

THE CANADIAN
COURIER

Alex Fraser
67 Woodlawn Ave
Toronto
35207

KIRK AND CAYUSE

*The Moderator Who Began to Preach
at a Fur-Post*

By Augustus Bridle



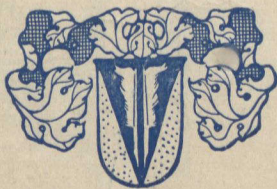
CO-ORDINATING CHAOS

*Glittering Generalities at the C. M. A.
Convention*

By Britton B. Cooke



WHAT'S WHAT THE WORLD OVER



Electric Service

Means comfort, convenience, economy, and safety.

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

All the drudgery of housekeeping is eliminated by electricity.

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

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

The Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited

" AT YOUR SERVICE "

12 Adelaide St. E. Telephone Adel. 404

CANADIAN NORTHERN

ALL THE WAY

BETWEEN

T O R O N T O

W I N N I P E G

AND

V A N C O U V E R

VIA

PORT ARTHUR FORT WILLIAM
SASKATOON and EDMONTON

Connections at Winnipeg Union Station for Calgary, Prince Albert, Regina, Brandon, and all important points in Western Canada and the Pacific Coast.

LEAVE TORONTO 10.45 P.M.
MONDAY WEDNESDAY FRIDAY

ALL MODERN EQUIPMENT
RELIABLE EXPRESS SERVICE



Through tickets to all points and Berth Reservations from Local Agent, or write to General Passenger Dept., 68 King St. E., Toronto, Ont., or Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

WRIGLEY'S



Friends!

Between you and me there isn't anything that can equal THIS goody for delicious aid to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

Its cost is small—its benefit great—that's why it's used, and loved, around the world.

Write for free copy of "WRIGLEY'S MOTHER GOOSE" book in colors and sample of "Doublemint." Address Wm. Wrigley, Jr., Co., Limited, Wrigley Bldg., Toronto.

Chew it after
every
meal

Two
flavors

MADE IN
CANADA.



Sealed tight

Kept right

Victoria Drinks in Sunshine

and smiles on the sojourner. A bit of Old England in Canada's newest land of golden promise—a City of Gardens—fine motoring roads, among the most noted being the celebrated Malahat drive. Giant Douglas fir trees shoot straight upward for 300 feet—stately wooded cloisters—and the sunshine sparkles in a clear cool blue sky almost continually. Visit Victoria either going or returning through the

Canadian Pacific Rockies

on the world's greatest transportation system—the

Canadian Pacific Railway

No side trips necessary—every comfort and luxury at moderate cost.

Everything Canadian Pacific Standard—None Better.

For further information apply to any Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.





The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly

HERBERT
 PIER



Vol. XX.

June 24th, 1916

No. 4

**CAYUSE
 AND
 KIRK**



*The Moderator Who
 Began to Preach
 at a Fur Post*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

OLD St Ann is a battle prayer—large, tempo of the Dead March in Saul, Scotch, dour, compacted of centuries of slow-going and premirthless Sabbaths; sung best with a predestinating drone and a thump in every other beat of the bar. And to one who knows not the age-long litany of the prairie, St. Ann may seem to be the father of unforgiving melodies that unite a people.

But there is an older plain-song than St. Ann, and you hear it still as it used to be of old in the tabernacle of warriors; this very month, the moon of leaves, here and yonder wherever the assemblies of the Cree men gather on the campus betwixt the hills. It is the Thirst Dance, banged out by the deer-skin tomtoms, wailed out by the congregation of tomtommers and the squaws, unceasingly six days and six nights from sundown until the sixth one following; the terrible sostenuto of the pagan invoking also the aid of the God of battles but in a wordless nasalizing "Na—a—ah."

Maybe these are as different as round the world; one the melodic prayer of the sin-fighting kirkman; the other the equally melodic invocation of the scalp-taking red man that used to be, and not so long ago, on the prairies. But if one should add to these the \$20,000 pipe organ, the gowned choir and the soft seats of the elect who ride to the kirk in the limousines, he might get some way of estimating the life and character of the Rev. Andrew Baird, the new Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly in Canada.

I am drawn into this fanciful conglomeration of images because I have never even seen the Rev. Dr. Baird and because some years ago he was to me a peculiarly speculative personality. To recall when and how that personal interest began and grew is to go back what seems like delving into a past age to locate this learned Moderator in the spot where he first came to light as a preacher of righteousness. And when I first knew intimately, as one smells the fragrance of a Cree tepee in the smoke, that old square-built, clapboarded Presbyterian kirk on a headland of the north Saskatchewan, it was to hear people talk of Rev. Andrew Baird, the man who seems to have consecrated that stronghold of faith to the cause of religion in a rather pagan world. I am not sure that Baird was the very first pastor of that old church which has now gone into its third phase of development—but I think he was. And he was always looked back to as the beginner of the congregation as it was the first year of this century.

It happened that Rev. D. G. McQueen was, after 1887, the pastor of the old Edmonton kirk. And but a few years ago he also was Moderator. So this

four-square tabernacle of wood whose shingle-nails cost twenty-five cents a pound has given two rulers to the united brethren. In 1901 men and women at the furpost town still talked of Baird's scholarly and finished discourses even while they heard but yesterday the stern sermons of McQueen. And when one began to inquire into the work of this pioneering Ph.D. with his post-graduate courses in Leipsic and Edinburgh, it began to leak out that he was more than a preacher.

Be it remembered that Andrew Baird was the first editorial writer on the Edmonton Bulletin, which was the first newspaper ever printed west or north of Winnipeg and this side of the Selkirks. Looking back over the only extant complete fyle of the Bulletin from 1881 until 1899, I stumbled across a series of amazingly smooth and able leaders, many of them more than a column in length. I am not sure that any of these appeared in the first issues of the Bulletin, and if so they must have been short columns, for the Bulletin in its early form was a four-pager, no bigger than the Philistine, yet big enough to get a notice from the great London Times.

Of all the editorials in those early Bulletins the one I best remember was one on The Cayuse. As a piece of intimate historical writing chockful of unbogged humanism, that article was a masterpiece. Without the least tinge of vernacular or even suggesting that the Indian pony was able to "live on one blade of grass and a single drop of dew," the writer unfolded the life story of the marvelous cayuse. Poetry, history and economics were combined in that essay with simple human feeling. The piece was such a classic that I asked who had written it—knowing very well that in those days at least it could not have been Frank Oliver, the Bulletin proprietor. I learned that it was the pastor of the Presbyterian church who taught Oliver the best he knew about the King's English in those days. Judging by some of Hon. Frank's speeches of recent years in Parliament I should say that Mr. Baird is entitled to some credit.

NO doubt Baird and Oliver were fast friends. In the '80's a man made friends at a furpost or in a cow-town where nowadays he makes only competitors. But there was no competitor to Baird, who was the only Presbyterian preacher for 200 miles in any direction; and none to Oliver, who was the only newspaper proprietor in about the same territory. Between these two men the morality and enlightenment of the furpost community was pretty well looked after. The pulpit and the press. And what a pulpit! Facing the river gorge, with a little choir stall and a dinky reed organ behind; looking fair down at a huge box stove that burned slabs from the saw-mill down on the flats; looking fair into the faces of a pied and motley congregation of old-timers, new-comers and half-breeds of French and Scotch extraction, this preacher of the '80's could listen to the singing of old St. Ann with a great uplift in his soul. The place smelled of deerskin moccasins and camp smoke. There were half-breed women with white husbands and black-haired, camp-like children. On the way home Cree, French and English were spoken on the foot-paths among the little poplars where the jack-rabbits leaped across the main street and the bells of picketed Indian cayuses drifted dreamily through the sanctified Sabbath air.

Nowhere could one get grander Scotch Sabbaths than seemed to emanate from that little square church on the head-land. There was no other church but the Methodist, over on another jut, and the Catholic church, further up the gorge. All humanity then was comprised in these three congregations. The English church came later; followed by the Baptist and a few others. They have them all now.

But in 1881 there was church union in Edmonton and still more on the trails where the sturdy, slow-set figure of Rev. Baird went cayusing and buckboarding among the natives and the sparse settlers.

Remember—that until five years after Rev. Baird left the Edmonton church to become a recluse in Manitoba College, there was no railway nearer Edmonton than the C. P. R. at Calgary, 200 miles south. Baird was pastor in a town that had more log shacks than any other kind of house; the town that seemed to grow out of that old palisaded fort down on the flats—where, in 1885, two years before Baird left, the population of Edmonton crowded together to escape from fear of scalping Indians. The road to Edmonton was first from Winnipeg via the Red River carts route, 1,000 miles. After the C. P. R. got to Calgary, in 1884, or thereabouts, the nearest depot was Calgary. Edmonton still was left aloof. If Rev. Baird wanted to see a brother preacher of the same creed as his own he drove his buckboard to Calgary, stopping off at the posts between, on and on 200 miles and more out of the poplared, spruce-grown land into the sweeps of the baldheaded hills.

AND almost anywhere along that trail the preacher could see the camp smokes of the red men. Any day in June, almost, he could detour a mile or so from the trail, and forgetting old St. Ann and the Westminster Confession of Faith find himself in a congregation of thirst-dancers, with that older than St. Ann melody thumping and wailing its message into the souls of the dancers and the young braves undergoing torture. He could drive his ponies or his foot-hills broncho "busted" at some corral in among a horde of cayuses, among braves bedecked for the chase or the war trail—though war was becoming a lost art; among yelping Cree dogs and poetic, frowsy, smoke-curling skin lodges dotted along the snake of the river or the creek among the thick poplars; among podgy, grinning women, who sat at the flaps of their skin lodges pounding moose meat for bags of pemmican—and many a time he has eaten it.

Such was the inspiring and native colour of the background to the first pastorate of Rev. Andrew Baird. In front of his pulpit he had all the land lying south towards Calgary; to his right the trails that led up into the foot-hills and the upper Rockies, now a tourists' paradise; to his left the sublime sweeps of the great Saskatchewan, that began in a glacier and ended in the tumble of Grand Rapids into Lake Winnipeg, more than a thousand miles below; and behind him, silenter, vaster and more mysterious than all, he had the unbroken North, tenanted only by half-breeds, Indians, fur-packers, and huskie dogs. He was midway of it all. He was a man to be envied. Every day he went forth to his labours or sat in his study among his scholarly books to think out a sermon he had a new vision of living.

But in 1887 he left it all to become a pedagogue and a recluse in Manitoba College, at Winnipeg. Was he sick of the isolation? I don't know. But it would be safe presumption that he was only a short while in college halls till he began to have a heartache for old furpost Edmonton. To most of us up in that land he was as good as buried in Winnipeg. And it comes like a resurrection of some sort to think of this man as Moderator of an Assembly of 500 delegates, reverend and lay, from all parts of Canada. It seems like a wilful perversion of an almost prehistoric life that ended in 1887 to think of this man, pried away from the seclusion of his house and garden out at the College, away from his philosophy and his logic and his memory of a grand old epical day, to preside at a Congress where 408 delegates vote for the resolution in favour of church union with Methodists and Congregationalists, and

only the old guard of 88 vote against it. We read that he was overcome with emotion as he listened to the protest of the old guard, headed by the veteran Rev. Robert Campbell, of Montreal. Well he might have been. The man who could penetrate the simple pathos of the neglected cayuse, who in his four-square wooden church in Edmonton could join in old St. Ann and the paraphrase and almost hear during the prayer the tunk of the deer-skin tomtom at a thirst-dance—that man might well be affected by any resolution to obliterate the old kirk in the United Church of Canada.

Himself in favour of it, no doubt; so also his confrere and fellow-Winnipegger, Ralph Connor, the novelist, who made money out of writing about a life that in some respects Rev. Andrew Baird vastly better understood. But he had seen the day when people of various creeds gathered in his clapboard church at the furpost. He had preached the Presbyterian gospel to unPresbyterian souls. He had seen the gradual coming of the new way up the trails ahead of the railway and across the cable ferry into the furpost town. He had learned that the West of hoary traditions embodied in the thirst-dance is also the melting pot of traditions as men gather themselves together

for a new, practical problem of living. And he knows that the Unionists are ultimately and practically right, even while the old guard have none of the logic, but all of the emotion and the sacred form of the inviolate Presbyterian Scotch kirk on their behalf. He could sympathize with the old guard; but not agree with them. Time changes us all.

But I had rather have been the author of that sermonette on the Cayuse and have lived the life that Baird had to make it possible than to be partner of a \$200,000 stone kirk with a \$25,000 pipe organ and a line-up of \$6,000 limousines at the door.

If the Old Guard could have carried their point in declaring that the framers and endorsers of the resolution on Church Union were no longer Presbyterians and as such not entitled to deliberate in a Presbyterian Congress, then the Moderator himself would cease to be a Presbyterian. Which is impossible. Once a kirk-man, always a kirk-man. No devotee of the old kirk ever could live without old St. Ann or a whack at the paraphrases now and then. Yet we understand that the late Principal Caven, of Knox College, and Principal Grant, of Queens, were pioneers long ago in the idea of church unity. And we don't remember that they ceased to be Presbyterians.



The Moderator who heard the Thirst-Dance tune along with solemn old St. Ann.

ada ought to know, that selling raw material to clever nations is an ambitionless proceeding. She knows any senile negro can pick cotton, but it takes man-size brains and courage to learn to spin it and weave it. She knows that factories mean employment, employment means population, population means wealth and wealth—is the beginning of power and happiness. What she may not know is that when the war is over the trade struggle will not be merely city against city, east against west, but nation against nation. The manufacturers and exporters of one nation must face the same groups in other nations. According to the strength of the groups and the quality of their timber will to a large extent be determined the success or failure of each nation in the struggle for trade after the war.

THE biggest things at this C. M. A. convention were not the things talked about from the platform or from behind stiff shirt-fronts at the big dinner. The retiring president, G. H. Sherrard, did well what was expected of him—or of any retiring president making his regulation address. The resolutions concerning “a non-partisan tariff commission,” and “a scientifically adjusted tariff,” were cold and formal. The talk about national registration of labour rang true because the labour problem touches nearly all the members in the same way. The speeches by Sir Thomas White and Lionel Curtis, the “Round Table” men, were rousing enough to win vigorous applause, and at the same time vague enough to leave undisturbed whatever latent opposition to centralizing the Empire may have been lurking behind the foreheads of the audience. In short, what was uttered in public was chiefly generalization, highly polished and ornamented. It was a sort of litany to which the majority listened like sleepy church-goers, echoing the responses in proper fashion, but only dimly conscious of the real possibilities of their “religion.”

The one thing the rank and file of these manufacturers believe in is “Protection”—and lots of it. And very few of them care a button about anybody's protection but their own. Get one of these average members of the Manufacturers' Association into a corner and you will find him as much of a special pleader on tariff matters as the Grain Growers' Guide. Protection! Sure! He believes in protection! Protection for what? For—oh, for everybody! Yes, but doesn't he think, to be consistent, that such-and-such a product deserves more protection?—and you give him reasons. MORE! Horrors, no! That is a supply necessary to this man's business! It's all he can do to run his business now—but, good

CO-ORDINATING CHAOS

Impressions of the Meeting of Industrial Magnates in Hamilton

BY

BRITTON B. COOKE

Hamilton, June 15th.

QUITE possibly there is as fair a percentage of well-assorted scoundrels in this not unlovely city this week as one could collect in North America. I refer to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, holding its annual convention, its second since the war began. For almost two years Canadians have been hearing what the Canadian manufacturers would do for Canada by keeping up Canadian industry if only the common consumers would buy Canada-made goods. Much has been done; more may yet be done. As this convention proceeds it looks as though more may be done hereafter when Canada gets to know more clearly the manufacturers' problems and particularly those that are going to arise immediately after the war. There is a fair percentage of scoundrels here, but there is also in this convention a good percentage of big, constructive men, not without the elements of greatness in their make-up.

Close to where I write, for instance, there is an unmistakable scalawag from a certain Ontario town. He was one of the loudest whiners when Canadians showed a preference for his American competitor's goods; he, be it known, turns out an article just good enough—or bad enough—to sell a few cents cheaper than the imported article, but by comparison worthless. In the bar, is a scamp from Toronto, who has framed up a deal with another scamp from Montreal to lower the quality of the goods used in a certain article of clothing and boost the price just within a

few cents of the imported competitive articles that are twice as good in material, design, finish and workmanship. For a third, take yonder beneficent-looking old fellow who made his fortune by “freezing out” his partner's widow, and salving his conscience by building a hospital with one-tenth of the profits. For a fourth, take that dyspeptic-looking type, who has been importing German glove fasteners from Spain—knowing full well that they were German—and talking loudly about Red Cross work. For a fifth, observe yonder old reynard who sells thousands of dollars worth of goods to Canadians, chiefly because they are Canadian goods, yet he buys every cent's worth of bargain goods from Grand Rapids or Akron, O., or Pittsburg, on which he can save ten cents a carload. The place is full of mean men and little men, hiding behind the tariff like worms on the under-side of an old plank, men who live in terror of ever having to face open competition with really courageous business concerns in other countries. Many of them look as though they would crumple up at the first sign of having to do business on a big scale. That for the evidence! It is incontrovertible in each case, and there is not just one man in each class of scoundrels, but often a dozen, or many dozen.

Having not only admitted, but offered evidence in support of that point, let us get to the second point, which is: this assembly of manufacturers represents all that we have of a certain kind of national material. It represents the only force in Canada that can save us from the people who want us all to be farmers. Agriculture may indeed be the foundation of our Canadian wealth, and a noble enough affair at that, but if Canada ever intends to put up a real superstructure—this is the material we must work with. The city of Hamilton here knows it and is making hay while the sun shines. Hamilton has more factories per capita—something to that effect—than any other Canadian city. Factories may be sordid, but Hamilton bought her automobiles out of that kind of sordidness and is sending her children to school out of it. Scoundrels there may be—there are—in the manufacturing business, but Hamilton wastes no time condemning tariffs and industries on that account. She knows, as everybody else in Can-



The new C. M. A. President. Col. the Hon. Thomas Cantlay, of New Glasgow, N.S., is President of the Nova Scotia Steel Company, a big munition-making concern.

something-or-other, if you put a duty on THAT!

It is hopeless. He is absolutely sincere, but a dub. He is as selfish as a child. Though he approves of Tariff Commissions in the main, he would squeal horribly if he actually saw that commission starting to work, whether it worked scientifically or not. The truth of the matter is, that manufacturers in the mass are like voters in the mass. They have to be led. They require to have their ideas fed to them from the few men of large outlook who are in the lead. Democracy in the Manufacturers' Association is quite as faulty as in real life.

But let no one imagine there are no big men in the assembly, nor that all the brains of the C. M. A. are paraded on the platform. Just as a wise politician refrains from discussing tariff questions seriously before a mob of others, but falls back instead on catch-phrases that appeal to the prejudices and selfishness of the other, so with the C. M. A. The biggest things about it are revealed in fragments of conversation at the breakfast table or in a walk 'round the dock, or in the lounging rooms of the hotels.

"Show me the big fellows down here," said a newspaperman to one of the real brain-carriers of the C. M. A. "Which are the outstanding men?"

"Aren't any around just now," he replied, turning his head. "But did y' see B—, who was here only the first day? He was the big, fat fellow, bald, with a little bit of a cigarette in his face and sleepy-looking eyes?"

"Yes."

"Well he's a big one. He's got all the things the preachers talk about—vision 'n' outlook and things like that. But he's got more 'n that. He's full of pep—punch—zipp—y'know what I mean?"

"How do you prove it?"

"By history. History of the steel trade. Maybe you never heard of the American steel trust trying to corner the wire-rod trade in this country. . . . Didn't, eh? . . . That's one of the big stories the newspapers missed. . . . Trust tried to put the screws on by compelling the dealers to buy their wire rods from the States on penalty of being cut off from other supplies which only the trust could sell 'em. . . . Well, it was B— who put the blocks on that little scheme, so to speak. He canned it, and canned it hard."

"But wouldn't a deal like that have been stopped, anyway?"

"Not if it had been left to the average Canadian manufacturer. He'd have seen trouble and removed himself. B— didn't, he fought. He's one of the big ones."

About that time three lean men of the Cassius type crossed the rotunda to the cigar stand.

"There are three other big ones," said the newspaperman guide, "they are laying plans for a big export trade with the West Indies after the war. They have built up their Canadian trade to a pretty satisfactory point. They are turning out a good article that compares favourably with foreign goods at the same prices. Now, then, they are planning to build up an export trade so as to reduce the general cost of production."

"How will an export trade affect them in that way?"

"By giving them orders to be run-off during the slack season in the domestic trade. They are wise enough to try to organize their factories on a twelve-months' basis. Before those fellows got into that trade there were a dozen little two-by-fours in it, turning out inferior goods and letting the Americans have the cream of our home trade. These fellows forced the pikers out of business."

"Squeezed them out? Trust methods?"

"Sure. But it had to be done to get the trade onto a sound basis."

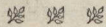
This sounded heartless. Yet that sort of thing underlies big business. The "big" men whom the newspaperman saw passing through that rotunda were for the greater part men who had forced inferior competitors out of business.

"But what happens," I asked, "when two big men meet in collision?"

"They get together sooner or later."

"More trusts?"

"Well—in large-size enterprise it's only a Canadian 'trust,' as you call it, that can beat the foreign trust. And it is only in large combinations that we are going to be able to get into the export trade on anything like even terms with foreign competitors."



"WHAT are we to expect from the economic conferences between the allied governments?"

The manufacturer paused gloomily before replying.

"Depends on what we want," he said.

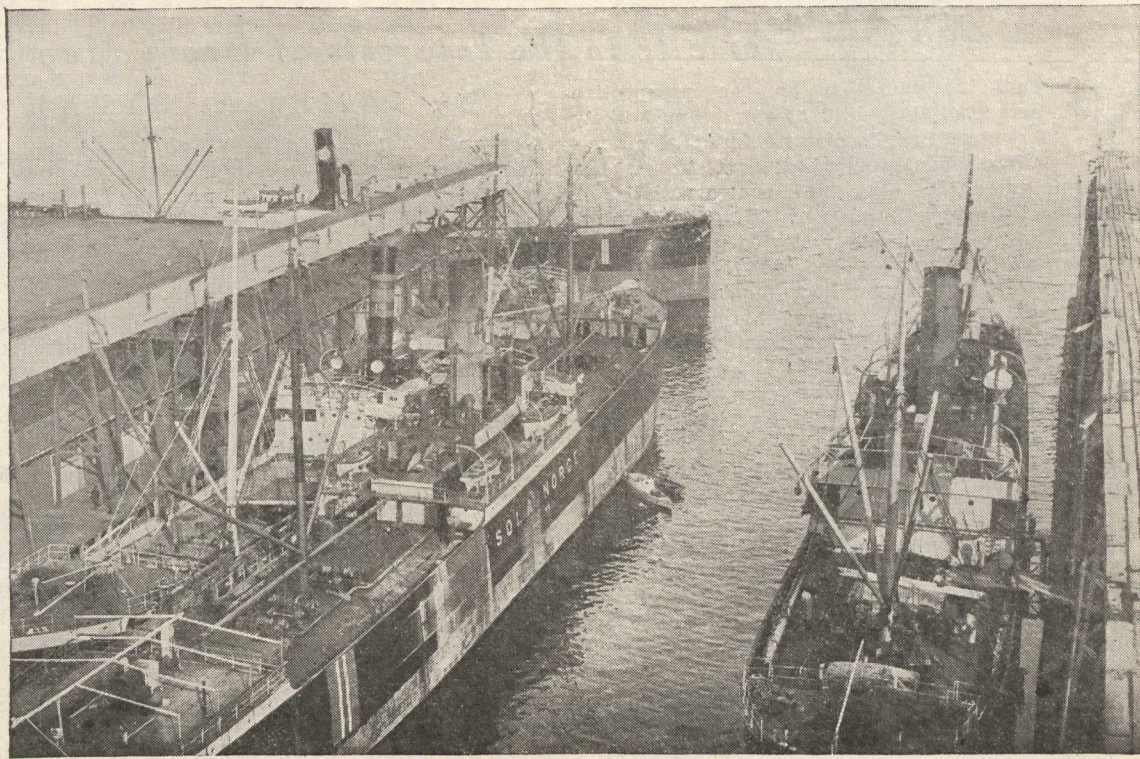
"And what do we want?"

"Don't know."

