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No. 1

WHO IS SECOND MAN UP

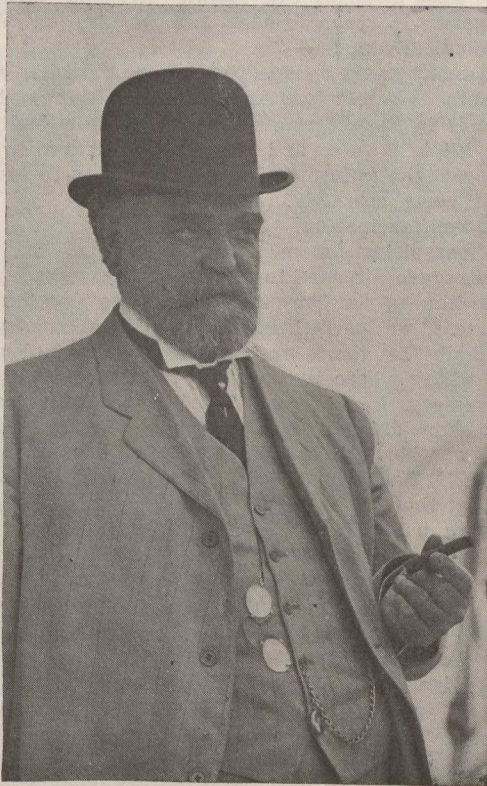
To Sir Wilfrid?

HAZARD NUMBER ONE

A Conservative Opinion

By PAUL BILKEY

**Press Gallery Correspondent in Ottawa
 for the *Mail and Empire*, and therefore
 capable of seeing a Liberal second
 man up in political perspective**



Hon. William Pugsley was born in Sussex, N.B., where his father, William, of U. E. Loyalist descent, farmed a few acres. He was educated at the Sussex public school, at the University of New Brunswick. Beginning at the age of 21 he became attorney-at-law, barrister, reporter for the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, member of the Legislature, Speaker of the House, resigned and was re-elected, became Solicitor-General; resigned again, and some years later re-entered politics as M. L. A. for Sussex Co., and Attorney-General, afterwards Premier of the Province. In 1907 he was elected to the House of Commons for St. John City and County, became a Minister of Public Works in the Laurier Cabinet, retaining that position until 1911 when he became a member of the Opposition.

To determine the qualifications which the new leader ought to possess, it is necessary to look en passant (bilingual!) at the political situation in which he will play his part, using the term "political" in the wide sense. The Parliament of Canada is in for a period of real work, the successful performance of which will mean much to the future of the country. The whole national economy is to be overhauled.

FOLLOWING is the first of what we expect to be a series of six articles on the above title. We believe that the people of Canada in both parties are interested in the question of who is to lead either party in the next shuffle for that position. The series begins with the opinions of the *Mail and Empire* correspondent, formerly of the *Toronto Telegram*—in the Ottawa Press Gallery. The other five articles will also be by men who on both sides of politics send to some of the chief Canadian newspapers the news of Parliament. The choice of press gallery writers for the authorship of these articles is based upon experience. The men whose daily business several months in the year is not only to gather news of Parliament, but to size up the men and the leaders in the House, are parliamentary experts on the outside—or ought to be. In the practical working of party government it becomes necessary for political leaders to keep in close touch, not merely with their own cabinet members and lieutenants, but quite as much with those who are the middle-men between Parliament and people.

It may be asked, then, why not choose Liberal writers to prognosticate on Liberal second men up and vice versa? The answer is—that if a man were to write his opinions about a leader on his own side of the House, he might require to write a book instead of an article.—Editor's Note.

In All Seriousness, Why Not Pugsley?

ASSUME that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will relinquish the Liberal leadership, which seems to be inevitable, in view of his statement to the Quebec electorate in 1911, that he would never again lead an Opposition.

There must be a successor, because all packs have leaders. Who is it to be? It is fair, perhaps, to confine the search to the group of Liberal ex-ministers, in and out of Parliament, who still consider themselves to be in politics. There are, of course, some good men in the further back ranks of the Opposition, but they have probably reached their hydraulic level. Personally they are good fellows, and several of them are men of ability, but, speaking in the language of fuse inquiries, they don't seem to function properly. Maybe it is the fault of the propellant, or maybe the gauges were at fault, and we all know by now that the modern projectile cannot be one hundred per cent. efficient unless all these matters have been made the subject of expert study. At any rate, we can say that, as political leaders, these gentlemen are likely to be among the very late deliveries. Put them, therefore, aside.

What about the ex-ministers? For the purpose of this argument, Liberal ex-ministers who were not in office immediately prior to the incident of Sept. 21, 1911, are not included. That excludes Sir Clifford Sifton, which is important. Had he remained, with his hearing unimpaired, many things might have been different, and the occasion for this article would, possibly, not have arisen—at this late date.

It is also reasonable, or seems so, to remove from the reckoning, those Liberal ex-ministers who do not occupy seats in Parliament at this time. You can't stick your head in at the window and lead a political party to anything, except, perhaps, the window.

That narrows the circle. We arrive at the ex-ministers who bobbed up after the wreck and now occupy half a dozen seats in the front row to the left of Mr. Speaker. Which brings us to Dr. Pugsley. There are reasons for not considering the others. The others are the reasons.

The war and the transportation situation are making that necessary. There are, moreover, influences at work which seem to threaten or to promise—take which ever way you like—changes in the scheme of Canadian confederation.

But don't let's get too serious about it, because, after all, we are discussing the choice of a party leader. The point we were making is that the problems that are in prospect will require the attention of men with brains, and whatever else the Hon. William Pugsley, K.C., D.C.L., member for St. John City, hasn't got, nobody can deny that he possesses ability. That, then, being the principal requirement, Dr. Pugsley seems to be the man.

It would, of course, be a change, but that is the order of creation. Change is not undesirable if it is progressive. Anyhow, a change is a rest. Nobody knows that better than Dr. Pugsley himself. His public career has been long and varied. He knows to which party he belongs, having tried both. In that respect he possesses a decided advantage over Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was always a Liberal of the Old School and a disciple of Cobden and Bright. His school days have, of course, been over for some time.

DR. PUGSLEY has not the Laurier eloquence, but he is a fluent and clever speaker. Intelligent fluency is more in demand than the old style of picturesque oratory, which is falling into disuse and disrepute, as indicated by the expression "hot air." Eloquence is a rich diet which fails to satisfy the appetite, while often disordering the stomach of a public which is becoming more and more politically dyspeptic. Pugsley's pepsin is better.

The new leader, it may be said further, is a man of dignified, not to say majestic presence. He is affable to a degree. As a political asset his handshake is unsurpassed, his smile unequalled. He seldom, if ever, refuses a request. The Department of Public Works, during his regime as Minister, was a veritable land of promise, many of which were kept.

In the national work that is to be done, Dr. Pugsley's undoubted capacity would be of decided value to the state, if exercised by him as leader of his party. Nobody has the right to assume that he would not exercise it for anything but the furtherance of the national welfare. Sir George Foster has outlined a scheme for so organizing the resources of the country as to increase the wealth of the Dominion by utilizing even what are now waste materials. Dr. Pugsley put that principle into effect years ago. Take the case, for instance, of sawdust.

Without tying up to that wharf for any length of time, let us enumerate some more of the real qualifications of Dr. Pugsley for the promotion which seems to be coming. He is a man of infinite resource. He knows all about politics and policies. In his public life he has had fat years as well as lean years, though you mightn't think it to see him. He was Premier of his native province, New Brunswick. His college career was adorned with gold medals and papered with scholarships. He is a lawyer of eminence. As a parliamentarian he occupies a position of peculiar prominence. He is a master of procedure. He knows the political history of Canada as few men know it. He brings to the discussion of public questions an understanding which commands the attention of all, and particularly of his opponents. He is still young at sixty-five, is as full of fight and energy as he ever was, and will bring to the Liberal leadership the benefit of a brilliant mind as well as of a ripe experience.

TAKING THE WAR-CURE FOR EFFICIENCY

WE used to have a disease in this country which acted on business men, house-keepers and even students and "killed" not a few of the very best. The first symptom was a general feeling of uneasiness in the mind of the victim. He felt that things were somehow not going as they should go: that he was not accomplishing as much as he should. This led to the second symptom which, in the case of a business man, was a tendency to buzz and splutter around the office like a dog chasing his tail, or a hen hurrying in out of a sudden shower. The third symptom was usually the writing of a letter to some other stranger, inviting the said stranger to come to the office and tell the manager how to run his business. In the case of the house-keeper and the student equivalent follies took place. The progress of the disease after that needs no describing. Some few victims recovered without going any farther. Most of them went neck or nothing through the whole process of becoming "efficient." The business man engaged the stranger at something like, say, one hundred dollars a day—and expenses, including taxicabs and chicken-a-la-King luncheons. The stranger then went over the office, or factory, or whatever it was, and asked questions which nobody—not even the manager's own wife—would have dared ask about the business. He poked his finger into everybody's pie, got all the sub-managers up in the air, and made a report at the end of, say, the tenth day, showing how the profits were leaking out of that business. The report was sometimes useful, but as often as not it wasn't. The disease ended when the victim himself got sick of timing his own breathing and trying to do his dictation in half an hour instead of two hours, or when the human patience of his best assistants burned out like an over-worked fuse in an electric lighting circuit. At any rate the epidemic passed over about the fall of 1914. The name of the disease was "Efficiency." It made more easy money for nosey wanderers and frazzled the nerves of more business men, stenographers and wives than makes comfortable contemplating. It got into kitchens and railways and hospitals and abattoirs and ice-cream cone salesmanship.

It was the Prussianization of work—trying to make an office goose-step and a clock-work system of salesmanship or frying eggs—and like other kinds of Prussianism, it failed. It failed—and the people of Canada are to-day many times as efficient as they were when the experts were fulminating against one thing and another. When seven men turn out once and a half as much work as eight of them used to turn out, it stands to reason that the seven have become more efficient. When you find that seven million men and women in Canada are doing to-day more work than it took eight million to handle two or three years ago, it means that Canada is becoming more efficient. It is becoming so highly efficient that factory and office managers appear to have no more time for fooling with fads. The efficiency expert has either had to crawl home to the United States or learn book-keeping and stenography in a Canadian business college. With a quarter million men in the army and thousands of fair-weather boosters out of sight till the next boom comes—which we hope it won't—the Dominion of Canada has pounded more brass tacks than it ever aimed at before. Our exports are up not only in value, but in volume. We have increased our efficiency by throwing out the hired thinker and by starting to think for ourselves.

Of course our present state of efficiency isn't comfortable—particularly when it involves helping the wife wash the dinner dishes. Our former glorious inefficiency was much more like a dress rehearsal on the gilt harps of the hereafter. But it works out in interesting ways.

COMING down from Winnipeg once there was a young man on the observation platform talking the gospel of "method" and "economy" to three or four credulous listeners. He drew illustrations for his points from almost any casual sight along the right-of-way as it whirled away behind us.

"Look at that broken door!" he exclaimed, pointing at a loosely-hanging slide-door on the side of a freight-car—the car was one in a west-bound freight lying at a siding to let the express through. "Look at that door! If this was an economical country and an efficient railway that door wouldn't be allowed to hang loose like that. It would be fixed—prooto!"

"Why?" said one of us.

"Because probably a dozen train-men will waste

five minutes each trying to get that door open or closed. Probably—" and so on.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Do you see how the fireman on that freight engine is wasting coal? Look at the black smoke! Isn't that waste! If our firm were hired by this railway it would inaugurate a system to teach firemen how to fire an engine economically and—"

In many cases he was right about Canadian wastefulness. He told how inefficient the average housewife is in the plotting of her work; how badly laid out kitchens are, and what awful tragedies have followed the failure of business concerns to estimate their costs correctly.

It was fascinating.

A perspiring fat man on the back of that train finally gave his card to the expert and asked him to look him up in Toronto as soon as possible. His business, we learned, had to do with a laundry, and no doubt he got it systematized and efficiency-ed. But to-day where is that expert? Office manager in a brewery, I hear, and that brewery office isn't a whit more efficient than the others. Strenuous financial weather has taught Canadians how to be efficient. It has improved the state of Canadian society so that there is no longer as much waste man-power leaking out a hole called "efficiency-expert." The expert is at real work.

In the old days, before the saw-mills and the saw-dust killed the trout out of the rivers, those pretty little fish were too plentiful to be used economically. Our forefathers wasted them. With scarcity came game laws, for skillful fishing and indeed more careful preparation of the fish for the table. A man who has ten days to write a letter may dawdle over it. A country that lived very largely on borrowings and NEXT year's grain crop naturally dawdled. A tremendous proportion of our Canadian population took up positions midway between the farmer on the one hand and the manufacturer on the other hand—middlemen. A reliable arithmetician once counted over eight hundred real estate agents' telephones in the telephone book in Vancouver—it was a work of perverse curiosity. These lilies of the field, so long guiltless of toil or spinning, and their kindred in other Canadian cities are now mostly working at real production. The real secret of the high cost of living in Canada was the horrible disproportion between producers and consumers; we had steadily increased the number of our city dwellers and just as steadily decreased the number of farmers. This meant inevitable inefficiency. The war has corrected it. A retired farmer who was selling Point Grey lots in Vancouver three years ago, is back on his Ontario farm, watching things for harvest time. There are thousands of cases like his.

And to-day we are using up our men much better—and the women. Five years ago a man with white hair was supposed to retire to the fire-side and thumb over his recollections. The demand was for young men and young men only. We advertised for "pep"



By BRITTON B. COOKE

and "ginger." We were careless about experience. In short, we "wasted" some of the best years of our men and one of the best assets of the business world, Experience.

Now, one of the first signs of our improved state of living is the disappearance of the husky furnace man. That mysterious person whose habitat was side-entrances, cellars and kitchen steps of half the houses of the neighbourhood, melted away shortly after the outbreak of war. Some of them went to war—and won distinction in the trenches. Where the others went I don't know. But last fall a man of sixty applied for the privilege of nursing our furnace—and he was club-footed at that.

"I used to do this work before," he explained, "but the younger fellows drove me to mending chair bottoms. Now that the war's on, I have another chance. . . . Where do I find the shovel? . . ."

There was no reason why the lame man should not have been tending those furnaces all along. The people whose chairs he mended probably mend their own now, or are more careful of them, or give the work to a blind man.

This same ashman's wife came out of her elderly seclusion this spring to help her old man take out a winter's accumulation of ashes from a certain rich man's house. Both over sixty! Why should they have been relegated to chair-mending and rheumatism before, when they felt like working and needed it? Why should not our younger men have been engaged on better work than the tending of furnaces?

Kitchen efficiency? The women's pages of the daily papers overflow with suggestions for economy. There are fewer servants, less funds and higher prices to be contended with. All the patent cupboards and breathless systems of household economy so dear to the efficiency lecturer have given way to the gently forceful direction of sterner times and labour shortage. A certain Toronto man recently confessed with a queer combination of pride and reluctance that he had to miss a lodge meeting because his wife was ill, the maid had left and the dishes were heaped a foot high in the kitchen sink. He had washed them

This, too, means efficiency!

TWO Montreal architects met.

"Busy?" said one.

"— as the d—!"

"So'm I."

Both lied in intent, though not in fact. Neither had really much new work on hand, but both were short-handed. Instead of going to the office at ten and quitting at three to go to the golf club, both these men were running their offices with inadequate assistance and therefore working hard. One had two draughtsmen, a stenographer and a boy. The other had only one draughtsman. Every one of them was more efficient than two years ago.

In another field of industry conditions have improved. Take the mechanic. He is now most likely working on munitions. Not only is he doing, on the whole, more accurate work, but he is working faster. A shell has to be turned "true" to a thousandth part of an inch, and it is in the interests of the employers and the government to see that they are turned out in record time. To secure speed many of the factories in Canada are working on the bonus system. If the total output of a certain factory is, say, ten thousand shells in a week, that may be taken as an average. The men are then paid at a rate based on that output. If, however, they can raise the output to fifteen thousand or double ten thousand they are bonussed a certain per cent. of their wages. In some factories the men get as much as 100 per cent. bonus some weeks. This is not only helping solve the munition problem. It is making the men and managers work with greater efficiency.

Will it last?

Who knows! But it looks as though it might. There will be more men here after the war. But there won't be such oodles of money to be had, lying around for any and every wild-cat venture. There will be plenty of work, no doubt, after the reorganization has been carried out, but there will be plenty of men demanding work and plenty of employers looking to it that they get the maximum of efficiency from their employees. On the other hand, business competition will keep the employer himself efficient, on pain of failure. More than that, efficiency or inefficiency get to be matters of habit. We have the higher efficiency habit at present. It is fair to assume that we may keep it.

GOD SAVE KING GEORGE V!



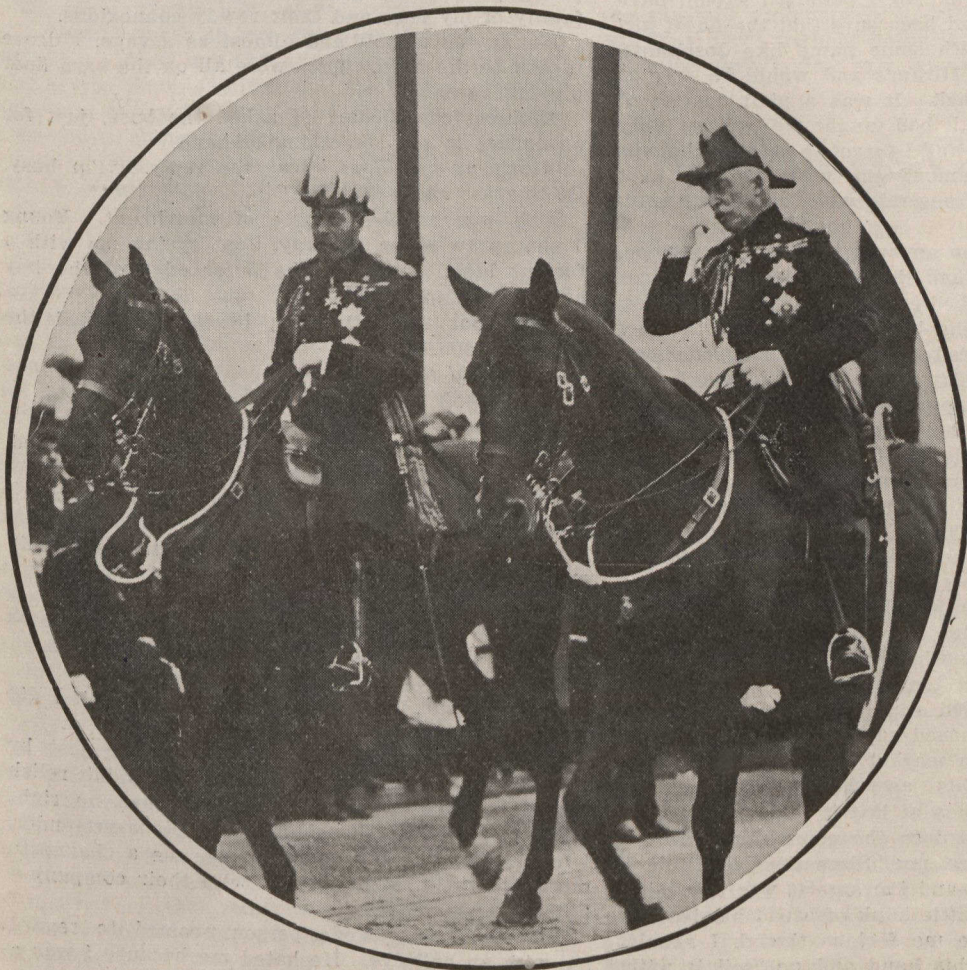
Three thousand Canadian soldiers drawn up in the spectacle on Fletcher's Field, in Montreal, for review by the King's representative and Royal Uncle, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, one of the most inspiring pictures of enthusiasm for King and Empire ever seen in Canada.

clude that we were about to revise the B. N. A. Act and begin to be an overseas spectacle instead of an efficient overseas dominion.

So when Canadian democracy pays its respects to King George and the Emperor of India there is no need to go into long-winded eulogies regarding the personality of the King. We know King George pretty well in this country. He has been here twice: in 1901, when he was the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, and in 1908, when he was present at the Tercentenary Celebration in Quebec. In 1901 he was on a tour of the Empire which he wanted to see at first hand for himself. King Edward had seen most of it—but not all. Queen Victoria had seen none of it, outside of Great Britain and the dependencies near by. As a sailor in the Royal Navy, Prince George got his first sensations of the Empire, which he carried into effect when he made the first tour in 1901. When he visited Quebec at the Tercentenary he saw an historic spectacle, the nearest approach to a Durbar we ever had. He saw two races united in a common impulse. He went about the King's business on that occasion with true democratic despatch. The French-Canadians saw in him a coming King as profoundly as any Anglo-Canadians. French-Canadians are more in sympathy with the idea of Kingship than most Frenchmen are. France did away with Kings when she consented to make a hermit of Napoleon. French Canada has never been without a monarch.

In wishing King George many happy returns, we do so in behalf of a people who hope that he will long be permitted to "reign over us" just in the way that he is doing. And in expressing our allegiance to that kind of monarchy we mean what we say when we sing "God Save the King!"

