was here but once; twice in the United States, the first time in 1868; never in India, though in his letters to Minto he often spoke of going there; never in South Africa, though he was almost a pro-Boer; seldom or never in Germany, or Russia—or anywhere much but in dear old England, to which he belonged as much as Charles Dickens; and sometimes in France.

THIRTEEN years ago I first and last encountered John Morley, Little Englander, lukewarm Imperialist, friend of Ireland, student of India, man of letters and editor, acquainted with most of the leading men of science and literature in every country but Germany, author of *Life of Gladstone*, of Burke, Voltaire, Cromwell, and finally of his own *Recollections*, of which this article is an appreciation. Be it known I did not meet the most distinguished scholar-statesman of England in a social way. I was sent to interview him at the home of Goldwin Smith. John Morley hates interviews. He came downstairs on purpose to tell me so. I remember well that as he stood over me—I sat down again in one of those pre-Raphaelite hall chairs of the Grange—he was dressed in black trousers, navy-blue coat and waistcoat and a flaring tie, only a shade redder than his keen, honest face, whose eyes bored me through and through. I was determined to get an impression; he equally not to give one. He protested in most elegant English on his horror of interviewers, gave me three contradictory reasons why no man should labor on the Sabbath and very courteously followed me to the door.

Knowing almost everything that a man needs to know for happiness on earth, he had divulged nothing. Having just completed his exhaustive *Life of Gladstone*, whose closest political friend and adviser he was, on his way to visit President Roosevelt at the White House, he seemed to regard me as another tiresome specimen of the lesser fleas sent by the Creator to pester real humanity. I quite enjoyed the courteous contempt of this famous man and perfect English gentleman.

"It's a lovely morning, sir," I ventured to remark. And it was—one of those glorious Canadian autumn days which he could have described so well, for he has several landscape appreciations in his *Recollections*.

"On that I have no opinions whatever," he said, teleologically. This last of Morley's books is one of the rarest of its kind. I have been comparing it casually with Bismarck's *Thoughts and Recollections* covering about the same period of time. What a difference! All that Bismarck was, John Morley was not. The difference between these two, if it could have been understood by England while Bismarck was alive, would have made the war impossible.

John Morley began to understand England when he became editor

John Morley represents all that is best in the real Englishman: King, Lords and Commons—and the Fourth Estate; and his own constituents in Parliament were workingmen. Not a bit of a snob; a true Liberal, but never a Radical; as much a friend of Joe Chamberlain's as of Gladstone or Parnell. England to him was full enough of people and problems to keep him busy. His brain was never idle. He was an Oxonian, continually delving into the classics and steeped in literature; a literary man, who by force of necessity became a statesman, and a politician; a thinking man, almost a near philosopher, who never found politics too small. Mentally one of the biggest men of his day, he was superbly at home in college halls; but he made himself equally at home on the hustings. Books were his constant delight. He loved to write. Style and poetry and forms of beauty were more to John Morley than problems of Empire. But he had also an inborn John Bull love of an open fight—in language.

TEMPERAMENTALLY a pacifist, he hated war, which was one reason he sympathized with the Boers. He was an apostle of conciliation. That he was never Foreign Secretary must have been a mistake. Perhaps he was too much of an Englishman. He had a fellow-feeling for Ireland, and was an ardent Home Ruler. He liked the Scotch and was elected time and again by Scotchmen. He was born in a factory district, town of Blackburn in Lancashire; and he never lost his sincerely good-natured interest in factory problems. To him the wheels of dear old England ran hard enough, and the parks of England were fine enough, the landscapes of England lovely enough—to keep any man interested for one lifetime. He often spoke of the Himalayas, and he had seen the Alps but he makes no references to the Rockies.

Oh, well, we could forgive him all his neglect of Canada, if only he had taken the trouble to study Germany. To him the Rhine valley was a hinterland. He speaks sometimes of Bismarck, always ad-

miringly. John, with all his knowledge of the ugly side of politics at home, was always blind to the cloven hoof. Constantly he makes the reader feel that he has far too much faith in human nature ever to have foreseen the horrors of a world war. He resigned from the Cabinet the moment war was declared. Why? Not that he believed in the violation of Belgium, for he believed in the rights of Ireland. But he was too much of a cultured gentleman to be member of a Cabinet conducting a world-shattering war. No, it was all too ghastly and incredible. Heavens! had not England fought the battles of the rights of man at home, of democracy, of freedom? Was it not possible to conciliate?

We draw the curtain.

Mr. Morley twice met the Kaiser. He describes him, first at Londonderry House when Edward was Prince of Wales, in 1891:

He bowed and shook hands, asked if I had recovered from my illness, and said they had influenza in Germany, and there my intercourse with him ended. But I was immensely interested in watching a man with such a part to play in Europe. He is rather short; pale, but sunburnt; carries himself well; walks into the room with the stiff stride of the Prussian soldier; speaks with a good deal of intense and energetic gesture, not like a Frenchman, but staccato; his voice strong but pleasant; his eye bright, clear and full; mouth resolute; the cast of face grave or almost stern in repose, but as he sat between those two pretty women the hostess and Lady—, he lighted up with gaiety, and a genial laugh. Energy, rapidity, restlessness in every movement. But I should be disposed strongly to doubt whether it is all sound, steady, and the result of a—what Herbert Spencer would call—rightly co-ordinated organization.

Years later when Secretary for India he again met the Kaiser and says:

He greeted me with mock salaams and other marks of Oriental obeisance. Seriously he put me through my paces about India. When I talked, as we all should, about the impossibility of forecasting British rule in the Indian future, he hit his hand vehemently on his knee, with a vehement exclamation to match, that British rule would last forever. When I told this to Lord Roberts he laughed and said: "The Emperor doesn't know much about the facts." He asked how our Radical labor men treated Indian things. I said, "Without any ground for quarrel." He again struck his knee, praying that his own Socialists would only show the same sense. In your most private ear, I confide to you that important talks took place about the Bagdad Railway.

One impression—and in my eyes it is a golden impression—he appears to have left in the mind of everybody, namely, that he does really desire and intend peace. You may laugh at this in view of the fine brand-new Naval programme which the Germans have launched at a moment supremely inconvenient to H. M.'s Government. . . .

He appreciated Bismarck, who so far as he could see was working sanely to unify Germany. Evidently Mr. Morley thought Bismarck and the Kaiser were human beings. What does he think now? He knew that Bismarck was studying England. Vol. I. he says: "Before the election of 1880 Bismarck observed, quietly enough, that in foreign things the uncanny Liberals must in general follow the same lines as Beaconsfield." Suppose Morley had said a similar thing about an election in Germany—impossible! Bismarck had his hand under every political bed-quilt. Morley was studying—England. But what an England, as described in the Recollections! Has any country ever been so described by such a man as real as is in Dickens? Morley could sit up to the small hours, bottles and glasses or none, with such widely divergent characters as John Bright and Huxley; Carlyle and Lord Roseberry; Parnell and Herbert Spencer; George Meredith and Cavour; John Stuart Mill and Ernst Renan; Thiers the Frenchman and George Elliot; Campbell-Bannerman and George Sand; Chamberlain and Balfour; W. T. Stead and Disraeli. He knew them all. And he was the only man that did. He knew them intimately.

Gladstone he knew best of all, and better than anybody else knew him. He served under the G. O. M. until the very last. He thus describes the scene in Gladstone's house when the Old Chief was about to resign and Morley was to break the news to Mrs. Gladstone:

After dinner in the dining-room he at once sat down to backgammon. . . . What a curious scene! Me breaking to her that the pride and glory of her life was at last to face eclipse, that the curtain was falling on a grand drama of fame, power, acclamation; the rattle of the dice on the backgammon board, and the laughter and chucklings of the two long-lived players sounding a strange running refrain.

Morley was twice Secretary for Ireland, and he prided himself that he knew the Irish question through and through. Well, in spite of Morley, Ireland is still Ireland.

As to South Africa, he was not so sure. Seemed to him that England was running her head into a noose when the Boer War came. In one of his talks with Chamberlain he reminded J. C. that if it had been himself and not implacable Milner who had negotiated with Kruger, he would have pushed the tobacco jar across the table and asked Oom Paul to have another smoke.

Among the strange characters on Morley's list was the profound scholar Lord Acton, whose own description of Morley is very frank:

He draws his conclusions from much too narrow an induction; and his very wide culture—wide at least for a man to whom all the problems, the ideas, the literature of religion are indifferent and unknown—does not go to the making of his policy. These are large drawbacks, leaving, nevertheless, a mind of singular elasticity, veracity, and power, capable of all but the highest things.

When Acton died he left Morley his great library, concerning which Morley says:

I shall not forget the feeling—as on the breaking forth of some unexpected vision of the sea—with which I was taken from an upper gallery and looked upon the noble hall that contained his books, now mine, and beheld the seat and table where he had so sedulously read and ruminated and made his diligent sheaves of transcript from the silent masters

round him.

The library was handed on to Cambridge University.

Years ago while mowing sheaves for an Ontario farmer I read Herbert Spencer's Data of Ethics on the mow, while the next load was creaking up the lane. Could I then have read Morley's recollections of Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall and all that great lot of scientific leaders, what a joy it would have been!

One evening Grote, the historian of Greece, at a dinner at John Stuart Mill's when Morley was present, requested that Spencer should talk on—the equilibration of molecules. Spencer did. Grote seemed to understand. So did Mill. But another guest asked Morley if he understood a word of it, for blest if he did.

Huxley seems to have interested Morley deeply. In a letter (1883) he says to Morley:

It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate in one of the upper circles where the climate and the company are not too trying.

When Spencer began to contemplate death he asked Morley if he would say a few apt words over the remains before cremation. Afterwards he wrote to advise him not to, as to do such a thing for an avowed agnostic—or worse—might hurt him in the next election. Morley assured him that his good Presbyterian electors in the Montrose Burghs would have no objection. However, he was at Palermo when Spencer suddenly dropped off.

Morley's literary enthusiasm rose to the top of the tube in his appreciation of George Meredith, of whom he said:

He came to the morning meal after a long hard stride in the tonic air and fresh loveliness of cool woods and green slopes, with the brightness of sunrise upon his brow, responsive penetration in his glance, the turn of radiant irony on his lips and peaked beard, his fine poetic head bright with crisp brown hair, Phoebus Apollo descending upon us from Olympus.

Morley spends far more ink, however, on parliamentary people because it was in Parliament that he did the greater part of his work. Of Parliament itself he said:

Most of the men I have known would rather have written the Decline and Fall than have been Mr. Pitt. . . . With a rueful memory I many a time recalled that Franklin and Washington never made speeches more than ten minutes long. I thought of their countrymen whose speeches were too lengthy for their pith, and who was compared to a train of fifteen cars only conveying a single passenger. . . . Then there were the troops of men who not only coveted the "loud applause and Aye vehement" of the majority—that was natural—but with whom it seemed axiomatic that "the country" or "our people" could be the dupe of any claptrap that appeared to fit the humor of an hour. This was far from natural. It was just as true of one British party as the other.

It was in 1873 that Morley first met Chamberlain, then a Radical, afterwards a Tory Imperialist, of whom he says:

I have always thought of him, of all the men of action I have known, the frankest and most direct, as he was with two exceptions the boldest and most intrepid. This instinct was one surer of his power as a popular leader.

One anecdote of an interview which Chamberlain had with Carlyle on the temperance question Morley recounts:

When he was busy on temperance and the Gothenburg system we had one of our talks with Carlyle. The sage told him that he rejoiced that this mighty reform was being attempted; then all at once he took fire at thought of compensation for the dispossessed publican and burst into full blaze. Piercely smiting the arm of his chair he summoned an imaginary publican before him. "Compensation!" he cried. "I'll tell you where to go for compensation. Go to your father the devil!" Chamberlain listened, until he was able in patient tone to put the case of the reputable butler whom a grateful master had set up in a licensed and well-conducted tavern.

Among the sometimes tedious but never dull reminiscences of public affairs, Morley sandwiches in a lot of delightful descriptions. In this he is like a man sitting by a fire—just talking. For instance, he describes a reception at Marlborough House, when Edward was Prince of Wales; at a time when Leopold of Belgium was apparently the "cloven hoof" and not the German Emperor. He says:

A band played delightful music in an adjoining room, and I should have liked nothing better than to sit without talking—enjoying the spectacle, the glittering, silver and glowing gold, the superb flowers and fruit, the color of ribands, stars and orders, and the general presence of fame, distinction, greatness of place and power about one. The King of the Belgians sent for me and talked about the Soudan, Universal Suffrage, and other matters, good-natured, free from stiffness, spoke well to the point, and with no sign of cloven hoof. Hatzfeldt introduced himself to me, the German ambassador; a rather barbaric look about him, made one think of Tacitus "Germany," and rude folk camping on the banks of Rhine or Elbe in dark forests.

Every little while he picks up a book. For instance:

Read "All's Well That Ends Well." Found the opening scenes very tiresome—euphemistic and pointless. Thought of Byron's saying to Moore—"I say, Moore, what do you think of Shakespeare? I think it's a—d—d humbug."

Again—just by way of Irish humor:

Left Paris at 11.30, snow lying all the way to Calais. Tried to read two pieces of French fiction, but found each more disgusting than the other, so I flung them both out of the window, only hoping that the French peasantry are lucky enough never to have learnt to read.

A visit to the Louvre in Paris calls forth a nice little appreciation of art—which like music seems to have been of very little interest to Morley.

Lastly, but most delightful to me of all, because I have long lived with the engraving of it in our small dining-room, Millet's "Gleaners." I felt as if it were worth while to go to Paris if only for the sake of seeing that picture.

What he thought of some parliamentary egotists is tensely expressed in a memo as follows:

Tea with Blank (Labor M.P.), tremendous egotist; not once in the hour and a half we were together did he put one single question, or invite a single remark even on political business in hand, or admit a single doubt, or allow that there may be two sides to any question, or realize that he does not know all that is worth knowing.



THROUGH A MONOCLE



WE don't understand that Secretary McAdoo is the kind of man to work miracles. As Treasurer of the United States he had plenty of work. As Director-General of all U. S. railways, he would have to be a miracle-man if he did the work. But they chose him because the Treasury Department has to guarantee certain dividends. McAdoo isn't a railway man. He isn't likely to learn the job fast enough to become one. But the U. S. Railway Board is full of experts.



WEMYSS (Weems)—Now how have they kept this sea-dog so quiet all the while? Know by the way he wears his monocle that he's some naval relation to the great Admiral who couldn't see the order to retire because he put the glass to his blind eye. Wemyss, we fancy, is a real sea-dog. Let's hope he keeps on looking so. He's the most sea-bulldog looking man we've seen since old Fisher. No convoys or destroyers lost if Wemyss can help it.



THIS is a Chinese General. He is also Premier of the Chinese Republic and Minister of War. Any time he wants to Tuan Chi Jui can be chief of staff of the Chinese army. Then look out! When Tuan Chi Jui directs his millions of Chinese to advance, thousands of miles upon something—there will be a little more war than there now is, if possible. No doubt he's a great general. Oh chopsticks! Chop Suey! Advance! Quick march! Tramp, tramp, tramp!

PICTORIAL CONTRAST



HERE'S a job for a camera. The lens had to get in all the royal, rambunking horses on the frescoes of the French Embassy at Madrid—and not by the fraction of a blink miss one of the dignitaries lined up in front. Especially one of them, the only one that's not Spanish; not the one that looks like a first cousin to Lord Kitchener, but the one to the right of him, M. Therry, the new French Ambassador to Spain. Whatever he will do.



THESE frank females are supposed to be health-building at Brighton, Eng. Just at present they are tossing the medicine ball. They have been in swimming. Any kind of weather—suits these human seals of Brighton. But there's been a bit of weather in some parts of Canada lately that would make these little walrus' teeth chatter. Goodness knows what the gentleman walruses are thinking about.

CAMOUFLAGE OF GERMAN MIGHT

A WEEK ago we confidently believed that a devastating flood of Germans was about to break upon the western lines. There was no reason for such a belief except a sudden outburst of hectorings from the claque of the German newspapers. There was every reason against such a belief, but none the less it produced a feeling of general despondency and foreboding, which was precisely the intention of those who originated it. Doubtless we shall presently learn to recognize the methods of the German propagandist, but we have not learned it yet. Those methods are multiform, unceasing, and ubiquitous. Sometimes the propaganda takes what may be called the axiomatic form. We are told that "of course" the French army is bled white, and can do no more than struggle desperately and almost despairingly to hold its own. That the French have just sent a large and well-equipped army into Italy at a few hours' notice, that they recently drove the Germans from the Chemin des Dames, and that they have not yet called out so young a class as Germany herself, count not at all against the German myth garbed as an axiom. There are other minor forms of the propaganda, and among them the "patriotic" one. America, we are told, must now bear the whole brunt of the war, and hasten to step into the place occupied by the paralyzed armies of France, Italy, and Great Britain. Von Tirpitz, it is true, has a different opinion, if we may judge from the speech that he has just delivered before the Hamburg branch of the Fatherland party, and in which he said that "up to the present in this war Great Britain has won rather than lost." None the less the desired feeling of despondency is produced. And now we are treated to the vision of vast new hordes of German soldiery hurrying to the western front that they may overwhelm the Allied lines by sheer weight of numbers. It is true that nothing has yet happened, and that the German newspapers have now been ordered to talk of something else, but it is to be feared that our capacity for being apprehensive and unhappy is undiminished. We are still willing to dance to the German tune.

THAT Germany will strike hard at any point that she believes to be vulnerable goes without saying, and doubtless when she does so it will be acclaimed as the predicted German offensive. But Germany has been striking hard ever since the war began. There will be nothing new about that. She made titanic efforts to reach Calais and Verdun, and at a time when her men were far less war weary than they are now. She failed disastrously, and she would still have failed even if her forces had been much larger than they were. We can hardly suppose that she intends to repeat those calamitous experiments, no matter how great the volume of her reinforcements from the east. With the possible exception of the Champagne district, there is no spot on the western line that offers to her any great hope of success, or that is not already marked by failure after failure. It is to be remembered that a numerical superiority of men is but one out of many of the factors of victory. The largest of armies must fail in the absence of artillery support that is superior in power not only to the guns opposed to it, but to the fortifications that it must overcome. It is the superiority of the French and British artillery that has so far enabled the Allies on the western front not only to hold their own, but to make a steady progress against the invaders. No possible number of men that Germany could transfer from the east to the west would give her a guaranty of success there, perhaps not even the possibility of it. As has been said, she had an immense superiority of men at the battle of Calais, but none the less she lost that battle to the nearly raw recruits drawn from the shops and warehouses of England and from the plains of Canada. It is nearly certain that she was similarly advantaged at the siege of Verdun, but once more she failed. Even if all the fairy tales of German reinforcements from Russia were true, there would still be no cause for despondency. She

BY the skilful use of verbal camouflage, Germany gives the other belligerents the idea that she has the power to hurl vast masses of armed humanity upon any point she chooses in a minimum of time. We are led to believe that the French are "bled white," that England is in her last reserves, that Italy is "all in" and that now nothing but the instant weight of the American army on the west front can keep the German armies from breaking through. But what are the facts? This article is the convincing answer.

BY SIDNEY CORYN

might be able to bend back the opposing lines, but she would not be able to break them without a loss of life that would leave her victory a barren one. An attack that is continuously pressed with sufficient reserves can always penetrate an enemy's lines, but there comes a point when the gains cease to be worth the price paid for them. Germany reached this point at Verdun. Indeed, she passed it, and she discontinued the attack. If Germany were to bring a great offensive in the west to-day it is quite likely that she might gain a little ground by sheer pressure, but she would gain nothing more than this. She could not end the war in any such way. And it is extremely unlikely that she is even contemplating such an effort. If she were actually doing so she would hardly announce her intention in her newspapers.

It has been Germany's invariable plan to strike at the weak points and not at the strong ones, and perhaps it would have been better for the Allies if they had followed her example and brought a concentration of force against Austria. The Teutons over-ran Serbia and Roumania, not so much because any strategic values were involved, as because the task was comparatively easy, and it gave them the moral effects that they prize so highly. The recent attack upon Riga had the same motive, and now we find that once more they seek the weak spot and assail Italy. The Italian offensive was also designed, so far as Germany was concerned, as a reminder to Austria of her complete dependence upon her more powerful ally. Austria asked for help at the time when Cadorna was forcing his way eastward from the Isonzo, and it was refused to her. It was only when the situation became critical for Austria that a German army appeared on the scene and at once arrested the tide of Austrian defeat. With Russia eliminated, Italy became the weakest of the Allies, and we need not doubt that the attack upon Italy absorbed, and perhaps is still absorbing, most of the men that have been withdrawn from the eastern front.

Let us suppose for a moment that Germany has either conquered Italy or has abandoned her efforts in that particular field of war, but always with the recollection that she can not withdraw her armies from Italy so long as the Italian forces are intact. Let us suppose that Germany has an available army as a result of withdrawals from elsewhere. What would she do with it? At what point in the great circle of her enemies would she discern some prospect of success? For the reasons already stated I do not believe that she would launch that army against either the British or the French, although this by no means implies that there will not be heavy fighting on the western field. To win a few miles of line, to bend back an opposing army, is of no use to Germany except to bring out the fluttering flags in Berlin, and even these have been a little reluctant lately to appear in public. The abiding need of Germany is for some decisive action that shall forever dispose of one of her enemies, that shall enable her to strike the name of that enemy from her list. She has done this in the case of Serbia. She has almost

done it in the case of Roumania and Belgium. And for the moment at least she has done it in the case of Russia. She has made an immense effort to eliminate Italy, but here she seems to have failed, although it is still too soon to speak with certainty. But with Italy disposed of, either through success or failure, where may we expect that the next blow will fall?