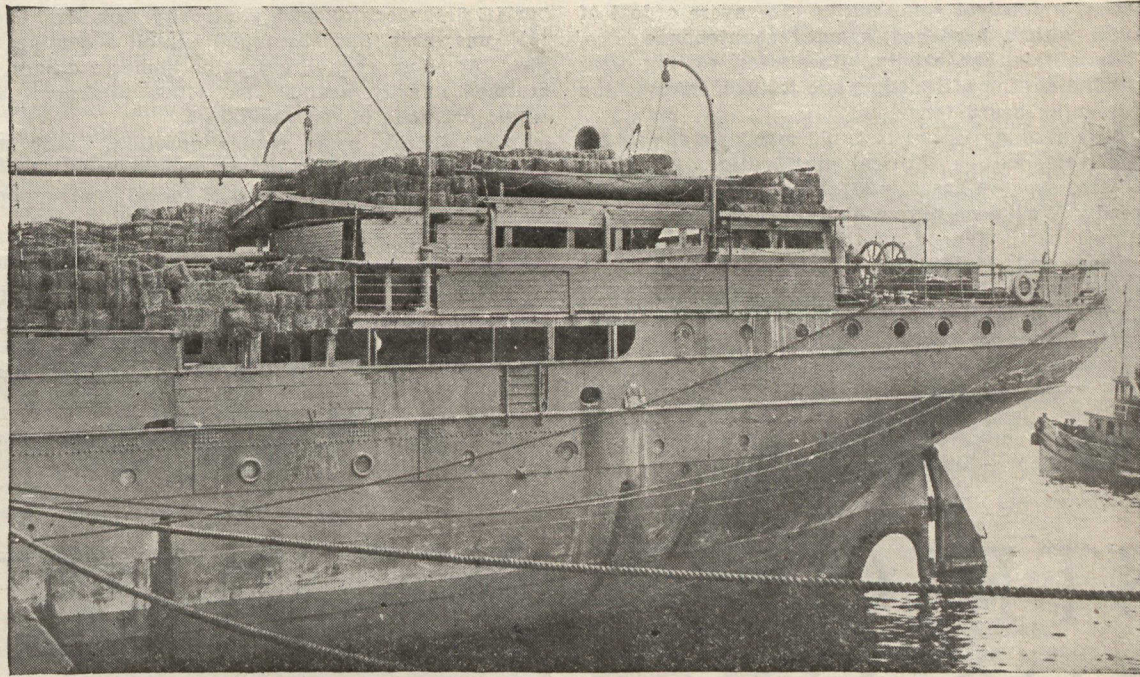
Again silence, then he went on:

"France and England will want our raw materials

PORTLAND GETS ALLIES' TRADE



Portland, Maine, where these two pictures were taken, has been doing a hustling trade with the Entente Allies. According to our own eastern Canadian ports, Halifax and St. John, Portland, their old rival, has been getting exports that might just as well have gone from Canadian docks. In this upper picture there are Dutch, Norwegian and Spanish vessels, all loading war munitions for the Allies. One is taking horses, many of them from our own North-west. The others were loading with grain and other necessaries for the armies.



This is a view of part of the hay "rations" carried by a horse-transport loading at Portland. The equine passengers are crowded into every possible part of the vessel, including the two decks above the main deck, here shown roughly boarded-in. Hay and oats are stored in whatever space is left. Some idea of the volume of trade pouring out through Portland is to be had from the fact that since last November 35,000,000 bushels of grain have left that port for the Allies. Portland was formerly considered to be only a "winter" port, but such is the volume of traffic offering that she expects to be busy all summer also.

They'll want to pay for them by selling us their finished materials."

"The prospect does not seem to please you."

"Certainly not. The demand for raw materials will boost many of our manufacturing costs and help to make ocean freight space higher. On the other hand the finished materials that they will want to sell us would conflict with our stuff."

"And, therefore, you manufacturers don't want any truck or trade with anybody unless you can have it on your own terms."

"We'd prefer our own terms, certainly. Anybody would. But knowing we can't get 'em we want some sort of general policy of Canadian development laid down so that we know what we want when we start going after tariff concessions for foreign countries."

"Don't we know now?"

"No. It's chaos just now. We need a 'plan and elevation' of the best present and best possible industries Canada can support. Then we want to start encouraging ourselves along those lines."

"By protection?"

"Sure-lee—scientifically administered protection. And tariff concessions abroad—wherever we can get 'em."

"What if we don't get this 'plan and elevation'?"

"Muddle. We'll just muddle along."

"You say there are a lot of little men among our manufacturers?"

"I do."

"Will they grow?"

"They'll have to. Look. There's a man that'll have to grow or quit living."

He pointed across the floor.

"That man has a nice snug little factory in Montreal. Makes a certain low-grade article that yields him a pretty big profit. The other day a young fellow working for him—his chief accountant he was—showed him he had worked out a scheme for cutting down overhead expenses and improving the product. It involved spending two hundred dollars.

"His boss said to him, 'What per cent. would it save on cost?' The young fellow showed him; four per cent.! Do you suppose the boss jumped at the chance. No. He lit a cigar and said that so long as the tariff stood as it now is he was making a good enough profit and didn't care about the four per cent. off cost. . . . What do you know about that?"

(Concluded on page 20.)

THE PREED GARDEN

A Storiette in the Interests of Every Man His Own Gardener

By JAMES A. BYRNE

NO such consideration as the prospective wastage of the world at war seemed likely to remove Preed's distaste for gardening.

"Why should everybody cut in on the gardener's game?" he demanded, controversially, of Hoestetter, his nearest neighbour. "Give him a show. If every Tom, Dick and Harry started makin' pianos I'd soon have a great job, wouldn't I? Well, just the same, why should everybody monkey with gardens? Tell you, friend, if I owned this place, instead of rentin', this back yard would go into grass as quick as Jerry wrote the note!"

Preed's was one of the few choice garden plots in Canada that were left out of the reckoning in the spring of 1916.

"I'm a mechanic, not a mangle," boasted Preed, hitting himself proudly on the chest. "My tool's a hammer, not a hoe."

"Stirring the worms," as Preed called digging in the garden, became so general in all directions roundabout as spring wore on that Mrs. Preed, largely for appearance sake, suggested that Preed dig up the garden.

"Enough stirring for worms when the fishing begins," declared Preed, evasively. "All the neighbours' bait will be gone to the robins, and I'll have a monopoly on worms."

Johnny Preed, being a born fisherman, began the stirring. A creek named the Avalon ran through the town of St. George, and Johnny, freed from such restrictions as he had suffered in the city, broke out on the first fine day with fishing fever. His hard searches for bait of the particular size and colour he liked caused queer gashes to appear in the Preed garden, which had come out of the severe ordeal of winter with a hardened, seamed countenance.

Seeing this, one evening Hoestetter, resting after a second sowing of radishes and lettuce, came to the intervening board fence.

"So you're startin' at last, old man," he remarked, tentatively, with a satirical gratification. "We got rhubarb, sparrow-grass, and green onions fit to use already. We'll soon have radishes and lettuce galore."

Preed curtly fenced off the raiillery by a grieved grimace and inattention. He had almost been minded to put the whole garden in tillage, but now, in irritation at Hoestetter's meddling ways, he instantly turned his back on both neighbour and job.

Meanwhile the undug back lot began to give Mrs. Preed more and more annoyance, not only because ambitious, healthy weeds made it an eyesore esthetically compared to the regular neat plots of the neighbours, but because the Hoestetters kept

sending in repeated offerings of vegetables, and forced her to order more and more stuff from the grocery.

Preed, be it remembered, prided himself, justly enough in a way, on his skill as a cabinet man. But 1915 soon saw established a demand for instruments of pain rather than instruments of pleasure. The St. George piano plant, like its city sister, ran short of orders, and faced the alternative of adapting itself in part to the manufacture of munitions of war, or running short time.

Preed's pride as a cabinet man kept him from seeking a job at the new work until it was too late. The result was that he found himself reduced to half time at his regular work.

This change occurred early in July, by which time the undug half of the Preed garden had become resplendent with a luxuriant crop of ragweed, sow thistles, lamb's quarters, mallow, and various other ensigns of neglect.

Mrs. Preed was the first to reveal signs of the diminished pay-envelope. The regular purchase of vegetables from the grocery soon showed interruptions of days at a time.

"I'll buy nothing I can't pay for, that's one thing," she told Preed repeatedly, when he suggested running a store account. "They say no one knows when the war will be over," she added, mollifyingly. Mrs. Hoestetter's proffers of a liberal share of their excess of fresh, delicious vegetables and small fruits were reviewed within a few days.

THE first morning such generosity took Mrs. Preed unawares, and she found herself accepting the gift. At noon when Preed came home to dinner, he stormed angrily against his wife's weakness, and would eat none of the vegetables.

"Well, here's some lamb's quarters," said Mrs. Preed. "This came out of our own garden." As she spoke she handed him a dish of boiled greens, somewhat resembling spinach in the mass.

Preed opened his eyes. "Out of our garden?" he demanded.

"Yes, where you dug it," she affirmed. "Mrs. Hoestetter showed me the stuff. It's thick as anything where you did the digging. She says it's a weed, but it likes cultivation where there's so much ragweed as there is here to choke things out."

Preed tried the dish, and relished it.

"By thunder, who'd a thought!" he cried. "This stuff beats spinach all holler. These people are on

to lots o' tricks in the garden line."

"We might just as well've been independent in vegetables, like all the neighbours," sighed Mrs. Preed.

"We'll know better another time," philosophized Preed.

That evening Preed was out in his weed wilderness surveying his stock of the delicious lamb's quarters. Hoestetter, desirous of re-establishing the neighbourly relations of early spring, asked him to step over and see the garden.

Preed complied, covering his renunciation of former ungraciousness by remarking, "Lamb's quarters, by thunder. That's a new one on me."

For the first time he climbed the close-board fence and was regularly introduced to the wonder of Hoestetter's plant demesne. The array and variety of plants, vines, and bushes bewildered Preed as a skyscraper bewilders a child.

Hoestetter, like many another, was excessively deprecatory and modest, now that his far-traveled and high-strung neighbour was on the ground investigating the actual basis for so much previous boasting.

"Nothing like what it might be if I had the time," Hoestetter disclaimed, in reply to Preed's high praise.

"If I hadn't figured on some decent fishing," declared Preed, "I believe I'd a gone in for some truck myself. Time, you say! That's my long suit nowadays. I don't know what to do with myself on idle days. And livin' costs like the dickens."

He saw Hoestetter start to gather a mess of cabbages, beans, and peas, saying, "I know it."

"D'you sell stuff?" asked Preed, in preparatory self-defence against Hoestetter's contemplated gift.

"I do—sometimes—said Hoestetter. But—this lot goes in trade, if you'll have it that way. Tell you what. You're too proud to take this stuff for nothing. I'll trade it for leave to cut those ragweeds in your back lot."

"What's your little game?" demanded Preed.

"Just this," said Hoestetter, barely refraining from a sneeze. "This is August, the ragweed and hay-fever month. I have it. They say the ragweed's the cause of hay-fever. Is it a bargain?"

"So that's been your game since spring," laughed Preed, shaking Hoestetter's hand on the bargain. "Say, forgive me for imposin' on you as a neighbour, won't you. And don't worry. I'll chase every weed off that lot, except the lamb's quarters. And next year, if I'm here, look out I don't beat you in gard'nin'."

STRICTLY BUSINESS

By O. HENRY

IN his latest book, Stephen Leacock has a chapter on The Amazing Genius of O. Henry. He ranks the late American popularist as one of the literary geniuses of his day. O. Henry's books have reached a total sale of more than 1,000,000 in America alone. People are still reading O. Henry—and they will be reading him fifty years hence. If O. Henry ever wrote a poor story nobody seems to remember it. The fact that "Strictly Business" was not written last week, and that it was once published in a Canadian periodical, then of small circulation years ago, makes no difference to its value now to those who like a rattling good story.

I SUPPOSE you know all about the stage and stage people. You've been touched with and by actors, and you read the newspaper criticisms and the jokes in the weeklies about the Rialto and the chorus girls and the long-haired tragedians. And I suppose that a condensed list of your ideas about the mysterious stageland would boil down to something like this:

Leading ladies have five husbands, paste diamonds, and figures no better than your own (madam) if they weren't padded. Chorus girls are inseparable from peroxide, Panhards, and Pittsburg. All shows walk back to New York on tan oxford and railroad ties. Irreproachable actresses reserve the comic-landlady part for their mothers on Broadway and their step-aunts on the road. Kyrle Bellew's real name is Boyle O'Kelley. The ravings of John McCullough in the phonograph were stolen from the first sale of the Ellen Terry memoirs. Joe Weber is funnier than E. H. Sothorn; but Henry Miller is getting older than he was.

All theatrical people on leaving the theatre at night drink champagne and eat lobsters until noon the next day. After all, the moving pictures have got the whole bunch pounded to a pulp.

Now, few of us know the real life of the stage people. If we did, the profession might be more overcrowded than it is. We look askance at the

players with an eye full of patronizing superiority—and we go home and practice all sorts of elocution and gestures in front of our looking-glasses.

Latterly there has been much talk of the actor people in a new light. It seems to have been divulged that instead of being motoring bacchanalians and diamond-hungry loreleis they are businesslike folk, students and ascetics with childer and homes and libraries, owning real estate, and conducting their private affairs in as orderly and unsensational a manner as any of us good citizens who are bound to the chariot wheels of the gas, rent, coal, ice, and wardmen.

Whether the old or the new report of the sock-and-buskiners be the true one is a surmise that has no place here. I offer you merely this little story of two strollers; and for proof of its truth I can show you only the dark patch above the cast-iron handle of the stage entrance door of Keetor's old vaudeville theatre made there by the petulant push

of gloved hands too impatient to finger the clumsy thumb latch—and where I last saw Cherry whisking through like a swallow into her nest, on time to the minute, as usual, to dress for her act.

The vaudeville team of Hart & Cherry was an inspiration. Bob Hart had been roaming through the Eastern and Western circuits for four years with a mixed-up act comprising a monologue, three lightening changes with songs, a couple of imitations of celebrated imitators, and a buck and wing dance that had drawn a glance of approval from the bass-viol player in more than one house—than which no performer ever received more satisfactory evidence of good work.

THE greatest treat an actor can have is to witness the pitiful performance with which all other actors desecrate the stage. In order to give himself this pleasure he will often forsake the sunniest Broadway corner between Thirty-fourth and Forty-fourth to attend a matinee offering by his less gifted brothers. Once during the lifetime of a minstrel joke one comes to scoff and remains to go through with that most difficult exercise of Thespian muscles—the audible contact of the palm of one hand against the palm of the other.

One afternoon Bob Hart presented his solvent, serious, well-known vaudevillian face at the box-office window of a rival attraction and got his d. h. coupon for an orchestra seat.

A, B, C, and D glowed successively on the announcement spaces and passed into oblivion, each plunging Mr. Hart deeper into gloom. Others of the audience shrieked, squirmed, whistled, and applauded; but Bob Hart, "All the Mustard and a Whole Show in Himself," sat with his face as long and his hands as far apart as a boy holding a hank

of yarn for his grandmother to wind into a ball.

But when H came on, "The Mustard" suddenly sat up straight. H was the happy alphabetical prognosticator of Winona Cherry, in Character Songs and Impersonations.

There were scarcely more than two bites to Cherry; but she delivered the merchandise tied with a pink cord and charged to the old man's account. She first showed you a deliciously dewy and gingham country girl with a basket of property daisies who informed you ingenuously that there were other things to be learned at the old log school-house besides cipherin' and nouns, especially "When the Teacher Kept Me In." Vanishing, with a quick flirt of gingham apron strings, she reappeared in considerably less than a "trice" as a fluffy "Parisienne"—so near does Art bring the old red mill to the Moulin Rouge. And then—

But you know the rest. And so did Bob Hart; but he saw something else. He thought he saw that Cherry was the only professional on the short order stage that he had seen who seemed exactly to fit the part of "Helen Grimes" in the sketch he had written and kept tucked away in the tray of his trunk. Of course Bob Hart, as well as every other normal actor, grocer, newspaper man, professor, curb broker, and farmer, has a play tucked away somewhere. They tuck 'em in trays of trunks, trunks of trees, desks, haymows, pigeon-holes, inside pockets, safe-deposit vaults, bandboxes, and coal cellars, waiting for Mr. Frohman to call. They belong among the fifty-seven different kinds.

BUT Bob Hart's sketch was not to end in a pickle jar. He called it "Mice Will Play." He had kept it quiet and hidden away ever since he wrote it, waiting to find a partner who fitted his conception of "Helen Grimes." And here was "Helen" herself, with all the innocent abandon, the youth, the sprightliness, and the flawless stage art that his critical taste demanded.

After the act was over Hart found the manager in the box office, and got Cherry's address. At five the next afternoon he called at the musty old house in the West Forties and sent up his professional card.

By daylight, in a secular shirtwaist and plain voile skirt, with her hair curbed and her Sister of Charity eyes, Winona Cherry might have been playing the part of Prudence Wise, the deacon's daughter, in the great (unwritten) New England drama not yet entitled anything.

"I know your act, Mr. Hart," she said, after she had looked over his card carefully. "What did you wish to see me about?"

"I saw you work last night," said Hart. "I've written a sketch that I've been saving up. It's for two; and I think you can do the other part. I thought I'd see you about it."

"Come in the parlour," said Miss Cherry. "I've been wishing for something of the sort. I think I'd like to act instead of doing turns."

Bob Hart drew his cherished "Mice Will Play" from his pocket, and read it to her.

"Read it again, please," said Miss Cherry.

And then she pointed out to him clearly how it could be improved by introducing a messenger instead of a telephone call, and cutting the dialogue just before the climax while they were struggling for the pistol, and by completely changing the lines and business of Helen Grimes at the point where her jealousy overcomes her. Hart yielded to all her strictures without argument. She had at once put her finger on the sketch's weaker points. That was her woman's intuition that he had lacked. At the end of their talk Hart was willing to stake the judgment, experience, and savings of his four years of vaudeville that "Mice Will Play" would blossom into a perennial flower in the garden of the circuits. Miss Cherry was slower to decide. After many puckerings of her smooth young brow and tappings on her small, white teeth with the end of a lead pencil, she gave out her dictum.

"Mr. Hart, said she, "I believe your sketch is going to win out. That Grimes part fits me like a shrinkable flannel after its first trip to a handless hand laundry. I can make it stand out like the colonel of the Forty-fourth Regiment at a Little Mother's Bazaar. And I've seen you work. I know what you can do with the other part. But business is business. How much do you get a week for the stunt you do now?"

"Two hundred," answered Hart.

"I get one hundred for mine," said Cherry. "That's about the natural discount for a woman. But I live on it and put a few simoleons every week under the loose brick in the old kitchen hearth. The stage is all right. I love it; but there's something else I love better—that's a little country home some day with Plymouth Rock chickens and six ducks wandering around the yard.

"Now, let me tell you, Mr. Hart, I am strictly business. If you want me to play the opposite part in your sketch, I'll do it. And I believe we can make it go. And there's something else I want to say—there's no nonsense in my make-up; I'm on the level, and I'm on the stage for what it pays me, just as other girls work in stores and offices. I'm going to save my money to keep me when I'm past doing my stunts. No Old Ladies' Home or Retreat for Imprudent Actresses for me.

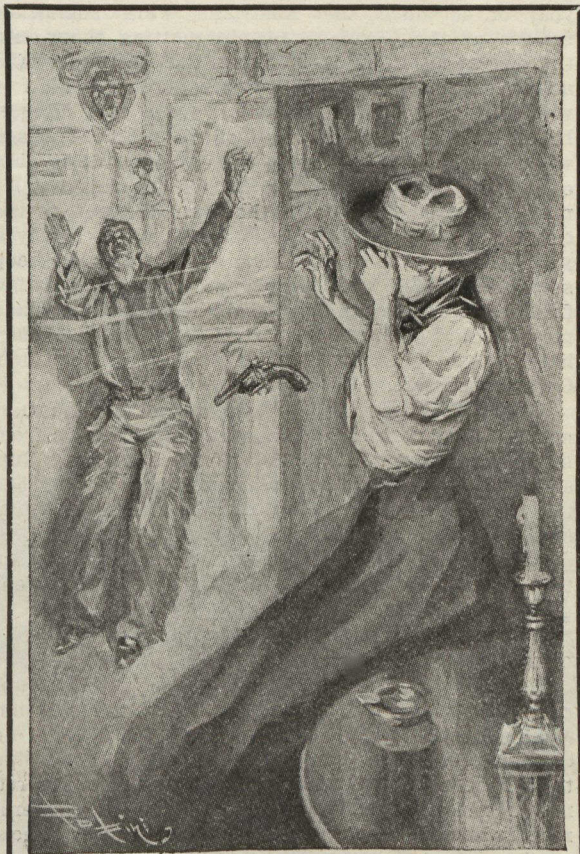
"If you want me to make this a business partnership, Mr. Hart, with all nonsense cut out of it, I'm in on it. I know something about vaudeville teams in general; but this would have to be one in particular. I want you to know that I'm on the stage for what I can cart away from it every day in a little manila envelope with nicotine stains on it, where the cashier has licked the flap. It's kind of a hobby of mine to want to cravenette myself for plenty of rainy days in the future. I want you to know just how I am. I don't know what an all-night restaurant looks like; I drink only weak tea; I never spoke to a man at a stage entrance in my life, and I've got money in five savings banks."

"Miss Cherry," said Bob Hart, in his smooth, serious tones, "you're in on your own terms. I've got 'strictly business' pasted in my hat and stenciled on my make-up box. When I dream of nights I always see a five-room bungalow on the north shore of Long Island, with a Jap cooking clam broth and duckling in the kitchen, and me with the title deeds to the place in my pongee coat pocket, swinging in a hammock on the side porch, reading Stanley's 'Explorations into Africa.' And nobody else around. You never was interested in Africa, was you, Miss Cherry?"

"Not any," said Cherry. "What I'm going to do with my money is to bank it. You can get four per cent. on deposits. Even at the salary I've been earning, I've figured out that in ten years I'd have an income of about \$50 a month just from the interest alone. Well, I might invest some of the principal in a little business—say, trimming hats or a beauty parlour, and make more."

"Well," said Hart, "you've got the proper idea all right, all right, anyhow. There are mighty few actors that amount to anything at all who couldn't fix themselves for the wet days to come if they'd save their money instead of blowing it. I'm glad you've got the correct business idea of it, Miss Cherry. I think the same way; and I believe this sketch will more than double what both of us earn now when we get it shaped up."

The subsequent history of "Mice Will Play" is the history of all successful writings for the stage. Hart & Cherry cut it, pieced it, remodeled it, performed surgical operations on the dialogue and business, changed the lines, restored 'em, added more, cut 'em out, renamed it, gave it back the old name, rewrote it, substituted a dagger for the pistol, restored the pistol—put the sketch through all the



Cherry's bullet, instead of hitting the disk, went into Bob Hart's neck.



She reappeared as a Fluffy Parisienne.

known processes of condensation and improvement.

They rehearsed it by the old-fashioned boarding-house clock in the rarely used parlour until its warning click at five minutes to the hour would occur every time exactly half a second before the click of the unloaded revolver that Helen Grimes used in rehearsing the thrilling climax to the sketch.

YES, that was a thriller and a fine piece of work.

In the act a real 32-calibre revolver was used loaded with a real cartridge. Helen Grimes, who is a Western girl of decidedly Buffalo Billish skill and daring, is tempestuously in love with Frank Desmond, the private secretary and confidential prospective son-in-law of her father, "Arapahoe" Grimes, quarter-million-dollar cattle king, owning a ranch that, judging by the scenery, is in either the Bad Lands or Amagansett, L. I. Desmond (in private life Mr. Bob Hart) wears puttees and Meadow Brook Hunt riding trousers, and gives his address as New York, leaving you to wonder why he comes to the Bad Lands or Amagansett (as the case may be) and at the same time to mildly conjecture why a cattleman should want puttees about his ranch with a secretary in 'em.

Well, anyhow, you know as well as I do that we all like that kind of play whether we admit it or not—something along in between "Bluebeard, Jr.," and "Cymbeline" played in the Russian.

There were only two parts and a half in "Mice Will Play." Hart and Cherry were the two, of course; and the half was a minor part always played by a stage hand, who merely came in once in a Tuxedo coat and a panic to announce that the house was surrounded by Indians, and to turn down the gas fire in the grate by the manager's orders.

There was another girl in the sketch—a Fifth Avenue society swell—who was visiting the ranch and who had sired Jack Valentine when he was a wealthy clubman on lower Third Avenue before he lost his money. This girl appeared on the stage only in the photographic state—Jack had her Saroni stuck up on the mantel of the Amagan—of the Bad Lands droring-room. Helen was jealous, of course.

And now for the thriller. Old "Arapahoe" Grimes dies of angina pectoris one night—so Helen informs us in a stage-ferry-boat whisper over the footlights—while only his secretary was present. And that same day he was known to have had \$647,000 in cash in his (ranch) library just received for the sale of a drove of beeves in the East (that accounts for the prices we pay for steak!). The cash disappears at the same time. Jack Valentine was the only person with the ranchman when he made his (alleged) croak.

"Gawd knows I love him; but if he has done this deed—" you sabe, don't you? And then there are some mean things said about the Fifth Avenue Girl—who doesn't come on the stage—and can we blame her, with the vaudeville trust holding down prices

(Continued on page 21.)

UNCLE SAM DISARMS

UNHAPPILY, we cannot shrug our shoulders and say that "it is none of our funeral." For it is quite possible that we will take our place, as a nation, in the casket. War is as indiscriminating as an upheaval of nature, like an earthquake or a tidal wave. Canada is a distinct nation from the United States, has and proposes to keep her fiscal independence, appreciates and proposes to preserve her national identity. But geography has decreed that we can no more remain indifferent to a military invasion of the United States, and the frightful consequences which must follow it than a householder can remain indifferent to an unchecked fire in the home of his next-door neighbour. He may not even know his neighbour's name, but he must help him fight a fire on his premises.

CANADA is numerically a little nation; and little nations have a way of getting stepped on when their big brothers fall to wrestling in their immediate neighbourhood. Canada's one security against this is her membership in the British Empire—which is a big nation—but it is quite conceivable that the absurdly defenceless condition of the fat and wealthy American Republic might attract a combination of vulture nations which would brush the British Empire aside in their haste and hunger to join in the looting of Uncle Sam's treasure-house. Nor—to put the matter brutally—is there any certainty, if the United States to-day stands indifferently aloof and permits Britons to go down into the Valley of Gehenna in their deadly struggle with the tigers of Central Europe, never offering us a helping hand, that such Britons as are far from the scene of the coming American holocaust, will be eager to plunge into the awful horrors of war again for the sweet sake of Uncle Sam.

NO one who knows the American people will regard as foolishly mistaken what seems to have been the governing belief of the Republican managers when they rejected the strenuous Roosevelt and his appeal to them to be "heroic." They said, in effect: "Our people are not afraid enough of war to be willing to arm. They still think that preparation leads to war—not to peace. They prove this to their own satisfaction by showing that the prepared and partially prepared nations of Europe were drawn

So I say that when the United States decided to reject the services of that political "Billy Sunday"—the Terrible Teddy—who might have swept and exhorted them into adequately arming, they decided not to arm during the coming quadrennium.

