

T.S. THE CANADIAN COURIER



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—Photo by James & Son.

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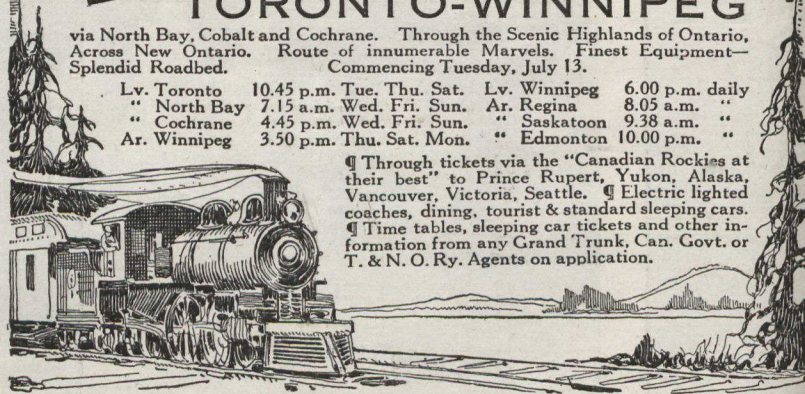
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THE TRAIL OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES

How the British are Blasting Their Way Through Flanders at One End and Dardanelles at the Other



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF GERMAN TRENCHES BLOWN UP BY BRITISH SAPPERS.

Showing how the underground method forced upon the Allies by Germany is being worked out by British daring and pluck.

AVIATION experts in England are talking about the possibility of bombarding the Krupp works at Essen and the German communication bridges over the Meuse and the Rhine by an aerial invasion of hundreds of aeroplanes carrying tons of high explosives. Meanwhile, the underground operators continue to blast their way foot by foot through the entrenchments of the Germans. The photograph above is a dramatic picture of what happened to a German line of trenches when a corps of sappers had finished with it. At a point where the opposing lines were close together, British sappers tunneled a way into the German trenches. Day by day, inch by inch, the underground road was pierced through. Mines were placed at the point where the "sap" touched the German trench. All unknown to the occupants of the trench on the other side, the chain of destruction was laid. The mine was fired by a time fuse. When the explosion was over, the British troops charged up and occupied the trench. The photograph shows the British in possession, the dead and wounded and captured Germans, the guards and the bayonets; the grimly realistic picture of a kind of



THE WRECKAGE CAUSED BY BRITISH BIG GUNS AT THE DARDANELLES.

A damaged Turco-German fort gun reduced to a mass of useless iron among the debris of the Fort Seddul-Bahr, by high-explosive shells from the fleet.

warfare never before known in the world.

When newspaper despatches tell of the occupation of a few trenches here and there by troops of either side, following either the blast-work of heavy artillery or the work of sappers with mines, it is some such picture as this that takes place. Only the imagination of an underworld artist could have predicted in picture such strange scenes of warfare where men fight underground, under-sea and in mid-air. And it is very seldom that the camera is able to reproduce a scene of such a character. When the history of the war comes to be written, many of its most amazing chapters will be taken from the lives of men who patiently whittle their way underground, making tunnel paths for the men with the bayonet. If some aboriginal novelist could have written the story of war among the cave men, it would never have been so weirdly improbable as the everyday events of the great war that taxes all the enginery and mechanism of a scientific civilization. For the cave men had no high explosives; and the fighters of 1915 are reverting to the conditions of the cave-men. Both photographs on this page are from the Central News.

WHAT ENGLAND DID FOR PEACE

An Illuminating Extract From a New Book on the Origin and Conduct of the War

MANY people imagine that the most England did to stave off the present war was done by Sir Edward Grey during the few high-strung weeks between the shooting of the Archduke Ferdinand and the declaration of war by England on Germany, August 4, 1914. Most people forget that England spent nearly ten years of diplomacy trying to make a general European war impossible. In his great recruiting speech, in West Lancashire, last week, Kipling observed that Germany had spent as much energy for 45 years preparing for a war as England had spent trying to convince herself that wars should not be prepared for. That fact must be kept in mind in reading the article on this page extracted from Sir Gilbert Parker's latest book, "The World in the Crucible." With the knowledge and the skill of a trained parliamentarian, Sir

WITH the accession of the Liberal party to power in England at the end of 1905, the relations between Great Britain and Germany entered upon a new phase. Hitherto England has been content to go her own way, pursuing a policy of national defence, based upon a proportionate two-power preponderance of naval strength. This had long been accepted as the minimum of security; but it had become increasingly difficult to maintain with the growth of the German navy. With this great naval strength, however, England had sought to avoid giving or taking offence; she had, excepting in the Crimean War, steered clear of European conflict for a century. At the same time she had been much occupied in adjusting differences between other Powers; never attempting to base her own naval and military policy on abstractions, or to influence unduly the policy of other nations. Indeed, relying on her insular position, she had effectively abstained from international agreements.

When the Liberal Government took office they inherited a well-defined naval programme. Consistently with their former protests against "unproductive" expenditure on armaments, they resolved, and entered upon a policy of retrenchment; they sought to make arrangements with Germany which would enable them to combine economy with national security. Their first step was to present reduced Naval estimates in March, 1906; but in the same month Germany amended her Navy Law of 1900—which itself doubled the Von Tirpitz programme of 1897—by adding six large cruisers to her fleet.

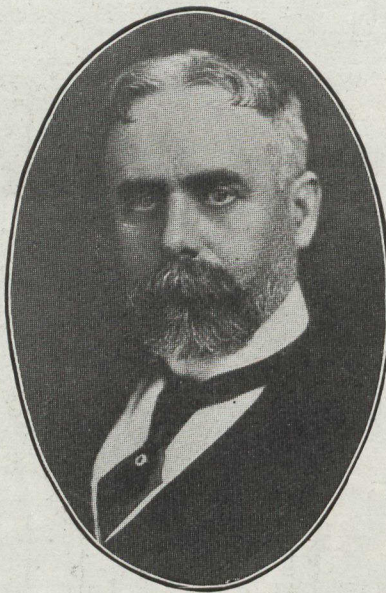
MAGNIFICENT BUT NOT POLITICS.

A GOVERNMENT less honest in its desire for peace might well have seen in this act a reason, perhaps an excuse, for abandoning professions which had well served their electoral purposes, but which also represented the long-sustained and expressed policy of their party. The Government of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, however, refused to be diverted from their pacific aims. Their reply to the increase of the German naval programme was, in July, 1906, to put forward amended Naval Estimates which reduced the March programme 25 per cent. in battleships, 33 per cent. in submarines, and 60 per cent. in ocean-going destroyers. Their professed reason for this bold step was declared to be the invitation of the Tsar to the powers for another conference on the reduction of armaments. The failure of the previous conference gave little hope for the second; but, that nothing should be left undone to increase the chances of success, England resolved to prove her own sincerity; to give a lead to her neighbours and rivals by reducing her own rate of shipbuilding actually below a fair margin of safety.

The step was sensational and apparently gallant, but it was not politics; and, as was prophesied by many critics, it proved futile and even dangerous to British interests. The policy failed completely. It became an error which Great Britain never quite repaired. So far from moving Germany to respond with a similar measure of curtailment, it gave her an opportunity to reduce the lead of England; and she seized it. The Kaiser refused to hear of disarmament in any degree, or of anything that restricted the will and ambition of Germany. He thought the Conference nonsensical, and roundly declared that if disarmament was to be on its agenda, Germany would stay outside. He was aiming at naval strength as an instrument of diplomacy, as a symbol of national strength, as a "big stick" to be used when "the Day" was come.

VON BUELOW'S CRAFTY HAND.

NEVERTHELESS, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would not yield without further effort. In an article in *The Nation*, early in 1907, he pleaded that a subject so urgent as the reduction of naval and military expenditure should not be excluded from the Conference; and that Great Britain would even make substantial reductions on her 1906 programme if others were willing to follow her. Within a month the answer came from Prince Bulow, that any discussion of such a subject would be unpractical "even if it should not involve risks." This declaration he emphasized in March, 1908, by an acceleration of the Kaiser's naval programme. This had the effect of increasing the German navy by four battleships in



By SIR GILBERT PARKER

advance of the original programme. That was the cynical and challenging answer to the British Government's desire, free from ulterior motives, for a reduction of armaments.

OUR FLEET CONCENTRATED.

ENGLAND took alarm. Experts began to calculate how soon, at the then rate of progression, the German navy would become a really formidable and dangerous rival of the British. It was no longer a question of building against two Powers. It was a case of preserving a superiority over one Power, almost at England's very door. Other nations might exist and flourish without maritime power; in her position, with a vast mercantile marine which had to carry out her manufactures and bring back her food and raw material, it was life or death. Not looking forward to taking part in a war on the Continent, she had never sought to form a great standing army; but a navy of preponderating strength was imperative. Every man in the country knew this, as all our island people had accepted it over the generations in which England was free from naval warfare. In the light of the resolution made by Von Bulow, in 1907, the whole policy of naval defence had to be reconsidered, the strategy remodelled, and the ships redistributed. There were no longer Channel Squadrons, Atlantic Squadrons, and Mediterranean and Home Fleets. The new disposition gave virtually one Fleet only, concentrated in the North Sea to meet the menace there. That policy was inevitable, and it has proved itself wise, as the events of this war have shown. Had it not been adopted, a German army would probably have been occupying England in the autumn of 1914.

There were three courses open to Great Britain when the danger became indubitably sure. She might have fought Germany there and then; or she might have met Germany's challenge by largely increasing her naval estimates. Again there were many who thought that if England had voted a navy loan of, say, £100,000,000, and had declared her determination to build eight, ten, or a dozen battleships a year, Germany might have given up a struggle in which the longer purse must inevitably win. But neither of these aggressive methods was adopted. England now tried to meet the trouble and lighten the grievous burden of taxation—as heavy for Germany as for herself—by direct negotiation for reduction of armaments with that country.

THOUGHT BRITAIN DECADENT.

KING EDWARD explored the difficult field in 1908, and for once his tactful diplomacy failed. The Kaiser was scornfully obdurate. He saw in the attempt at an understanding only that fear which showed a decline of character and patriotism in England. In 1909, Sir Edward Grey tried to reach an understanding between the two countries by suggesting that the naval attaches of the two countries should be allowed to observe the different stages of battleship construction. Again, far from urbanely, Germany refused. She was resolved to go her own way. None could dispute her right to do so; but it was a way which has led to a world-disaster; for it encouraged her to think that Great Britain was shorn of the character which had made her great; of the will and patriotism which had made her strong; that she was "the lath painted to look like iron"; and that she would neither stand by her friends nor sternly defend herself, if a crisis came.

She was mistaken, but she went on her way; building ships strenuously; creating situations in interna-

Gilbert shows how cynically Germany treated all England's efforts since 1905 to preserve the peace of the world. He shows how Germany began to think that England was losing her character and her Imperial spirit because she was trying to work for the world's peace; how the Kaiser imagined that England was becoming decadent and ready to hand over the world's leadership to Germany because she used every cog in her diplomatic machinery for nearly a decade to prevent a world war. Sir Gilbert Parker has written many books more popular than this one since he left Canada and went in for a literary and parliamentary career in England. He has written nothing which so well expresses what an Imperial Canadian thinks of the welfare and the world aims of England. Sir Gilbert knows how to express himself in more ways than one.

tional diplomacy with a growing spirit of confidence and arrogance; trying her ever-growing strength by disturbing the chancelleries of Europe. She over-estimated her success, however, and some suspicion of this fact seems to have entered the mind of the German Government about 1909, when it was found that the Triple Alliance was confronted by the Triple Entente. In 1904 all outstanding differences between France and England had been settled; three years later a similar reconciliation of interests had taken place between England and Russia, greatly to Germany's discomfiture. Great Britain, in harmony with those powerful States, was a different proposition from the Great Britain, separated from them by disputes in Asia, Africa, and America, shut up in the "splendid isolation" of her island home. The German tone, thenceforward, became less emphatic. With the change of Chancellors, in 1909, came opportunity for a change of policy.

The new policy was clearly directed towards detaching Britain from the Triple Entente by suggestions of naval agreement. It was Prince Bismarck's "do ut des" once more, and, indeed, German diplomacy never seems to move out of this rut of bribery, the amount of the bribe being in inverse ratio to the thing it buys. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's offer of July, 1909, was drawn on the same lines as his "infamous proposal" of July, 1914, and a similar base suggestion in 1912. In the latter, England was asked to stand by while Belgium was violated and France crushed, and as a reward was promised "friendly relations" with Germany, freedom from attack till another time undefined. In 1909, England was to enter into an agreement with Germany declaring, first, that neither country contemplated, nor would commit, any act of aggression on the other; again, that in the event of any attack upon either England or Germany by a third Power, or group of Powers, the one not attacked should remain neutral. The result of that arrangement would be to tie the hands of England and leave the hands of Germany free.

THE INSIDIOUS TEUTON.

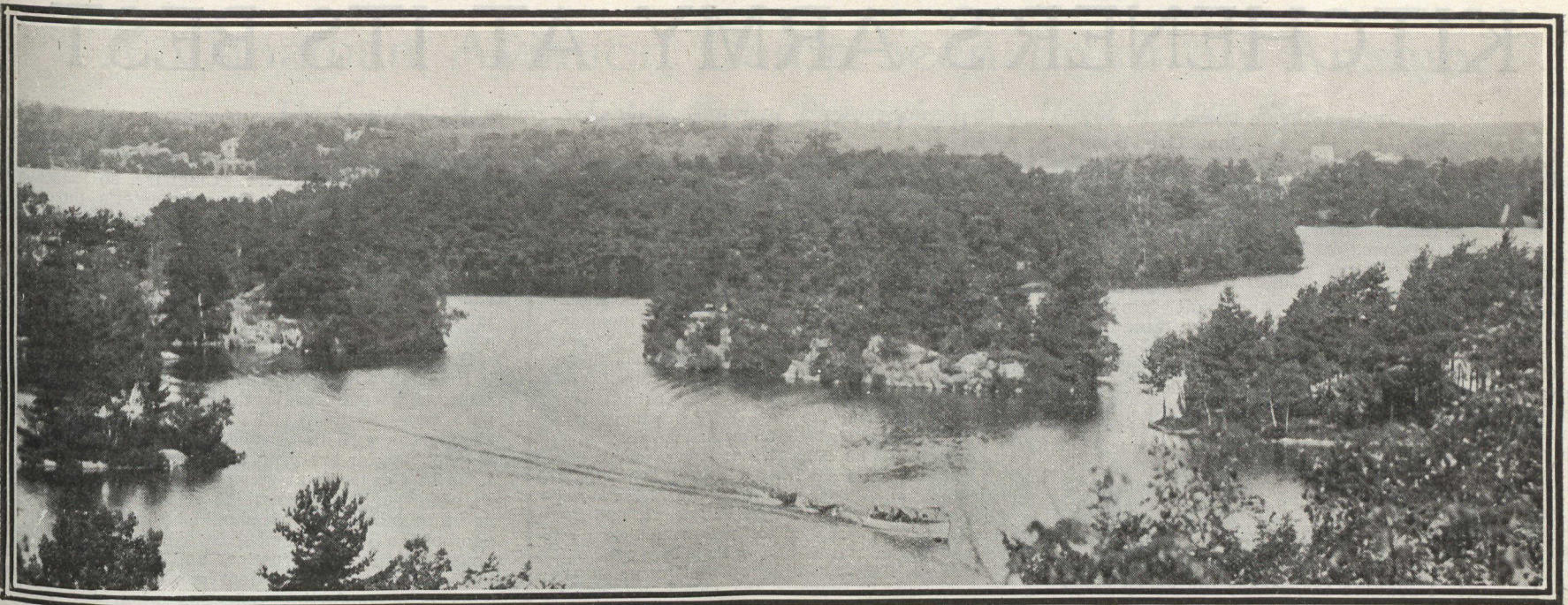
SO long as Germany was bound to Austria by offensive and defensive alliance, there was no need for her to take the initiative—Austria could do that for her; and still England would be bound by her bond. So, if Austria went to war with Russia, Germany was bound to assist her. But by the Franco-Russian agreement, France would be bound to attack Germany as soon as Russia was assailed by two enemies. By the suggested ingenious arrangement, therefore, England would be bound to neutrality by the aggression of France on Germany. Not only so, but the proposed agreement with Germany would debar her from protecting the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, or any other neutral State, if it were violated by Germany as the result of aggression by France. Great Britain would thus effectually debar herself from helping her friends in any circumstances; she would lose all claim to be regarded as their friend; she would have to sit quietly while those who might help her in her hour of need were destroyed; and she would have bartered away her honour for ever.

For all this, what was she to get? A reduction of the German navy, a promise that the German naval programme would be abandoned? No. The offer was that the rate of German shipbuilding would be retarded. The naval programme would have to be carried out in its entirety; and the number of ships to be completed in 1918 would have to remain as fixed by the Navy Law; but as a great concession, the number annually laid down in the earlier years would be reduced, with a corresponding increase in the last few years of the statutory period.

ENGLAND STILL WILLING.

NOT the most ardent pacifist could have blamed Great Britain had she refused to discuss proposals so one-sided, indeed so offensive to intelligence; so impossible of acceptance without betraying her friends, smirching her honour, and preparing for her own ultimate debacle, when with pride and "the soul possessed of sacrifice" vanished, Germany, having done her work elsewhere, would turn her attention to her hated rival in the North Sea. Yet England did not refuse to discuss even these proposals; for Germany had ever a way of looking at things which was not to be found in the

(Concluded on page 19.)



WHERE MANY A NON-FISHERMAN HAS BEEN CAUGHT ON THE HOOK OF PLEASURE.

Opinicon Lake, a lazy, fish-paradise link in the great chain of lakes that tangle about Rideau River; midway between Kingston and Ottawa.

A LAND OF FINS AND FABLES

The Rideau Summer-Land Where Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

ONE man in every ten, even in Canada, is born minus the soul of a fisherman—or claims to be. And for every unpiscatorial person of that sort there's a sporting chance that some time in his life he may cease looking bored when other men tell those plump, pellucid fish-stories and himself begin to nibble on the bait which the fisherman has so warily wrapped on his human hook.