IT seems to me that the question almost answers itself, while making full allowance for unknown and unknowable facts. There is only one vulnerable point left—if it is vulnerable—and that one point is Greece. But for the necessities of Austria we may believe that Greece would already have been attacked. Greece is now at war with Germany, and we may regretfully suppose that she is not very wholeheartedly at war with Germany. The Emperor's brother-in-law has been expelled from the throne of Greece and is an exile. But the conquest of Greece offers military advantages that are by no means inconsiderable. Greece under German domination means the eastern Mediterranean also under German domination. It means that Greek waters would at once swarm with German submarines that could make their way down the Levant and so become a serious nuisance to the British operations in Palestine. German submarines were using the Greek islands with the connivance of Constantine before his deposition, and in spite of the watchful eyes of Allied representatives. But with Greece conquered there would hardly be a limit to the facilities then available to them. Germany has never yet turned her serious attention to Greece. She has left Greece to the Bulgarians and Turks. She has been too busy with the other small fry that were not so well defended. But the supply of small fry is running short. What more likely than that Germany should be looking in the direction of Greece, which is comparatively close to her eastern lines and where popular disharmonies may perhaps be counted on to aid her?

The inactivity of the Saloniki army has been one of the mysteries of the war. While Constantine was on the throne it was easy to understand that his contemplated treacheries constituted a danger to the successful advance northward of an army that must necessarily be based on Saloniki. But Constantine has disappeared and yet the Allied quiescence in Macedonia continues. Is Venizelos distrustful of the Greek people and of the loyalty of the Greek army? Perhaps so. At least it has been so stated. None the less the Allied army in Macedonia is likely to be called upon, not perhaps to undertake an advance, but to maintain the positions that it now holds. If the Greek army is unreliable it may have to meet a danger from the south as well as from the north.

BUT the Saloniki army has been by no means useless, even though it has seemed to do no more than to mark time. But for that army Greece would have been over-run by the Bulgarians and Turks long ago. Indeed, Constantine would definitely have ranged his country on the Teuton side if he had dared to do so, which he did not. Here once more we have an example of the nervelessness and political vacillation that have done so much to injure the Allied cause, and particularly in its dealings with the Balkan peoples. Greece had definitely pledged herself by treaty to come to the aid of Serbia whenever her aid was needed. That treaty was impudently broken by Constantine, and the Allies should either have deposed him at once, or declared war upon Greece. They did neither. They asked permission to make use of Saloniki, and they then advanced into Macedonia, knowing that they were leaving in their rear a crafty and unscrupulous enemy who would certainly stab them in the back if he could. Constantine was probably saved by the intervention of the Czar, who naturally did not wish that the deposition of monarchs should become a habit. It is at least significant that the disappearance of Constantine should follow at once on the disappearance of the Czar.

DRAWING ROOM ATROCITIES

THERE is a form of idolatry practised by many Canadian housewives: the worship of the drawing-room. This elegant apartment is shunned by all

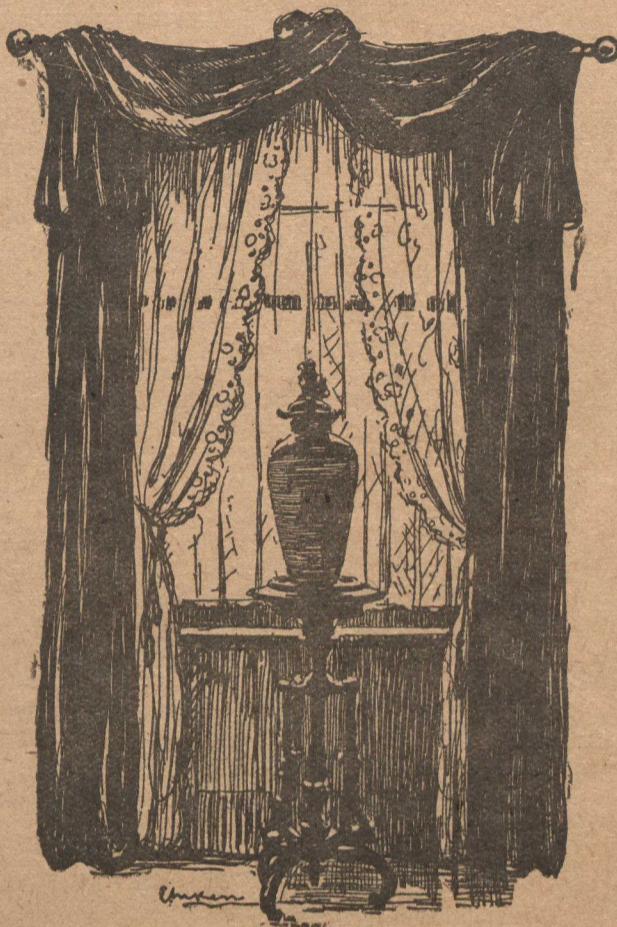
the other members of the family; by the husband, who says there isn't a chair fit to sit on; by the son because smoking within its sacred precincts is strictly forbidden. The daughter religiously spends an hour there each day, because it is the abode of the piano; but she makes frequent journeys to inspect the hall clock (the handsome marble and gilt one in the drawing-room is never wound up), and when the minute hand shows that the proper time has been devoted to scales and exercises she gladly escapes. The children avoid it because it is so full of mustn'ts. The sofa cushions must not be thrown upon the floor, you must not even lean upon them, unless you have on a perfectly clean dress; the wall-paper and the white woodwork are apt to show the marks of sticky little fingers; there are so many things that are easily knocked over—things that don't look at all pretty, but if you break one, mother will tell you what an awful lot it cost. Grandmother finds it draughty, since the door leading into the hall has been replaced by a velvet curtain. Perhaps, too, there are gas logs in the grate, instead of the real coal fire that is one of the chief attractions of the little back room upstairs which serves as a sewing-room, study, den, library, nursery, and even as a smoking-room.

Only the mistress of the drawing-room reverences it. To her it represents an ideal of order and elegance that it is impossible to maintain in the other apartments. She keeps it polished like some rare jewel, to be worn on gala occasions only. Very often she will allow none but herself to dust the ornaments—and everything in the room may be included in that term. The tables are often too small and high to be put to any real use; the few books are selected for their bindings, not their contents. Even the chairs are chosen more for decoration than comfort. Sometimes the furniture is in bad taste, sometimes merely inappropriate. A woman with a passion for collecting antiques often accumulates decrepit chairs which will only hang together when treated with elaborate kindness; and they are frequently most uncomfortable. Prior to the time of Louis XIV. the most luxurious people had to content themselves with hard, straight-backed seats, for furniture was then constructed to be easily transported. The landed proprietor always carried his furniture with him when he travelled from one estate to another, so that the oldest types of furniture, while beautiful in line, are quite unsuitable for modern use.

There is a feminine tendency to want things because other people have them, rather than to have things because they are wanted. We discard things because they are old-fashioned and our grandchildren may rebuy them as antiques. Our ideals are constantly shifting; the despised, discarded furniture and ornaments of the drawing-room are frequently banished to humbler quarters. But the housewife revels in the thought that one room in the house is perpetually neat and ready for the reception of guests. Intimate friends may accompany her to the family sitting-room; but only the drawing-room is displayed immaculate before the prying eyes of inquisitive neighbors. And who can blame her? The pity of it lies in the fact that to this use, or lack of use, is dedicated the largest and sunniest room in the house.

In old English homes the name "parlor" was given to a family sitting-room. This word, derived from the French, and signifying a conversation room, was generally used for the less pretentious drawing-rooms in America, until it fell into disfavor through its adoption by

By ESTELLE M. KERR



Three pairs of curtains and an oriental vase obscure the light and prevent access to the windows.

tradespeople, who established millinery parlors, hairdressing parlors, and so on. From our English ancestors we inherit a regard for the traditional uses to which the "company drawing-room" was put in times quite different from the present. In the largest houses, where economy of space was unnecessary, a room was set apart for large entertainments, when the guests were too numerous to be accommodated in the ordinary living-rooms. These rooms were furnished with extreme formality, free from a multiplicity of small furniture which would impede the circulation of the guests. The decoration of such an apartment was usually light and bright; gilding was profusely employed; the chairs were stiff and easily moved, and the large chandeliers gave a diffused light. Such a room was totally unfit for family use, but its ideals seem in some way to have penetrated to the conception of what is suitable for a family drawing-room in Canada, where houses are usually small, owing to the difficulty of heating, and the scarcity of servants. Entertainments on a large scale are rarely given in private houses; and so each room should be furnished in the way that will make it best suited to the use of the family. The drawing-room, especially, should be made liveable, in order to attract every inmate in the house.

DON'TS FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM

- DON'T** block the access to the windows. Use overhead lighting exclusively. Have poor pictures, ugly ornaments or uncomfortable chairs. Hang pictures where they can't be seen. Drape the mantelpiece. Have a doorway without a door or a fire-place without the possibility of having a fire.

A ROOM is made liveable by the position of doors, fireplace, accessibility of the windows, convenience of artificial lights, arrangement of the furniture, the privacy of the room, and the absence of the superfluous. In town houses especially, where there is so little light that every ray is precious to the reader or worker, window-space is invaluable. Yet in few rooms are the windows easy to approach. A sickly-looking potted palm stands in one window, a statue on a pedestal is placed before another, in order to please the eye of the passer-by and obstruct the rays of light which the heavy drapes on the window allow to enter. At night the central chandeliers give a glaring light which is too bright to rest the eyes of people gathered together for the sake of sociability and too distant to make reading or working possible. It is no exaggeration to say that many houses are deserted by the men of the family for lack of those simple comforts which they find at their clubs—windows unobscured by layers of muslin, a fire-place surrounded by easy chairs and protected from draughts, well-appointed writing-tables and files of papers and magazines.

Which of us is not familiar with the dreary drawing-room so common in small town houses, with its windows provided with two sets of muslin or lace curtains, one hanging against the panes, the other hanging against the former; then come the heavy stuff curtains so draped as to cut off the upper light of the windows by day, while it is impossible to drop them by night. Thus they are curtains that have ceased to serve the purpose for which they exist. Close to the curtain stands a jardiniere, and the wall-space between the two windows where a writing-table might be put, is generally occupied by a cabinet surmounted by a picture, which is rendered invisible by the dark window-hangings. The writing-table might find a place against the side-wall, but that is blocked by the piano; so it is either banished, or put in some dark corner where the ink dries unused, and a vase of flowers stands in the middle of the blotting-pad.

The mantel-piece in most Canadian houses is ugly and surmounted by a still uglier over-mantel containing a mirror. Many people try to conceal their outlines with inflammable draperies and a confusion of bric-a-brac. Directly opposite the fire-place is a wide gap in the wall, which opens directly to the hall; and not only supplies a draught in the back for persons seated before the fire-place, but it exposes what should be the most private part of the room, to the scrutiny of messengers, servants and visitors. This opening is sometimes provided with sliding doors, and sometimes with curtains through which every spoken word may be heard. In such a room, it matters very little how the rest of the furniture is arranged, since it is certain that no one will ever sit in it except unfortunate visitors.

THIS indifference to privacy is probably due to the fact that many houses are built and decorated by people who have no regard for the comfort of their inhabitants, but who wish to give an appearance of space by throwing the hall, drawing-room and living-room into one; and in some cases even instituting the atrocity of glass doors. The secret of a happy home often lies in the closed door. In the ideal house every member of the family has his own special place of refuge; but when this cannot be arranged, surely it is a mistake to allow daughter's practising, father's cigar, or the children's screaming, to penetrate the whole house.

When comfort and convenience are studied
(Concluded on page 25.)

Human Beings and _____



THIS man on skis seems to be "hogging the screen." He has the Alps all to himself. He wanted a quiet time. He has got it. But if he listens carefully, he may hear a gun going off somewhere. Not a squirrel-shooter. No—another kind of gun.



ALL the beautiful ladies seem to be doing war work. Lady Enid Vane—it's a wonder some film Belasco isn't after her—has better use for her beauty than going on the screen. She is an enthusiast on charity bazaars to provide comforts for soldiers.

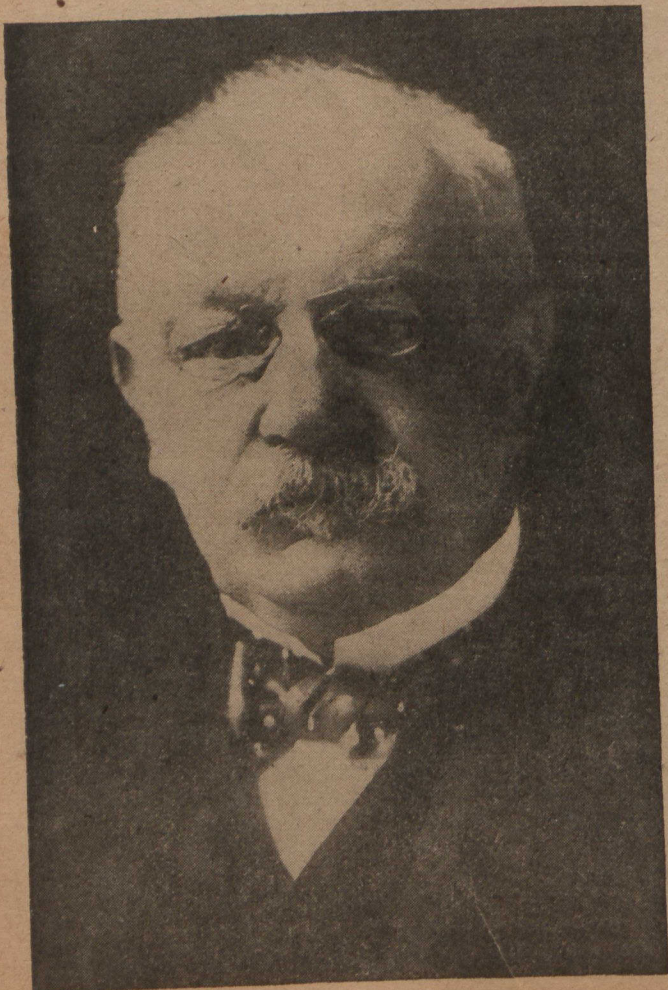


AT the gates of Udine, during the Italian retreat, Sergeant G. Morini of the Bersaglieri on patrol, halted a German motor-car carrying Gen. Von Berrer and Adjutant and the chauffeurs. They were hostile. He popped over Berrer with the first shot, sent the chauffeurs piking into the snow and went to it catch-as-catch-can with the adjutant, whom he turned over to the Italian command. And then he joined the cycle patrol for a rearguard action.

PRETTY Alice Neilsen — oh, how she can sing! — is married now. Here is her husband, Dr. Leroy Stoddard, who knows very well that his wife could have made a bag of money in comic opera, but preferred grand opera and the married life. It was a very quiet wedding in Greenwich, Conn.



ESTHER was once the White House baby in the days of Grover Cleveland. She is now engaged to marry Captain Bosanquet of the Coldstream Guards, who has a D. S. O. Miss Cleveland has been doing volunteer instruction for the blind at St. Dunstan's Home.



SINCE it has been announced that American soldiers, for a while at least, will be mixed up with the poilus, it is of particular interest to take notice of M. Jules Cambon. The former French Ambassador to the U. S. is one of the big, solid Frenchmen who believes in the last ditch for the Germans. He is the director of the new American Department in the French Government, to be of all the help he can to the new Premier Clemenceau in looking after the needs of the American Army in France.

THE man in the black border will be recognized by everybody. The Kaiser has at last found his level. On a recent visit to the Ottoman capital he made himself solid with the Turks by togging himself up in a Turkish Field Marshal's uniform. The world's greatest professional butcher of humanity should feel no qualms of conscience in putting on the uniform of the Chief Director of Massacres. "Aha!" he seems to have said, "What do you mean by letting those English into Jerusalem to advance upon my Bagdad railway? Have a care. I shall make myself decent enough to become a Turk—a terrible Turk! And I shall tolerate no nonsense from Turkey."

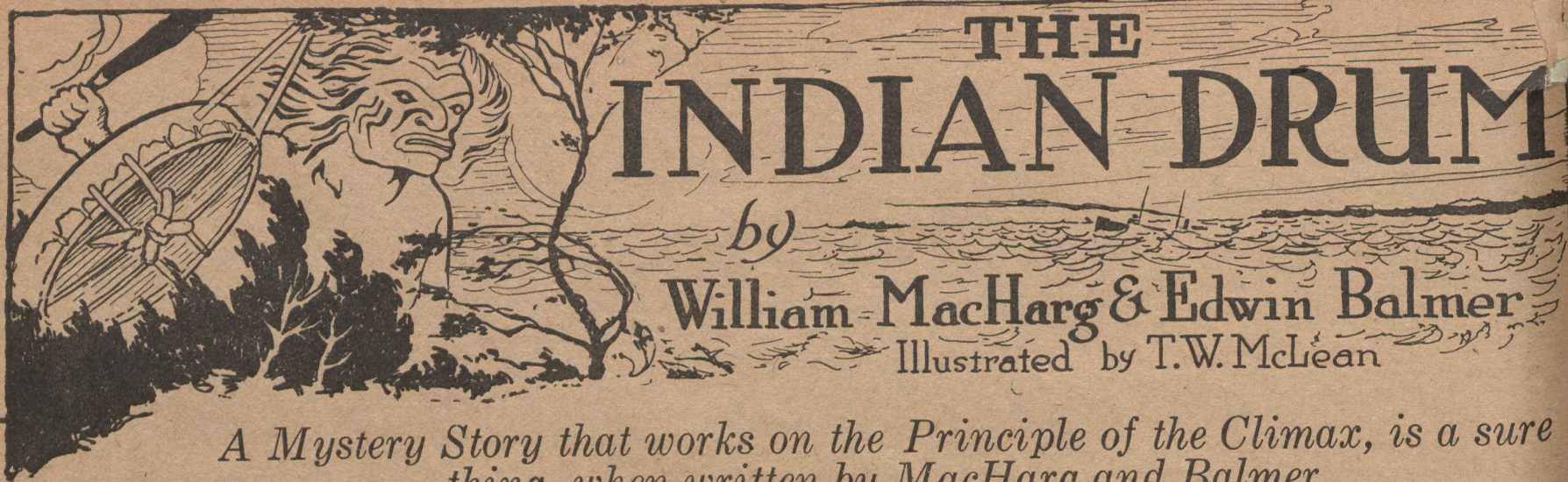


DRIVING THE BEASTS BACK



MOST of the machinery of modern war may be seen in this action picture of advance on the Cambrai front. The photograph was taken before any reverses had happened. It shows infantry, artillery, pack horses, machine guns and a bicycle corps. It's all in the game. Nobody knows how many Cambrais there will be on the west front. We got most of the best of it, but had to give some of it back. The Germans still want to break through to Calais. Not likely the forces that took Cambrai will let them. But why the ——— should the Germans be wanting to do anything but just find pleasant graveyards? At Cambrai, or elsewhere, on any front, let the armies of the Allies swear undying hate of the Germans, hate born of hate, fury born of battling with beasts—for the final overthrow of Germany, till all of Germany is in a black border such as frames the Kaiser on the opposite page. Exterminate Germany—nobody wants to. The job would be too dirty. But war—awful war must yet be waged on German soil.

THE day may come when German women and children will flee from their homes as long ago the French did. In this lower picture we see another phase of the Cambrai advance; the French people returning to their homes which they had temporarily vacated when the great battle went on. After the battle, after the liberation, after the German masters had been driven back, freeing the towns of the invaders, the people went back to their homes. Here they are. Joy in being alive and free; in knowing that it's humanly possible not only to keep the Germans from breaking through and capturing more towns, but possible to drive them back. To drive the beasts back!



THE INDIAN DRUM

by
William MacHarg & Edwin Balmer
Illustrated by T.W. McLean

A Mystery Story that works on the Principle of the Climax, is a sure thing, when written by MacHarg and Balmer

Sherrill Talks to Conrad

"IT was one of the great advantages of the West, I think—and particularly of Chicago at that time—that it gave opportunity for friendships of that sort," Sherrill said. "Corvet was a man of a sort I would have been far less likely ever to have known intimately in the East. He was both what the lakes had made him and what he had made of himself; a great reader—wholly self-educated; he had, I think, many of the attributes of a great man—at least, they were those of a man who should have become great; he had imagination and vision. His whole thought and effort, at that time, were absorbed in furthering and developing the traffic on the lakes, and not at all from mere desire for personal success. I met him for the first time one day when I went to his office on some business. He had just opened an office at that time in one of the old ram-shackle rows along the river front; there was nothing at all pretentious about it—the contrary, in fact; but as I went in and waited with the others who were there to see him, I had the sense of being in the ante-room of a great man. I do not mean there was any idiotic pomp or lackyism or red tape about it; "I saw as much as I could of him after that, and our friendship became very close.

"In 1892, when I married and took my residence here on the lake shore—the house stood where this one stands now—Corvet bought the house on Astor Street. His only reason for doing it was, I believe, his desire to be near me. The neighborhood was what they call fashionable; neither Corvet nor Mrs. Corvet—he had married in 1889—had social ambitions of that sort. Mrs. Corvet came from Detroit; she was of good family there—a strain of French blood in the family; she was a schoolteacher when he married her, and she had made a wonderful wife for him—a good woman, a woman of very high ideals; it was great grief to both of them that they had no children.