By THE MONOCLE MAN

into this war, while the unprepared United States was able to keep out. If they were to vote on the subject without being stirred up or excited, they would vote for the smallest measure of military preparedness that will sustain their national dignity. Now Roosevelt stands for a far different policy. He wants the people to do what the most of them see no need to do. He can only win for us—the Republicans—by successfully swimming up stream, by stinging and stampeding the American people into doing what they would never do of themselves. Perhaps he can do this; but quite possibly he cannot. So we will play safe and nominate Hughes who will stand on a moderate platform more in harmony with our present national feeling."

I FANCY that the "machine" did not reject Roosevelt half so much because they hated him personally as because they honestly thought that he was not so likely to win as Hughes. They dislike Hughes personally, too. Hughes would not be a "machine" President. But they sat down in cold blood and said: (1) Roosevelt will not get a German vote; Hughes will get most of them; (2) Roosevelt will drive away the pacifist voters; Hughes will not; (3) Roosevelt will lose many Republican stalwarts who have not forgotten 1812; Hughes will get them all. Can Roosevelt's personality and magnetism make up these losses? Won't it be better to nominate a candidate for whom everybody can vote—a sort of neutral-tinted candidate of the good old Republican variety? And they decided that it would. That means that they decided that Roosevelt might not be able even in the heat of a Presidential campaign, to stir the American people up to a pitch at which they would vote for adequate military preparedness.

NOW, if they doubted whether Roosevelt could get popular assent to real preparedness, they would have no doubt—nor would anybody else—that no one else could do it. The deduction from this is that, if either Wilson or Hughes is elected, neither of them can—with the best will in the world—lead the American people into a policy of modern preparedness. Suppose Hughes to be elected and to become converted to the Roosevelt policy, he would be helpless. He could never stir his people to its acceptance. He lacks the magnetism, the personal appeal, the power to hypnotise public sentiment. This is no harsh criticism of him. Practically everybody lacks it. Practically every public man can only legislate in accordance with sober public opinion. It is only once in a generation that a Roosevelt, a Laurier, a Sir John Macdonald, a Palmerston, arises who can carry the electorate far ahead of their convinced beliefs.

SO I say that when the United States decided to reject the services of that political "Billy Sunday"—the Terrible Teddy—who might have swept and exhorted them into adequately arming, they decided not to arm during the coming quadrennium. The greatest object lesson in the necessity of being armed which history has ever offered, is clamorously calling attention to itself daily on the front pages of their newspapers; but they pay no attention to it. Even the mild and innocuous Garrison scheme was rejected by Congress. They will give the bandit another four years' start. They will appear in the world, which will get up and dust its clothes off after this war, as a fabulously rich people—a great creditor nation holding the world in pawn—the owner of a great treasure-house—and yet without a revolver on the premises. The other nations will have nothing but revolvers. Our neighbours should read their own native philosopher, "Mr. Dooley." He told Hennessy long ago what would happen him if he came down "Archey Road" some moonlight night with his pockets stuffed with money, and no police about, and no law, and no possible police court in the morning; and if he then met up with a man who thought that Hennessy had taken this money from him when he was in a tight place, and this aggrieved man's only remaining assets were a loaded revolver!

HEADQUARTERS AT WESTWARD-HO

By THE EDITOR

FROM Riga in the north to Rumania in the south is 900 miles. This is more than 300 miles longer than the west front. That 900 miles is held in two huge national sectors by the Germans and the Austrians. The Germans under supreme command of Von Hindenburg hold the 450 miles from Tukkum west of Riga to Pnisk. The Austrians are supposed to hold the 450 miles from Pnisk to the Rumanian frontier. The headquarters of the Germans are at Kovno, about half way down the German front, and about a hundred miles to the rear of the firing line—which seems to be a safe distance. We are not told just where the Austrian headquarters are, but it doesn't seem to matter much just now. We should surmise that they are at a place called Westwardho. It is estimated that the Teutons have altogether about 1,300,000 men on their east front in 58 divisions. The relative strength of the Austrians in that force is not stated. Neither does that seem to matter now. The main strength of the Austrians seems just now to be in getting away as fast as possible towards Westwardho.

We may as well conjecture that the square-headed, mastiff-jawed Hindenburg is now in a state of nervous apprehension. It is several hundred miles from Kovno, his headquarters to Czernowitz and Lemberg; but not far enough to keep him from worry. He can't spare any men from his 450 miles of the line to help the Austrians. Mackensen's men are down at the Saloniki front and can't be spared either. Hindenburg has about 1,300 men to the mile, not evenly distributed, but massed at various strategic points. Since he does not know the present fighting condition of the Russians he is not likely to weaken any part of his line in order to keep the Austrians from reaching Westward Ho too soon. He can only wait and conjecture. In general his positions are said to be less favourable than those of the Russians.

But at all events, Hindenburg has positions—and the poor Austrians seem to have none. We read that some Germans are furious with the Austrians for

being so facile at getting away. Well, it's only a year or so since the Austrians were somewhat furious at the Germans for dragnetting them into the war at all. Considering that the Austrians have never had much national sympathy with the kind of war they have been forced into; for a year after it began they were in a state of disorganized chaos when the Russians swept them out of Galicia; that only German reorganization of the Austrian armies made it possible to drive the Russians out of the territories they had occupied; and that for nearly a year and a half the Austrians have had to keep several of their best armies on the Austro-Italian frontier—considering all these things the Austrians may be said to have done very well indeed. They have known what is was to succeed under their German masters.

Now it looks as though there is not enough German mastery to go round to keep the Austrians from becoming a rout at the hands of the advancing Russians. No such on-sweep of a coming-back army has taken place in this war—not even the Austro-German sweep of the Slavs out of Galicia. The number of prisoners and the amount of war machinery captured by the Russians would in itself be sufficient cause to make the Russian nation toll the bells in the Kremlin. But we read of no national outbursts of joy. The stolid Slav is doing his duty, and he is now in a position to go on doing it. He is not engaged in trench warfare—for which the Russian armies have cause to consider themselves lucky. We can only conjecture how much of this success is due to Japanese big guns, how much to the rumoured new Russian explosive, how much to the general reorganization of the Russ war machine—or how much to the genius of Brusiloff. But the fact continues to grow into a series of daily victories in crescendo. As a contrast to the immovable western front this is cheerful news for all the Allies. We read of a probable or possible general British offen-

sive on the western front this summer. If that can be timed with any phase of the present Russ advance, we shall begin to realize that at last the total forces of the Allies are becoming a real Irresistible Force working from a common centre.

The news of conquering armies may not continue to be of equal good cheer. But some tide seems to have begun to turn. With big Russian armies on the west front, and British and French forces at Salonika, the strength of the Allies is gradually gathering with one determining, resistless force that some day must break through the Teuton front, not only on the east, but on the west front, where the war seems likely to be brought to a final decision.

Meanwhile the Austrians continue to retreat towards Westwardho—in which, more power to their heel and toe!

Russia's War Minister

WHILE none can deny the military genius of General Brusiloff, the director of the great Russian offensive against the Austrians, the man behind Brusiloff, General Shuvayeff, the new War Minister at Petrograd, is worthy of note.

General Shuvayeff, who recently succeeded General Polivanoff at the War Ministry, is a big, deliberate man with a cool head and enormous energy, says Current History. An infantry General, he was appointed about a year ago Chief of Commissariat to Grand Duke Nicholas. Before that he had been for six years head of the Commissariat Department at the Ministry of War. He put through a drastic series of reforms in his department, beginning with 1911, and taking as his watchword the rather caustic epigram, "The Commissariat Department exists for the army and not the army for the Commissariat Department," a sufficiently vivid commentary on the work of some of his predecessors. In taking over the War Ministry, General Shuvayeff announced that he would be ruled by conscience, not by fear; and that he confidently expects a decisive victory.

WOMEN IN AGRICULTURE

Prepared and Illustrated by
Estelle M. Kerr

CANADIAN women are impregnated with the idea that work on the land is degrading. Some think it beneath them, others that it is too strenuous, and others that it detracts from their femininity. Unless this prejudice is overcome the shortage in our harvest will be disastrous. The woman who helps to keep the farms going will contribute to the defeat of Germany as surely as the man who is fighting in the trenches. Farming is more popular with women in the United States than it is in Canada. There they have a Horticultural and Agricultural Society of women alone, and the well-known universities such as Cornell, Yale and Harvard admit women to their agricultural courses, but Canadian women are only now beginning to realize their privileges for agricultural training. Two girls are taking the full course at St. Anne de Bellevue, the Institute of Agriculture for Quebec, and many more are registered for special courses at the various provincial agricultural colleges.

RAISING poultry, keeping bees, growing small fruit, market gardening, growing seeds and perennials—all these are essentially women's work and they are naturally more efficient than men in the cleaning and whitewashing of stables, the care of young animals and dairy work. Even a good deal of the field work is eminently suited to them: there is the sulky plough with its comfortable seat, the hay rake where the driver is also seated, and if farm implements were made smaller to fit women's strength and stature, a great deal of the more strenuous agricultural work would be made quite possible for them. Hoes, hand cultivators, could easily be made on a smaller scale, and donkey carts can be used instead of heavy farm wagons. Women should never be allowed to overstrain themselves by using implements too heavy for their strength, especially as the work can be done quite as efficiently with lighter tools.

EXTRACTS from letters written by women who have been engaged in agricultural life in Canada for years may prove interesting in this connection. A teacher of dairy, poultry and laundry work in the Haliburton College, British Columbia, tells of the training that is given there to prepare women for ranch life in Canada:

"So far as chances for women in Canada are concerned, I correspond with several girls, and know what they are doing. All those who are competent and industrious have good posts, but I think it advisable for girls to be trained under conditions such as they will have on their own farms."

A WOMAN beekeeper in Ontario writes:

"Anyone going in for bees would be wise to work with a beekeeper for one season before starting alone. It is easier for two women to work together, as some of the heavy lifting can hardly be done alone. As to the financial return, that varies from year to year, but in a good season you can expect a return of \$5 to \$8 a colony, and two women should be able to run 150 to 200 colonies. From November to April there is practically nothing to do, so it is advisable to have some other occupation for the winter months. Beekeeping is a most suitable occupation for energetic women who have a real love for the little creatures, then only will they be prepared to overcome the many difficulties and take the poor with the good seasons. A certain amount of capital is required. An apiary of 100 colonies cannot be started with less outlay than \$1,000, but Ontario is a very fine country for bees, in fact, one of the best in the world."

FROM British Columbia comes this testimony from a woman poultry-farmer:

"There is no branch of agriculture that I think women are so especially fitted for as poultry farming, and no branch that will give better or surer return for the amount of capital invested. Two women can easily look after 1,000 or 1,500 birds, and it is a very conservative estimate to allow a profit of two dollars per hen per year. For those who have no experience the best advice is to go slowly. Starting in a small way we can make poultry a side issue till a competent living is

"One of the many advantages of poultry farming for women is that they are producers, not altogether consumers; they are not employees, but, if necessary, employers. They do not feel that a time will come when they will be pushed aside for younger faces. There need be no pension fund for poultry women—no sanatoriums for worn-out nerves."

A GIRL who studied fruit farming, tells of her training:

"Last year I spent eight months on a fruit ranch in Nelson, B.C., where I worked out of doors as a pupil. I had absolutely no training or experience in such work, and was totally ignorant of horticulture. I was lucky in being with charming and cultured people who were kindness itself to me, and made me very happy. Pruning, spraying, grafting were taught in their proper order.

"Every morning we had breakfast at 6.30 and finished at 6 p.m., except in the busy season, when we went on until dark. There were three greenhouses on the ranch where a great quantity of flowers and tomatoes were grown, and on wet days I was able to work in them, repotting, weeding, etc.

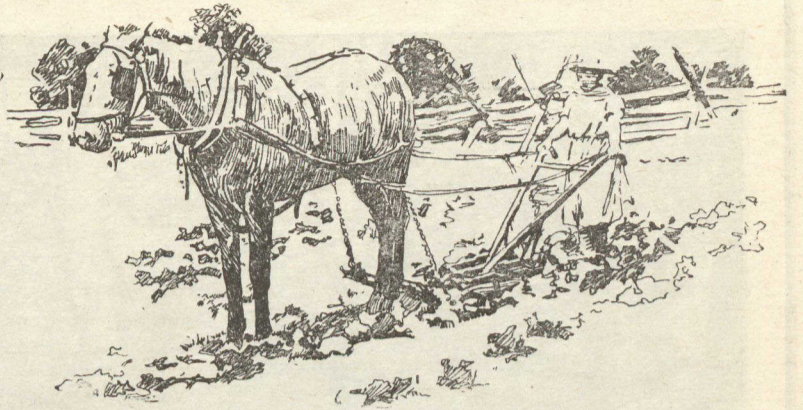
"Once the fruit season began I gave up all my time to picking and packing. Cherries, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries and currants all claimed attention. Then came plums, and after that apples. The satisfaction that a well-packed shiny box of good coloured 'Wealthys' gives to the eye is not easily beaten.

"The life lived out of doors in that beauty spot with splendid climatic conditions, is almost ideal to the lover of fresh air. It makes you just glad to be alive, and the refreshing cool evenings quickly dispel the remembrance of the heat and glare of the day. As far as I could judge I see no reason why a strong, capable girl could not manage a small fruit ranch. She might require a man to help her occasionally with the heaviest work, such as ploughing, but the fruit culture itself can very well be managed by an energetic and strong woman."

ONTARIO women have been largely employed during the fruit-picking season, but the question of housing this casual labour is always a problem. This has been solved in some communities by a hostel where women can live and hire themselves out by the day to the farmers in the vicinity. One of the most successful of these was established by Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, who has a farm at Lorne Park, Ontario, and has in consequence been able to supply her own farm and also many in the neighbourhood with labour. A comfortable and inexpensive place to board with proper chaperonage for the girls is provided, also facilities for lake bathing, so that the health and happiness of the labourers is assured as well as opportunity for the industrious to earn good wages. A similar hostel has been opened in Oakville, Ont., and a group of college girls are employed picking strawberries.

The country is crying out for food, and as the men are leaving the land, it is the patriotic duty of women to fill their places.

IN our nervous haste to supply men and munitions for the battlefield, we must not forget the greater



Farm implements can be adapted to suit the strength and stature of women.

need—the care of the future race for whose welfare this cruel war is fought. There is no reason why boys and girls should not help with milking and the lighter branches of farm work out of school hours, but the new laws in England providing for the release of children of twelve years from school duties to do munition or agricultural work, will be far from beneficial to the country. Investigation shows that some children so exempted have been hired out as cheap household drudges.

For the Little Ones

ECONOMY is the slogan of the day, but the physical and mental welfare of our children should always come first. The Executive of the Samaritan Club at their annual meeting reported the need for cutting down expenses, but when the economy involved abandoning the summer rest cottage in Muskoka for tired mothers and delicate children, it was decided that a special effort must be made to continue this work. The Fresh Air Cottage at Britannia, Ontario, conducted by the King's Daughters, is now open. Over 300 delicate and needy children were given two weeks' holidays last summer, and during the winter months members of the various circles have made clothes for the children. Three rooms have been set aside for the Infants' Home, and a nurse will be in charge of the babies all summer.

The Subtleties of Hospitality

YOUNG folk, according to a writer in Vogue, are apt to be a little over-eager as hosts or as guests. Too often, as hosts, they organize a formidable plan of entertainment and mercilessly execute it despite the ill-concealed distress of the daily wearying guest. The sanitariums are always full of guests who have been over-entertained, and some foreseeing persons have been known to arrange for rooms at the rest-cure upon accepting an invitation to particularly arduous houses. But it is laid down in the etiquette books that not even the weariest guests should frankly go at once from the door of their hostess to that of the sanitarium; and hosts should remember that hospitality should not be fatal.

As it is the duty of the hostess to make the guest forget he is not at home, so it is the duty of the guest never to yield entirely to such amiable blandishments. The guest who manages to be always at ease without ever quite assuming that he is at home is the welcome guest. No matter how rich the house, the tactful guest does not needlessly call out horses or motor-cars, nor disregard meal hours, nor multiply the work of servants, nor in any way assume to change the order of the household. There are houses where the host seems glad to have his guests do any or all of these things, but even the most privileged guest does not avail himself of all his privileges.

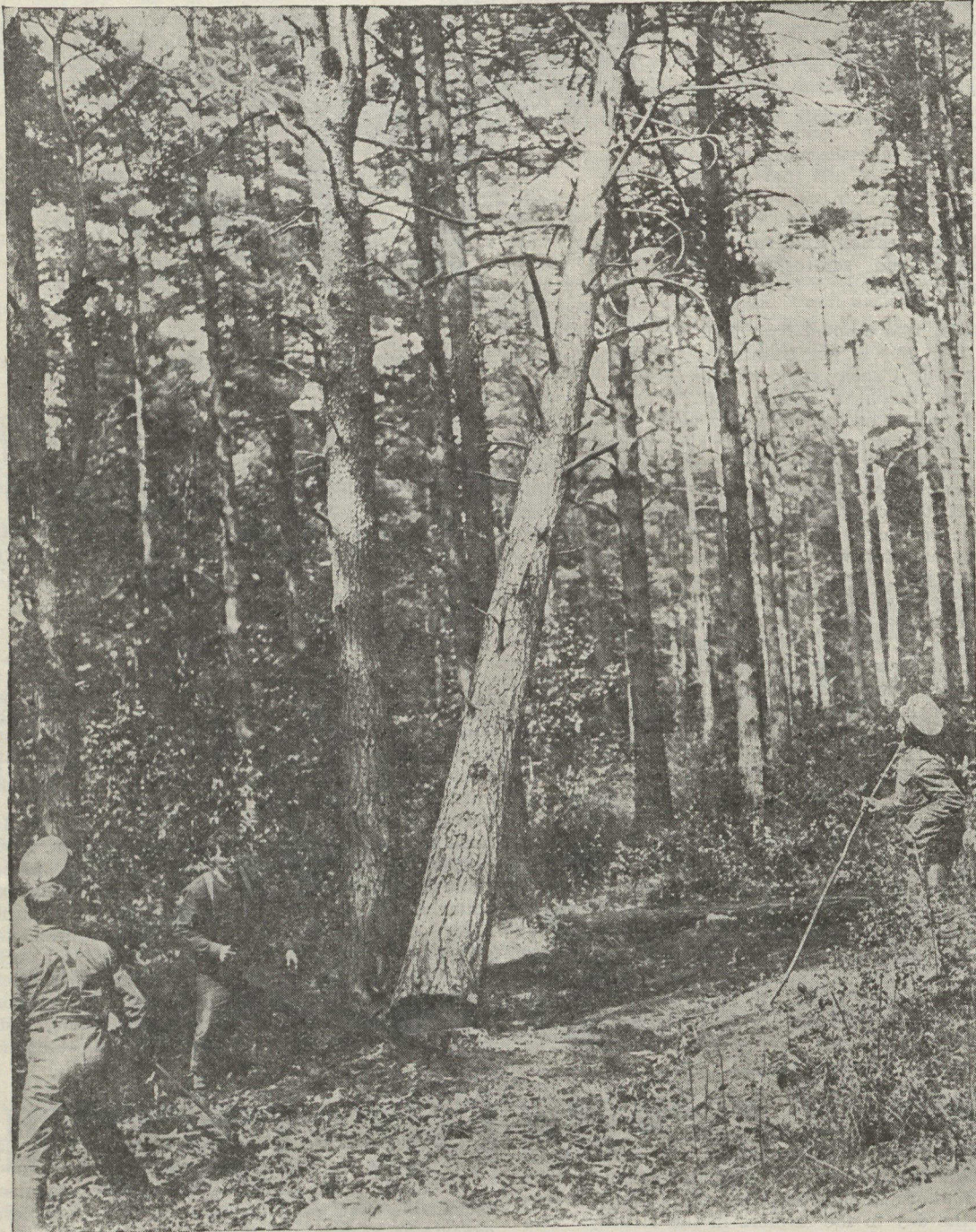
There is another pitfall which the privileged guest must avoid. Men and women much in demand as guests need to be singularly tactful and self-effacing, strictly observant of the limitations set for the well-bred guest if they are to avoid taking on the touch of the professional visitor. No man with quite the nicest notion of what a guest's attitude should be can become a professional visitor, but even such an one can not be too careful to avoid every possible trace of professionalism. Sometimes a man needs to be an amateur to avoid being awkward.



Girls are largely employed for fruit-picking.

CANADIAN BUSH-WHACKERS IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK

By JACOB HOLDFAST



GIVE every man his due. I have critically examined this photograph of what is called the Canadian Foresters busy cutting Scottish firs in Windsor Great Park. I think it is a good-natured libel on Canadian bush-craft. I don't mean to say that the men represented in the photograph couldn't give pointers to any British park ranger or warden of the forest in cutting down trees. But I do mean to point out that in the first place, to follow the Canadian custom, they shouldn't have sawed the tree off at the roots—English style—but should have left a good, respectable stump to show where they had been working. Ten chances to one these men sat on the ground to saw down that fir—which is neither dignified nor comfortable. In the second place, when they started that tree going they should have been sure it was going clean down. As the picture shows, the fir is comfortably lodged in another one and doesn't intend to come down till somebody cuts the other tree, which is a ticklish and dangerous job. The man looking up at the top is wondering if he could climb up and hitch on a rope to pull it off. The other chaps are trying to tell him what a silly piece of business that would be.

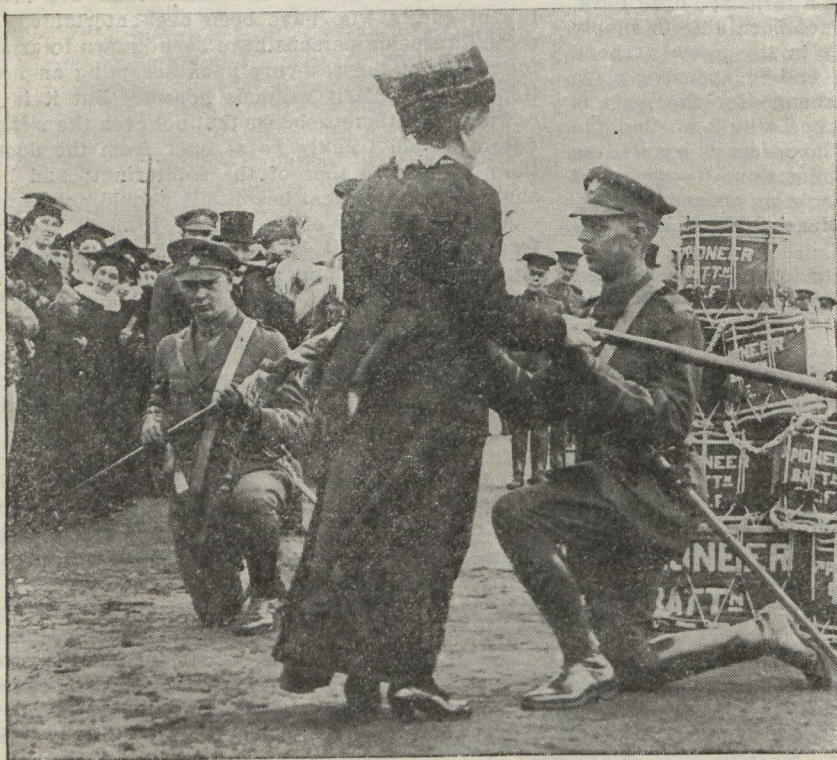
Now, as an old bush-whacker myself, I desire to point out to these young lumberjacks that they should have notched that fir with an axe the way they wanted it to go, if it didn't happen to be a leaning tree and if the tree began to balk in that direction they should have driven it over with wedges.

But of course it's easy for an old bush-whacker to find fault. I see the London Daily Mail has something to say about these Canadian bush-whackers as follows:

At present they are marking down and surveying certain tracts of forest land, "blazing" the trees—mainly the soft wood trees of pine and fir—and so arranging their scheme of attack that the beauties of our rural scenes shall not be unnecessarily marred.

They were brown, lithe woodsmen—half-soldier, half-trapper, and wholly romantic. They were diagnosing the cases of certain tall, feathery-topped pines very much as a doctor deals with his patient, and jotting down their calculations in a charted case-book. Already behind them could be heard the battle-music of saw and axe, broken into now and again by the sudden scream of the steam-driven "circular." Sundry gaps appeared now and again in the dark line of foliage—each gap meant the fall of a giant, and no giant has ever been dismembered so speedily as he. Half an hour ago a king of the glade, he is now a neat pile of railway sleepers ready for the track. "If we had all our tackle here," said one of the pioneers, "I guess we'd be able to turn you out a complete box of matches from the waste product of that tree—and do it while you wait!"

This soft-voiced, keen-eyed young man seemed to know everything there is to know about the trees and the forests of the inhabited globe, and how to make the best use of them. "You in Great Britain have over two and a half million acres of forest," he said, "and as a war-time asset trees and their products are so much fine gold—properly handled."



CANADIAN COLOURS FOR THE—FRONT.

A controversy with Sir Max Aitken as one of the arguers has lately started as to whether or not the Princess Pats carried their colours right to the firing line. Full particulars of this are reprinted on page 16 of this issue. Meanwhile No. 5 Pioneer Battalion, of Montreal, gets its colours, "which," as the correspondent says, "it will carry to the battlefields of Europe." Lieut. Quinlan is here shown receiving the colours from Mrs. Lordley, wife of the officer commanding.



CLOTHES COBBLERS IN CAMP.