Anyway, there is one man who puts in his summers—in fact he owns an island shown in the top picture on this page—on Opinicon Lake, which is one of the fascinating chain of lakes that tangle and twist about the great Rideau. That man lives to fish. He knows all the kinds of fish that can be found in those spawning opulent lakes of the Rideau country, where fishing seems to be just in its Genesis stage. He can catch any of them, knows their habits, whether on sandy shoal, in deep water, down by the wallside of the big rocks, tucked away among the great stumps of the dismantled water-logged forest, or just loafing along the lanes of sunshine and clear water. He knows them, body, bones and soul—rock bass, big-mouth and little mouth, sunfish, brown trout, speckled trout, salmon trout and lunge. He has hooked them all with all manner of bait and by all means of ancient and modern appliances. But the greatest fun that fisher-

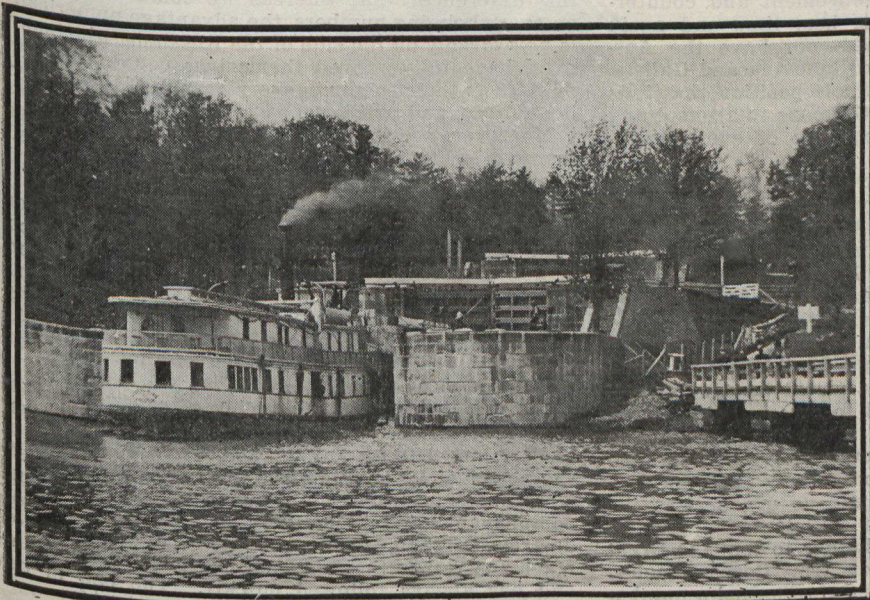


Opinicon Club, where all fish-stories come true, was once a sporting-men's club; now a summer hotel on Rideau Lake.

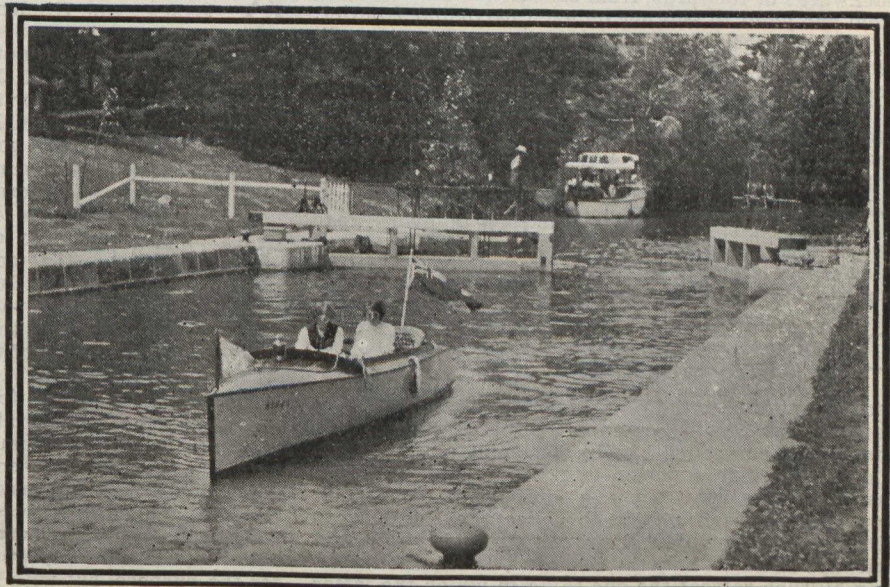


By way of variety—The Royal Muskoka, a rendezvous in the highlands of Ontario.

man has in the world is when he gets hold of some un-fishing person who is lucky enough to be beguiled into the Opinicon country, or anywhere in the Rideau chain. The fun is to convert that blase non-fisherman, by a sort of gentle process unknown to Billy Sunday, into a real, ardent fisherman fan who doesn't know enough to go home. That often happens in the Rideau country. But so far as the supply of fishermen is concerned, there is no need of creating any extras. The real fisher-folk of the sporting variety know how to get into the Rideau belt of waters, and they go there from many hundreds of miles; by no means all Canadians, either. This year the fishermen habitues of that region will find the bass much fatter than usual. They spawned almost a month late and had a chance to get some fat on their ribs before they went into the hatcheries. All summer long, from late spring on into the frosty nip of October, these bass are to be found in those lakes. This year the fall season will be the fattest ever known in those lakes. Out on the sandy shoals the bass will be gorging for weeks before they hike to the deep-water holes to spend the winter. And when they are, the man from Opinicon, on his wooded island, goes about like a dream-man, waiting for the men who never fish to come along, that he may make them fishermen.



Chaffey's Locks, on Rideau Lake—historically and picturesaueely interesting.



Motor boating on the Rideau Canal—th e charm of canoeing minus the labour.

KITCHENER'S ARMY AT ITS BEST

Pleasant Vale Camp,

June 11th, 1915.

By G. M. L. BROWN

"PLEASANT VALE," a year ago, was simply a primeval pocket in the hills given up largely to sheep pasturing, even as it was at the coming of the Normans, and at the coming of the Danes, and at the coming of the Romans, and, indeed, ages before that.

We have not greatly altered it. A few score huts have replaced the sheep folds; incessant riding and gun manoeuvres have worn away two or three acres of grass, and near the skyline on the west jagged scars of white mark the place where some infantry have been trench-digging in the chalky uplands. That was as long ago as last Autumn, I believe, and already this particular plan of trench has become obsolete, so rapidly has the technique of the new subterranean warfare been evolved.

I wonder what will remain of our model hutments a century hence, and of the huge town of huts (to which we belong administratively, if not geographically), that lies just over our southern rim.

Oh, well! I suppose the sooner the sheep come back the better; but just to gratify some future antiquarian, we are sowing a plentiful crop of beer bottles, marmalade jars, and the like. I wish we could spare a few coins, as well, but the Roman Tommy Atkins was so profligate in that respect that it would be mere folly for an underpaid Kitchenerite to emulate him.

What a happy location is "Pleasant Vale," and how happily named. The sun is flooding the hill-tops as I write this; the larks have long been astir; from my open window I can see the horse picquets beginning their morning rounds; there is a faint, premonitory clinking from the not far distant cook-house—soon huge caldrons of hot tea will be ready for the boys, and with Reveille—ah, it is sounding now from the infantry lines over the hill, bringing the first faint suggestion of duty. Now the Eastern Battery within our valley has taken up the strain—there go our own trumpets next—echoing through the miniature streets and off across the green slopes to awaken some slumbering shepherd, perhaps, and remind him that tending sheep and tending artillery horses are part of the same great task, and that all Britain is really a camp and may remain so for many a long year.

And now good-bye to this delightful valley and fair

ON May 28, an article by Mr. Brown was published in the Courier on "Kitchener's Army in the Melting Pot." It contained some very severe criticisms of Army methods, particularly in regard to the waste of food in the camps. A further article, on June 12, entitled "Sidelights on Kitchener's Army," pointed out some of the more encouraging symptoms in Army management. Shortly after that cable despatches called attention to the enormous wastage of food at the camps, and, according to the present article, steps have been taken to overcome the waste. The accompanying article was intended to follow immediately after that published on July 12, but it was delayed in transit and was preceded by the article published two weeks ago, "Snapshots from the Firing Line." Readers who keep the Courier on file will find that the critical allusions in the present article refer particularly to statements made in the article of May 28. Mr. Brown's description of "England, the Armed Camp," suggests the eulogy uttered by Hon. Walter Long at the Guildhall last week, when he pointed out what a tremendous change had come over England in ten months.

Sussex-by-the-Sea. By the time this letter is on the ocean our Division will have moved to its last training ground, and all but faint memories of our rustic life amid the Downs will be erased by the excitements of final preparations for the front.

The hutments, we hear, are to be occupied by three famous regiments. Two of these I shall not venture, but the third are to be part (though what part or portion I do not know) of our Third Canadian Contingent.

RATHER bitterly I have complained in previous letters of the waste and uneven distribution of food in Kitchener's Army; but the change in these few weeks has been magical. Men have been told off from practically every unit in the country to take lessons in some nearby depot in camp cooking and economy, elaborate instructions have been issued for the making of bread pudding, hash, and other

economical dishes from the odds and ends that formerly went into the swill tub, and as far as possible food is served in the huts, where each man gets his fair portion, but no more. Likewise, so many additional checks upon the Quartermaster's purchasing methods have been devised that fraudulent accounts are daily becoming rarer.

"The waste of food in His Majesty's camps is nothing short of a national scandal," said an official letter less than three months ago, "and must be enquired into by every commanding officer, and immediately stopped." And lo, it has been done.

Of our present Q. M. S., I should hardly exaggerate if I said that his honesty and efficiency atones for a score of his weaker brethren. An old campaigner, with many years in India to his credit, plus five or six months with the Expeditionary Force in France, he provides for every need and emergency with what I can best describe as generous foresight. Enveloped by red tape, he knows which strands may be broken or unwound, and which should be left intact for the good of the Service; and so he calmly administers his department with a justice and intelligence that neither science nor system per se could produce. This is a comforting reflection when one contemplates the marvellous effectiveness of Teutonic thoroughness, and my heartfelt wish for my comrades everywhere is that they may fall into the hands of a Quartermaster-Sergeant K—, if, indeed, his double exists.

NOW, having atoned for one or two sweeping accusations, which, though true in effect, was misleading in its inference, how shall I make my apologies to the R. A. M. C.? Not for worlds would I withdraw one word of my indictment of the M. O. at "Seabright" and his whole infamous coterie, and I have since encountered sufficient evidence to indict the medical staffs of at least three other units. But on the other hand, I have met medical officers who are kind to the point of indulgence—self-sacrificing and splendidly capable.

The M. O. at "Queenston" was humane, painstaking, and wonderfully patient with the sick under his charge, but the M. O. at "Pleasant Vale" is all this and more, and suggests at once that lovable type now unfortunately so rare in America—the common sense, sympathetic uncommercial country

(Concluded on page 18.)

GERMAN AND RUSSIAN STRATEGY

By COL. F. N. MAUDE, C.B.

From The Illustrated London News.

THE primary condition of success in the strategy on which the Germans have pinned their faith for the last half-century has been the systematic development of railways and roads for the purpose of assuring to themselves the power of concentrating and moving vast armies—over a million strong—with greater rapidity than their adversaries could employ. It was to this power (not to superior fighting qualities, as they have since frankly confessed) that they owed their victories over the French Imperial armies in 1870. Moreover, foreseeing, years before the rest of Europe, the waning value of permanent fortifications in face of the increasing efficiency of siege-artillery with high-explosive shells, they concentrated all the funds most countries would have spent on fortresses on the systematic development of communications of all natures, so as to be able to move their armies at will backwards or forwards, from east to west, or laterally, from one point to another on each particular frontier.

This was economically a sound policy, for in well-settled districts, railways and roads soon create trade, and after a few years begin to work at a profit.

To Russia, in her relatively undeveloped condition, this policy was impossible. Hence long before the present war began, her General Staff had thought out a special system to neutralize the German advantage—adapting it to the peculiar climatic conditions of her frontiers, which ensure in every year two periods, autumn and spring, in which the country becomes an almost trackless sea of mud—only to be traversed by armies with exceeding difficulty.

GAINING contact with the enemy from the very outset through forces sufficient to threaten and at the same time conceal other concentrations well to the rear, Russia has systematically applied pressure to her enemy at many points with forces that compelled him to concentrate and attack. Thanks to their superior lateral railways, the Germans could always mass a sufficiency of men at any point of their choice to oblige the Russians to retire, breaking up in their retreat such roads and railways as might help the Germans, and thus eliminating by such retreat the one thing in which the latter were undeniably their superiors; for once out in

the mud the two met on equal terms, and the Russian Staff from the first never doubted the superior fighting qualities of their own men over their antagonists, given that the latter were deprived of their superior facilities of supply. The loss of even a hundred miles of territory signified nothing at all to Russia, who had the whole of the rest of Europe and most of Asia to retire into if necessary; but every additional mile of road and hastily restored railway over which the Germans had to convey not only food, but the incredible weight of ammunition which nowadays is necessary, told with cumulative effect on their mobility and fighting efficiency, and thus threw open to the Russians chances which in every instance they have shown that they knew how to seize.

AGAINST this policy of retirement and counter-attack, von Hindenburg has, time and again flung his bravest troops—nor have the Austrians been more fortunate in Bukovina and Galicia. But it is the essence of the whole position that it is politically impossible for the Germans to attempt any other method; the actual sequence of events sufficiently establishes my point.

Beginning with an irruption into the Bukovina, the Russians compelled Germany to send help to the amount of not less than four Army Corps to the Austrians; and these once committed to a fight from which it was almost impossible for the latter to disengage themselves, the Russians increased their pressure upon the central passes of the Carpathians to such a point that about the middle of April it became obvious that the whole of the plains of Hungary would be over-run, and even Vienna would be endangered, unless means could be found to arrest their further progress. The concentration about Cracow, and the blow against the Russian armies in the central Carpathians, was the one and only reply that the Germans could possibly make; and so urgent was the need of achieving a success sufficient to influence Italy, still hesitating as to whether to join the Great Alliance, that not only were ten Army Corps detached for the purpose, but with these were united a number of heavy siege-guns with ammunition in almost in-

credible quantities. Hence the tremendous result. Supported by their Austrian allies on either flank, this vast phalanx literally blasted its way through the first of the Russian lines, which were undoubtedly taken by surprise, thanks to the magnitude of the effort made against them. But, in obedience to pre-arranged orders, the Muscovites succeeded in executing an orderly retreat, destroying most thoroughly every mile of track behind them—with such success that presently the pursuing Germans found their rate of progress reduced to between four and five miles a day, whilst the Russians on their wings were free to move at the normal rate of about fifteen, and in the centre were daily gathering strength as they neared their own reserves and their resources.

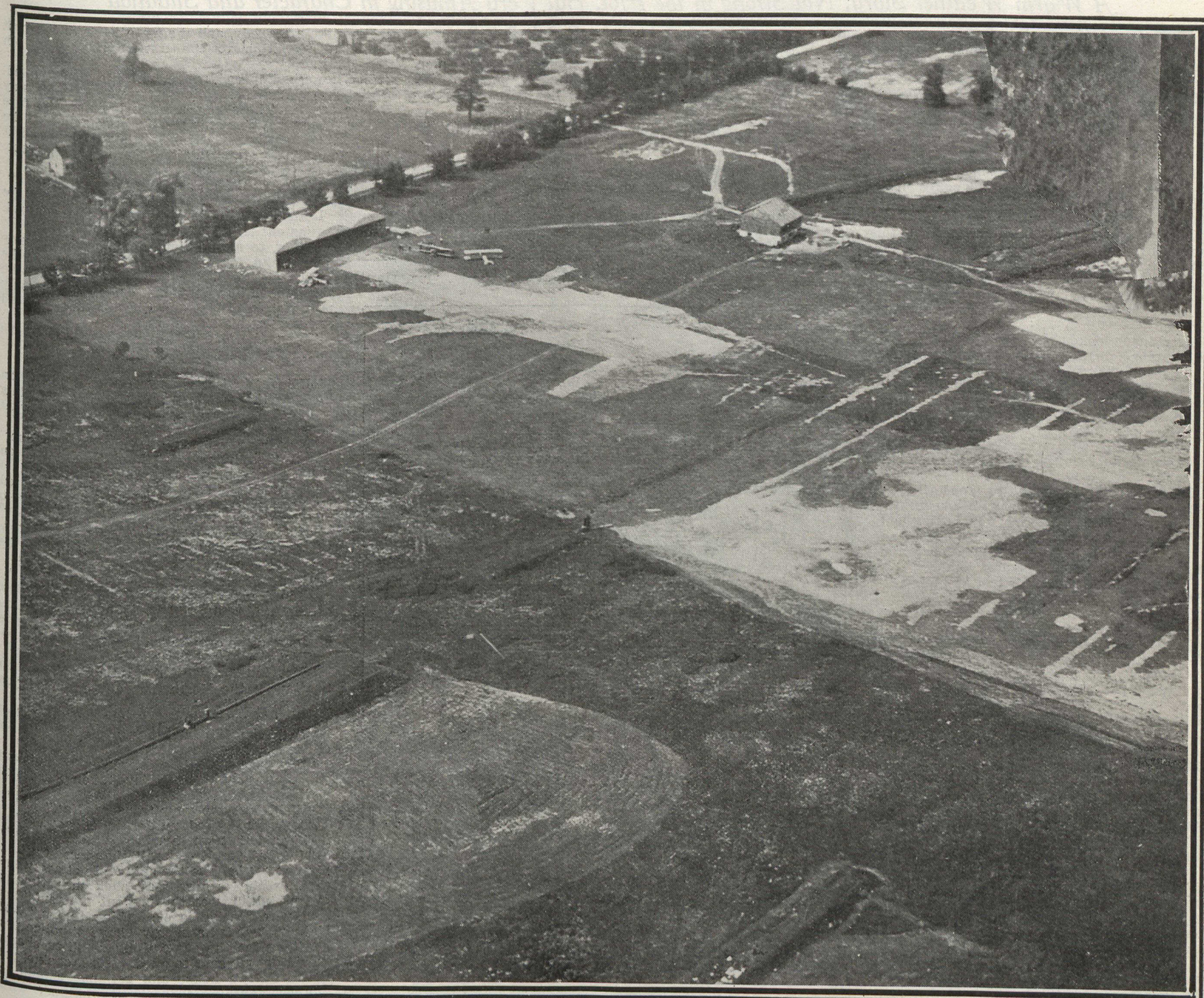
The Germans are now in the same position relatively to their opponents as we were in South Africa in the days of our slow-moving convoys, but with this difference: that whereas we could always rely on overwhelming numbers, the advantage numerically is now largely on the side of the Russians, who, moreover, have fully proved themselves equally as good fighters as their enemy in every branch of the Army—horse, foot, and artillery.