"Between 1886, when I first met him, and 1895, Corvet laid the foundation of great success; his boats seemed lucky, men liked to work for him, and he got the best skippers and crews. A Corvet captain boasted of it and, if he had had bad luck on another line, believed his luck changed when he took a Corvet ship; cargoes in Corvet bottoms somehow always reached port; there was a saying that in storm a Corvet ship never asked help; it gave it; certainly in twenty years no Corvet ship had suffered serious disaster. Corvet was not yet rich, but unless accident or undue competition intervened, he was certain to become so. Then something happened."

Sherrill looked away at evident loss how to describe it.

"To the ships?" Alan asked him.

"No; to him. In 1896, for no apparent reason, a great change came over him."

"In 1896!"

"That was the year."

Alan bent forward, his heart throbbing in his throat. "That was also the year when I was brought and left with the Weltons in Kansas," he said.

Sherrill did not speak for a moment. "I thought,"

ALAN CONRAD, of mysterious origin, at his foster home in Kansas, receives a letter enclosing money with instructions to journey up to Chicago and look up certain people. In Chicago he encounters the second partner of the firm, Corvet, Sherrill and Spearman. Corvet, who sent the money to Conrad, has mysteriously disappeared during a great storm. Is he dead? And how? Sherrill and his daughter—engaged to Spearman—are baffled.

he said, finally, "it must have been about that time; but you did not tell my daughter the exact date."

"What kind of change came over him that year?" Alan asked.

Sherrill gazed down at the rug, then at Alan, then past him. "A change in his way of living," he replied. "The Corvet line of boats went on, expanded; interests were acquired in other lines; and Corvet and those allied with him swiftly grew rich. But in all this great development, for which Corvet's genius and ability had laid the foundation, Corvet himself ceased to take active part. I do not mean that he formally retired; he retained his control of the business, but he very seldom went to the office and, except for occasional violent, almost pettish interference in the affairs of the company, he left it in the hands of others. He took into partnership, about a year later, Henry Spearman, a young man who had been merely a mate on one of his ships. This proved subsequently to have been a good business move, for Spearman has tremendous energy, daring, and enterprise; and no doubt Corvet had recognized these qualities in him before others did. But at the time it excited considerable comment. It marked, certainly, the beginning of Corvet's withdrawal from active management. Since then he has been ostensibly and publicly the head of the concern, but he has left the management almost entirely to Spearman. The personal change in Corvet at that time is harder for me to describe to you."

Sherrill halted, his eyes dark with thought, his lips pressed closely together; Alan waited.

"WHEN I saw Corvet again, in the summer of '96—I had been South during the latter part of the winter and East through the spring—I was impressed by the vague but, to me, alarming change in him. I was reminded, I recall, of a friend I had in college who had thought he was in perfect health and had gone to an examiner for life insurance and had been refused, and was trying to deny to himself and others that anything could be the matter. But with Corvet I knew the trouble was not physical. The next year his wife left him."

"The year of—?" Alan asked.

"That was 1897. We did not know at first, of course, that the separation was permanent. It proved so, however; and Corvet, I know now, had understood it to be that way from the first. Mrs. Corvet went to France—the French blood in her, I suppose, made her select that country; she had for a number of years a cottage near Trouville, in Normandy, and was active in church work. I know

there was almost no communication between herself and her husband during those years, and her leaving him markedly affected Corvet. He had been very fond of her and proud of her. I had seen him sometimes watching her while she talked; he would gaze at her steadily and then look about at the other women in the room and back to her, and his head would nod just perceptibly with satisfaction; and she would see it sometimes and smile. There was no question of their understanding and affection up to the very time she so suddenly and so strangely left him. She died in Trouville in the spring of 1910, and Corvet's first information of her death came to him through a paragraph in a newspaper."

Alan had started; Sherrill looked at him questioningly.

"The spring of 1910," Alan explained, "was when I received the bank draft for fifteen hundred dollars."

Sherrill nodded; he did not seem surprised to hear this; rather it appeared to be confirmation of something in his own thought.

"FOLLOWING his wife's leaving him," Sherrill went on, "Corvet saw very little of any one. He spent most of his time in his own house; occasionally he lunched at his club; at rare intervals, and always unexpectedly, he appeared at his office. I remember that summer he was terribly disturbed because one of his ships was lost. It was not a bad disaster, for every one on the ship was saved, and hull and cargo were fully covered by insurance; but the Corvet record was broken; a Corvet ship had appealed for help; a Corvet vessel had not reached port. . . . And later in the fall, when two deck-hands were washed from another of his vessels and drowned, he was again greatly wrought up, though his ships still had a most favorable record. In 1902 I proposed to him that I buy full ownership in the vessels I partly controlled and ally them with those he and Spearman operated. It was a time of combination—the railroads and the steel interests were acquiring the lake vessels; and though I believed in this, I was not willing to enter any combination which would take the name of Sherrill off the list of American shipowners. I did not give Corvet this as my reason; and he made me at that time a very strange counter-proposition—which I have never been able to understand, and which entailed the very obliteration of my name which I was trying to avoid. He proposed that I accept a partnership in his concern on a most generous basis, but that the name of the company remain as it was, merely Corvet and Spearman. Spearman's influence and mine prevailed upon him to allow my name to appear; since then, the firm name has been Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman.

"Our friendship had strengthened and ripened during those years. The intense activity of Corvet's mind, which as a younger man he had directed wholly to the shipping, was directed, after he had isolated himself in this way, to other things. He took up almost feverishly an immense number of studies—strange studies most of them for a man whose youth had been almost violently active and who had once been a lake captain. I cannot tell you what they all were—geology, ethnology, nearly a score of subjects; he corresponded with various scientific societies; he has given almost the whole

of his attention to such things for about twenty years. Since I have known him, he has transformed himself from the rather rough, uncouth—though always spiritually minded—man he was when I first met him into an educated gentleman whom anybody would be glad to know; but he has made very few acquaintances in that time, and has kept almost none of his old friendships. He has lived alone in the house on Astor Street with only one servant—the same one all these years.

THE only house he has visited with any frequency has been mine. He has always liked my wife; he had—he has a great affection for my daughter, who, when she was a child, ran in and out of his home as she pleased. He would take long walks with her; he'd come here sometimes in the afternoon to have tea with her on stormy days; he liked to have her play and sing to him. My daughter believes now that his present disappearance—whatever has happened to him—is connected in some way with herself. I do not think that is so—

Sherrill broke off and stood in thought for a moment; he seemed to consider, and to decide that it was not necessary to say anything more on that subject.

“Recently Corvet's moroseness and irritability had very greatly increased; he had quarreled frequently and bitterly with Spearman over business affairs. He had seemed more than usually eager at times to see me or to see my daughter; and at other times he had seemed to avoid us and keep away. I have had the feeling of late, though I could not give any actual reason for it except Corvet's manner and look, that the disturbance which had oppressed him for twenty years was culminating in some way. That culmination seems to have been reached three days ago, when he wrote summoning you here. Henry Spearman, whom I asked about you when I learned you were coming, had never heard of you; Mr. Corvet's servant had never heard of you.

“Is there anything in what I have told you which makes it possible for you to recollect or to explain?”

Alan shook his head, flushed, and then grew a little pale. What Sherrill told him had excited him by the coincidences it offered between events in Benjamin Corvet's life and his own; it had not made him “recollect” Corvet, but it had given definiteness and direction to his speculations as to Corvet's relation to himself.

SHERRILL drew one of the large chairs nearer to Alan and sat down facing him. He felt in an inner pocket and brought out an envelope; from the envelope he took three pictures, and handed the smallest of them to Alan. As Alan took it, he saw that it was a tintype of himself as a round-faced boy of seven.

“That is you?” Sherrill asked.

“Yes; it was taken by the photographer in Blue Rapids. We all had our pictures taken on that day—Jim, Betty, and I. Mr. Welton—for the first time Alan consciously avoided giving the title “Father” to the man in Kansas—“sent one of me to the ‘general delivery’ address of the person in Chicago.”

“And this?”

The second picture, Alan saw, was one that had been taken in front of the barn at the farm. It showed Alan at twelve, in overalls and barefooted, holding a stick over his head at which a shepherd dog was jumping.

“Yes; that is Shep and I—Jim's and my dog, Mr. Sherrill. It was taken by a man who stopped at the house for dinner one day; he liked Shep and wanted a picture of him; so he got me to make Shep jump, and he took it.”

“You don't remember anything about the man?”

“Only that he had a camera and wanted a picture of Shep.”

“Doesn't it occur to you that it was your picture he wanted, and that he had been sent to get it? I wanted your verification that these earlier pictures were of you, but this last one is easily recognizable.”

Sherrill unfolded the third picture; it was larger

than the others and had been folded across the middle to get it into the envelope. Alan leaned forward to look at it.

“That is the University of Kansas football team,” he said. “I am the second one in the front row; I played end my junior year and tackle when I was a senior. Mr. Corvet—?”

“Yes; Mr. Corvet had these pictures. They came into my possession day before yesterday, the day after Corvet disappeared; I do not want to tell just yet how they did that.”

Alan's face, which had been flushed at first with excitement, had gone quite pale, and his hands, as he clenched and unclenched them nervously, were cold, and his lips were very dry. He could think



What lies under this is some great misadventure which has changed and frustrated all your father's life.

of no possible relationship between Benjamin Corvet and himself, except one, which could account for Corvet's obtaining and keeping these pictures of him through the years. As Sherrill put the pictures back into their envelope and the envelope back into his pocket, and Alan watched him, Alan felt nearly certain now that it had not been proof of the nature of this relationship that Sherrill had been trying to get from him, but only corroboration of some knowledge, or partial knowledge, which had come to Sherrill in some other way. The existence of this knowledge was implied by Sherrill's withholding of the way he had come into possession of the pictures, and his manner showed now that he had received from Alan the confirmation for which he had been seeking.

“I think you know who I am,” Alan said.

Sherrill had risen and stood looking down at him.

“You have guessed, if I am not mistaken, that you are Corvet's son.”

The color flamed to Alan's face for an instant, then left it paler than before. “I thought it must be that way,” he answered; “but you said he had no children.”

“Benjamin Corvet and his wife had no children.”

“I thought that was what you meant.” A twinge twisted Alan's face; he tried to control it but for a moment could not.

Sherrill suddenly put his hand on Alan's shoulder; there was something so friendly, so affectionate in the quick, impulsive grasp of Sherrill's fingers, that Alan's heart throbbed to it; for the first time some one had touched him in full, unchecked feeling for him; for the first time, the unknown about him had failed to be a barrier and, instead, had drawn another to him.

“Do not misapprehend your father,” Sherrill said, quietly. “I cannot prevent what other people may think when they learn this; but I do not share such thoughts with them. There is much in this I cannot understand; but I know that it is not merely the result of what others may think it—of ‘a wife in more ports than one,’ as you will hear the lakemen put it. What lies under this is some great misadventure which had changed and frustrated all your father's life.”

Sherrill crossed the room and rang for a servant.

“I am going to ask you to be my guest for a short time, Alan, he announced. “I have had your bag carried to your room; the man will show you which one it is.”

ALAN hesitated; he felt that Sherrill had not told him all he knew—that there were some things Sherrill purposely was withholding from him; but he could not force Sherrill to tell more than he wished; so after an instant's irresolution, he accepted the dismissal.

Sherrill walked with him to the door, and gave his directions to the servant; he stood watching, as Alan and the man went up the stairs. Then he went back and seated himself in the chair Alan had occupied, and sat with hands grasping the arms of the chair while he stared into the fire.

Fifteen minutes later, he heard his daughter's footsteps and looked up. Constance halted in the door to assure herself that he was now alone; then she came to him and, seating herself on the arm of the chair, she put her hand on his thin hair and smoothed it softly; he felt for her other hand with his and found it, and held it clasped between his palms.

“You've found out who he is, father?” she asked.

“The facts have left me no doubt at all as to that, little daughter.”

“No doubt that he is—who?”

Sherrill was silent for a moment—not from uncertainty, but because of the effect which what he must say would have upon her; then he told her in almost the same words he had used to Alan. Constance started, flushed, and her hand stiffened convulsively between her father's.

They said nothing more to one another; Sherrill seemed considering and debating something within himself; and presently he seemed to come to a decision. He got up, stooped and touched his daughter's hand, and left the room. He went up the stairs and on the second floor he went to a front room and knocked. Alan's voice told him to come in. Sherrill went in and, when he had made sure that the servant was not with Alan, he closed the door carefully behind him.

THEN he turned back to Alan, and for an instant stood indecisive as though he did not know how to begin what he wanted to say. As he glanced down at a key he took from his pocket, his indecision seemed to receive direction and inspiration from it; and he put it down on Alan's dresser.

“I've brought you,” he said, evenly, “the key to your house.”

Alan gazed at him, bewildered. “The key to my house?”

“To the house on Astor Street,” Sherrill confirmed. “Your father deeded the house and its furniture and all its contents to you the day before he disappeared. I have not the deed here; it came into my hands the day before yesterday at the same time I got possession of the pictures which might—or might not, for



Some one—it was beyond question now—was in the house with him.

all I knew then—be you. I have the deed down-town and will give it to you. The house is yours in fee simple, given you by your father, not bequeathed to you by him to become your property after his death. He meant by that, I think, even more than the mere acknowledgment that he is your father."

Sherrill walked to the window and stood as though looking out, but his eyes were blank with thought.

"For almost twenty years," he said, "your father, as I have told you, lived in that house practically alone; during all those years a shadow of some sort was over him. I don't know at all, Alan, what that shadow was. But it is certain that whatever it was that had changed him from the man he was when I first knew him culminated three days ago when he wrote to you. It may be that the consequences of his writing to you were such that, after he had sent the letter, he could not bring himself to face them and so has merely . . . gone away. In that case, as we stand here talking, he is still alive. On the other hand, his writing you may have precipitated something that I know nothing of. In either case, if he has left anywhere any evidence of what it is that changed and oppressed him for all these years, or if there is any evidence of what has happened to him now, it will be found in his house."

SHERRILL turned back to Alan. "It is for you—not me, Alan," he said, simply, "to make that search. I have thought seriously about it, this last half hour, and have decided that is as he would want it—perhaps as he did want it—to be. He could have told me what his trouble was any time in these twenty years, if he had been willing I should know; but he never did."

Sherrill was silent for a moment.

"There are some things your father did just before he disappeared that I have not told you yet," he went on. "The reason I have not told them is that I have not yet fully decided in my own mind what action they call for from me. I can assure you, however, that it would not help you now in any way to know them."

He thought again; then glanced to the key on the dresser and seemed to recollect.

"That key," he said, "is one I made your father give me some time ago; he was at home alone so much that I was afraid something might happen to him there. He gave it me because he knew I would not misuse it. I used it, for the first time, three days ago, when, after becoming certain something had gone wrong with him, I went to the house to search for him; my daughter used it this morning when she went there to wait for you. Your father, of course, had a key to the front door like this one;

his servant has a key to the servants' entrance. I do not know of any other keys."

"The servant is in charge there now?" Alan asked.

"Just now there is no one in the house. The servant, after your father disappeared, thought that, if he had merely gone away, he might have gone back to his birthplace near Manistique, and he went up there to look for him. I had a wire from him to-day that he had not found him and was coming back."

Sherrill waited a moment to see whether there was anything more Alan wanted to ask; then he went out.

CHAPTER IV.

"Arrived Safe; Well."

AS the door closed behind Sherrill, Alan went over to the dresser and picked up the key which Sherrill had left. It was, he saw, a flat key of a sort common twenty years before, not of the more recent corrugated shape. As he looked at it and then away from it, thoughtfully turning it over and over in his fingers, it brought no sense of possession to him. Sherrill had said the house was his, had been given him by his father; but that fact could not actually make it his in his realization. He could not imagine himself owning such a house or what he would do with it if it were his. He put the key, after a moment, on the ring with two or three other keys he had, and dropped them into his pocket; then he crossed to a chair and sat down.

He found, as he tried now to disentangle the events of the afternoon, that from them, and especially from his last interview with Sherrill, two facts stood out most clearly. The first of these related more directly to his father—to Benjamin Corvet. When such a man as Benjamin Corvet must have been, disappears—when, without warning and without leaving any account of himself he vanishes from among those who knew him—the persons most closely interested pass through three stages of anxiety. They doubt first whether the disappearance is real and whether inquiry on their part will not be resented; they waken next to realization that the man is actually gone, and that something must be done; the third stage is open and public inquiry. Whatever might be the nature of the information Sherrill was withholding from him, Alan saw that its effect on Sherrill had been to shorten very greatly Sherrill's time of doubt as to Corvet's actual disappearance. The Sherrills—particularly Sherrill himself—had been in the second stage of anxiety when Alan came; they had been awaiting Alan's arrival in the belief that Alan could give them information which would show them what must be "done" about Corvet. Alan had not been able to give them this information; but his coming, and his interview with Sherrill, had strongly influenced Sherrill's attitude. Sherrill had shrunk, still more definitely and consciously, after that, from prying into the affairs of his friend; he had now, strangely, almost withdrawn himself from the inquiry, and had given it over to Alan.

Sherrill had spoken of the possibility that something might have "happened" to Corvet; but it was plain he did not believe he had met with actual violence. He had left it to Alan to examine Corvet's house; but he had not urged Alan to examine it at once; he had left the time of the examination to be determined by Alan. This showed clearly that Sherrill believed—perhaps had sufficient reason for believing—that Corvet had simply "gone away." The second of Alan's two facts related even more closely and personally to Alan himself. Corvet, Sherrill had said, had married in 1889. But Sherrill in long knowledge of his friend, had shown firm conviction that there had been no mere vulgar

liaison in Corvet's life. Did this mean that there might have been some previous marriage of Alan's father—some marriage which had strangely overlapped and nullified his public marriage? In that case, Alan could be, not only in fact, but legally, Corvet's son; and such things as this, Alan knew, had sometimes happened, and had happened by a strange combination of events, innocently for all parties. Corvet's public separation from his wife, Sherrill had said, had taken place in 1897, but the actual separation between them might, possibly, have taken place long before that.

Alan resolved to hold these questions in abeyance; he would not accept or grant the stigma which his relationship to Corvet seemed to attach to himself until it had been proved to him. He had come to Chicago expecting, not to find that there had never been anything wrong, but to find that the wrong had been righted in some way at last. But what was most plain of all to him, from what Sherrill had told him, was that the wrong—whatever it might be—had not been righted; it existed still.

The afternoon had changed swiftly into night; dusk had been gathering during his last talk with Sherrill, so that he hardly had been able to see Sherrill's face, and just after Sherrill had left him, full dark had come. Alan did not know how long he had been sitting in the darkness thinking out these things; but now a little clock which had been ticking steadily in the blackness tinkled six. Alan heard a knock at his door, and when it was repeated, he called, "Come in."

The light which came in from the hall, as the door was opened, showed a man servant. The man, after a respectful inquiry, switched on the light. He crossed into the adjoining room—a bedroom; the room where Alan was, he thought, must be a dressing room, and there was a bath between. Presently the man reappeared, and moved softly about the room, unpacking Alan's suitcase. He hung Alan's other suit in the closet on hangers; he put the linen, except for one shirt, in the dresser drawers, and he put Alan's few toilet things with the ivory-backed brushes and comb and other articles on the dressing stand.

ALAN watched him queerly; no one except himself ever had unpacked Alan's suitcase before; the first time he had gone away to college—it was a brand new suitcase then—"mother" had packed it; after that first time, Alan had packed and unpacked it. It gave him an odd feeling now to see some one else unpacking his things. The man, having finished and taken everything out, continued to look in the suitcase for something else.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, finally, "but I cannot find your buttons."

"I've got them on," Alan said. He took them out and gave them to the valet with a smile; it was good to have something to smile at, if it was only the realization that he never had thought before of any one's having more than one set of buttons for ordinary shirts. Alan wondered, with a sort of trepidation, whether the man would expect to stay and help him dress; but he only put the buttons in the clean shirt and reopened the dresser drawers and laid out a



change of things.

"Is there anything else, sir?" he asked.

"Nothing, thank you," Alan said.

"I was to tell you, sir, Mr. Sherrill is sorry he cannot be at home to dinner to-night. Mrs. Sherrill and Miss Sherrill will be here. Dinner is at seven, sir."

Alan dressed slowly, after the man had gone; and at one minute before seven he went down-stairs.

There was no one in the lower hall and, after an

instant of irresolution and a glance into the empty drawing-room, he turned into the small room at the opposite side of the hall. A handsome, stately, rather large woman, whom he found there, introduced her to him formally as Mrs. Sherrill.

He knew from Sherrill's mention of the year of their marriage that Mrs. Sherrill's age must be about forty-five, but if he had not known this, he would have thought her ten years younger. In her dark eyes and her carefully dressed, coal-black hair, and in the contour of her youthful looking, handsome face, he could not find any such pronounced resemblance to her daughter as he had seen in Lawrence Sherrill. Her reserved, yet almost too casual acceptance of Alan's presence, told him that she knew all the particulars about himself which Sherrill had been able to give; and as Constance came down the stairs and joined them half a minute later, Alan was certain that she also knew.