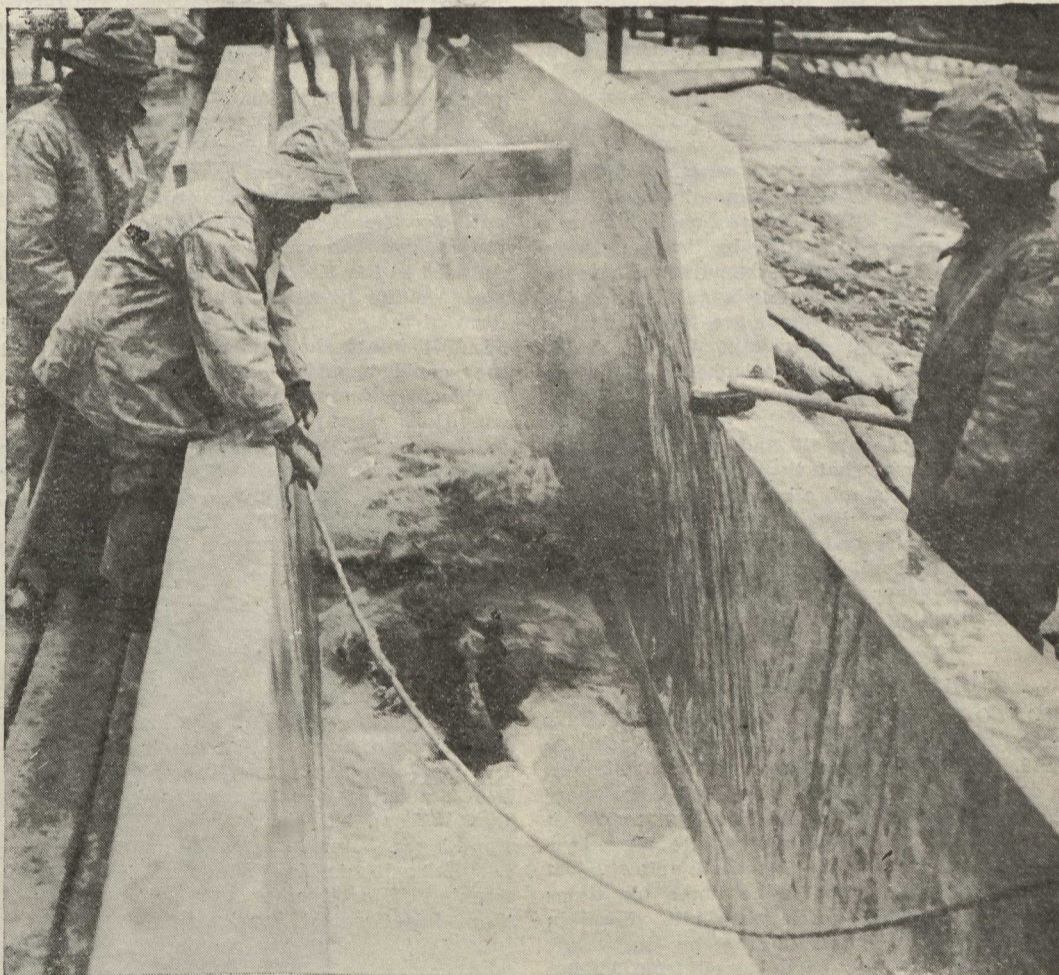
These four men in camp at London, Ont., are experts in cobbling up the clothes that are scuffed and ripped by strenuous soldiers at drill and on route-marches. Swedish gymnastics are responsible for many a rip and a button off. The amount do in a day would be an eye-opener to any downtown repair shop. Two of these men served twenty years each at mending soldiers' clothes in Canadian camps—but far different clothes.

MODERN SUBJECTS FOR FRENCH PAINTERS



A THEME FOR A 20TH CENTURY MILLET.

Two of these French munition workers are old enough to be grandmothers. They are helping to put the last touches on some 75's for their young men folk to use at Verdun. Perhaps there is more passionate poetry in this epic than in the celebrated "Gleaners" painting by Millet.



But when the shell gets to the men at the front, it is quite another picture. A Cubist might paint this grim bit of distorted realism that looks like a picture of the Dark Ages.

Sick horses getting a medical bath. Horses are too valuable in war to be let go without medical treatment. This horse has some kind of skin disease which can only be treated in a bath. The horse probably prefers the bath to falling into shell holes, flirting with flare lights or dodging Fritz snipers and shrapnel.

THE CANADIAN COURIER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY

COURIER PRESS, LIMITED

181 SIMCOE ST.

TORONTO, JUNE 24TH, 1916.

The Seeds of the Maple

LIONEL CURTIS, who talked about Imperial centralization to the Canadian Manufacturers, is an able and admirable Briton, one of those duty-loving, ideal-following young men who give flavour to whatever society they live in. More than this: Lionel Curtis' propaganda is, in its ultimate objective, thoroughly good. He and those associated with him, wish to ensure the permanence of the British Empire against disintegrating influences from within or from without. To achieve that end he, and they, appear to favour centralization of the control of defence and foreign affairs.

With Mr. Curtis' objective we have no quarrel: rather we are one with him in the matter. But with centralization we cannot agree. The basis of Imperial strength must be the national strength of the units composing the Empire, and centralization being the enemy of national strength, is the worst enemy of Imperial permanence. The British Empire must not be allowed to disintegrate. It would be a terrible irony to see it fall by reason of the very efforts of its well-intentioned lovers, to preserve it. What Mr. Curtis and his excellent associates lack is faith in the very British-ness they would preserve—and courage. The maple scatters its winged seeds to the wind well-knowing they will grow up maples. Did it fear for them and bind them to it—what hope would the forest have?

To Be a Canadian

ONE OF THE most popular British songs in the not-too-serious class is the classic from H.M.S. Pinafore, "He is an Englishman." This sounds like the real thing as sung by the crew of Pinafore. It is the kind of song that fetches a thrill from any English-speaking audience.

But the song would sound much different if put in the form,

"For I myself have said it,
And it's greatly to my credit,
That I am an Englishman."

Ten to one the song would be very unpopular in that form unless sung as a burlesque—by Dick Dead-eye with no chorus. Yet there are people here and there in Canada who practically sing that song without music. This refers to the Canadian who sometimes says, "I am an Englishman first, and a Canadian second." The chances are that if such a man, educated as he may often happen to be, should say that in London he would be looked at with suspicion. Why should a man who owes most of what he has achieved to a new country not take the best English valuation of himself and say, "I do England and the Empire what little honour I may by saying that I am first of all a Canadian, and because of that I am an Englishman, first, last, and as long as the Empire endures?" Every true Canadian is also a true Englishman in his relation to the Empire. But he never adds much to his worth as a Canadian by dividing himself into two people.

Church and Real Estate

TORONTO CONFERENCE METHODISTS have been debating on the ethics of speculating in land. That form of amusement was unknown in the days of John Wesley. But if Wesley were alive he would probably be the last man to object to selling an old downtown church site after two-thirds of the congregation had moved uptown, just because the land had come to be worth ten times what it was when the church was built. Land in growing cities has a habit of boosting its value. And if a Methodist is to be debarred from buying land at a low price and selling at a high, he would be also prevented by conscience from selling the house he was born in because the land had become too rent-valuable for house purposes. It would be a bad thing for any church if many of its members went into land speculation. It would be a foolish thing for most church members of any denomination

to ignore the fact that land values will go up and down whatever happens to church doctrines. In fact if we are to have ethical land speculation at all, it had better be in the hands of men who, because they use common sense in church matters, know how to distinguish between legitimate commercial increment in land value and the kind of vamped-up value that turns some church promoters into subdivisionists.

Rather Too Easy

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO a Methodist preacher who has since been President of a Conference, alleged that church union between Methodists and Presbyterians would be simple enough once there could be an agreement on one broad principle of compromise.

"All that is necessary," he said, "is for the Presbyterians to take our doctrines and we'll abolish the itinerant pastorate."

In the twenty-five years since that time there is no more probability of such a swap than there was then. Church union is on the way. The last General Conference of the Methodist Church showed an even larger majority in favour of it than the recent Presbyterian Assembly which voted 406 to 88. It is anyhow somewhat easier for the extreme Methodist to consider union than for the extreme Presbyterian. The itinerant pastorate itself accustoms the Methodists to many changes in a lifetime. Every four years, sometimes three, a congregation has to reconstruct its ways of thinking to suit a new preacher. We should expect the Methodists to take the lead in the matter. They have already had one great example of church union in Canada when the Wesleyans amalgamated with the Episcopalians in 1871. That was a radical amalgamation. But it worked. Here and there some Wesleyans naturally stood out. And if a few Wee Frees choose to stand out against the kirk going over half way to what was originally the chapel, it is not necessary to begrudge them a measure of honour in so doing. But the real struggle over union will come when the churches begin to decide what doctrine, church polity and practices each must give up for the order of the common weal. Swapping doctrines for itinerant pastorate will be found rather too easy.

A National Stocktaking

CONSCRIPTION IS NOT likely to be resorted to in this country before this war ends but National registration ought to be, must be adopted sooner or later. The registration of Canada's manhood—and womanhood too, for that matter—is something that might well have been done before there was any thought of war with Germany. Certainly it ought to be done before much more water has passed down the lakes. Registration is merely a form of stock-taking. If the facts were accurately reported and skillfully analyzed they would be of the greatest usefulness in enabling a wise government to frame a suitable economic policy for the nation. The Prussian system of card-indexing all citizens was no doubt a step too far in advance. As used in the Kaiser's kingdom it was an encroachment on the liberties of a citizen. But a modified form of the same thing might well be used in Canada. It would show us what people we had, what they could do and what they couldn't do. It would enable manufacturers to judge accurately the labour conditions in any given district. It would indicate what class of people were coming to the country and what classes were being drawn away from us to the United States. From this knowledge it would often be possible to gain other knowledge as to the reasons for emigration from Canada and so on.

Don't Cry, Miss Laut, Don't Cry

A SQUEAKY GATE in a gale of wind is a trifling affair, but may become annoying. A certain woman journalist who claims to have been born in this country but who has earned her living by writing really good economic articles for popular American periodicals, has taken now to writing in Canadian publications, who loudly declare her Canadianism, but she is by way of needing oil on the hinges. Her latest effort in the current number of Maclean's Magazine is not her most astonishing, but it suffices for this protest. It is headed "Canada's Greatest Service to the Empire," and is full of flighty flub-dub about "Canada's destiny," "duty," "vision," "international pacts for human freedom," etc. It bristles with such phrases as "I wish I could impress on Canada how it is her power at the present time to—" or "Nor do I mean that the service to the Empire might consist in closer political union with the United States," (!) or "Let us get down to earth" or "Canada's destiny—what is that destiny?" or for a final bit of masquerading—"What

would I have Canada do? Wake up . . . Do what the National City Bank is doing—train experts for . . . etc.," or "What has all this to do with the greatest service to be rendered the Empire? I answer as I answered before—"

Now honestly, dear Miss Agnes Laut is allowing her own words to excite her too much. Someone should fetch a glass of water. Let us re-assure Miss Laut that if she wants to "come down to earth" we shall be only too glad to help her to a quiet seat. But why, oh why, couldn't she have stayed down in the first place? It would have been much more pleasant. Do let this excitable little lady calm her fretted nerves. Mama's here. Papa's here. We're all here, and quite calm—in spite of the little lady's expensive hysterics. And by the way, we are studying our duty very painfully and soberly from right here at home in Canada. And we don't at all need to go to New York or send to New York to learn about it.

Did one not regard Miss Laut's writing as being more the result of the commercial exploitation of disordered nerves than anything else one should be inclined to regard this somewhat shrewish scolding as faintly impertinent. As it is, we are filled with sympathy. If Miss Laut knew her Canada better and her United States less she would not be compelled to draw her lofty examples from United States concerns such as the National City Bank of somewhere or other. Is it possible that Miss Laut is pot-boiling and using her all-but-abandoned Canadian connection to that end? Fie! "Uncle Sam," she concludes, "has risen to the occasion. Will Canada?"

Deary-me! Indeed! Indeed! Honestly now, calming the heated imagination a moment, Miss Laut, is all this really so? Has the U. S. risen to the occasion, or have you missed your street and got lost and merely been conferring with the President of something or other or a couple of neutral monarchs who have confided their minds to your keeping? Don't cry, Miss Laut. Don't cry.

Our Glorious Incompleteness

A GREAT BRITISH engineer visiting Canada some years ago was asked the usual question: How did he like the country?

"Like it!" he exclaimed. "It's the greatest country I know. Everything about it attracts me to it. I am charmed with the glorious incompleteness of everything!"

There is the key, or should be the key, to the present generation's love for Canada. Some Canadians, visiting England, are won over by the marvellous "finish" of the Old Country. Everything is established, proven, tested and tried. Nothing is experimental or incomplete—save human nature, and even that is cast almost in a mould. Returning to Canada a certain type of Canadian is filled with doubt to find his native land so comparatively crude. It is raw in a thousand ways.

But to your true Canadian as to the British engineer, we cite, this very crudeness, incompleteness should give zest to his citizenship. Your true Canadian rejoices, not in the mere vulgarity of incompleteness, but in the constant challenge to turn to and BUILD!

Potatoes and Dahlias

DID YOU EVER notice the family resemblance between a potato and a dahlia? Probably the expert botanical man doesn't see any. But for all practical purposes they are as much akin as two peas in a pod. You hoke them out of the cellar half sprouted in the spring and tuck them under the soil. Of course you don't cut dahlia bulbs to economize on the eyes. Dahlias don't cost you 75 cents a peck. If they do you don't buy them. In a couple of weeks' time they come up—potatoes and dahlias. One grows tall and the other doesn't; one has bugs and the other has none; one has white blossoms and the other as many colours as the rainbow. In the fall you dig them up and with good luck you have seven or eight dahlia bulbs in a clump from one you planted in the spring. Which is about the same average as the potato. But for the joy of production commend me to the potato. When it pokes its first dull-green curled-up leaf through the soil it's a poem of potentiality. It's too small to hoe when the bugs begin to camp on it. Before the last hill is up the first one up has yellow bug-eggs under one leaf. By the time you have the last of the new crop of bugs Paris-greened the patch is ready for its last hoeing up. In a few weeks you can ram a hand into a hill and feel a pack of young potatoes. Whereby if you have a good crop, even in a city plot, you get from two pecks of seed six or seven bags at least—perhaps more. And when the last potato is dug the last bloom has gone to pieces on the dahlias.



No woman has ever been more of a spirit immortal without being a saint on earth, than Sara Bernhardt. She has the art power of Rosa Bonheur and something of the heroism of Joan of Arc. She is here photographed among her

**"DIVINE SARA"
AT THE FRONT**

beloved Poilus, to whom she sang some beautiful poems which she had taken with her to the trenches. Perhaps amid the din of modern battle few of them heard what she sang; but they saw her—and that was enough.

MAINLY BECAUSE HE IS "BOB"

Hon. Robert Rogers, Minister of Public Works, is Picked as Second Man up to Sir Robert Borden

By H. W. ANDERSON

Press Gallery Correspondent at Ottawa for the Toronto Globe.

EVENTS seem to have determined as a fact that successful and effective political leadership in Canada must have one of two requisites. It must possess personal magnetism, the ability to win from its following, not alone admiration and adherence, but more—affection. Or, failing that, it must possess, in mammoth measure, character. John A. Macdonald and Wilfrid Laurier belong to the beloved. Oliver Mowat and James P. Whitney conquered by conviction.

Even generosity, seeing through the party glass darkly, fails to find among the cabinet "honourables" who compose the colleagues of Premier Borden a man who measures sufficient to either standard to give him a title clear to future leadership. Those, again, who look over from "across the way," regard the occupants of the treasury benches, speaking frankly, as most ordinary mediocrity. There are those on back benches who loom larger than many who clutter the councils of cabinet.

If Hon. Frank Cochrane had his old-time health he would best fill the bill of heir apparent to leadership. Cochrane is not a parliamentarian—he does not shine in the House—but he is an administrator and an idealist, as is proven by his conscientious efforts to make the oil of sound business methods mix with the water of the exigencies of party politics. Cochrane is of the Whitney school, strong, persistent, silent, but he is devoid of personal political ambition.

There are, then, four possibilities—Foster, Rogers, White and Meighen. One does not have to drop Meighen. He drops himself. He is a "flute and piccolo" performer in Parliament, and party bounds his political horizon. White goes next. He has ability; he works—but he chatters. He is a sophomore—but wants to do all the lecturing. Neither White nor Meighen possesses political acumen or real understanding of the psychology of the folk about them. Then there is Foster, with all things needful, save one—and that the essential. The tragedy of Parliament is Foster.

This leaves Rogers, not by divine right of fitness, but by painful process of elimination. Hon. "Bob" never lingers upon the field of defeat. He does not let sentimentality dull the edge of business. He separated himself from Roblinism with the alacrity

of a Reno divorcee, and when Borden came a-wooing in the autumn of 1911, Hon. Bob promptly married him—him and his success and his prospective promising political investments. Within a month the Man from Manitoba had his grip on the running of the new and more elaborate household.

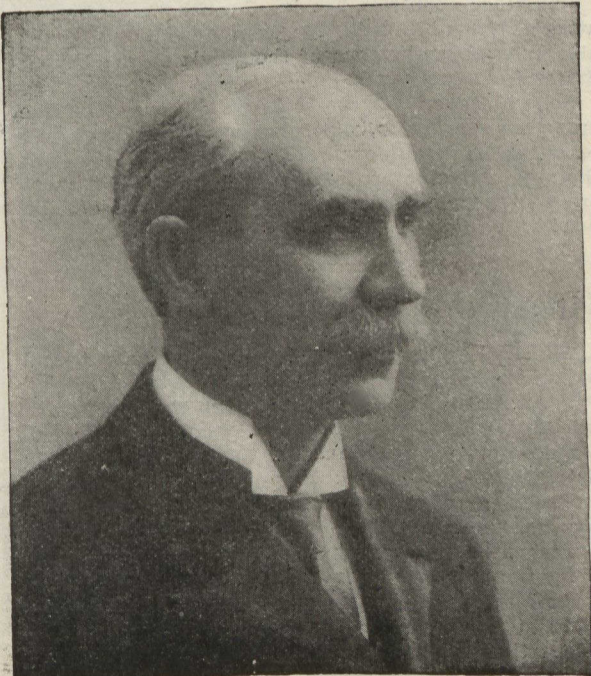
Nowadays experience is held in modest repute. Energy and initiative are the universal passports to recognition. Rogers never worries over the niceties

of precedents or formulas. He doesn't know—and doesn't care—much about these things. He wants what he wants when he wants it, and he goes about getting it in his own way. He doesn't waste time studying the classics. He studies the men about him. He is a man's man. He hasn't much use for politicians in petticoats and pink tea methods. Diplomacy wears him; procrastination irritates him; ethical considerations simply "don't belong."

What he lacks in conscience he makes up in heart. The "boys" call him "Bob." They think of him as "Bob." They regard him as the essence of human good fellowship. That's his great asset—that and the big warm-hearted hand which perpetually is slapping them on the shoulder or gripping them with friendly and intimate cordiality. Macdonald owed much of his abiding hold upon his followers to the fact that he was always "John A." Laurier, to Liberals, is "the Chief," with affection and confidence tied to the title. The Man from Manitoba is "Bob." When the rank and file call the boss "Bob" the chances are that there is good feeling and good teamwork there. That's why Hon. Bob is the master of the Borden administration.

The weakness of Hon. Bob and his leadership is that he puts the party where the public ought to be. His loyalty to the cause is greater than his devotion to the country. Success comes first—hang the expense. The end justifies the means. The boys who gulp, and gag, and sweat, but come along at the finish and line up to vote Colonel J. Wesley Allison a hero and Sir Rodolphe Forget a public benefactor—these are Hon. Bob's patriots. The Andrew Broders and the William F. Nickles are poor misguided slackers who fail to respond when the party is in a pinch. The party can't be wrong, more particularly if Hon. Bob is in charge.

Hon. Bob isn't overburdened with personal convictions. He believes in success. He boasts of ability to win elections. Issues are, after all, secondary things, merely means to an end—necessary evils that concern ordinary everyday folk who have nothing better to do. Hon. Bob. is bigger and broader than any issue. The party is his shibboleth. War-time truces are a nuisance. Let's up and at them. Only in winning is public life worth while.



What's What the World Over

Interesting Phases of the World's Thinking Recorded in Current Periodicals

Maximilian Harden Character-Sketched . . . Curiosities of Cannon Thunder . . . Where Exporters Make Mistakes . . . Neutral's Opinion of Britain's Hold on Egypt . . . Lloyd George's Future, a Problem Tackled by Mr. H. N. Brailstord . . . Shall Britons be Allowed to Migrate After the War? . . . How to Buy a Farm Without Regretting it

Will Britain Forbid Emigrants?

CAN England— would she— forbid her people to migrate to Canada or the other colonies after the war? Or deliberately place obstacles in their way to discourage emigration? Now, a permit has to be obtained before a man can sail for America. But this is war time and laws that are tolerated now might be called "Prussian" in the peace.

Yet there is a distinct feeling abroad in England against all proposals to send men to the colonies after the war. When a body of Canadians in London went to Bonar Law last fall to discuss projects for emigration to Canada after the war, the Secretary for the Colonies intimated as tactfully as he could, that far from facilitating emigration the Government felt disposed to take whatever steps might be feasible to prevent the loss of males from the British Isles.

Now, H. M. Hyndman writes in the English Review an almost passionate protest against what he calls "The Emigration Madness." If this is a fair representation of English opinion now or likely soon to be, Canadians should interest themselves in answering the arguments. We quote Mr. Hyndman:

Although nobody disputes that Great Britain is "starved for labour," one of the principal suggestions for dealing with our soldiers who are discharged after the war is to ship them off to our Colonies as emigrants. Sir H. Rider Haggard has already gone on a tour to those Colonies, in order to arrange as speedily as possible for this systematic transportation for life of some of our most useful workers. It is, to my mind, an utterly fatuous policy. If our population is really too dense, obviously the non-producers, from Dukes, Bishops, and Peers to domestic servants, might be most conveniently spared.

Sir William Petty goes the length of suggesting that we could very satisfactorily dispense with the services of "numbers of lawyers, physicians, merchants, and such folk who properly and originally earn nothing for the public, being only a kind of gamesters who play with one another for the labours of the poor." Let Lord Reading and Lord Haldane, Lord Rothschild, Sir Ernest Cassel, and Mr. Lloyd George lead the way to the Colonies. Would they— I ask the question from the point of view of political economy—be greatly missed?

On the other hand, what is the actual value of a sound, capable, able-bodied man, trained in the open air, and accustomed to co-operate with his fellows—such men as are most of our soldiers returning from the front? In the flood-tide of European immigration into North America, the mere value in dollars and cents to the Great Republic of the United States of each able-bodied male colonist who landed on its shores was estimated at some three thousand dollars.

But let us be content with taking the average value of any healthy, vigorous male adult on the other side of the Atlantic at six hundred pounds—where does that assumption land us? I take it for granted that he is not worth less to Great Britain than to the United States or Canada.

What does it all mean? That if Sir H. Rider Haggard and his committee, in conjunction with our Colonies, succeed in transporting even 100,000 men across the seas, this island will be the loser to the extent, measured in money, of £60,000,000. For these 100,000 men, supposing their labour to be thoroughly well organized in any department, would produce wealth which, though it ought not to be evaluated in terms of money at all, would exceed a revenue of at least £200 a year per head, after providing fairly well for themselves and their families. On this reckoning, the sum of six hundred pounds represents only three years' purchase of their surplus labour power embodied in commodities. Cheap, surely!

Even the roughest, unskilled labour is enormously important, and its withdrawal may have far-reaching consequences.

It is strange to recall how, a few years ago, Ger-

mans at home were witnessing with sorrow the loss of such vast crowds of their best people by this rush to the West. Careful attention to home production of all kinds, and protection for German industry and agriculture, while the transformation was being brought about, completely changed the situation. The drain of Teutonic manhood was almost immediately stanching, and now German emigration has become of trifling importance, while the population of the Empire has very greatly increased.

The hope that our emigrant soldiers, when dismissed from the country they have defended, will go only to British Colonies, does not in the least change the situation from the economic standpoint. Presuming them to be personally successful, they in no wise compensate the Mother Country for their loss, nor do they help us in any way to solve our pressing problems of home production. However close we may draw our relations to our Colonies nothing will change the fact that we must in future depend more and more upon our domestic resources, especially for food. The prospect of universal peace and the limitation of submarine warfare is too remote for us to view with other than alarm the permanent dependence of our population for four-fifths of its sustenance upon remote sources of supply. To encourage the emigration of the flower of our



THE RUSSIAN BEAR'S AWAKENING.
Sykes (Philadelphia Evening Ledger.)

people under such conditions is surely the height of folly.

But other countries besides Germany are appreciating this truth. Italy, for example. Italians have also been going by tens of thousands to the United States for many years.

So, whichever way we look, we discover that the craze for emigration, which reached its height a few years ago, is dying down. Vigorous, trained men are the most valuable products of the planet. Yet there are still people who clamour for "assisted emigration!"

Mistakes of the Exporter

SELLING your goods to foreigners is an art, and there are many pitfalls for the unwary "artist." An American, Herbert Corey, in the Pan-American Magazine, gives a list of American mistakes. Perhaps they have a Canadian application. Here is his catalogue of charges:

"Too many of the exporters in the United States," says he, "are:

"Dishonest. They try to cheat their customers.
"Ignorant. They do not know the primary facts of their business.

"Unintelligent. When confronted by new conditions they are at a loss.

"Autocratic. They try to sell what they want to

sell—not what the customer wants to buy.

"Selfish. Their interest in each shipment ends when they get the money.

"Careless. They do not obey explicit instructions as to goods and manner of packing and shipment.

"Blind. They do not realize the excellence of the market that lies under their hands."

The application is not universal. There are firms which for years have been doing a most satisfactory business in South America. But they have kept it dark. They have hidden the bone from the other dogs in the garden. With all their success they lack the breadth of view of the German and the French and the English merchants who have almost monopolized the South American trade.