Moreover, precisely the same fate awaits the Germans in whatever direction they may renew their efforts. Indeed, the disparity grows to their detriment, as with the advance of summer the country everywhere affords firm going; and whereas the German rate of advance depends on the rate of reconstruction of the railways (which is practically unaffected by weather), the Russians will soon be able to manoeuvre freely across country in masses—precisely as the French under Napoleon traversed the same districts in the first stage of their campaign in 1812.

History shows that this policy of overweighting a field army with heavy siege-appliances has never been resorted to by any army until its confidence in the power of its own infantry to carry the enemy entrenchments, without more support than the normal complement of field artillery can afford, has been destroyed: then, once that stage of reliance on machines rather than on men has been reached, the end has always followed quickly. The end in the present case may not follow quite so quickly.

A Canadian Aviation Camp Seen From an Airship

The Greatest Aviation School in America Photographed at a Height of 3,000 Feet



This photograph was taken at a height of 3,000 feet from a Curtiss bi-plane flying over 80 miles an hour with a time-exposure of 1-80 of a second. The view below is the Aviation School, Hangars and Rifle Ranges at Long Branch, west of Toronto. The camera was set by the photographer, who was not allowed to go aloft, and operated by the air-man.



A PASTORAL PICTURE IN WAR.

French soldiers threshing last year's wheat for the Army. France is getting ready for a new crop as well as Germany.

CONQUERING Germany from the air is the latest dream of British and French aviators. Canada is not behind in the business of war aviation. The aero-panorama of Long Branch Aviation Park shewn on this page is a milestone of the amazing progress being made in military art on this side of the Atlantic. The Long Branch Aviation School conducted at Long Branch by McCurdy is the land end of the school established for hydro-plane service on Toronto Island. Here two Curtiss bi-planes are in daily use by the students, several of whom recently graduated for service abroad. Six machines at those hangars are being tested out for the Spanish Government, whose representative, Major Herrera, Chief of the Spanish Royal Flying Service, and Juon Vinierra, Naval Lieutenant, are at the Canadian School trying out the machines built in Canada, for use in the Spanish army. Photographing from aeroplanes is one of the branches of scouting perfected by the present war, and the photograph of the Canadian Aviation Camp shewn on this page is a proof that Canadians intend to do their part in the air.



GATHERING THE RIFLE HARVEST.

Russian officers counting the rifles left by Austro-Germans in retreat and much needed by the Russians.

THE SKIPPER'S MASQUERADE

A Warm-Weather Story, Not Strong in the Plot, But Very Amusing in Character and Situation

By ATHOL FORBES

"THERE'S just time to do it, George," said Captain Cutting, emerging from the hoodway of his cabin, and buttoning up his coat to protect a bare chest.

"You're not going ashore now?" queried the perspiring mate, busy with the work of getting the brig ready for sea. The tide will turn in 'arf an hour or so and we must sail on the flood."

"I'll be back in 'arf an hour, George."

"Yes; I know wot your 'arf coffee are when you get ashore. I think a mug of 'ot coffee 'll do more good than grog after last night's tea party at the Anchor," he counselled with some heat.

"George, George," said his chief, reproachfully, "all I propose to do—"

"You might spend a little time on board the ship, and what you propose to do don't concern me, it's wot you does do. It was nearly three when you come on board this mornin' wakenin' up everybody."

The skipper looked pained. He took in his belt another hole, and fastened another button of his coat. "You go too far, sometimes, George; I did get on the razzle-dazzle a bit last night, that's why I was thinkin' a dip in the briny would blow away the cobwebs, and brace me up a bit."

"A good sluice with a bucket or two o' salt water would do you just as much good," was the reply.

"But nothink will do you no good till you takes the pledge," he added, with a mournful glance at the seaman, who was letting out the square canvas on the fore top mast, and at the same time taking a sympathetic and intense interest in the conversation.

The skipper hitched up his trousers thoughtfully.

"Public 'ouses will be your ruin," continued the mate.

"I tell you it's a swim I want," cried the exasperated captain.

"Yes, yes, you'll be found drowned one day, but it won't be with good honest salt water, more's the pity." The mate broke off his remarks suddenly and took a flying leap into the chain plates, from which he scrambled up the rigging.

The skipper raised his voice and delivered a touching tribute to former mates, who had served under him, and he pronounced a pathetic eulogy on some who had "gone aloft."

The mate grinned from the security of the cross trees, and thanked the captain for his kind words, who now carefully explained that he was referring to those who had died. An appendix delivered in strong language, dealt with the place of his present subordinate in the next world, consigning him to perdition.

Very much ruffled, he made his way ashore, with one searching glance at the brig for any sign of further insubordination. He called at the Anchor Inn, where he partook of rum and milk, then he made his way to a secluded part of the beach. It was early in October, a cool and lovely morning, and being the finest month in the year on the East Coast, Gorleston was deserted by visitors, so Captain Cutting was able to undress unobserved by strangers. He shed his clothes quietly and began a quick amble to the water. Instinct should have told him that the tide was coming in, but his brooding thoughts were with the mate, and his mind was on quite a number of things which he wished he had said before leaving. He swam out to sea with sturdy strokes, for he was hale and hearty, the salt water gurgled about him like a fond mother embracing a child.

NOW, the tide at Gorleston runs in quickly over a gradually shelving beach. It out-flanked the heap of clothes, cut off its retreat, and then a far-reaching wave carried the bundle out to sea. The trousers gave up the struggle to float after a half-hearted attempt, the skipper's monkey jacket made a brave effort to save itself, but it was heavily handicapped by a tobacco box, a jack knife, and a bottle of rum. The sou'ester being specially constructed for the sea in all weathers, floated gaily over the surface of the water, heading east. Its yellow dome caught the eye of the swimmer, who followed with easy strokes to see what it was. A close examination did not in any way associate it with himself, but the fact of it floating out to sea told him the tide had turned, and he swam for the shore. He looked round for his clothes; there was no sign of them. At first he imagined some thief had taken them, and seeing a man in the distance walking towards Lowes-foot, he gave chase. It took some time to catch him up, and more time to convince Cutting that he was innocent. There was a keen, cold wind, which made the want of clothing felt. A cry from the cliffs emphasized the want. He looked round, there was an elderly woman making frantic gestures with her

umbrella. Cutting, in his Eden-like innocence, imagined she was willing to lend it to him. He started towards her, when she fled with piercing shrieks; he sought refuge beneath the cliffs.

Meanwhile the brig, attended by a panting tug from which came mournful whistles, was ready for sea.

"Step across to the Anchor, Nat," ordered the mate, "and bring the Captain along."

A grimy old seaman started with more agility than would seem possible in so old a man, but duty can be a pleasure at times. He returned after a lapse of twenty minutes to report that the skipper had left there over an hour and a half ago.

"I don't believe it," said the mate, promptly, "for

looked like a tragedy, and the mate went to the post office to telegraph to the owners, who lived in Yarmouth.

The news had spread, many were the questions addressed to Nat and Charlie as they made their way to the sands. There was a stern look on the face of the older man, who was genuinely attached to the skipper, though he would never have confessed it to any one. They tramped along the beach in silence. Suddenly the boy set up a yell of terror!

"Wot is it?" asked Nat, shaking the youth.

"Yonder's the 'ead of the skipper lying in the sands! I know it by the whiskers," he gasped. "Someone 'as cut it off."

Now, Cutting, to shield himself from the curiosity of passers by, had dug a hole in the sand, where he lay snug, and waited for the search party from the ship, which he knew must come, and the only part visible to Nat and Charlie was his head and part of his shoulders.

"Why, the 'ead is talking now!" cried the terrified Charlie. "'ere I'm off!"

BUT Nat had started to run in the direction of the head, when the cook, feeling ashamed of deserting his comrade, went after his ship-mate.

"Nice time you've been in comin' for me," began the skipper. "Where 'ave you been these three hours? Precious lot you are! I might 'ave been dead and drowned and buried by now, you swabs! Where's your duty to your captain? Where's your common sense?"

"Where's your clothes?" cried the astonished seaman, helping his chief out of the hole in the sand.

"Someone stole them when I was bathin'."

"You manage to get into some nice holes, of one kind and another. Why, the mate 'as gone to the cemetery to arrange about a tombstone, and the owners 'as been sent for!"

"Wot the blazes for?" thundered Cutting.

"Joss Bull brought in your sou'ester found floating in the North Sea, and reported you are drowned!"

"Well 'e reported a lie," said Cutting. "Get back to the ship and bring me a suit o' clothes."

"The Customs officers were comin' on board when I left, and they will 'ave taken possession of them by now."

"Well, lend me your trousers, Nat."

"And get locked up for indelicacy! Not me!" said that worthy.

"Take off your trousers!" thundered Cutting. "I must get back to the ship and get away this tide, or the owners may sack me; time is everthink just at the present moment."

"My reputation is everything to me," said Nat. "I 'ave 'ad a narrow shave o' police proceedings for the same thing, another charge would get me sent to quod. Here, cookie, run up to Fatty's house and get me a suit o' clothes, anything to cover the skipper with, and look lively. I'll stay and keep guard."

The youth started off at the double. He found the door of Fatty's house open, but no one at home. He searched for men's clothing and found none, for the simple reason the storekeeper had only one suit, and that he was wearing. Behind a bedroom door was a dress and a stylish hat of the beehive order. They comprised Mrs. Fatty's Sunday clothes. There was nothing else. Charlie seized them and bundled them into a pillow-case, the hat he carried under his arm.

"He's got 'em," remarked Nat, making a telescope of his hands. "He's carryin' a big bundle, 'ere 'e comes!"

THE skipper breathed a prayer of thankfulness, as up came the breathless Charlie. He put down the pillow-case, pulled out the contents, and gazed at the skipper expectantly.

"I couldn't get nothing else," he cried, as he sprang out of the way of the Captain's fist.

"There's no time to lose," said Nat, ignoring the outburst from his chief. "These are not the things I should wear for choice, but it's these or nothink. Besides, it looks to me like a new hat!"

Cutting, biting his lips in fury, examined the articles of clothing and kicked the hat out of his way.

"Just about your size," said the seaman, soothingly. "Come on, skipper, on with them. It's only a step to the ship; the morning's still young, we don't see a soul. Once on board the ship you have your own clothes. Here, put this on, you'll get sunstroke."

He clapped the hat on the skipper's head, and over that picture the man shed tears.

Fortunately, his chief could not see his emotions, for the hat covered his eyes. Indeed, only his beard and mouth were visible.

The skipper, with a hopeless gesture, signified submission, and they began to dress him, not without

Concluded on page 19.)



"Seemed to find something strangely exhilarating in the spectacle."

it ain't more than an hour and a 'alf since he left the ship, and no one's going to make me believe that he called at the Anchor and didn't spend no time there. They'll say he 'ad nothink to drink there next!"

The master of the tug interrupted the conversation by calling attention to a shrimper, which seemed determined to run the brig down.

"Where are you walking to, in your sleep?" enquired the mate.

"We 'ave got your skipper's sou'ester; picked up at sea," was the reply.

"Lord! He's been bathing after all," said the mate, who had regarded this proposed exploit of his chief, as merely an excuse to go ashore. There was genuine grief in his face, as he mournfully examined the sou'ester and read the name "George Cutting."

Instinct gathers people together, and draws them in the direction of bad news.

"It looks like a case o' suicide," said the policeman, solemnly. "Why should the best o' skippers go and do that?"

"Sailor men don't do that sort of thing," said the indignant mate, "only lazy land loafers."

"No offence, Mr. Murray, I don't say it comes within the meaning of the act," apologized the policeman.

"Nat, you take the cook and go down on the sands; we must do something," said the mate. "It's terrible sudden, but we must hope for the best. I will wire the owners for orders."

"Ay! Ay! Sir," responded Nat. "Come on, Cookie."

They left for the beach to search the scene of what

MAINLY PERSONAL

Eucharists in Orange Week

CARDINALS are sometimes humorists. It may be imagined that Cardinal Begin, from Quebec, smiled to himself as he went up Mount Royal middle of last week to conduct the public mass of the Eucharistic Congress, which gathered the Roman Catholic bishops from all over Canada. The Congress opened on the day of the Orangemen's walk. His Eminence the Cardinal probably has friends who have walked in the parades that day. He has been a broad-minded ecclesiastic most of the time since he was born in Levis, just across the river from Quebec. The Cardinal believes in church union. His idea of the true Church would probably include all the best Orangemen—except the editor of the Orange Sentinel. And there are times nowadays when to be Cardinal at Quebec is more of a satisfaction than being Pope of Rome.

"Cead Mille Failthe"

MR. DAVID THOMAS is now in America to supervise all the purchases of munitions for the British War Office on this side of the Atlantic. He was photographed just as he left the steamer St. Louis, arrived in New York, made a few brief statements to the press, and at once set to work to get the lines in operation for one of the hugest and most nebulous jobs in the world. His senior officer, Lloyd George, has great faith in Mr. Thomas, who, like himself, is a Welshman, but has spent most of his life in the coal business. He was born at Yschorwen (pronounced backwards this name is Russian), Aberdare. He is a Cambridge M.A., a Doctor of Laws, and a managing director of big coal companies, besides having been president of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce and the National South Wales Liberal Federation. No doubt Mr. Thomas can talk Gaelic as fluently as the editor of the Toronto Globe. But whenever he lands north of parallel 49 and meets some of our munition manufacturers in Canada he will be kept pretty busy talking just plain Anglo-Saxon. There are over a hundred manufacturers in Canada who would like to see Mr. Thomas and find out just what he wants, when he wants it, and how much. He will be given the freedom of most any city and town in this country, and if he has the time, as many banquets as he can stand. From the kind of man Mr. Thomas is said to be, and the fact that Lloyd George sends him here, he probably has as little use for red tape as a bull has for a red rag. A verbatim report of his first conversation with Gen. Bertram, chairman of our Shell Committee, would make a fine newspaper article. On behalf of our munition manufacturers and workers, we extend to Mr. Thomas the old Gaelic greeting, "Cead Mille Failthe"—a hundred thousand welcomes.

Another Premier Sir James?

SIR JAMES ALBERT AIKINS has joined the band of regenerators. Winnipeg is almost echoing yet with the revival cheers of the Tory convention that chose Sir James as the new leader of the curious organization known as the Conservative party of Manitoba. He was chosen with enthusiasm by men who believed that he is the strongest man in Manitoba Conservatism, and that the old party which has just got rid of the power-at-any-price machine Government is still the white hope of Manitoba. Sir James deserves all the thrills he may have got from that nomination. The member at Ottawa for Brandon struck a high note in his few businesslike remarks. He has been too long in the West not to know how easy it is for a lot of men who get excited at a revival meeting to backslide when the revival is over. He has been identified with the main public affairs of the West since before there was any C. P. R. For a moral reformer he is a particularly shrewd, capable business man, who is not likely to be swayed by mere emotions or made the victim of a machine. Sir James is out to buck the machine—and to put the old thunder-factory out of business. At the elections on August 6, he expects to gather in the votes as thick as the wheat-shocks in the Manitoba fields. But of course there is a man called T. C. Norris on the other side of the fence, along with a lot of very impatient and ambitious Liberals.

In the Seats of the Mighty

SIR GILBERT PARKER should now send Sir Robert Borden an autograph copy of "Seats of the Mighty." Sir Robert has been there, and if he had time could write a book about it himself.

Of course the Globe very ingeniously points out that Sir Wilfrid Laurier "paved the way" for the Premier to occupy a seat in the British Cabinet. Sir Wilfrid said years ago to Great Britain—"Call us to your councils." He did not expect that in 1915 the first call to any but a British minister to sit at a meeting of the greatest Cabinet in the world would come to his opponent. But Sir Wilfrid won't mind. He

tem without portfolio even for one session.

A Practical Optimist

MR. GEORGE BURY, the western head of the C. P. R., speaks out like a man who understands practical psychology. His statement as to how Canada faces the world economically in 1915 should be taken as a model by students of political economy of how to make four out of two and two without quoting Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill. Mr. Bury has the railway man's clear, practical vision of cattle and hogs and mortgages and securities. He believes that Canada's economics are sounder now than they ever were before. And when he says so it is a sample of the kind of optimism that does everybody good, because it doesn't stick half the truth in its pocket and wink the other eye.

The Moving Mackensen

IF that grim old war-dog Mackensen, with the near-Scotch name, keeps on, he will be given an iron cross made out of the nails in the Kaiser's old boots. A few months ago, von Hindenburg, that other Russ-smashing veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, was picking up most of the laurel wreaths along that eastern frontier. Now Hindenburg is said to have been retired—though it's too silly to believe—because he disagreed with the Kaiser as to where Germany stands strategically at the present time. The German war lines are the graveyards of military reputations. One of these days Mackensen may have his opinions, after he has been forced to sit down behind his battered armies and bite his fingernails. Then he also may be given a walking ticket by the Kaiser. But he will never be able to prove that Mackensen is another way to spell Mackenzie.

Personal Brevities

NAMELESS so far as the press is concerned are the painters who gave the pictures which, sold at traveling auction all over Canada, have netted the Patriotic Fund over \$10,000. This is not the first time Canadian artists have given away their wares for the good of the community. In fact, some people claim that the painters are giving away pictures every time they sell them. That is a matter for experts to settle. What is as obvious as a boil on a man's neck is that the people who were hit first by the war were the first part of the community to organize to do something for the country. Ten thousand dollars from a single financier would be just \$10,000. From the artists of Canada it is a gift which shows that the men who spend their time trying to interpret a great country are able to interpret the country's need when it comes along.

ONE of the most brilliant painters in Canada has gone to the front, Mr. A. Y. Jackson, from Montreal, the neo-post-impressionist of the high-key, unatmospheric school. Mr. Jackson had been living for a year in Toronto. He was almost the beginner of a new movement in Canadian art. What he will be when he comes back from the greatest school of art in the world—the great war—will probably make his former efforts feel like a mild case of hysteria.

SOME actor remarked the other day that the matinee idol was a defunct person. Now Harry Thaw is out again and we know better. Our fondest hope is that Harry may not get jealous of his wife's popularity and go on the stage.

WE always knew that Keir Hardie was a firebrand. Since the Welsh miners went on strike, largely at his suggestion, it seems certain that if he were a German Socialist, instead of a British Syndicalist, he would be given free government ownership meals and lodgings for the rest of his unnatural life.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas goes on record as the most consummate master of rearguard actions since the world began. As a wit remarked the other day, he seems to be an expert on getting towards Retrograd. Now that the Germans have the Galician oil-fields back again, they can make motor-cars do the work of locomotives. But the Grand Duke evidently thinks that if he can play crack-the-whip often enough with the Teutons he can wear them out. And the old master of strategy is still at the head.