AS the date on this issue of the Courier is the King's Birthday, we take this opportunity of extending to His Majesty—Greetings! The fact that he will probably never see the paper that contains the courtesy makes no difference. Kings do not exist to be treated familiarly by their—subjects we were going to say, but that doesn't fit the case. We don't imagine that King George takes much stock in our assumption that we are subjects. About the only part of the Empire where that notion seems to have much acceptance is India. The dark men of the Himalayas and the Ganges would scarcely know themselves as anything but subjects. They would probably cease to respect the King if he failed to regard them as subjects. Hence the Durbar. But we have no Durbars in Canada. And we are not subjects. We call ourselves citizens. Whether we clearly know what the term implies makes no difference to the democratic idea involved. If we should ever devise a Durbar in Canada with H. R. H. the Duke as the chief figure, the King would very likely con-



In the good old days just before the war, King George and the Duke of Connaught looked like this when they rode out to review the artillery at Woolwich. But the guns they inspected that day if drawn up in the British artillery of 1916 would look a bunch of files on a large Canadian log-heap.

"BLOW TRUMPET"

(With acknowledgments to Lord Tennyson)
By GLADYS E. GIBBON

BLOW Trumpet, the world is filled with strife,
Blow Trumpet and give our nation life,
Blow through the conflict grand!
Long live the King!
Shall Austrian or Teuton rule our land?
Flash bayonet and hurl bomb, guard trench with sand,
Thrust bayonet and press on!
Defend the King!
Strike for the King and live. His subjects know
That God hath given great deeds to sow.
Stand square and fight!
Let right prevail.
Blow Trumpet, break through with every thrust!
Blow Trumpet, their gasses are but dust,
Pull helmet low, reach parapet—
Let the King reign!
Strike for the King and die; it is for glory.
Does not the King of old live long in story?
Launch submarine and mine!
Let freedom reign!
Blow, for our nation is at war.
Blow and recall our deeds of yore!
Charge trench, make no retreat!
God will prevail!
Our Empire stands for thoughts sublime;
Nor shattered by the shocks of time
In which is destiny Divine
God Save the King!

Acadia Ladies' Seminary, Wolfville, N.S.

MY FIRST QUARTERLY MEETING

By JAKE THE GROWLER
Elucidated by Augustus Bridle

BOUNCING myself from Boss Plugit, as recorded in my 24th of May pastoral last week, didn't land me up to the eyes in a bonanza. In fact there are times even yet when I half think it would have been better if I had hung on to that primal, undoubted Methodist instead of hiring out to Hiram Buckle, the man who took no kind of stock in a God because he had a brother who was a local preacher and whom he accused of swapping him a doped horse.

Hiram was an agricultural unbeliever. But he never had brains enough to convince me that I was a "sucker," as he called it, for letting the recording steward of Ebenezer Church take \$5 a year out of me for the preacher's salary. Now I come to think of it, one of the reasons Hiram had a grudge against religion was that once upon a time his father had donated a church lot to the Ebenezer folk at the corner of the side-road and the concession line that ran along the edge of the lake—one of those large lakes between Canada and the United States. Hiram never got over the idea that the quarter of an acre still belonged to him and that if he took a strenuous notion he could order the Ebenezerites either to move the church and the horse-shed off or pay him for the land and all the crops he had lost by not having it for ten years.

What made Hiram still more of a hard nut for the church folk to crack was that he had married into a saw-mill family out back that adhered to some sort of Universalist church, drank whisky and played euchre on Sundays. Hiram's wife's brethren and their portable saw-mill gang used to spend quite a few of their summer Sundays at Hiram's house and barn, because regularly once a week they felt it part of their religion to go for a swim, starting at ten o'clock, just as the Ebenezerites were coming to church. They usually trolloped into Hiram's for dinner and to spend the afternoon—as a general thing playing either poker or euchre in Hiram's hay-mow until sundown, when they went gallivanting back the side-road into the bush.

Hiram had no end of beguilement with these rou h-necks. More than once, just for a little exercise, he had "rasseled side-holt" two of the most rambunctious cant-hookers in the gang and whopped both of them together on the barn-floor in five minutes. Hiram was a powerful muscularity. Whenever he and the gang from Bluntville got together I always realized that I was in the midst of a high-powered company who could knock the spots off any equal number of bushwhackers from anywhere, even Bricker's Corners.

But I never had much respect for Tode Blunt, the youngest brother-in-law of Hiram, who was about my own age, an inch taller and a very scurrilous young person, never so happy as when there was a probability of a row.

NOW of course it was bound to happen that the Sunday of the August quarterly meeting at Ebenezer, being a very warm day, the whole Blunt saw-mill gang should come traipsing out for a swim. I had been hankering to see it a cool, cloudy Sunday, with a high wind off the lake rolling in whitecaps, so that the quarterly meeting should not be distracted by the swimming gang as they went down to the lake.

"Hedges!" sniggered Hiram, as he beheld me tagging up for church. "Hope you ain't goin' to take communion in that rigout?"

"All I got other is overalls," he was reminded, in a tone that felt to self much like saying "go to the devil," which was maybe what I tacitly meant.

And as I trudged away out the side-road towards the white-washed church on the fag-end of Hiram's farm I inwardly decided I should have need of all the sustaining grace of Ebenezerism when I got back among the saw-mill gang for dinner. It was the end of oat-harvest; a grasshoppering Sunday of parched grass and long lines of dust from the rigs that came jaunting in from all over that circuit of five churches scattered over half a township. What a congress of the elect! The church was hedged round with every sort of farm rig except lumber-waggons, and there was a row of them along the flat-ditch side of the road.

My heart went hippety-hop as I stowed my awkward clothing into a far rear corner back from the large box stove. The place was so full that some of the brethren in calfskin leg boots under their trousers had to go out and lug in boards which they toggled up on stove-wood near the door; and even then a number stood on the stoop as the first hymn was struck up on the little organ, played by a music

teacher who used to go round on horseback to give lessons. The choir of nine, including one diligent bass singer, with a voice like a sliver on a rail, led off on the grand old uplifter, "Joy to the World, the Lord is come!" to the tune Antioch. On the repeat part, "heaven and nature sing," Dave Murdock's voice did a fine lot of pounding on the bass while the rest were hanging on to a long note. They sang the whole five verses in a way that caused cold creeps to go up and down the warm of my back and the roots of my perspiring hair. And just as the last line came to a grand finish—

My hair felt to be standing on end as I heard from the road fence a barnyard cacophony of scurrilous laughter, followed by a general glance of the congregation at the west windows as they went to prayer. And as the minister began to give thanks for all the fat pleasantries those godly folk had managed to extract from bush farms by the sweat of their brows and their shirt-fronts, the boots of the saw-mill gang went thudding across the lake road into the sumachs at the mouth of Hiram Buckle's gully. Those ungodly ones knew it was hot in the church and that a good half of the male part of the crowd would have been glad of a soasing swim.

It must have been a long service. But it was hugely impressive. Stout mothers and gay-hatted, red-cheeked girls fanned themselves with Sunday-school Banners and anything else that came handy. Sunburned fathers, many of whom were as foreign as Greeks to me, gazed at the patient preacher—a thin-jawed, pale-faced, cool-looking man—while great beads of sweat trickled down inside their celluloid collars. Thank heaven, as I was next the wall, nobody could see mine.

The sermon was just about done when I observed through the windows the cleaned-up saw-mill gang go booting back the side-road to Hiram's house for dinner—among them young Tode. And I was suddenly reminded that I was still in a world of aboriginal sin. I had some feeble hope that if the communion and fellowship service, at the close of the regular, was only long enough, those blasphemers might be all through with dinner and off back to the saw-mill before I got home.

Let it be clearly understood that it was no dread of the gang that decided me to stay for communion and fellowship service. No, I believe I should have remained even if I had been sure that the finest girl in two townships, with some name like Josephine, had been visiting at Hiram's and would be sure to leave before I got back. It was a plain matter of doing what Boss Plugit had taught me was my duty on such an occasion—and I forgot to say that he was there large as life among the majority who kept their seats while the neutrals went clattering away home.

Plugit and I were on an even keel in that service. Now that the crowd had thinned out I got a better view of the white-clothed table inside the communion rail and just under the hang of the pulpit. When the preacher uncovered the things that somebody had shined up yesterday afternoon, the church was so quiet that the stamping of the horses among the bot-flies sounded like bangs of distant thunder. On a silver plate was a heap of little hunks of bread. In a silver tankard or something resembling a pitcher there was half a gallon of good grape wine. One of the good brethren from up the shore grew the grapes of that wine. I somehow felt as though I never wanted to live very close to him, because he would seem to be just like a lot of other just human church folk that I knew; and I preferred to imagine that the man who grew the Lord's grapes, as well as the woman that baked the Lord's bread was a very high-souled sort of person who never danged anything or turned any kind of sharp corner in a horse dicker or a market deal.

Some such thoughts as these were running through my noodle when at last it came my turn to pick up and go forward to the communion rail. I heard some thick voice say "Bless the Lord!" as I knelt on the cushion—and I'm sure it was the voice of Boss Plugit. The little hunk of bread handed me by the preacher made me feel as though I should have eaten it out of his hand and not soil it with my own hot paw. His broad-cloth trousers and long, black coat made me feel peculiarly subdued; and when the wine-cup got mysteriously to my lips I had my eyes shut in a sort of trance, hearing strange

words of priestly solemnity that made me feel as though I never should so much as sneeze again in this life.

I went back to my corner seat without seeing a face in the room. And I scarcely came back to myself before the fellowship service was well under way; all sorts of folk getting up to tell the rest of us what the Lord had done for them and what they intended to do for the Lord before the end of a praying life. Boss Plugit, I remember, made one of the best speeches. He always hit the nail on the head; admitting that he was in some respects a mean old blotch on creation, but that he hoped the brethren would help to pray him out of it.

AT last it was all over and the people talking to each other in common, every-day language, laughing and jabbering about the weather and the crops and the plagued grasshoppers. Out on the stoop I waited for a moment to notice how everybody seemed to be asking somebody else and as many as possible to go for dinner. But nobody asked me, and if anybody had, even if he had nothing for me to ride on but the axle of his old buggy—I am willing to gamble now that I would have gone along and been glad of the chance to walk all the way home.

But I had to boot it back the side-road to Hiram's house, in a dusty, hot world, that didn't seem to be run on communion principles. When I got there the gang had all been to dinner and were sprawled in their saw-mill duds on the shady side of the house smoking and telling stories. It took more moral courage to pass that gang than it ever did to go forward in a church. They relapsed into a dead silence. All eyes were turned on me—and young Tode stared the hardest. I had to step off the path to avoid his boots, which he stuck out to see me trip over them.

"Spouse you had all you wanted to eat at the church?" ventured Hiram, sarcastically.

That brought a chorus of haw-haws. I went in. "I don't want any dinner," I said, glumly, to Mrs. Hiram, washing the dishes like a slave.

I went up to my room and sat on the floor. The gang went to the barn. I changed my clothes. It seemed like putting off my religion—whatever that was. Then what? If I had been left to myself I'd have picked a few apples and gone to the bush.

But I wasn't left to myself. I knew very well the gang expected me to go to the barn. If I didn't they would regard me as a sanctimonious young person, too good to mix with the marriage family of my boss and their rowdy connexions.

Hungry as a wolf and almost as savage, I drove myself to the barn. They were all on the barn floor playing cards.

"Horses fed, Hiram?" I asked the boss, just for an excuse to say something off-hand.

"Don't ax questions," was the reply. "I'm busy. Go to grass and eat clover."

This was another source of merriment. Young Tode, sprawled on the hay, kept eyeing me with a furious look. I sat on the outer edge of the hay and hugged my knees.

"Got your duds changed, I see," remarked the young person.

I made no reply.

"Why don't you go in for a swim?" he asked.

I chewed a spear of timothy.

"Spouse that 'ud be breakin' the Sabbath?" he added.

I shelled a timothy head.

"Gosh! grasshoppers are thick in this barn," I ventured, neutrally.

"Spouse you told your experience at the fellowship meetin'?" suggested Tode.

PERHAPS he noticed me grinding my teeth as the timothy-stalk vanished into my mouth.

"What did you tell 'm?" he insisted.

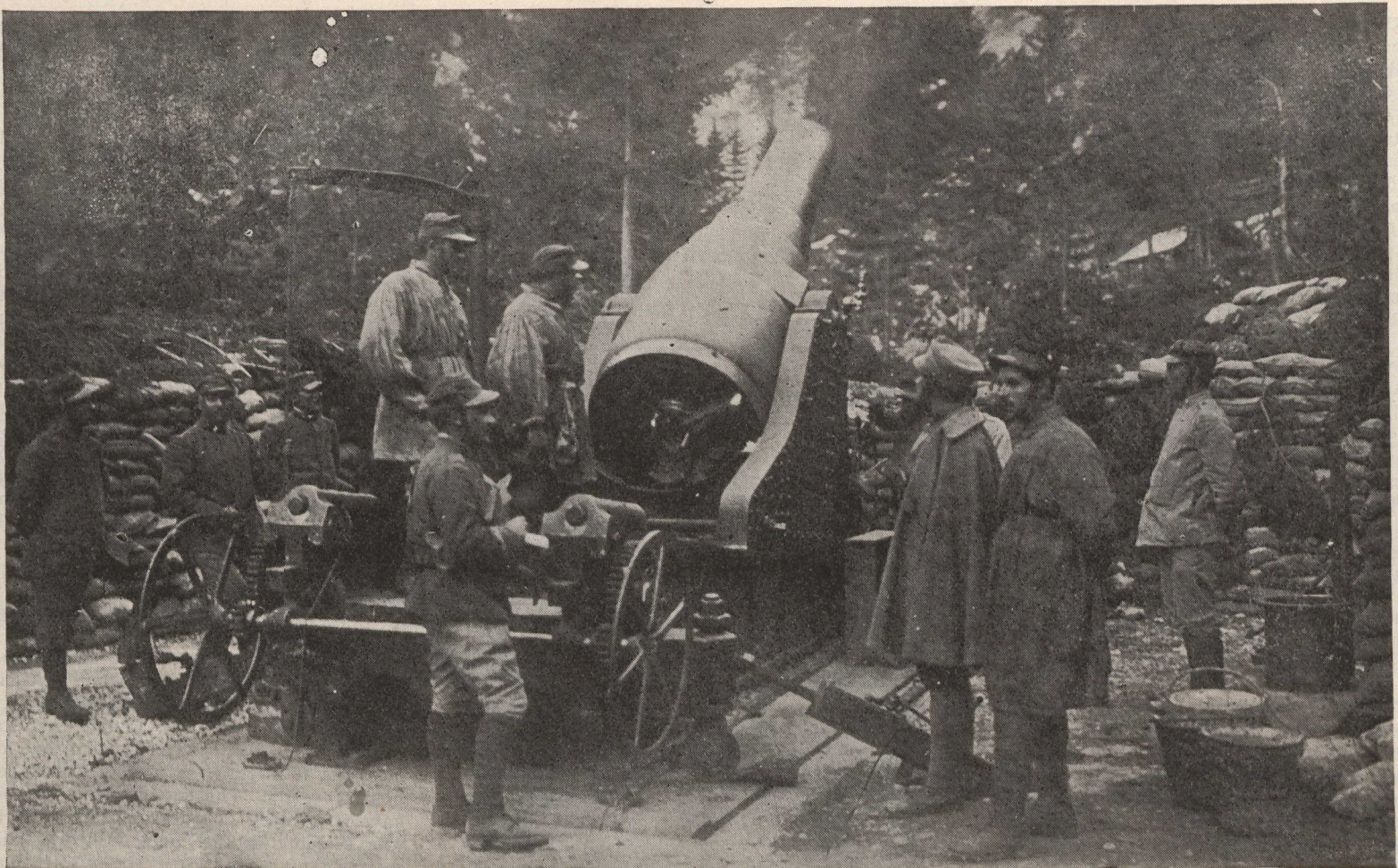
"I didn't tell 'm anything," said I. "And if I did it ain't any of your business as I can see."

Now, I could have kept out of trouble just by going away to the bush, but somehow I didn't relish the idea of doing it. Those people had no right to stand me off as though I were a pious pretender. I felt as though they ought to give me a chance to mix what little religion I had with their company—because they needed it.

But this young Tode person seemed to regard me with an evil eye. He hated me because I was a churchite, and because he was just about my own age and one inch taller and thought he had a right to pry into my processes of thinking.

Seeing that I was getting my dander up, he came

HELPED IN A HOT FIGHT



Big as this Italian gun may seem, the Austrians, in their recent drive, have been able to bring still greater calibres to bear and have compelled a temporary retirement on the part of our southern allies. This gun has nevertheless proved itself of the greatest all-round usefulness in the mountain struggles on this front. It is easier to move, and under certain conditions practically as effective a military weapon as the greater calibres which for the moment gave the Austrians a heavy margin of initiative strength. This particular piece was in action near Goritz. It contributed to our keeping the enemy back on March 26th, on the heights N. W. of Goritz; and the next day a counter-attack was made on this spot and the Italians took five hundred and two prisoners—of whom eleven were officers—two machine guns and other material. This photo is exclusively from an officer and the story is from the mouth of the officer in the battle of that date.

at me with a lot of sidling remarks addressed to the card-players—about me and the likes of me; predicting among other items that I'd be a backslider one of these days.

"Not if I have to slide into the company of the likes o' you," I retorted, unchristianly.

"Oh—oh! That's how, eh?"

He took a lurch in my direction, leaning on my overalls. I drew my leg away, never having been fond of too much familiarity. He leaned over and whispered in my left ear that I was a something-or-other—quite unmentionable.

"And if you don't like that," he said out loud, "there's plenty more I kin call you."

"Hold y'r gab, Tode!" admonished Hiram—with a grin.

But I didn't invite him to take any part in the controversy. Just then I was quite regardless of anybody else in the barn, or of the fact that I had been at the communion rail that morning. Young Tode didn't realize that I could forget things like that so easily. He didn't know much about some Christians.

But when I landed him a wallop on the right jaw that sent him over next to the old fanning-mill he began to realize that a hungry church-goer with his dander up is a very human sort of person.

"Ding-dang you!" I sputtered, as I got up. "Come on, now; I'll take that starch out o' your collar, you—"

The rest of the language was not indecent, not profane. It was just too long-winded to be set down in this reminiscence. By the time I was done talking we were fair into a real scrimmage. In close embrace we succeeded in breaking up the card game. The rest of the gang stood by to look on, and to cheer whichever side seemed to be getting the worst of it. They were fair enough. I knew they wouldn't let Tode chew my ear, and I was very certain I had no desire to chew his.

I didn't know just what else I did or didn't do—till finally I got that young sooner down on his back, sat on his middle, pinned both his hands together and said:

"Now you skunk! Have you got enough?"

His face was considerably the worse for wear already, and my own was so hot that I didn't know how it looked. He mumbled something about letting

him up.

"All right," I said. "But next time you come at me for a scrimmage, don't do it on quarterly meeting Sunday, or I'll—"

All which Hiram agreed was good philosophy, but if I wanted to become an accredited member of the saw-mill commonwealth, free to fight and swear and play cards without bothering over a conscience, I'd better quit taking part in quarterly meetings.

A Fabulous Canadian

SORDID but humorous was a passage indirectly interesting to Canadians in the course of a recent bigamy trial in London. The defendant, Ann Jane Wharam, 31, of Westmount, Linthwaite, was committed for trial on a charge of marrying Douglas Clark, a well-known Northern Union International, Cumberland County, and Huddersfield football player, now a lance-corporal in the Army Service Corps, her husband, Private Richard Henry Wharam, being alive. Clark said that he met the prisoner in August last, when she told him "she was a single woman, that her name was Jennie Wharam, and that her father was General Wharam, of Grosvenor House, Pine Creek Valley, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, the owner of the largest lumber camp in Canada and a general in the United States army." This will amuse Moose Jaw or anybody who knows Moose Jaw, the inference that Moose Jaw is in the United States and in a timbered country is quite worthy of the old school novelists who wrote about Canada from the security of Stokes Poges or Dorking.

Brazil Will Pay Her Debts

THE fact that Brazil in the fall of 1914 defaulted on the interest on the public debt had a good deal to do with bringing the decline in the value of the milreis to below 10 that year. It is also apparent that the improving financial conditions in the Republic are responsible in the main for the present upward disposition. President Braz, of Brazil, according to a Rio despatch, has assured a French banker that the country will meet her obligations in full.



THE UBIQUITOUS AUTOGRAPH HUNTER.

The souvenir-hunter is always with us. He has penetrated even to Macedonia. In this picture General Sarrail is the victim. The Commander of the French Forces in Macedonia is seen signing his name in the autograph album of a bold little Greek boy while at a military review in Salonika.

THE PERSONALITY OF OUR NEWSPAPERS

OF all business enterprises the production of a successful newspaper is the most perplexing and most psychological problem in the world—even more so than publishing books or governing a country by democracy. Granted adequate capital and good business management, almost any business that caters to a real public need will spell that doubtful word known as success. Not so the newspaper. In this particular kind of business there are factors above capital, business efficiency and public need. In this sphere of production people do not always buy what they need, no matter how much money may be spent in a businesslike way in producing it.