"Before the war our trade with South America, including Mexico, was about \$600,000,000 a year," said this authority. "To-day it is about \$1,000,000,000, and there is practically no Mexican trade. It has been thrust into our hands because the Europeans are not now able to care for their lines. This does not apply to Great Britain. That country has had more agents looking for business during the war than she ever had before. Her war motto has been 'More Business Than Usual.'

"Here is another clause in the indictment:

"We take no pains as to the men who represent American lines in South America. Many of them do not know the geography. They do not know the most elemental facts of the countries, conditions, trade methods, wants, packing, financing. Some of them do not even know the language of the countries they visit. These are apt to spend their days and nights in having a hurrahing good time. Those who do know the languages are apt to be mere boys."

Reading L. G.'s Future

AS a deviser of destinies for other people Mr. H. N. Brailstord may be bold, but he is at least interesting when he asks and answers—to his own satisfaction, at all events—"What is the future of Mr. Lloyd George?" We quote from his article in a recent issue of the New Republic:

The clearest memory that exists for me of Mr. Lloyd George is of the man as he was some sixteen years ago, mid-way in the Boer War. The face was younger and smoother and less scarred by the world. It wore a daring look of challenge, and the eyes had still something of the poet's vision, who sees a distant horizon. In those days, with no thought of self and no anxious heed for his career, he braved a nation at war, and with an eloquence that counted no consequences, denounced the greedy and oppressive policy which was erasing from the list of free peoples the names of two little republics. It is another man whom Mr. John has seen. The world has built its walls about him. The vision of distant things and high ideals is gone from the eyes. The features have lost that suggestion of spiritual beauty. It is the face of a politician, busied in the chancy pursuit of success, absorbed in the struggle with other wills, and bent by its habitual thoughts into a look that has more in it of calculation than of chivalrous defiance. It makes above all an impression of restlessness. It is uneasy, insecure, alert, the face of a man who is for ever scheming, who gambles with his own career and stakes his all upon success. The lifted brow is watching for some stealthy movement of an opponent, and the lips, twisting the gray moustache, hold back the nervous impulse to an instant retort. The idealist and knight-errant of sixteen years ago has become the engineer of political crises, the artist of coalition, the blender of parties and opinions, the opportunist, the manipulator.

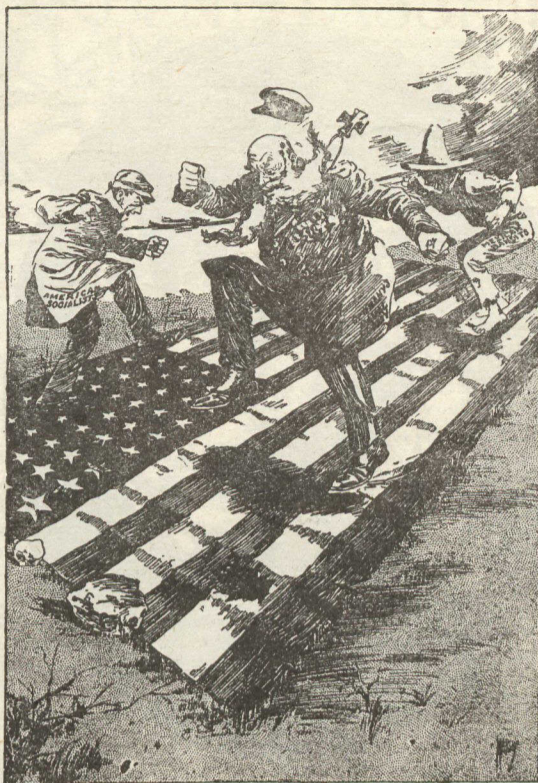
A man of this mercurial temperament without systematic training or discipline, no reader, no student, avid of immediate success, alive in every nerve and living in the movement, impulsive, intensely personal and undisguisedly vain, will be guided in his political career by the two arts of which he is the master. By them he must succeed. He will choose his opinions as a prima donna chooses her roles.

THREE RECENT AMERICAN CARTOONS



THE RISING TIDE.

Congressional graft is menaced by public opinion.
Harding, in Brooklyn Eagle.



"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT."

Isn't it about time to stop the favourite sport?
From The New York Times.



THE PRIZE AVIATOR.

Helpless victim to Aeronaut Wilson: "Hey! Come down! Come down!"

Carter, N. Y. Sun.

Some suit his style and others do not. The orator must speak to the masses, and lead a popular party, for he speaks the mother-tongue of the democracy. That is at once his endowment and his limitation. If he had this gift alone, he would remain to the end of his days a leader of revolts and a champion of proletarian causes, more often in opposition than in power. The other art conflicts with the Orator's endowment. He has the instinct for compromises. He is always on the lookout for what he calls in familiar speech "a deal." An opponent is always for him a man with whom he may one day form a combination.

Only a rash prophet would dare to cast the horoscope of such a man. He will have made at least three fresh crises in the Cabinet—if it survives—before these pages have crossed the Atlantic. One can, however, see the lines on which he is moving. He is following in the steps of our last great demagogue, Joseph Chamberlain, who also turned midway in an ambitious career from radicalism to imperialism. He will take over the standard of aggressive imperialism. He will drop the fetters of radical tradition in such matters as conscription and free trade. He will aspire to lead a "national" party, equally divorced from the old Toryism of class privilege, and the old Liberalism of difficult principles. He lacks indeed the robust English brutality of Mr. Chamberlain. He will retain something of the sentiment of the school in which he grew up. He will not turn crudely from his old pacifism to a doctrine of force and revenge, for pacifism makes an effective note in oratory, but he has learned that the wider success must be won by an appeal to the simpler passions of imperial self-consciousness. He will embark on the new venture with the resolve to say much and to do something for the cause of the poor and for constructive social reform. That also was Mr. Chamberlain's intention. In the event he will probably learn that the support of such forces as are represented by the Times and the Daily Mail must be paid for. The classes which will help him to establish conscription and to destroy free trade will not applaud further essays in the super-taxation of unearned wealth, or fresh campaigns against the landed interest.

I question whether we shall ever see him in the place which his ambition assigns to him, as a Premier at the head of a national party. English prejudices demand a more stable, a less mercurial leadership. The public school tradition is merciful, moreover, to a man who affects an easy attitude towards the conventional loyalties and decorums. His fate, I suspect, is to be rather the brain and the tongue than the titular president of some new coalition. By what process of disruption the new group will crystallize is still obscure. The risk at present is that Mr. Lloyd George's silent work of intrigue behind the scenes may lose him the following which is his asset. At present his alliance with Lord Northcliffe, his manoeuvres against Mr. Asquith, and

the whispers of his infidelity to cherished Liberal principles, have shaken his position, while for lack of oratorical opportunity he has made no new converts. His power will be manifest only when he has made some three or four speeches in the new direction. It is a real power, and it will survive while he can shape a peroration.

Buying a Farm

IN buying a farm, Francis Copeland thinks it wise to study many points, including the question of markets for your products. In an article in the world's Work he goes on to point out how, around every centre of population, there naturally grows a truck farming community; and around the great northeastern population centre of the country the trucking business spreads out a thousand miles, with New York as the centre of a series of concentric arcs. The radii of these arcs are governed by two considerations: the number of hours from New York and the season of the year the crops come in. Take two cases: one farmer lives ten hours from New

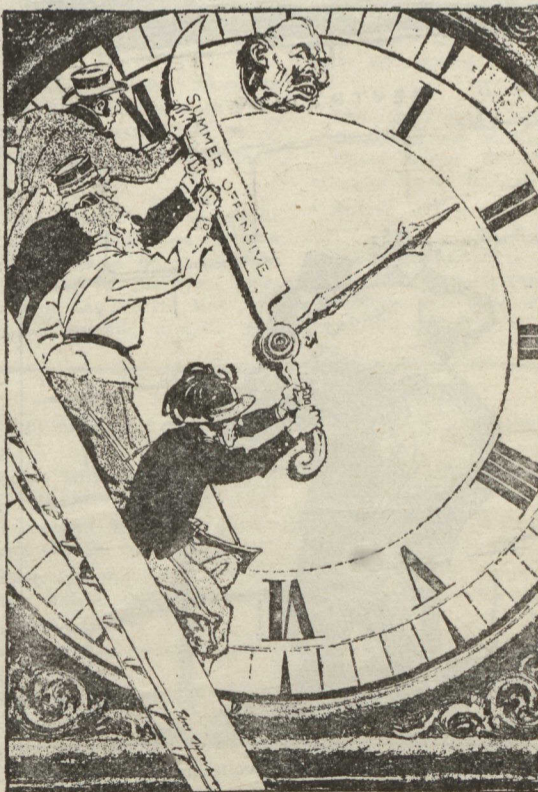
York, and, during the season, he can gather his truck in the morning, load it in refrigerator cars in the afternoon, and have it delivered in New York at 4 o'clock the next morning. Another farmer lives fifteen hours from New York: he has not got time to gather and load his produce on the same day as farmer No. 1, so he might as well be twenty-four as five hours farther away from New York. This is just a simple case—there are many ramifications of it; it is worth while studying markets.

Mind you, I am not decrying farming. Farming is the ideal life. But I am trying to show you the great mistakes of the man who was indignant about the farm that he bought. After all, it was his own fault, for he did not take the ordinary precautions of a good business man. He knew nothing about what he was buying. He has gone back to his Northern home with an unsalable farm on his hands. If he had spent 10 per cent. of the money he has lost in either personally investigating or sending some reliable man to investigate before buying the land he would have saved both his pocketbook and his indignation.

When buying a farm remember that farming is as much of a business as making bricks is, and investigate as closely as if you were about to buy a business. If you satisfy the following six essential rules, you cannot go far wrong:

1. Be perfectly certain that your neighbours are congenial, for farming in an uncongenial neighbourhood is impossible.
2. Locate near a school and a church—you can get labour easier even if you do not use them yourself.
3. Be sure the country is healthful—and the water pure.
4. Look well into the transportation facilities; roads, railroads, and rates.
5. Find out where the markets are.
6. Then buy a good piece of farm land.

THE BIG PUSH



It will be alright in the Summer Time.
—From London Opinion.

Harden Silenced Again

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN said great things when the war began, telling the world in general and the German people in particular, that now was Germany's opportunity to become the masters of Europe. They intended to do it and would do it, and might as well be frank enough to admit it. So said one of the foremost intellects of Germany, who a few weeks ago struck a far different note in his paper Zukunft, and said that Germany might as well admit she never could beat the Allies. For this utterance his paper was suppressed.

In pre-war days, according to J. M. Hone, in Everyman, Maximilian Harden was scarcely known in England except as the daring publicist who had brought to light those unsavoury scandals in Prussian high places which resulted in the trials of von Moltke, Eulenburg, and the Kaiser's cousin, William von Hohenhan. But throughout the Continent, and

especially in France, Harden had already a considerable reputation even before in the pages of *Zukunft* he exposed and disgraced some of the Emperor's most trusted councillors. *Zukunft* was founded in 1892, and among Harden's co-operators in the venture were many French writers, including Anatoli France, Jules Lemaitre and Sorel. Harden's own contributions to *Zukunft* prepared Continental readers for that curious attitude toward the present war which has so puzzled the British public. Shortly, to sum up the matter, one may say that Harden was always, as now, on the one hand, a bitter critic of modern Germany, and, on the other, an ardent believer in German destinies. This ardent belief is traced to his devotion to the memory of Bismarck, whose confidence Harden won as a youth, the Iron Chancellor being then in retirement. A Jew with French sympathies, Harden, if he has not actually embraced the creed of pan-Germanism, at least agrees with Goethe that the "perfect hero" will be he who unites the "Germanic and Hellenic cultures." His position, therefore, is very different from that of Liebknecht and the other German critics of the war. It is nearer to that, *mutatis mutandis*, of Bernard Shaw in England. Harden is really an artist who has strayed into world politics. Very much he wants Germany to win this war; and yet no considerations of expediency permit him to overlook the bellonist stupidities of his compatriots. He is always writing nice things about the French and English in *Zukunft*, and this not so much, one suspects, because he wants to please the French and the English as because he wants to watch the wrath of the Germans!

Harden was born at Berlin in 1861. He studied at a "French gymnasium" of that city—i.e., at a school founded by French refugees. Thus it was at an early age that he acquired his knowledge of the French language and literature. He was about twenty-six years old when he became a contributor to certain journals of "progressivist" tendency. But these organs, with their cynical subservience to moneyed interests, did not long suit Harden's style. It was in the name of liberty that he started *Zukunft*. His independence of spirit had, however, already manifested itself in literary and dramatic excursions. He was one of the founders of the *Freie Buhne* (Free Stage), which introduced Ibsen to an unwilling public, and he had supported the Secessionist movement in German Art. Harden, however, is essentially an iconoclast, and from his propaganda, whether of the Theatre, or of Art, or of Literature, or of Politics, emerge very few constructive proposals. He accounts for degradation everywhere by the power of money.

Britain in Egypt

ARNOLD DOSCH is an American, and apparently neutral when he describes Britain's position in Egypt as favourable, therefore it has the added value of being independent testimony. His

conclusions, summed up from *The World's Work*, are interesting. Says he:

The military situation, which attracted me to Egypt, I found to be the least important. It is simple



Maximilian Harden, the editor of *Zukunft*, recently suppressed by the Kaiser because Harden bluntly said that Germany never could beat the Allies. Portrait by W. H. Caffyn, in *Everyman*.

and is not subject to much change. The delta of the Nile, inhabited by fellahin, is productive of neither good military nor revolutionary material. It is content to be protected and lorded over by British troops. The fighting spirit is among the Bedouins of the desert, particularly the Senussi to the west. German and Turkish influence has been exerted among them, and they were led to believe they could back the English to the seashore as they did with the Italians in Tripoli. They soon found they could not do it, as the British troops had garrisoned the oases, and were in Egypt in such large numbers as to make a desert attack on them impossible. The Egyptian Government has also assumed an attitude that the Senussi are not really unfriendly, and, while tribes under Senussi influence have fought several lively desert battles with British troops, blame has never been placed on the Grand Senussi, the head of the jesuitical religious order to which they all belong, and, even at the time of these minor battles, correspondence and even personal communication with him has continued unbroken.

The only other military danger to the quiet of Egypt is an attack on the Suez Canal, and my observations in Egypt lead me to the belief that the Canal cannot be successfully attacked, as long as there are anywhere near as many soldiers in Egypt as at present. The Canal is fortified for a long distance to the eastward, the only direction from which an attack can come, and, as the Mediterranean and the Red Sea form the ends of the British lines, it is impossible to turn the British flank. That leaves the only military possibility a direct attack against prepared defences close to the base, while the attacking party must bring ammunition and supplies, notably water, for more than a hundred miles across a desert. So the military advantages are all in favour of the British and will probably remain so until the end of the war. The Turks may make an attack even before this is printed, but it can hardly succeed, and, if made, the purpose of it will probably be merely a show of force for political effect upon the desert tribes.

Cannon Thunder

THE wonder is not that the tremendous bombardments of the present war are heard fifty or 100 miles away, writes Hilliard Atteridge in *Chambers's*, but that they are not heard at much greater distance. Theoretically, we might expect to hear the sound of guns in London whenever there is heavy fighting on the front between Ypres and Arras, where hundreds of guns are often in action within one hundred and fifty miles of the capital. Dover ought to hear the firing nearly every day.

But sound plays very curious tricks. There are times when the firing of hundreds of guns is not heard at a distance of a few miles. The direction of the wind and the general state of the atmosphere seem to influence the propagation of sound in ways that we do not completely understand. There is an interesting historical instance of this. At the decisive battle of Sadowa, in the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866, there was a very slight breeze from the north, and as the Crown Prince's army advanced and came into action the flashes of guns and the great smoke-clouds they produced could be seen quite plainly on the hills on the Austrian right about two miles distant. Yet the nearest guns only two miles off were not heard. There is another mystery of sound, of which there is yet no satisfactory explanation, though there are many ingenious theories on the subject. This is the existence of what is called the "zone of silence."

An investigation of the distances at which the heavy bombardment of the Antwerp forts was heard in 1914 shows that the "zone of silence" began at a distance of about fifty miles from the fortress. It could be heard plainly in the south of Holland; in central Holland it was inaudible, but it could be heard like distant thunder in towns on and beyond the north shores of the Zuyder Zee.

CARTOONS ON DUTCH TOPICS



The Derelict. Germany outrages Holland with her submarines. Harding, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.



The Flood of Blood—with Recollections of Peter at the Dyke. Fitzpatrick, in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.



Spring Fashions among the Dutch in 1916. Bronstrup, in *San Francisco Chronicle*.

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

Particulars Upon Request

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED

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



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until 4.00 P.M., on Wednesday, June 28, 1916, for the supply of coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained at this Department and on application to the caretakers of the different Dominion Buildings.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so or fail to complete the contract. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, June 7, 1916.
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

The Line of Communication with the County of York is the

Toronto and York Radial Railway Company

Freight shipments, no matter how large or small, are handled with dispatch.

These are some of the busy towns and villages reached by the "Electric Service":

- Toronto
- Thornhill
- Richmond Hill
- Aurora
- Newmarket
- Queensville
- Keswick
- Jackson's Point
- Sutton
- Schomberg

"Express Delivery at Freight Rates."

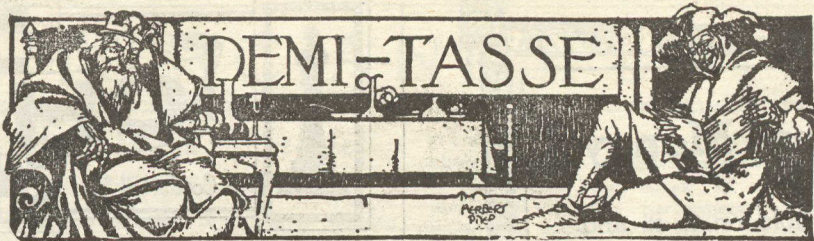
For particulars write or telephone the Traffic Department, Toronto.

Telephone—Main 7044, North 4517.

We operate our own Cartage Department.

If you are this week a chance reader of the Courier and you find it "good stuff" you may count on it that it is so regularly. It improves acquaintance. Your subscription solicited.

Circulation Manager.



Courierettes.

THIS growing barefoot fad may be accounted for in part by the increased cost of shoes.

They have a great time across the line with their party symbols—elephant, moose and donkey.

The Allies seized Saloniki as a "military necessity." Germany gave us a fine precedent, if one was needed.

Mothers who didn't raise their sons to be soldiers may safely send their daughters to training camps for women corps.

Lake Michigan breezes had keen competition while those conventions were on at Chicago.

It would surely seem that the Kaiser is after the Nobel peace prize this year.

The United States would be perfectly safe if it could only fight as effectively as it can parade.

That daylight saving scheme isn't popular with the dancers. They want more midnight.

Toronto alderman suggests an inquiry into the high cost of gasoline. Gas is a natural subject of aldermanic interest.

We notice that circus seats collapsed and killed 30 people the other day. The summer season is thus officially opened.

A health expert advises that the entire body be exposed to the sun so that every part can become tanned. Fine weather, isn't it?

The apex of fame for some Yankee statesmen is reached when the hysterical delegates to a party convention cheer them for half an hour.

Gilded finger nails are the latest. Gasoline and oil stains are too costly.

Whiskey was shipped into Virginia as axle grease. Those wets always were a slippery bunch.

Every man has his faults, and most men have wives who take care that their husbands hear their faults classified.

The Shoes That Speak.

She was a perfect poem,
So trim, so neat,
She was a perfect poem—
Barring her feet.

Explained.—Many a man who marries in haste might repent at leisure but for the fact that the poor beggar has to work so hard to keep her in picture hats and vari-coloured shoes that he doesn't get any leisure.

Bryan Described.—William Jennings Bryan is still in the public eye, avers a newspaper writer. Perhaps, but he is somewhat of a cinder in the said eye.

Classifying the Canadians.—Sergeant "Bill" Hawkins, who won the King's Prize at Bisley a couple of years ago, and who still swears by the Ross rifle, has returned from the battle line, invalidated home after wounds, and he tells

some interesting yarns of what he saw and heard at the front.

One of his stories is particularly good, as illustrating the general view taken across the pond of the Canadian troops, from the standpoint of the soldier who is a strict disciplinarian.

Hawkins was in a hospital in England, and near him was a wounded Irishman who was strong on discipline. One day a battalion of Canadians marched by the hospital, and Hawkins watched them, with a light of pride in his eyes, as he stood by the window. He called his Irish comrade over to see the marching men.

"Gosh, but they're a fine looking body of men!" exclaimed Hawkins. "Come over here and see them."

And Pat flung back: "Are they soldiers or Canadians?"

Summer Fiction.

- The German official reports.
- Summer resort advertisements.
- Weather probabilities.
- Eye-witness descriptions of naval battle.
- Expert dope on the races.
- Convention orations and candidates' announcements.
- Peace negotiation reports.
- Press stories of movie stars' salaries.

Essentials.—Said the school teacher to her class: "Who can tell me the two things necessary to a baptism?"

And answered little Tommy: "Water and a baby, ma'am!"

The Test.

"I'd die for you!" the lover true
Said to the maiden he would marry;
She sweetly sighed and then replied:
"How much insurance do you carry?"

Recognized.—Wife (just awakened): "Is that you, Jack?"

Husband (who has been fussing around bedroom): "Yes, yes, dear."

Wife: "You scared me so. I thought there was a man in the room."

The Modern Mary.

Mary had a diary for
The story of her youth;
She wasn't scared to lose it,
For she didn't write the truth.

Took Their Time.—An Ontario couple got married after a courtship of 50 years. They wanted to wait until they were well acquainted.

The Contrast.—Canada gets a heap more glory out of the charges that her soldiers made in Flanders than the charges that her munition middlemen made at home.

Who Cares?—'Tis said that white socks will be quite the style for men this summer. But who wastes time looking at men's socks?

WAR NOTES.

Kaiser Bill finds that taking Verdun is just about as easy as catching the greased pig.

The trouble with some U. S. politicians is that they worry more about the pork barrel than the gun barrel.

The Fatherland decorated Capt. Boy-Ed with the Iron Cross after America had conferred the tin can on him.

The Kaiser has appointed a Food Dictator, his aim being no doubt to see that Germany will be able to pick on a man more unpopular than himself when the worst comes.

Our enemy wants to make peace terms while he still has something to offer.

The peace that passeth all understanding is the one that exists between Italy and Germany.

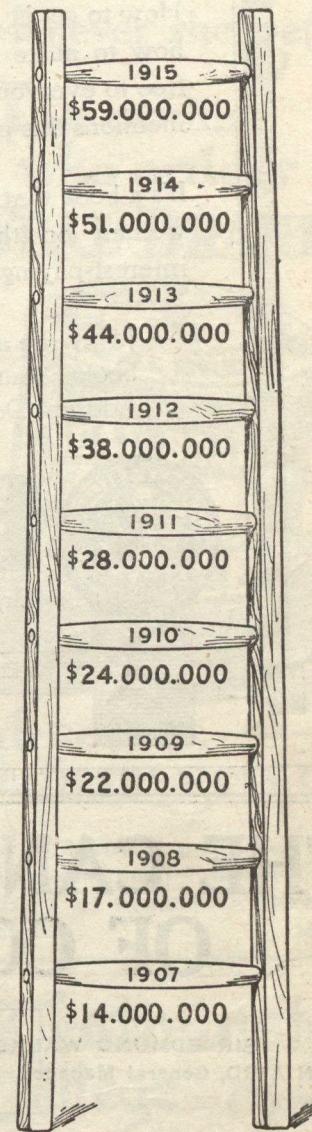
Curates are said to be scarce in Britain. The army has taken the surplice supply.

German-Americans recently brought out another bogus anti-American Punch. So to speak, a punch below the belt.

Truth, crushed to earth, may rise again, but it can't get by the censor.

Growth!

Assets under Administration:—



Write for our latest report.

National Trust Company Limited.

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

18-22 KING ST. EAST
TORONTO

THE STERLING TRUSTS CORPORATION

Incorporated by Dominion Charter
Authorized Capital\$1,000,000.00
(Fully Subscribed.)
Paid-up Capital 361,903.50
Total Assets 3,644,769.11

President
W. S. Dinnick
Vice-Presidents
E. D. McCallam John Firstbrooke
Earl of Clarendon
Managing Director Secretary
Herbert Waddington J. G. Langton

HEAD OFFICE:
80 King Street East, Toronto, Canada

Western Assurance Company
(Fire, Marine and Explosion)

Incorporated A.D. 1851.
Assets over \$4,000,000.00.
Losses paid since organization over
\$64,000,000.00.

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO.

A Book About Money

How to get it. How to hold on to it, and how to make it work for you, will be sent free to everyone who writes for a copy and mentions this paper.

It's a book that has started many a man and woman on the road to owning sound, interest-paying investments.

Just write and say, "Send me your book about Profits from Savings." Address Dept.: 35



STANDARD RELIANCE MORTGAGE CORPORATION
Head Office, 82-88 King St. E. Toronto

Branches: Ayr, Brockville, Chatham, Elmira, New Hamburg

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President.
JOHN AIRD, General Manager. H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. General Manager.

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

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

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

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

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

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

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

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

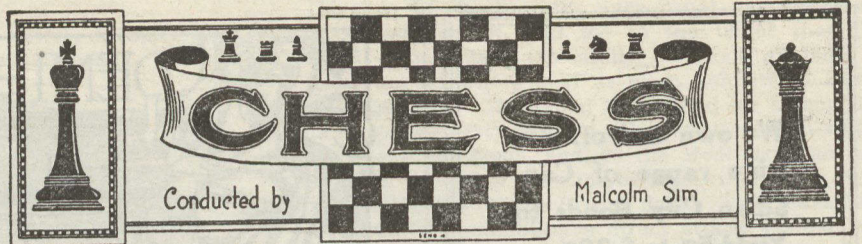
TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 49 MILLION DOLLARS.