BROTHERS IN A GREAT CAUSE



Mr. David Thomas, supervisor of Munition Purchases in Canada and the United States, as he looked when he landed in New York.



General Luigi Cadorna, generalissimo of the Italian armies, in his first cameragraph since Italy went to war. Another "Old General."

knows that Sir Robert conducted himself with great distinction and was not at all nervous at the grand array of talent among whom he was called to sit. And there is no man in Canada—unless it be Sir Wilfrid—who could have carried himself at such an



His Eminence Cardinal Begin, at the Public Mass of the Eucharistic Congress on Mount Royal last week.

historic meeting with more honest dignity and ease. We are not informed as to what Sir Robert said at that meeting or whether he said anything. But we are all a little surer that the British Government is more Imperial than ever it was since the Canadian Premier was made a British Cabinet Minister pro

IN DEFENCE OF THE CENSOR

By THE MONOCLE MAN

LET me say a word for the Censor. Every newspaper man has at his finger-tips a dozen ludicrous or dramatic instances in which—judging after the event—the caution showed by the Censor appeared either exasperating, bad for recruiting or ridiculous—or all three. But it ought to be remembered in all fairness that the staff of censors work at very high pressure—that they must decide quickly on the wisdom or danger of allowing any particular item of news to pass—that there are many of them, and they cannot possibly be all expected to see exactly alike on all questions—and that their business is (not to make the newspapers interesting), but, to make sure that nothing leaks out which will endanger the life of a single soldier or the success of the smallest manoeuvre.

THE chief business before us all is to win the war. It would be better that we should, none of us, know one solitary thing about the progress of the war, and that we should win it as soon as possible, than that we should be fully informed as to its progress, and that we should then lose it because of this widespread information. I will go much further and say that no possible "news story" is worth the life of a company of soldiers. The only way in which it can be worth the life of a single soldier is if it causes recruiting to make up for that loss many hundred times over. And, even then, my own personal opinion is that the life should not be sacrificed. We should depend upon other methods of getting more soldiers than the butchery of one volunteer to make a recruiting meeting cheer.

AND that brings us to the only sensible argument against a severe Censorship—its effect upon recruiting. It is constantly argued that, if our people knew more about the war—more about the danger it implies to our lives and liberties—they would volunteer more rapidly and numerous. That argument may have been good in the opening stages of the war—when, by the way, recruiting constantly kept in advance of the ability of the Government, either here or in Britain, to take care of the recruits. But it is surely an empty argument to-day. If our people do not know to-day that they must fight for their freedom if they are to make sure of it, no lurid newspaper story about desperate charges and personal courage and German brutalities will drive a knowledge of this fact into their heads.

I THINK that there may possibly have been too much public optimism since the war began. That would affect recruiting. Men will not make great sacrifices to go to the front if they think that the war is sure to be won anyway in good time by the men already there, and by those who will go cheerfully in what we may call "a sporting spirit." Our leaders—such men as Lord Kitchener and Mr. Asquith—should be plain with us. They should not content themselves with telling us loosely that "men and more men" are needed. That sounds a bit stereotyped, and suggests only that they desire to keep up the old stream of recruits. They could—it seems to me—be more specific in stating the dangers of the military situation—more plain-spoken—more downright. They should remember that, while a word to the wise may be sufficient—such a "word" as Lord Kitchener included in his last Guildhall speech—it is not sufficient for the superficially informed and the very busy workers who are, of course, the great majority.

BUT that has nothing to do with the Censorship. The most downright warnings could be given, without revealing anything to the enemy of military importance. And that would spur up recruiting at this stage of the struggle far more than any detailed accounts of the always confusing mass of fighting. To tell us just how many British soldiers are in France—just who they are and where they are—just what actions they have each engaged in during the past fortnight—would mean very little to the average man; and it is the average man who must volunteer. But for Lord Kitchener to tell us specifically just what the need is for more men, and what is liable to happen if he does not get them, would make the situation unmistakable to the average man—and need reveal nothing to the enemy which he does not already know.

BUT to come back to the Censor. I am personally prepared to trust him to know better than I can just what it would be dangerous to reveal. He is, I presume, in constant touch with the military

authorities. He knows what they do not want to have made public. And they know why they do not want certain things published. It is quite true that they may make mistakes. Even as you and I might make mistakes if they left it to us. But I think that the Censor should every time give the soldier, who is exposing his life to imminent peril, the benefit of any doubt. That is, unless he is absolutely sure that it cannot endanger the life of one "Tommy" to let the papers print a certain piece of news, he should never dream of permitting them to print it—how they ever so loudly. It is bound to turn out afterward, under such a policy, that the Censor has kept back items which proved to be harmless. But the best he can do is to use his best judgment at the moment—and to use his "blue pencil" every time when in doubt.

AND I think we ought to be patient with him. We can far better afford not to know what is going on than to have it go on to our ultimate ruin. The French have always said that they lost the decisive Battle of Sedan because of too much publicity. It never does to assume that the enemy

knows anything which he may possibly not know. The German spy system is super-excellent; but even Homer sometimes nods. The difficulties of communication must hamper it considerably in this war. That being so, we should not help it overcome this handicap by printing dangerous news in our papers.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Now the Munitionettes

WHEN Lloyd George smilingly received that deputation of women munitionettes last week, did he remember that a year or so ago he was digging himself in to keep out of the way of the suffragettes? Mrs. Pankhurst told him that the suffragettes had forgotten votes for women; what they wanted now was a chance for the munitionettes to help the nation win the war. But she knows very well that votes for women will be as easy as rolling off a log after the women have helped the nation to beat the Germans.

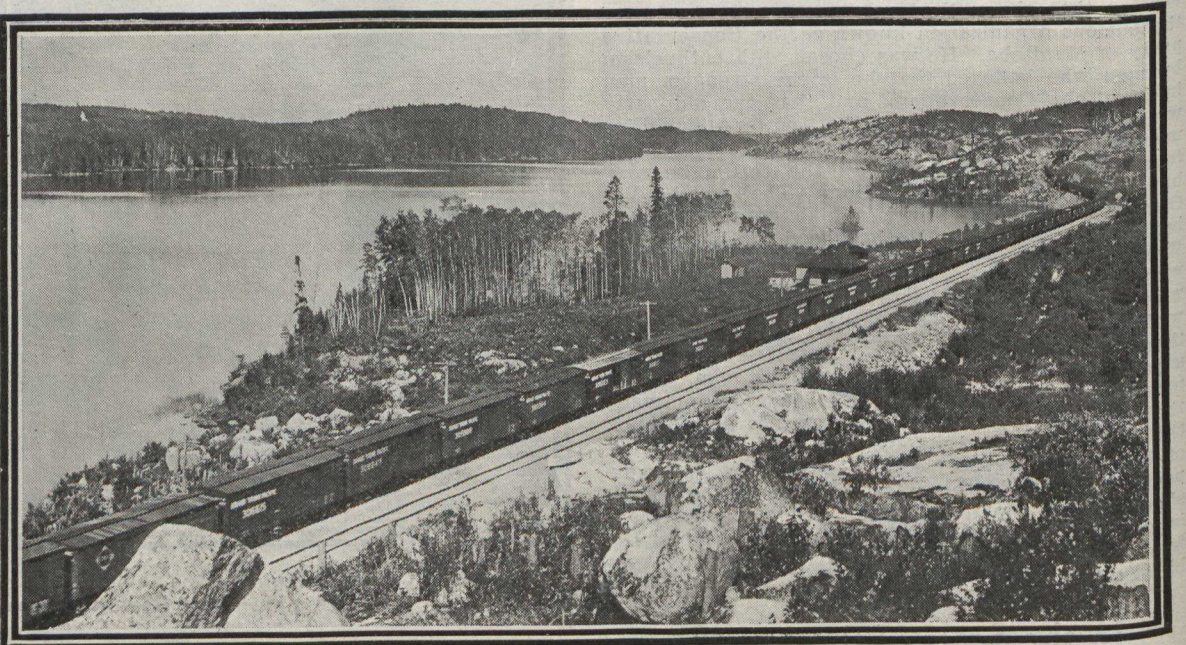
German women, who have always been denied even the common dignities due to their sex, are, as Mrs. Pankhurst says, making munitions for the German army. English women propose to do as much, if not more; not by compulsion, but as members of a democracy in which they claim co-equality with men. In this democracy, the suffragette had her troubles getting recognition. The munitionette may be more successful. Making munitions is not necessarily a man's job. In fact, when the war is over it will be hard to tell where man's work leaves off and woman's work begins.

OUR NEW GOVERNMENT RAILWAY



THE FIRST "NATIONAL" AT COCHRANE.

This photograph of the first Transcontinental train from Toronto to Winnipeg was taken by D. Kerrigan, landscape gardener of the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, at Cochrane, at 4.30 p.m. on July 14th. At this point the Ontario Government Railway (T. & N. O.) joins the Canadian Government Railways.

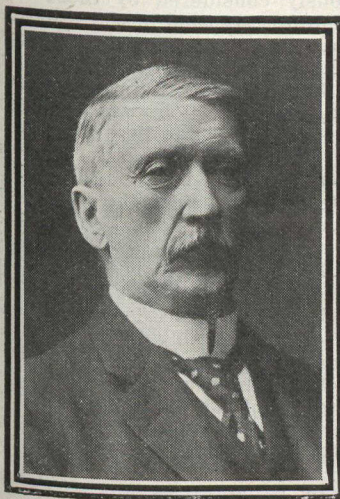


A GREAT HIGHWAY FOR FREIGHT.

A train of 65 box cars on the National Transcontinental Railway passing Canyon Station on the edge of a lake in Northern Ontario. This is one of the sections of the road where curves were unavoidable.

A MAN NAMED BRADY

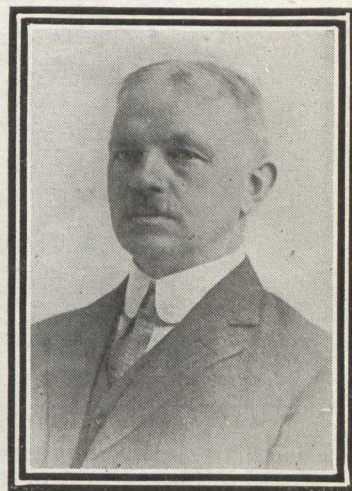
Who will try to Make Canada's New Transcontinental Worth While



Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Railways, who turned the Transcontinental extravagance of 1905 into the railway economy of 1912. The National Transcontinental between Quebec and Winnipeg is now combined with the I.C.R. in his department.



With low grades and easy curves, the new National Transcontinental runs from Quebec to Winnipeg, a distance of 1,350 miles.



Mr. L. P. Gutelius, General Manager of Canadian Government railways, whose main job for the past four years has been the management of the Intercolonial. He is now also General Manager of the new Transcontinental opened recently between Quebec and Winnipeg.

By JOHN A. COOPER

NO man in Canada is more typically the railway man than Frank P. Brady. Tall, well-built, keen-visaged, alert, stout of speech, enthusiastic and apparently capable, he has nevertheless taken upon himself an almost impossible task. Yet a few minutes' conversation with him reveals a hopeful nature, a strong determination, and an ambitious soul. If the task is great, he is undismayed. He impresses you, as he sits in a wicker chair in the observation end of an old official car which Hon. S. N. Parent once used, with the feeling that he is planning an attack as carefully and deliberately as Kaiser William planned to plunge the nations into a great war. Brady also plans war, but a war on a wilderness in the hope of turning it into the greatest producing portion of a great producing Dominion.

It was my privilege to ride from Cochrane to Winnipeg in Brady's car, attached to the first through passenger train from Toronto to the West. With a party of journalists, under the guidance of Mr. H. R. Charlton, general publicity agent of the Grand Trunk System, I left Toronto on the evening of Tuesday, July 13th. Nor was the date at all disturbing to the forty men who, hungering for information and impressions, filled the two private cars attached to this first through train. It was the middle of the afternoon on Wednesday when the Grand Trunk and Temiskaming and Northern Ontario engines had landed that train at Cochrane on time. It was then that Brady took charge and did the steering.

The General Superintendent of "Canadian Government Railways" west of Quebec alternately transacted business and conversed with the occasional visitor. From his car one watched the varying vistas of rail and tie, muskeg and agricultural land, elongated rocky hill and ever-present spruce forests. But the General Superintendent was always more interesting and inspiring than even the Great Clay Belt, when one was seeing it for the first time. I could imagine from the conversation that in his brain was a picture of that 1,350 miles of road from Quebec to Winnipeg, with all its potentialities in mining, fishing, lumbering and farming. He has painted a dream, and in snatches of conversation, one got glimpses of the picture.

LITTLE more than two months ago, Brady was working under Mr. Gutelius, with headquarters at Moncton. He had spent years as district superintendent for the C. P. R. at Smith's Falls and Winnipeg. How the Government came to pick such a "winner" is another story. Having a winner on their hands doing a none-too-important task in helping to operate an all-too-limited public railway in the Maritime Provinces, the Government, or Hon. Frank Cochrane, or General Manager Gutelius, picked Brady to go to Quebec and take over the National Transcontinental from Quebec to Graham, where it combined with the portion already operated by the Grand Trunk Pacific. He hunted up locomotives, baggage cars, passenger cars, telegraph operators, station agents, train crews and all the human and other material necessary for this greatest of all railway tasks and put them in position. The orders came some time in May, and within seven weeks, Brady pushed a button and trains began to move along every portion of the newly-built, eleven hundred miles of road. That in itself made a record.

"I believe," said Brady, "that this was the longest piece of railway ever put into operation at one time—



The type of station building used along the N.T.R.

done in the most up-to-date methods by the mere pressing of a button."

That was the beginning. There were other arrangements to be made—a connection with Toronto, which gave them a through train between Toronto and Winnipeg—1,256 miles. In this latter task, I had the privilege of being an eye-witness. To inaugurate a transcontinental train within a few days after starting a local service was something even more daring. But it was done, and on July 14th, Brady's plans were working out regularly.

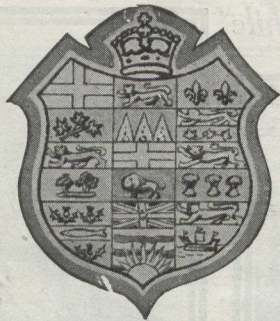
Well—not quite so regularly after all. One engine of the five which drew the first "National" from Cochrane to Winnipeg, over the five divisions, fell down on the job. It had been overhauled at Moncton and sent up "dead" to Cochrane. The day before, Brady sent it out on a 125-mile test, as he did all the others, and it behaved like a highly civilized person. But when it was asked to draw ten heavy passenger cars, it developed a sort of leg weakness. Perhaps some careless chap at Moncton had dropped a cinder into the packing; result—a hot box on the idler and the train lost four hours of valuable time. The last 40 miles of that division was covered with the aid of a despised freight engine. Yet, such is the road-bed and such the equipment which Brady brought together in these few weeks, that the "National" pulled

(Continued on Page 16.)



The first "National" at Englehart, 366 miles north of Toronto, on its way to Winnipeg, via Cochrane. The group includes thirty-eight newspaper men from leading Canadian cities, and several railway officials. Taken by the Grand Trunk Photographer on July 14th.

THE CANADIAN COURIER



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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

TORONTO, JULY 24, 1915

The Toll of the Waters

NOW is the season when the numerous lakes and rivers take their heaviest toll. Canadians are fond of swimming and boating. These are the evidences of healthy activity and the love of the great out-doors. But familiarity with the water breeds carelessness and every year many valuable lives are lost.

There are only two safe-guards. The cities and towns situated on the shores of lakes and rivers should have regulations to prevent carelessness and should provide the means for life-saving. The second is a more general acceptance of the duty to teach boys and girls how to swim.

Realizing that forty-five per cent. of Canada's territory is covered with water, every effort should be taken to make this a nation of swimmers. At some time or other in his or her life, the Canadian must take a chance in the water, and then the ability to swim is the only safeguard of life.

A Western Leader

SIR JAMES AIKINS is the new leader of the Conservative party of Manitoba, and Sir James has the confidence of many good people. That Sir James will bring the party, so badly served by Sir Rodmond Roblin and his associates, back into power is not expected. All that the Conservatives hope to do is to prevent its obliteration.

That some Liberals conspired with some Conservatives to prolong the evil state of Manitoba's public administration seems to be certain. That Mr. Norris, now Premier, was personally implicated, has not been proved. Under these circumstances, he will probably be returned to power on August 6th, with Sir James Aikins as leader of the Opposition.

Sir James is a prominent Methodist and an avowed temperance man. So far as his public reputation goes, his short political experience at Ottawa has been without blame. While he has shown no great liking for political affairs, to which he came late in life, he will undoubtedly assist in the work of reconstructing Manitoba's affairs on new lines, in which partisanship and party advantage should be second to the interests of the people. To do less, would be to waste the crowning opportunity of a useful career.

Sir Wilfrid's Appeals

AT Ottawa, on Saturday night, Sir Wilfrid Laurier made a splendid appeal to Canada to stand firmly behind Great Britain in the struggle which seems to get greater as the months roll by. Because the British Empire loved peace and hated war, Germany has found it unprepared for this colossal campaign. Because the Empire was deliberately unprepared, there is so much more to be done, so much greater sacrifices to be made.

It was a ringing appeal to the nation to awake to its responsibilities. The fate of Canada, as much as that of Great Britain, hangs in the balance. To defend British liberty and British hearths the world over, it is necessary that every able-bodied man shall rally to the flag. Canada has done well, more than was expected or anticipated, but there is still more to do. The mother of modern liberty must not appeal in vain to those to whom she has given immeasurable benefits.

Temperance a Live Topic

SASKATCHEWAN on July 1st placed the liquor traffic of that province under government control. Manitoba will discuss prohibition in the coming election campaign. Alberta takes a provincial plebiscite on the question this week. Ontario's

new commission is busy making reforms which will eliminate the worst features of the traffic.

All these events indicate the temper of the people. With prosperity came carelessness and license. There was recklessness in money-spending, in speculation and in human conduct generally. Now comes an era of tightening up which is setting new standards in private and public life. While this is admirable and necessary, the people must be careful not to go too far and destroy that personal liberty on which all true advances must be based.

Patriotism and Politics

SOME people are talking rather wildly about doing away with politics and the party system so far as the government of Canada is concerned. It cannot be done. Under our system, the two parties must continue to exist. If each of the parties seeks the highest good of the nation, then the party system is the best form of politics yet devised.

Politics is the science of government. When politics becomes the science of holding office and distributing patronage, then it becomes the science of plunder. In Canada, politics swings between the two aims, never reaching the ideal and seldom forgetting it entirely.