YET there was in her manner toward Alan a difference from that of her mother—a difference which seemed almost opposition. Not that Mrs. Sherrill's was unfriendly or critical; rather, it was kind with the sort of reserved kindness which told Alan, almost as plainly as words, that she had not been able to hold so charitable a conviction in regard to Corvet's relationship with Alan as her husband held, but that she would be only the more considerate to Alan for that. It was this kindness which Constance set herself to oppose, and which she opposed as reservedly and as subtly as it was expressed. It gave Alan a strange, exhilarating sensation to realize that, as the three talked together, this girl was defending him.

Not him alone, of course, or him chiefly. It was Benjamin Corvet, her friend, whom she was defending primarily; yet it was Alan, too; and all went on without a word about Benjamin Corvet or his affairs being spoken.

Dinner was announced, and they went into the great dining-room, where the table with its linen, silver, and china gleamed under shaded lights. The oldest and most dignified of the three men servants who waited upon them in the dining-room Alan thought must be a butler—a species of creature of whom Alan had heard but never had seen; the other servants, at least, received and handed things through him, and took their orders from him. As the silent-footed servants moved about, and Alan kept up a somewhat strained conversation with Mrs. Sherrill—a conversation in which no reference to his own affairs was yet made—he wondered whether Constance and her mother always dressed for dinner in full evening dress as now, or whether they were going out. A word from Constance to her mother told him this latter was the case, and while it did not give complete answer to his internal query, it showed him his first glimpse of social engagements as a part of the business of life. In spite of the fact that Benjamin Corvet, Sherrill's close friend, had disappeared—or perhaps because he had disappeared and, as yet, it was not publicly known—their and Sherrill's engagements had to be fulfilled.

WHAT Sherrill had told Alan of his father had been iterating itself again and again in Alan's thoughts; now he recalled that Sherrill had said that his daughter believed that Corvet's disappearance had had something to do with her. Alan had wondered at the moment how that could be; and as he watched her across the table and now and then exchanged a comment with her, it puzzled him still more. He had opportunity to ask her when she waited with him in the library, after dinner was finished and her mother had gone up-stairs; but he did not see then how to go about it.

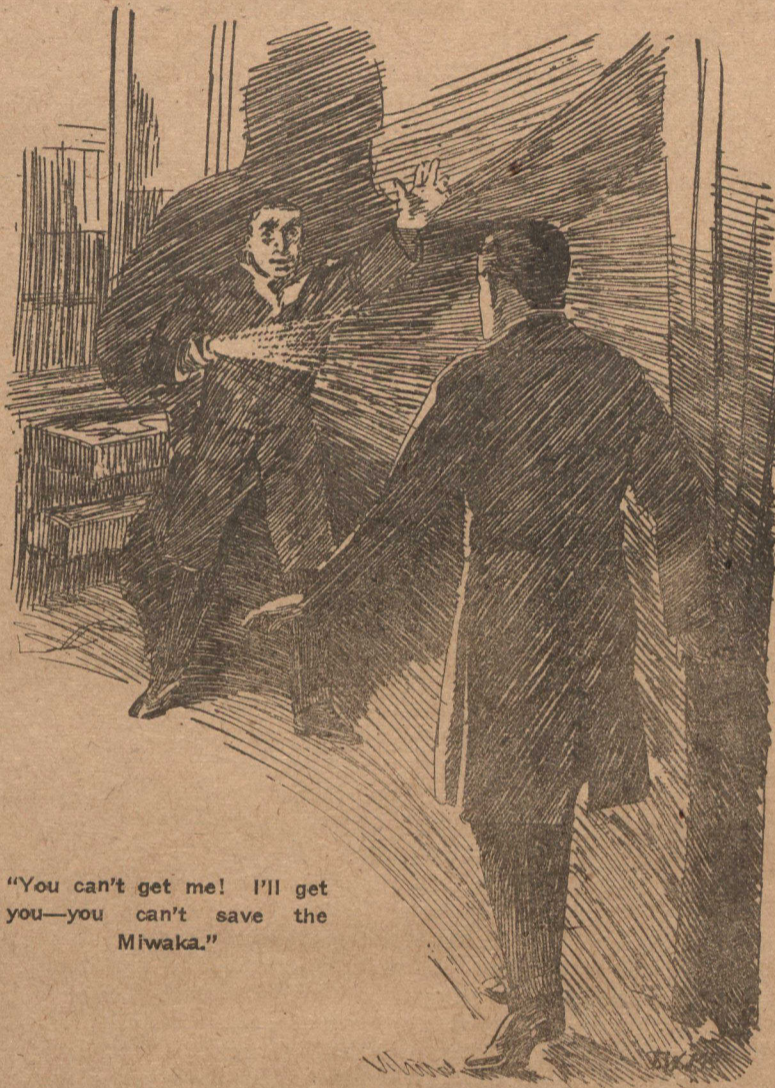
"I'm sorry," she said to him, "that we can't be home to-night; but perhaps you would rather be alone?"

He did not answer that.

"Have you a picture here, Miss Sherrill, of—my father?" he asked

"Uncle Benny had had very few pictures taken; but there is one here."

She went into the study, and came back with a book open at a half-tone picture of Benjamin Corvet. Alan took it from her and carried it quickly closer to the light. The face that looked up to him from the heavily glazed page was regular of feature, handsome in a way, and forceful. There were imagination and vigor of thought in the broad, smooth forehead; the eyes were strangely moody and brooding; the mouth was gentle, rather kindly; it was a queerly impelling, haunting face. This was his father! But, as Alan held the picture, gazing down upon it, the only emotion which came to him was realization that he felt none. He had not expected to know his father from strangers on the street; but he had expected, when told that his father was before him, to feel through and through him the call of a com-



"You can't get me! I'll get you—you can't save the Miwaka."

mon blood. Now, except for consternation at his own lack of feeling, he had no emotion of any sort; he could not attach to this man, because he bore the name which some one had told him was his father's, the passions which, when dreaming of his father, he had felt.

As he looked up from the picture to the girl who had given it to him, startled at himself and believing she must think his lack of feeling strange and unnatural, he surprised her gazing at him with wetness in her eyes. He fancied at first it must be for his father, and that the picture had brought back poignantly her fears. But she was not looking at the picture, but at him; and when his eyes met hers, she quickly turned away.

His own eyes filled, and he choked. He wanted to thank her for her manner to him in the afternoon, for defending his father and him, as she had at the dinner table, and now for this unplanned, impulsive sympathy when she saw how he had not been able to feel for this man who was his father and how he was dismayed by it. But he could not put his gratitude in words.

A servant's voice came from the door, startling him.

"Mrs. Sherrill wishes you told she is waiting, Miss Sherrill."

"I'll be there at once." Constance, also, seemed startled and confused; but she delayed and looked back to Alan.

"If—if we fail to find your father," she said, "I

want to tell you what a man he was."

"Will you?" Alan asked. "Will you?"

She left him swiftly, and he heard her mother's voice in the hall. A motor door closed sharply, after a minute or so; then the house door closed. Alan stood still a moment longer, then, remembering the book which he held, he drew a chair up to the light, and read the short, dry biography of his father printed on the page opposite the portrait. It summarized in a few hundred words his father's life. He turned to the cover of the book and read its title, "Year Book of the Great Lakes," and a date of five years before; then he looked through it. It consisted in large part, he saw, merely of lists of ships, their kind, their size, the date when they were built, and their owners. Under this last head he saw some score of times the name, "Corvet, Sherrill and Spearman." There was a separate list of engines and boilers, and when they had been built and by whom. There was a chronological table of events during the year upon the lakes. Then he came to a part headed "Disasters of the Year," and he read some of them; they were short accounts, drily and unfeelingly put, but his blood thrilled to these stories of drowning, freezing, blinded men struggling against storm and ice and water, and conquering or being conquered by them. Then he came to his father's picture and biography once more and, with it, to pictures of other lakemen and their biographies. He turned to the index and looked for Sherrill's name, and then Spearman's; finding they were not in the book, he read some of the other ones.

THERE was a strange similarity, he found, in these biographies, among themselves as well as to that of his father. These men had had, the most of them, no tradition of seamanship, such as Sherrill had told him he himself had had. They had been sons of lumbermen, of farmers, of mill hands, miners, or fishermen. They had been very young for the most part, when they had heard and answered the call of the lakes—the ever-swelling, fierce demand of lumber, grain, and ore for outlet; and they had lived hard; life had been violent, and raw, and brutal to them. They had sailed ships, and built ships, and owned and lost them; they had fought against nature and against man to keep their ships, and to make them profitable, and to get more of them. In the end a few, a very few comparatively, had survived; by daring, by enterprise, by taking great chances, they had thrust their heads above those of their fellows; they had come

to own a half dozen, a dozen, perhaps a score of bottoms, and to have incomes of fifty, of a hundred, of two hundred thousand dollars a year.

Alan shut the book and sat thoughtful. He felt strongly the immensity, the power, the grandeur of all this; but he felt also its violence and its fierceness. What might there not have been in the life of his father who had fought up and made a way for himself through such things?

The tall clock in the hall struck nine. He got up and went out into the hall and asked for his hat and coat. When they had been brought him, he put them on and went out.

The snow had stopped some time before; a strong and increasing wind had sprung up, which Alan, with knowledge of the wind across his prairies, recognized as an aftermath of the greater storm that had produced it; for now the wind was from the opposite direction—from the west. He could see from the Sherrill's door-step, when he looked toward the lighthouse at the harbor mouth winking red, white, red, white, at him, that this offshore wind was causing some new commotion and upheaval among the ice-floes; they groaned and labored and fought against the opposing pressure of the waves, under its urging.

He went down the steps and to the corner and turned west to Astor Street. When he reached the house of his father, he stopped under a street-lamp, looking up at the big, stern old mansion questioningly. It had taken on a different look for him since he had heard Sherrill's account of his father;

there was an appeal to him that made his throat grow tight, in its look of being unoccupied, in the blank stare of its unlighted windows which contrasted with the lighted windows in the houses on both sides, and in the slight evidences of disrepair about it. He waited many minutes, his hand upon the key in his pocket; yet he could not go in, but instead walked on down the street, his thoughts and feelings in a turmoil.

He could not call up any sense that the house was his, any more than he had been able to when Sherrill had told him of it. He own a house on that street! Yet was that in itself any more remarkable than that he should be the guest, the friend of such people as the Sherrills? No one as yet, since Sherrill had told him he was Corvet's son, had called him by name; when they did, what would they call him? Alan Conrad still? Or Alan Corvet?

He noticed, up a street to the west, the lighted sign of a drug store and turned up that way; he had promised, he had recollected now, to write to . . . those in Kansas—he could not call them "father" and "mother" any more—and tell them what he had discovered as soon as he arrived. He could not tell them that, but he could write them at least that he had arrived safely and was well. He bought a post-card in the drug store, and wrote just, "Arrived safely; am well" to John Welton in Kansas. There was a little vending machine upon the counter, and he dropped in a penny and got a box of matches and put them in his pocket.

He mailed the card and turned back to Astor Street; and he walked more swiftly now, having come to his decision, and only shot one quick look up at the house as he approached it. With what had his father shut himself up within that house for twenty years? And was it there still? And was it from that that Benjamin Corvet had fled? He saw no one in the street, and was certain no one was observing him as, taking the key from his pocket, he ran up the steps and unlocked the outer door. Holding this door open to get the light from the street lamp, he fitted the key into the inner door; then he closed the outer door. For fully a minute, with fast beating heart and a sense of expectation of he knew not what, he kept his hand upon the key before he turned it; then he opened the door and stepped into the dark and silent house.

CHAPTER V.

An Encounter.

ALAN, standing in the darkness of the hall, felt in his pocket for his matches and struck one on the box. The light showed the hall in front of him, reaching back into some vague, distant darkness, and great rooms with wide portiered doorways gaping on both sides. He turned into the room upon his right, glanced to see that the shades were drawn on the windows toward the street, then found the switch and turned on the electric light.

As he looked around, he fought against his excitement and feeling of expectancy; it was—he told himself—after all, merely a vacant house, though bigger and more expensively furnished than any he ever had been in except the Sherrills; and Sherrill's statement to him had implied that anything there might be in it which could give the reason for his father's disappearance would be probably only a paper, a record of some kind. It was unlikely that a thing so easily concealed as that could be found by him on his first examination of the place; what he had come here for now—he tried to make himself believe—was merely to obtain whatever other information it could give him about his father and the way his father had lived, before Sherrill and he had any other conversation.

Alan had not noticed, when he stepped into the hall in the morning, whether the house then had been heated; now he appreciated that it was quite cold and, probably, had been cold for the three days since his father had gone, and his servant had left to look for him. Coming from the street, it was not the chilliness of the house he felt, but the stillness of the dead air; when a house is heated, there is always some motion of the air, but this air was stagnant. Alan had dropped his hat on a chair in the hall; he unbuttoned his overcoat, but kept it on, and stuffed his gloves into his pocket.

A light in a single room, he thought, would not excite curiosity or attract attention from the neighbors or any one passing in the street; but lights in more than one room might do that. He resolved to turn off the light in each room as he left it, before lighting the next one.

It had been a pleasant as well as a handsome house, if he could judge by the little of it he could see, before the change had come over his father. The rooms were large with high ceilings. The one where he stood, obviously was a library; bookshelves reached three quarters of the way to the ceiling on three of its walls except where they were broken in two places by doorways, and in one place on the south wall by an open fireplace. There was a big library table-desk in the centre of the room, and a stand with a shaded lamp upon it nearer the fireplace. A leather-cushioned Morris chair—a lonely, meditative-looking chair—was by the stand and at an angle toward the hearth; the rug in front of it was quite worn through and showed the floor underneath. A sympathy toward his father, which Sherrill had not been able to make him feel, came to Alan as he reflected how many days and nights Benjamin Corvet must have passed reading or thinking in that chair before his restless feet could have worn away the tough, Oriental fabric of the rug.

THERE were several magazines on the top of the large desk, some unwrapped, some still in their wrappers; Alan glanced at them and saw that they all related to technical and scientific subjects. The desk evidently had been much used and had many drawers; Alan pulled one open and saw that it was full of papers; but his sensation as he touched the top one made him shut the drawer again and postpone prying of that sort until he had looked more thoroughly about the house.

He went to the door of the connecting room and looked into it. This room, dusky in spite of the light which shone past him through the wide doorway, was evidently another library; or rather it appeared to have been the original library, and the front room had been converted into a library to supplement it. The book-cases here were built so high that a little ladder on wheels was required for access to the top shelves. Alan located the light switch in the room; then he returned, switched off the light in the front room, crossed in the darkness into the second room, and pressed the switch.

A weird, uncanny, half wail, half moan, coming from the upper hall, suddenly filled the house. Its unexpectedness and the nature of the sound stirred the hair upon his head, and he started back; then he pressed the switch again, and the noise stopped. He lighted another match, found the right switch, and turned on the light. Only after discovering two long tiers of white and black keys against the north wall did Alan understand that the switch must control the motor working the bellows of an organ which had pipes in the upper hall; it was the sort of organ that can be played either with fingers or by means of a paper roll; a book of music had fallen upon the keys, so that one was pressed down, causing the note to sound when the bellows pumped.

But having accounted for the sound did not immediately end the start that it had given Alan. He had the feeling which so often comes to one in an unfamiliar and vacant house that there was some one in the house with him. He listened and seemed to hear another sound in the upper hall, a footstep. He went out quickly to the foot of the stairs and looked up them.

"Is any one here?" he called. "Is any one here?"

His voice brought no response. He went half way up the curve of the wide stairway, and called again, and listened; then he fought down the feeling he had had; Sherrill had said there would be no one in the house, and Alan was certain there was no one. So he went back to the room where he had left the light.

The centre of this room, like the room next to it, was occupied by a library table-desk. He pulled open some of the drawers in it; one or two had blue prints and technical drawings in them; the others had only the miscellany which accumulates in a room much used. There were drawers also under the bookcases all around the room; they appeared, when Alan opened some of them, to contain pamph-

lets of various societies, and the scientific correspondence of which Sherrill had told him. He looked over the titles of some of the books on the shelves—a multitude of subjects, anthropology, exploration, deep-sea fishing, ship-building, astronomy. The books in each section of the shelves seemed to correspond in subject with the pamphlets and correspondence in the drawer beneath, and these, by their dates, to divide themselves into different periods during the twenty years that Benjamin Corvet had lived alone here.

Alan felt that seeing these things was bringing his father closer to him; they gave him a little of the feeling he had been unable to get when he looked at his father's picture. He could realize better now the lonely, restless man, pursued by some ghost he could not kill, taking up for distraction one subject of study after another, exhausting each in turn, until he could no longer make it engross him, and then absorbing himself in the next.

These two rooms evidently had been the ones most used by his father; the other rooms on this floor, as Alan went into them one by one, he found spoke far less intimately of Benjamin Corvet. A dining-room was in the front of the house to the north side of the hall; a service room opened from it, and on the other side of the service room was what appeared to be a smaller dining-room. The service room communicated both by dumb waiter and stairway with rooms below; Alan went down the stairway only far enough to see that the rooms below were servants' quarters; then he came back, turned out the light on the first floor, struck another match, and went up the stairs to the second story.

The rooms opening on to the upper hall, it was plain to him, though their doors were closed, were mostly bed-rooms. He put his hand at hazard on the nearest door and opened it. As he caught the taste and smell of the air in the room—heavy, colder, and deader even than the air in the rest of the house—he hesitated; then with his match he found the light switch.

The room and the next one which communicated with it evidently were—or had been—a woman's bedroom and boudoir. The hangings, which were still swaying from the opening of the door, had taken permanently the folds in which they had hung for many years; there were the scores of long-time idleness, not of use, in the rugs and upholstery of the chairs. The bed, however, was freshly made up, as though the bed clothing had been changed occasionally. Alan went through the bedroom to the door of the boudoir, and saw that that, too, had the same look of unoccupancy and disuse. On the low dressing table were scattered such articles as a woman starting on a journey might think it not worth while to take with her. There was no doubt that these were the rooms of his father's wife.

HAD his father preserved them thus, as she had left them, in the hope that she might come back, permitting himself to fix no time when he abandoned that hope, or even to change them after he had learned that she was dead? Alan thought not; Sherrill had said that Corvet had known from the first that his separation from his wife was permanent. The bed made up, the other things neglected, and evidently looked after or dusted only at long separated periods, looked more as though Corvet had shrunk from seeing them or even thinking of them, and had left them to be looked after wholly by the servant, without ever being able to bring himself to give instructions that they should be changed. Alan felt that he would not be surprised to learn that his father never had entered these ghostlike rooms since the day his wife had left him.

On the top of a chest of high drawers in a corner near the dressing table were some papers, Alan went over to look at them; they were invitations, notices of concerts and of plays twenty years old—the mail, probably, of the morning she had gone away, left where her maid or she herself had laid them, and only picked up and put back there at the times since when the room was dusted. As Alan touched them, he saw that his fingers left marks in the dust on the smooth top of the chest; he noticed that some one else had touched the things and made marks of the same sort as he had

(Continued on page 24.)

In National Union Let There Be Unity

By THE EDITOR

OF all times in the history of a world that seems to be swayed by opinion as much as by gravitation or chemistry, now is the time when we are in need of absolute sanity and fair-mindedness. For three years and more the world has been torn with insanity—in the form of war. For many years or centuries—heaven alone knows how many—the world was swung by insanity in other forms. We believe that war which in most of its manifestations is the most obvious form of insanity ever known, cannot continue much longer along right lines unless as much of the world as possible keeps its head. This is not to say that the war will be over soon, or that it will be of much longer duration. That no one can forecast.

But whether long or short the war, it is time we all allowed ourselves to see through the fogs of camouflage and to be able to judge the significance of what happens. The things that happen are violently unusual. The minds of people who are not engaged in actual fighting, should be sane. We need sanity both at home and abroad. It is because Russia has thrown overboard most of what sanity she had and has temporarily gone over to the Bolsheviki form of insanity, that Russia is in such a parlous condition. We do not expect a normal world for a long while to come. When the war is over, the world will be far from normal. In fact the day that hostilities cease will seem to most of us such an unbelievable day that we shall need to pinch ourselves to make sure we are not all dreaming.

War and hate, and violence and truth warped all ways, have been the rule so long that we are in a state of war nerves. We shall have difficulty in shaping our minds to a peace world. All that now is, in business, in Government, in politics, in industry, in finance, in social life, in education, in matters of the home, will be suddenly changed. It will need a world of sanity to adjust ourselves to the change. Sudden as the war was when it sprang upon the world, much as it flung all the machinery of civilization into a chaos, the stoppage of war will be a process much more violent. We have accustomed ourselves to

think in terms of war. We shall have great difficulty in pulling ourselves together to think in terms of peace. It will be like a blow on the head to look in the newspapers every morning and see that the leading brains of the world are engaged in the business of making terms of peace instead of the business of ruining the whole world by war. Living as we are now by the momentum of war, we shall find ourselves bewildered when we have to depend upon what we used to consider the normal condition of peace.

For there is in this war no appeal to the gallery. There is no gallery. Practically the whole world has made a supreme business of war. The only appeal to decision or reason left is the inherent sanity of mankind. And we need all of that in constant use for the business of estimating even the war. In a sense there is nothing new about the war. There are no revelations to make comparable to those we have already experienced. We are looking for peace, not knowing how we should be able to live by peace when it comes.