You can see this exemplified in almost any city where newspapers are published. Buy the newspapers of the average city and look them over with a business eye. You will find one loaded up with advertisements, often to such an extent as to make the news appear a secondary affair. That paradoxically enough, is mute evidence of its success as a "news" paper. You will find another filled with interesting news matter while short on advertising, compared with its rival. That, paradoxically again, is evidence of more or less non-success as a "news" paper.

Here is another paradox. Both these newspapers may be performing a highly important function in the life of a community. Just as a well-organized Opposition is absolutely essential to the success of democratic government, so papers in opposition to each other are absolutely necessary to the healthy growth of public opinion. An unsuccessful newspaper, looked at from a strict dividend-earning point of view, is not necessarily a superfluous newspaper. How is it, then, that two newspapers, each important in the life of a community, may be so unequal from a business point of view? How is it that while one will support its owners in luxury, the other will have to be supported by its owners or their friends, or by both?

If you study the history of any successful newspaper—and by "successful" I mean the newspaper which, as a business proposition, gives an adequate return on the capital invested, quite apart from any form of subsidy—you will find that it has gained the outstanding position it occupies as the result of having at the back of it a man of outstanding personality. That man may be familiar personally to everybody in his community, or he may be comparatively unknown, even by name. But the paper will be instinct with his personality.

AMONG the comparatively few newspapers in Canada which are highly successful propositions a prominent place is occupied by the Montreal Star. And the Montreal Star is instinct with the personality of Sir Hugh Graham, who, from the day when he founded it, over thirty years ago, down to the present time, has been its guiding force.

Sir Hugh Graham is a most elusive personality. He does no personal advertising—never has. He hates to see his name in print, or to figure in public life. He seldom comes into the public view, except in the attacks of his opponents. He has few intimates, and to the vast majority even of the people of his own home city, let alone of Canada, he is but a name. Yet it is his personality alone which has built up the Montreal Star into one of the big papers of the continent and of the British Empire.

The Montreal Star has never been the organ of a party. It is often supposed to be a Conservative paper. There are those, for instance, who claim that it was primarily responsible for sending the present government into power. But not even those most appreciative of the services it rendered to the Conservative cause on that occasion would claim it as a Conservative paper, because while supporting the government one day, it may be in frank opposition to it the next. Thus, while it waged a tremendous campaign to put the present party into power, it came out in direct opposition to Premier Borden's first official act in power, namely the selection of his Cabinet. It declared that this bore evidence of "sinister influences."

The man behind the Star thus asserted himself in open opposition to the leader of his choice in the very moment of the triumph of the cause for which he had fought.

Because of the strength of his personality, absolute independence of judgment has always been so marked with Sir Hugh Graham, and through him of the Montreal Star, as to be almost a fetish. Never, even in the early days of desperate struggles for existence, would he allow his paper to be in any

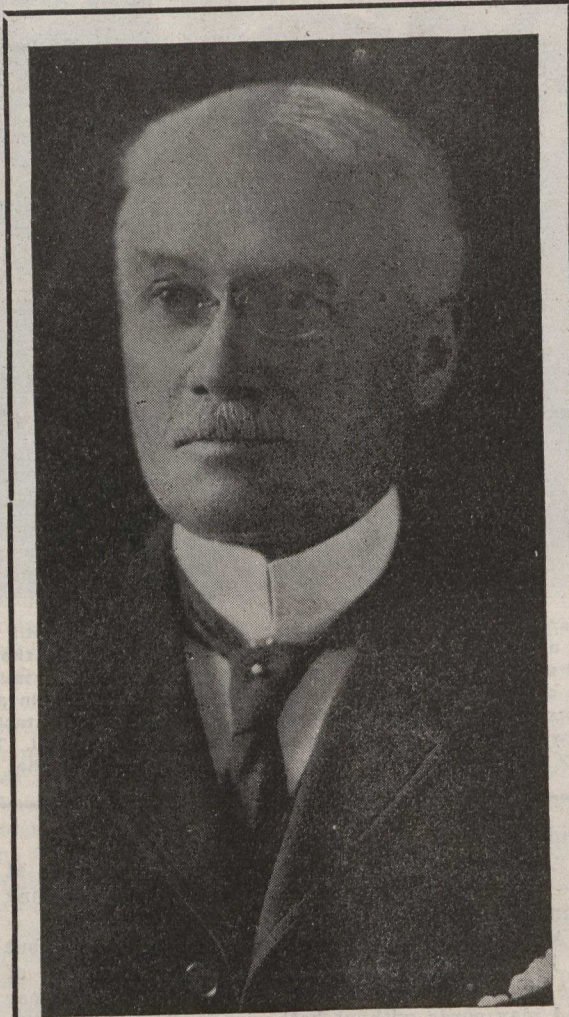
NEWSPAPERS

*A Popular Interest Series, With
a Varied National Turn*

Number One:

The Montreal Star

By C. LINTERN SIBLEY



Sir Hugh Graham, proprietor and founder of the Montreal Star; one of the first men in Canada to realize the news value of the Imperial idea.

way bound, or have his own hands tied, by any of the many forms of direct or indirect subsidy. The temptation must have been great, for those who knew him in those days say he often did not know from one day to another where the money was coming from to buy the paper to run off the next issue.

When the Montreal Star was first started the feeling between Protestants and Catholics in Montreal was, I understand, very strained. Sir Hugh Graham recognized that if an English-speaking paper in the city of Montreal was to be a real success, it must have the support of both Catholics and Protestants, for in this way it would gain readers among all the well-to-do French families, as well as secure the solid support of the Irish, a very important part of the community.

SO he set out to provide a newspaper on broad lines that would appeal to every class in the community, and that would especially appeal to the sympathies of a section whose support an esteemed contemporary had alienated, namely, the Irish Catholics. Thus among the earliest standing rules in the Montreal Star office was that the Star must never go to press without an item of news from Ireland in it. That rule holds good to the present day. No matter what issue of the Star you take up, in that issue you will find an item of news from Ireland—often a purely local news item. This is one of a weekly batch that comes in from the Star's Irish correspondent. A development of this catering to the Irish support is to be seen in the fact that Sir Hugh Graham has secured the Canadian rights of T. P. O'Connor's weekly cabled letter, and publishes

this every Saturday. Thus the Star has become an absolute necessity of every Irishman within its sphere of influence, whether he agrees with the paper's attitude and opinions on local or federal politics or not.

The same policy which has won and kept the support of the Irish has won and kept the support of possibly 95 per cent. of the English-speaking population in the city and district of Montreal, a very large proportion of the well-to-do French-Canadians, and a big list of out-of-town subscribers.

Just as Sir Hugh Graham sensed the binding value of news straight from Ould Ireland for such readers, so he sensed the value of Scotch news for Scotch, and Paris news for the French. For many years the Star has published a weekly letter from Scotland, written in the Scotch version of the English language, full of dialect and expressions such as would warm the cockles of a heart of stone—if it were Scotch. The Star's correspondent has often written pleading to be allowed to use English, but no! Sir Hugh comes from Scotch ancestry himself and he knows the value of real Scotch warm with the news and the speech of the bonnie hills o' hame. The Star's weekly letter from Paris is written by a lady, who combines the qualities of "flaneur" with an intimate knowledge of Canadian requirements.

IT is true, by getting right under the skin of its readers, no matter to what nation they may belong, that the Star has rallied both willing and unwilling to its support. People can agree with the Star, or they can disagree with it, but most of them have got to have it. Sir Hugh has made it a household necessity. The business man has been made to have it because he does not feel he is au fait with what's doing in the financial world unless he has seen what the Star has got on its financial page. The man interested in sports has been educated to regard the sport's page as an authority. The average reader wants the Star because it has a wonderful telegraphic service, and is bound to have the latest phase of whatever is important in the world's doings. The matron insists on having the Star because she wants to read the department store's advertisements. Servant girls and office boys want the Star because that is the paper which has specialized on short "wanted" advertisements. To parents an important recommendation has been that the Star is kept out-and-out British and free from vulgarity or Yankee slang.

Sir Hugh was one of the first men in Canada to realize the news value of the Imperial idea. When he set up a branch office in London and went to the heavy expense of having his own London correspondent cable over special news every day to bind Great Britain and Canada in more intimate bonds of mutual interest, he struck a very sympathetic cord in the hearts of all who were proud of their British ancestry. I believe the Star was the first paper in Canada to have an independent cable service of its own, and thus to offset the effect of British news colored for consumption in the United States. That alone gave the Star a wonderful hold on the people, and greatly enlarged its prestige throughout Canada.

SIR HUGH'S interest in Imperialism did not stop at appreciation of its news value. He is an out-and-out Imperialist himself, and has argued Imperialism in season and out of season in the Montreal Star. He was, for instance, generally supposed to be the author of the "emergency" proposals put forward by Sir Robert Borden. Whether he was or not I don't know, but the campaign carried on by the Star both before and after those proposals were launched was successful in making most people believe that instead of the Star echoing Sir Robert Borden, Sir Robert Borden was echoing the Star.

Sir Hugh has always trod warily in the realms of prophecy, realizing, no doubt, with Shakespeare, that prophecy is the most superfluous form of folly. But he prophesied the war with Germany, and in a long, violent, and almost heart-rending campaign for a naval contribution, his paper pictured Armageddon, as it loved to call it, with such a wealth of horrific detail that on one occasion it even had the Hon. G. P. Graham set forth as likely to appear with "blanched lips and quaking limbs" if only he knew why the Star was so sure about what was coming.

Of Sir Hugh Graham's absolute sincerity in this promotion of the idea of the need for Imperial unity of action in the face of a common danger there can not be the slightest doubt. He has long been one of the most advanced Imperialists in the Empire. This phase of his personality has been strongly reflected

FIFTY YEARS AGO THAT VERY DAY

Fenian Raid Veterans Foregather in the Parade in Queen's Park, Toronto --Remembering Ridgway

The Veterans in the foreground of this picture didn't stop to ask in 1866, whether the things they carried on their shoulders towards the border were Ross Rifles or Lee-Enfields. They just took the old kitchen musket if there was nothing else and went out after the enemy. Those soldiers of the Fenian Raid were among the pluckiest we ever had. They were also some of the maddest. The idea of Sinn Feiners daring to cross parallel 49 to make trouble in this country after we had settled that dispute in 1815 was too much for those young chaps to endure without tall resentment. They were young then; younger than the average soldier marching past the monument in khaki. How the world has changed! How war has changed! How you and I have changed! Yes, but it is the same old flag, the same old cause of Empire and unity; yesterday, to-day and forever.



in his paper, greatly to its strengthening and interest.

Another thing which has made the Star what it is is the absolute impartiality of its news. Sir Hugh does not care a tinker's curse for the smile or frown of either political party. What there is to report, his paper will report, glossing over nothing and suppressing nothing either through fear or favour.

An instance of the impartiality of the news reports which has given the Star such a hold on the general public was seen at the last general election. The Montreal Star, while fighting the bitterest campaign of any paper in Canada against the Liberal Government, was the only paper in Canada to have a reporter accompany Sir Wilfrid Laurier throughout the whole of his campaign. The Toronto Star came the nearest to the Montreal Star in this matter, by having a man accompany Sir Wilfrid through the more important part of his campaign—but then the Toronto Star is a Liberal paper. The Montreal Star man had orders to give Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speeches and receptions adequate and fair reports. The result was that although the Star was fighting Sir Wilfrid Laurier tooth and nail, it gave him a better show than any other paper in Canada. Actually Liberals in the Star's constituency had to read the "Out-with-Laurier" Star to find out from its intimate daily reports what Sir Wilfrid Laurier was saying, what he was doing and how he was being received!

Now I am not holding out a brief for the Montreal Star. I don't suppose there is a paper in Canada which has been so bitterly assailed at one time or another, or that has enemies so consistently camping on its trail. So bitter has been the feeling at times in regard to the Star over its municipal politics that men have actually seized all the copies in the hands of newsboys and burned them on the public squares. Yet those very people have bought the Star the next day, and have bought it ever since. Even though they hated it, they had to have it, and it is the qualities I have described in the elusive but forceful personality of Sir Hugh Graham which have given the paper such a hold on the public that they have to buy it, and have to advertise in it whether they want to or not.

Winnipeg's Great Wednesday

WINNIPEG'S most memorable Wednesday will go on record as May 31, 1916. That was the day that all the bars of Manitoba went dry and when the trial of the former Cabinet Ministers of Manitoba began on the graft charges in connection with the new Parliament Buildings. Either of these sensations would have been enough for any common city or any ordinary province. Winnipeg stages up a double-header. Shut go the bars. In come the heavyweight legal talent. Alcohol becomes a non-resident of Manitoba. Graft is put on the gridiron in high places. Manitoba is bound to have things happen that don't look too much like revolution with the "r" left off. In which case let us not forget that a few months ago the Legislature put through a chivalrous bill mak-

ing it law for women to vote and to hold seats in the House. And at the same time Winnipeg is sending out soldiers as fast as she sometimes sends out cars of wheat, and is making a big move to take care of returned soldiers when they find themselves back in a country that no longer means the same to them because they are minus arms, legs or eyes.

There is yet no record of what Winnipeg felt like on Tuesday evening, May 30. That would be the last glimmer of the alcoholic constellations. Imagination fails to probe the psychology of the old-timer, who since he began to be a jovial frequenter of those rosy wine-rooms in Winnipeg, has seen the place grow from a trading-cart fur-post to a big 1916 model city.

This week the trek-out is full on. The barrels and the cases have been going across one border or another, contents to be re-shipped back under wholesale license for individual consumption whenever liquor-owners happen to have such a license in any

territory bordering on Manitoba. A large number of dealers have been disposing of their stock at a loss. The Hudson's Bay Company, who for years have been the pioneer wholesale liquor vendors of the West, were the most reluctant to give up the prerogative. Naturally, the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading with Rupert's Land were under a royal charter that far antedated Confederation. But they have gracefully conceded the point, and their great establishment up near the old Fort will turn its splendid liquor hall into—perhaps a rendezvous for dry-goods. Some hotels will close, and that will be no loss. The best hotels, which depended far less upon the bar than upon revenue from board and lodgings, will go on doing business much as usual. And so long as the sun shines on the wheat fields of Manitoba, that province will not have its ultimate faith shaken by a Wednesday that saw the abolition of 234 liquor licenses and the beginning of a trial involving an ex-Premier and ex-Ministers.

NOT A WILD FLOWER THIS TIME



The azalea, of which in the absence of our usual wild flower this is a remarkably good photograph, is altogether a greenhouse plant. Farther South, from Pennsylvania to Carolina, it is grown out of doors, and some varieties reach a height of 10 to 15 feet. It is one of the most beautiful of indoor decorative plants, and many wonderfully fine specimens are to be seen at the Allan Gardens in Toronto. One variety of Azalea, sometimes called rose bay, grows wild in Canada, but is not usually found west of Montreal. The rose bay, however, is really a rhododendron. Both the Azalea and the rhododendron belong to the Heath family, order Ericaceae, and are hardly separable botanically.

—Photo by Addison Reid.

Soldiers' Wives and "Women of Brains"

By THE MONOCLE MAN

I PICKED up a paper the other day and read an account of a Patriotic Fund meeting in which a lady made the following remarks touching the wives of soldiers whom the Fund assisted:

"We have been fostering extravagance and wastefulness. They should do their full share of the war work instead of gadding to the moving picture shows and spending their afternoons shopping. No Toronto lady can get a charwoman to do her work unless she makes arrangements two weeks in advance. It is disgraceful that women of brains, who ought to be in patriotic work, have to work at home."

I HAVE not given the lady's name—though the newspapers were not so kind. I entertain the hope that she was mis-reported. Then, if that was really what she said, I feel that it would be cruel to pillory the poor shrivelled soul, and further humiliate her friends, for utterances that can only reveal either a mental or a cardiac condition which must humiliate them daily. Still occasionally stories do come to me which suggest that this point of view is not wholly monopolized by the lady in question. Never before have I heard it put so bluntly. But there is, perhaps, enough of this feeling at large in the community—born in some cases of lack of thought about the situation—to make it worth while to say a few plain words on this subject of soldiers' wives.

YOU will notice that the lady I have quoted above begins her complaint by saying that these soldiers' wives "should do their full share of the war work." This sounds reasonable and patriotic. But, in the next sentence, you discover that what she really means is that these soldiers' wives "should do her share of her own housework." Her idea clearly is that these honoured ladies of our war heroes—whom we were frantically cheering just the other day—should do their share of this glorious "war work"—in her kitchen. And she thinks it "disgraceful" that they won't do it.

BUT what about the feelings of the war hero?—and he, after all, is the man to be considered. It is to be presumed that he thinks highly of his wife—the mother of his children—even if she is not

"a woman of brains" in the sense that she can make her living without soiling her hands. It is quite possible that he imagines that she IS "a woman of brains"—though her "brains" may not have been given that technical training which would turn them into a deft and polished instrument for making money. There is often much more "brains" in the head of the modest woman who stays at home, manages a house, and possibly brings up a family of children, than in that of the venerated and dashing de-feminized specimen who regards it as "disgraceful" to "work at home" and "brainless" to make a show in public.

ANYWAY, the soldier—if he is a decent sort, as most of them are—loves his wife. He does not like to see her charring for other women. He does not admit for a moment that she is inferior to other women. If he should get a better job at home, which gave him money enough to support his family without her earnings, the first thing he would do would be to tell her to give up "working out," and enjoy such leisure as she had like the wives of richer men. He would not object to her "gadding to the moving picture shows"—he would be proud and happy that she could do it, like other ladies, if she wanted to. That is chiefly what he would covet the better job for. He would want, above all things, to "buy his wife's liberty" from the necessity of serving "women of brains"—so self-designated. He would release her from servitude in any kitchen but her own, and free her from taking orders from any other man's wife.

AND he might very easily get a better job if he stayed at home. For workmen are getting scarcer. If he followed his own selfish interest, and sought this better job, the "woman of brains" would be the first to blame him if he still permitted his wife to "work out" after having got it. She would then accuse him of wasting his better pay in drink, and making his poor and neglected wife scrub and wash to support him. She could quite understand such a man, having succeeded in lifting himself up in the world, wanting to lift his wife with him.

BUT if instead of staying at home and serving his own selfish interests, this man enlists and goes to war for his country, does he deserve less consideration than the man who does stay at home and make money? If he gives up his chance to get a better job in order to do his duty, is he more worthy of contempt for "women of brains" than his fellow citizen who refuses to enlist and worms himself into this better job? According to all standards of honour, has the volunteer soldier taken a better job, or a worse job, than the self-seeker? He goes into danger that you and I may stay safely at home and still live a life of liberty. He offers to risk death for us—yea, even for the "woman of brains" who is so indignant that his wife will no longer char in her kitchen. We tell him to his face that he is a hero—and yet the moment his khaki-ed back is turned, we insult his best beloved if she will not get down on her knees and scrub our dirty floors for us.

DO we lie when we pretend to appreciate his sacrifice? Either that—or we forget. We treat him worse than we would dream of doing if he had stuck at home and taken the job of the man who went. If he stays here and makes more money, we take off our hats to his wife. But if he goes nobly off to fight our battles for us, leaving his wife to our chivalrous care and protection, we peddle out charity to her as if all the nobility of soul were in our bosoms, and we are amazed if she does not realize that she has a great deal to be grateful for. She has given us the most priceless possession any woman ever had—her man. And we talk—some of us—as if it were possible for us to give her alms. If we emptied the vaults of all the banks into her lap, we would still be in her debt. The Patriotic Fund is but a small instalment on the heavy obligation we owe these soldiers' wives. If we housed them all in palaces, would that repay them for one unmarked grave "somewhere in France"? Yet there is a woman in Canada who will get up in public and say that "we are fostering extravagance and wastefulness" when we permit these lonely wives to seek the temporary anodyne of an hour's amusement, and that it is "disgraceful" that they will not act as charwomen for "women of brains." "Women of brains" may be the right description—certainly not "women of heart."

H.E. OR SHRAPNEL? — BETCHA!

WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS, the U. P. man at Verdun, has a fine eye for colourful happenings, as this letter from a "bombproof shelter at Verdun" would indicate.

Outside the bombardment is going on, he says. The Germans are throwing some 250 shells a day into the city, most of the shells hitting in the business and residential districts, an average of one shell every four minutes. Some of the shells are incendiary, and the town is on fire at six or seven different points. The civil population gone, only a few cats and dogs are left behind to remind one that only a few weeks ago men and women and children sat by their firesides in this town and caressed their pets. It is lunch time. In the steam-heated corridors, 100 feet from the surface, the defenders of Verdun, off duty, are eating their noonday meal. There are long tables, with scores of men on either side, eating and talking contentedly. There is no excitement; only everybody seems interested. At the table of the general some twenty guests sit down. No better dinner could be had anywhere than this, served by the Blank Artillery Canteen, though it was part of the army commissary. Our bread was warm and delicious-smelling, fresh from the citadel's underground bakery. The lights we ate by, the water we drank, were from the citadel plants out of harm's way and independent of the city's supply.