What our patriotism might lead us to abolish is partisanship. As the tide of patriotism rises, it sweeps over and submerges partisanship. This talk of a general election in the autumn is largely partisanship. The Conservatives want an extension of power for five years; the Liberals are not averse to a trial of partisanship strength.

There will be no election in the autumn. Public opinion is stronger than partisanship at the moment, and public opinion is against a general election. There are great issues yet to be decided, but a general election is not the best method of getting a decision. A conference between the leaders of both national parties would be preferable and this might ultimately lead to some form of co-operation which would last until the war is over. Such a conference would eliminate partisanship, not politics.

The Grand Trunk Pacific

WHAT will become of the Grand Trunk Pacific? This is a question being asked by those taking an interest in the railway situation both in eastern and western Canada. The theory of the road was that it would give the Grand Trunk System, which is wholly eastern, a western outlet. But when the Grand Trunk refused to take over the connecting link between Winnipeg and Quebec, and even gave up temporary control of the line from Superior Junction to Fort William, then the reason for the western outlet disappears.

Yet something must be done with the Grand Trunk Pacific, which runs from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert. At present there is a thorough service from west to east by combining the Grand Trunk, the Ontario Government road from North Bay to Cochrane, the Canadian Government Railway from Cochrane to Winnipeg, and the Grand Trunk Pacific to Saskatoon, Edmonton and Prince Rupert. Can such a combination be permanently satisfactory?

That such a combination can be worked temporarily reflects credit on the Government and the Grand Trunk officials. A difficult situation has been met by

mutual forbearance and general co-operation. But would it not be more economical and more efficient to hand the Grand Trunk Pacific over to the Government and thus extend the government railways from Halifax to Prince Rupert? This is the question which is being seriously considered by those who are responsible for finding a solution of the situation.

When the National Transcontinental and Grand Trunk Pacific were first projected, Hon. A. G. Blair, then Minister of Railways in the Laurier Cabinet, protested against the scheme which was adopted. He desired to see the government railways extended to Georgian Bay and ultimately through Western Canada. Now a series of events and conditions has brought the country to again consider the Blair plan as an alternative to present conditions. Apparently Mr. Blair was more nearly right in his plans than any other statesman, Liberal or Conservative, of the period.

Whatever the solution, the Grand Trunk authorities seem willing to reach it amicably. They are prepared apparently to do what is best in the interests of the country, even if that means handing over the operation of the Grand Trunk Pacific to the Government Railways. They seem to realize that what is best for the country is ultimately the best for the Grand Trunk System.

Our Neighbour's Complaints

DESPITE the wailing of a few anti-British voices in the United States, and the not over-friendly comments by such journals as the "Literary Digest" and other national publications, the United States is profiting by the war. The British blockade of German and Austrian ports has resulted in a decrease of United States exports to the Teutonic countries amounting to \$335,000,000. To offset this, there has been an increase of exports to neutrals of \$301,000,000, and an increase of sales to the Allies of \$346,000,000. Thus the net increase in United States sales to Europe is a very considerable amount.

The United States is not willing, speaking officially, to recognize to-day the principles it applied in the blockade of the Civil War. It does not suit some of the pro-Germans, or hyphenated Americans, to acquiesce in the means adopted by England to prevent munitions and food from reaching her enemies.

HIS LAST LETTER

AN English correspondent at Boulogne sends the following inspiring letter from the son of Colonel Violand. It breathes so magnificent a spirit of patriotism that it seems to deserve world-wide publicity:

My Dear Father,—If this letter reaches you, you will have had the honour of having your son killed by the enemy. I was yesterday proposed for promotion and for the Cross of the Legion of Honour. I do not think I have done anything to deserve such a reward, for I have only done my duty.

If I die, know that I shall die happy, without regret, proud of having mixed my blood with that which so many heroes before me have shed that France may be more beautiful and more respected. I shall die, if God wills, a good Christian and a good Frenchman.

My last thought will be of mother, whom I shall have rejoined; of you, my dear father, who are so brave; of my poor little sweetheart; but I wish my last breath to whisper "Vive la France."

Your son,
CAMILLE VIOLAND.

THE RETAKING OF PRZEMSYL



Austro-German troops marching into the city, which was taken once by the Russians, afterwards abandoned to the forces under Gen. Mackensen.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



ROYALTY IS ENTERTAINED.

During a visit of inspection to the Yacht "Paulina," fitted out by the Marquis of Zetland as a Hospital Ship, Queen Alexandra was much entertained by the ship's dog, "Buller," with whom she made fast friends. Buller is seen in the picture submitting to the attentions of Sir Frederick Treves while the Queen looks on.



FAR FROM THE DUST OF BATTLE.

A number of convalescent wounded soldiers were entertained at tea recently by Lady Jellicoe, wife of Admiral Jellicoe, on the grounds of her home at Hurlingham. Lady Jellicoe, who is a great admirer and firm friend of the fighting man both on land and sea, is seen on the right chatting with her guests.

As We See Others

It seems that the Canadian soldier is making himself most popular in old London—especially the Westerner, insomuch that khaki weddings are the order of the holiday and all the prettiest girls in the restaurants are deserting for matrimonial service. The Canadian men are well paid and paint the Dominion in such glowing colours that each fair 'Arriett surrenders to the proposal of the gallant youth from the British territory across the seas, and her place is taken in restaurant or cafe by another girl, who hopes for as good fortune as has befallen her predecessor. That such marriages in haste may not have the proverbial repentance is the hope of many of the witnesses of these impetuous nuptials. Several of the critics of the headlong days in which we live have urged the soldiers to be more cautious in their choice, and to select as life partners the girls who are abiding at home, rather than those who are to be seen in restaurant or bar. But the critics forget that it takes much time and courage to seek out the girls who are in domestic seclusion, while the pretty young person in the restaurant is very much in the eye of the soldier and, above all, is in the captivating attitude of offering him things to eat and drink.

CANADIANS will not soon forget Madame Vandervelde, wife of the Belgian Minister of State, who visited Canada last autumn and spoke with such quiet eloquence of the wrongs of her people. Yes, she is still called the wife of a Belgian cabinet minister, although Germany is ruling in Brussels for the time being. Whatever the war may bring, the Allies are determined that it will mean the restoration of Belgium, and that the vile outrages of Germany in that little land shall be avenged. The early enthusiasts who hoped to eat Christmas dinner in Berlin are working now with the sober determination that, at least, the Belgians shall reclaim their soil before the year is out. Madame Vandervelde, speaking lately at a meeting of the National Committee for Relief in Belgium, at Apsley House, when the Duke and Duchess of Wellington were present, declared that the bronze lion which marked the Field of Waterloo has been re-

moved and melted by the Germans. The veterans who fought under the Iron Duke in 1815 would hardly have credited the prophecy that the very memorial of their victory over Napoleon would be melted, a hundred years afterwards, for ammunition for the Prussians, the former allies of Britain! The whirligig of Time is surely doing some curious revolving in 1915.

Thus the lion, which commemorated a British

puated the policy of non-resistance and have enlisted in the actual warfare of the Allies. As to the views of those Quakers who would condemn them, we are agreed with the "Spectator" correspondent, who says that one wonders whether the Society of Friends would still have retained their pacifist sentiments if their women-folk had encountered the tender mercies of the German soldiers in Belgium. The Quakers, in the meantime, are quite willing to accept and enjoy the security gained for them by the fighting forces of the Army and the Navy.

The Quakers have included many names, noted in history for integrity and beneficence. They stand for much that is admirable in business, social and religious relations. However, at this juncture, when the very fabric of England's nationality is so savagely attacked, it seems as if those who have benefited by her protection should do their share in the day's work and in the trenches' fight. The young Quakers who have finally taken up arms are truer to their manhood than those who have held back. The report of the Bryce Commission ought to be enough to put a sword edge, even to the Quaker spirit.

ERIN.



NO GIRL LIKE THE GIRL FROM HOME.

A war wedding which aroused much interest was that of Pte. Charles Sherwood, of the 10th Battalion, C.E.F., and Miss Hannah Stonehouse, of Winnipeg, which was celebrated the other day at Christ Church, Erith, England. The groom left a Red Cross Hospital with his head still swathed in bandages covering wounds received at the front to meet his bride, who had come four thousand miles to marry him.

victory, may be transformed into weapons which will mean harm or destruction for the "Children of the Seven Seas."

THERE has been much discussion among the members of the Society of Friends (Quakers) in England, regarding the action of certain young Quakers, who, nobler than their creed, have re-

tal. Such wounds may so easily be self-inflicted, and when this is the case, the soldier is treated as a deserter.

"I was so engrossed with my work," the nurse went on, "that I didn't look up for some time, and when I did, half the hospital staff seemed to be in my ward, and others were joining them. I went out for something, and then for the first time heard

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CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

AUG.
28

TORONTO

SEPT.
13

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"March of the Allies" "Review of the Fleet"

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the whispered rumour,

"Spy!"

"I hurried back, and the General asked me to send for an orderly and have the patient dressed. Then, of course, I knew that there was something very wrong.

"When the man was dressed he went up to two or three men in the ward — Algerians, too — and shook hands. He also held out his hand to me, and I took it. Some of the other nurses said afterwards that they couldn't have shaken hands with a spy. But, oh! I couldn't have refused.

"He was shot at daybreak."

To the other patients in the hospital — many of them Algerians, and splendid, brave fellows—it was ex-

lesmore to provide a convent school for Belgian orphans and refugees. Many children at Tirlemont, near Malines, are anxious to be taken care of in this way, and have had to be refused on account of insufficient funds. Lady Cheylesmore is anxious that when the time comes for the Germans to retreat, places of refuge will have been found for Belgian girls, so that they will not again be subjected to the atrocities of German invasion.

Freak Footwear Vanishes.

FOUR large associations of boot and shoe makers have just met in convention in New York and decided on the coming styles in women's



"FRESH FLOWERS TO SELL."

There were roses enough for everyone at the Red Cross Garden Party, held at the lovely old colonial home of Mrs. Percy Nelles, Niagara-on-the-Lake, on Thursday of last week. The girls who sold them were, left to right, the Misses Mary Logie, Francis Congdon, Helen Love, Dorothea Davis, Audrey Tidsdell and Evelyn Harvey.

plained that their companion's papers, regarding his hand, had not been properly made out, and he had gone off to unwind some more red tape. But all officialdom knew the whole story. Found in a little shelter between the lines, but nearer those of Germany, the soldier had explained his presence there by his wound. Evidence secured later showed that he had shot himself when he saw that he was about to be discovered. And so, at daybreak, he died the death of a spy.

MONA CLEAVER.

Matrimonial Monotony.

OF course one never knows how much to believe regarding quotations from the daily talk of prominent citizens. We wonder, therefore, if it is really so that Mrs. Thomas Marshall, wife of the Vice-President of the United States, boasts that she has never been away from her husband twenty-four hours since they were married. Just think of the life that poor dear Thomas has led if such a statement be true! Hasn't he been allowed to go fishing or deer-hunting or to have a golfing week-end away from home in all these many, many years? As for "Mrs. Thomas," if that lady really made such a domestic announcement, she, also, is to be regarded with a certain condolence. Think of no "days off," when you might just take the easy time in which the feminine soul really delights and live on salads and marshmallow pudding! It is all very well to say such an existence shows deep devotion. It must spell monotony in large letters.

Convent School for Belgian Orphans.

THE women's Canadian Club of Ottawa is arranging for a "Belgian Week" to commemorate the anniversary of the brave stand made by Belgium against the invasion of Germany in 1914. During the week Belgian flags will be sold all over the city, to children one cent, to adults five cents, and the proceeds devoted to a fund being raised by Lady Chey-

shoes. Their mandate has been issued. No more "gingerbread" footwear. Hereafter women's shoes will be plain, but pretty. The toes will be medium, the vamp medium, and the heels the same as this season. All will be black. All will be laced or buttoned in front. Women want pretty shoes and they shall have them, but they will be sensible and not freakish. Incidentally, the price of women's shoes will be advanced.

We heave a sigh of gratitude for the former statements, and one of submission to the latter. We are glad to get back to sanity even at an "advanced cost." We suppose there are women who will yearn for the bright uppers, the magpie effects, the contortionist lacing, but they tell us that these were only one out of every five women who bought shoes, and it is right that majority should rule.

Snap Shots

ON Monday last the Montreal Women's Rifle Association turned out to drill on the roof of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, where all future business meetings will be held. The membership of this association have grown rapidly since its formation.

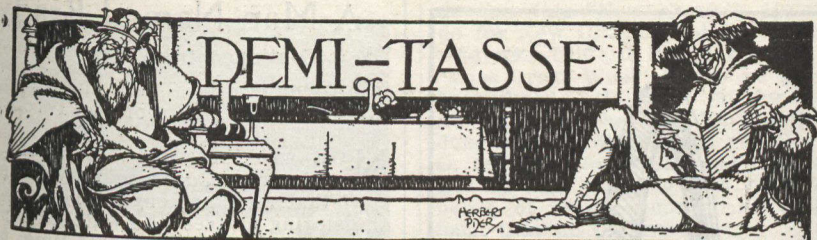
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Lieutenant-Governor Hendrie's visit to London on Wednesday, the 21st, was marked by the presentation of colours to the 33rd Battalion. The I. O. D. E., who provided the colours, were present at the ceremony, which took place on Carling's Heights. The "trooping of the colours" and the "march past" were also interesting features of the afternoon.

* * *

In connection with the recruiting campaign which began in Toronto at a patriotic mass meeting held in Massey Hall on Tuesday last, a number of representative women of that city have formed themselves into an auxiliary to assist in the work. Their offer of service has been gladly accepted by those in charge of the campaign.

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



Courierettes.

PRICE of automobiles keeps on dropping. Very soon the rich folks will have to find something more expensive and exclusive than motor-ing.

We would like a villa for the summer, but not a Mexican Villa.

The world war is costing \$2,000,000 an hour. We feel sure somebody is being bruised.

We read that the Balkan countries are mountainous. Everybody knows they are not on the level.

Bryan is a prohibitionist. How could his statements have any punch in them?

In the Note Writers' League old Uncle Sam has a high batting average.

Mexico has been having mob rule—otherwise known as the omission form of government.

Now it is declared that Harry Thaw was never insane. When he murdered White he was just in a queer mood.

London women have formed a stay-at-home league, to last during the war. We know a lot of people who might form a Canadian branch.

Roosevelt is using the word "piracy" again, just as if he never had a libel suit on his hands.

The average schoolboy's great regret is that this war will make it imperative for him to study Europe's geography all over again.

The United States is said to be worth \$187,739,000,000, and many of its citizens could count their share in the final six figures.

It would be an interesting test of a woman policeman's nerve if she were assigned to the motorcycle squad.

China is told by Uncle Sam to keep "the open door." But Japan seems to have swiped the door.

Obedying Orders.—A British captain on the firing line in France was greatly annoyed by the awkward fashion in which one of his men behaved. The soldier did not seem to fire at anything, except at random, and the captain got mad.

"Confound you!" he cried. "You've fired nineteen times and made nineteen misses. The best thing for you to do is to go behind the wall yonder and take a shot at your head."

The soldier saluted and fell back. A shot rang out a moment later.

"Good Lord!" cried the captain excitedly. "Did that fool take my advice?"

He glanced around and saw the soldier approaching, at the salute.

"Missed again, captain," he said.

What Does It Signify?—Harry Thaw's friends in New Hampshire say he is a good bridge player. Does that indicate sanity—or what?

Did You?—In America every year \$500,000,000 is spent for candy. Little boy—did you get your share?

A Chip Off the Old Block.—Col. Garnet Hughes, son of Gen. Sam Hughes, Canada's Militia Minister, is said by those who know him well to be "a chip off the old block." He has the same brusque humour, at least, that his famous father displays not infrequently.

General Sam's grandson is also named Sam, and it was in connection with his advent into the world that Col. Garnet showed a trace of the Sam Hughes humour.

The boy was born out on the Pacific

coast, just about the time that General Sam arrived home after an Atlantic voyage.

So the proud father telegraphed to the grandfather:

"Sam Hughes on the Pacific welcomes Sam Hughes on the Atlantic."

The general understood.

"Watchful Waiting."—For five years De Wolf Hopper refused to act for the movies. Now he has signed up at \$125,000 per year. That was a policy of "watchful waiting" that proved profitable.

War Notes.

Bryan evidently means to talk the God of War to death.

The Kaiser found that Dr. Dernberg "came across" all right, but he didn't deliver the goods.

So many of these short retreats are made in Europe that one would think the jitneys would find good traffic there.

Bryan, though always crying for peace, seems quite unable to hold his own peace.

The Grand Duke Nicholas is pictured as having very long legs. Handy when he orders a quick retreat.

German papers resent the proposal for the Teutons to cease their submarine warfare. Uncle Sam merely asked them to confine their submarine exploits to real warfare.

These battles in the air may be said to have raised warfare to a higher plane.

It would be just like the crafty foe to blow the 6 o'clock whistle just as the Italians were charging.

When the Austrians held it it was Przemysl; when the Russians got it they made it Peremysl, and now the Austrians will hold it for another spell.

Reversing the Order.—Yaqui Indians took \$50,000 in gold from a pack train and melted it into bullets. Gold now seems to be worth its weight in bullets.

Inclusive.—The Krupp factory has produced many big guns—including the richest family in Germany.

Another Need.—Japanese officers are said to be serving on the Russian staff. Perhaps Russia would be better pleased if Japanese soldiers were serving in the Russian ranks.

In Sore Straits.—Lemonade is now being used in Munich to offset a shortage in beer. This reveals how terribly bad the foe's condition must be.

Just a Slip.—A country editor the other day informed his readers that the preacher had addressed his congregation on his "experiences as a circus rider," and there was almost a schism in the church until the next issue explained that it should have been "circuit rider."

Correct.—"I am a common Indian," declares old Huerta. Correct. Very common, in fact.

In One Year.—The war is just about one year old. What an ugly yearling it has become!

A Query.—If it's a fair question, we

would like to know why a motorcycle makes a hundred times the noise of an automobile, while being about one-fortieth the size of a car.

Proof Positive.—The Pere Marquette Railway has been swindled, which establishes the fact that it must have taken in some money.

A Comparison.—Jess Willard, heavyweight champion, has insured his arms for \$50,000 each. They are as precious to him as her limbs are to a ballet dancer.

Impossible.—An ad. man declares that Chicago tells the truth about itself. We can hardly credit that. The postal authorities would not permit it.