That is true nationally, as well as universally. Canada is on the verge of a new era of nationhood. In a few weeks the first Parliament assembled under the banner of a Union Government, since Confederation, will be in session at Ottawa. Let us hope that unity will be the keynote of that assemblage of Union. Union without Unity will be a farce. Unity can be disrupted from any quarter. Of all times and places when national sanity is in evidence, let it be in this Union-Government Parliament of Canada, assembled for the business of carrying on the war to a righteous conclusion. Let us see to it that having put our house politically in order we do not allow it to go nationally into confusion. Canada is a nation. Let us have the sanity and the unity of a nation. And let us not forget that the war which divides the world, should also unite nations. Let us not admit that Germany is the best-united country in the world, or that Germany is able to bolster up her own unity by creating dissension and discord in the countries governed by what we call democracy.

OPINIONS OF OTHER PEOPLE

Be Fair to Quebec

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 27, 1917.

Editor Canadian Courier:

"'Taint no difference if he is a houn'—
You got to quit kicking my dawg aroun'."

That's precisely how I view the Quebec situation, and since I am neither French nor Catholic, no one can accuse me of being predisposed in sympathy with the Quebecois. But I think it's time to let up on the altogether overdone and carried-too-far French-baiting that a certain class of Ontario newspapers have indulged during the last three years and more of war.

And so, when M'sieu Francoeur politely gives notice of motion in the Quebec Legislature that he will bring in at a certain date a resolution delicately intimating that if the English-speaking Provinces of Canada regard Quebec as a thorn in their side, Quebec is perfectly willing to refrain from longer obtruding her unwelcome presence in their midst, it makes me think hard and then some to see an editorial in the Government's favorite party organ, the London Free Press, conclude thusly:

"Quebec should realize as the result of the Dominion election that the people of Canada are not in any mood to be trifled with."

And this from blue-stockinged, culturistic little London, which calls itself the Boston of Canada! I gasp to think what the editorial writers of the Toronto Telegram and the Orange Sentinel are writing.

Maybe the French-Canadians are slackers, traitors, degenerate sons of degenerate Frenchmen and Indian squaws—I've read all this in Ontario and American newspapers, and it's startling interest, I'm not well enough up on history to take issue with—but aren't we ever goin to give Quebec a rest? Isn't there anybody else's dog we can kick around for a change?

"La Presse" in its issue for December 24, in a symposium of different views on the question raised by M. Francoeur's motion, generously gives a place of prominence to Mr. P. B. Mignault, C.R., who frankly declares himself opposed to the proposal, as unfeasible and inadvisable.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in this Department.

The Montreal Star, after slurring M. Francoeur for his "impertinent resolution" as "a member from a rural county," says it "ought not to be taken more seriously than the declarations of a politician of the same type in Ontario."

There's just the trouble. Not reflecting at all upon M. Francoeur, but having in mind the Ontario type of politician with whom The Star would compare him, fairly or unfairly, isn't it rather true that the narrow, least-cultured and small-seeing of the politicians, demagogues, preachers, editors and busy-bodies have had altogether too much space and attention in the English press of Canada?

The Quebecois, judging by the careful and balanced wording of M. Francoeur's resolution, have at least a sense of delicacy or finesse, something that the French-Baiters in Ontario are entirely lacking in.

The first demands for conscription in Canada were made by women's organizations of the ultra-imperialistic type, clergymen exempt by their profession from fighting, and retired colonels who had enjoyed comfortable livings in times of peace, and were too safely past the age limit to be expected to fight now. Alack, for a sense of the simple fitness or unfitness of things!

It's a dead worm that never turns under repeated trampling, and the French race in Canada has got about all that's coming to it at the hands of the Orange fire-eaters and political make-shift opportunists. There were straight Laurier votes in many Ontario constituencies that would have carried the day under normal conditions and a normal franchise. In many places the Liberal candidates went down to defeat, although polling larger votes than Liberal candidates ever did before in those ridings. If the Quebecois are traitors to be conscripted or forced in or out of Confederation at the point of the bayonet as some editorial writers and speakers make no

bones about saying, why, then, there are a very great number of traitors in good old Ontario.

VERNE DEWITT ROWELL.

Canadian Piano-Makers

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 20, 1917.

Dear Sir,—As a regular reader of your paper I was deeply interested in an article in the music column regarding the export of Canadian pianos to England. You made the statement that Canada was better equipped for such trade than the United States. Right there I beg to differ with you for various reasons, namely, Canadian makers import all their wire from the United States, and, of course, pay duty on it; also the felt for hammers, felt for the touch; veneer for the cases; castors to stand the piano on, and other materials, too numerous to mention.

It is only in recent years that a first-class action has been manufactured in Canada; and a great part of the material used therein is imported from the U. S. The Canadian maker is very conservative; in other words, he is not satisfied with a big turnover at a small profit, but wants a small turnover at enormous dividends. Let me give you an example.

A Chicago house, known as the Rothschild Co., sell a piano from factory to home for \$190, no payment down, no interest, no extras, on 30 days' free trial. If you like the piano, keep and take three years to pay for it. This piano has a full-iron plate bushed tuning pins, copper-covered bass strings, brass flange action, and is equal to any piano made in Canada at \$325 to \$375. I have seen the piano, also tuned it, and know whereof I speak. Now the average English family has not been in the habit of paying Canadian prices for their pianos; and I think the U. S. would be in a far better position to capture the trade you speak of when the Canadian makers change their system.

CANADIAN PIANO-TUNER OF 17 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

THE POWER OF A DREAM

A Further Instalment in What Happened to Hoag

A STRUGGLE between two Principles expressed by two Opposite Personalities. Hoag is an Agent of the Unseen, a believer in what some people call psychics---which he did not pretend to understand. Henry Markham is an Agent of the Hidden Hand, a believer in an Earthly Force whose power has a right to make him a slave.

Hoag is offered a large salary by Henry Markham to be a spiritual spy among Markham iron-workers. He refuses. He became labor reporter on the Clarion, an organ of the working-men, and Saturday editor of a psychic and socialistic column entitled "Other Worlds Than Ours." Markham discovers a new iron mine in the north and carries out a new cycle of

iron and steel industries. He is a man of tremendous ambition and tireless energy, a shrewd manipulator of men, and a man of industrial vision. Part of his scheme is marriage to Helen Munro, life-long friend of Martin Hoag. The lean shadow-man, absorbed in psychics, in democracy of the imagination, in dreams, in moving pictures, sets himself the task of circumventing Markham, who uses newspapers, philanthropy, politics, business---everything to gain his purpose. The part of the story comprised in this issue contains twelve pictures in words, some of them illustrated, after the manner of the screen. You can trace the Power of a Dream instalment if you have read this brief summary.

By THOMAS TOPLEY

MRS. BARTOP became obsessed with secret strange ideas concerning Mr. Hoag. The stairs that creaked so loudly to other lodgers, the landing whose pine boards were warped under the carpet and persistently sounded like a trombone whenever she stepped on them---none of these ever made a sound for Mr. Hoag. The front door which always opened with a thud because it stuck a bit at the top, slid open to his touch as secretly as a bud opens in April. His latch key never rattled. Even the hinges of his own door which she slyly doused with water to rust them a bit so that she might hear them squeak when he came in, never made a sound as he entered.

"I do declare," she said to herself as she made his bed, "it seems as though a ghost had rumbled these sheets, and never a man. He's worse nor any Raffles. He's that slow, and that quick, and that sly and soople, and he's always slow when I think he's going to be quick, that a body never knows how to catch him at all."

But she never spoke to him about himself now. Some weird glint in his eyes forbade her. She remembered his casual talks to her about soul and body; and she read all those things in Other Worlds in the Clarion. Oh how she read them! Besides of all mortals she was favored by Mr. Hoag in being told many of his dreams the morning after. Mrs. Bartop, prying body as she was, could not be blamed that she came to think Mr. Hoag was some new combination of clairvoyant, housebreaker, levitationist, sleight-of-handist, dream-man, sleep-walker, and all the rest of the disembodied and crafty lingo she ever had heard about.

"I know he's been asleep," she concluded, "because he has them packs o' dreams he tells me about. But I don't know why he bothers about sleepin' at all."

WHEN Helen Munro left the office for good, preliminary to her approaching marriage, Markham persuaded her to live with his sister, Madame Markham-Malone, at Cragtop, Rosemount Road.

"I'd rather not, Henry," she said.

"But it's necessary, and more agreeable."

"Tell me why?"

He avoided an answer.

"Don't imagine I shall try to see---"

"I imagine nothing. My sister offers you a home. She will help you design the decorations for the new house---"

"Oh, yes, I know all that, Henry."

"Well, where's the obstacle? Gretchen is a charming and immensely clever woman. She has a beautiful home where you can meet many of the people with whom you will associate after we're married. Excuse me if I insist. And you really have no arguments against it."

She yielded, against her own judgment. But

out of the office she was no longer conscious of the influence she had helping to manage Markham affairs. Markham's Consolidated was different from Markham's, Ltd. Her business now was to prepare for becoming the wife of Henry Markham.

It was a strange thing for a business.

Why was it---such a business?

Who was making it so?

Besides---she mistrusted Madame Markham-Malone.

CUNNING thing, Mrs. Bartop---conceived the idea of really testing out Mr. Hoag's powers of divination. Probably she over-estimated that. Hoag had never posed as a diviner; in fact he had been sceptical of some cabinet tricks and seances. But Mrs. Bartop having listened to his talks, having him on her hands, liking the spook as she said, was unwilling to limit his powers to anything less than a miracle.

One evening when for a wonder Hoag came home early, she began to fluster herself in the hallway.

"I do declare," she said. "For the first time since I've had them these twenty years I can't lay me hands on me common scissors. And I've got a job that needs them this very evening."

Mrs. Bartop's lamentations over lost articles usually extended from garret to cellar. Never she lost a thimble but most of the lodgers knew about it. This one she naively confided to Mr. Hoag, as though perhaps---

"Now I'm sure ye can locate them scissors, Mr.

Hoag," she said persuadingly. "Whisht now---have a try."

Agreeably she did not flap her apron at him. "Madam," he said with a cool smile, "I am not a human magnet. Where had you them last?"

Such a commonplace question! But to oblige her Mr. Hoag overturned and rummaged up every cushion, every cranny, every corner in the two rooms in front of the kitchen---just as she had done, and with no better result.

"Sorry," he concluded. "I can't find them. Oh, no doubt they will turn up."

But the scissors did not turn up. Mrs. Bartop, still hoping that Mr. Hoag would have a sudden inspiration and come down to find the scissors---where she had hidden them---went to bed.

But not to sleep. She found herself wondering if she had put her mind into the right condition for thought-transference. Indeed she had been thinking the exact spot where those scissors were every moment he had been searching; she had been saying to herself cold, warm, hot, and so on, every turn he made. She could think of nothing more. Poor man! He also might be staying awake, worrying. She decided---it was then past one o'clock and the house as still as a grave---that she would go down and move the scissors.

Never a sound from his room above.

The house was terrifyingly still.

Mrs. Bartop never liked prowling.

She felt nervous; too nervous to turn on a light for fear she might see something unpleasant. And when she came to the bottom of the stairs where the turn was to the cellar below, she crouched near the cellar door listening. The longer so, the more scared she got. She felt herself crizzling up in her dressing-gown.

Whisht! Now what was this?

Not a creak on the stairs, but in the glimmer oozing in from the street Mrs. Bartop beheld as plain as could be, the spectral form of Mr. Hoag in his dressing gown pass along the hall, out to the kitchen without a sound---and she crouched on the floor to listen. Merciful goodness! The spook went straight through the kitchen without touching a chair or a table or a stove; straight to the kitchen clock which she knew he had opened because the tick-tock was suddenly louder---then muffled again.

Here he came back. He stopped in front of her.

"Mrs. Bartop," he said---his voice just froze her blood---"here are your scissors. I'm sorry I was so long finding them. I hope you get the work done you wanted to this evening---before you go to bed."

He passed along. A sudden inspiration clambered all over Mrs. Bartop. She rushed to the hall light and pulled on the gas. The light flared full on her lodger's face.

His eyes were somehow---open. But they were as sightless as marbles. Hoag was walking in his sleep.



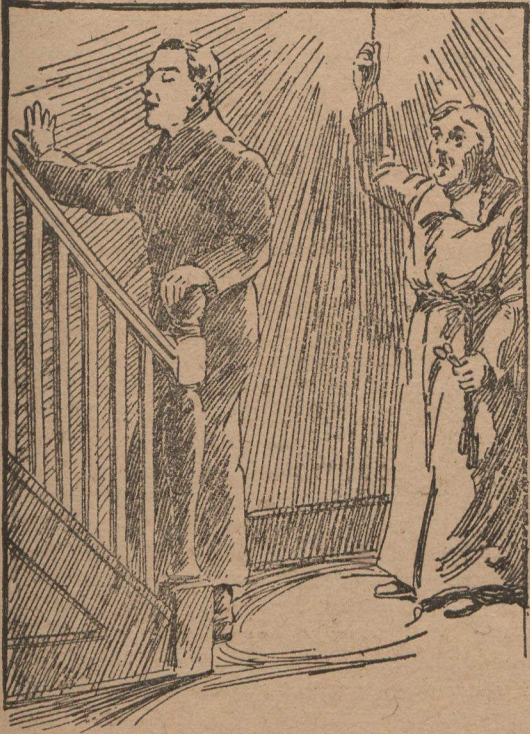
Markham persuades Helen Munro to go under the tutelage of his clever sister.

FOR three weeks in the Saturday Clarion Hoag wrote of nothing but dreams. Most of his own dreams he made a practice of telling to Mrs. Bartop—whenever they were thoroughly respectable, and sometimes they were not. He found it easier to talk them than to write them. He made notes of them all, but it was impossible to give a vivid dream, a dream that had more reality than anything in waking experience, its real value without somehow acting and talking it over again. Mere written words were cold. For the benefit of correspondents who wanted him to explain how dreams came to be such a part of human life, he wrote down the various theories such as:

Imagination set free when common will power is asleep;

The real ego liberated when muscles, etc., were at rest;

The brain-cell theory whereby an image regis-



Mrs. Bartop discovers Hoag walking in his sleep.

tered on one cell becomes associated with a totally different one contained in another cell, often producing burlesques;

The supposed influence of the stomach acting on the pneumo-gastric nerves and that again on the cerebellum and the brain;

The mixture of an idea actively in the mind when going to sleep with one registered years and years before, producing romances and adventures and interviews with all sorts of strange people;

The peculiar recurrence of one type of dream such as one's teeth periodically coming out, the boat that voyages in shallow water, or on dry land, the body that swims asleep when it never can awake, the power to vault over high walls and to run like the wind, etc.—all these and many more had been recurrent dreams in his own case;

The phenomena of talking in sleep; of carrying on sleep-conversation with another person awake; of singing in sleep;

The singular and yet commonplace phenomenon in the body actually rising to do things in sleep, making a bed, sleep-walking, dressing; the well-known case of the man who got up, dressed himself and went out and swam a river while he was asleep—when awake he could not swim a stroke.

All these were to him interesting but never convincing. They were but disjointed examples of the one superb realism of the dream world, concerning which he had intimations that he could not reduce to writing, or even to speech.

The Grand Democracy of Dreams, he called it. Because in dreams there were no barriers in caste, in society, in wealth, in knowledge or ignorance, in physical power, in disease.

And after all he secretly believed that the brain might some time under certain conditions control dreams. But only when the body and the soul were in perfect harmony.

"Why," he asked once, "does the child fight sleep when the adult longs for it? Because, perhaps, the child finds himself in a much more wonderful world awake than the spirit world from which he has come; while the man of experience weary of actual life and objects and routine yearns to get back to that dream world. I say—perhaps. But who knows?"

IN all these things Hoag felt himself groping towards knowledge and action. He realized that his dreams and all the intimations he had of the spirit world that hovers round and about men when they are awake, as well as when they are dead or asleep, were all sent to him for a purpose. That one immediate purpose was the overthrow of the enormous and growing power of Henry Markham. This man he knew secretly, without being able to prove it, was a criminal against the commonwealth of Canada, in business, in society, in politics. The wedding for the big house on Rosemount Road would, as he expected, be the biggest show of its kind ever staged in that set. Helen Munro expected this, even when as he knew there were times when she shrank from it. One and but one, pen-and-ink intimation he got of this. It was a letter from Helen written soon after she had removed to Madam Markham-Malone's on Rosemount Road:

Dear Friend:

I shall not be writing to you again. As you know my marriage is all arranged, except the date. The house is almost finished. It is a wonderful place. But you are never to see it except from the outside. I am not complaining of this. You chose to put yourself outside the pale of Markham interests by refusing to work for Mr. Markham. I am sure you had what you call a good reason, even though I think you were wrong. You have your own world, and I am sure it must be to you very wonderful. But my knowledge of you in that world must be very limited. I do not wish you success, because I know how little you value that. At the same time success is what the world expects from all of us. The best we can hope for ourselves and for one another is that success may not spoil us. I know you are working for the good of other people more than for your own happiness or comfort; that you have chosen poverty and human lonesomeness where you might have had comparative wealth and the entree to what we call society—if that means anything to you, and I am afraid it does not.

But please bear in mind that none of us are living absolutely selfish lives. I don't expect to. I mustn't. Only it's so hard to keep from being selfish when one has money, social position and great influence to command. I have always been a hard worker as you know. I must continue to work. I shall find plenty to do outside of myself. Mr. Markham has such a vast number of interests outside of his business. He expects me to look after many of them. The best I can wish is that I could sometimes have the benefit of—oh, some quiet talk with you, or some one like you; because you have mastered the principle of serving other people without expecting any reward or equivalent. But this letter must be the last of our correspondence. You must not answer it. Good-bye. Wish me well, old friend. I shall always need it.

Helen Munro.

HOAG visualized that letter. He looked beyond it to the image of the woman as she wrote it. The undertone of sadness in it he felt but not for himself. That he should not in all probability ever talk to her, perhaps see her again, made no sadness in himself. He had chosen his way of living. Markham might marry her. She would still be more his than Markham's so long as she remained true to the best in her own life. No moneyed magnate could dominate her spiritual life so long as she kept herself free.

But how could she? Money and all the things it meant had the great power. What her body did her soul must agree to. How could she marry and work for Markham while belonging spiritually to another world?

Hoag could not answer that. But he could see in scores of lives a fragmentary answer. He could see it in the divorce courts; in plays; in society; in all the activities that had to do with people who felt themselves bound wrongly by some one act or set of circumstances.

He preferred not to see Helen Munro in the body. He believed that the moment he came within the zone of her physical vibrations the power

he was dreaming about would be gone from him. Her image was all; her presence; her phantom; all that Ezra Poundem, editor, would scoff at. Hoag so accustomed himself to visualizing Helen that she became the only living soul whose image he could instantly command in all its lineaments under any circumstances, no matter where, as perfectly as though the body of the woman were dead or asleep.

"Why," he asked, "should what we call death be the greatest focus we have of the spirit life and its emotions? Why should a mother looking at the lock of hair from her dead son or the silent photograph of him, feel him a million times more vividly than ever she did in his life?"

Helen Munro might not be conscious of the liberties he was taking with her image. But unless he took them he never could hope to carry out his spirit-method of downfalling the man who assumed that he possessed, dominated, personally



Editor Poundem and Hoag have a confab on psychics.

directed this woman as part of his nefarious, underground scheme with all its splendid visionary qualities. Markham had stolen Helen Munro materially. Hoag would spiritually steal her back. At first he only would know this. But in time—perhaps she also would know it. When?

He could not tell.

POUNDEM, the editor, was one of Hoag's worst discouragements. He valued the "psychic stuff" only because it made popular reading for people who never could prove it was wrong. He had no faith in it himself. Privately he considered Hoag as a sort of lunatic whose lunacy he could commercialize. Hoag knew it. Poundem was a middling fat man who ate a good deal, drank whisky, smoked and chewed gum and played poker. Altogether a good sort; but determined not to be buncoed by any influence he could not understand.

One afternoon just after the paper had gone to press and before the press began to run, Poundem banged into Hoag's office with the emphasis of a freight train. His thick fingers and noisy tongue usually threw Hoag off the track. He noticed a couple of big new doctor books on Hoag's desk.

"Anatomy—Physiology, hmph! Hope they're paid for. But what in the name of Psyche—?"

"The pictures are really not fit for my landlady to pry into, so I keep them here," explained Hoag. "But the doctor books of the future will begin where these leave off. There's not a word here about anything you can't weigh or measure or talk about in molecules and atoms."

Hoag showed him the various physical presentations that the human being is supposed to make to the eye of science:

The skin or integument containing the shape of the body;

The muscles, almost coextensive with the skin;
The viscera containing all the vital organs;
The skeleton on which it was all built;—
“Yah!” gum-chewed Poundem. “And the other’s
the nervous system. After that the aura or some
darned thing, eh?”

“The nervous system containing also the brain,”
went on Hoag calmly. “And the puzzle about it
is that the part which is supposed to be connected



“I want Hoag eliminated from my sphere of
influence.”

with thought, feeling, will, moral ideas, imagina-
tion, all the mysteries that link a man up with the
unseen is a thing that science can weigh in ounces
and compute in number of brain cells.”

“Why don’t you go into a college, Hoag? You’d
shine in a lab.”

“No college in Canada would take any stock in
my ideas. But the day may come —”

“Tell me,” he broke off, “why everything the
doctor books tell you about anatomy can be found
in a man asleep when the man himself is off in a
dream, heaven knows where?”

“Search me. I’m no theosophical society.”

“When a man gets a blow on the head that
makes him unconscious, where does the man’s
soul go for the time being—if a soul has any-
thing to do with individual consciousness?”