Every man is born a gambler. Some succeed in subduing the instinct, others dabble now and then, tempting fickle fortune, while the rest are at it all the time, betting with death and the devil as to whether their souls will ultimately go up or down. I've just been told of a young soldier who belonged to the last-named class. He is badly wounded, and in a hospital not far from here, and they say he tries to bet with his nurse on his chances of recovery, he agreeing to take either end of the wager. Until he was mobilized eight months ago he was a young

AND OTHER STORIES

clerk at the Bourse, or, as the soldier who told the story put it, "he pushed a pencil on the Stock Exchange."

When he arrived at the front he brought his passion with him. He played bridge, seven-up poker,



UNSAFE.

Tuthill in the St. Louis Star.

checkers and chess; he "rolled the bones," pitched pennies, matched coins, gambled any and all sorts of ways. He would bet on anything, on the weather or the prospects of death or whether the next shell

over would be H. E. (High Explosive) or Shrapnel.

"My ration of spinach against yours that it rains to-day before four o'clock," he would say, apropos of nothing, any fine morning around grub-time. "Bet your section gets a grenade before mine does," he would offer in the trenches. And when a shell fell in the midst of a group of soldiers he would count those left standing, and instinctively cry out: "Even!" or "Odd!" as the case might be.

When the Germans began their smash against Verdun, the young Stock Exchange clerk found himself with a few others of his company in a very exposed advance-post. Shells fell around them, thick as hail, exploding and pitting the ground as you've seen rain pit the surface of a mill-pond.

"Let's bet on the calibres," he remarked to his friend at his left.

"All right," came the answer. "For how much?"

"A big sou on each."

"Bon!"

"The next in our section will be a 220," the clerk hazarded.

"I say it'll be a 350," the other said.

The shell came a 155 millimeter calibre; and the clerk cashed, he being nearest. And so it went on for ten minutes, the two exchanging big sous (pennies) after each explosion, withholding payment when in doubt, but doubling on the next. They were kept busy repairing, with pick and shovel, the damage done to their earthworks, but the betting continued just the same.

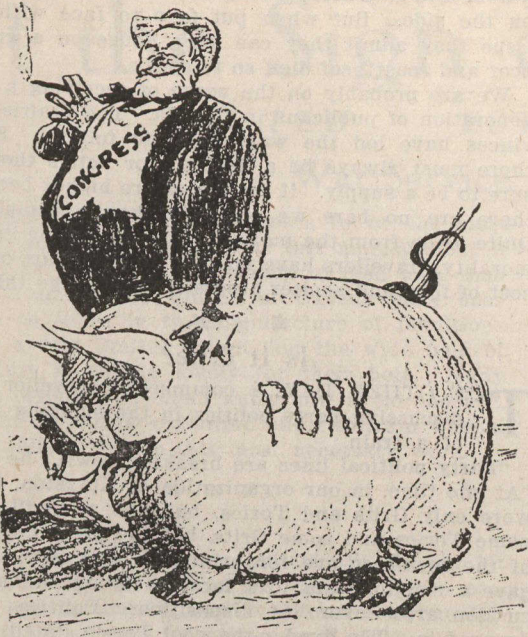
"Two-forty for the next!" sang out the pencil-pusher.

"A 305!" guessed the other.

Bang!

The shell threw dirt all over them both, so near had it fallen. A man in their section dropped like a shot.

"It was a 305! A 305!" yelled the winner, picking up and exhibiting the shell's timer, which by chance



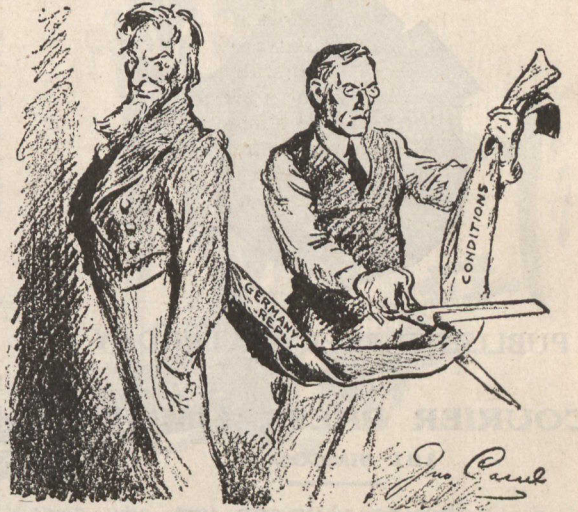
LOVE ME, LOVE MY HOG!

Westman in the Columbus, Ohio, State Journal.



MOTHER HUBBARD—"Help yourself."

Starrett in New York Tribune.



OTHERWISE, IT FITS.

Cassels in the New York Evening World.

stuck in the trench-wall near him.

"You win!" the Stock Exchange chap said weakly. He was wobbling on his legs, and was terribly pale. "The next is a 77." Then he fell unconscious, just as his friend was calling out "155" as his parry. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth before there was a crash, which the bettor did not hear, for he got a fragment of the bursting shell on his cranium.

In a second-line hospital a few days later the pals found themselves in adjoining cots.

"You won the last one," one of them said. "It was a 77. The surgeon saved the piece for me as a souvenir. Lucky thing it didn't break my hard head, else you'd never have got your sou."

"That makes me two francs on you then," the clerk replied in a very faint voice—for he had four shrapnel bullets still in his torso. "Let's make it double or quits: Even money I get out of here before you do."

This incident gives you a picture of one side of Verdun—or any other sector along the French front. There can be no doubt about it. The troops are war-hardened. Splintering steel, the crash of high explosives, death, wounds, the whole smear has become a habit, out of which race-old instincts, like love, hate, and gambling, rise and take their place.

THE C. P. R. AND BALLIN.

MURRAY GIBBON, the man who wrote "Hearts and Faces," a book with a bad title but capital contents, recently told a good joke on himself and



THE GUESSERS.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to ascertain America's attitude towards the belligerent nations. —Wail from Germany.

The Adroit Party—"Now, gents, pick the pea!" From the "Sydney Bulletin."

incidentally on the C.P.R., whose advertising department is in Murray's capable Scotch hands. The occasion was an address to the Chicago Advertisers' Association.

"The effect that an attractive cover may have in securing business was illustrated in my own experience by a remarkable incident. Some of you may remember, particularly those of you who are railroad or steamship men, and have had anything to do with Europe, how four years ago the Canadian Pacific Railway obtained a concession from the Austrian Government to operate Canadian Pacific Observation Cars on the Austrian State Railways. The concession was part of a mutual advertising scheme, under which the Canadian Pacific reciprocated by advertising Austria to Canadians and Americans travelling to Europe on its system. This and other related schemes met with violent opposition from Herr Ballin, of the Hamburg-American Line, who brought the influence of the Prussian Railways and the German War Office, and even the German War Lord to bear on the Austrian Government to such effect that our agent in Vienna, an American citizen named Samuel Altman, whose fertile brain evolved these schemes, was accused among other things of attempting to stir up a revolution, and shortly before the outbreak of the war, was for a time imprisoned. The negotiations for a concession of this nature were naturally protracted, as the Austrians were like our friends from Missouri—they had to be shown. I suggested getting a cover design for an advertising folder on Austria which we would distribute here, and went to the best cover designers in London—a group of Canadian artists called the Carlton Studios. Now you must remember that Vienna has the finest printers in Europe and that the Austrian State Railways issue posters and advertising booklets second to none. I therefore got the best that London could produce, and sent it with some misgivings to friend Altman. Time passed and there was no reply. I wrote and telegraphed to return the drawing so that we could get on with the publication. At last the answer came. The design had been shown to the Minister of Commerce. He had been so delighted that he had shown it to the Minister of Finance, who had shown it to the Crown Prince, who had shown it to the Emperor Franz Joseph, who had been graciously pleased to frame it and hang it on the walls of one of his Imperial and Royal palaces. 'Yes,' I said, 'but how can I reproduce a drawing that is hanging on the walls of his Imperial Royal Majesty's Palace?' 'Don't worry,' said Altman, 'get another as like it as you can. That drawing has done the trick. The concession will go through. Now that the Austrian Ministers know that Franz Joseph thinks that our advertising is good enough, Herr Ballin and the Prussian railways and the German War Lord can go to —perdition!'"

THE GERMAN PEGOUD.

THE Germans have a Pegoud they call Immelmann. He is the wizard of the Fokker apparently, and a good one. Though he has not yet been "honoured" with a wooden statue, Immelmann is just now one of the most popular heroes of Germany. He has been decorated with the order "Pour le Merite," and has received an autograph letter from the All-Highest. His postcard photograph has sup-

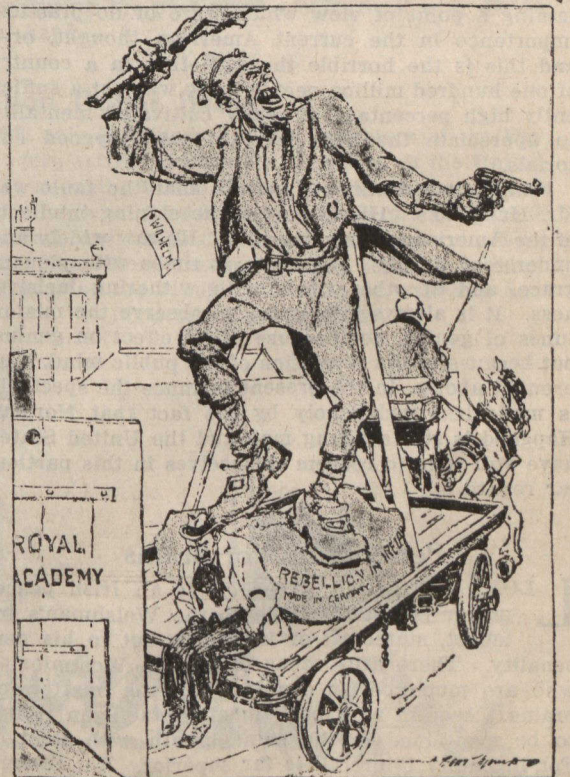
planted those of the Crown Prince in the bookshop windows, and stories of his aerial exploits are features of the newspapers. And—apparently a universal penalty of martial fame—he is besieged with offers of marriage, seekers of his hand ranging from "flappers" to elderly widows. His daily letterbag is of such dimensions that he has had to employ a private secretary to attend to his correspondence.

In search of Immelmann on the western front a representative of the Berliner Tageblatt came across two English prisoner airmen whose machine had just been brought down within the German lines.

"They admitted quite honestly that Immelmann was a phenomenon, that his machine was extraordinarily quick in its movements, and appeared with great promptness wherever it was necessary to cause a surprise. This man and this machine are a danger to the English fighting scheme. Then followed my questions, 'Do the English hate him? How do they speak of him?'"

"Hate him?" asked both the young men, and they looked at me with astonishment. 'Why should we?' 'Well,' I replied, 'it is said that you have put a price on him. Isn't that so?' 'The one price; and who will pay it?'"

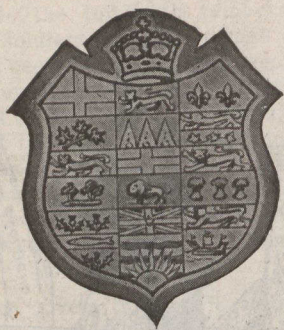
"I explained that I had heard it from some French prisoners, and that, after all, it might only be a fairy tale. 'But,' I added, 'in your hangars it is possible that Lieutenant Smith, for instance, might bet Lieutenant Brown £100 on the result of a fight between an Englishman and Immelmann.' Each looked me straight in the face with astonishment. I was very glad to see it."



THE KAISER'S ACADEMY MASTERPIECE—REJECTED!

Drawn by Bert Thomas—in Everyman's.

THE CANADIAN COURIER



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY
COURIER PRESS, LIMITED
181 SIMCOE ST.

TORONTO, JUNE 3RD, 1916.

The Pulse of the Country

THE COUNTRY is well within a period of marked prosperity. The duration of that period is, of course, uncertain. Meantime railway earnings are showing weekly increases of from 50 to 75 per cent. over last year. The Minister of Finance, Sir Thomas White, is authority for the statement that "Our exports are greatly in excess of our imports, and our trade is the largest this country has ever had. Our bank deposits are two or three hundred millions greater than they were at the outbreak of the war."

These are good signs.

Sir Thomas frankly expresses his surprise that things are going so well.

"If, when this war broke out," he says, "anyone had told me as Minister of Finance that we should have been in the condition in which we are to-day, the war having lasted almost two years, I should not have believed it."

But the question whether prosperity was to be expected or not, is not half so important as the fact that it is here and must not be abused. The lessons in economy learned in the past two or three years, should not be forgotten. As we brush up our "Business as Usual" signs, it would do no harm to add a postscript to the effect that henceforth we will be unusually cautious.

Hapgood and Harpers

WHEN A JOURNAL like Harper's Weekly passes out of existence it is a sign of one of two things: either that it was not properly known by the public it sought; or that that public deliberately rejected it. We incline to believe, though reluctantly, that Harpers was deliberately rejected. That being the case it is interesting to conjecture whether the fault lay with Mr. Norman Hapgood, its editor, for preaching doctrines and maintaining a point of view which were of no practical importance in the current American thought, or—and this is the horrible thought—that in a country of one hundred million people there was not a sufficiently high percentage of really cultivated mentality to appreciate the high level of the Hapgood editorials.

Frankly we decline to believe that the fault was Mr. Hapgood's. His is one of the shining intellects of the American Commonwealth. He saw widely and understood deeply. He wrote at times with piquant grace, and at other times with withering incisiveness. It is always interesting to observe the misfortunes of genius, not because of its effect on genius, but because of the revelation of the public mind, thus brought about. In the present instance the spectacle is made less melancholy by the fact that Norman Hapgood is still a young man and the United States have still time to redeem themselves in this particular regard.

Personality Not Brains

LOYD GEORGE'S ADVENT as an Irish peace-maker is not a tribute to the Welshman's intellect, statecraft or ingenuity, but to his personality. There are dozens of men in Westminster who are much better equipped in the matter of brains. Asquith as a parliamentary tactician is not to be mentioned in the same breath with George. For ingenuity Churchill is far superior. But George has the faculty of talking to two enemies and making them feel he is a friend to both. He has an almost feminine capacity for sympathy and understanding sympathetically the extremes of a bitter controversy.

This made him useful in dealing with the coal and railway strikes. It enabled him to bring together bankers and borrowers when first the war threatened the stability of the monetary institutions of the Empire. Now this "personality" is to be made use of in the Irish matter.

One other advantage Lloyd George has. It is the courage of having no serious traditions behind him. No one could say Asquith or Law or Balfour lacked courage, but they have the courage of many traditions, the courage of the conservative. Lloyd George has the kind of courage that snaps its fingers at traditions as mere traditions. He will take with him into the Irish question a minimum of luggage and a maximum of real peace-making ability.

Chinese Comfort

THE OLD CHINESE philosophy of Tau is comfortable reading for a hot day, and as a prescription for happiness—selfish happiness—it has claims to consideration. Its essence is: be still and contemplate life. Do not strive. Put away ambition. A man may break all his enemies by sitting quietly and silently in his own garden. One charming remark of old Lao Tze, who wrote these things, 600 years or so before this era, is "Can not a man make muddy water clear—by keeping still?"

China, to some extent, has made a success of this policy. No one has ever conquered the Celestial. The Mongols rolled in like a tide—so they were swallowed up by China and became Chinamen! Shrewd observers say that Japan must beware of her operations in China or her invading hosts will like the Mongols be swallowed up in the tremendous silent inertia of the Chinese people. By keeping still the Chinese overwhelm their enemies to their own philosophic satisfaction.

But the essence of such a doctrine as Tau is selfishness. The only man who wants to be smoothly content must be a sick man or a fool. Good men seek contests and even strife. Thus quality strikes on quality and by the sparks produces greater quality.

Valid Protest

A MARITIME PROVINCE man wrote us a vigorous letter recently protesting against an article in which an episode of Confederation was recalled. The episode concerned a seemingly harmless ruse by which a dangerous opponent of the project was won to its support. Our correspondent excoiated not only the whole proceeding, but Confederation itself. His words were admirably chosen for the purpose, too. For such courage we can have nothing but approbation. It cannot alter the great fact of Confederation, but it may help rouse modern Canadians to a greater interest in the difficulties of various parts of the Dominion. There cannot be a tittle of doubt that the Maritime Provinces suffered by coming into the union. Now it is up to all Canada to make it up to them somehow or other.

A Possible Way of Helping

THE ONE THING we can do, should and must do is to foster the ship-building industry. It isn't possible to over emphasize this point, and men should look for every opportunity of harping on that string. Ship-building is to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, what farming is to our prairies. Suppose that our ports had more weight in Parliament than our inland areas. Suppose they then were as short-sighted in their claims as our inland areas seem to be. Suppose the West was denied the right to its own natural career just because the ports were stupid and greedy!

Yet that is what the inland areas and our land-lubber statesmen persist in doing toward our ports. Ship-building and sea-faring are the necessary engagements of our coasts. But we are so obsessed with inland problems and land-lubber short-sightedness that we allow the preponderance of inland M.P.'s to keep our Maritime brethren out of their heritage. Since the war, Japan has risen from fifth to third place as a maritime power. The great American ship-builders, Messrs. Cramp, are refusing munition orders in order to build ships! Ships! We are glad to observe that the N. S. Steel Company is preparing to build hulls. That is only one firm. The Government should give aid and generous aid to this essential industry.

The New Publican

HOTEL-KEEPING is to be placed on a new basis in Ontario this fall. The question at issue will be: can a hotel be run without a bar? A good many shrewd American hotel managers who are not temperance men, either, say it can. They would prefer a bar, naturally, just as a man with

a flour and feed store would like to have a gold mine on the side. But when put face to face with the issue they admit they can keep house on a ginger beer and roast beef diet, so to speak.

We are probably on the verge of receiving a new generation of publicans in Canada. The prairie provinces have led the way. Ontario follows. Since there must always be a demand for hotels there is sure to be a supply. If the prices are higher because there are no bars we should make no complaint. Quite aside from the morality of drinking, or its immorality, travellers have no right to have part of the cost of food and shelter assessed against the thirsty.

Is It True?

THE OTHER DAY, a commercial traveller was discussing party politics in the smoking room of a train.

"Party political lines are breaking down," he said. "At one time, in our organization at Kingston, there were only Grits and Tories, but now we still have some Tories and some Grits, but the great majority of the members are for principles and men. We gave a machine gun to a local battalion and a discussion arose over its disposition. Politics were dragged in. The dyed-in-the-wool Tories stated their position, and the dyed-in-the-wool Grits stated theirs, and they were as far apart as the poles, and then the majority of the fellows just settled the dispute in a common-sense way without regard to politics. And that is what is going on all over the country." Was he right?

Canada Summers

THERE IS NO Canadian summer—there are so many. There is the British Columbia coast summer, slow and brilliant, with snow and icy mountain waterfalls, showing at dizzy heights through the haze of heat waves rising from the road. There is the bench-land summer, hot and dry save when a bit of wind ventures up and over the "benches" from a quiet dreaming lake below. There is the Banff summer, crisp with cool nights and a sky so deep, so set with stars it makes you dizzy to look up than down the precipice whereby you stand. There is the green foot-hill summer through which clear rivers race over bright pebbles, singing a cool chanty. And the prairie summer, wide-smiling, with a drowsy haze in the farther distance and the gophers squatted on the trail licking their fore-paws philosophically. There is the Great Lakes summer and the Eastern Ontario summer and the Laurentian Hills summer and the summer of Bay Chaleur and Gaspé. Above all these summers rolls the one incomparable sky.

Hill Was a Canadian

THE UNITED STATES may have been the home of J. J. Hill the railway man, but Canada made him the man he was. In his rugged, homely pertinacity and downrightness he was like the country that bore him. In many parts of the Republic to the south men of this type are to be found. Big men, as a rule, hard-fisted and shrewd. In a surprising majority of cases they are of Canadian stock, winter hardened.

Posterity's Turn

COMFORT is to be had out of the Canadian railway situation in this regard at least. Assuming for argument's sake that we are for the time being oversupplied with railway facilities, and assuming for the moment also that it is difficult to support all of them—what does this mean for future generations of Canadians? If, as Sir W. T. White says, posterity is to be allowed to pay part of our present war expenses, then this is posterity's opportunity to get us to pay part of its railway expenses. The day approaches when the presence of so many miles of railway in Canada will enable Canada to handle new population and new production swiftly and easily. It may not be pleasant paying for this future advantage, and yet, after all, why not? Posterity deserves something more than debts from our hands.

Rifle Gossip

APPARENTLY EVERY ARMY rifle has had its critics. The Ross, our Canadian arm, has many. Two questions arise: Is the Ross criticized only by partisans of other rifles? Or is it being defended and its use continued in the face of honest criticism, for no better reason than that the shareholders in the Ross factory are influential at Ottawa. One of these questions could be answered if it were known who those shareholders are.

At the Sign of the Maple

EDITED ESTELLE M. KERR

War Service on the Land

MUNITION-MAKING appears to be the most important industry at this moment, but it is even more necessary to feed men than guns. The women of Canada have been allowed to share in the manufacture of munitions only to a very limited extent, but the wide field of agriculture is calling loudly for their help. Many wish to respond, but don't know how to go about it, and there should be organized effort to train women and establish them in this most necessary work.

