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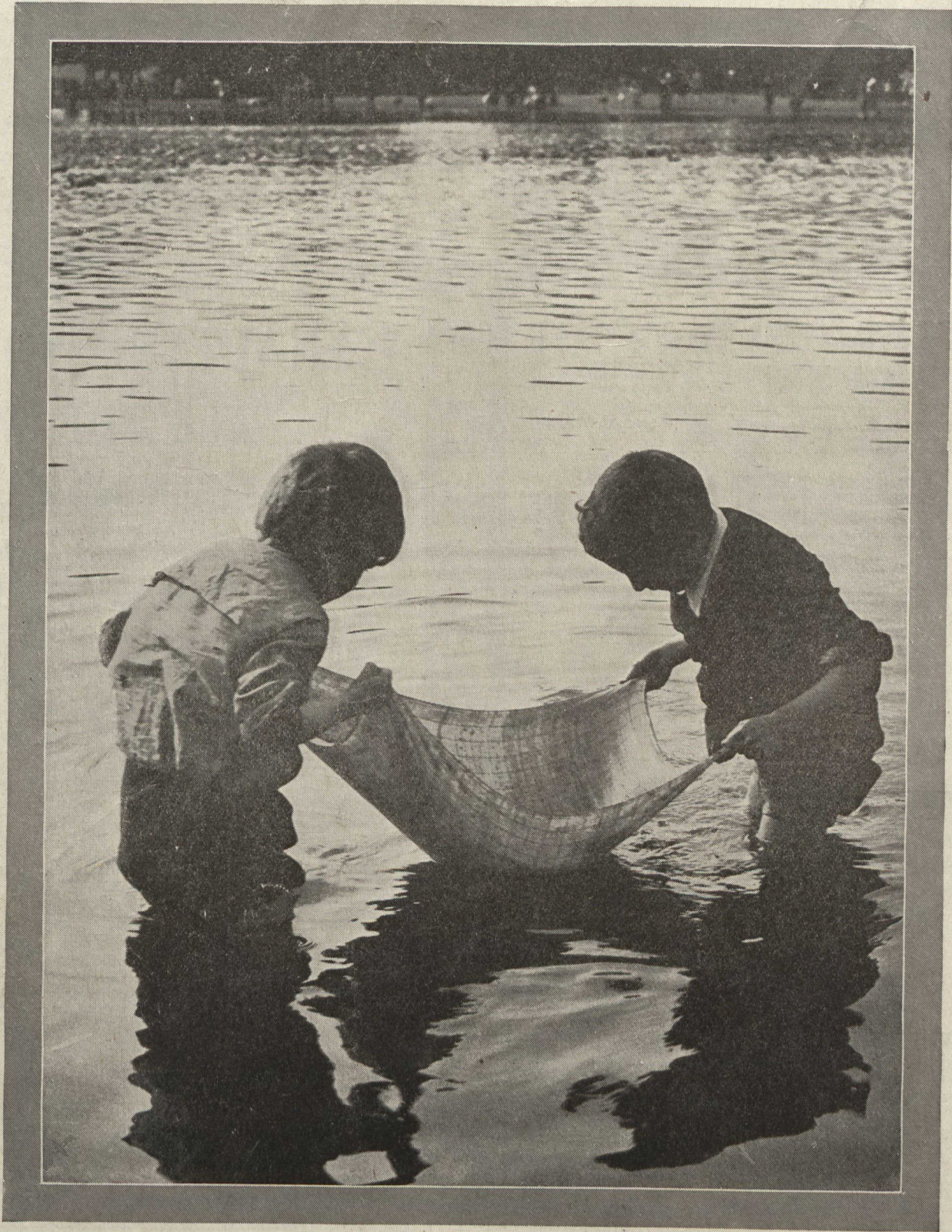
THE CANADIAN
COURIER

VOL. XX. No. 13

August 26th, 1916

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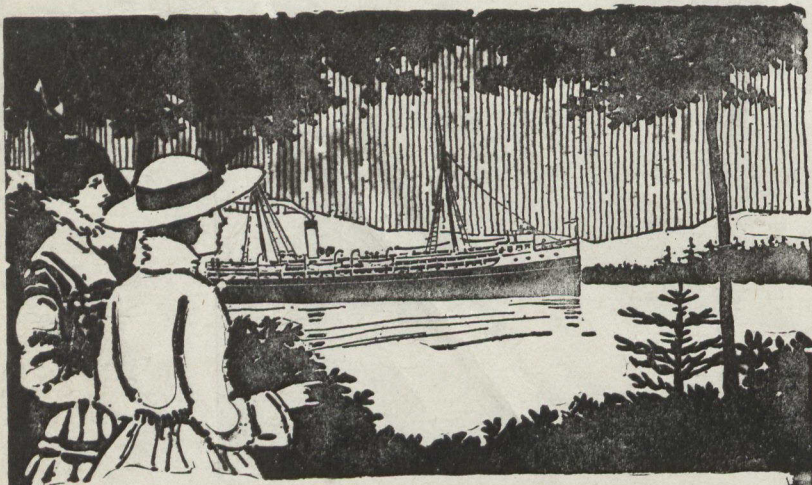
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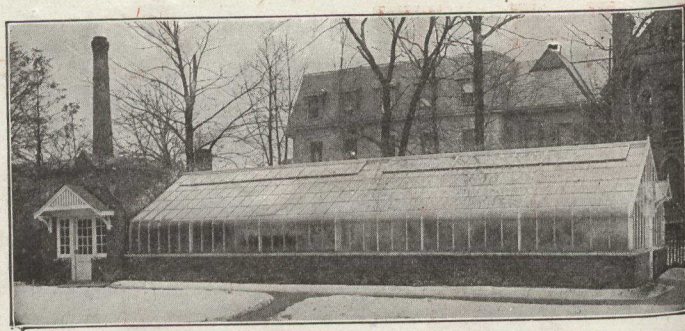


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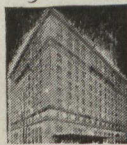
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XX.