One on Billy Sunday.—While Billy Sunday, the slangy evangelist, was in Philadelphia conducting his eleven weeks' campaign, it is said that he stopped a newsboy on the street to enquire the way to the post-office.

"Go one block up and turn to the right," directed the lad.

"You seem a bright little chap," said Sunday. "Do you know who I am?"

"Nope."
"I'm Billy Sunday. If you come to my meeting to-night I'll show you the way to heaven."

But the youngster was scornful. "Aw, go on!" he said. "You didn't even know the way to the post-office."

The Stork's Song.—On one day recently there were three, birth notices in the Toronto papers—all named Campbell and all in different families. It would seem that "The Campbells are coming—hurrah! hurrah!" is likely to be the stork's favorite song.

The Supreme Test.—"My husband never lies to me," declared the wife of ten years.

"How do you know?" queried the bride.

"He says I do not look a day older than I did when he married me, and if he would not lie about that I am sure he would not about less important matters."

An Old Rhyme Revised.
How doth the busy little gun
Improve each shining hour;
And scatter death to demonstrate
The pride and pomp of war.

Their War Cry.—"Half a league! Half a league! Half a league onward!" is now the war cry of the champion Boston Braves, who find themselves in the second division of the National League.

Russia's Advantage.—The Russians may have to retreat now and then, but it has to be admitted that they have lots of room for retreats.

Henry Miller is arranging to put three companies on the road next season with "Daddy Long-Legs." This production should now be able to crawl all over the continent.

A lot of men were so near tuckered out this time last year they simply had to have a two weeks' camping trip or get neurasthenia. This summer they have probably worked half as hard again, if they worked at all—and they don't seem to need any holidays at all.

Most people's ideas about clothes and heat are all wrong. Keeping cool is merely a case of keeping the heat out. Therefore, the hotter it gets, the more clothes people ought to wear.

Which?—The young man had a melancholy mien. "I wish I were dead," he muttered.
Had she refused to marry him—or had she married him?



Drink SEAL BRAND COFFEE

not because it is Made in Canada, but because it is the equal of coffee made in any country.

Quality First!



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CANADIAN OFFICE-SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LTD.
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KEEP COOL WEAR King COATLESS SUMMER SUSPENDERS
ALWAYS OUT-O-SITE
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Send for Free Book giving full particulars of TRENCH'S REMEDY, the World-famous Cure for Epilepsy and Fits. Thirty years' success.
Convincing Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 1,000 in one year.
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SEAL OF QUALITY
TRACTION

Dunlop Tires enjoy longer life; so does the bicycle owner using them—the tires cannot wear down as quickly as the ordinary kind because the corrugations are on top and sides both. The owner avoids accidents because **Dunlop Traction Tread Tires** are skid-proof—the V-moulded tread has a wonderful resistance to the road in times of peril.
Your dealer is the man to see.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS COMPANY, Limited
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO
BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES
Makers of Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Carriages, Rubber Belting, Packing, Hose, Heels, Mats, Tiling, and General Rubber Specialties.

A Man Named Brady

(Continued from Page 11.)

into Winnipeg less than three hours late—forty-five hours out of Toronto.

NOR was the chief feature of the trip from Cochrane to Winnipeg that reluctant engine, nor was it the staring natives who watched a palace train go by for the first time, nor was it the idea of a great empire which will be built up in the next half-century in the Clay Belt of Northern Ontario; it was Brady's belief in the new national route.

"Is it built as well as you expected?" he was asked.

"Shut your eyes and you will not know there is a curve on the road," was the answer.

"Did you ever ride on a smoother road-bed in Canada?" he asked, in turn. And, truly, it was splendid, and so admitted.

"There is some fixing up to do yet, but it is in a higher stage of perfection than any railway ever was when traffic started over it," said the G. S., and his manner and his tone indicated that he would wager his last dollar on the accuracy of his statement.

Nearly fifty years ago, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie or some other opponent of Sir John Macdonald declared that the C. P. R. transcontinental would not carry enough to pay for the axle-grease. Yet the C. P. R. has earned a hundred and forty millions in one year. So there are those who say that the National Transcontinental will not earn enough to pay the salaries of the engineers, brakemen and conductors. But Brady does not say that. He does not think it. He knows differently. He believes in the road and in the country which it serves. There may be deficits, but in the end this portion of the "Canadian Government Railways" will win out.

OF course, it may be freely admitted, that this road was built too soon. It may also be frankly stated that it cost too much money. There are frills along the route which will moulder and decay before they are ever called into use. There are miles of unnecessary sidings and fencing. But that is a political story and it has no relation to Brady who eschews topics which have a political tinge.

But if you talk around and around, this way and that, and presume on Brady's hospitality, you will find that he is not opposed to wooden bridges which are to be found here and there, or to the momentum grades east of Cochrane. While he is proud of all the good features, Brady regards a government dollar as he would a Brady dollar, and he is willing to wait for these refined improvements.

That old controversy between Hon. Geo. P. Graham, who as minister of railways under Laurier, passed these extravagances, and Hon. Frank Cochrane, minister of railways under Borden, who cut them out, is a dead horse. Graham was wrong and Cochrane is right, but perhaps the result would have been the same if Cochrane had been Graham and Graham had been Cochrane. The year 1905 was a year of extravagance; the year 1912 was one of retrenchment. Some of the features of the Transcontinental represent wasted money; but so does the famous Lynch-Staunton report.

But Brady must take things as he finds them, and he proposes to waste neither time nor energy in licking the dead coon around a stump. Brady proposes to operate the most northerly transcontinental of the eight which now adorn North America as if it were as important as the other seven in the matter of economy. He recognizes that the people's money is in the road, rightly or wrongly, and that it is his business to make the earnings justify the investment as far as this is humanly possible.

WHILE this newly inaugurated "National" train from Toronto to Winnipeg, and the other trains on this and other portions of the National Transcontinental are earning money now and will earn more shortly, Brady's great task is to

Live Under the Old Flag

Not merely the flag that "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze"; but the flag that stands for liberty to every man, for freedom of the home, for the joy of democratic living.

A FLAG FOR EVERY HOME

Living under the British or the Canadian flag does not mean merely the flag on the Town Hall, the Parliament Buildings and the Armouries. It means the flag directly over your door. Lots of people live under the flag that is owned by somebody else. They imagine that a flag must have a flag-pole on the lawn or on the roof. But the flag for ever home means a flag that can be flung from any window, verandah-post or gable.

Believing this, THE CANADIAN COURIER has arranged to supply to its readers, suitable home flags at the moderate prices quoted below.

These flags are Made-in-Canada, and their wearing qualities are guaranteed by THE CANADIAN COURIER. They are cheap enough for the most modest purse and good enough for the wealthiest home.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.
All orders promptly filled by return mail. Send to-day, using coupon. No letter necessary if coupon is carefully filled out.

This Union Jack 32x48 inches, complete with pole (6 feet long), halyard, and window socket, at \$1.45, post paid, is a real bargain. It is designed to fly from an upstairs' window.

The Canadian Courier, Toronto, Canada.

COUPON

Send me a flag. I have indicated with an X the one I want, and am remitting herewith the amount quoted above for this flag.

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SIZES AND PRICES:

Union Jack, 32x48 inches 51 cents, Mail Post Paid (Canadian Ensign, same size, 5 cents extra.)

Union Jack, 32x48 inches (same flag as above), complete with pole (6 feet long), halyard and window socket, \$1.45, Mail Post Paid (Canadian Ensign, same size, 5 cents extra.)

Union Jack, 24x36 inches 25 cents, Mail Post Paid

Union Jack, 20x28 inches 20 cents, Mail Post Paid

Set of Allies' Flags, 6 in number, 15x20 inches, 60 cents, Mail Post Paid



Corrosion-Resisting

Put a piece of metal in acid, and see the tiny bubbles stream upwards. That's corrosion you can see. Dip an ordinary pen in ink (ink contains acid) and the same thing takes place, only so gradually that you can't see it. The corrosion-resisting metal of all Esterbrook Pens is the result of 50 years' exhaustive metallurgical and chemical research.

Esterbrook pens LAST. If you like a smooth, easy-writing pen that makes a fine quick-drying line, try this Esterbrook Inflexible No. 322. SEND 10c for useful metal box containing this and eleven other most popular pens, including the famous 048 Falcon.

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Associated with the above Corporation, and under the same direction and management, is

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Incorporated by the Dominion Parliament. This Trust Company is now prepared to accept and execute Trusts of every description, to act as Executor, Administrator, Liquidator, Guardian, Curator, or Committee of the Estate of a Lunatic, etc. Any branch of the business of a Legitimate Trust Company will have careful and prompt attention.

We own and offer a wide range of Canadian City Bonds to Yield 5% to 6%.

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

FINE UNION JACK 51 CENTS

Canadian Ensign Same Size, 5 Cents
Extra—Mailed Postage Prepaid

A Good Strong Flag 32 x 48 Inches, Will Keep its Colour

Canadian Courier - Toronto

develop this "New North." He must do for New Ontario and New Quebec what Sir Clifford Sifton did for the "Last Great West" before he got his knighthood. He must do for these new regions what Mr. Englehart has done for the region along the T. & N. O. between North Bay and Cochrane, and in this task he will put every ounce of brains, energy and enthusiasm that he possesses.

But Brady, however much of a giant he may be, cannot do it alone. Mr. Gutelius will help him—of that one may be certain. The Hon. Frank Cochrane, himself strong, keen and determined, will back up Gutelius and Brady. But will the other men do their part? Will the Borden cabinet assist this greatest of all great Canadian undertakings? Will they feed Brady with the settlers and the lumbermen, and the miners that he needs to develop his New Empire? Will the public of Canada watch his efforts and support him in his stupendous task?

These are questions which only history can answer. Apathy would be fatal. Governments and people have been apathetic before and may be so again. But this is my plea for Brady—"Give him the help and he will transform that portion of Canada into a great wealth-producing district."

WINNIPEG and Toronto are two great cities. Thirty years ago these were divided by an almost trackless waste of land and water. Then came the first line of railway which created the great ports, Fort William and Port Arthur, half

way between, and opened a highway which meant much to Canadian progress, development and nationality. Now comes the second steel roadway, breaking suddenly upon the vision with trains covering the 1,256 miles in 42 hours. Shortly there may be a third, for the Canadian Northern is almost ready with the last link in its new highway. Toronto and Winnipeg are now almost neighbours. Shortly the same may be said of Winnipeg and Montreal.

The distance between eastern and western Canada is being cut down year by year. The only complaint about last year's western grain crop was that it kept the transcontinental railways busy for six weeks only instead of eighteen weeks. Canada has the means of transportation between east and west and west and east, and all that is needed now is freight. That means settlers and settlement, more ploughed fields, more cattle and more hogs. To increase production, not railways, is now the nations greatest problem.

And when you are thinking over this and over the future of Canada, do not overlook Frank Brady. From his new office in Winnipeg he will be doing his part, quietly, unostentatiously, but thoroughly. He has pressed the button which makes the wheels go around, and if he gets the proper sort of backing, those wheels will whirl faster and faster until the world shall know that the great Clay Belt rivals the Last Great West as the home of millions of happy and prosperous producers.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Activity in Cobalt

A VISIT to Cobalt shows that the silver mines are in a favourable condition and decidedly active. There is little or no unemployment in the district

and much development work is being undertaken. The present low price of bullion is offset by a feeling among the operators that a rise is sure to come in the near future. Hence shipments are light, but work is aggressive.

At this period of the year in 1911, silver was selling in London, which is the ultimate market for bar silver, at 24½ pence per pound. In 1912 it had risen to 27½ and held at that price for twelve months. Last year it had dropped with other commodities to 25 1-16, and is now quoted at 22½ pence.

Those who purchase silver stocks at the moment must be prepared for the possibility of deferred dividends and low prices. This condition may not grow worse, but the careful investor will recognize that in these days it is difficult to forecast the future with any degree of certainty. At the best, it is not a time for plunging.

As further proof of this, the figures for the shipments to date this year show a tremendous decline. Nipissing leads with shipments valued at \$1,680,000, or just one-half of the value of the shipments in the same period last year. The same is true of Dominion Reduction, Crown Reserve, Caribou-Cobalt and O'Brien. Indeed, the wise speculator is more inclined to be a bear than a bull.

Situation in New York

PURELY American stocks, such as the leading industrials, have scored triumph after triumph in New York during the past week. Bethlehem Steel, Crucible Steel, Baldwin Locomotive, and other "war stocks" have been most active. United States Steel is more than twenty points higher than it was in August last. This is an increase in value of one hundred million dollars in this one common stock.

On the other hand, international stocks are still low. The liquidation from Europe continues and will be a feature until the end of the war is in sight. So long as Europe is buying war munitions in America, so long must the movement of gold be this way, and American stocks are equivalent to gold so far as this situation is concerned.

The speculator who sold his international stocks in December and January and purchased United States industrials has reaped a considerable profit. Later on he will sell these industrials and buy back his internationals. When that day comes, United States industrials will go back nearly to their former level.

In all this movement there is a lesson for the Canadian investor, if he will study the situation carefully. The boom in industrials will snap some day, and Canadian speculators would be foolish to be caught in that slump.

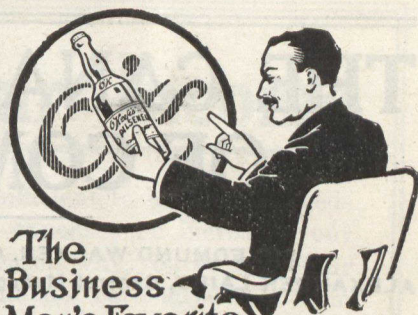
Canada's Share of War Orders

LAST week's "Monetary Times" contains a summary of the war orders placed in Canada. While they total a tidy amount, they are just large enough to keep all the factories of Canada going about three and a half months if they had nothing else to do. Or, to put it another way, these orders would keep one-fourth of our factories busy for one year. The summary is as follows:

Total War Orders Placed in Canada.

British	\$69,943,545
Russian	10,750,000
French	6,375,400
Canadian (federal)	25,471,917
Canadian (provincial)	2,291,500
Shrapnel, etc.	254,370,670
Unreported and other orders, estimated at	25,000,000

\$394,203,032



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"The Light Beer in The Light Bottle"

is brewed only from pure barley malt, choicest hops and filtered water. The mildest and stimulating liquid food.

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

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

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

THE law recognizes a difference between even the most upright personal administrator, and the properly-constituted corporation whose business is administration, and whose financial resources are beyond question.

A Trust Company as Administrator is released from the necessity, under which a personal administrator remains, of giving security for twice the value of an estate to be administered.

Write for Folder:—"By Way of Comparison."

National Trust Company Limited

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

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

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

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

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

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS.

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RATES AND CONDITIONS.

1915 Ford Touring Car, \$500.....	\$6.00 for one year.
1914 " " " 400.....	5.50 " " "
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Cars over three years old that have been kept in specially good repair will be insured for amounts and at rates made to fit individual cases. The cars will be insured while in any building or whilst on the road.

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Head Office: 31 Scott St., Toronto.

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Fine Union Jack 51 Cents

Canadian Ensign, Same Size, 5 Cents Extra—Mailed Postage Prepaid

A Good Strong Flag 32 x 48 Inches, Will Keep its Colour

CANADIAN COURIER, TORONTO

Kitchener's Army at Its Best

(Concluded from Page 6.)

doctor. Take my own case:

About a month ago I "went sick." I had no particular pains, and I didn't suppose there was anything vitally the matter with me; but I knew there soon would be unless I had a holiday. So I stood in line, and when it came my turn stated my case.

"Sir," I said, "I have been overworking and getting too little exercise. I have systematized two officers, trained in half a dozen clerks, and for weeks I've had little or no rest or recreation."

"And you want me to say you are sick and give you a leave?"

"Yessir—if you think I need it."

Whereupon I was duly examined.

"Yes, my boy; I can see you have been overworked. Also you're anemic."

"Yessir," I assented, hopefully.

"But you know we are very sparing with sick leaves these days. How long would you like?"

I had intended to suggest a week, but thinking this might be overgenerous on my part, I named five days.

"Five days, eh?"

"Yessir—or four."

"Um!—so you want four or five days?"

"Yessir—or three. I've got the office running smoothly, and the pay clerk is well able to manage things."

"Um!—three days? Very well. I'll write you out a recommendation."

And the recommendation, when I came to examine it, was not for five days nor for four nor for three, but for two weeks!

"Holy Moses!" I exclaimed when I had done my salute and exit; "what would the old brick have done if a certain issue of The Courier had fallen into his hands?"

BUT whatever he might have done or left undone, he would not, I am convinced, have interfered with that blessed verdict of a fortnight's freedom.

Our captain is much the same type, albeit irritable over trifles. I may absent myself from the office for hours without notice or explanation, but to press him unduly to place his signature on a waiting document when he wants to scribble a note to one of his sweethearts or sort a package of picture postcards is to invite trouble with a capital T.

With the men the captain is kindness and generosity personified, and I shouldn't be surprised if his unrecovered loans and other philanthropies, since he was posted to our section, would amount to twenty pounds or more. To refuse a man leave (even when his powers to grant leave are circumscribed) is always an ungenial task, but to refuse a loan or advance of pay is with him well nigh an impossibility.

FOR instance, the other day a driver who had been granted leave returned to the office, petitioning for a "sub." He came at the wrong hour, which was not propitious, and he had secured his leave without confessing his impecuniosity—which was worse. It was, as he thought, a very irate officer whom he confronted.

"But you can't run in here any hour of the day or night expecting loans," said the captain. "Anyway, you knew you had no money when you asked for leave, a thing I've expressly forbidden. The clerk tells me your pay has been drawn to the last penny, and here you come demanding a sovereign in advance. Why, it would take two weeks to pay back a sovereign. You'll simply have to give up your leave—I can't grant an advance—not a penny!"

(Me, to the S. M.: "I'll bet a bob he gets something.")

"You say you want a pound? I doubt if I have as much as a pound left in my pocket. I've been making advances all morning, and you know the banks are closed. No; I simply can't grant it."

(S. M.: "See! You've lost!") All this time the applicant had prudently said nothing.

"Now, if we had any money in the

safe it would be a different matter; but how am I to know when you chaps are going to run in here with these extraordinary demands?"

Here the captain paused and slowly counted his cash. "Now, I've just got about a pound, counting my small change, and I can't go into 'Lighton' without a penny—can I?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll advance you ten shillings. But the next time you want anything of the kind, make your application at the right time. Do you hear?"

"Yessir. Thank you, sir."

(Me, to the S. M.: "One bob, please!")