Recruiting

IN the first place, we can individually do our bit by making the land at our disposal more productive and by training ourselves for a better understanding of the work. In the second place, we can aid in recruiting women for farm work. Women must be appealed to work for patriotic reasons, as many are so well off that wages do not tempt them. The men have enlisted because they have learned that their country needed them and because their imaginations have been touched, and the women must be approached from the same point of view. They must be shown that in hoeing turnips they are doing work just as patriotic as in making fuses. The Board of Agriculture in England has ordered 50,000 armllets for women who work on the land. The armllet is green, ornamented with a red crown, and may only be worn by women who have registered for war service on the land and have actually done thirty days' work.

Registration

A REGISTER should be kept in every village in an agricultural district where women willing to do war service can inscribe their names with address, age, kind of work wanted, special qualifications, amount of free time, etc. Some woman, well-known and popular in the village, should keep this register

and no serious offer of help should be refused. The real object is to awaken the spirit of co-operation in doing men's work of food production during their absence, and very often the practical labourer's wife will make useful suggestions. One English woman who could not leave home, volunteered to wash and mend the milking overalls, to relieve an overworked farmer's wife, and another, too delicate for farm work of any sort, offered to mind the small children of those fit for outdoor work. Wherever a register is started, the fact should be made known as widely as possible through the local press. If women and girls of high social standing who live in a dairying district will learn to milk and will let the other inhabitants see them going in suitable working dress to and from their work day after day, others will soon follow their example.

Training

WE must mainly depend on the women of the country who will go and work from their own homes, but there are others who are not country women, but who are willing to work on the land during the war if the proper training and a position when that training is completed, are assured her. There are schools or colleges in every province in the Dominion where agricultural training is taught to women, and the trained worker is always in demand, especially as our farmers still look on the employment of women as a doubtful experiment. There is, however, a great deal of farm work that any woman of intelligence may do. One farmer who has employed a number of well educated girls who had no previous experience in farm work, says that three unskilled girls can do the work of two

ordinary farm men, although the girls did not begin work until 6.30 a.m., while the men started at 6.

Farmers Dubious

THE majority of farmers are reluctant about employing women, but when they can get trained workers they can be persuaded to try the experiment and their prejudices are gradually overcome by the efficiency of the girls themselves. Many important branches of farming have for years been largely in charge of the farmer's wife, such as poultry-raising, dairying, etc., and women have been found to be more efficient than men in the rearing of young animals, in keeping clean stables, hen-houses and pig-sties, and in many other branches they compare very favourably with men. It must be made plain to the farmers that equal work demands equal pay, regardless of the sex of the worker. Until the farmers suffer from the scarcity of labour they will not willingly employ women, but the need will be felt and greatly felt this autumn, and unless women are prepared our harvests will suffer.

Instructing children in milking and the lighter branches of farm work will prove most beneficial, but we hope that Canada will not adopt the emergency law passed in England, of releasing school children of 12 years for agricultural or munition work.

Casual Labour

MOST women living in the country have some spare time during the day, and with a little management could make more. Some could go milking once or twice a day. Some could help in hay or harvest field. Nearly all could help in picking fruit and making jam. Some could go weeding or hoeing for farmers, or start keeping fowls. If women would let the neighbouring farmers know that they are willing to work, they will soon be called upon to do so. Casual labourers are warned against the spirit of pic-nicing. There are many women of education who live in towns and might offer themselves for such jobs as harvesting, fruit-picking, etc. If these women do not go about their work seriously the farmer engaging them will become prejudiced against female labour.

Suitable Clothes

CLOTHES are as important to the women engaged in farm life as in any other sphere, perhaps more so, for the motto "anything will do" is most disastrous. The majority of women farmers favour the short skirt or bloomers, with stout walking boots, gaiters and a knitted cap or sunbonnet. No hat-pins should ever be worn by those who have the care of animals. The well-bred lady displays more sense in adopting a suitable costume than the labourers' wives, and she is not so fastidious about the kind of work she will do. She handles horses with greater confidence, and people who can manage horses are always in demand, and she does not make a fuss about mucking-up pig-sties and other disagreeable tasks. In fact, she is a better sport, and it is these women who have led



Women who can manage horses are always in demand.

in the patriotic movement in England for women to do war service on the land, and it is to them we look for aid in the problem that faces Canadian agriculture.

Student Volunteers

FIFTEEN thousand male students of 15 years and upwards from the schools and collegiate institutes of Ontario will be available this summer for farm work. The boys will work from May to October, losing two or three months of school work, but special arrangements will be made so that their academic training will not suffer.

Child Gardeners

EDUCATING children in the knowledge of growing things will be most beneficial to the race and the school garden is a most excellent institution. The Ontario Department of Agriculture has organized the children of the province who hold rural school fairs every year, and recently the Hon. J. S. Duff, on behalf of 2,500 school children, presented a motor ambulance to Col. Noel Marshall for the use of the Red Cross. The money was raised by the boys and girls by the sale of potatoes which they cultivated last year.

Daughters of the Empire

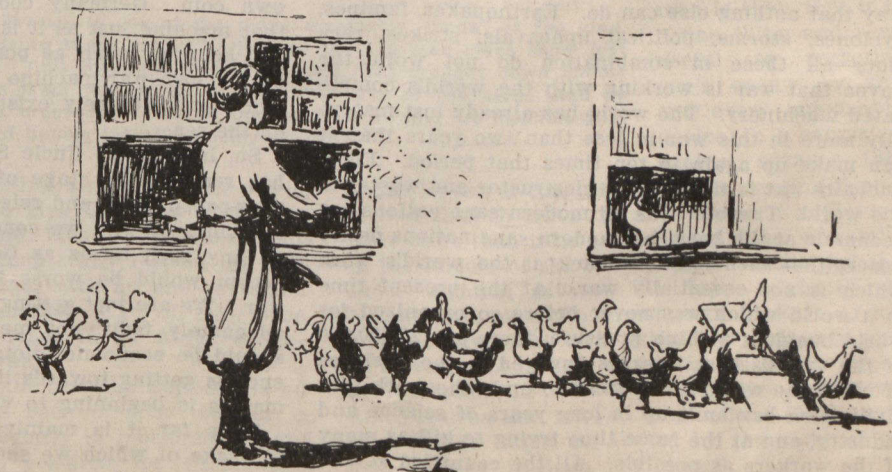
AT the annual meeting of the I. O. D. E., 25,000 paid-up members were reported, 130 new chapters have been formed during the past year, and in spite of the enormous sums dispersed by the society, who raised \$83,000 for patriotic purposes during the past year, a balance of over \$3,000 is on hand.

Million Dollar Bazaar

NOT only in Canada are the Daughters of the Empire active; the society flourishes in the United States as well. In the Borough of Manhattan, sixty-eight chapters, presided over by Mrs. J. Elliott Langstaff, are holding a mammoth bazaar in New York. The committee are pledged to raise at least a million for the relief of the blinded, starving and (Continued on page 19.)



In the care of young animals women are more efficient than men.



Poultry farming is a pleasant and remunerative business.

A RUSS DEFENDING FRANCE!



This picture, taken by a French war photographer, shows one of a battalion of the Russian troops in France, holding a position in a wood not far from Verdun. The initials carved on the tree over the soldier's head bespeak the love-making traditions of this locality before the war.

Concerning War and Peace

By THE EDITOR

FROM a large percentage of the talk in the newspapers of late we imagine that peace is the main object of certain neutrals and belligerents who may imagine they represent the best part of the World's opinions.

No doubt every country in the world wants peace. There never was such a general desire for peace in the world at large. We know now that war can rack the world to pieces and disrupt its economics in a way that nothing else can do. Earthquakes, famines, cyclones, storms, political upheavals, strikes, race riots—all these in combination do not work the havoc that war is working with the world's complicated machinery. The world has already lost materially more in this war in less than two years than it can make up again in ten times that period. Economically war is the greatest destructor and waster in the world. Therefore, as all modern sane nations are economic at the basis, all modern sane nations desire peace, that men may get back at the world's work which is not essentially war. At the present time in a world which was never before so organized for world business at high pressure, there are 25,000,000 of the world's best workers engaged in the business of using the world's resources to undo the work that civilization has built up in long years of science and industry, and at the same time trying to kill as many of the workers as possible. All the countries at war are heaping up incalculably huge war debts to be paid by the people of to-day and by posterity—but

not payable until the world gets back to its average creative business of production.

All this is monstrously uneconomic, and there is no country in the world that on a merely economic basis would not have it stopped if possible, and as soon as possible. On this we are in perfect agreement under all flags, friendly, enemy or neutral—even to the United States, which has made financially out of the war a great part of what other countries have lost.

Yet the Allied nations are not talking peace. They are repudiating the idea of the kind of peace that must be the result of any peace proposition likely to be accepted by Germany. Sir Edward Grey made that plain in his recent speech in the British House of Commons. Premier Asquith and Lloyd George made it clear long ago. So far as we know they have not receded from the position then laid down at a time when the British Empire knew only in a vague way what that statement of his position meant.

Since that time and up to the present most of the peace talk has come from Germany, directly or indirectly. Above all nations Germany now desires peace, just as a year and a half ago Germany above all nations desired war—and got it. When President Wilson and King Alfonso of Spain talk about mediation in Europe they are talking more on behalf of Germany than on account of any of the Allied powers opposed to Germany. The United States sincerely desires peace. And Germany is anxious that Uncle Sam shall keep on desiring peace, no matter how noisily on the verge of a Presidential election he talks about preparing for war.

Why does Germany so peculiarly desire the world's peace; and why do the Allied nations repudiate that desire as it comes from Germany? On one side it is plain enough. Germany has already gained from the war all she can ever hope to get, and in all human probability a great deal more than she will ever be allowed to keep. To get this, Germany alone has lost about a million men killed and about twice that many wounded. That is a staggering price; and Germany is too economic a nation not to be tolerably sure of getting a reasonable quid pro quo on the transaction. Some time ago Bernhardt said that if Germany went to war she must be prepared and could afford to lose a million men in order to achieve her purpose. She has already paid that price and more. Has she achieved her purpose? Germany alone knows. But she is too shrewd a bargainer to stop short of her purpose after paying the price. The Central Empires have already got by robbery and spoliation, most of Belgium, a good part of France, Russian Poland and Serbia with all the resources in raw materials which these territories contain. Is that worth a million men, more or less?

"No doubt about it," says Germany. "We are willing to quit now if we can keep all or most of that and don't have to bother paying you people any beastly indemnities. We don't pay indemnities. We exact them. Remember what we did to France in 1871. Remember, also, that whatever we decide to give up of these war gains, we still have Germany on whose soil not an army corps has yet been destroyed. And you cannot crush Germany. If we decide to go on organizing for war in the future that is our own business. War is our business. We like it. We believe in it as a part of kultur. What Prussia things, Germany does. Germany is—Prussia."

All this and much more Germany can say with obvious sincerity. And it will stay in one ear of the Allies long enough to go out at the other. Germany wanted war when the Allies were unprepared for war—and got it. Now that the Allies are organized for the kind of war that Germany wanted and got, she desires peace, because she is only beginning to know what it feels like to have a taste of her own medicine. For the first time in history four great sane countries of Europe and some smaller ones are united and organized with a terrific war machine capable of paying a great insane nation back in her own coin. Germany coolly proposes that we halt that machine just as it is becoming efficient, and let her keep as much as possible of what she has got by her own war machine which in 1914 was efficient while ours scarcely existed as a competitor except on the sea.

So, in spite of Uncle Sam's opinion that the war has reached the stage of deadlock; in spite of the slow-paced, grim and relentless holdfast of the great machines of war, we concluded that peace just now on any such terms as Germany would be likely to accept would be worse than a continuation of the war. We are just getting to the point where we can adequately fight, not merely resist, Germany. We should be economic idiots to stop just as our efficiency is getting towards its maximum and when Germany's is beginning to wane.

Thus far it is mainly a case of economics, for the sake of which we should be foolish to stop now just because Germany thinks that for the world's sake—but mainly for hers—we ought. And above all

the economics there still remains the great principle for which England originally went to war and which has no need to be repeated here. Posterity and free peoples have a right to be respected. This war is paying posterity and free peoples the biggest and most costly compliment they ever got—and we somehow reckon the compliment has got to be paid in full.

A RECENT article in The Fortnightly Review indicates very pointedly a sanguine belief of the writer that the main business of the war can be concluded in 1916.

There will never be peace in Europe till the German army has been utterly defeated in the field. An economic victory would mean nothing but a renewal of the contest at a later date.

What is clear at least is that Germany is coming to the end of her first line troops—that is to say, men who are competent to go anywhere and do anything which efficient soldiers are expected to do. In the course of the last five months nothing but her interior lines of railways have enabled her to place her effectives now on one front and now on the other. . . . The attack on Verdun has taken its full toll. There must come a period when the spearhead of the German armies is blunted or destroyed, and an insufficient number of mobile soldiery exist for any given front.

On the other hand, our own personnel has inherited in full measure the spirit of the original expeditionary force, while the Territorials have become war-hardened troops with which anyone might be proud to serve.

The main facts seem to be that our troops are now superior as tactical and mobile units to those of the enemy, and that we should possess a great superiority of force. The German troops on the western front are usually estimated at 2,000,000, but they could be, and no doubt would be, considerably reinforced in view of an attack being directed against them shortly. None the less, they would still be very inferior in point of numbers.

At the lowest estimate then, we should be able to put three Anglo-French soldiers against two Germans, while a concentration of two to one on the sectors selected for attack could be made with complete safety to the rest of the line.

The three conditions which must be postulated for a successful advance are: Unlimited shells, greater numerical force, and an army not inferior in courage, skill, and administration to the German. The two first conditions have been fulfilled. What of the third? The pessimist contends either that no army can break through modern field defences, or that, at any rate, our army cannot.

The answer to this argument has been given at Hooge, Neuve Chapelle, Loos, and elsewhere, though these actions have been often written down as "partial successes or incomplete failures." The German front has been broken frequently up to the first line, several times up to the second, and at least once up to the third.

A PRINCE, BUT NOT NEUTRAL.



This man is one of the Roumanian Royal family—a prince, married to an American woman. In his attitude toward the war this debonair young man is neither Roumanian nor, like his wife, American. He has been fighting with the French forces for many months.

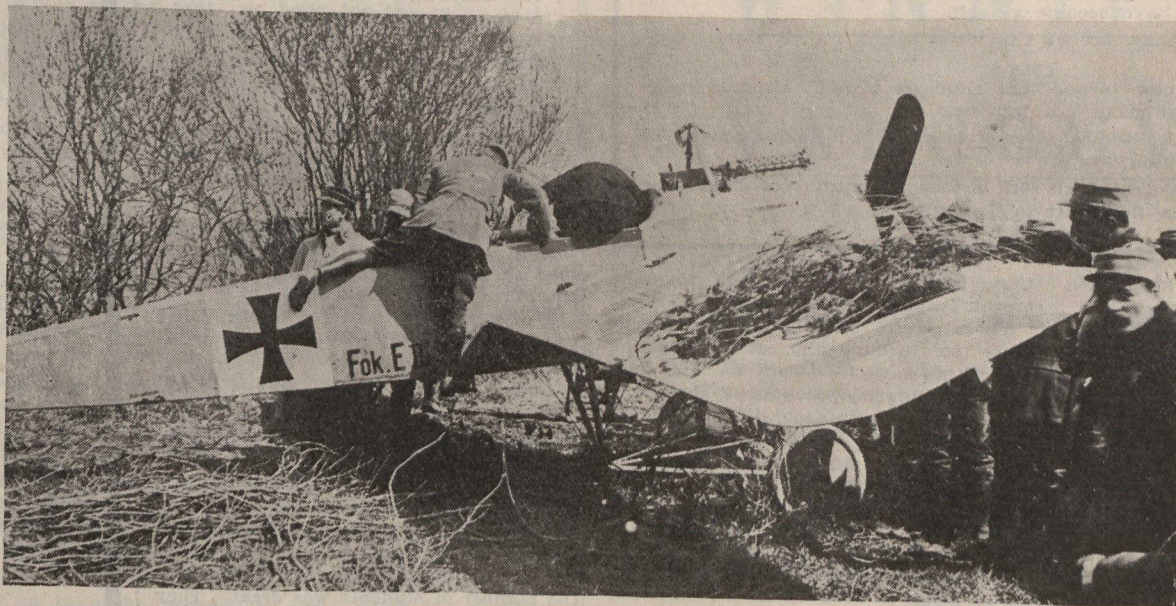
TWO BROKEN GERMAN PINIONS!



This picture provides at least one answer to Germany's boast of air-supremacy. While British coast-defence guns have been bringing down an occasional Zeppelin the elements themselves have been demonstrating that they are far from docile under Count Zeppelin's claims. This mass of tangled debris was once a full-fledged bomb-dropper. Returning from one of its excursions it is supposed to have been blown out of its course. At all events it collapsed off the Norwegian coast. The photograph shows one section of the envelope. A propeller may be seen sticking out of the water at the right hand side. Three sight-seers have rowed out with a boatman to view the remains.

A MODERN German war thinker stated with the usual placid German cocksureness that whereas at one time Germans were all in the air regarding their doctrines of world politics, they now have their supremacy in the air—in the triumph of German air-craft. When he wrote that statement he was thinking most about the Zeppelin, then in course of evolution, though he had no idea just what the Zeppelin would be likely to do in case of war. He knows now, and if he still eulogizes the Zeppelin he must also have come to the conclusion that they are a costly craft to operate when you stand a chance of losing so many while accomplishing in actual warfare—nothing. The Zeppelin is a magnificent and terrorizing failure as a war-arm, even though no Zeppelin ever came to grief, because it is the kind of war represented by a tenement woman throwing soapsuds out of a window on to the head of some one she hates below, and hitting the wrong person. So we pass up the Zeppelin, thankful that it is possible now and again to get a fresh picture of a Zeppelin wreck such as that on this page.

The Fokker is a different proposition. The Fokker is entitled to respect as a real war machine;



This German machine, captured behind our lines in France is one of the many invaluable "finds" of the kind. Already British and French air experts are scrutinizing it for data. Very often the captured maps show just what knowledge the enemy crew had been gathering. This machine, as can be seen, was brought down almost intact. The Fokker is a speedy machine and can rise from the ground quicker than any of the aeroc used by the Allies on the Western front. This machine carries, mounted in front of the observer, a rapid fire machine gun, which pours a deadly hail of bullets into the enemy aircraft.

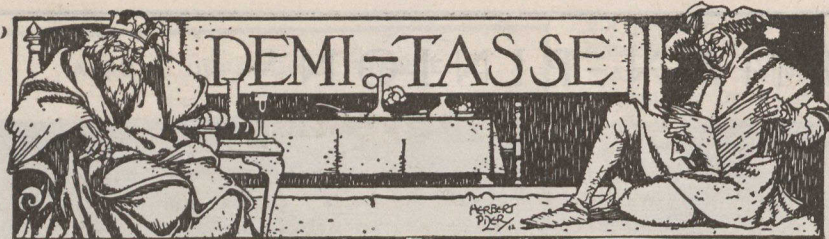
is one of the best fighting air-craft in the world, and has done more to give Germany a place in the air than the stupid, bloated, bombastic Zeppelin. The Allies' airmen really respect the Fokker and the Fokker-Man, such an one as Immelman described on another page of this issue. And when a Fokker lands in an Allies camp—it is a real prize of war.

It is not to be thought that the Zeppelin is entirely useless. It has been of some service in many instances, particularly in reconnoitring and in patrolling a given sea-area for submarines.

might be worth considering, but in sending Zepps. to raid English cities the naif Teuton is achieving little more than if he exploded a number of bombs in the middle of the North Sea or bombarded the Pole. Against savages the Zepp. might count. Not against men. In a campaign in East Africa where natives are still using blunderbusses and fig-leaves, a Zeppelin's advent in the clouds might indeed break the morale of the native defenders. And yet even that is open to question. The terror of a savage might be abated by the sight of so man "misses" in Zepp. "shooting."

Great Britain herself is as a matter of fact making up her deficiency in respect to dirigible balloons, and is said to have many serviceable vessels of the sort already. Down at Folkestone in the early mornings it used to be not unusual to see strange air-craft performing strange manoeuvres last summer. These craft were in part England's answer to the Zeppelin.

But England will never take the Zepp. as seriously as the Germans have taken it. The fundamental reasoning of the German is this: that it is a fine thing and very useful to terrorize one's enemy by any and every imaginable device. In a campaign against savages this



Courlerettes.

WHEN may we expect to see an announcement that the Eastland is ready for another excursion?

Many American colleges are taking up courses on international law. Studying scraps of paper.

U. S. paper worries whether Uncle Sam will have to police China too. Not if Japan knows it.

A man must be sharp in these days of keen competition to carve out his own career.

Doctor tells us that pure food causes insanity. Rich food means indigestion. What the dickens are we to eat?

Chicago woman is trying to live on 33 cents a day. Her reason? Just because she doesn't have to.

No more does the hero advance on the foe, sword in hand. He carries a gas bomb in one hand and a grenade in the other.