For further information and literature apply to

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

SNAP

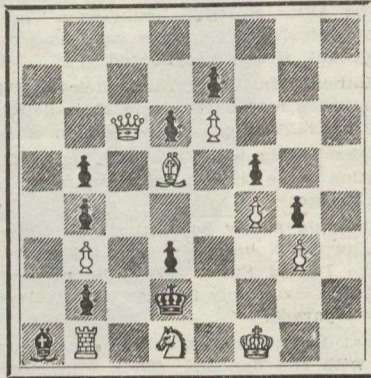
THE GREAT Hand Cleaner 15c.



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

PROBLEM NO. 49, by Duncan Pirnie. "The Hesitation Bristol." (Specially contributed to the "Courier.")

Black.—Ten Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 50, by W. I. Kennard. (A Task-Problem.)

Half-yearly Prize, American Chess Bulletin.

White: K at KKt7; Q at KKt5sq; Rs at QB6 and K5; Bs at QR6 and KB6; Kts at QB4 and Q8; Ps at QKt2, K6 and KB2. Black: K at Q5; Q at QKt5sq; R at KB6; B at QR2; Kts at QRsq and KR7; Ps at QB4, Q2 and Q6.

White mates in two.

Solver's Ladder.

	No. 43.	No. 44.	Total.
J. Kay	2	3	22
R. G. Hunter	2	0	21
F. Coombs	2	0	6
R. A. Leduc	2	3	5
W. J. Faulkner	2	3	5

Mr. Faulkner by heading the ladder in last issue secured the monthly book prize, upon which we have to congratulate him.

To Correspondents.

(R.A.L.) Thanks for solutions. No. 46 is O.K. as printed and solvable. Errors in publication are pointed out in time. (J.M.) Pleased to get solutions once more. (W.J.F.) Thanks for problems. Will examine. Mr. C. A. Brown, Box 2034, North Bay, would like a correspondence game with one of our readers.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 45, by W. R. Todd.

- 1. B-Q4, KxB; 2. R-R4 mate.
- 1., RxB; 2. Kt-Kt2 mate.
- 1., Kt(B6)xB; 2. KtxQP mate.
- 1., Kt(Q7)xB; 2. R-B3 mate.
- 1., BFXB; 2. Q-KB7 mate.
- 1., QPxB; 2. BxP mate.
- 1., threat; 2. QxP mate.

Problem No. 46, by L. Vetesnik.

- 1. Kt-Q2, KxB; 2. Q-KKt6ch, K moves;
- 3. Q-K4 or Kt5 mate.
- 1., KtxKt; 2. B-Q6ch! K moves;
- 3. Q-B5 or KKt6 mate.
- 1., K-Q4; 2. Q-Kt2ch, K moves;
- 3. Q-K4 mate.
- 1., threat; 2. Q-K3ch, K moves;
- 3. Q-K4 mate.

An Amusing Battery Mate.

By W. A. Skinkman.

White: K at QBsq; B at KR8; Kt at KKt7; P at KB2. Black: K at QR8; R at QKt7; B at QKt8; Ps at QR6, QR7 and QB7. Mate in twelve. (1. P-B3, R-Ktsq; 2. Kt-K8ch, R-Kt7; 3. KtB6; R-Ktsq; 4. B-Kt7, R-Kt7!; 5. P-B4, R-Kt2; 6. Kt-Q7ch, R-Kt7; 7. Kt-K5, R-Kt2; 8. B-B6, R-Kt7!; 9. P-B5, R-Kt3; 10. Kt-B6ch, R-Kt7; 11. Kt-Q4, R Moves; 12. Kt Mates.)

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

The following brilliant partie occurred in the early stage of a Hampe-Allgaier gambit correspondence tournament, conducted by the Los Angeles Times. For the score of the game we are indebted to "The Chess Correspondent," a pamphlet devoted to this branch of chess, and issued bi-monthly by Dr. W. C. Browne, Director of the Chess by Mail Correspondence Bureau. The notes are our own.

Hampe-Allgaier Gambit.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| J. H. Keys. | V. Asher. |
| 1. P-K4 | 1. P-K4 |
| 2. Kt-QB3 | 2. Kt-QB3 |
| 3. P-KB4 | 3. PxP |
| 4. Kt-KB3 | 4. P-KKt4 |
| 5. P-KR4 | 5. P-Kt5 |
| 6. Kt-KKt5 | 6. P-KR3 (a) |

- 7. KtxP
 - 8. P-Q4
 - 9. BxP (b)
 - 10. B-K2
 - 11. Castles (d)
 - 12. PxB
 - 13. PxB
 - 14. BxBP
 - 15. R-Ktsq
 - 16. R-Kt5
 - 17. B-KB4 (g)
 - 18. B-Q3 (i)
 - 19. BxQ
 - 20. K-R2
 - 21. B-K5ch (l)
 - 22. P-Kt3
 - 23. Q-Ksq
 - 24. QxR
 - 25. B-B4
 - 26. QxB (n)
 - 27. K-Kt sq (o)
 - 28. K-Bsq
 - 29. K-Ksq
 - 30. K-Qsq
- 7. KxKt
 - 8. P-Q4
 - 9. B-Kt5 (c)
 - 10. Kt-B3
 - 11. BxKt
 - 12. K-Kt2
 - 13. QxP (e)
 - 14. B-Q2
 - 15. KR-KBsq (f)
 - 16. Q-K5
 - 17. KtxQP (h)
 - 18. BxR (j)
 - 19. Kt-K7ch (k)
 - 20. KKtxB
 - 21. K-Kt3
 - 22. QR-Qsq
 - 23. RxB
 - 24. P-KR4 (m)
 - 25. KtxB
 - 26. R-Q7ch
 - 27. R-Kt7ch (p)
 - 28. R-B7ch
 - 29. Kt-Kt7ch
 - 30. KtxPch

(a) 6., P-Q3 is perhaps the best defence. If 7. B-B4, then 7., Kt-K4; 8. B-Kt3, P-KR3; 9. P-Q4, PxB; 10. PxB, PxB; 11. BxBch, K-K2; works out to Black's advantage.

(b) 9. PxB, QKt-K2 is the usual continuation. The text-move turns the opening into a variation of the Allgaier proper, if anything, favorable to Black.

(c) In conjunction with the early development of Black's Queen's Knight, this pin comes in very effectively.

(d) In the more favorable variation the attack is maintained by means of the stereotyped B-K5, Black's Queen's Knight, of course, being undeveloped.

(e) KtxKP was preferable. The text-move gives White a strong passed Pawn.

(f) Tempting 16. RxB, for then would follow 16., KtxP. If then 17. QxKt, QxR; 18. B-K5, Q-Kt3! and Black retains the piece ahead.

(g) White now threatens a powerful control by 18. B-Q3, followed, as opportunity offers by 19. RxB, or 19. R-Ksq.

(h) An unsound sacrifice, but which merits a cleverly conceived pitfall.

(i) The accommodating error. White calculated to follow with 19. RxB. Instead, 18. PxB should have been played. If 18. ... BxB; then 19. BxB, QR-Bsq; 20. R-B2, (if 20. B-R4, then 20. ... R-B5), P-R3; 21. B-Bsq! R-B6; 22. B-K5, P-KR4!; 23. B-Q3 with a promising King-side attack and a passed Pawn plus, to offset the exchange minus. The text-move brings Black's brilliant and comprehensive scheme into the limelight.

(j) Best, as he emerges with Rook and two Knights for the Queen.

(k) Not 19., BxB, on account of 20. QxKt, with a winning position.

(l) There is no satisfactory defence.

(m) P-Kt3, then 21., QR-Qsq; 22. Q-Ksq, KtxB; 23. RxB; (if 23. QxKt, then 23., R-Q7ch; 24. K moves, Kt-R6ch or B-B3 accordingly), R-Q7ch; 24. K-Ktsq, RxB; 25. PxB, B-K7 and wins.

(n) If 24., Kt-Q5, then 25. P-R5ch and mates in two.

(o) If 26. QxKt, then 26., B-B3 would win. After the text-move Black wins the Queen by force.

(p) The finish has a touch of humour.

The Black King must go to the centre to avoid mate. An interesting game.

We failed to point out that the notes to the game German v. Sergeant, in last issue, were abridged from the "Field."

END GAME NO. 8.

By B. Horwitz.

White: K at Q6; B at QKt7 and QB7; Kt at QKt4. Black: K at KR8; Q at KR6; R at KR7; Ps at KKt5, KKt6, KKt7 and KR5. White to play and win.

Solution.

- 1. Kt-B2; 2. B-Kt6ch, K-R8!; 3. K-B5; 4. K-Q5ch; 5. K-Q4; 6. K-K4ch; 7. K-K3; 8. K-Q2ch; 9. Kt-Q4; 10. Kt-K6ch; 11. Kt-B5; 12. Kt-K4ch; 13. B-B5, P-Kt8ch; 14. Kt-B2 mate.

Beach Club Banquet.

The Toronto Beach Chess Club held a Banquet at the Walker House, Wednesday evening, June 14, when the awards were presented in the Beach Tournaments.

Mr. J. T. Wilkes, who is also associated with the Toronto Chess Club, carried both the Championship and the Handicap Tournaments, and received from the Rev. F. M. Dean, who presided, the Snell and Boyle Shields, emblematic of the two competitions respectively. Curiously, Mr. W. E. Cawkell holds second place in both Tournaments, and received the two silver medals in recognition.

Blindfold Play by Kostic.

In a simultaneous blindfold exhibition against twenty strong players at the Manhattan Chess, recently, Boris Kostic came through with the remarkable score of nineteen wins and one draw. Kostic is a Serbian by race, a Hungarian by birth, and now settled in the States. At blindfold chess he is claimed to be the successor of the great Pillsbury.

MUSIC AND PLAYS

Priests' March at Ebenezer

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

ON the subject of summer holiday music, let me not forget one of the most momentous performances it has ever been my good fortune to take part in for the benefit of some church fund at Ebenezer—I forget which, new chandeliers, Indian Famine or cushions for the choir. All but one number on that programme I have clean forgotten. That one sticks out still—like an ear stung by a honey-bee.

And that is one reason why I remember Mendelssohn's Priests' March from Athalia. One of the neighbour boys down the line was the solo performer of this. Fancy the Priests' March done as a solo by a man who had never taken more than seven violin lessons in his life, and accompanied by an organist who had never had lessons at all!

A musical honey-bee did his best to stop the performance by stinging me on the left ear the day before the concert. The ear puffed up and I put wet clay on it in a wad. With said wad on left ear I met my fellow-criminal at the church, evening before the concert for the last rehearsal.

"What's wrong with the lug?" said he. "Honey-bee," said I. He grinned to the echo. "I suppose you're in fine shape, though?" I asked him.

"Nope," he replied. "I've been loading barley all day and my hands are as hard as old boots. But if the audience can stand the looks of that lug of yours I guess they won't notice anything wrong with my hands."

So we went in, lighted the choir lamps, and went through a most terrifying rehearsal. He had the score. I had none. Whenever he played a passage I followed him—with something more or less appropriate. Mostly it was less. I forgot the clay on my ear in the greater excitement of trying to make head or tail of the changes of key. The fiddle repeated the same thing over and over so often that my available stock of modulations ran clean out and I was forced to fall back on the old ones. He knew something was wrong, though he had never heard an orchestra or even a pipe organ play the piece; neither had I. Something was wrong. It was all wrong. I closed up all the chords I could to get some faint resemblance to what I felt sure the thing must have sounded like on an orchestra. He worked his barley-loading hands with fiendish energy, while large beads of sweat that even barley-forking had not produced rolled down into the handkerchief against which he had the headpiece of the fiddle tucked away under his chin.

We both perspired and palpitated even worse than the music. My left ear was throbbing at a horrible rate. But I kept on. So did he. Horrible repetitions dismayed neither of us. We put in two hours trying to drown the crickets in the stubble-field nearby. Then we went home.

There were no musical critics in that neighbourhood, and as nobody was detailed to write the thing up for the local press, nothing was said about the performance one way or another. More was said about my left ear than about anything either of us did. But we made a terrific noise. The people in the church had never heard anything like it. They never will again. And in his wildest dreams, Mendelssohn never imagined that his Priests' March could ever have been so rendered by a pair of bucolics on a kitchen fiddle and a reed organ with nine stops.

IN the week of great Russian victories the most distinguished Russian music-maker in Canada placed 24 of his Conservatory pupils on a programme in aid of the Canadian Buffs. The programme was startlingly juvenile and almost equally a bewilderment in the technical and other kinds of efficiency displayed by the performers. Piano, violin and voice, these young people exhibited a high degree of virtuosity. Discrimination would be tedious. But we confess a great admiration for two or three of the pianists, one of the violinists, and two or three of the vocal performers. It is too late in the season to be enthusiastic about music. The season of 1916-17 will be on us before we have got nicely into summer clothes and become accustomed to ice-cream. But it is a matter for congratulation that so many young people could have been induced to extend their own enthusiasm so far into the month of June in so good a cause as any desire to help in the fund-organization of the Canadian Buffs.

TWO days after his last concert, Professor Hambourg was dead. He died suddenly of heart failure. An appreciation of his life in Canada will appear in next week's issue.

A Mature Performance.

WHILE "Kick In" does not contain the gripping situations, sustained interest and sociologic appeal of the epoch-making thesis drama, "Within the Law," it provides an excellent evening's entertainment, and affords illuminating sidelights on police court procedure in the U. S. A. Willard Mack, the playwright, has written with insight into the characters he has employed, and is conversant with the vernacular of those who come under the category of "crooks." Miss Neilson, as Molly Hewes, convinced with her sincerity; Reina Carruthers had a suitable part as Daisy, a maiden who chewed gum incessantly and prated about the movies; Jerome Benner's characterization of Charlie Carey, a cocaine fiend, was vivid, compelling a thought provoking study of the insidious, devitalizing influence of pernicious drugs; Eugene Frazier, as Whip Fogarty, gave an excellent portrayal. The scenery was highly effective.

School of Expression Recital.

WE regretted being late for the first item on the well-selected programme offered by graduate pupils of the Toronto Conservatory School of Expression, on Friday evening last, but having had the opportunity on previous occasions to hear Miss Sale and Miss Cameron in Shakespearian presentations, we are sure these young ladies gave Mr. George Middleton's "The Groove" an adequate artistic treatment. The other diversified selections elicit commendation: Miss Hilda Young, in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," gave an expressive rendition of "Norah's" unwarranted exit; Miss Gladys Stafford invested an extract from Mark Twain, "A Tramp Abroad," with a compelling humour, and Miss Elva Stevenson's interpretation of Sir James Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look" was colourful, expressive and enhanced by a plenitude of vocal resource. Dr. Kirkpatrick, at conclusion of performance, addressed the graduates on fidelity to highest artistic ideals. Dr. Vogt presented diplomas after an interesting speech on the work of this department. Miss Lay McDougall, pianist, a pupil of Mr. Paul Wells, played a Liszt and a Moskowski number with her usual delicacy of touch and poetic expressions, giving a touch of pleasing variety to this enjoyable entertainment.

Big American Success.

INFORMATION that the stirring American play, "Rolling Stones," will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra Theatre week commencing June 26th, will be favourably received by patrons of the Robins Players. "Rolling Stones" is a play epitomizing the spirit of the American continent. It is full of thrills, tense dramatic situations, and an enjoyable pervading humour.

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

DR. ALBERT HAM
Conductor of National Chorus.
Conservatory of Music
561 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

DELBERT R. PIETTE
Specialist Teacher of Modern Pianoforte Playing.
Studio: 684 Bathurst Street.

RICHARD TATTERSALL
Organist, Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.
Studio: Canadian Academy of Music only.
Residence: 347 Brunswick Ave. Phone Coll. 2401

FRANK S. WELSMAN
Pianist.
Studio for Lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence: 30 Admiral Road.

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

ATHERTON FURLONG
A Brilliant Season Now Opening.
159 College St. Telephone College 1192

HARVEY ROBB
PIANIST Toronto Conservatory of Music.

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

ALEXANDRA
Week Commencing June 26th.
THE ROBINS PLAYERS
with Edward H. Robins, present
The Stirring American Play
"ROLLING STONES"
Prices: Ev'g., 25c, 50c, 75c. Sat. Mat., 25c, 50c. Mat. Wed., all seats 25c.

THE Price of Coal
Means more than dollars and cents. It includes—
Quality and Delivery
We guarantee these factors—
The amount of money asked.
The quality assured.
The time of delivery promised.
IT'S UP TO YOU

The Standard Fuel Co.
of Toronto, Limited
28 King Street East
Tel. Main 4103
THE COMPANY WITH THE QUALITY AND SERVICE

HESSSELBERG
MASIER-PIANIST—COMPOSER—PEDAGOGUE.
AVAILABLE FOR CONCERTS—RECITALS—MUSICALES—FESTIVALS, ETC.
32 BLOOR ST. W., TORONTO. PHONE NORTH 5350.

The woman who simply orders 'coffee' deserves whatever she gets

The woman who orders 'SEAL BRAND'



deserves the Best & gets it.

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators. 168

Westminster College = Toronto

A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Situated opposite Queen's Park, Bloor Street West

Re-opens Tuesday, September 12th

Calendar mailed on request
J. A. PATERSON, K.C., President
MRS. A. R. GREGORY, Principal

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES AND HOW TO FEED
H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.
118 W. 31st St., N.Y., U.S.A.

Hotel Directory

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

HOTEL KRAUSMANN
GRILL
EUROPEAN PLAN
Rooms with bath \$1.00 per day up.
W. KRAUSMANN, Proprietor.
Pils Beer on draught. ORCHESTRA.

Russell House
Ottawa - Canada

American and European Plans
Facing Grand Plaza
One Block From Parliament Buildings and Central Station
Geo. Morrisette, Manager

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of
Toronto Stock Exchange

**Brokers
and
Bankers**

12 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS—CAWLOCK, TORONTO

Established 1864.

The Merchants Bank OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL.

Paid-up Capital - - \$7,000,000

Reserve Fund and Un-
divided Profits - - \$7,250,984

206 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

General Banking Business
Transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all
branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and
upwards received, and interest al-
lowed at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:

13 Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen
St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Par-
liament St.; Dundas St. and Ron-
cesvalles Ave.; Dupont and Chris-
tie Sts.



Complete
Your Table
with
O'Keefe's
PILSENER LAGER

No better aid to
digestion—no more
pleasing beverage
—nothing better
for you.

Pure, sparkling, deli-
cious. Relieves brain
fag. Bucks you up.
The mildest of stimu-
lating liquid food.

The light beer in
the light bottle. 278

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Making the Debenture Known

A RETIRED grocer met a retired hardware dealer and they fell into a discussion of investments.

"Investments!" snapped the grocer. "Don't talk to me of investments. I'm that worried I can't call m' soul m' own."

"Same here," groaned the hardware dealer. "It's the trial of m' life."

"Lookut," said the grocer. "Just lookut here—" and he started pounding a palm with a forefinger. "I've tried every kind there is—an' I just escaped with m' life every time."

"Too much monkey business," muttered his companion. "I drew my money out of the bank when this war started and hid it!"

The eyes of both the cronies grew big with secret importance as the grocer whispered,

"So'd I. No more flum-doodlin' with my money!"

These two men were like countless investors: they knew only three kinds of investments: mortgages, savings banks and stocks. Stocks they wisely avoided on the grounds that they weren't in a position to judge good ones from bad. Savings banks yielded only three per cent. Mortgages, their favourite security, were subject to the constant risk of over-valuing the security, and the probability of worry about collecting interest and principal—of various kinds of debentures and bonds they knew nothing.

Both these men bought mortgage corporation debentures recently. They discovered what a mortgage debenture was, almost by accident. They found that it was like a mortgage because the mortgage corporations assets consisted partly of mortgages, but it was better than an ordinary mortgage because it was secured not only by the mortgages owned by the company, but by the paid-up capital and the reserve fund of the company as well. They found that company valuers do not make the mistakes private valuers make, that the interest on the debenture comes regularly as clock-work. They found, also, that no one has ever lost a cent in mortgage corporation debentures in Canada.

New Nova Scotia Steel Shipyard

A NEW GLASGOW correspondent writes that industrial operations in New Glasgow were never before so active as they are at present. While

the old wooden shipbuilding business has almost ceased of late years, instead of it is now springing up a large steel shipbuilding business. The Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company has a large force of men at work grading off a shipyard and engineers are completing plans for a vessel of 2,000 tons. Work on this vessel will begin very shortly. The company will manufacture the structural steel and other material for the hull, but will place the orders for engines, boilers and other machinery with outside concerns.

Expert Estimates Our 1916 Harvest

"THE Canadian wheat acreage is at present about 20 per cent. under what it was a year ago," is the statement credited to P. S. Goodman, of Clement Curtis & Co., an American wheat house. He says that the initial condition of the average plant was about three weeks late and makes the present condition at about 90 per cent., indicating a crop of about 211,000,000 bushels, which would be greatly above the average.

Co-ordinating Chaos

(Concluded from page 5.)

"Well," I said, "after all, it was his business. His funeral."

"No it wasn't. That sort of thing is far too common, and it's catching. It gets into the business life of the country. It degrades the general standard."

"But what have all these things to do with after the war problems?"

"Everything. We started a made-in-Canada campaign. We spent money advertising it. The papers helped—everybody helped except some of the men who were benefitting most. A few of our manufacturers took the opportunity to unload junk. I tried to wear a certain kind of Canadian made —s (it would be called unfair to name the article he named), but had to give 'em up till I found a better brand. I tried to use a certain Canadian — preparation. It was inferior."

"But it would improve."

"Improve nonsense. The men who made those goods need improving. If they can't make good enough goods for Canadians what are they going to do in an export trade, competing with the world?"

...

These are odds and ends of impressions of the convention. There were big men there and little ones, as I have already stated. There is no better material anywhere than is to be found in these leaders, or for that matter in many of the rank and file. In some lines of production, Canadians beat the world. But in the

days to come there must be more of these able men, courageous captains of industry, and fewer of the type that is content to make inferior goods so long as a badly adjusted tariff will allow them to do so.

Strictly Business

(Continued from page 7.)

until one actually must be buttoned in the back by a call boy, maids cost so much?

But, wait. Here's the climax. Helen Grimes, chaparralish as she can be, is goaded beyond imprudence. She convinces herself that Jack Valentine is not only a false setto, but a financier. To lose at one fell swoop \$647,000 and a lover in riding trousers with angles in the sides like the variations on the chart of a typhoid-fever patient is enough to make any perfect lady mad. So, then!

They stand in the (ranch) library, which is furnished with mounted elk heads (didn't the Elks have a fish fry in Amagansett once?), and the denouement begins. I know of no more interesting time in the run of a play unless it be when the prologue ends.

Helen thinks Jack has taken the money. Who else was there to take it? The box-office manager was at the front on his job; the orchestra hadn't left their seats; and no man could get past "Old Jimmy,"

The fire pot in the King Boiler is constructed so as to give more access of oxygen, thus burning all gases, getting full value in heat. The water-ways lie closer to the fire and get more complete advantage of the fuel. This makes less fuel necessary, and that's show the King Boiler SAVES COAL

One of the things a King Boiler does is to get most heat out of least fuel, and that SAVES MONEY

KING
Hot Water BOILER

Write for FREE BOOK

STEEL AND RADIATION, LTD.
Fraser Avenue - TORONTO

THE FIRST THOUSAND

Russell Sage amassed a large amount of wealth. It was a saying of his that after a man had saved a thousand dollars the hardest part of the financial battle was over, and that the accumulation of money afterwards was comparatively easy. The force of this will be apparent to anyone who gives any thought to the subject.

The object to be attained is surely worth the necessary effort. The easiest and only sure way to that "first thousand" is by regular systematic saving. Save the small sums. Save a certain fixed portion of your weekly or monthly income. If deposited with us the THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. compound interest we add assists materially.

Begin now—ONE DOLLAR opens an account.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Paid-up Capital\$6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund 4,750,000.00
Investments33,546,242.74

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Established 1855.

FORD OWNERS

\$6.00 a year protects your new Ford Touring Car from loss by fire to the extent of \$500, including loss from explosion and self-ignition.

Covers fire loss while car is in any building—or on the road—lower rates and more liberal terms than any other policy you can procure.

Write for rates on Ford Cars up to three years old.

Similar rates and conditions are granted to owners of Chevrolet cars.



LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

F. D. WILLIAMS, MANAGING DIRECTOR
HEAD OFFICE - 33 SCOTT ST. TORONTO.

the stage doorman, unless he could show a Skye terrier or an automobile as a guarantee of eligibility.

Goaded beyond imprudence (as before said), Helen says to Jack Valentine: "Robber and thief—and worse yet, stealer of trusting hearts, this should be your fate!"

With that out she whips, of course, the trusty 32 caliber.

"But I will be merciful," goes on Helen. "You shall live—that will be your punishment. I will show you how easily I could have sent you to the death that you deserve. There is her picture on the mantel. I will send through her more beautiful face the bullet that should have pierced your craven heart."

And she does it. And there's no fake blank cartridges or assistants pulling strings. Helen fires. The bullet—the actual bullet—goes through the face of the photograph—and then strikes the hidden spring of the sliding panel in the wall—and lo! the panel slides, and there is the missing \$647,000 in convincing stacks of currency and bags of gold. It's great. You know how it is. Cherry practised for two months at a target on the roof of her boarding house. It took good shooting. In the sketch she had to hit a brass disk only three inches in diameter, covered by wall paper in the panel; and she had to stand in exactly the same spot every night, and the photo had to be in exactly the same spot, and she had to shoot steady and true every time.