SO it is with the majority of the officers at Pleasant Vale—even those whose natures are many degrees less kindly than Captain P.'s. There are cases of injustice, there are instances of severity, frequently, but not always, deserved by the culprit; there are odd examples of bullying, and there is, of course, a discrepancy—often far too pronounced—between the viewpoint of officers and men. This is the gulf of which I have complained; but it is narrowing, visibly and rapidly lessening, and the reason thereof is that the British army is fast becoming democratized, its traditions modernized and bent to the will and purpose of a united nation.

While on my furlough I passed through the town of Grantham, which has become an important military centre, and on that very day it happened that a deputation of labor leaders were inspecting the camp for the purpose of reporting their criticisms to the commander thereof. Here is a report that I clipped from the Manchester Daily Despatch of the following morning:

"Every facility was offered them to go just where they pleased, and to consult and question any of the troops—in fact, they were as free to move about the vast encampment as an inspecting officer himself.

"The food was seen in its raw state, it was seen in the cooking process, and it was seen placed on the table when the men assembled from the parade ground.

"Nor were the trade union officials content with that, for, to make the visit complete, they made a special point of themselves being present when breakfast, dinner, and tea were served out. In the end they met the brigadier-general, together with the four battalion commandants.

"The labour leaders then outlined their findings. Several complaints were laid, but these were not of a serious character; and together they, the generals, and the battalion commandants discussed suggestions for removing the grounds for them. The labour men were given assurances which entirely satisfied them.

"In the whole camp no grumbling whatever was heard against any of the officers, who, as the trade union officials expressed it, were 'found to be held in the highest esteem by their men.'

"Some of these trade union officials are to address scores of recruiting meetings this week, and one of them remarked to the general at the conclusion of the interview that the service they proposed to render would be simplified, and they would be able to infuse more enthusiasm into the recruiting campaign as the result of their visit and the promises that had been made.

"It is natural, on getting into a new camp, that there should be certain shortcomings. However, not a man was met with who did not admit that there had been a marked improvement in the camp during the past fortnight."

And yet we have thousands of them in Kitchener's army, and even as the men improve in mind and body under the novel but salutary conditions of camp life, so are their commanders—those of a bygone era—learning much that is novel and salutary.

They are learning the lesson of the Brotherhood of Man.

The Skipper's Masquerade

(Concluded from page 8.)

some bickering. The completed picture doubled up the cook, while Nat gave way to uncontrolled mirth. With his jack knife, Nat fashioned a hat-pin from a piece of stick, and after three attempts to run it through the skipper's head as well as the hat, attempts which called forth language of a special kind from the victim, Nat was satisfied with his handiwork, and suggested moving towards the brig.

The little procession started. A group of small boys left their paddling to join, and a fox terrier accompanied with his presence and his yelping. This brought other dogs on the scene, with their respective owners. Dogs and men seemed to find something strangely exhilarating in the spectacle.

"Lean on me and put your 'and over your beard. It's alright," assured Nat. "We look like man and wife out for the day!"

The cook not to be outdone said, "I'll call you ma!" And gave the disguised man a dig in the ribs, and received in return a whack over the ear, which caused him to see and say many things. Along the parade by way of the Beach gardens, they made their way to the river side and the quay, accompanied by a gathering crowd whose joy increased at each step. School boys regarded it as a new departure in the game of hare and hounds. Friends of many years, stopped Cutting from time to time, and put the question to him squarely as to why he masqueraded in that attire. A policeman remonstrated with him, and had his helmet knocked off by the crowd, who would not have their pleasure interrupted. The skipper's walk became a trot, then a double. Men who could not leave their job, entered into the fun by casting what were meant to be languishing glances at him. A blind man who stood near the boat landing, forgot straightway his infirmity and his occupation, and deserted his post to join the throng that went laughing along. He brandished his stick and officered the throng, happy for once in his life. The humbled man marked him for future reference.

NAT and Charlie stuck nobly to their chief, the latter from time to time putting out a leg which brought many unsuspecting citizens to the ground. Near Battison's works a grimy coal heaver paused for a moment, gazed at the scene, then entering into the fun of the thing tried to snatch a kiss from Cutting, to the gratification of his black faced companions. The distracted skipper swore loudly; breaking away from his dusky lover, he gathered up his skirts and ran.

A roar of greeting came from the Anchor Inn, where a crowd had gathered to discuss his death. The sudden change from the tragedy to comedy intoxicated some of the men and women. A blue jacket rushed out of the bar, seized Cutting by the waist, held him in close embrace and began to foot it bravely to the tune of a barn dance whistled by a companion.

Nobs the policeman made two mistakes, he drank another man's beer in his excitement, and then picked up a fresh pint placed for the perspiring blue jacket, thinking it was his own. He had swallowed the beverage before the barmaid could tell him the fact, then he said it was her fault.

Dogs barked joyously; the tug whistled shrilly and continuously. A red whiskered captain of a collier steamer, in ordinary circumstances a sober, staid seaman, came to the side of his bridge and wafled amorous kisses with both hands. By a superhuman effort of the pilot the steamer only bumped a dredger, instead of running her down. A gold laced harbour master remonstrated, but the red whiskered captain had abandoned himself to the whole enjoyment, and he did an impromptu dance.

A couple of firemen shouted hilarious enquiries and advised Cutting to lift his skirts a little higher.

"You are showing all your ankles,

Angela," a mate warned him.

With rankling, accumulating fury, the skipper ran on.

The owner had arrived, he was holding solemn conclave with the mate, assisted by some idlers, when an exclamation from Mr. Murray caused him to look in the direction of the quay.

"Why, it's the skipper! is it not, Mr. Murray?"

Words failed the mate but he made a gesture of assent.

"Has the man taken leave of his senses?" he demanded angrily.

Then the humour of the situation seized him. "Here, boy, quick," he called to a youngster, "here's a penny, run and tell my missus to come here, she's in a pony cart, just down the lane, you stay and hold the pony."

The crew received their chief with a rousing cheer, as he leaped upon the bulkwark of the brig, his skirts over his knees, the beehive hat still clinging nobly to his head, and his face aflame with rage.

The owner had intended to be stern, instead he fell heavily against the cat head where he had gone to get a better view, and leaning over that projecting piece of timber, he confided his sense of joy to the anchor. Then with tears in his eyes he helped his wife on board, and they made their way to the poop, where the skipper was answering all questions in nautical terms containing many damnatory clauses.

What England Did

(Concluded from page 4.)

code that gentlemen, and the nations they represent, set for themselves; and this was taken into account. She did, indeed, decline to make an agreement which would bind her to neutrality under all conceivable circumstances; but she was willing to make a declaration that none of her agreements with other powers had any designs hostile to Germany, and that she herself had no hostile intentions, and would cherish none. Her previous attitude towards Germany was sufficient guarantee of this declaration; but, lest that should not be enough, she laboured strenuously to avert war between Russia and Austria over the question of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1911; and she commenced negotiations for the settlement of questions of mutual interest, such as the Bagdad railway. These were conducted to a final arrangement which conceded to Germany very substantial advantages.

EVEN that cheerless pour-parler did not deter England from making further efforts for an agreement. The British Government offered to sign the following declaration:

"The two powers, being naturally desirous of securing peace and friendship between them, England declares that she will neither make, nor join in, any unprovoked attack upon Germany. Aggressive Germany is not, and forms no part of any treaty, understanding, or combination to which England is now a party, nor will she become a party to anything that has such an object."

Still, that was not enough for Germany. She held to her aim of dealing a fatal blow to any friendly understanding between England and her friends of the entente; and she demanded a pledge of British neutrality in the event of Germany being at war. That pledge, for reasons already stated, England would not give; and so the negotiations failed once more.

England now made her last effort for accommodation and arrangement. In 1912 and 1913 Mr. Churchill made his famous proposal for a naval holiday. If, in any year, Germany decided to relax her shipbuilding programme, England would do the same; by which device, as he put it, relief might be obtained "without negotiations, bargaining, or the slightest restriction upon the sovereign freedom of any power." Germany, with a steadily growing disdain, made no response to the suggestion.

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The Sacrifice of Enid

CHAPTER VIII.

The Chief Butler.

DONALD returned after some quarter of an hour, looking grave but serene. Daylight was fast departing, but a huge red moon had risen and shed her light over the moorland; the scene was beautiful.

"Look," he said, and stood beside her in silence, adding after some minutes, "I am afraid we must be going back soon. Let us cross the rivulet and take the other track home."

There were stepping stones, but they were rough and slippery.

"The stones are unsafe," he said. "May I?" and without waiting for a reply he lifted her in his arms and walked through the water. His feet of course were very wet, though he was not conscious of anything save her presence; his voice was grave and quiet, but she had felt his heart beating as he set her down.

"I want to say something to you," he said. "You will not visit my words on me by refusing to continue in my office."

"I suppose that is what I ought to do, but I do not wish to if you want me to remain. I trust you not to repeat them."

"I thank you warmly. I wish you to remain, I wish it fervently. And I will do the best I can for your lover, should he come."

He unconsciously laid some slight emphasis on the word "Should."

"I think he may come soon. You will not set him to pick rags?" she said, looking dangerously fair in the moonlight.

"I will not. If he is worth it I may perhaps advance him to some position of trust."

Her face became pale. "I thank you from my heart, but—but you must not do that. He will be content with a low position. He would prefer it at first."

"I thought perhaps he might do clerk's work, and sit in your office."

The positive grandeur of this concession was not lost on her, but it was not fully appreciated at once, for to him it meant the loss of almost all he held dear, her society, and not only that but the presence of a hated, because successful, rival.

"You are very good," she replied, "but it will not do. You would not let him read your confidential letters?"

"Certainly not. But is he not educated? Can he not do accounts?"

"He is highly educated, still—it will be best to give him manual labour."

Human nature will out after unnatural restraint. "I am very glad to hear it," Ronald replied heartily; "he shall have manual labour."

His spirits rose suddenly, he laughed as he pointed out the gambols of some ponies. "I shall always remember this evening," he said, "for I don't suppose I shall ever come here again with you. Look how solemn the lights are now that both moon and stars are shining, although daylight has barely faded."

"Some scenes are too beautiful, I think."

Both minds were in complete accord, she turned to him, and continued speaking from her heart. "I never used to realize as I do now how in spite of all outward circumstances our life is given us to work out each for himself."

"I am not sure that I understand you."

"I mean that each trivial action and thought makes up the sum of character, so character works itself again into action and thought indefinitely. In another life, no doubt, the same circle is continued, infinitely widened. It is this that causes the perplexities of all theories on the subject. To get away from ourselves is impossible whether in this world or any other, the only thing to do is, I suppose, to strive after good—which is God."

"I suppose so," he assented reverently.

"Mr. Westlake, in offering to do your utmost to-night, both for myself and my lover, you have striven after

By MRS. HARCOURT-ROE

Author of "A Man of Mystery," "The Silent Room," Etc.

MARY WILLIAMS comes to the office of Ronald Westlake, paper manufacturer, to ask for work. He hesitates to employ her, because she looks too genteel for mill work. There is a special mysterious reason for her wanting employment for herself, and also for her lover. Westlake really falls in love with her. Mary Williams starts a long journey on foot back across Dartmoor—to Plymouth. Riding out, Westlake meets her and tries to induce her not to sleep on the moor. Mary Williams goes on her way. Along the road she leaves a parcel with a cottager which she pays him to keep till it is called for by a man; afterwards a bicycle which she buys on the road. At Princetown she visited the gaol—and watched the convicts on the plantation; afterwards returned to Willowbridge and the paper mill. Her duties at the mill are much enlivened by the peculiar attentions of her employer who becomes very unpopular with his fiancée, Miss Ormonde, in consequence. He offers Mary a position as typist. Two people find themselves each between two fires. Mary accepts the offer. A great case of sentiment works up between Westlake and his employee. He proposes marriage. She refuses—concealing the reason.

that good. I am more than touched. I feel humble before you."

"No, no, no," he replied. "No, no," and there was silence between them until he wrung her hand and parted from her before entering the village street.

CHAPTER IX.

Alarm.

FOR some little time after this Ronald was very grave and silent.

He spent as little time as possible with Mary, giving her her work briefly and, quite unconsciously, speaking in a cold, business tone. In truth, he was afraid of himself, and determined that she should have no cause to complain of him after his declaration.

He attended to her comforts as scrupulously as before, she was never without some mark of his care, but he had given up indulging in the long talks which were a delight to both. It had been his custom to place the amount of her salary every week in an envelope and put it on her table, he did not like the idea of giving her money direct, but one day when it was due he forgot it.

He came into her office the next morning. "I am so sorry I forgot this, Miss Williams," he said gravely, depositing a sealed envelope in its usual place by the typewriter. "I cannot imagine how I could have been so careless. Perhaps I have been a little worried of late."

"I assure you that one day makes no difference to me. Mrs. Mason would trust me," she replied, although the fact that he had forgotten anything concerning her gave her a curious feeling of pain. He had spoken coldly, and she raised her eyes to his with a troubled look in them.

"You are not looking well," he said, with a return to his usual voice and manner. "Have you also been worried about anything?"

"I have been greatly worried. I am living now in perpetual anxiety."

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Unfortunately no."

After this he resumed his conversation with her; both had given up the light tone they had formerly indulged in at times, but they seemed drawn together, not as lovers, but as old tried friends, whom no trifling disagreement or untoward circumstance could really part.

On leaving the mill one afternoon, she met Simpson, the foreman. That good man's large face became very red, he looked at her with reproach.

"Do you happen to read your Bible, my dear?" he asked to her surprise.

"Certainly I do."

"And did you ever read about Joseph, and how he helped the chief butler to get out of prison?"

"Oh, yes, I have read that," replied

Mary smiling, though puzzled.

"Ah, you have read it. Then you remember 'yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him.' Now, that's exactly like you."

"Indeed, Mr. Simpson, I cannot see how I resemble the chief butler in any way. I do not think I have forgotten anyone."

"You have forgotten me. Wasn't it me as got you that situation, where you work half time, and, for anything I know, get double pay, and are treated as a lady should be, and yet I dare say you never once say to yourself: 'It's Simpson as has got me this; it's Simpson I owe it to! No, you never speak to me now.'"

"My dear Mr. Simpson," said Mary laughing, "how can I speak to you when I never see you except in the distance? Let me assure you that I retain a most kindly recollection of your goodness to me when I was in the mill, and—" she hesitated, then added boldly, still with a smile in her eyes, "and of your getting me a very comfortable appointment. Let me prove to you that I am not like the chief butler. Will you come and have tea with me to-morrow?"

"Have tea with you, my dear?" asked Simpson, greatly astonished, for it was known that she received no visitors whatever.

"Yes; do. Tea at six, or any time you like."

"I will come."

HE was delighted. As soon as he could frame some reason for seeing the master he told him of the invitation.

"You are a fortunate man, Simpson," said Ronald laughing. "I am quite sure she would not invite me to tea under any circumstances whatever."

"No, sir, because you are the master."

"Ah, no doubt."

He knew that society etiquette would have been ridiculous in the foreman's eyes, and that, save for the fact of Ronald being the master, there appeared no reason to Simpson why any young woman should not invite any young man to a friendly meal.

"I hope she does her work well and is a good girl, sir, because you see I feel responsible like for recommending her."

"Yes, the appointment rests on your shoulders," Ronald replied with assumed gravity. "She is a good girl enough," he added carelessly, "and works hard. Altogether I find her very useful."

He retailed the conversation to Mary, who laughed heartily.

"I asked him because I saw his feelings were hurt. No, I shall not invite you to meet him. I must give him something very nice," and she told Ronald the anecdote of the chief butler.

"There is not anything special to be got in the village. Why don't you take in a few of these things?" he asked, pointing to the boxes of crystallized fruit and other delicacies.

"So I will. Thank you for suggesting it."

The tea-party involved some amount of preparation, for it was not a case of a cup of tea and a wafer of thin bread and butter. Mary had previously indulged in the extravagance of an afternoon tea-cloth and a small set of china, for these things added vastly to her everyday comfort, and when Mr. Simpson appeared at half-past six the table wore an inviting aspect. There were flowers and fruit prettily set out, but there were also slices of beef, and ham and eggs, and cakes.

He had changed his working clothes for his Sunday best and he carefully spread his large handkerchief over his knees as he sat down. Then he shook his head.

"This won't do, my dear. This is a very nice tea, but it's extravagance in a girl with your wages."

"No, indeed; you must remember it is my first party, perhaps my last here. Surely I may give a friend a

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trifle more than I have myself. It is a great pleasure."

Mrs. Mason was bringing in a plate of hot toast at this juncture.

"Miss Williams don't eat enough to keep a sparrow some days," she said bluntly. "It's the first time I have seen a square meal on the table."

"But I eat as much as I can."

"And that wouldn't keep one of my children an hour."

Once assured that his hostess was not given to extravagance Mr. Simpson set to work with a will, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. There was very little left when the meal was concluded, and when he went away, after having, at Mary's request, smoked a pipe, he declared he had enjoyed himself greatly.

"How did the tea-party go off?" Ronald asked him the next morning, for when he could not speak to Mary he liked to speak of her.

"First rate, sir. She treated me as if I'd been a Dook. You should have seen her pretty ways at the table as she piled my plate up. She's a born lady, sir."

"Is she? Well, I'm glad you enjoyed yourself."

"You have made a friend of Simpson for life," he said later on to Mary.

"I am glad to make a friend of an honest man," she replied sadly. "I have not many friends now."

But though the invitation had been given from sheer kindness of heart it could not have been more successful from an ulterior point of view. Simpson was loud in her praises, and openly declared that it was only the stuck up pride of the gentlefolks which prevented them from inviting her to their houses. By gentlefolks generally, he meant Mr. and Mrs. Westlake particularly. Had he been told that she had declined their acquaintance he would not have believed it. "And how the master can be that cold about her, seeing her day after day, I don't know. Whenever I go to the office, there's his door tight shut between them."

This perhaps was easily accounted for, as whenever a knock was given Ronald repaired to the outer office.

CHAPTER X.

Henry Jackson.

THE weather now turned cold, the mornings were damp and misty.

Ronald ordered blazing fires to be lit early in both offices, so that when Mary arrived from the dark and cheerless farm sitting room she found her pretty office the picture of comfort.

"How cold your hands are!" he exclaimed as he shook hands with her.

"Surely you have breakfast by a fire?"

"I cannot go into any household details," she replied, and he was quite sure that she did not. He thought of the fires in his own house that were lit on the approach of cold weather in every room, for all of them greatly appreciated warmth. But in this respect he could do nothing; she was evidently studying economy in every form, and he could not send in a ton of coal.