Faith will remove mountains, but the railway contractors still tunnel through 'em.

The United States is to have additional U boats. Does "U" stand for Useless?

Ontario has had a pretty wet spring, but there's a dry fall in prospect, after Sept. 15.

Some men are so naturally born to business that if you hand them a lemon they will begin to manufacture lemon extract.

Actresses are said to get bigger salaries in the movies than on the legiti-

No dress-making bills ever caused him to frown,

And whenever Eve asked for a new style of gown

He just brought her a different leaf.



You Hear or See Them Every Day.

"Elevator out of order."

"Don't feed the animals."

"Ladies and gentlemen—"

"Coolest place in town."

"Move forward in the aisle, please."

"Gentlemen, be seated."

"Votes for women!"

"How about you to-day, Jack?"

"Count your change before you leave the window."

"Speed limit—15 miles an hour."

"Don't forget the war tax."



Her Spring Hat.

Ribbons, roses,

Feathers, plants,

Crazy poses,

Silly slants.



Classifying Them.—There is an old saying that an Irishman should be given leave to speak twice to make his meaning clear. That does not apply to Scotchmen, and Mr. William Banks, sr., ex-newspaper man and theatre censor of Toronto, is Scotch. So, therefore, there can be no excuse for a statement which he made the other day at a meeting of the representatives of the various Patriotic Fund Association branches—except

WAR NOTES.

The Germans are great sea-fighters—against trading ships.

The Crown Prince's troops asked recently for old rugs and carpets. They must have something to beat.

There seems to be strife everywhere and in everything. Even the war reports conflict.

There's one thing to be said for the Turk. He hasn't so far claimed the Lord as his ally.

A Zeppelin admiral says that the killing of women and children is accidental. Accident seems to have become a habit.

Admiral Fletcher says there are 15 vital defects in the U. S. navy. Outside of that it's all right.

British breweries are now turned into munition plants. Used to make men dead drunk before—just make 'em dead now.

England has ordered 15,000,000 beef stews from a Chicago packing house. To be used as food or ammunition?

Joe Cannon has just celebrated his 80th birthday. He can remember when Woodrow Wilson wrote his first note to Germany.

mate stage. Worth more to keep them silent?

Women are somewhat like the magazines—always rushing the season.

We read that a man had his reason restored by advertising. The plain inference is that those who won't advertise are crazy.

Times change. People who used to admit that they had never seen Charlie Chaplin boast about it now.

Barnard College girl comes out with the statement that an education is not complete without a kiss or two. Hurrah—votes for women!



Query.—"Peace hats" are a recent millinery fad across the line. Does that mean peace at any price?



Progress.—Now they are organizing a forty million dollar movie trust. Even the movies do move!



Of Course.—New York women have formed a club to suppress gossip. If you have any gossip send it to them for suppression. That's what they're organized for.



In the Garden of Eden.

How happy must Adam have been? The fashions ne'er brought him to grief—

that possibly he said more than he meant.

There were some prominent people there too. Around him sat such leading lights in patriotic work as Sir John Hendrie, Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor; Sir Herbert Ames; Major W. S. Dinnick; Mr. J. E. Atkinson, of the Daily Star, and others who stood high in the counsels of the Association. It was the presence of those outstanding men that made the remark of the man from Caithness all the more significant and brought a hearty laugh from everybody.

The theme of debate was the provision made for the families of the soldiers at the front. Mr. Banks had described how, but for the St. Andrew's Society, many a soldier's family would have looked in vain for a Christmas dinner. There were homes the Patriotic Fund did not reach. Then, as if to cite extenuating circumstances, he asserted:

"Of course, we must remember that our best men have gone away to the war, and only the more mentally-feeble are left at home to carry on this work."



True.—One half the world doesn't know how the other half keeps out of the war.



When to Laugh.—Vaudeville audiences know when to laugh. They laugh at the same old jokes and the same old tricks and the same old situations. In fact they seem to demand that the same old performers continue to do the same old

stuff that they have done for years. Perhaps that accounts for the decadence of modern vaudeville.

But for the enlightenment of those souls who are at a loss to know when to laugh in a vaudeville show, we herewith submit the following list:

When a comedy acrobat falls repeatedly.

When a black face comedian mentions chicken.

When a performer asks the orchestra leader if he is a married man.

When a comedian speaks in a falsetto voice and walks with a mincing step.

When a trap comedian turns his back to the audience and shows a big, red patch on his trousers.

When a Dutch comedian opens his coat and shows a green waistcoat.

When a performer rises from a chair or stoops and the drummer makes a sound of cloth ripping.

When one comedian strokes the other's whiskers and speaks of them as spinach.

When a juggler, after doing a trick, remarks, "Isn't he clever?"

When a performer says "damn" or "Hell" or some other expletive that he thinks is humour.



What Might Have Been.—Just think how much worse it might have been if the chase after Villa had had to be made by Uncle Sam's submarines.



Some Hunt.

Bye Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting

To find a flat in this big town,
But the landlords all will turn him down—
"Children not wanted."



Tragic.—Pity the plight of the fellow who is tired of doing nothing and too lazy to do anything.



Extravagance.—A woman in Chicago asks a divorce because her husband poured gasoline on her and then lit a match. She ought to get it. No woman should be compelled to live with a man so extravagant as that, and gasoline so dear!



A Story in Titles.—The other day a New York paper printed a list of current theatrical attractions, and, whether accidentally or otherwise, ran them in the following order:

- "To-night's the Night."
- "The Only Girl."
- "A Pair of Silk Stockings."
- "The Mix Up."
- "Twin Beds."
-
- "Under Cover."



The Remedy.—Wilbur G. Voliva, the successor of "Elijah" Dowie at Zion City, finds that these summer days the young men and maidens do not listen to his sermons when they sit together in the temple. So he threatens to make the men sit on one side and the women on the other, as the Quakers do.

It may not have occurred to Mr. Voliva to try the expedient of preaching interesting sermons.



Getting Acquainted.—While "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was being presented at the Criterion Theatre in New York, the scenery attracted unusual attention from Shakespearean students. And coming at a time when Shakespeare was beginning to become popular after having waited 300 years for the pleasure, the number of students was great. They resorted to every subterfuge to get on the stage and see the mechanism at first hand, but the wily doortender generally suspected their little deceptions and managed to keep them out. He admits, however, that one miss almost succeeded.

She approached the stage door and asked to be admitted to the reception room and to see Paul Gordon, the young romantic actor who had won high praise for his work.

"Visitors are not allowed behind," the doortender told her. "Are you in any way related to Mr. Gordon?"

"Oh, yes," she gushed boldly, "I am his sister."

The guardian of the sanctity of the stage gave her a quizzical look.

"I am so glad to meet you," he quizzed. "I am his father, you know."

The swish of a skirt was heard turning the corner.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Canadian Opportunity in Japan

JAPAN is a growing factor in world trade. If Canada is to have her share of that trade she must reckon with Japan, both as a competitor and as a customer. The following is taken from a letter to the Department of Trade and Commerce in Ottawa:

Financially Japan continues to prosper greatly from the war, and especially from war orders. Trade during the last few months has witnessed marvellous expansion, especially in exports, which in the last year have exceeded imports by some yen 170,000,000, a tendency that the authorities have been striving in vain for years to bring about. This year's excess of exports is expected to reach yen 200,000,000. Whether this favourable balance of trade will continue after the war is another question. The reversion is due altogether to the war. The biggest extensions are to Australia, India and Russia, especially in the way of capturing the markets formerly held by Germany.

The largest profits are reaped by the shipping companies. The lack of freight space is a serious embarrassment to trade, and freights have already gone high, but the return of Canadian Pacific boats and the Pacific Mail Company is doing something to relieve the situation. However, the war has brought Japanese merchant marine up from a sixth to a third place in the world's shipping. All Japanese yards have orders for ships to occupy them fully for the next twelve months, covering more than 200,000 tons, though the shortage in construction materials is delaying them. They are trying to get steel plate from America, as the exportation of it is prohibited from England, but it is rather difficult to do so.

Resent Canadian Intrusion

THE place Canada will take in Japanese trade is an important question, and one that would require a special study in itself. It may be assumed, however, that the opportunities are good, if Canadian merchants and manufacturers will only become as active and aggressive as British and American merchants, or even as Australians, many of whose agents are now visiting Japan buying or taking orders or looking over the field. The British, American and German agents or middlemen have been so long monopolizing the entire business of exportation that they are jealous of Canadians and Australians entering the trade. They want Canadians to use them as agents, but in doing so Canadians usually find that they naturally push their own goods first.

Japan's Buying Power

THE scarcity of paper has obliged many periodicals to suspend publication and many others to increase their cost more than 20 per cent. Supplies for the trade usually came from Austria, Germany, Belgium and England, all of which are now suspended, and the country has been living on the stock on hand. The Japanese paper mills are able to meet the demand but partially. There should be an increasing trade, too, in bacon, ham, wheat and leather, which Canada can well supply. The flour trade has greatly declined owing to the policy of the Japanese in having their own mills and importing the wheat; but all the higher classes and foreigners still demand imported flour, most of which comes from California. There should be an immense demand in Japan for cheap homespun, as so many of the officials and merchants now wear foreign clothes, the material for which in the past has been for the most part German shoddy, the better cloths coming from England. And Japan can pay Canada in tea, cottons, and silk, as well as in porcelain and fancy goods. But Japanese traders take so scant an interest in Canada as a possible field of exploitation, that the question requires careful and constant study, with a plentiful supply of good advertising material translated into Japanese and distributed among the native importers and exporters, as well as consumers.

With the prosperity created by the war the purchasing power of the country has greatly increased and money is now freely spent. Luxury is beginning to be marked, especially in the way of more motor cars, new mansions after the western manner, gay clothing and indulgence in expensive pleasures. There is indeed no country in the world where the rich man spends money more freely than in Japan; and the merchant is wideawake to the possibilities offered. The firms dealing in luxuries seem to do the best business, not more, but more profitable business; for the rich man knows nothing of prices and pays just what is asked. In fact, the rich man of Japan does not buy save through his under officials, and he sanctions almost any figure they submit.

The leading Canadian manufacturers and exporters of goods having a market in Japan should be persuaded to establish agencies in Yokohama and Tokyo with Canadians in charge, just as English and German firms have done. At first one agent could represent several Canadian firms, though it is best if each firm can afford to have its own agent. A practical and sound knowledge of the Japanese language and people is essential to success. But if the agency keeps a supply of young men in its office in Japan, they will be always gaining such knowledge and be ready to take the manager's place when he retires. Some of the most successful young men in Japan have been Canadians.

A Paradox

TWO news items give food for reflection. The first is this: A Wall Street correspondent wires: Bank deposits with the National Banks continue to mount to new high records. Aggregate deposits of the leading ten banks are now \$2,435,837,000, against \$2,299,355,000 two months ago and \$1,650,547,000 a year ago.

Now take this item: In comparison with interest levels before the war, the Canadian municipalities are paying high for money now. It is pointed out that in 1909 the City of Ottawa sold debentures on a 4% basis. In 1913, the last loan made before the war, the price paid yielded the purchaser 4%. Lately the city has paid as high as 5.88%. This means that whereas prior to 1915 a 4½% bond sold for \$100, now the same bond running for 30 years would not bring more than \$84. Assuming that a city can lay a street for the same cost, as far as materials and labour are concerned, as before the war, there is still the increase of from 15% to 20% in the cost of borrowing money to be taken into account.

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Belgians Are Still In Dire Need Of Food And Clothing

Conditions Grow Worse rather than Better in the Martyr Kingdom

How our sensibilities have been dulled by nearly two years of war news! A few thousand men swept away by the "curtain of fire" in a frontal attack—a merchantman or a hospital ship torpedoed—a score or more fallen victims to the baby-killing Zeppelins—these no longer excite or impress us. Perhaps it is well, for our interest or sympathy could do nothing to prevent these horrors of war.

But are we becoming equally callous about sufferings which we could alleviate? Are we losing interest in the millions of hungry Belgian mothers and children, left in the power of the ruthless Huns, and becoming more dependent every day on our help? Is our sympathy for them evaporating?

God forbid that, grown familiar with tales of suffering, we should fail to respond to this urgent appeal from the Belgian Relief Commission to support the magnificent work they are doing.

Every day they provide an allowance of food, meagre enough, it is true, but still sufficient to support life, to nearly three million destitute Belgians who would otherwise have to go without. The continuance of the supply depends on us! Will you do your share?

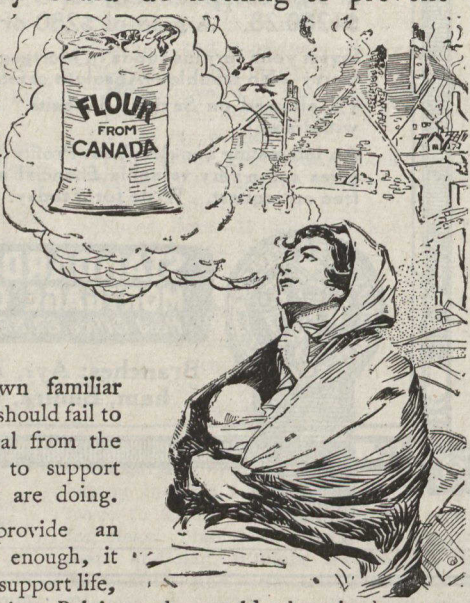
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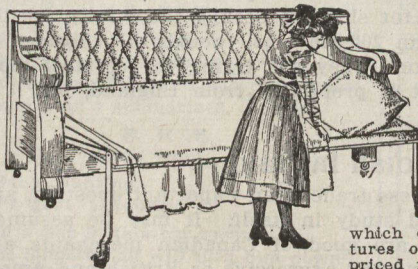


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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES, by McHarg and Balmer (E. P. Dutton), is the sort of book one would much rather not have to review. It would be much more agreeable just to read it, lay it aside, chuckle and—end at that. For if you review a mere mystery story seriously the real literary folk—sad people—are at a loss how to employ their usual sets of comments, and they fall back on boredom, the one safe refuge of repentant drunkards and the resourceless. As a matter of fact good mystery and detective stories scarcely come in the classification of "literature," because that term has come to include all sorts of illogical and muddy-minded trash by neurotics and neurasthenics. A good mystery story calls for more reasoning and more conscious art than nine-tenths of the wistful rubbish by men like John Powys and—but that list is too long.

Blind Man's Eyes is more like a piece of fine machinery than a book. It was evidently written after careful analysis by two skilful newspapermen, or one at least. They knew their business and they knew the story they wanted to tell. They told it well.

Far better to let Messrs. McHarg and Balmer fool you for a couple of hundred pages than read the horrid confessions of a dope-eating literateur with long hair and a yellow skin.

IN "The Spirit of France" (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto), Owen Johnson gives very readable impressions of that country in war-time. The style is rather more suited to journalism than book form, and the most interesting episode is an account of the author's interview with General Joffre, which, when it appeared in Collier's Weekly, was widely quoted in the French Press. The book will probably be widely read by Americans and serve a good purpose in giving them a better understanding of the great-hearted republic of France. It is profusely illustrated by photographs and a number of very charming drawings by Walter Hale.

"The Shepherd of the North," a novel, by Richard Aumerle Maher, author of "The Heart of Man," published by the Macmillan Co. of Canada, is full of action, well written and entertaining. It will undoubtedly find popularity among Roman Catholics. It is an admixture of religion and commerce, a defence of the confessional, and a demonstration of the omnipresence of the Catholic Church. The story is built up around the Shepherd of the North (the Bishop), and Jeffrey Whiting and Ruth Lansing, both of whom

were at first much opposed to the Catholic religion, but are finally won over by the irresistible influence on their lives of the Church and the Bishop. The grasping railway, with the New York State Government behind it, seeks to obtain at small cost, under the guise of furthering transportation facilities, the iron lands of the simple French-Canadian and English-speaking residents of a certain mixed settlement in the Adirondacks. After a political battle at Albany, when the Bishop comes out the victor, a trial for murder, at which Jeffrey is acquitted just as the reader had decided that he must be pronounced guilty, the story ends with the people triumphant. The diplomacy of the Bishop is victorious, as he is able to bring such forceful influence to bear upon the head of the railroad that he compensates the wronged people. Wedding bells. Finis.

"The Beloved Traitor," by Frank L. Packard. The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. Apart from the fact that it is an interest holding tale in itself, this book has what is in these days an added attraction, that is, it deals with France: French life in a Mediterranean fishing village and in artistic circles in Paris before the war.

The story opens in the village inn, where sits the hero playing dominoes, but devoting his chief attention to the mutilation of a large French loaf. With the soft bread thereby obtained are evolved—thanks to the great dexterity of his fingers—life-like little forms and images. One is the less surprised then when, later, an American art critic, and millionaire withal, comes to the village, sees some of the work of this rough but clever artist, and ends by carrying him off to Paris, where this peasant fisherman rises to be the greatest sculptor in France. Artist though he be, he is cursed with an inordinate love for fame, and it is around this passion that the great drama of his life is played, after which only does he attain to the full stature of his own greatness. The story is well planned, artistically told, and the characters live. All one might cavil at is the excellence of an art which—to say the least of it—must have been rather untaught.

"God's Puppets," by William Allan White. The Macmillan Co. A collection of five short stories dealing with the saw of life in the growing American village of New Raynham. Each story, while complete in itself, has quite a distinct connection with the others, some of the characters being common to more than

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

one. Especially prominent is Col. Longford, a rollicking but essentially good-hearted "colonel" of Irish descent, who, in his youth, had been the dashing head of a coloured regiment in the Union Side and who now, in his hearty old age, displays no small part in the author's design of pointing out to all sinners that "God will not be mocked," however much everybody else may be. Such is the theme which the author shouts lustily from page one to the last. Incidentally the stories deal with bold, bad, money-grasping sinners of the male variety, and very naughty, men-grasping delinquents of the female variety, the dark spots on whose lives are emphasized by a background of (to be sure) equally tempted but gloriously triumphant dear people, as sentimental and womanish as they are self-sacrificing and priggish.

The stories go with the usual swing, dash and breeziness which must be so familiar to readers of the "glad" books.

Sign of the Maple

(Concluded from page 13.)

homeless of the Allied countries. In her report of the work done by the I. O. D. E. in the United States, Mrs. Langstaff told of seventeen nurses and six ambulances sent overseas, together with two hundred tons of supplies.

In Winnipeg

EIGHTEEN city chapters centre in the Winnipeg Municipal Chapter, and these, besides undertaking large tasks in connection with the Red Cross, Soldiers' Comforts, the Convalescent Home or other war work, have aided in the activities of both the Municipal Chapter, under Mrs. Wright, and the Provincial, under Mrs. Colin H. Campbell. Among other accomplishments of the Municipal Chapter have been the supplying of a fully equipped Field Kitchen to the 28th Battalion, at a cost of \$1,200; the conduct of a Belgian "Can" week, which brought in 10,000 cans, valued at \$2,000; two Serbian weeks, in which over 50,000 articles, valued at \$5,000, were collected; Red Cross supplies valued at \$4,000; substantial donations to the British Red Cross; and finally a big



Mrs. W. J. Wright, Regent Winnipeg Municipal Chapter I. O. D. E.

share in the establishment and upkeep of a Soldiers' Convalescent Home, where an average of 21 men a day have been cared for in the past year. This number is now increasing rapidly, and the Municipal Chapter projects a corresponding increase in its efforts to aid the military authorities in looking after invalided soldiers from the war. Mrs. Wright is indefatigable in her patriotic endeavours and sets a high example to her chapter of energy and enterprise.

THE I. O. D. E. are making elaborate preparations for Queen Alexandra Rose Day, which will be celebrated throughout Canada on June 15th.

War Saving

ARNOLD BENNET contributes the following suggestions on the subject of war-time economy:

If people are to save they must learn why they are to save and in what they are to save. And to learn these two things they must be made to grasp a few axioms. For example:

1. The war is not the only important matter demanding our attention and energy. It will be useless to win the war if in doing so we ruin the future of the race. Conclusion: The education of the young is not a proper subject for economy.
2. Apart from the energy necessary for

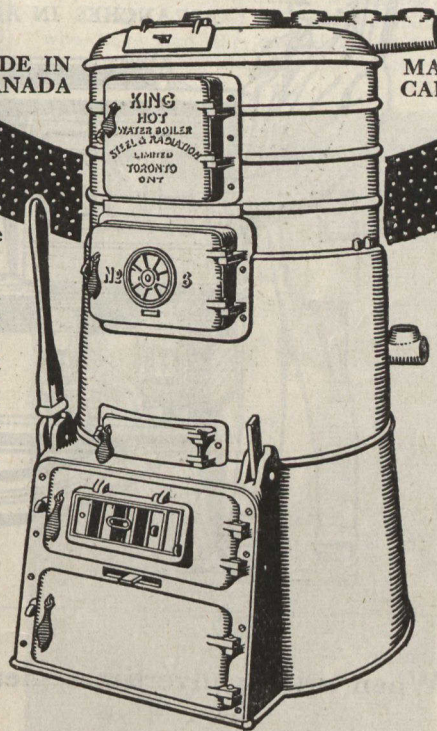
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ensuring the efficient future of the race, the whole nation ought now to be exclusively a fighting machine. To this end three points must be borne in mind:

(a) Every non-fighting individual in the fighting machine must be kept healthy, efficient, and cheerful by the nation so far as the capacity of the nation permits.