AFTER Hart and Cherry had gotten "Mice Will Play" flawless, they had a try-out at a vaudeville house that accommodates. The sketch was a house wrecker. It was one of those rare strokes of talent that inundates a theatre from roof down. The gallery wept; and the orchestra seats, being dressed for it, swam in tears.

After the show the booking agents signed blank checks and pressed fountain pens upon Hart and Cherry. Five hundred dollars a week was what it panned out.

That night at 11.30 Bob Hart took off his hat and bade Cherry good night at her boarding-house door.

"Mr. Hart," said she, thoughtfully, "come inside just a few minutes. We've got our chance now to make good and to make money. What we want to do is to cut expenses every cent we can, and save all we can."

"Right," said Bob. "It's business with me. You've got your scheme for banking yours; and I dream every night of that bungalow with the Jap cook and nobody around to raise trouble. Anything to enlarge the net receipts will engage my attention."

"Come inside just a few minutes," repeated Cherry, deeply thoughtful. "I've got a proposition to make to you that will reduce our expenses a lot and help you work out your own future and help me work out mine—and all on business principles."

"Mice Will Play" had a tremendously successful run in New York for ten weeks—rather neat for a vaudeville sketch—and then it started on the circuits. Without following it, it may be said that it was a solid drawing card for two years without a sign of abated popularity.

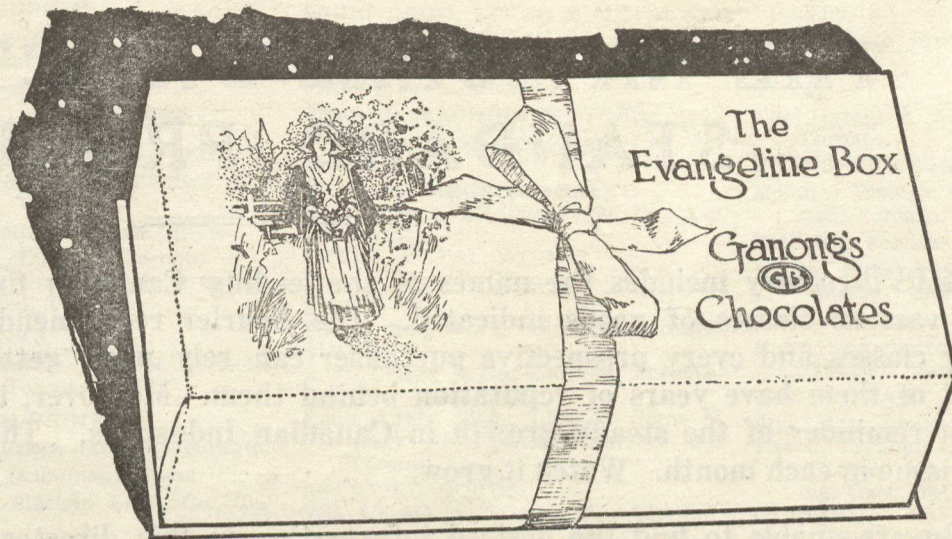
Sam Packard, manager of one of Keetor's New York houses, said of Hart & Cherry:

"As square and high-toned a little team as ever came over the circuit. It's a pleasure to read their names on the booking list. Quiet, hard workers, no Johnny and Mabel nonsense, on the job to the minute, straight home after their act, and each of 'em as gentlemanlike as a lady. I don't expect to handle any attractions that give me less trouble or more respect for the profession."

And now, after so much cracking of a nutshell, here is the kernel of the story:

At the end of its second season "Mice Will Play" came back to New York for another run at the roof gardens and summer theatres. There was never any trouble in booking it at the top-notch price. Bob Hart had his bungalow nearly paid for, and Cherry had so many savings-deposit bank books that she had begun to buy sectional bookcases on the installment plan to hold them.

I tell you these things to assure you, even if you can't believe it, that many, very many of the stage people are workers with abiding ambitions—just the same as



When You Want the Best Value in Chocolates—ask for

The Evangeline Box

"The Most Popular Box of Chocolates in Canada"

The new Evangeline Box is a smart white box with the well-known trade marked picture of Evangeline in dainty colors.

One Pound net weight of **Ganong's G.B. Chocolates** with a wide variety of tasty centres—some hard—some soft—

Ganong's
G.B.
Chocolates

An assortment that is sure to please you of the Finest Chocolates it is possible to buy at **60¢** a pound box

Also sold in half-pound boxes at 30c.

The Land of Fishing Thrills
A Sportsman's Paradise where the cool waters of Wild, Unspoiled Lakes and Rivers Give the salmon and speckled trout and gamy black bass fighting qualities to delight the most ardent angler, making **ALGONQUIN PARK, (Ontario)** A Vacation Territory to Dream About. It offers canoe trips through myriads of waterways, with ideal camping grounds among forests of pines and balsams

2000 Feet Above the Sea
Fine accommodations for those who love the social side of resort life can be had at Highland Inn at Algonquin Park Station, or in the novel and comfortable Log Camps Nominigan and Minnesing.

Handsomely illustrated advertising matter and full information supplied free on application to C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF STANDARD PRODUCTS

THIS directory includes the names of the leading Canadian firms making and handling the various classes of goods indicated. The Courier recommends these concerns as leaders in their classes and every prospective purchaser can rely upon getting honest wares from them. Most of them have years of reputation behind them. Moreover, they are "National" and a constant reminder of the steady growth in Canadian Industries. The Directory will appear in the last issue in each month. Watch it grow.

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

ADDING MACHINES.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

Dominion Artificial Limb Co., Toronto.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS AND TRUSSES.

Authors & Cox, Toronto.

ASPHALT.

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

AUTO BODIES FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES.

Robert Elder Carriage Works, Limited, Toronto.

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES.

Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Limited, Toronto.

Cutten & Foster, Toronto.

Deer Park Garage & Livery, Toronto.

AUTOMOBILE LUBRICANTS.

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

AUTOMOBILE RADIATORS.

White & Thomas, Toronto.

AUTOMOBILE TIRES.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited, Toronto.

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited, Toronto.

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

The B. F. Goodrich Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

BABBITT AND SOLDER.

The Canada Metal Co., Limited, Toronto.

Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.

BATTERIES (Dry Cells).

Northern Electric Co. Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

BELTING & MILL SUPPLIES.

J. C. McLaren Belting Co., Toronto.

BELTING (Stitched Cotton Duck).

The Dominion Belting Co., Limited, "Maple Leaf" Brand, Hamilton.

BICYCLE TIRES.

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

BIRDS (LIVE) AND BIRD SEED.

Hope's Bird Store, Toronto.

BISCUITS AND CAKES.

Christie-Brown Co., Limited, Toronto.

BOATS AND CANOES.

Walter Dean, "Sunnyside," Toronto.

BOILERS.

Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

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

The John McPherson Company, "Dr. Vernon Cushion Shoes," Hamilton.

BRASS CASTINGS.

The Beaver Brass Foundry, Toronto.

BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.

Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.

Britnell & Co., Limited, Toronto.

BURIAL VAULTS (Norwalk).

Granite Concrete Block Co., Limited, Toronto.

BUSINESS SCHOOLS.

Central Business College and Seven City Branch Schools, Toronto.

Dominion Business College of Short-hand, Bookkeeping and Matriculation, Toronto.

CAMERAS.

Canadian Kodak 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.

CHAFING DISHES (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

CHARCOAL, for Kindling.

Charcoal Supply Co., Toronto.

CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONERY.

Patterson Candy Co., Ltd., Toronto.

CIGAR LIGHTERS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

CLAY PRODUCTS.

The Dominion Sewer Pipe Co., Limited, Swansea, Ont.

CLEANING & CARETAKERS' SUPPLIES.

Soclean, Limited, "Soclean," Toronto.

COAL AND COKE.

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

COAL AND WOOD.

The Elias Rogers Co., Ltd., Toronto.

COATS AND PANTS.

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

COFFEE.

Chase & Sanborn, "Seal Brand" Coffee, Montreal.

Club Coffee Co., Toronto.

COKE (Gas).

The Consumers' Gas Company, Toronto.

COLLARS AND CUFFS (Waterproof).

The Arlington Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

COMBS (Dressing, Fine and Mane).

The Arlington Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

CONDENSED MILK.

Aylmer Condensed Milk Co., Limited, "Canada First" Condensed Milk, Aylmer, Ont.

CORDAGE AND TWINES.

Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

COTTON AND WOOL WASTE.

Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

COTTON DUCK.

Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

CREAM SEPARATORS.

The Sharples Separator Co., Toronto.

CURLING TONGS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

DIAMONDS.

Scheuer's, Limited, Toronto.

DOOR CHECK.

Wm. Keating Co., "Le Page," Toronto.

DUPLICATORS.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

ELECTRICAL & AIR BRAKE APPARATUS.

Canadian Westinghouse Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES.

Northern Electric Co. Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

ELEVATORS.

Otis-Fensom Elevator Co., Toronto.

EMERSION HEATERS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

ENGINES (Marine & Stationary).

Chandler Machinery Co., Limited, "Detroit Engines," Chandler, Que.

FANS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

FENCING (Ornamental, Farm, Railway).

The Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Limited, Hamilton.

The McGregor-Banwell Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont.

FIRE ALARM EQUIPMENT.

Northern Electric Co. Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

FIRE EXTINGUISHERS.

Ontario May-Oatway Fire Alarms, Limited, "Pyrene Fire Extinguishers," Toronto.

FIXTURES (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

FLOUR.

Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd., "PURITY FLOUR" Toronto.

FLOWERS (Bouquets and Wreaths).

W. J. Lawrence, Toronto and Richmond Hill.

FLY SWATTERS.

Perfection Mfg. Co., Weston, Ont.

FOUNTAIN PENS.

Mable, Todd & Co., "Swan Fountain Pens," Toronto.

FURNACES.

Clare Bros. & Co., Limited, "Heck Warm Air Furnace," Preston, Ont.

FURNITURE POLISH.

Channell Chemical Co., Limited, O'Cedar Polish, Toronto.

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

GELATINE.

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

GINGER ALE & SODA WATER.

Chas. Wilson, Limited, Toronto.

GLOVES (Men's and women's).

Perrin, Freres & Cie, "Perrin Gloves," Montreal.

Dent, Allcroft & Co., "Dent's Gloves," Montreal.

GLOVES AND MITTS.

A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto. The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.

GOLD FISH AND PET ANIMALS.

Hope's Bird Store, Toronto.

GRILLS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

HAIR DRYERS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

HARDWARE.

Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.

Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, Toronto. W. Walker & Son, Toronto.

HARDWOOD, FLOORING AND TRIM. T. H. Hancock, Toronto.

HEATERS (Water, Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

HEATING APPLIANCES.

Northern Electric Co. Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

HEATING PADS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

HOT WATER BOILERS, RADIATORS

Clare Bros. & Co., Limited, Preston, Ont.

Warden King, Limited, Toronto, "Daisy Boilers and Radiators."

HY-LO LAMPS.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

INFANTS' FOOD.

J. R. Neave & Co., "Neave's Food," Fordingbridge, England. Edwin Utley, Agent, Toronto.

IRON AND STEEL.

Baines & Peckover, Toronto.

IRONS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

LAMPS (Northern Light).

Northern Electric Co. Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

LAMPS (Standard, Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

LEATHER.

Davis Leather Company, New market, Ont.

LINSEED OIL.

The Canada Linseed Oil Mills, Limited, "Maple Leaf Brand," Toronto, Montreal.

LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS.

Business Systems, Limited, Toronto.

LUMBER AND TIMBER.

R. Laidlaw Lumber Co., Ltd., Toronto. John B. Smith & Sons, Ltd., Toronto.

The Boake Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto.

MARINE ENGINES.

Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.

MATCHES.

The E. B. Eddy Company, Limited, Hull, Que.

MAZDA LAMPS.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

MEN'S GARTERS.

C. H. Westwood Mfg. Co., Limited, "C.M.C. Men's Garters," Toronto.

MILITARY EQUIPMENT.

Wreyford & Co., Toronto and Niagara-on-the-Lake.

THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF STANDARD PRODUCTS—Continued

MILK.
City Dairy Co., Limited, Toronto.

MOPS.
Channell Chemical Co., Limited
"O'cedar" Polish Mops, Toronto.

MOTOR CYCLES AND BICYCLES.
Percy A. McBride, Toronto.

MULTIGRAPH LETTERS & MAIL LISTS.
Harry Edwards, Toronto.

NITROGEN LAMPS.
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

OFFICE LABOUR SAVING DEVICES.
Office Specialty Co., Newmarket, Ont.

OFFICE EQUIPMENT.
Office Specialty Co., Newmarket, Ont.

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

OILS AND GREASES.
Canadian Oil Companies, Ltd., Toronto.
The Crescent Oil Co., Toronto.

OIL REFINERS.
The British American Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Imperial Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.

OIL SOAP.
Ontario Soap & Oil Co., Toronto.

OIL STORAGE TANKS (Self Measuring).
S. F. Bowser & Co., Toronto.

OVENS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

OVERALLS.
Hamilton, Carhartt Mfg., Limited, Toronto, Vancouver.

PAINTS AND VARNISHES.
Benjamin Moore & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Dominion Paint Works, Limited, "Superior Graphite Paint," Walkerville, Toronto and Montreal.

Glidden Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.

International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.

Lowe Brothers, Limited, Toronto.

R. C. Jamieson & Co., Limited, Montreal and Vancouver.

A. Ramsay & Son Company, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

Standard Paint & Varnish Co., Limited, "Superlastic Rust Preventer," Windsor, Ont.

The Canada Paint Co., Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Calgary.

The Dougall Varnish Co., Limited, Montreal.

The E. Harris Co., of Toronto, Ltd.

The Sherwin Williams Co., of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Calgary.

PAPER.
Victoria Paper & Twine Co., Limited, Toronto.

PAPER (Bonds and Writings).
Howard Smith Paper Mills, Limited, Montreal.

PEPPERMINT LOZENGES.
The Naval Mint Products, Ltd., Toronto.

PERCOLATORS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

PHONOGRAPHS.
Pollock Mfg. Co., Limited, Berlin, Ont.

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

PIANOS AND PIANO PLAYERS.
The Cecilian Co., Ltd., Toronto.

PLUMBING SUPPLIES.
Cluff Brothers, Toronto.
Fiddes & Hogarth, Limited, Toronto.

PORTLAND CEMENT.
Alfred Rogers, Limited, Toronto.

PRINTERS, Commercial & Theatrical.
W. S. Johnston & Co., Limited, Toronto.

PRINTERS' INK AND ROLLERS.
Charles Bush, Limited, Toronto.
The Dominion Printing Ink & Colour Co., Limited, Toronto.

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

PUBLICATION PRINTERS.
The Ontario Press, Limited, Toronto.

RADIATORS (Luminous, Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

RAILWAY SUPPLIES.
Lyman Tube & Supply Co., Limited, "Shelby," Montreal and Toronto.

READING LAMPS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

SCALES (Automatic).
Toledo Scale Co., Toronto.

SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.
A. Moldaver, Toronto.
Buckleys, Limited, Toronto.
Frankel Bros., Toronto.

SEWING MACHINE MOTORS.
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

SHAVING MUGS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

SHEET METAL WORKS.
Fred F. Howell, Toronto.

SHIPS.
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.

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

SIGNS.
Denis Advtg. Signs, Limited, Signs of every Description, Montreal and Toronto.

SPORTING GOODS.
The Harold A. Wilson Co., Limited, Toronto.

Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, Toronto.
John B. Brotherton, Toronto.

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

STATIONERS AND PUBLISHERS.
W. J. Gage & Co., Limited, Toronto.

TIRE VULCANIZING.
Hill Tire & Rubber Co., Toronto.

TOASTERS.
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

TOYS.
The Harold A. Wilson Co., Limited, Toronto.

TRANSFORMERS.
Maloney Electric Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

TUBING, Seamless Steel.
Lyman Tube & Supply Co., Limited, "Shelby," Montreal and Toronto.

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

UNDERWEAR.
Stanfield's, Limited, Truro, N.S.
The C. Turnbull Co., of Galt, Limited, "Ceetee" Pure Wool Underclothing, Galt, Ont.

UNIFORMS.
Beauchamp & How, Limited, Toronto.

VACUUM CLEANERS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

VARNISH.
The Holland Varnish Co., Limited, "Dyke Varnish, Montreal.

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

VIBRATORS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

WALL FINISH.
Benjamin Moore & Co., Limited, "Muresco," Toronto.

WASHBOARDS AND CLOTH PINS.
The Wm. Cane & Sons Co., Limited, Newmarket, Ont.

WASHBOARDS, Zinc and Fiberglass.
The E. B. Eddy Company, Limited, Hull, Que.

WASHING MACHINES.
"1900" Washer Company, Toronto.

WASHING MACHINES (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

WASTE PAPER.
E. Pullan, Toronto.

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

WATCH SPECIALISTS.
F. J. Stewart, Toronto.

WIRE CABLE AND SCREENING.
B. Greening Wire Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

WIRES AND CABLES.
Northern Electric Co. Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

WIRE FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES, BRIGHT AND GALVANIZED.
Frost Steel and Wire Co., Ltd.

WIPING RAGS.
E. Pullan, Toronto.

WIRE (Copper and Aluminum).
Canada Wire & Cable Co., Limited, Toronto.

WIRE (COPPER, COVERED).
The Standard Underground Cable Co., of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

WROUGHT IRON PIPE.
Canada Pipe and Steel Co., Limited, Toronto.

OUR NATIONAL POSTAGE BILL

In 1914 the Dominion spent \$14,623,142 on postage. It is fair to assume that a good big portion of this was spent by would-be buyers in a hunt by mail to find a Canadian manufacturer or merchant who could supply their wants. Great loss of time, money and energy could be prevented by the use of TRADE DIRECTORIES. They are the index fingers to commercial efficiency.

The National Directory of Standard Products aims to overcome the handicap of ignorance. It places at the disposal of the consumer a mass of suggestive information. For the consumer it is sufficient to know from whom he can procure the desired article; and for the advertiser, confident of merit, it is satisfactory to know that for a trifling expenditure he can have inspection and perchance a purchaser.

Canadian Courier recommends the new idea to its readers and invites the co-operation of both enquirers and sellers, with a view to bringing them closer together.

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

RINGS (Martingale).
The Arlington Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

RUBBER FOOTWEAR.
Gutta Percha & Rubber Co., Limited, Toronto.

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

RUBBER STAMPS.
W. E. Irons, Toronto.

SALT.
Canadian Salt Co., Limited, "Windsor" and "Regal" Salts, Windsor, Ont.

SAFES AND STEEL CABINETS.
J. & J. Taylor, Limited, Toronto.

SAMPLE CASES AND TRUNKS.
The Holman Co., Toronto.

SCALES.
C. Wilson & Son, "Gold Medal Scales," Toronto.

The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Limited, Toronto.

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

STOVES.
Clare Bros. & Co., Limited, "Peninsular Stoves and Ranges," Preston, Ont.

STOVES (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

TANKS.
Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.
Thor Iron Works, Toronto.

TEA KETTLES (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

TELEPHONES AND SUPPLIES.
Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited, Toronto.

Northern Electric Co. Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

TENTS AND TARPULINS.
Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

TIME CLOCKS AND RECORDERS.
The International Time Recording Co., Limited, Toronto.

the man who wants to be president, or the grocery clerk who wants a home in Flatbush, or a lady who is anxious to flop out of the Count-pan into the Prince-fire. And I hope I may be allowed to say, without chipping into the contribution basket, that they often move in a mysterious way their wonders to perform.

But, listen.

At the first performance of "Mice Will Play" in New York, at the new West-phalia (no hams alluded to) Theatre, Winona Cherry was nervous. When she fired at the photograph of the Eastern beauty on the mantel, the bullet, instead of penetrating the photo and then striking the disk, went into the lower left side of Bob Hart's neck. Not expecting to get it there, Hart collapsed neatly, while Cherry fainted in a most artistic manner.

The audience, surmising that they viewed a comedy instead of a tragedy in which the principals were married or reconciled, applauded with great enjoyment. The Cool Head, who always graces such occasions, rang the curtain down, and two platoons of scene shifters respectively and more or less respectfully removed Hart & Cherry from the stage. The next turn went on, and all went as merry as an alimony bell.

The stage hands found a young doctor at the stage entrance who was waiting for a patient with a decoction of Am. B'ty roses. The doctor examined Hart carefully and laughed heartily.

"No headliners for you, Old Sport," was his diagnosis. "If it had been two inches to the left it would have undermined the carotid artery as far as the Red Front Drug Store in Flatbush and Back Again.

As it is, you just get the property man to bind it up with a founce torn from any one of the girls' Valenciennes and go home and get it dressed by the parlour-floor practitioner on your block, and you'll be all right. Excuse me; I've got a serious case outside to look after."

After that Bob Hart looked up and felt better. And then to where he lay came Vincente, the Tramp Juggler, great in his line. Vincente, a solemn man from Brattleboro, Vt., named Sam Griggs at home, sent toys and maple sugar home to two small daughters from every town he played. Vincente had moved on the same circuits with Hart & Cherry, and was their peripatetic friend.

"Bob," said Vincente, in his serious way, "I'm glad it's no worse. The little lady is wild about you."

"Who?" asked Hart.

"Cherry," said the juggler. "We didn't know how bad you were hurt; and we kept her away. It's taking the manager and three girls to hold her."

"It was an accident, of course," said Hart. "Cherry's all right. She wasn't feeling in good trim or she couldn't have done it. There's no hard feelings. She's strictly business. The doctor says I'll be on the job again in three days. Don't let her worry."

"Man," said Sam Griggs, severely, puckering his old, smooth, lined face, "are you a chess automaton or a human pin-cushion? Cherry's crying her heart out for you—calling 'Bob, Bob,' every second, with them holding her hands and keeping her from coming to you."

"What's the matter with her?" asked Hart, with wide-open eyes. "The sketch'll go on again in three days. I'm not hurt

bad, the doctor says. She won't lose out half a week's salary. I know it was an accident. What's the matter with her?"

"You seem to be blind, or a sort of a fool," said Vincente. "The girl loves you and is almost mad about your hurt. What's the matter with you? Is she nothing to you? I wish you could hear her call you."

"Loves me?" asked Bob Hart, rising from the stack of scenery on which he lay. "Cherry loves me? Why, it's im-

possible."

"I wish you could see her and hear her," said Griggs.

"But, man," said Bob Hart, sitting up, "it's impossible. It's impossible, I tell you. I never dreamed of such a thing."

"No human being," said the Tramp Juggler, "could mistake it. She's wild for love of you. How have you been so blind?"

"But, my God," said Bob Hart, rising to his feet, "it's too late. It's too late, I

tell you, Sam, it's too late. It can't be. You must be wrong. It's impossible. There's some mistake."

"She's crying for you," said the Tramp Juggler. "For love of you she's fighting three, and calling your name so loud they don't dare to raise the curtain. Wake up, man."

"For love of me?" said Bob Hart, with staring eyes. "Don't I tell you it's too late? It's too late, man. Why, Cherry and I have been married two years."

THE LADY OF THE TOWER

A Continued Story of Romantic Adventure

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

By HEADON HILL

LATER on that first morning there had been a family conference at which the guest had not been present, but at which the business which had brought him to England in the guise of a common seaman was fully discussed. By the end of it Hilda Carlyon and Mrs. Pengarvan were whole-hearted converts to the plot which had thrown the handsome foreigner on their hospitality. Since then his chivalrous bearing and boyish gratitude had quite won their hearts, and they missed him on the days when he was absent on private affairs. The more so as Lance had to be in Falmouth during that first week from morning to night, while "The Lodestar" discharged her cargo.

So Antonio Diaz strolled on along the beach under the beetling cliffs, glancing about him with inquisitive eyes, and presently he spied a split in the wall of rock. It was too narrow to be called the mouth of a cave, yet wide enough to suggest a cave behind it. Antonio Diaz—they already hailed him as "Tony" at the Tower—scrunched across the shingle to the aperture.

"May as well see what's inside. There might be room for an ambush," he muttered.

There was barely room for him to squeeze into the opening, but once inside he found that the space widened immediately. So far as he could see in the dim reflected light, it consisted of a central cave, from which several passages branched into the heart of the cliff, and even as he stood peering this way and that, striving to pierce the gloom, the sound of voices reached him. He was about to make his presence known, when the use of a familiar name, spoken in an unfriendly tone, caused him to draw into the deeper shadows and listen.

"Have sense, and put it on to that swab, Captain Lance Pengarvan," the voice—a man's voice—was saying. "His back is broader than mine, to bear a little thing like that. A sailor is supposed to have a wife in every port, you know, and no one will think any the worse of him after the bit of breeze has blown over. There's no one to worry you with chatter in this god-forsaken spot, and if there was it wouldn't matter. One man will serve your turn as well as another, Marigold."

"You are as wicked as you are cruel," a woman's voice sobbed. "You stole my foolish heart first, then my good name, and now you would use your unhappy victim as an instrument to part two honest lovers. Do you think I cannot see your cowardly scheme? What do you care for your reputation—a pretty one, I've learned since I had to rue the day for listening to you?"

A sneering laugh made the listener grit his teeth. But there was much at stake, and he strained his ears for more.

"Now you've about hit it," the rejoinder came when the horrid laughter ceased. "You might as well cry for the moon as pester me to marry you. Hilda Carlyon is marked down for me, and this Pengarvan fellow must stand aside. As I say, I can't marry you, Marigold, but if you'll help me to sow discord between them I'll be your friend always—not in words

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

JACOB FOLGLEAZE, ship-owner, holds a mortgage on St. Runan's Tower, the home of Hilda Carlyon. His son Wilson proposes marriage to her, but is met with refusal, and swears revenge. At this time Lance Pengarvan, a ship-captain, arrives home from a voyage with his friend, Antonio Diaz, who is on a secret mission.

only, but in solid cash. Come! show sense, and I'll give you a hundred pounds down. It wouldn't stop there. Plenty more behind it."