"Don't you think," he said with some hesitation, "that you might sit here a little later of an evening and read. I assure you I would not interrupt you, indeed I should probably go home."

"My room here certainly is more comfortable than my room at the farm house I must admit, for being next to the dairy, it has sometimes an unpleasant smell of damp and mouldy cheese, coupled with that of onions from the kitchen which adjoins, but I cannot spend my evenings here. You pamper me too much, Mr. Westlake; you do indeed."

"In what way?"

"It is not necessary, for instance, for you to make up my fire. I can put coals on for myself."

"And soil my papers with your dirty hands?" he asked laughingly. She had not seen him laugh for some time and she was glad.

"I would try not to soil them. Your own are quite clean although you stoke both for me and yourself."

"May they always remain clean. Talking of that reminds me that I have never told you of my ambitions, but you must not reveal the secret."

"What is the momentous secret?"

"I do not propose to spend my life only in making money, and in entertaining all kinds of people, who, as my father justly observes, probably eat our dinners and then go away and sneer at us as 'the paper men.' I want to go into Parliament and spend half my year in town among a wider circle."

His eyes were bright as he spoke, his manner energetic. He knew that he had certain gifts, and, with his great wealth to back him up, he did not think he should remain unnoticed, or play the part of a silent member.

"And I earnestly hope you may succeed. I can—" She checked herself suddenly. She had been about to say, "I can help you."

"Will you canvass for me if I ask you?"

"I will."

"Did any man ever refuse you anything?"

She considered a moment. "No," she replied at length. "I do not think I ever asked a man to do anything in vain."

"Then my election is sure, when the time comes."

"When it comes, I may be far away."

"Away?" he echoed blankly, for he had never thought of this contingency.

"Yes, far away; very far away. But not so far away that I can ever forget my friends."

He was silent.

"I forgot," she continued. "I should have made one exception when I said that no man had refused me anything. One did, although I begged and prayed and entreated him with tears, and he was my father."

DONALD looked at her; she read the deep compassion in his eyes.

He pictured a brutal father, and then thought of how he would rejoice to make her his wife and present her to London society as a beautiful bride. She would be received everywhere as a member's wife, and her charm would come on people as a surprise.

She saw that his thoughts had gone away and said in a different tone: "If this conversation goes on you will really have to keep me here to work overtime. I am not earning my salary. Please give me the papers at once. If you do not do so I shall remain until they are finished however late the hour may be."

"And yet you will not stay to read?"

"That is another matter. What are we worth if we cannot sometimes endure a little hardship, when hardship is necessary? And the farm is vastly superior to rooms in the village. My papers if you please."

He fetched them, but as he sat at work with the door shut between them he pictured her sitting in a damp, ugly room smelling of cheese and mould, while she shivered with cold. Her salary was sufficient to admit of a fire; why did she practise such severe economy?

"And I have never known a hardship in my life!" he exclaimed remorsefully. "I wish I could bear anything for her."

The morning had been raw and foggy, as the afternoon advanced the fog increased. It settled like a pall on everything around, black, heavy, motionless.

At five o'clock Ronald entered the office. "Time is up, Miss Williams. I cannot allow you to stay with those papers any longer. If I choose to gossip with you and detain you, that is my fault and it must not be visited on you."

"I have just finished them. I am afraid though they are not done as well as they ought to be. I could not keep my hand steady."

He looked at her. Her face was very white, her eyes large and rounder than usual. Had he not thought it impossible he would have said she was under the influence of deadly fear.

"You are ill!" he exclaimed.

"I am not. It is the fog. It affects me. I will stay here for a short time."

"I am sure that something is the matter with you."

"I am frightened."

She was the last girl to be afraid of weather, he thought, there must be some other cause for her alarm.

"What are you frightened about?"

"I am afraid for—for the people at

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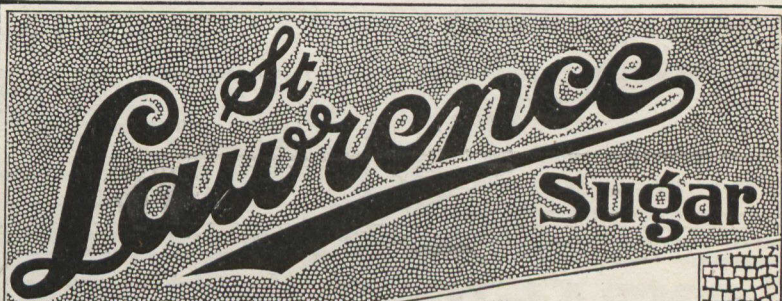
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sea, and the people everywhere," she replied in a low voice.

"The people, as I always say, can take care of themselves. My business is to take care of you. Let us have a light and I will draw down the blinds."

HE did so and took the easy chair opposite to her, stretching out his long legs with an air of enjoyment. It seemed to him for the moment as if he and she were in their own home.

"Now," he said, "let me argue you out of your anxiety. What social reason have you for fear?"

"I am afraid, in the words of the Litany, for all that travel by land or by water, for all sick persons, for all prisoners and captives."

"It seems to me that people travelling by land or water are not in much greater danger than those who stay at home; and, unless they have bronchitis, I don't suppose this fog will affect any sick persons, and as to the prisoners and captives, as a rule they are precious rascals, and if they have to stay within the prison walls instead of working outside, I don't pity them in the least."

"Do you consider them all rascals?"

"Pretty nearly."

"Oh," she exclaimed indignantly,

"how can you be so hard? Do not all men frequently sin in thought, but because the law takes no cognizance of these thoughts—which are morally as bad as acts—they assume to be virtuous, and look on the men who have perhaps committed one sin, and one only, as pariahs. When I was at Princetown I saw the gangs of convicts, and so far from being afraid of them as 'precious rascals' my heart went out to them. I would gladly, if I could, have gone and talked to them, even the worst, if there had not been a single warder near. My only feeling was one of profound compassion, and I am sure they would have understood that I sympathized with them."

"I am afraid all people do not feel with you. Come, come, do you wish me to go to the police station and say, 'I thought I should like to knock one of my workmen down to-day; please imprison me;' whereas if I had done so, and injured him, I should have richly deserved to be locked up. I am not quite so sure about that, though," he added with a laugh, "for these workmen are very trying, and I really think a good thrashing would do some of them good, and Simpson agrees with me."

She smiled but he saw that her nervousness had not departed, her hands were shaking slightly as she held them on her lap. He went into his office and brought back some champagne.

"You are low, you want keeping up. I insist on your drinking this," he said offering her a glass.

She drank it without hesitation.

"Now eat a biscuit."

She obeyed him. He poured out a second glass when, greatly to his surprise, she took it from his hand and drank it all, for he had expected remonstrance.

"Thank you, she said, "now I will go home."

"You could not find your way. You would wander into the river. Whenever you must go I shall take you home, to the very door."

"You are very good. I do not think I could find my way alone, and I must be home. I will go now."

The fog was dense, the village lights glimmered feebly in the gloom, but they could not be seen a few yards off. Ronald carefully felt his way across the bridge, bidding Mary take his arm. He piloted her in safety down the street, but it was only by feeling from side to side that he could find the entrance to the lane.

"I should certainly have lost my way alone," she said.

"It was scarcely likely I should let you go alone."

"I have a favour to ask."

"It is granted."

"Supposing, mind I only say supposing, I have something pressing to detain me to-morrow, may I stop at home?"

"Why, of course you may. I thought you were going to ask me some great thing. Take as many days as you wish."

"It will be to-morrow or none. I will finish my work as soon as I can afterwards."

"Never mind the work. Will you, on your side, grant me a favour?"

"If I can."

"Have a fire to-night, and a brilliant light in your room," for they were now at the porch, and he saw that the sitting room was quite dark.

"I will do so. I will burn a light all night. I am very stupid I know but—"

"But you are only a girl after all, and not the strong minded heroine you strive to be. I think I am glad you are a little weak sometimes."

"I am weak very, very often, and if I am obliged to seem strong-minded I never feel so. Good-night, and thank you."

As she spoke there was a distant booming sound; she shook with fear.

"My dear Miss Williams, my dear girl," he said in agitation, holding both her hands firmly, "that is only a distant gun. Some ship perhaps saluting at Plymouth."

"Are you sure?"

"How can I be sure? But I am sure that it is not thunder or anything to frighten you; I don't like leaving you like this."

"But you must leave me; I am very sorry to be so silly, but I cannot help it."

"I know you can't. Have Mrs. Mason in to sit with you, promise me to take something substantial to eat, and go to bed early. I shall send Simpson round in the morning to know how you are if you do not come."

"I beg you not to do so. Only leave me alone. I will write if I am ill."

He went away much troubled, he was afraid some illness was coming on.

MARY WILLIAMS appeared punctually at her usual hour the next morning. The fog had lifted during the night, the sun was shining brightly. Her fright had apparently departed, but her hand was cold, and there was an air of suppressed excitement about her which Ronald noted at once.

"I am very glad to see you," he said. "Are you quite well?"

"I am quite well."

"Did you obey my instructions? What sort of a night did you spend?"

"I obeyed them as far as I could. I had a good fire, a brilliant light, and I drank some hot milk."

"And ate something?"

"People cannot always eat; it is impossible."

"And as a consequence you were awake all night. Confess."

"I cannot say I slept much. One cannot always sleep, you know. I got up before daybreak and watched the white mists rolling away from the hills and fields, and I listened to the noises you so much dislike, the lowing of the cows and the crowing of the cocks."

She paused, but it was evident she had more to say. Instead of going into her own office she remained standing in his. Since she had been a typist instead of a mill-hand she had given up the extreme plainness of her dress, she had resumed her dainty boots, and wore gloves which fitted exquisitely, but it seemed to him that she was in some way better dressed than usual this morning. She wore a navy-blue cloth skirt and jacket, elaborately braided with black, with a white waistcoat. The whole costume was very quiet, but Ronald's keen eyes saw that it was expensively made and suited her to perfection.

"Are you very busy, or may I speak to you for a little while?" she continued, speaking with some nervousness.

"I am never too busy to speak to you. Do sit down."

"I had a telegram this morning."

"Yes?"

"It was from—from my lover. He is coming to-day. May he begin work at once?"

She spoke with agitation, she was making a great effort. The news was a blow to him, he had almost persuaded himself that the man would never turn up.

"Do you want him to begin work the moment he sets foot in the place?"

"I do. I have a special reason for

this. I want him to begin this afternoon."

"The request seemed to him a very strange one, but everything connected with this lover was strange."

"It will be a little difficult to set him to work until I know what his capabilities are. But I will speak to Simpson about finding him a place. Send him to me as soon as he arrives and I will do the best I can. I should have thought you would have liked the afternoon free to talk to him, as you have not seen him for so long a time."

"I am going to meet him at the station at lunch time. I can talk to him then."

"And you wish him to do manual work. As you know, I employ two or three clerks in the factory for routine accounts and letters. I could set him to work with them."

"Thank you, the other work would be best."

"You have never told me his name?"

She blushed crimson and was silent.

"His name if you please," said Ronald gently but firmly.

"I cannot tell you a lie. If I say his name is Henry Jackson, I am bound to tell you at the same time that it is not his real name."

"And you come to me, both of you, under false names!" he said with marked disapproval.

"I am ashamed and humiliated that it should be so, but I felt obliged to tell you the truth. May I have my work?"

He handed her the papers in silence, and when she had left him revolved the situation in his mind until he felt irritated beyond measure. Of her probity he had no doubt, but he greatly doubted that of her lover.

Why should such a man be introduced to his premises, and he be made a cat's paw between them. And yet it was for such a man, a man that could not appear in his own name, that he was thrown on one side, he the master of the mill, in favour of a tailor!

After a time he went to her office and asked if a certain letter was finished.

She gave it him in type. He returned in a few minutes with a frown on his brow and said: "I am sorry to complain, Miss Williams, but there are a great many mistakes in this, and the letter is one of some importance. May I request you to write it over again?"

"The words were reasonable enough but the tone was very hard, causing sudden tears to rise in her eyes. He saw them, but he went away and shut his door. It seemed to him that a very long interval elapsed, and yet she did not bring him the letter. After the lapse of another half hour he entered her room. The table was strewn with papers.

"Is the letter finished, Miss Williams?" he asked speaking coldly but more gently.

"Yes, she replied, "I was just coming in to you with it. I have only this moment finished it."

"But what are all these?" he asked taking up the papers from the table.

They were all transcripts of the same letter. She had written it over and over again and made mistakes in each copy; only the last was perfect, and this was so by intense effort of will.

"I am very sorry to have wasted so much time but I could not write correctly this morning though I tried hard; I did indeed," she said in a low pained tone.

"I wish," he said suddenly, "that someone would kick me and tell me that I am an utter brute, for it would be true. Here I select this morning on which you are thoroughly unhinged, to find fault with you and make you do your work ten times over, and cause you to speak to me as if you were afraid of me. I should be rejoiced if someone would kick me."

She smiled. "Indeed, Mr. Westlake, I am quite sure that no one would kick you for being so kind an employer. As my work was done so badly it was only right that I should do it again, and I ought to make up overtime for my stupidity. Only I am afraid I cannot do so to-day."

"I can now understand your show-

ing compassion to those convicts, for I feel as great a villain as any of them. I shall never think of this morning without compunction. If I had had the sense of an owl I should have known that you were altogether unfit for work to-day, you who have worked so well on other days. But you must make a little excuse for me when I tell you that I too am unhinged this morning."

"I am sorry for that."

"Perhaps you would not like it if I told you suddenly that I was going to employ another young lady as typist, and if I gave her a far better room and larger pay, and transferred all my confidential letters to her, giving you only the drudgery."

"I am sure that I should dislike it very much, and should probably make myself very disagreeable."

"I suppose none of us like being left out in the cold. This is my only excuse. I shall keep these papers as a remembrance of my ill temper."

He gathered them up in spite of her remonstrance. "What time are you going to the station?"

"At one o'clock."

"Then you will have no lunch?"

"I can eat biscuits."

BUT at half past twelve he brought in a daintily spread luncheon tray, which he had ordered apparently for himself, and insisted on her taking something. This was a work of difficulty as appetite had failed her, but, with the assistance of some champagne, she succeeded in eating sufficient to propitiate him.

"Now," he said, "I daren't go home to lunch after this, as the tray is supposed to be for me; besides I am very busy, so it will be convenient, for I also could not do my work this morning. You must let me finish your lunch in here."

He seated himself by the fire as he spoke and placed the tray on his knee. He saw that her nervousness had come on again and he was resolved not to leave her alone until she started for the station.

"You will want another plate and glass and knife and fork."

He laughed. "Anything is good enough for me. These will do exceedingly well."

As a matter of fact he had both clean glasses and plates in his own cupboard, for it was no unusual thing for him to lunch in his office.

"Now," he said, when he had finished, "it is time for you to go. And send Mr. Jackson to me whenever you like; I shall be here."

He spoke the name as if it were that of a friend, and Mary knew that he would make no further allusion to the fact of its being assumed.

"She plays on me as if I were the keys of that typewriter," he said to himself when she had gone, "and what the upshot of this business will be I'm sure I don't know."

There was a knock at the door. It was his father who entered.

"It's many a long day since you came here," said Ronald, "is anything wrong?"

"No, nothing. I thought I'd look in and see why you didn't come to lunch."

"I am far too busy."

"You are working too hard. Why you haven't given up a single day to hunt, and you always used to."

"I prefer remaining here." And this was literally true. His love for Mary had even outbalanced his love of hunting, and devotion could no further go.

"And how's this typist of yours getting on, poor old soul?"

Again there was a merry twinkle in Mr. Westlake's eye.

"She isn't so very old."

"Or very ugly."

"You have seen her." And Ronald laughed, for there was an infinitely good understanding between father and son.

"Yes, I have. Come, introduce me."

"I can't. She is gone now."

"Let me see her room."

There seemed no reasonable ground for refusal, especially as Mr. Westlake owned the entire premises and was Senior Partner, still his son opened the door with great reluctance.

(To be continued.)



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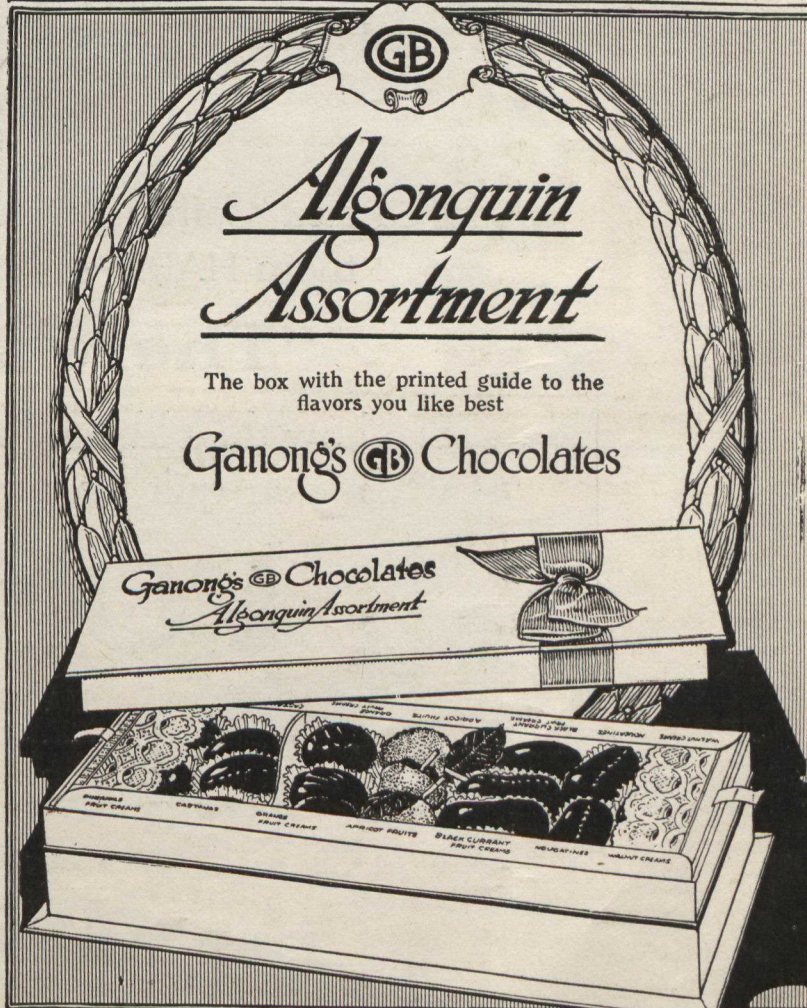
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"I can now understand your show-



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