(b) The fighters must be fed, clothed and munitioned by the nation so far as the capacity of the nation permits.

(c) In so far as non-fighting individuals have to be kept healthy, efficient and cheerful by the help of other nations, this nation must produce and export goods which will pay for the various commodities and services so supplied by other nations.

(d) In so far as the fighters have to be fed, clothed, or munitioned by the help of other nations, this nation must produce and export goods which will pay for the food, clothing, or munitions so supplied by other nations.

3. These activities are more than sufficient to absorb the whole energy of the nation. Therefore any energy which is devoted to other activities is anti-patriotic and pro-German.

Girl Guide Recreation Hut

GIRL GUIDES all over the country are responding splendidly to the appeal for funds to establish a recreation hut for Canadian troops in France. Medicine Hat Troop sent \$52 this week, and response has come from Princeton, B.C., from Sherbrooke, Que., and from several places nearer headquarters, Toronto. The Boy Scouts have already established several of these recreation centres at the front, and the Guides are setting out valiantly to follow a good example.

Belgium Before the War

NO matter what happens in any other country now at war, the original country where the war began is still the chief claimant on the benevolent consideration of the world. No other country can possibly be affected by the war as Belgium has been, is now and will continue to be until the German robbers get out of the country.

"The difference in the methods of living and the social standards of Belgium before the war and Belgium to-day are incomparable and can hardly be conceived," remarked a man who returned to Montreal the other day after a visit to that afflicted country. "Belgium, as I have seen it before the war, was a busy, prosperous little country with no idlers, everyone was happy and everyone had his little bit of money tucked away. Belgium to-day is a far different country.

"Everything is devastation and everywhere there is poverty and suffering. Germany has robbed the Belgians of their all and then taken away even the means to earn more. It is the cruellest weapon ever used in warfare—this inhuman starvation of innocent women and children—that the Germans are using to subdue a people whose morale has remained unbroken through untold hardships.

"If Canadians could see the tiny children, emaciated, crying, shivering in their scanty clothes, and could see the heroic Belgian mothers wrapping their own too thin garments about them, as they stood in the bread line, they would be moved. It is a sight to make missionaries out of the most hardened.

"I am adding my appeal to those of the Belgian Relief Committee and asking Canadians to give of their prosperity to feed and clothe these starving women and babes. We would not do less for any one—we should do more for Belgium. Send your money, your gifts to the Belgian Relief Committee, 59 St. Peter St., Montreal."

Several communities in Belgium are at present in a state of destitution that cannot be described, owing to the extreme pressure that has been brought to bear upon them by the German war governments and the occupying armies.

Several days ago the "flag of misery"—de noodelag—was hoisted over the church steeple and the alarm bell was rung to tell the surrounding communities of the destitution of Lanaeken. The people were starving.

There was nothing to eat—not a piece of bread, a potato, nor any article of food, no matter how poor, to feed the commune. Adjoining neighbourhoods gave the assistance they could, sacrificing something from their pitiful supply, and the Belgian Relief Committee later came to the rescue with sufficient to save the lives of the people.

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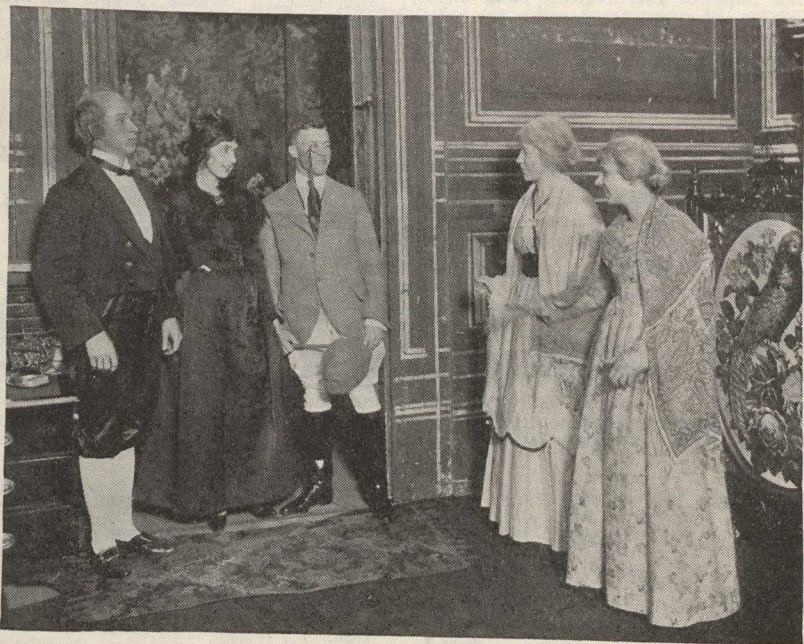
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MUSIC AND PLAYS



A scene from Jerome K. Jerome's play, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," as presented by the University Players' Club of Vancouver. This production, in which the University Players made their first appearance before the public, was so great a success that it was repeated in Vancouver and performances have also been given in Victoria (May 15) and New Westminster for the benefit of the University Battalion. In the group are, left to right: Mr. Henry Gibson, Miss Jessie Todhunter as Lady Bantock; Mr. G. V. Fraser as Lord Bantock; Miss Kathleen Peck (daughter of Rev. Mr. Peck of Kamloops), and Miss Grace Henderson (daughter of Judge Henderson of Vancouver), as the aunts.

A Musical Feast.

NOT since musical memory began in this part of the country has any accompanist played 23 numbers plus seven or eight encores in a single evening without being taken home in an ambulance—until Miss Adelaide Perle Chelew did such a thing in Foresters' Hall, Toronto, last Friday evening. And these were not nursery ditties to play either, as may be noted by the programme which for purposes of news is printed in full just as Atherton Furlong's pupils gave



Miss Perle Chelew played with exceptional finesse 30 accompaniments on one Toronto programme last week.

it, from No. 4 to No. 18, all the writer had time to hear. From start to finish no number was changed or taken off. Everything was given as advertised. A number of new pupils were introduced; others came back again to show progress, and in some cases to augment former popularity. The recital began sharp at 8.15 and ended somewhere close to 10.55. Following is the programme from 4 to 18 with brief comments:

a "Until" Sanderson
b "Swanee River"

Will E. Tinsdill.

Baritone, virile, resonant, a good sense of rhythm, and a quality of tone—piano sometimes off the key.

"Voce di donna" La Gioconda..Ponchielli
Ruth Robertson.

Undoubted contralto, now and then absolutely masculine on lower register; luscious quality in the mezzo, good style and interpretation fair.

a Serenade Gounod
b "A Little Pink Rose" Bond
Kyrle Peene, Violin Obligato by Mons. Morel.

Voice of light timbre, fine dulcet quality, style somewhat too tranquil with tempo rubato not very marked; obligato played delightfully on muted violin.

"The Swallows" Cowen
Phyllis Duckworth.

A dainty performance by a sprightly young singer with a high soprano voice of good lyric character inclined to the coloratura. An old song gratefully sung.

a "Jeuvuness" Barry
b "Four years old" Lohr
Cora McConachie.

Voice pleasing in quality, somewhat variable in pitch, smooth and even, with plenty of confidence.

"Il Bacio" Arditi
Audrey Harding.

A florid performance by a bright young singer with plenty of poise, good style, and good attention to the idioms of that ornamental kind of aria.

"Chanson Bachique" Thomas
Mons. D'Avignon Morel.

A magnificent piece of work by a voice of great resonance, brilliant character, fine upper register, no end of vibrancy, with dramatic style written all over it; a voice that belongs to a real musical temperament.

"Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster".....Weber
Agnes Adie.

A big pretentious work done in an unpretentious but very masterful way; voice much improved in power and in clarity since last heard in recital, in some respects a really thrilling performance—by no means equalled in the lyric encore.

"O Mio Fernando" Donizetti
Ruth McCoullough.

Another florid bit excellently done, but with a degree of stiffness in delivery; tonal production fair.

"Volta la terrea" Verdi

Jean Rowe.

Done by a pixie of a girl who has a light, flexible lyric voice and knows how to act. Her encore was delightful.

"Vissi D'Arte" (Tosca) Puccini
Muriel Sanderson.

A welcome return of a young singer who has increased in breadth of tone and power of utterance, but seems in danger of abandoning the lyric and the colourature for the dramatic.

"In questo semplice" (Betly)..Donizetti
Mrs. Maud Parsons.

A highly pleasing performance by a voice of fine flexible character, emotional quality and remarkable velvety character in the mezzo.

"Magnetic Waltz"Arditi
Nelles Clendenan.

A brilliant bit of work done with telling effect, good rhythmic observance and excellent enunciation.

"Honour and Arms" (Sampson)..Handel
Fred Anderson.

Done with no particular amount of voice, but with excellent phrasing, good breath control, enunciation the best and a fair degree of style.

"Ballatella from Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo
Flora Bell Watt.

A difficult thing given with much distinction; voice considerably broader than on her previous recitals and tonal quality good—but minus her usual facility in acting.

Forsyth Recital.

WHEN W. O. Forsyth brings together on one programme a number of well equipped and talented pianists who have had the advantage of being trained by him, the musical public and



Ivy Scott as Maid Marian in Robin Hood at the Grand Opera House, Toronto this week.

the friends of the students may well expect some brilliant, poetic, and altogether delightful piano playing. Such an occasion happened a few days ago in Nordheimer Hall, Toronto, when the following pianists, all from the Forsyth Studio, gave practical evidence of the kind of training they get in that institution: Misses Geraldine Allison, Fannie Singer, Rita Hutchins, Firenze Gilray, Norma Mitchell, Violet Stuart, Gladys Truax, Myrtle Weber, and Messrs. Hubert S. Martindale and Fred S. Orpen played before a crowded audience a programme

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including compositions by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Grieg, MacDowell, Cyril Scott, Rachmaninoff, Von Fielitz, Chopin, Schutt, Reinecke, Godard, Strauss, Poldini and Moszkowski. Mr. Norman Calvin, a pupil of David Ross, sang twice, affording acceptable variety by his artistic groups of songs. Miss Olive Calvin proved an efficient and good accompaniste.

A Correction.

LAST week's critique of Miss Olive Cooper's piano recital contained a few typographical errors that made a vast difference to the meaning of the appreciation. Where it read "no sterling merits," for instance, it should have meant quite the reverse. A little lapse in language sometimes means a great deal—especially in the use of negatives.



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

To Correspondents.

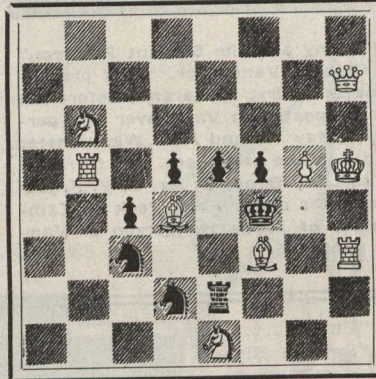
J. Kay.—Thanks for letter and continued interest.

PROBLEM NO. 45, by W. R. Todd,
First Prize "Four-Leaved Shamrock"
Tourney.

TORONTO CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNEY.

The following game was played in Section I. of the Toronto City Championship Tourney between Mr. A. H. Stovell of the Parliament Club, and Mr. S. E. Gale, one of the Toronto Club experts, the latter player being the winner of the Section.

Black.—Eight Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Problem No. 46, by L. Vetesnik.

White: K at QKt4; Q at KKt5; Bs at K7 and KB5; Kt at K4; P at KR5.
Black: K at K4; R at KRsq; Kts at QRsq and QKt6; P at QKt2.
White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 41, by F. Janet.

- 1. Kt-B8, K-Kt2; 2. Q-Kt5 mate.
- 1., K-K4; 2. Kt-QKt5 mate.
- 1., PxB; 2. Q-Kt5 mate.
- 1., P-B5; 2. Q-Q4 mate.

The Knight at B3 also discovers mate on eight different squares according to Black's play.

Problem No. 42, by V. Kosek and L. Vetesnik.

- 1. R-QB3, P-R5; 2. QxRP ch, KxP. 3. Q-R8 mate.
- 1., P-Kt7; 2. QxP ch; KxP; 3. QxP mate.
- 1., P-Kt4; 2. B-Q6! K-B5; 3. Q-R4 mate.
- 1., PxP; 2. QxP, any move; 3. Q-B3 or 5 mate.
- 1., KxP; 2. B-K3, and move; 3. Q-B6 or K6 mate.

Ladder and Staircase Theme.

The following two famous problems, the first with a ladder, and the second with a staircase effect, will undoubtedly interest our readers. We glean them from Mr. A. C. White's excellent work, "The Theory of Pawn Promotion." Examinations of the positions will give a clearer understanding than many lines of comment.

By H. F. L. Meyer.

White: K at QKt2; Rs at Qsq and Ksq; Kt at KR7; Ps at QKt3, QB3, Q2, Kkt3, Kkt4 and KR6. Black: K at Q6; Rs at Q5 and K4; B at K2; Kts at Qsq and KRsq; Ps at QKt2, QKt5, QB4, Q3, K5, KB6 and Kkt3. Mate in seven. 1. K-Kt3, P-K6!; 2. PxKP ch, K-K5; 3. PXR ch, K-Q4; 4. PXR ch, K-K3; 5. PxQP ch, K-Q2; 6. PxP ch, K-Ksq; 7. PxKt (Kt) mate.

By K. A. L. Kubbel.

White: K at KB2; R at K5; Bs at QR8 and QB7; Kt at Kkt3; Ps at QR5, QKt2, QB4, K3, Kkt5 and KR2. Black: K at QR3; Q at QR8; Rs at Q5 and Kkt2; Bs at QB8 and Q8; Kts at QKtsq and KB2; Ps at QR2, QR6, QB7, Q7, KB4 and KB5. Mate in seven. 1. P-Kt4, PxKt ch; 2. PxP, R-B5 ch 3. KtPxR, QxR; 4. PxQ, Kt-Q3; 5. PxKt, RxB; 6. PXR, B-B6; 7. PxKt (Kt) mate.

Solver's Ladder.

	No. 39.	No. 40.	Points.
W. J. Faulkner	2	2	32
S. E. Gale	0	0	29
R. G. Hunter	2	0	19
J. Patterson	0	0	19
J. Kay	2	0	12

Queen's Gambit Declined.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| A. H. Stovell. | S. E. Gale. |
| 1. P-Q4 | 1. P-Q4 |
| 2. P-QB4 | 2. P-K3 |
| 3. Kt-QB3 | 3. Kt-KB3 |
| 4. B-Kt5 | 4. QKt-Q2 |
| 5. Kt-B3 | 5. B-K2 |
| 6. P-K3 | 6. P-B4 (a) |
| 7. PxQP | 7. KPxP |
| 8. PxP | 8. KtxP |
| 9. B-Kt5 ch | 9. B-Q2 (b) |
| 10. BxB ch (c) | 10. QxB |
| 11. BxKt | 11. BxB |
| 12. KtxP | 12. BxP |
| 13. R-QKtsq | 13. B-B3 (d) |
| 14. KtxB ch | 14. PxKt |
| 15. QxQ ch (e) | 15. KxQ |
| 16. K-K2 | 16. KR-Qsq |
| 17. KR-Qsq ch | 17. K-K2 |
| 18. RxR | 18. RxR |
| 19. Kt-Q4 | 19. R-QBsq (f) |
| 20. R-QBsq | 20. P-QR3 (g) |
| 21. P-QR4 (h) | 21. R-B2 |
| 22. Kt-Kt3 | 22. Kt-K3 |
| 23. RxR ch | 23. KtxR |
| 24. Kt-B5 | 24. P-Kt3 |
| 25. Kt-K4 (i) | 25. P-B4 |
| 26. Kt-B3 | 26. K-Q3 |
| 27. P-K4 | 27. P-B5! |
| 28. P-Kt3 (j) | 28. PxP |
| 29. RPxP | 29. K-B4 |
| 30. P-B4 (k) | 30. K-Q5 |
| 31. K-Q2 | 31. P-B3 |
| 32. P-Kt4 | 32. P-R3 |
| 33. P-B5 | 33. P-Kt4 |
| 34. PxP | 34. PxP |
- Resigns.

(a) The advance of P-QB4 in this instance, before having Castled, is premature, but in all such cases the correct reply at a given point is not easily determined.

(b) K-Bsq was comparatively better, followed by P-Kkt3 and K-Kt2 as opportunity offered. The menace of White's B-R6 ch could, in the meantime, be obliterated.

(c) It is here where Mr. Stovell goes astray. He should have continued with 10. BxKt, BxB; 11. QxQP. Black besides being a Pawn minus would need to exercise care with his replies. For instance, if 11. . . . BxKt ch; then 12. PxP, BxB; (if 12. . . . R-QBsq; then 13. Kt-K5, Q-K2, 14. KxB, KtxKt; 15. QxKtP, RXP?; 16. Q-Kt8 ch, Q-Qsq; 17. Q-K5 ch, winning the Rook.) 13. QxKt, B-B3; 14. Q-K5 ch, K-Bsq; 15. R-Qsq, Q-Kt3; 16. Kt-Q4 and should win. 11. . . . Q-Kt3 would seem the correct defence in this complicated position.

(d) If 13. . . . B-R6; then 14. Kt-K6, followed by 15. Kt-QB4, winning a piece.

(e) A better policy springs from 15. Kt-Q4. By retaining his Queen he could assume a threatening attitude later against the ill-protected Black King and the crippled Pawns with chances of success. If 15. Q-Q4. Black could exchange Queens without fear of losing the Knight's Pawn. The position will repay examination.

(f) This move is somewhat risky. R-Q2 would be sounder play.

(g) In order to continue with R-B2 releasing the Knight.

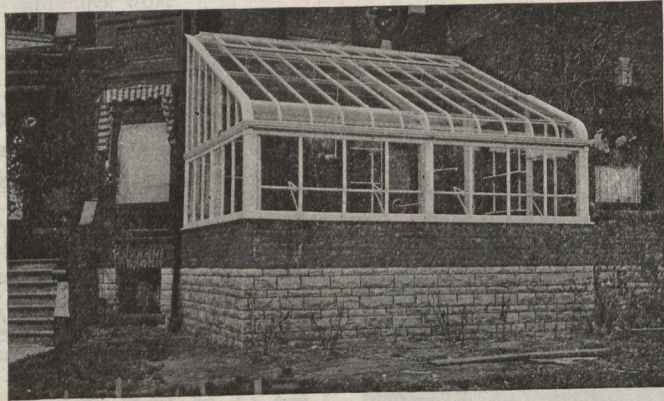
(h) In order to continue with R-B2 releasing the Knight.

(i) 21. Kt-Kt3 at once deserves consideration. If 21. . . . K-Q3; then 22. R-Qsq ch and the King must go back to the King's file, White inviting a draw by repetition. If 21. . . . P-Kt3; then 22. KtxKt, PxKt; 23. R-B4, R-B3; 24. R-KR4, P-B5; 25. K-Q2, P-B6 ch; 26. K-B2, R-B4; 27. RXP, R-QR4; 28. KxP, (if 28. K-Kt3, then P-B7.) RXP should also end in a draw. If 22. . . . RxKt; then 23. RxR, PxR; 24. K-Q3, K-Q3; 25. P-K4! again with a draw in view.

(j) Far better would have been 26. Kt-Q3, K-Q3; 26. K-Q2, K-Q4; 27. K-B3, after which a win for Black cannot be demonstrated. The text move loses.

(k) If 28. K-B3, Black also replies with K-B4.

(l) If 30. K-Q3, then 30. . . . K-Kt4 wins.



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HIS GREAT ADVENTURE

That Makes Everybody in the Family Want to Hear It Read Aloud

CHAPTER XIV.

By ALAN SULLIVAN

THE trail broadened as they travelled swiftly southward. Then one memorable day they passed the farmhouse that lay farthest north of Le Pas. Beyond this they found surveyors locating a railway. Gradually the grim severity of the land changed. Here and there were the marks of a pioneer humanity. The trail became a road on which they passed settlers who waved their whips and glanced understandingly at the dog team. At last, on the horizon, they caught the smoke of Edmonton. The Indians shouted and urged the dogs onward. Presently they entered a lane dotted with houses. This merged into a street at the end of which were electric lights.

The dogs yelped as they tore along. From the south came the whistle of a locomotive. Then the leading team pulled up, panting, at the door of a hotel. Across the road was the railway station.

Pearson looked deep into the girl's eyes as he lifted her from the cariole. The look said: "You must trust me—trust me to the end."

He went direct to the proprietor, and found a ruddy, good-natured Saxon, brimming over with human kindness.

"Look here," he said. "I've come down from the North with a young lady I am doing my best to take care of, and I want your wife to look after her. She has had rather a hard time and lost her father in an accident in the Barren Lands."

The hotel keeper expanded visibly. "Certainly! I'll be only too glad to do anything I can, so will my wife. I suppose you would like two good rooms."

"Yes, if you please, and would you mind not saying anything about the matter outside? People are rather inquisitive. Can I depend on you for this? It would be conferring a real kindness."