“Damnno,” said the editor.

“When a hypnotist gets a man to a certain
stage, the patient can’t feel even hot pins jabbed
into him. Why?”

Poundem began to wriggle.

“At another stage the patient becomes a clair-
voyant—”

Hoag saw the editor’s lips bulge like a pouch.

“What I’m trying to get at,” he went on, “is
that in many cases the soul—whatever it is—
seems to act independent of the body.”

“Oh, call it the fourth dimension,” grinned
Poundem.

“Compare that with the moving picture,” per-
sisted Hoag in his determination to hitch Poundem
up, even though he failed to convince him. “Don’t
you ever feel yourself startled by the fact that a
moving picture of a man is more like him than
he is like himself?”

“Impossible!” exploded Poundem.

“No such thing,” retorted Hoag. “And yet
there may be a hundred phantoms of one man
on a hundred different screens at the same
time—”

Poundem snapped his watch and asked why
in blazes the press hadn’t started to run.

“Yes,” continued Hoag, “and if you’ll look on
page ten of the paper you are waiting for you’ll
find a despatch saying that it has already been
demonstrated that under certain conditions of
electrification a bar of lead, for instance, has so
little weight that it can be suspended by a silk
thread—”

Poundem got up waving his arms.

“But if it’s so, why should a human body that

is the home of thought, of nervous vibration, of
desire, of dreams, of phantoms innumerable—why
shouldn’t the human body come to a state some
time if the soul so wishes it that it has no sense
of weight just as in a dream? Why shouldn’t
the soul, if it wants to, detach itself from the
body when the man isn’t asleep—?”

The little office began to throb; the music of
the press that had so often sent Hoag into a
fever of excitement when Poundem little sus-
pected it. Newsboys screamed below:

“Special—all about the disaster at the Munro
Mine.”

Hoag darted out and got a paper.

Nine men it seemed had been crushed by the
snapping of a cable hauling up ore.

He slammed shut his doctor books.

“I wonder,” he thought, now that he was alone,
“how it would feel to be crushed to death?”

NINE crushed miners made no disturbance in
the head office. Markham wrote out nine
cheques to as many widows, had an appropri-
ate item telephoned to the newspapers, and
turned to a ponderous thick-jawed man in the
office.

“Warman,” he said after a pause. “I want a
general manager. You are the kind of man I
want. If you don’t take it, somebody else will be
got. I want you—because you stick at nothing
and because you are a mogul to move when some-
body puts you on a track. You are not an initia-
tor. You are a genius of administration, but
you need direction. Am I—right?”

Warman blew his lips and nodded.

“All depends on the price, Mr. Markham.”

“Which is no object,” snapped the other. “You
are, I believe, to be chairman at the Board of
Trade banquet?”

“Honor is all mine, Mr. Markham.”

“Well—I have no advice to give you. But I
want to give you a clear idea of the precise strate-
gic character of all the Markham industries. See
here—”

The telephone buzzed.

Markham turned his face from the other man
as he listened.

“Go to—the men’s funeral?” he repeated. “Look
here, do you—?”

He listened again. The voice at the other end
talked rapidly, almost hysterically.

“Miss Munro,” he said stiffly, “when I want a
lecture on my duty to my employees, I’ll let you
know. Thanks.”

He banged up the receiver, rolled his cigar and
walked to the window as Warman scanned over
the maps and the reports.

“Warman,” he said, quietly, “have you ever
heard of—Hoag?”

He blew the ash end of his cigar.

“Very good. You know the Socialist, psychic
rot he writes in the Clarion? Damnably dan-
gerous. I could get out an injunction to sup-
press the Clarion, but the rag would only start
up again. And Hoag would be on it. He’s the
labor reporter. Oh, a very capable man too.

“Yes, my father had him as a bookkeeper. I
tried to hire him for other purposes. He refused.
Went on the Clarion. Well—”

Markham blew a huge funnel of smoke.

“I want Mr. Hoag to be eliminated from my
sphere of influence. He is the worst enemy
Markham’s has got. I want him put somewhere
—so that he can’t harm us. And—

“No, no,” he said half to himself. “I don’t
think you’re just the man for the job. But I
thought you’d be all the better to know about
Hoag. Hoag.”

He repeated the name in a hoarse whisper to
the window.

NEXT day there was a banquet at the biggest
hotel, hundreds of Board-of-Traders. Henry
Markham sat next the chairman, a diamond
on his bosom making a long triangle with his
lustrous, pin-wheel eyes.

In the lounge above the rotunda two women
listened to the applause. One, half-concealed in
a niche between the pillars, gazed over the crowd-
ed rotunda.

“Gretchen, I think it’s a beastly lack of courtesy,
not to allow ladies in the gallery. Don’t you?”

The woman spoken to was a handsome feminine
edition of Henry Markham—the address on her
stationery, Cragtop, Rosemount Road.

“Henry hadn’t the arranging of it, Helen, or
we should have been there,” she answered. “I
think this town is deadly stupid anyway. It’s
only men like Henry who keep it on the main line
of any go-ahead railway.”

The two exchanged glances helplessly.

“What a pair of useless gargoyles we are!” said
Helen.

“Sh!” said Madam Markham-Malone indignantly.
“You’re the luckiest woman in Canada. You
ought to sing the Te Deum every minute of your
life—You—”

“Please don’t talk that way, Gretchen. I’m as
proud of Henry as you are. But he’s not a god;
No man is.”

Madam M. M. levelled her lorgnette at some ob-
ject in the rear part of the rotunda leading to
the bar.

“What do you see?”

“You tell me—what it is,” handing Helen the
glass. Immediately the woman darted back and
glared at her companion like a prowling cat.
She saw a pink flush come to Helen’s cheek.

“Well,” she coughed, rather hoarsely, as she
took the glass again. “Did you see a ghost?”

“I guess it was a ghost,” she went on. “Mar-
tin Hoag has always been one, the poor creature!”
she purred along, as though not noticing Helen’s
agitation. “He’s on the road of the down-and-
outers, talking to that stooped-over, drunken
wreck—I’ll wager he’s taken the wretch to his
lodgings. Oh, you will read all about it in the
psychic column of the Clarion. Pish!”

Helen masked herself with her fan.

Suddenly a wild outbreak of claps and cheers.
More cheers. Like fireworks it broke into “For
he’s a jolly good fellow!”

Helen and her prospective sister-in-law rose
together as though it had been God Save the
King.

Martin Hoag on the street with the derelict he
had dragged away from more whisky, paused to
listen as the sound of the banquet bedlam came
through the window.

MORNING papers made a front page display
of the Markham Consolidated banquet,
quoting from two speeches, one by the
chairman, who asked the diners to put under a
mental microscope the little blacksmith shop and
subsequent hardware store, started by Henry
Markham’s father, forty years before, and behold—
Cyclops, Vulcan & Co. in the 20th century, be-
ginning at the Munro Mine, out to the ore docks,
down to the strategic point of No. 1 ore going
(Continued on page 26.)



Henry Markham tells the Board of Trade that he
is only the obscure agent of other people by co-
operation.

HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

1918 Looking Backward—

AMONG the many important reviews of 1917, the backward look of the Christian Science Monitor is most eloquent.

Another year, says the writer on New Year's Eve, in the way the Christian nations to-day divide time, is passing away to-night. Like the last four Christmases, it is passing away in the turmoil and agony of Armageddon. And the ordinary man, waiting and watching for the dawn of the new year, sees no rent, no not so big as that of a man's hand, in the rolling war clouds. If, then, the prospect is viewed through the veiled eyes of humanity, there is as little hope in the future as in the past. But if the onlooker possesses eyes which see and an understanding heart, then, beyond or through the tragedy of the nations, he will become conscious of the rider on the white horse.

The world war of to-day is no mere crashing together of material forces, it is not beast fighting beast, it cannot even be comfortably defined as the struggle of the autocratic nations to crush the world's democracies, and to inaugurate the rule of the material superman. Superficially it is this last, but metaphysically it is something far deeper. For almost three and a half years this paper has been insisting that the battle was joined not merely between the nations which had espoused the cause of autocracy and those which were championing freedom, but between the forces of evil and the forces of good wherever they were to be found. At the beginning of the war this was not so obvious as it is this New Year's eve. But during the last three and a half years the pen of the recorder has been writing, writing, silently and without favor. The page of history is turned and blotted, and nothing can alter the story of recorded events.

When the war first broke out, the despotic power of Russia stood leagued with the Republic of France against the two great autocracies of Austria-Hungary and Germany. Gradually from that moment the countries of the world began to gather themselves to the contending forces, and the grouping which followed is itself eloquent with meaning. Into the German alliance went "the unspeakable" Turk, his hands red with the massacres of a generation, piled upon the massacres of centuries, and soon to be redder still with the murders of Armenia. He went in, too, with murder and worse in his heart, binding the green turban round his head, in token of this, and waving the green flag. And with him went his old victim, now his ally in dishonor, the Bulgar, for the Bulgar, whatever else may be said, owed his very existence as a nation to Russia. It may be said that Russia had exacted her pound of flesh, and if you mean by Russia the Deutchtum, the element which in Russia, to-day, is laboring to overthrow the revolution, and to reseat upon the throne a Tzar pensioner of Berlin, this in a measure is true. But if by Russia you mean the Russian people who gave themselves, generously and without stint, to force the Turk to take his murderous hands from the throat of Bulgaria, in the campaign of 1877-8, then it is a ridiculous libel.

Meantime the European democracies were rallying to the side of France. First Great Britain with her children the world Dominions. The little Republic of Portugal and what may be termed Garibaldian Italy. And then, after two more awful years, the great republics of the far east and the far west, the United States, China, and Brazil.

Such are the forces as they face one another in the arena of the world this New Year's Eve. And they are fighting not merely for autocracy

or materiality, not only for the triumph of animality, on the one side, and, on the other side, of Freedom and a purer sense of Principle, but they have taken up arms also, quite unwittingly, against sensuality and selfishness, against all that is tyrannical and vicious in themselves. Every nation engaged in the war to-day is, like Dives, in hell in torment, in other words it is passing through the fire of the refiner, Truth, and is learning, on the touchstone of Principle, to say "These be thy gods, oh, Israel!" and to cast aside the fatted calf and the golden calf, to cut down the groves of Ashtaroath, and to overthrow the altars of Baal.

To-day the riders on the red, black and the pale horses are riding through the world. War, famine, and death stare mankind in the face. But the rider on the white horse is there also, and those who understand realize that he has really gone forth conquering and to conquer. Every man in the trenches abroad, every man in the shop, factory, or office at home, who has had the slightest vision of what the war means, sees in it the opportunity for learning more of Principle. The beast may become more beastlike, but that is only bringing him nearer to his inevitable doom. For out in the trenches, looking perpetually across the awful desolation of "no man's land," men are beginning once more to find God. And are finding God not in the emotional excitement of a revivalist meeting, but surrounded by hell let loose. So that they will be no more inclined to let go the vision of Truth with the coming of peace than was Jacob, at the coming of day, to lose his hold on the angel with whom he wrestled, in his sleep, by the brook Jabbok, and whom he held until he was blessed by Principle. This is the lesson of the year 1917.

Plundering Pacifism

IN an exposition of the real meaning of the great "pacifist offensive" now being pressed by Germany, Andre Cheradame, writing in the Atlantic Monthly, brands as utter hypocrisy the slogan "Peace without annexations and indemnities," which, he says, regarded even in the most favorable light would allow Germany to make off with immense booty.

Many people are still ignorant of the vast advantages gained by Germany from the war

because they do not yet realize that "the Quadruple Alliance of Central Europe is simply a great illusion, studiously fostered by William II, for by its means his plans are vastly facilitated. As a matter of fact, Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria-Hungary are not the allies, but the vassals, of Berlin, and their influence with her is less than that of Saxony or Bavaria." The long-cherished dream of a Pan-Germany is to-day a realization, a fact accomplished; and Germany is fighting to maintain her far-flung dominion, and to extend it to the domination of the world.

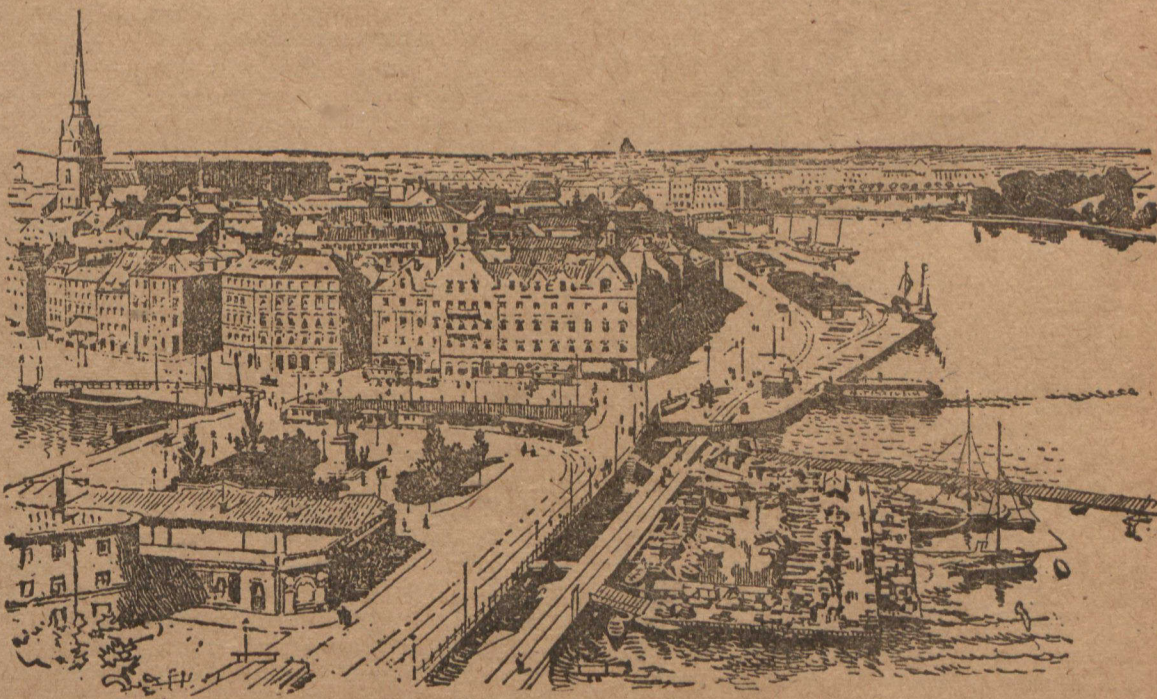
By the creation of this Pan-Germany certain advantages have been assured which far out-balance all Germany's losses and expenses in the war.

As to the advantages, which Germany has reaped from the war, these consist of seven principal elements. And the last six of these depend solely on the existence of central Pan-Germany—that is, on the hegemony exercised by Germany over Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, the so-called vassal states.

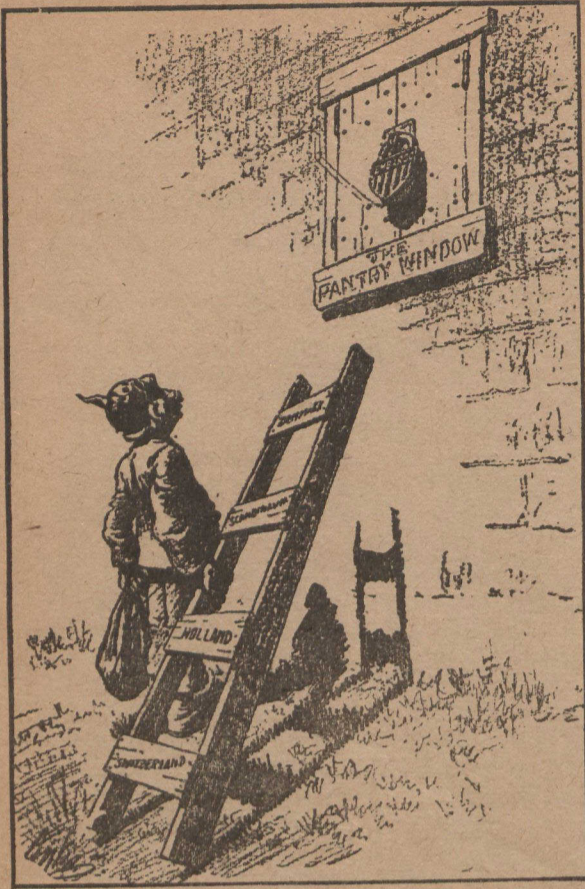
The first element of German advantage considered by M. Cheradame is the booty acquired from the occupation of enemy territory. Germany is getting direct war profits from enemy lands amounting to a total of 500,000 square kilometres; and this plunder is itemized as coming from nine principal sources: 1. Seizure of Human Material—In the occupied territory the Germans have scientifically enslaved 42,000,000 human beings, who furnish a vast amount of labor—this labor being all the cheaper because the slaves are robbed in various ways. 2. Seizure of War Material—In Belgium, France, Serbia, Roumania, the Germans have taken possession of vast stores of cannon, rifles, munitions, waggons, locomotives, cars, as well as thousands of kilometres of railway, representing several billions in value. 3. Seizure of Foodstuffs. 4. Theft of Raw Materials. 5. Theft of Finished Products. 6. Theft of Personal Property. 7. Seizure of Works of Art. 8. War Imposts. 9. Theft of Specie, Jewels, and Securities. The total of this plunder has mounted up into the tens of billions.

The second element of German advantage enumerated is the Pan-German loans.

In brief summary, the other elements of German advantage are: 3. The value of a monopoly in exploiting the latent resources of the Balkans and Asia Minor. 4. The value resulting



HERE is the city of Socialistic conferences, the perpetual Mecca of those who want to get peace without justice. The Premier of France has recently forbidden passports to French Socialists wanting to go to Stockholm. From a drawing made for the Christian Science Monitor.



"Aindt it awful!"

—Sykes, in Philadelphia Ledger.

from the creation of an economic Pan-Germany. 5. The value of military Pan-Germany. 6. The importance of the vast economic profits which accrue to Berlin at the expense of Russia through the establishment of Pan-Germany. 7. The transfer to Germany of at least twenty-one billion francs of French credit (the funds owed to France by Russia and by Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey).

"The seizure by Berlin of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, all essential elements of Central Pan-Germany," declares M. Cheradame, "was accomplished in three ways: militarily by the supremacy acquired by the German General Staff over the troops of the vassal states; financially, by means of the paper loans granted by Germany; and diplomatically, by the treaties signed in Berlin on January 11th, 1917, establishing the strongest sort of a German Protectorate over the Ottoman Empire."

Break Up the Concert—

CHARLES H. LEVERMORE, in the American Review of Reviews, propounds a plan for the future development of Central Africa, Asiatic Turkey and Persia, which he claims would establish a basis for a European Unity which would endure and completely break up that "Concert of Europe" which the struggle for supremacy has now so badly wrecked.

"From Morocco to Walfisch Bay the west coast of Africa has been the scene of a scramble between great Powers," says Mr. Levermore. "Asiatic Turkey with the Bagdad railway is the shining prize at which Germany aims through the 'Mittel Europa' scheme. Each power has sought colonies and spheres of influence for the exclusive benefit of its own business interests. What better way can be devised to prevent the recurrence of these 'wars of steel and gold,' as Mr. Brailsford has termed them, than by substituting for the rival economic ambitions of each people an agreement for the economic advantage of all? Let the great colonizing states follow the example of the American States who ceded their western lands to the Confederation.

"France, Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and Portugal would then vest in an in-

ternational European Congress and its executive organs the title to practically the whole of Central Africa. The same Congress should assume the receivership for the bankrupt concerns of Turk and Persian. Russia, England, France, and Germany would then have the merit of yielding each a selfish advantage, in order to cement a European union and to promote the common welfare.

At once the European League of Nations would become the administrator of a great public domain of the world. It would derive therefrom a strength and importance at the moment almost incalculable. It would begin to strike roots, as under similar circumstances in North America, into a sentiment of unity and allegiance in a new brotherhood of States. It would establish complete freedom of trade for all nations throughout the whole extent of the common territory. It would naturally add to

the administration of the new domain, the responsibility for the neutralized straits, canals and other waterways in the old world, and for neutralized territories also.

The seat of such an international administration, congress, court, council and all, might well be moved from The Hague to Constantinople, the historic capital of world-empire.

Such a plan would solve the difficult problem of the control of the Dardanelles in the only rational way. City, straits and adjacent territories would alike be neutralized, and owned, not by Russian or Turk or German, but by the whole continent in league. For such an opportunity to do business freely in undeveloped parts of the earth, the great States might gladly surrender their mortgages on savage and half-civilized nations in Africa and Asia, and their extravagance of armament on both land and sea.

MUSIC AND PLAYS

CANADIAN SINGER STARS IN METROPOLITAN OPERA

FLORENCE EASTON—who remembers her when she came back to Canada some years ago as a young secondary star in the Savage Opera? And who further back still recalls her as a coy young soprano in the Dunn Avenue Methodist Church in Parkdale, Toronto? Many may recall this brilliant young Canadian singer—who may be unaware of the great progress she is now making in the Metropolitan Opera in New York. She is one of the bright particular stars in the new production of Liszt's, "St. Elizabeth," concerning which we summarize from the N. Y. Times:

"This work, performed for the first time in 1865 at Budapest, has been reproduced successively in many countries and many tongues. Let us hope that it may also meet with some sympathy in England," was the wish of Liszt himself, who, in 1886, the year of his death, heard his oratorio sung in London, both at the Crystal Palace and St. James' Hall.