The South American bent forward. Would this infamous bargain, involving the honour of his friend, be ratified? A moment later he was nodding approbation as the girl's broken voice flung back the offer with scorn.

"You vile creature, I would rather bear my shame than be a party to such cruel work!" she cried. "Aye, I would hold it greater disgrace to do the thing you ask. When you sent word that you were coming to meet me at the old tryst it was in my mind that you had relented, and now nothing remains but to kill myself and take leave of a world that has treated me so hard."

"The best thing you can do," was the furious rejoinder. "I've a good mind to help your intention, and I would, too, if I did not value my neck. You impudent jade!"

The tirade was followed by a cry of pain and fear, and just as Diaz was springing towards the dark recess a man rushed out of it, crossed the central cave like a dim wraith, and vanished through the narrow entrance on to the beach. Diaz was about to give chase, but gasping sobs from the inner cave checked him. Taking out a box of vestas as he ran, he struck one directly he turned the corner, and its feeble ray showed him the slight figure of a girl in the act of rising from the ground. Her tearful eyes regarded him with renewed horror.

"Oh, please do not be afraid," he reassured her. "I heard you cry out and thought someone needed help. Did that man assault you?"

"He pushed me down. I'm not much hurt," the girl answered dully.

"Would you like me to go after him and give him the thrashing he deserves?"

"No, oh no!" came the swift appeal. "My father would kill me if he knew I had met him. I am partly to blame for what has happened, sir. You would do me a kindness by saying nothing to anybody."

They had come out into the faint light of the outer cavern, and Diaz looked at his protegee doubtfully. She was marvellously beautiful, with the liquid dark eyes and pure, warm-tinted skin of the true Cornish type. The foreigner, with the instinct of the gentleman he was, yearned to fight her battle, yet he was conscious that he would inflict a deeper wound if he let her know that he had overheard that dreadful talk.

"The fellow might come back," he suggested. And then, to gain her confidence to some extent, he added: "I am staying at St. Runan's Tower with Miss Carlyon. I am sure she would wish me to help you."

THE girl burst into a flood of tears. "Miss Hilda is an angel, and any friend of hers is sure to be good and kind," she sobbed. "But, sir, there is nothing more you can do for me, beyond what you have done already. It has been a comfort to hear gentle words spoken, and I'm that grateful I can't tell. That man won't come back. If you would only wait here a little, while I get home along the beach to those cottages, it would make it easier if father should be about."

"I will certainly do so," Diaz assented, kindly. "I should so wish to know your name, you poor little fluttering bird, in case at some other time in some other way, I could do you a service."

"My name is Marigold Craze," replied the girl, realizing after a moment's reluctance that in that small community the gentleman staying at the Tower would have no difficulty in discovering it. But she fled before she could be further questioned.

Left to himself in the cave Senor Antonio Diaz debated with himself the course he would pursue. Preoccupied with affairs of wider scope, he would have preferred to have avoided this episode. But the refusal of Marigold Craze to participate in the dastardly scheme had eased the situation. Lance's good name was not to be threatened, and there was no need for immediate interference. That sorrowful child's secret could be respected without endangering the sweeter and cleaner love story at St. Runan's Tower.

While he thus reflected he had been staring in subconscious scrutiny at a luminous filament on the rocky wall of the cave. Now he walked over to the side of the cave and standing on tiptoe examined the curious phenomenon at close quarters, touching it with expert fingers.

"Good news for the dear people up above," he murmured, with a long-drawn sigh. "The best of good news, but it will have to keep."

CHAPTER V.

The Iron-bound Cases.

DURING the first ten days after the arrival of Antonio Diaz at St. Runan's Tower, Lance Pengarvan was away most of the time at Falmouth, superintending the discharge of "The Lodestar's" cargo.

The South American, too, who had journeyed once to London and once to Newcastle, only began to avail himself fully of Hilda's hospitality the day before his adventure in the cave. Thence onward the party at the Tower was a merry one, the merrier perhaps because they shared a common secret, spiced with the elements of romance, and possibly of danger. The two ladies, won over by the magnetic charm which exuded from their guest, had thrown themselves wholeheartedly into the project unfolded to them by Lance on the night of his arrival. "The Lodestar" was to be five weeks in port, so that there was a clear spell of at least a fortnight before her commander would have to be busy again.



See Yourself As You Should Look free from facial blemishes and with a clear, soft, pearly-white appearance that will be the envy of your friends.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

does this for you instantly. Its effect is so subtle that its use cannot be detected. Non-greasy — 68 years in use.

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



Strawberries with Cream

Chill thoroughly a small tin of "Canada First" (Evaporated) Milk.

When strawberries are ready for table, whip the

"Canada First" Evaporated Milk, mixing in about

one tablespoon of fine sugar, and

pour over each dish of berries. Serve immediately.

See Inland Revenue Bulletin No. 305, page 5, table II., for comparisons.

AYLMER CONDENSED MILK CO., LIMITED.

Aylmer, Ontario.

Stiff Aching Limbs

may be relieved quickly with Absorbine, Jr. Don't be inconvenienced and annoyed with tired, aching muscles. Massage the parts with Absorbine, Jr., and rout out the trouble—it reduces soreness and inflammation effectually and in a pleasant manner.

Absorbine, Jr. THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

is more than a liniment—it is a positive antiseptic and germicide.

This increases its efficiency and its uses. When applied to cuts and bruises it kills the germs, makes the wound aseptically clean and promotes rapid healing. Swollen glands and veins, wens, cysts and bursal enlargements yield readily to the application of Absorbine, Jr.

Absorbine, Jr. is safe and economical to use—it is made of herbs and is non-poisonous; only a few drops required at an application.

Keep Absorbine, Jr. at hand for emergencies. \$1.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered.

A Liberal Trial Bottle together with booklet and laboratory reports mailed anywhere for 10 cents in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 282 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Canada.



On his return from that memorable stroll on the beach, Diaz went straight to the great, gaunt dining-room, whence projected the oriel window over the sheer wall of cliff. Mrs. Pengarvan and Lance were there, and Hilda sat in the embrasure of the window, toying with a coil of rope, to which was attached a heavy stone.

"Here you are, Tony, old man!" cried Lance. "You've been a deuce of a time getting back from our little experiment."

"I took the opportunity of inspecting the shore," Diaz replied. "I found a cave which interested me. As to the experiment, it was a complete success. Not a hitch anywhere. Miss Carlyon, as a manipulator of weighted cables you are supreme. If my consignment of fancy goods was not so heavy I would rather entrust it to you than to the unwieldy contrivance with which you have been good enough to allow me to disfigure this room."

"Poor old room!" replied Hilda, her eyes sparkling. "I was told the other day that it was tumbling down, and wanted painting. But I love it all the same, and so, Senor Diaz, I also love the plot which is going to restore to it some of its former romance. We poor women are in sore need of excitement, and we hail you as a benefactor for providing it. When do you expect the horrible contrivance and its load?"

"Any moment now, since your English merchants are men of their word when sure of their cash," replied the Senor, cheerfully.

Two or three days passed, and then one morning a farm waggon arrived, heavily laden with great iron-bound boxes that four horses could hardly drag it up the steep slope to the Tower. Lance Pengarvan and Diaz had been on the look-out, and helped the two drivers unload the waggon at the main entrance. It was hard work, and when it was finished Lance sent the men round to the kitchen to be regaled by Martha on bread and cheese and beer. While they were so engaged, Lance and Diaz stood surveying the cumbersome packages ruefully.

"It will take four strong men to carry each of those into the dining-room, Tony," said Lance. "Tim Pascoe, Martha's husband, is available as the third, but we shall have to enlist one of the drivers as the fourth. It is a nuisance, because none of these local chaps ought to know that your rummy exports are going inside the house. These two Helston men think that the stuff is machinery for experimental borings for tin. It was the best yarn I could pitch, but it'll break down if they find it is for indoor consumption."

"They must not know that—not a whisper of it," rejoined Diaz. And the two friends stared at each other in dismay.

A RIPPLING laugh caused them to wheel round towards the front door. There stood Hilda upon the threshold, fresh as a June rose, and divested of the half-scornful stateliness which she affected towards outsiders—Mr. Wilson Polgleaze, for example.

"You poor helpless things," she said. "I overheard the difficulty. Why not get Nathan Craze to lend a hand? He is loyal to the backbone, and we shall want someone on the all-important night, remember."

"An excellent notion, which I ought to have thought of myself," Lance assented. "See here, Tony, I must stay here to settle up with the carmen, and it is raining too hard for Hilda to go. You know those three cottages in the cove at the foot of the hill. Run down to the furthest of them and see if Craze is at home. He's the father of Billy, that cabin boy of mine, but Billy is aboard the ship at Falmouth, so he won't be there to spot you. Just ask Craze to come up and do a job for me. He's a crusty old fellow, so don't go into details. He'll take them better from me."

Diaz nodded, and walked away down the hill so quickly that neither Lance or Hilda noticed the gleam of pleasure in his dark eyes. They did not know that he had met the fisherman's daughter, and that he had hailed the

opportunity of again seeing the girl whose beautiful, tear-stained face had haunted him ever since.

BUT the mysterious foreigner, charged with an errand on this wild and lonely coast, was doomed to disappointment. The door of the picturesque, wreckage-built hut was opened by a grizzled giant of sixty, wearing a blue guernsey and great sea boots.

"What is it?" demanded the man, eyeing him suspiciously.

"I am only a messenger," replied Diaz, returning the hostile gaze with frank friendliness. "Captain Pengarvan, up at the Tower, sent me. He wants you to help him carry some heavy cases into the house."

Nathan Craze's sombre scowl died a quick death. "Master Lance wants me, hey?" his deep voice rumbled. "I'm his man, then. I was about going off to my lobster pots, but they must bide if the Tower folk have need of me. Come along, Mister."

They trudged up the hill together, and at the end of the first hundred yards Diaz gave up all attempts at conversation. His companion rebuffed him with silence or inarticulate grunts. He fell back to studying, in sideway glances, the rugged countenance of Marigold's father, and though the grim lines of the stern mouth and dogged jaw had relaxed their menace he came to the conclusion that this man was not only in sore trouble, but was obsessed by some set purpose that dominated his life.

A different note was struck when they reached the main entrance of St. Runan's Tower. The empty waggon was disappearing on its long journey back to Helston, and Lance and Hilda were sitting by the array of iron-bound cases under the portico.

"Now I take this kindly of you, Nathan!" cried Lance. "We are in a bit of a fix to get these boxes under cover, but your mighty arms will soon pull us out. It was Miss Hilda who thought of you."

The Cornishman looked at the young mistress of the Tower with the adoration which a Breton peasant bestows on a wayside shrine.

"I'd carry that load a mile for you, Master Lance, but I'd carry 'em two for Miss Hilda. What be they, if I may make so bold? Your ship come home at last, and these be pianos and new furniture?"

Diaz, Lance and Hilda exchanged glances.

"No, it's something a trifle more risky," laughed the captain of "The Lodestar." "Shall we tell him now? He'll have to know before many days are past, and Nathan Craze is as safe as a church," added Lance, turning to the others.

Miss Carlyon merely smiled a confident assent, but the South American added a verbal endorsement.

"I have walked up the hill with Mr. Craze, and I would defy anyone to make him talk if he didn't want to," he said. "The great secret can be told to him so far as I am concerned."

"I ain't one to prattle," said the big fisherman, casting a more friendly glance, in which was a flicker of grim humour, at the stranger who trusted him.

"No, and that is why we are going to take you on, Nathan," said Lance, in his breezy way. "Also because you have good old smuggling blood in your veins that doesn't take too much stock in the law. This is the way of it, then. Those cases contain quick-firing guns which my friend here, the Senor Antonio Diaz, has bought to aid a revolution in his own country. Being contraband of war they cannot be exported openly, so we have got to do the other thing."

And Lance Pengarvan proceeded to sketch out the programme, narrating first the events that had led up to it. Diaz, the son of a wealthy patriot and ex-president of Guyaca, in order to throw the party in power off the scent, had with the connivance of his friend, the captain, embarked on "The Lodestar" in the guise of a common sailor, and had worked his passage to England with the object of buying guns

"Made in Canada"
ARROW SHIRTS

METROPOLITAN STYLES EXCEEDINGLY WELL MADE OF A STANDARDIZED DEPENDABLE QUALITY. THERE IS A STYLE FOR EVERY OCCASION, A CORRECT SIZE AND SLEEVE LENGTH FOR EVERY MAN

\$1.50 up—at your dealers

Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. Makers, St. Johns, P. Q.



Stained, Decorative and Memorial Windows

LUXFER PRISMS

(Note New Address)

LUXFER PRISM COMPANY, Limited
296 Richmond St. W.
TORONTO

STAMPS AND COINS.

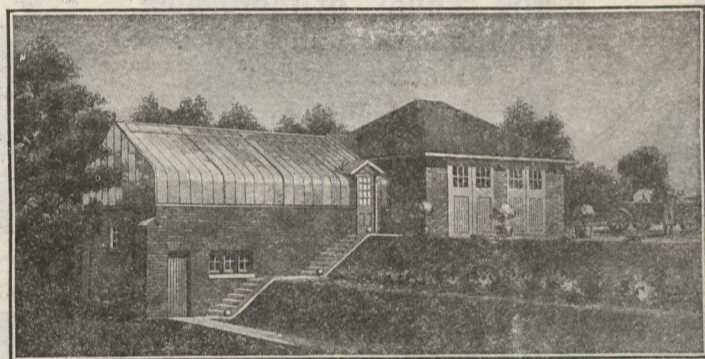
PACKAGES free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

PRINTING.

VISITING CARDS—Ladies' or Gentlemen's, printed to order—latest styles, fifty cents per hundred, post paid. Frank H. Barnard, Printer, 35 Dundas St., Toronto.

FARM LANDS.

COLVILLE INDIAN RESERVATION, WASHINGTON STATE, OPEN FOR SETTLEMENT, by U. S. Government, Registration from July 5 to 22. About 400,000 Acres. Fruit, Farm, Dairy and Grazing Lands. Complete Sectional Map, Description and Information, postpaid, \$1.00. Smith & McCrea, Room 980 Eagle Bldg., Spokane, Wash.



A Greenhouse and Garage

While you are having your garage built, it is quite feasible to have a greenhouse attached so that the one heating plant would serve both. Many have been erected in this way.

May we send you our book of Glass Gardens, a delight to every home owner. Conceive the joy of gathering beautiful flowers and vegetables of your own growing all through the long winter. Write to-day to Dept. C.

GLASS GARDEN BUILDERS, LIMITED

201 Church St., Toronto. Transportation Building, St. James St., Montreal.
Factory—Georgetown, Ont.

PEERLESS LAWN FENCING

Enhances Property Values

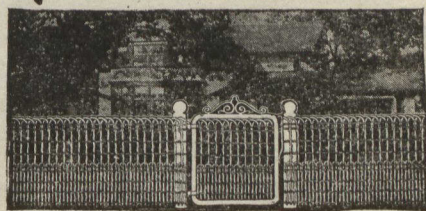
A BEAUTIFUL lawn fence gives any piece of property that symmetrical, pleasing, orderly appearance that not only affords its owner a keen sense of pleasure and satisfaction while occupying the premises, but when offered for sale, it brings a better price. It's an investment—not an expense.

Peerless Ornamental Fencing

is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless Ornamental Fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and holds its shape for years.

Send for free catalog. If interested, ask about our farm and poultry fencing. Agents nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in open territory.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.





Old Chum TOBACCO
is the "chum" of more pipe smokers, than any other tobacco smoked in Canada
EVERYBODY SMOKES "OLD CHUM"

for his fellow revolutionaries. So far the ruse had been successful, and no suspicion of the nature of his mission had leaked out, either on this side or in Guyaca.

BUT the most difficult part of the enterprise lay ahead, in the shipping of the arms without the knowledge of the British authorities. It would be impossible to get the consignment on board in the ordinary way at any seaport, and Lance Pengarvan, who had received much kindness from Diaz, had arranged that the goods should be sent by the manufacturers in the north to St. Runan's Tower. Then, when "The Lodestar" sailed from Falmouth on her next outward voyage, he would run the steamer into the cove below the Tower under cover of night and pick up the contraband, far from the prying eyes of harbour police and custom-house officials.

The heavy packages were to be stored in the dining-room, and on the momentous night they were to be lowered out of the overhanging window on to the beach by means of a portable derrick which had been constructed by the armament firm for the purpose, and which was contained in one of the cases.

"Now that ought to be just the kettle of fish to suit you, Nathan," concluded Lance. "I know you shape your course by the Bible, but there's nothing in it to stop you there. My friend's cause is a righteous one. The people he stands for are being persecuted by a corrupt and tyrannical President, who is feathering his nest at their expense."

Nathan Craze, who had drunk in every word with growing excitement depicted on his rugged face, thrust out a horny hand.

"Shake on it, Master Lance, I'll be in it!" he declared. "There was a job I had set myself to do, but that'll have to wait. The shipping of your cargo shan't be hindered by such trash as that."

"I was sure that Nathan wouldn't fail us," said Hilda, beaming on the fisherman who had carried her as a baby.

"So was I," added Lance, heartily. "And now I'll go and fetch Pascoe, and we'll get the stuff inside."

He ran round to the back of the house, and Hilda retired into the hall. Antonio Diaz and Nathan Craze were for the moment left alone together.

"You shan't regret this," said Diaz, warmly.

"I ain't doing it for you," responded the big Cornishman. "Leastways only by chance like, seeing as you're a friend of the Carlyons," he repented of his rudeness grudgingly. "Me and my forbears has been Carlyon men for hundreds and hundreds of years."

CHAPTER VI.

The Hush Before the Thunder.

THE next week passed all too quickly, and the end of it saw the break-up of the happy party at St. Runan's Tower. Lance Pengarvan had to take up his quarters on board ship to superintend the shipping of cargo and the signing on of his crew. Antonio Diaz went away to London, having to arrange for the payment of his purchases.

In the meanwhile the iron-bound cases were stacked in the dining-room, and the steel derrick which was to lower them from the window had been placed in position. The conspirators had no reason to believe that their secret had leaked out. If it had, they comforted themselves, it would not have mattered on that lonely strip of coast where the few dwellers were devoted to the young mistress of the Tower.

Hilda had told Mrs. Pengarvan about Wilson Polgleaze's preposterous offer, and the two women had decided that Lance should not be enlightened till he returned from his next voyage. He was absorbed in this clandestine shipment of arms, and there was no need to worry him with an affair which Hilda had so conclusively settled herself. Lance was short-tempered, and would probably have made trouble with his owner's son, which might have ruined the great scheme by get-

ting him discharged at the critical moment. Moreover, the position was a little delicate, since there was as yet no definite engagement between Lance and Hilda. Mrs. Pengarvan, wise woman that she was, did not want to force matters, guessing that her son had set himself to save a definite sum before declaring himself. As for Hilda, she was proudly sure of her lover.

The one thing that caused both the ladies surprise was that the date for the foreclosure of the mortgage had passed, and that Jacob Polgleaze had made no sign beyond sending the usual receipt for the interest, which was duly forwarded to him. It seemed to them that Wilson must have kept his word to intercede with his father, and holding as they did the worst opinion of the young man they were rather astonished. They were in two minds whether they had done him an injustice, or whether he was hatching some subtle scheme of revenge.

"The Lodestar" was due to sail on a Friday. On the preceding Monday Antonio Diaz returned to the Tower from London, there to remain till he should be picked up by the steamer's boat with his consignment of guns on the day of sailing. Lance was away at Falmouth, but he was expected home for a few hours on the day before sailing—to say good-bye to his mother and Hilda, and to issue final instructions for the night of the great venture.

On the morning after his return Diaz strolled down to the cove on the pretext of conferring with Nathan Craze about some detail connected with the derrick which was disfiguring the dining-room. The fisherman had relaxed his stern demeanour towards the stranger on seeing in what high esteem he was held at the Tower, and the merry, volatile southerner and the grim Cornishman had grown quite friendly over the shifts and expedients of erecting the derrick and storing the chests of guns.

Diaz tapped at the cottage door, and his dark eyes sparkled when it was opened by his forlorn acquaintance of the cave. She looked sad enough to renew his pity, but her eyes were no longer red with weeping, and he realized what a pretty girl she was. She even smiled faintly when he inquired if Craze was at home.

"I am sorry, but father is out in his boat round the point," she replied. "He won't be back for a couple of hours."

"That is bad luck, for I had wanted a word with him about some help he is giving us up at the Tower. Perhaps you will ask him to come up and see me—Mr. Diaz is my name—this evening." With the quick tact that was second nature to him he decided to make no reference to their former meeting.

"I will send him up," said Marigold, gravely. Then after an awkward pause she added: "I don't know what you have all done to father—it is Miss Hilda's spell I suppose—but he is a changed man these last weeks. He sits over his tea and talks to me as he hasn't for many a day, and he is more merciful to man and beast."

"That is good, very good, Miss Craze," responded Diaz, playing up to her mood. "What does he talk about?"

"Oh, about the old days when there was smuggling on this coast—stories that his father and grandfather had told him. He hints that he has something of the kind going on himself. But that can't be true?" added the girl, eyeing the visitor with shy inquiry.

"And what if it was? You would not approve at all of anything so lawless, eh, Miss Marigold?"

"Ah, if you only knew!" was the eager answer. "I would approve of anything if it took father out of himself, and made him kinder always."

And, thought Diaz, it would be a good thing if this poor, ill-used maid also had a distraction that would ease her self-centred misery. So he disclosed to her the scheme for shipping the guns, and strove to enlist her sympathy for the cause he had at heart by dwelling on the wrongs of his down-trodden compatriots in Guyaca. His eloquence awakened her interest, but

Esterbrook Pens
Send 10c for box containing 12 most popular styles....
Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.,
46-70 Cooper St., Camden, N.J.
Since 1860

"It is the best ale we ever brewed"

WHITE LABEL ALE

THE more you know about good ale the better you will like White Label Ale. Its best advertisement is your criticism of its quality. You will find a zest and piquancy here that keeps White Label Ale from ranking with the common-place.

Nothing more tasty or more thirst-quenching for a pure drink.

GET SOME!

Prime Stock at
Dealers and Hotels

Brewed and bottled only by

Dominion Brewery Co., Limited - Toronto

If you are this week a chance Reader of the Courier and find it "good stuff" you may count upon it that it is so regularly. It improves on acquaintance. Your subscription solicited.

Circulation Manager



Kellogg's

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

10¢

WATCH your alert, keen-eyed, clear-headed business man at breakfast. You never see him eating heavy, soggy foods that clog the body and slow up the mental processes. No, as a rule, he selects some appetizing, easily digested cereal such as Kellogg's, for he knows that these thin, crisp, toasted corn flakes supply all the nourishment that the ordinary body needs without dissipating his energy in digesting and absorbing them.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes go well with fresh or cooked fruits in place of the usual milk or cream.

The only product made in Canada by
The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited
London, Ontario, Canada

133

a more intimate note was struck when, after hearing that he had come to England as a foremast hand on "The Lodestar," she asked him if he knew her little brother, who was cabin boy on Captain Pengarvan's ship.

"What, Billy?" exclaimed Diaz. "Of course I do, the young monkey. But I never heard his other name. He is just Billy to everyone on board. Have you seen him lately?"

It transpired that Master Billy Craze had been home for a week, but that he had gone back to the ship when the captain went to live on board to superintend the taking in of cargo. He was not expected to visit his relations again till "The Lodestar's" return from the ensuing voyage.

The ice thus broken, Antonio Diaz

and Marigold Craze met without constraint, and frequently, during the few remaining days of his sojourn at the Tower. Apart from his desperate political ventures, Antonio was a simple-hearted, chivalrous soul, and he found himself singularly attracted by the forlorn daughter of the shore, whose mournful secret he had surmised. Though he was a democrat to the finger-tips he was a man of culture and education, and wondering more than a little at his growing infatuation for the humble girl, he kept himself severely in check. Then, suddenly, he discovered that Marigold Craze was as cultured as any lady of high degree.

The reason was not far to seek. Marigold owed her gentle speech and refined air to Miss Carlyon, who, but a year or two older than herself, had

made a pet of her, and taught her all she knew. The fisherman's daughter was better informed, and a good deal more polished, than most of the hockey-playing hoydens who hail from "high schools." Diaz did not learn this from the girl herself, who was much too shy to attempt to show off her accomplishments, but from Hilda on the morning of Lance's return to the Tower.

"You admire Marigold?" asked Hilda, regarding her guest critically after she had answered many questions about her protegee.

"She is the most exquisite creature I have ever seen," was the enthusiastic reply. "A wood violet, a nymph of the sea-foam, a faun of the forest."

"I hope you haven't been telling her so, Senior," said Hilda, gravely. "So

far as I am aware she is heart-whole, and I should not like to think that the placid stream of her life had been disturbed."

Diaz shuddered at the half-playful words uttered in all ignorance. "I am too preoccupied for that sort of thing, Miss Carlyon," he answered, with a hint of reproach in his voice. "And, believe me, I would rather mend hearts than break them. I shall be able to converse with her on a different footing when I see her next."

But Antonio Diaz and Marigold Craze were not destined to meet again till many tides had ebbed and flowed on the beach below the Tower. For the discussion was interrupted by the advent of Captain Lance Pengarvan, and then things began to happen quickly.

(To be continued.)



Children's Teeth

require "inside" treatment as much as outward care.

Soft teeth, spongy gums and other tooth defects are due largely to a lack of certain vital mineral salts in the daily diet. Parents can help the children to have sounder, healthier teeth by selecting food rich in these important elements.

Grape-Nuts

—a delicious food

made from whole wheat and malted barley— is full of the rich nutriment of these grains, including their mineral elements, so essential for good teeth.

"There's a Reason"