"Of course you can. Depend on me for anything you like, and on my wife, too. Come along and register."

At the desk, the young man wrote the two names. Then in a flash wondered if he had been rash in throwing off all disguise. In another moment he laughed at the idea of their being recognized in this outpost of civilization.

"Many people here?" he ventured.

"Hardly any one. Never saw business so bad. We generally get a good many in from the North, but there is only one man here now."

"Who's that?"

"He is over there now. You see that chap by the door?"

Pearson looked and saw a tall, thin man with sloping shoulders, black eyes, and bronzed face. There was a small, white scar on his left cheek.

The traveler's pulse quickened and his voice shook in spite of himself.

"When did he get in?"

"A day or so ago. Never saw him before, and don't know who he is. Come and I'll show you and the lady your rooms."

A few moments later Pearson rapped at Natalie's door.

"Come in!" said a faint voice.

He entered. Her face was pale, and she looked at him with the old terror moving in her eyes.

"You saw him?"

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I saw him."

"It's the third person of Dubawnt Lake. Don't you remember that Muqua said there was a white scar on his cheek?"

"Then he killed Nicolai!" snapped Pearson.

The girl tottered to a chair and buried her face in her hands. Presently she looked up, with the light of decision on her face.

"Listen, dear. We must start at once—by the very first train. Make any explanation you can. It doesn't matter if we have to leave everything

behind, we must lose ourselves very quickly."

Pearson's brow wrinkled. "But why do you think there is danger?"

"I don't think. I know. He is the man who put food outside our tent at Selwyn Lake. He is the man whose toboggan trail we saw that day after we left the post at Fond du Lac. It is true that he spared us once, that, in fact, he saved our lives, but there is a reason in his following us. I think he wants some promise or oath from you, that you will leave me and forget everything, and while you are with me he does not believe that you will give it."

"I'll promise nothing, much less promise to leave you."

She gazed at him steadily. "Not for my sake?"

He hesitated. "You should not ask me till I've had a chance to show what I can do."

Her form relaxed. "Go, dear, now, and find out about the train. We must not miss it. Perhaps I can make you understand later. If you love me, hasten."

Two minutes before the midnight train pulled out for Calgary, two figures hurried into the forward passenger coach. Half an hour afterward Natalie smiled brightly at her companion. "I think you managed that very well."

His arm slid round her. "Ah, I see you are beginning to put a little more faith in me. Now wait while I go and secure berths. I was afraid to do it before we started."

HE disappeared toward the rear of the train. She waited, yielding happily to the rocking motion as the miles slid by beneath the roaring wheels. The shadow was beginning to withdraw from her heart. Presently Pearson returned. His face was strangely stern.

"I got the berths, but—"

She looked at him anxiously. "Yes, what is it?"

"The tall man with the scar on his cheek is in the smoking compartment."

She quailed visibly, staring, speechless, as though fascinated. Pearson himself fumbled for words, but could find none with which to answer this question.

"And what now?" she whispered, faintly.

"There is only one thing to do, and it's perfectly reasonable. This man has no case against us, nor we against him. We can't prevent his following us, for there is no law against that, and he certainly can't attack us publicly. On the other hand I don't see that we are in any position to lay any complaint about him. There are many things we think we know, but," he hesitated, "we can't swear that we know. As far as the law is concerned he is a perfectly peaceable citizen. We can only go straight ahead and take no notice of him whatever."

She glanced at him curiously, and a strange expression flickered through her eyes. "Then you mean me to give up without an effort?"

"What!" he said, astonished. "You told me what I must do if I loved you."

"Oh, don't you see, I can't give you up like that!" She pulled him close to her and put her trembling lips to his ear. "Don't you understand, Jack. I'm afraid I love you too much."

His heart quickened. She was utterly his own, and now, captured by her love, she was ready to make a fight for liberty.

"Wait, darling. Let me think."

He sat plunged in profound introspection. She watched him anxiously for a moment which seemed hours. Presently he glanced up, with a new resolve in his grey eyes.

"I think I see it now. We will go

on just as we are, doing what I said, then when we get near some large city—say Toronto—we will slip out at night and wait a day or two. It's no use trying that here. The population is too thin, and we would only attract attention. I think that will throw him off."

"I trust you absolutely, Jack."

Next morning, after breakfast, Pearson seated himself in the smoking compartment. Immediately opposite, the tall stranger was exhaling a blue cloud from a cigarette and expelling it in two thin streams from his nostrils. The odour was like that of the cigarettes of Stanovitch. The sun struck sharply through the polished window and touched the white scar on the smooth brown cheek.

"Nice morning," said Pearson.

The stranger nodded. "Winter comes early this year." There was no accent in his voice. He might have been of any nationality.

"You have been in the North?" ventured Pearson, daringly.

"Yes," said his neighbour, calmly. "I came down from Le Pas a day or two ago."

"Fur, I suppose?"

"Yes, fur. The prospects are not very good this season, especially for mink and otter. Marten, on the other hand, are up to the average."

"Then you had not a satisfactory journey. It is a long way to go for a small result."

The slightest flicker moved through the tall man's eyes. "On the contrary," he parried, coolly. "I obtained some very useful data, which will be of great service to me."

A sudden impulse hurried Pearson along. Listening to his own voice, it seemed that he was reciting something he had rehearsed many a time previously in preparation for this one occasion.

"A lonely place, isn't it? One doesn't see much of humanity."

"Ah, yes, quite true! I was quite alone, but curiously enough I did not lack humanity. It is curious how society is represented in the North." Then he added, dryly: "All kinds of society."

"You were alone? Is not that unusual? It would have been very awkward in the case of an accident."

"You are quite right, it would have been awkward. Fortunately things went very well with me—although there are many accidents in proportion to the small number of inhabitants."

"You seem very much at home—are you a Canadian?"

"No, but I have had Canadian interests. I represent a foreign syndicate." For a fraction of a second the lids dropped over the dark eyes, then the level voice went quietly on: "You travel with your wife?"

PEARSON'S pulse fluttered. "Yes, fortunately."

"She is brave to face the North. Her first journey, I suppose?"

"Yes, her first journey, and I think I may say her last. A little of such an experience goes a long way with a woman. I am afraid she rather repents the curiosity that took her there."

The stranger exhaled another blue cloud and stared with contemplation into the smoke. "Ah, you are quite right. My observation is that curiosity invariably has strange and often extremely uncomfortable results. It is a dangerous tendency. You, for instance, do not look as though you are curious."

"No," said Pearson, slowly. "I used to be at one time, but I think I have got over it now."

The stranger nodded. "I congratulate you. In that case you have safely survived that period of life which is most apt to be perilous. You were prospecting in the North, were you not?"

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The Englishman started in spite of himself. "No, not prospecting. We were just knocking about."

"Ah, please pardon my mistake. The curiosity which I have just condemned recoils in my own face. I only happened to notice a piece of rock sticking out of one of your bags in the hotel. Last night I did not expect to be so fortunate in my travelling companion. You made a very short stay in Edmonton."

"Yes. I got an important telegram, and we had to leave very suddenly. In fact we just had time to catch the train, and no more."

"And now you return to England. You will pardon the assumption if I say that it is quite evident that you are English."

Pearson nodded. "Yes, by the first boat." Then he added, unconsciously: "We go by way of New York."

"In that case," said the stranger, thoughtfully, "it is quite possible that we shall meet in New York. I have often noticed that very strange and unexpected encounters take place in large cities. One is apt to meet the person one least expects to meet, and," he added, curiously, "one sometimes meets the person one most wishes to avoid."

HE relapsed into silence. His companion furtively examined the thin face, tanned a copper brown, the high cheek bones, the white, staring scar, the quick, dark eyes, the lean, sloping shoulders that so disguised their strength, and the long, loose, sinewy, prehensile hands. What there was behind all this he could not determine. But deep in his own soul some higher intelligence told him that here was the third person who had stretched Stepan Kolkoff dead in some act of treachery, whose steps he had heard in the night-time, who had driven that three-cornered hammer deep into the scheming brain of Nicolai, and who had saved two young lives on the icebound shore of Selwyn Lake. Again he studied the smooth face. There was no evidence of cruelty, but rather a calm, fixed, inflexible quality, with which this stranger would pursue a changeless course, unmoved by pity and unstirred by passion.

Later he spoke of all this to Natalie. "That man is neither cruel nor vindictive, and I don't believe he has a trace of ambition, either. He seems to me like some cool and perfectly balanced machine which has been designed for a certain purpose, and will do its work without a trace of variation. You can't get behind his eyes and guess what he is thinking of, but all the same I believe he has the face of a man who will play fair."

"Then if all that is true, what is the use of trying to escape him? It is out of the question."

"Do you remember what Nicolai said about men being able to lose themselves, not in the wilderness, but among many other men?"

She shook her head. "Others have tried to escape," she said, hopelessly. "Dearest, I don't forget what I said a little while ago, and you must not think that I would not risk anything to escape. You know I would give the rest of my life for a single year with you, but now there is only one thing that I see you can do. Would it not be better to go to him and ask him what he wants? It sounds strange, I know, in a free country, but only some are free in any country. If you went to the police and asked for protection, you would not need it in a week."

"Do you mean," said Pearson, hotly, "that I am to walk up to a man I have never seen before and ask him what he wants us to do?"

She nodded wistfully. "Then I am sorry, but I can't do it—at least," he hesitated, "I won't do it till I have tried again to throw him off the trail. Even then, if he does not drop out, I may take the affair into my own hands."

"You must not think of it. It would be the end of us both."

He sat, silent and stubborn, then suddenly blurted: "I'm not used to taking things lying down."

She gazed at him with love in her

eyes. This was a different Pearson from the one who had stared so hungrily into Florio's restaurant. The wilderness had set its seal on him. The lean figure had filled out, and superb strength was obvious in every movement and gesture. He seemed now a man who had found himself, and was armed and trained to strike back with vigour and return the buffets of the world.

"Darling," she said, gently, "we have not much more time left together. Shall we not be as happy as we can?"

For the next three days it was a strange journey. All the way down from the Northwest, the tall man shared the sleeping car. He ate when they ate. It gave them a curious sensation to look across the aisle and see him ordering his meals. Very rarely did their eyes meet, and when they did his lids always drooped and his glance turned away. Once or twice, scanning the smooth features, they noted an extraordinary expression in which determination and regret seemed to mingle. It was almost as though the stranger man had found himself.

Gradually there grew up in Pearson's mind that even though the tall man's orders were absolute, he might yet relent long enough to let them slip away in peace. This blossomed into a final resolve.

"I've thought it all out," he said, with grim determination, on the evening of the third day. "To-morrow morning we reach Toronto, and our car joins a new train at North Bay. It stops at a place called Bracebridge, about five hours after we change. We will slip out there and then come on to Toronto a day or two later. But we must get out just before reaching the city and come in by some other way. Then the thing will be not to go to a hotel at all, but to some very quiet boarding house in the suburbs. If we succeed in that, I defy any one to find us."

"And if any one does?" she breathed, with a strange light in her eyes.

"Then, if it's absolute and final and shows that our movements are absolutely known and understood, I'll do what you say."

For the rest of the evening they watched very carefully. He crawled into his berth and lay there, fully dressed, chuckling at the thought of the expression the tall man's face would bear in the morning. In the small hours he noted the time carefully, and rapped gently at the wooden partition at his head. Instantly there came an answering tap.

In three-quarters of an hour, Pearson, as he left the car with Natalie, glanced back along the narrow line of green curtains. There was neither stir nor sound. It appeared that every passenger was plunged in profound slumber. In another instant the conductor swung his lantern, the porter touched his cap, picked up his wooden stool, and swung nimbly on board as the train began to move. Pearson stood on the small station platform and put his arm around the girl's waist. Together they watched the red and green tail lamps swing through a curve and drop suddenly out of sight. His grasp tightened, and he pressed her to him.

"Beloved," he whispered, "this is the first step toward freedom and happiness."

AFTER a discreet wait of two days, they approached the city. Already the winter night had fallen darkly, and high overhead the reflection of the electric whiteness of the murky sky. It looked as though Toronto were illuminated in welcome of the two wanderers.

A small boarding house was found without difficulty. The curious glances of the landlady abruptly ceased when Pearson put a bill into her hands.

"Please make my sister as comfortable as you can. We have had a long journey, and she is very tired."

Next day they explored the western part of the city, keeping well away from the central section. Pearson



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felt subjectively surprised at the number of people in the world. It drew them together, even as the wilderness had drawn them. These people were free, happy, and independent. It was visible on every face. This was his own right and that of the girl he loved. He wondered whether a practically penniless man could settle down here and compete with these multitudes. Then his mind turned to the treasure house of Dubawnt Lake, and he swore a great oath that he would not desert the fortune that by now was buried beneath arctic snows.

"Natalie," he begged, impulsively, "we must be married, now—I implore you. I can't wait, dearest. We have escaped, and you are perfectly safe. Don't you understand, darling, that I can't do without you any longer?"

"Dearest," she answered, slowly, with a tremour in her voice, "if a week from to-day we have not been discovered I will marry you. I need you just as much as you need me, and if in spite of all I have told you you still want me—" she paused, and a vivid blush mounted to her cheeks.

Pearson's grey eyes grew misty with emotion. "I shall live for you, you only."

That night they were very daring and went to a moving-picture theatre. The reel was of Northern life. He turned to her and laughed. "How little they know of the real North. We could tell them a thing or two, couldn't we?"

Her shoulder pressed against him. "I want to forget the North."

They said good night in the narrow hall of the boarding house. Their drab surroundings had suddenly been transmuted into gold. He caught her close in his arms. "Mine, mine, mine!" he said. Then his lips fastened hungrily on her own.

CHAPTER XV.

IN the lives of most men there comes at one time or another a period when their highest hopes are crushed and the treasure ships of their hearts are wrecked. Thus it was that the Pearson who descended next morning was not the man who had held the girl to him in the shadows of the hall the night before. This man's face was drawn and lined, and in his sleepless eyes was anxiety and fear.

He ate little, and hardly looked up till Natalie entered. Then their eyes met.

Her face, too, had changed. The brightness had gone, and it seemed that age had descended overnight. Her lips moved, but she did not speak.

The room emptied, and at last they were alone. Then Pearson slowly laid a slip of paper in front of her.

"You, too!" he said, under his breath.

The girl shuddered and put another crumpled scrap beside his hand. "It was under my pillow."

He nodded despondently. "Under mine, too."

"How did it get there?" She was deadly white.

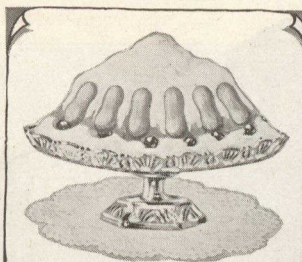
"I don't know. I'd sooner not ask. I only know I thought we had escaped." Then he added bitterly: "But we haven't."

He took the slips and laid them side by side. "I will be at Florio's restaurant in New York to-morrow night," he read, slowly. That was all. There was neither date nor signature.

"Well," he continued, grimly, "I think I will go to Florio's and finish it there."

Her hand trembled as she laid it on his arm. "Jack, dear, we must be very wise now. You can see now how impossible it is to slip away. Is it not better to know the worst than to be always tortured with suspicion and uncertainty? The truth, after all, may not be as bad as we think. This is either the end of everything, or," she hesitated, "the beginning."

Pearson's gaze was as cold as steel. "Very well, we will go together. If he tries to take you away from me he must stand the consequences. He is a strong man, but I will break his back like a stick. It's you and I together now—no matter how soon the end comes."



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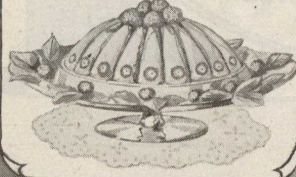
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1/4 cup cold water 1/4 cup sugar
1 cup strawberry juice and pulp 1 1/2 cups heavy cream, beaten until stiff

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into strawberry juice mixed with lemon juice. Add sugar, and when sugar is dissolved, set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in cream. Turn into wet mold lined with strawberries cut in halves, and chill. Garnish with fruit, selected strawberries and leaves. A delicious cream may also be made with canned strawberries.

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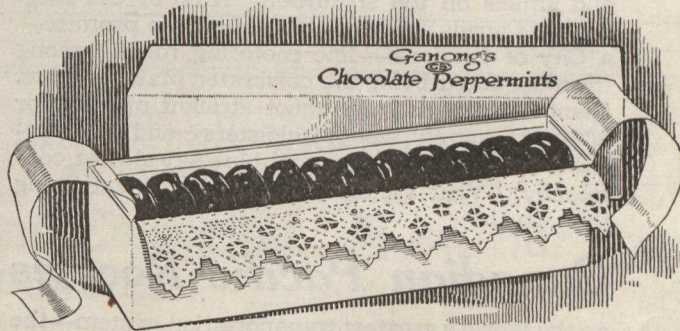
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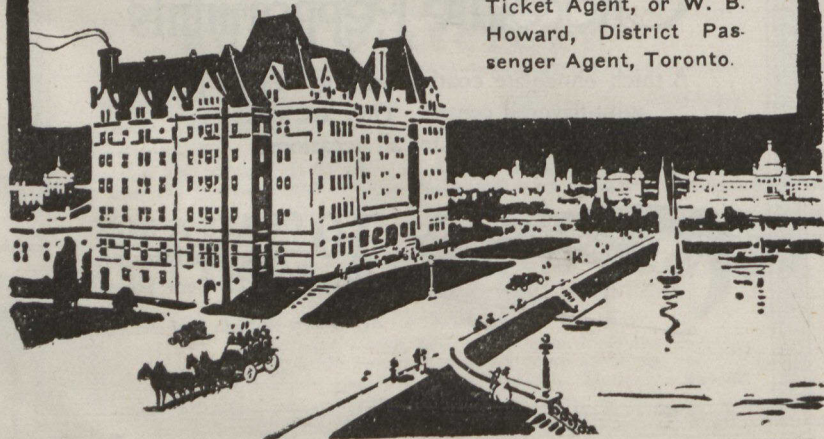
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They left for New York the same night, drawn by an occult attraction that seemed stronger than any power they could oppose it with. Pearson surveyed the calm, pale face of the girl he loved and vowed that nothing would drag her from his arms. This journey was even stranger than the last. There was no tall man whose personality they silently explored, but at the other end he waited, invisible and irresistible, while they came in swift obedience to the magic of a few scribbled words.

NATALIE smiled bravely and then tried to lose herself in a Toronto paper. An hour passed. Hamilton dropped behind, and the train began its long climb to the level of Lake Erie. Suddenly the girl leaned forward, with her eyes riveted on the paper. Her lips moved without words as she read. She glanced quickly at her lover with an extraordinary expression, and her hand closed tightly over the sheet. In another moment she had folded and slipped it quickly into her bag.

Pearson's gaze was turned into the darkness. Then, as the features of a woman become doubly beautiful when she regards the man who is everything to her, so those of Natalie became transfigured. Such looks remain in the hearts of men with undying meaning.

"Beloved," he whispered, "what is it?"

"Jack," she said, with infinite tenderness, "if some strange chance kept us together, would you always cherish and love me? You don't know who I am or very much about me. It might be that you would find life very difficult with me for a wife, even if danger were removed."

"Don't you know," he answered, slowly, "that if I do not marry you I will not marry any one? God meant us for each other or we would not have been thrown so strangely together. Do you think I am a man who could forget Dubawnt Lake and the perilous days we have gone through together?"

"But I don't know either English ways or English people. Have you thought of that?"

He smiled bitterly. "I am only a younger son. You know in England that means one has to forage for oneself. It's a poor country for younger sons, and they generally ship us out to Canada or Australia. Perhaps, when I am old and grey, I shall come into my own and take my place and name and will go back home—that is, if I want to," he added, cynically.

Natalie's face still wore that inscrutable look. "Who can tell?" she said, gently.

Memory rushed back and engulfed them both as they walked through the Grand Central Station next morning. Here had begun that memorable journey, and here Stanovitch had stood only six months before to greet his new recruit. But Stanovitch seemed so far away now that it was as if he had only appeared in a dream that vanished at its birth.

The roar of the city deafened them. Pearson blinked at these hurrying multitudes and wondered if in any single breast there was buried such poignant emotion as in his own. Together they tried to prepare for that which this eventful night must bring forth.

"He will insist," said Natalie, wearily, "that I go back to Novogorod with him at once, and be always under guard. You will have to give your oath that you will reveal nothing you know. Then we will say good-by, and I will take ship for Russia, and you, dear heart, will go your own way, but you will not forget me."

Pearson was silent. His jaw set firmly, and the muscles in his arm began to twitch as his fingers closed over an object in his pocket. Presently he looked down at her. "And you think I am going to stand by and do nothing?" he said, after a moment.

"Yes, because you love me."

(To be continued.)

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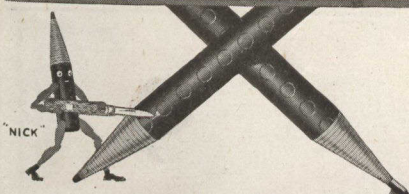
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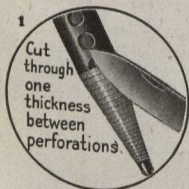
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