There have been American performances of the "St. Elizabeth" music as an oratorio in English, and it was not unknown to Europe as offering operatic possibilities in Liszt's day. His contemporaries, indeed, described it as a "sacred opera" when it was given at a festival held in 1867 in commemoration of the founding and, more especially, the restoration of a place famous in Wagnerian music-drama, the castle of the Wartburg. The first performance in America in Operatic form took place on January 3 at the Metropolitan Opera House, where it was the second novelty of the season promised by General Manager Gatti-Casazza.

The original book by Otto Roquette is said to have been inspired by Moritz von Schwind's frescoes at the Wartburg, which depict the principal events in the life of the saint remembered for the "miracle of the roses." Joseph Urban, who has provided the scenic investiture of the opera also acknowledges the inspiration he has received from the paintings by von Schwind.

The stage adaptation to be used here is due to Liszt's countryman, Conductor Bodanzky, who has been assisted in the preparation of the work by Stage Director Richard Ordynski, while the chorus has been trained by Maestro Giulio Setti. The cast will be as follows: Elizabeth, Florence Easton; Sophie, Margarete Matzenauer; Ludwig, Clarence Whitehill; Herman, Carl Schlegel; A Hungarian Magnate, Basil Ruysdael; The Seneschal, Robert Leonard, and conductor, Arthur Bodanzky.

An official summary of the legend of St. Elizabeth is thus recounted briefly: Daughter of King Andreas II. of Hungary, Elizabeth was born in 1207. When a child four years old she was brought to the Wartburg as the affianced bride of Ludwig of Thuringia. Here the two children were brought up religiously as though brother and sister. At 17 years old, Elizabeth was married to Ludwig. Her beautiful nature revealed itself especially in her benefactions to the poor.

On one of her visitations of mercy, as shown in the second scene of the opera, her husband while hunt-

ing discovers her alone and far from the castle. His suspicions are aroused, and on asking what is in the basket she carries he receives the evasive reply that she has been "gathering flowers." Doubting her word, Ludwig seizes the basket, when, to his amazement, after she has confessed the innocent falsehood, there are disclosed the roses into which by a miracle had been transformed the bread and wine she has been taking to the poor.

Remorseful because he had mistrusted Elizabeth, Ludwig begs her forgiveness, and together husband and wife renew their pledges to each other. Soon after Ludwig decides to join the Crusades, and with his knights he takes leave after calling upon his subjects remaining at home to swear allegiance to Elizabeth and to himself during his absence.

Later come tidings of Ludwig's death on his way to the Holy Land. His mother, whose ambition is to be ruler in her son's stead, drives Elizabeth from the Wartburg, heedless of the storm which threatens death to the young widow and her children. Elizabeth takes refuge in a hospital which she has founded in her prosperity, passing her days in ministering to the wants of the poor and afflicted, till at last death claims her. A later scene of the saint's canonization is omitted, the closing picture of the opera being her apotheosis in a brief tableau.

(Concluded on page 25.)



FLORENCE EASTON, Canadian soprano, as she appears starring in Liszt's Music-Drama, St. Elizabeth, at the Metropolitan Opera, in New York.

America to Fight for Dye Trade

Dyestuff Makers Plan to Combine

THE growth of the American dye industry has been one of the examples of the good coming out of the war, says a Boston paper. From a condition of almost entire dependence upon Germany for dyestuffs, with about five American concerns making anilines, and practically none manufacturing intermediates, the American dyestuffs industry has sprung up into independence, representing now something like \$200,000,000 in investments, and about 97 makers of intermediates and 120 manufacturers of anilines.

Standardization of dyes and the organization of an American dyestuffs association for the advancement of all matters which will make permanent the great progress shown by that industry during the war, are the chief aims of a conference to be held this month in New York City by about 200 manufacturers of dyestuffs and the crudes, intermediates and chemicals used in the color industry.

The question asked by those who began the movement for the coming meeting in this city concerns means and methods for making this growth permanent, and for withstanding the efforts of Germany, at the conclusion of the war, to regain the control of the dyestuffs situation which she held before the war.

It is asserted that the growth of the dyestuffs industry has advanced to the point where close observers are aware of the fact that the huge structure now set up is without that cohesion of interests and co-ordination of effort which are necessary if the structure is to be permanent. Organizers of the conference say it is time a concerted effort toward unity were made.

The aim is to consolidate the new industry in a national trade association which shall have the interests of the industry permanently in its care, and which shall represent the trade as a whole. No preliminary organization has been attempted, and ultimate developments will be entirely in the hands of those who attend the conference.

In explaining the conference, H. Gardner McKerrow said to the correspondent:

"A leading object of such an association would be to regulate matters vitally important to the industry, including standardization of colors, tariff questions, arbitration of disputes, protection of contracts, and the like.

"The fact that America has built up a great dyestuffs industry and that her dyes, taken class for class, are equal to those of Germany, remains true despite the propaganda promoted by Germans to cast doubt on the worth of American dyes. A movement to discredit American dyestuffs started soon after the industry began to grow in America. The falsity that American colors were not fast was spread through clothing associations and by tradesmen over their counters.

"The fact is that American colors are just as fast and brilliant as German dyes, if they are compared class for class. The trouble has been that the propagandists have presumed to

compare a notably un-fast dye in one class with a notably fast dye in another classification; this is like comparing a piece of glass with a diamond. And it has served to cloud the fact that class for class and type for type the American dyes are as good as the German. It stands to reason that given the large amount of coal tar we have here, the required formulae, which are matters of chemical knowledge, and the proper intelligence, Americans can get precisely the same results in dyes as Germans get."

The Conscription of Capital

THE difference between conscription of capital and labor is illustrated by what is happening in Russia, comments the New York Times, editorially. The Bolsheviki have levied "excess profit taxes" to a total exceeding 100 per cent., but graciously collect only 90. Even the Bolsheviki see that it is necessary to leave something for the capitalists if they are to be expected to fulfil their function of providing revenue. Also the Bolsheviki are seizing the banks. They took even the trust funds of the Imperial—now the State—Bank some time ago, and are now seizing the private banks, including even the branch of the National City Bank of New York. In this the Bolsheviki fall below even their own grade of intelligence. If they had protected the banks even as well as the industrials, they could have reaped many a harvest from them both. But by their processes they are crippling their own resources.

Mr. Stevens, the American Railway Commissioner to Russia, said in Tokio, recently, that the soldiers are operating the railways at 30 per cent. of their efficiency. The workers are loafing and the women are working. The farmers are hoarding three years' harvest because the Bolsheviki have made rubles worthless counters. The lesson of such incidents is the sole profit to be derived from them. They teach nothing more surely than the distinction between conscription of men and capital. A man is conscripted to be used, not to be consumed. Capital is conscripted to be consumed, not to be used. Men mostly return from wars, but tax money never is returned to those from whom it is taken. Government has no use for money but to spend it.

The real Government investors are the taxpayers, and the taxpayers do not control the investment in any effective sense. Capital should not be exempt from conscription from tenderness for it, but because it best serves the Government in the hands of those who can best use it. Thus the analogy between conscription of men and money is seen to be nothing but a phrase. Capital can be taken but once. In the sense that men are conscripted, only the income of capital can be conscripted. The State grieves over destruction of armies, but rejoices over consumption of capital in proportion that it is ruled by Bolshevist reason—or lunacy.

Advice for Your Heirs

To whom will your wife and children turn for advice when your own guidance has been removed?

Your relatives may not have the required experience in the business matters involved in dealing with any estate; and their judgments may not be always un-biassed.

The management of estates by this Company is a matter of business experience combined with a sympathetic appreciation of the problems of each client.

Write for Booklets.

National Trust Company

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

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Safety of Principal, Certainty of Interest

A writer in one of our financial journals recently said that real estate mortgages combine the two great essentials of a conservative investment—safety of principal and certainty of interest.

To those who have funds for investment only in small sums, this most desirable class of security is not directly available. They may, however, secure all those advantages by investing in the bonds of this corporation, which are based on upwards of thirty-two million dollars of carefully selected first mortgages on improved real estate. These bonds may be had in denominations of one hundred dollars. They are a security in which Executors and Trustees are expressly authorized by law to invest trust funds.

Send for specimen bond, copy of Annual Report and full particulars.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Paid-up Capital,	-	\$6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund,	-	5,000,000.00
Investments,	-	32,264,782.81

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

ESTABLISHED 1855.

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers and Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

NEW RECORDS

Results secured during the past year re-affirm the position of the Sun Life of Canada as the largest life assurance organization of the Dominion.

Fair dealing and progressive business methods have given it leadership in annual New Business, Total Business in Force, Assets, Surplus Earnings, Net Surplus, Total Income, Premium Income and Payments to Policy-holders.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL

To Hang Up Things
Pictures, Photos, Pennants, Draperies, etc., use the world-famous, strong and dainty **Moore Push-Pins**
Glass Heads, Steel Points.
Moore Push-less Hangers, the Hanger with a Twist, for framed pictures, mirrors, etc.
13¢
At Stationery, Hardware, Drug and Photo Supply Stores.
Samples and Booklet Free.
Write Dept. P.
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Keep Your War Bonds Safe in Our Steel Armored Vaults

War Bonds, Mortgages, Stock Certificates, Insurance Policies or other valuable documents you want kept in the very greatest possible safety should be placed in a Private Box in our Steel, Burglar-proof and Fireproof Vaults. Easily accessible to box owners during business hours. \$3.00 per year and upwards, according to size of box leased.

Write for Illustrated Booklet

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

Capital Paid Up.....	\$1,500,000.00
Reserve	1,850,000.00

HEAD OFFICE: : 83 BAY STREET, TORONTO

THE INDIAN DRUM

(Continued from page 16.)

made. The freshness of these other marks startled him; they had been made within a day or so. They could not have been made by Sherrill, for Alan had noticed that Sherrill's hands were slender and delicately formed; Corvet too, was not a large man; Alan's own hand was of good size and powerful, but when he put his fingers over the marks the other man had made, he found that the other hand must have been larger and more powerful than his own. Had it been Corvet's servant? It might have been, though the marks seemed too fresh for that; for the servant, Sherrill had said, had left the day Corvet's disappearance was discovered.

ALAN pulled open the drawers to see what the other man might have been after. It had not been the servant; for the contents of the drawers—old brittle lace and woman's clothing—were tumbled as though they had been pulled out and roughly and inexpertly pushed back; they still showed the folds in which they had lain for years and which recently had been disarranged.

This proof that some one had been prying about in the house before himself and since Corvet had gone, startled Alan and angered him. It brought him suddenly a sense of possession which he had not been able to feel when Sherrill had told him the house was his; it brought an impulse of protection of these things about him. Who had been searching in Benjamin Corvet's—in Alan's house? He pushed the drawers shut hastily and hurried across the hall to the room opposite. In this room—plainly Benjamin Corvet's bedroom—were no signs of intrusion. He went to the door of the room connecting with it, turned on the light, and looked in. It was a smaller room than the others and contained a roll-top desk and a cabinet. The cover of the desk was closed, and the drawers of the cabinet were shut and apparently undisturbed. Alan recognized that probably in this room he would find the most intimate and personal things relating to his father; but before examining it, he turned back to inspect the bedroom.

It was a carefully arranged and well-cared-for room, plainly in constant use. A reading stand, with a lamp, was beside the bed with a book marked about the middle. On the dresser were hair-brushes and a comb, and a box of razors, none of which were missing. When Benjamin Corvet had gone away, he had not taken anything with him, even toilet articles. With the other things on the dresser, was a silver frame for a photograph with a cover closed and fastened over the portrait; as Alan took it up and opened it, the stiffness of the hinges and the edges of the lid gummed to the frame by disuse, showed that it was long since it had been opened. The picture was of a woman of perhaps thirty—a beautiful woman, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with a refined, sensitive, spiritual-looking face. The dress she wore was the same, Alan suddenly recognized, which he had seen and touched among the things in the chest of drawers; it gave him a queer feeling now to have touched her things. He

felt instinctively, as he held the picture and studied it, that it could have been no vulgar bickering between wife and husband, nor any caprice of a dissatisfied woman, that had made her separate herself from her husband. The photographer's name was stamped in one corner, and the date—1894, the year after Alan had been born.

But Alan felt that the picture and the condition of her rooms across the hall did not shed any light on the relations between her and Benjamin Corvet; rather they obscured them; for his father neither had put the picture away from him and devoted her rooms to other uses, nor had he kept the rooms arranged and ready for her return and her picture so that he would see it. He would have done one or the other of these things, Alan thought, if it were she his father had wronged—or, at least, if it were only she.

Alan reclosed the case, and put the picture down; then he went into the room with the desk. He tried the cover of the desk, but it appeared to be locked; after looking around vainly for a key, he tried again, exerting a little more force, and this time the top went up easily, tearing away the metal plate into which the claws of the lock clasped and the two long screws which had held it. He examined the lock, surprised, and saw that the screws must have been

merely set into the holes; scars showed where a chisel or some metal implement had been thrust in under the top to force it up. The pigeon-holes and little drawers in the upper part of the desk, as he swiftly opened them, he found entirely empty. He hurried to the cabinet; the drawers of the cabinet too had been forced, and very recently; for the scars and splinters of wood were clean and fresh. These drawers and the drawers in the lower part of the desk either were empty, or the papers in them had been disarranged and tumbled in confusion, as though some one had examined them hastily and tossed them back.

SHERRILL had not done that, nor any one who had business there. If Benjamin Corvet had emptied some of those drawers before he went away, he would not have relocked empty drawers. To Alan, the marks of violence and roughness were unmistakably the work of the man with the big hands, who had left marks upon the top of the chest of drawers; and the feeling that he had been in the house very recently was stronger than ever.

Alan ran out into the hall and listened; he heard no sound; but he went back to the little room more excited than before. For what had the other man been searching? For the same things which Alan was looking for? And had the other man got

them? Who might the other be, the ^{land} what might be his connection ^{came} with Benjamin Corvet? Alan had no ^{and} doubt that everything of importance ^{with} had been taken away, but he ^{just} would make sure of that. He took some of the papers from the drawers and began to examine them; after nearly an hour of this, he had found only one article which appeared connected in any way with what Sherrill had told him or with Alan himself. In one of the little drawers of the desk he found several books, much worn as though from being carried in a pocket, and one of these contained a series of entries stretching over several years. These listed an amount—\$150—opposite a series of dates with only the year and the month given, and there was an entry for every second month.

Alan felt his fingers trembling as he turned the pages of the little book and found at the end of the list a blank, and below, in the same hand, but in writing which had changed with the passage of years, another date and the confirming entry of \$1,500. The other papers and books were only such things as might accumulate during a lifetime on the water and in business—government certificates, manifests, boat schedules of times long gone by, and similar papers. Alan looked through the little book again and put it in his pocket. It was, beyond doubt, his father's

(Continued on page 26.)



POSSESS THE POWER OF ALADDIN

Compared to the power which Thomas A. Edison offers you, Aladdin's was limited; since if you own a New Edison a group of the world's greatest artists is constantly at your service. A mere twist of the wrist and presto! right there in the room peals forth the voice of Rappold, Case, Matzenauer, Middleton, Chalmers, or any other of our Metropolitan stars. It is exactly as though the singer were there in the flesh. No human ear can detect the slightest shade of difference between the living artist's interpretation and that of

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

It is one thing to make so strong a claim; it is another to prove it. We have proved it, not once but over fifteen hundred times. More than two million people have witnessed our famous tone tests.

Picture a concert hall filled with critical music lovers. One of our Metropolitan stars, Marie Rappold, for example, begins to sing. Her brilliant soprano voice soars through the building. Now watch the audience. Note that sudden stir. Each face depicts wonderment—astonishment—bewilderment. What miracle is this! The singer's lips have ceased to move. And yet the beautiful aria continues. Surely Rappold is still singing. She must be. Every lingering overtone, every subtle shade of color is there. But her lips are motionless. It is incredible.

The explanation is simple. The New Edison which stands beside her is playing one of Rappold's records. Madam Rap-

pold begins to sing with the record. When she stops, the record continues. And so complete and perfect is the Re-Creation that the listeners refuse to credit the evidence of their senses. Such is the Edison tone test.

With the lights lowered to hide the singer's lips, not one of the two million or more who have attended these recitals could detect when the artist ceased and the instrument sang alone.

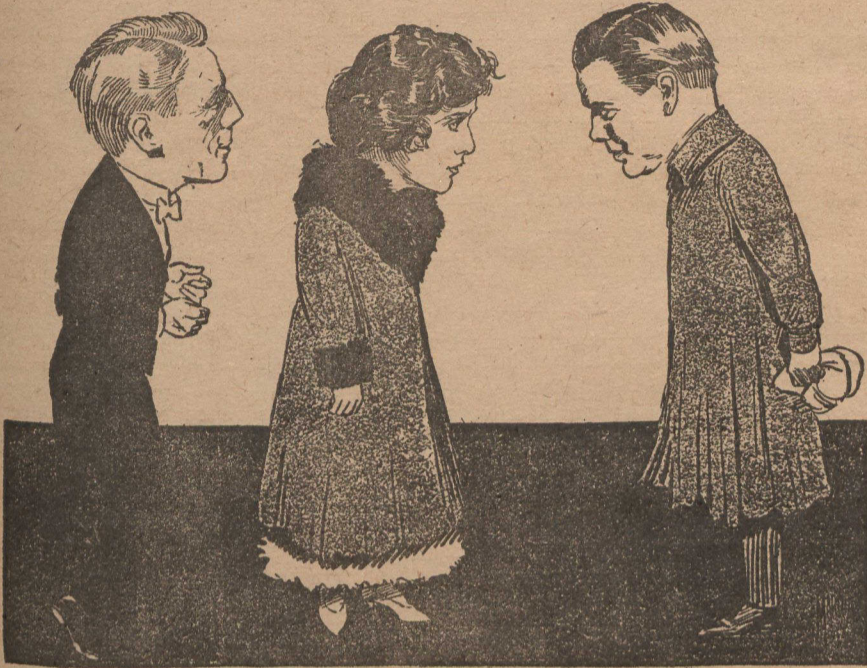
Thirty great artists have figured in these tests. Invariably the result was the same. Over a thousand unprejudiced newspaper critics have united in this assertion.

Call at the nearest licensed Edison merchant's and receive a demonstration. He advertises in your local paper. Perhaps, too, you'd like to see our literature. A postcard brings our musical magazine, "Along Broadway," the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and the booklet, "What the Critics Say."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

MUSIC AND PLAYS

(Concluded from page 22.)



The Gypsy Trail

THIS exquisite little comique represents a scene in Robert Houson's new play, "The Gypsy Trail," which has found the end of the trail at the Plymouth Theatre, New York, for this season. Concerning this play we reprint the following from a poem by Murdock Pemberton, in the *New York Times*:

And then the talk dwelt on the play.
Many a laugh went 'round
As this or that bit came to mind
again.

Said one: "It's mighty clever and well
done, but—
After all, a fairy tale."

That seemed to hit a common chord;
All rushed in with evidence
To bear the speaker out;
"That's it, a fairy tale."

Who ever heard of rich young men
Go vagabonding down the world?"

The lean young doctor quavered:
"Or who would leave a pretty girl
like that,
Once he had her in his arms?"

The gentle doctor sagely shook his
head:
"I thought I'd passed the years
Where plays of romance stirred my
blood;

For just a moment that dear old soul
Took me back some forty years—"
He paused, but no one spoke.
"Ah, I forgot myself,
What were we talking of?
Romance—yes, that pretty play;
Of course, we of the crabbed age
Would like to think of years as mel-
lowing,

But I fear that ladies old as that
Don't tell their grandsons of past
loves,
Or sit-up nights to read "Three Muske-
teers."

About the Messiah

WHAT we said about the Messiah in a recent issue provokes a lively comment with some corrections from Harold Percy, editor of *H. P.'s Latest*, a new publication just on and off the press. *H. P.'s* latest concerning *The Messiah* reads thus:—

The Music Editor,
Canadian Courier,

I have just read your interesting article on "The Messiah" in issue of December 29. In part you say "we never hear of it now—in London, etc., etc." I would like to correct you in this, for A. D. Jordan has given a performance of *The Messiah* regularly for ten years past, either on New Year's Day or New Year's Eve. It is

being rendered to-night at the First Methodist Church by the Musical Art Society Chorus of 150 voices, the soloists being Madame Millet Lowe, soprano; Miss Luta Laymon, contralto; Frank Mellor (New York), Tenor, and Arthur Middleton, bass.

We don't need an orchestra to be brought 500 miles, either; we have an organ which is an orchestra in itself, built to specifications made by A. D. Jordan, one of the ablest musicians on the continent, and assuredly unexcelled as an organ recitalist.

However, I pen these lines hurriedly, simply to correct your misinformation in reference to rendition of "Messiah" here.

Yours sincerely,
HAROLD PERCY.

What's the matter with your proof reader. *Eatkin Mills*—for *Watkin Mills*!

(Yes I'm English!)

Drawing Room Atrocities

(Concluded from page 9.)

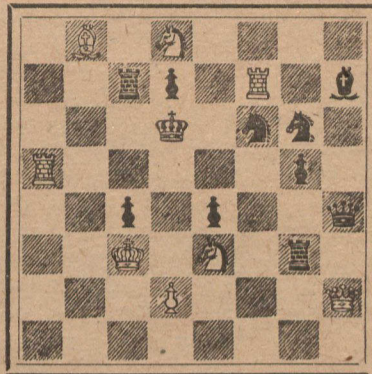
first it will be found that the house is easier to furnish and pleasanter to live in. The room which is most used by the family, and in which they are most at leisure, should contain what is best worth looking at in the way of pictures, prints and other objects of art; and there should be nothing about its decoration so striking or eccentric as to become tiresome when continually seen. It should form a harmonious but unobtrusive background. The simplest and most cheaply furnished room (provided that the furniture be good of its kind and the walls and carpet unobjectionable in color) will be more pleasing to the eye than the one in which gilded tabourets and cabinets of buhl stand side by side with cheap, machine-made furniture, and delicate old inlaid tables are covered with cheap china ornaments. A room furnished with the idea of providing the greatest possible comfort and convenience to its occupants, is sure to look attractive, if not beautiful. The peaceful Victorian era produced almost as many drawing room atrocities as the recent Germanic period. Canadian manufacturers are doing their share, but they are merely giving the public what it wants, and if we establish a demand for things that are substantial and convenient we will be doing our bit in preventing the perpetration of drawing-room atrocities.

CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

PROBLEM No. 169, by Giorgio Guidelli.
Third Prize, Good Companions' Club,
November, 1917.

Black.—Eleven Pieces.



White.—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 167, by Frank Janet.

- 1. B—Q6, Kt—B7; 2. QxQ mate.
- 1., Kt—B6; 2. Q—B6 mate.
- 1., B—B2; 2. QxB mate.
- 1., RxR; 2. QxR mate.
- 1., P—R7; 2. Q—Kt2 mate.
- 1., threat; 2. Q—Ktsq mate.

This is an example of the "Blanche" theme, which, as Mr. Janet points out in the *British Chess Magazine*, "investigates the maximum mating power of the White Queen at all angles to the Black King. There are 33 such angles." We enumerate above the six mates to the example with which Mr. Janet favored us as a Christmas greeting.

Correct solutions of Problems Nos. 155 and 166 received from John McGregor, Tamworth, Ont.

To Correspondents.

(J. McG.)—Tamworth. Your 3n does not fall by 1. B—Kt2, but how do you propose to mate if 1., Kt—Q2? You give an impossible move, 2. KtxKt.

CHESS IN THE STATES.

An interesting and complicated game played at the Brooklyn Chess Club in the match between Alfred Schroeder and F. R. Perkins.

Ruy Lopez.

- | White. | Black. |
|-----------------|----------------|
| A. Schroeder. | F. R. Perkins. |
| 1. P—K4 | 1. P—K4 |
| 2. Kt—RB3 | 2. Kt—QB3 |
| 3. B—Kt5 | 3. P—QR3 |
| 4. B—R4 | 4. Kt—B3 |
| 5. Castles | 5. KtxP |
| 6. P—Q4 | 6. P—QKt4 |
| 7. B—Kt3 | 7. P—Q4 |
| 8. Pxp | 8. B—K3 |
| 9. P—B3 | 9. Kt—B4 |
| 10. B—B2 | 10. B—Kt5 |
| 11. R—Ksq | 11. P—Q5 |
| 12. P—KR3 | 12. B—R4 |
| 13. P—K6 | 13. PxB |
| 14. Pxp | 14. BxKt |
| 15. QxB | 15. KtxP |
| 16. Q—R5ch | 16. K—Q2 |
| 17. R—Qsq (a) | 17. K—B3 |
| 18. P—QKt4 | 18. Q—B3 (b) |
| 19. B—Kt2 | 19. R—Qsq (c) |
| 20. Q—Kt4 | 20. P—KR4 |
| 21. QxKt (d) | 21. RxQ |
| 22. BxR | 22. P—K4 |
| 23. B—K3 (e) | 23. P—K5 |
| 24. Kt—Q2 | 24. Q—QB6 |
| 25. QR—Bsq | 25. QxP (f) |
| 26. BxPch | 26. K—Kt3 |
| 27. B—B3 (g) | 27. K—R4 |
| 28. BxKt | 28. BxB |
| 29. Kt—Kt3ch | 29. K—Kt3 |
| 30. RxB (h) | 30. R—R3 |
| 31. R(Qsq)—QBsq | 31. Q—KB5 |
| 32. R—B6ch | 32. RxR |
| 33. RxRch | 33. K—R2 |
| 34. BxP | 34. P—R4 |
| 35. P—Kt3 | 35. Q—B4 |
| 36. B—Kt4 | 36. Q—Q4 |
| 37. R—B5 | 37. Q—Q6 |
| 38. K—Kt2 | 38. P—R5 |
| 39. RxPch | 39. K—Kt3 |
| 40. R—Kt7ch (i) | 40. K—B3 |
| 41. B—B3ch | Resigns (j) |

(a) This ground has been trodden before, but, of course, the ins and outs are known only to the bookworm.

(b) The complications now begin in earnest, as Black did not care to move his Knight because of the threatened B—K4ch.

(c) Not 19., Kt—K7ch; 20. QxKt, QxB; 21. B—K4ch winning the Black Queen (Ed. C.).

(d) A truly brilliant continuation and one which, owing to the cramped position of the Black King, yields White a return of three pieces for the Queen thus sacrificed.

(e) A remarkable position, in which White can bide his time. If the Knight moves at this point, B—K4 mates prettily.

(f) Black has seemingly relieved the situation to the extent of removing the attacking Pawn, but meanwhile White

has developed in a manner which leaves the foe completely at his mercy.

(g) Another neat waiting move and quite necessary before plunging farther into the depths of the complications.

(h) At last the object is attained, and in lieu of the sacrificed Queen, White can show three pieces, all posted to the best possible advantage.

(i) Another pretty stroke, forcing the King out into the open.

(j) For if 41., K—Q3, White again offers his Rook, this time at Q7, forcing the win of the Queen.

END-GAME No. 33.

By W. and M. Platoff.

White: K at Q2; R at KKt8; Kt at KKt7; Ps at Q3 and KR2. Black: K at Q5; Ps at QR3, QR7, QB2, K4, KB2 and KKt5. White to play and win.

Solution.

White accomplishes the seemingly impossible task of frustrating a fatal promotion of the advanced Black Pawn as follows: 1. Kt—K6ch, K—Q4 (if PxB; 2. RxPch and 3. R—QR4); 2. Kt—Q4, P—R8(Q); 3. R—Q8ch, K—B4; 4. Kt—Kt3ch wins.

"Well, did you get any orders today?" asked the book agent's wife. "Yes," replied the book agent, "I got two orders in one place. One was to get out and the other was to stay out."

With Fingers! Corns Lift Out

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

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

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

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

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



Merryweather's Roses

Nurseries, Southwell, England

Orders for Delivery
about April 1st
Should be Placed
NOW!

List with prices on application
from

M. A. BRUSH

Canadian Representative

24 Wellington St. West
Phone M. 3480 Toronto

EDUCATIONAL.

MATRICULATION BY MAIL—Any or all subjects—Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. O, Toronto, Canada.

PATENT SOLICITORS.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO. The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head Office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto. Ottawa Office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet Free.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

(Continued from page 20.)

down and coal coming up at the base of the mouth of the great lakes; No. 2, ore going down and coal coming up at the influence of the great rivers, 400 miles eastward. He spoke of locomotives and boilers, trolley forgings, structural steel for bridges and skyscrapers, steel rails for railways—and wound up eloquently by asking the company to drink the health of Mr. Henry Markham, the wizard of all this Cyclopean-Vulcano Consolidation, and to sing in his honor, mentally, the words printed so aptly on the programme:

"Hoch, Henry Markham,
Drei mal hoch.
Hoch seller leben,
Drei mal hoch!"

AS Martin Hoag read this he sketched on a sheet of copy paper in his packing-case office a crude picture of Warman. He looked down to the few terse words spoken by the guest of the evening.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—

"I am not a speaker; I prefer deeds. Mr. Warman, who, I am happy to say, becomes the new general manager of Markham interests, has flatteringly told you the outlines of what Markham's Consolidated are beginning to do in Canada. We are only beginning. The great work must be carried on by the co-operation of many people, of whom I am but the humble agent. This is a great country. I am proud

to have been born here. My father left Germany because he could see no future for himself. Germany is a wonderful country. But she is a despotism. Canada is a democracy. I am not ashamed of German descent. I have, as you know, brought German and Austrian workers here. They are grand workers, will be good citizens, frugal, sober, diligent—and in time democratic. Believe me, they are glad to escape Germany and the taxes. I know that. I have been there, and if I could bring ten times as many to Canada I would do so. People must be free not only to work, but to have ambition and to enjoy life. And the day will come when this Canadian democracy will give German despots a wonderful example of how to make Canadian iron and steel effective for national purposes. I want to see Canada take her place among the iron nations. And the cycle of industries which Mr. Warman has sketched for you is only the beginning of what we hope to do to carry out that policy. Gentlemen, I thank you."

(To be continued.)

"Even a policeman can't arrest the flight of time," remarked the alleged humorist."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the matter-of-fact person. "Only this morning I saw an officer enter a side door and stop a few minutes."

They seated themselves at a table. "Will you have a little shrimp?" he asked. "Dear me," she exclaimed. "This is so sudden."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE INDIAN DRUM

(Continued from page 24.)

memorandum of the sums sent to Blue Rapids for Alan; it told him that here he had been in his father's thoughts; in this little room, within a few steps from those deserted apartments of his wife, Benjamin Corvet had sent "Alan's dollar"—that dollar which had been such a subject of speculation in his childhood for himself and for all the other children. He grew warm at the thought as he began putting the other things back into the drawers.

He started and straightened suddenly; then he listened attentively, and his skin, warm an instant before, turned cold and prickled. Somewhere within the house, unmistakably on the floor below him, a door had slammed. The wind, which had grown much stronger in the last hour, was battering the windows and whining round the corners of the building; but the house was tightly closed; it could not be the wind that had blown the door shut. Some one—it was beyond question now, for the realization was quite different from the feeling he had about that before—was in the house with him. Had his father's servant come back? That was impossible; Sherrill had received a wire from the man that day, and he could not get back to Chicago before the following morning at the earliest. But the servant, Sherrill had said, was the only other one besides his father who had a key. Was it . . . his father who had come back? That, though not impossible, seemed improbable.

Alan stooped quickly, unlaced and stripped off his shoes, and ran out into the hall to the head of the stairs where he looked down and listened. From here the sound of some one moving about came to him distinctly; he could see no light below, but when he ran down to the turn of the stairs, it became plain that there was a very dim and flickering light in the library. He crept on farther down the staircase. His hands were cold and moist from his excitement, and his body was hot and trembling.

WHOEVER was moving about down stairs, even if he was not one who had a right to be there, at least felt secure from interruption. He was going with heavy step from window to window; where he found a shade up, he pulled it down brusquely and with a violence which suggested great strength under a nervous strain; a shade, which had been pulled down, flew up, and the man damned it as though it had startled him; then, after an instant, he pulled it down again.

Alan crept still farther down and at last caught sight of him. The man was not his father; he was not a servant; it was equally sure at the same time that he was not any one who had any business to be in the house, and that he was not any common house-breaker.

He was a big, young-looking man, with broad shoulders and very evident vigor; Alan guessed his age at thirty-five; he was handsome—he had a straight forehead over daring, deep-set eyes; his nose, lips, and chin were powerfully formed; and he was expensively and very carefully dressed. The light by which Alan saw these things came from a flat little pocket searchlight that the man carried in one hand, which threw a little bril-

liant circle of light as he directed it; and now, as the light chanced to fall on his other hand—powerful and heavily muscled—Alan recollected the look and size of the finger prints on the chest of drawers upstairs. He did not doubt that this was the same man who had gone through the desk; but since he had already rifled the desks, what did he want here now? As the man moved out of sight, Alan crept on down as far as the door to the library; the man had gone on into the rear room, and Alan went far enough into the library so he could see him.

HE pulled open one of the drawers in the big table in the rear room—the room where the organ was and where the bookshelves reached to the ceiling—and with his light held so as to show what was in it, he was tumbling over its contents and examining them. He went through one after another of the drawers of the table like this; after examining them, he rose and kicked the last one shut disgustedly; he stood looking about the room questioningly; then he started toward the front room.

He cast the light of his torch ahead of him; but Alan had time to anticipate his action and to retreat to the hall. He held the hangings a little way from the door jamb so he could see into the room. If this man were the same who had looted the desk upstairs, it was plain that he had not procured there what he wanted or all of what he wanted; and now he did not know where next to look.

He had, as yet, neither seen nor heard anything to alarm him, and as he went to the desk in the front room and peered impatiently into the drawers, he slammed them shut, one after another. He straightened and stared about. "Damn Ben! Damn Ben!" he ejaculated violently and returned to the rear room. Alan, again following him, found him on his knees in front of one of the drawers under the bookcases. As he continued searching through the drawers, his irritation became greater and greater. He jerked one drawer entirely out of its case, and the contents flew in every direction; swearing at it, and damning "Ben" again, he gathered up the letters. One suddenly caught his attention; he began reading it closely, then snapped it back into the drawer, crammed the rest on top of it, and went on to the next of the files. He searched in this manner through half a dozen drawers, plainly finding nothing at all he wanted; he dragged some of the books from their cases, felt behind them and shoved back some of the books but dropped others on the floor and blasphemy burst from him.

He cursed "Ben" again and again, and himself, and God; he damned men by name, but so violently and incoherently that Alan could not make out the names; terribly he swore at men living and men "rotting in Hell." The beam of light from the torch in his hand swayed aside and back and forth. Without warning, suddenly it caught Alan as he stood in the dark of the front room; and as the dim white circle of light gleamed into Alan's face, the man looked that way and saw him.

The effect of this upon the man was so strange and so bewildering to Alan that Alan could only stare at him. The big man seemed to shrink into himself and to shrink back and away from Alan. He roared out something



OLD CHUM TOBACCO

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

EVERYBODY SMOKES "OLD CHUM"

in a bellow thick with fear and horror; he seemed to choke with terror. There was nothing in his look akin to mere surprise or alarm at realizing that another was there and had been seeing and overhearing him. The light which he still gripped swayed back and forth and showed him Alan again, and he raised his arm before his face as he recoiled.

The consternation of the man was so complete that it checked Alan's rush toward him; he halted, then advanced silently and watchfully. As he went forward, and the light shone upon his face again, the big man cried out hoarsely:

"Damn you—damn you, with the hole above your eye! The bullet got you! And now you've got Ben! But you can't get me! Go back to Hell! You can't get me! I'll get you—I'll get you! You — can't save the Miwaka!"

He drew back his arm and with all his might hurled the flashlight at Alan. It missed and crashed somewhere behind him, but did not go out; the beam of light shot back and wavered and flickered over both of them, as the torch rolled on the floor. Alan rushed forward and, thrusting through the dark, his hand struck the man's chest and seized his coat.

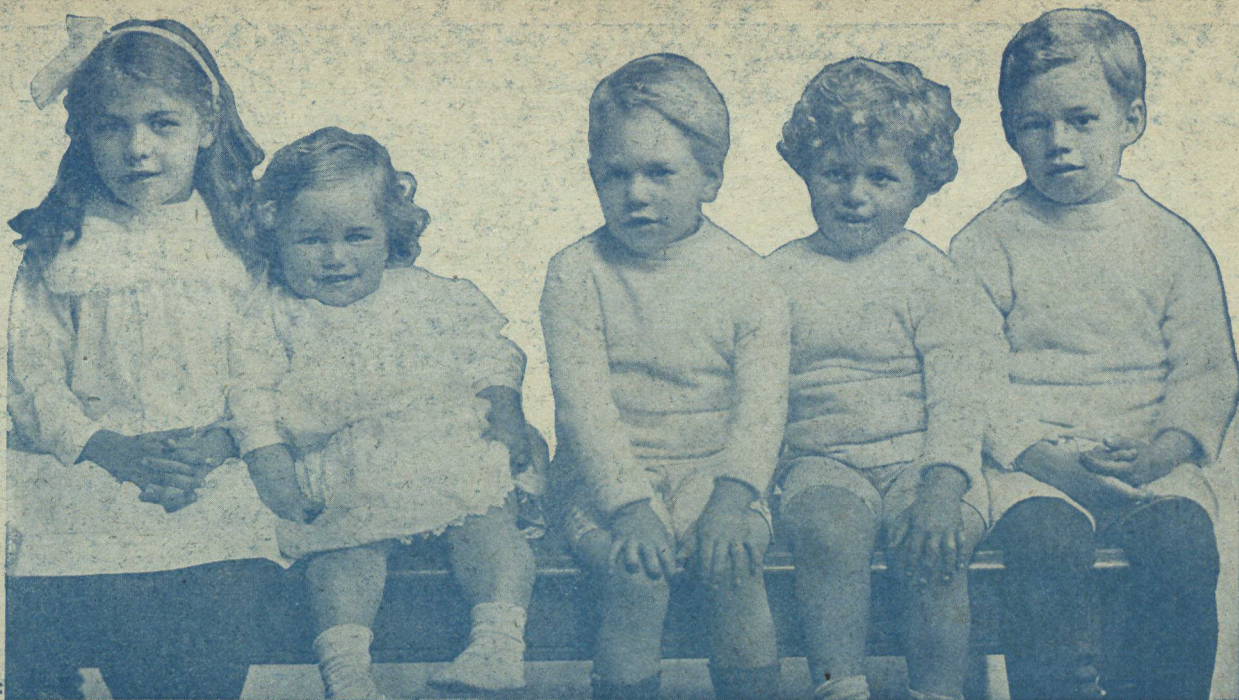
THE man caught at Alan's arm; he seemed to feel of it and assure himself of its reality.

"Flesh! Flesh!" he roared in relief; and his big arms grappled Alan. As they struggled, they stumbled and fell to the floor, the big man underneath. His hand shifted its hold and caught Alan's throat; Alan got an arm free and, with all his force, struck the man's face. The man struck back—a heavy blow on the side of Alan's head which dizzied him, but left him strength to strike again, and his knuckles reached the man's face once more, but he got another heavy blow in return. The man was grappling no longer; he swung Alan to one side and off him, and rolled himself away. He scrambled to his feet and dashed out through the library, across the hall, and into the service room. Alan heard his feet clattering down the stairway to the floor beneath. Alan got to his feet; dizzied and not yet familiar with the house, he blundered against a wall and had to feel his way along it to the service room; as he slipped and stumbled down the stairway, a door closed loudly at the end of the corridor he had seen at the foot of the stairs. He ran along the corridor to the door; it had closed with a spring lock, and seconds passed while he felt in the dark for the catch; he found it and tore the door open, and came out suddenly into the cold air of the night in a paved passageway beside the house which led in one direction to the street and in the other to a gate opening on the alley. He ran forward to the street and looked up and down, but found it empty; then he ran back to the alley. At the end of the alley, where it intersected the cross street, the figure of the man running away appeared suddenly out of the shadows, then disappeared; Alan, following as far as the street, could see nothing more of him; this street too was empty.

(To be Continued.)

Red-nosed Tramp—Lady, kin I cut your grass for a meal? I'm a first-class lawn mower.

Lady—Go away! You look more like an old rake.



"Our children are the picture of health"

Remarkable testimony to the excellence of Woodward's "Gripe Water."

Church View, Stradbroke, Suffolk.

Dear Sirs,—

I am enclosing a recent photograph of our family—the eldest seven years old.

Since she was a fortnight old we have never been without a bottle of your Gripe Water in the house. It has been the first thing when the slightest disorder occurs, and has been invaluable.

We have recommended it to numbers of our customers and friends, and they are as thankful for it as we are. Our children are the picture of health, and we feel it is chiefly due to your excellent Gripe Water. If you care to make use of this photo, we should be very pleased.

Yours faithfully, (Mrs.) D. M. WARD.

WOODWARD'S "GRIPE WATER"

A perfectly safe and sure remedy for the numerous familiar ailments of childhood, having behind it a long record of medical approval.

Registered Trade Mark No. 99



INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING

Of All Chemists and Stores, 50c.

BEWARE OF DANGEROUS IMITATIONS

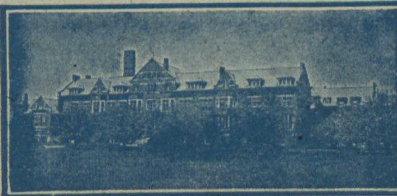
Prepared by

W. WOODWARD, Ltd.

Registered Trade Mark No. 100

Gripe Water

Canadian Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd., Toronto



St. Andrew's College

TORONTO

A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS

Careful Oversight Thorough Instruction
Large Playing Fields Excellent Situation
Reopens after Xmas Jan. 14th, 1918

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., HEADMASTER
Calendar sent on application

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

KING EDWARD HOTEL

—Fireproof—

Toronto, Canada.

Accommodation for 750 guests, \$1.50 up.
American and European Plan.

Delivery of Canadian Courier

Mailing Canadian Courier to subscribers is arranged so as to give delivery by the date of issue to those parts of the Dominion most distant from the office of publication. Ontario subscribers should receive theirs by Friday; Toronto subscribers by Thursday.

THE TUXEDO

A Comfortable and Exclusive Modern Home. Table and Service in Keeping. Seven-course Evening Dinner.

Families Coming to Toronto Should Write For Reservations

The Tuxedo, 504 Sherbourne St.

For

Crockery

and

All Earthen Wares



Quickly cuts away
every trace of obstinate
crusts and grease
and assures perfect
cleanliness

MADE IN CANADA