August 26th, 1916

No. 13

THE COAT OF MANY COLOURS

How the Toronto News Has Survived the Shock of Radical Changes

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

ALL the real respect I ever had for a newspaper was at one time epitomized to the nth degree in the Toronto Evening News. The young journalist with some aspiration to becoming a newspaperman who could not have considered himself rather a superior sort of scribe by being on the staff of the News in the interval of 1903-05, would have been sadly lacking in one very essential part of a newspaper career, imagination.

The News of the second period was a remarkable and picturesque paper. I prefer to begin considering it at that point, because it was there my real knowledge of the paper began. As I had no practical experience with any other newspaper, except once a week to arrive in the editorial office of a provincial daily with a wad of copy at a dollar a column for the Saturday edition, the News of 1903 was necessarily a revelation. The only thing I could ever adequately compare it to was hearing my first play, which happens to have been the Merchant of Venice, done by Irving and Terry. It took me weeks to recover from that play. I have not yet recovered from my initiation into the temple of fame known as the Toronto News after it was acquired by Mr. J. W. Flavelle and placed in the hands of John Stephen Willison.

Whatever the News had been before that time was very much as if a benefactor had picked up a gutter-snipe, and having discovered in him the latent spark of nobility proceeds to make a man of him in the old-fashioned, dignified way—by means of good clothes, plenty of baths, a good education and pleasant companions. Thus it seemed to my unenlightened perception when I went on the staff, or rather the faculty, of the second News in 1903.

What the News has become since that time—ah, how short and swift a period!—is still another story. Politicians may differ about the News of 1916. Sociologists may have disputed about the original News, whose reporters were once stigmatized by an eminent Toronto publicist as the "sewer gang." Only poets and philosophers are entitled to appreciate what the News was in its golden age of Greek development beginning with 1903.

There never has been a chapter of Canadian journalism quite the equal of that. There will never be again. The age of romance that still clung to the world in the post-Victorian era came to a climax in the rehabilitation of the Toronto News. Seven years before that time it had happened in Canadian politics—when Laurier swept into power with a college of experts for a Cabinet and a new Canada to exploit with new political doctrines. But the resurrection of the soul of the News under Messrs. Flavelle and Willison was to the neophytic mind even more auspicious. There was no party politics about this glorified enterprise. The whole philosophy of free and unfettered humanity was expressed in that marvellous epitaph at the head of the editorial page:

"An independent journal devoted to politics, education, literature, the presentation of current news and the diffusion of useful information."

NEVER before had such a label appeared on any Canadian newspaper. Here at last was a vehicle of thought that should find as much use for The Data of Ethics as for the news of the drunk and disorderly down at No. 1 Police Station. Socrates himself would have approved of that manifesto. Indeed it seemed almost as though some Socrates had designed it.

The precise story of how the News passed into the sphere of the educated philanthropist need not be

told here. It was conversion that mattered; the Methodistic fact that you could change a brat into a philosopher by spending money on it without even changing its name.

A number of kettles seemed to be brewing at once in those days. Mr. Flavelle, just coming to the apex of both finance and Methodism in Toronto, had a desire to spend a large amount of money in enlightenment of other people as well as himself. It was said by a Methodist minister in Toronto that his intention was to found a religious or quasi-religious, at all events ethical, weekly which would have taken a stout hand in politics. We do not swear to this. It is quite clear, however, that Mr. Flavelle had the money and the desire, that he could see possibilities in practical religion not yet exploited, sad defects in the Conservative party to which he belonged, and still sadder degeneracy in the Liberal party of Ontario under Sir George Ross, and some evidences of backsliding at Ottawa.

Here was where the steam from two kettles seemed to mix. Up in the Globe office there was a similar state of mind in the person of at least the chief editor, John S. Willison, who had played a very big and leading part in making the Globe the stronghold of true Liberalism that it was. In the eyes of the undeceived public Mr. Willison was the apex of true and equable Liberalism. He was the throne-room confidante of Laurier, whose life and times he had written. No other journalist had such a close view of the Premier. The Globe editor was regarded as somewhat the kingmaker of the party. And the Globe had earned the distinction because of a broad and tolerant Liberal policy, giving both sides of politics in its news whether in the House or from the hustings, and having given to the world a notable political eulogy in The Life and Times of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. No other editor-in-chief had written such a book. No other Premier in Canada had ever been so analytically and historically glorified.

BUT Mr. Willison had not yet written the life and times of the Liberal party in Ontario; though he was coming to it. And his ideas on that subject were not crystallized completely when the spotlight at Ottawa revealed a few bad spots that Mr. Willison by no means liked. No doubt they had been there before; but not so noticeably. The shield and sword of Sir Galahad were not so bright as they looked in 1896, the year of the Globe's greatest triumph. And the claymore of the Highland chieftain in Toronto, Sir George Ross, was a sad-looking weapon indeed.

After all, to a man who was born a Tory and became a Liberal by habit of reading and force of editorial circumstances, there might be a new way of looking at Liberalism. A thing which had become so manifestly bad-behaved in Ontario could not be beyond serious criticism at Ottawa. Ontario was the real keystone of Liberalism—not Quebec.

Only politicians and editors know exactly how the moral sense of a born Tory who became a Liberal chief in a sanctum came to revolt at what evangelists call a change of heart. It was time for a change. There was bound to be a revolution in Ontario. Unless signs failed there might be a subsequent radical change in Ottawa. Anyway, Editor Willison was not satisfied with Liberalism as it was in 1903. There were dissatisfactions even in the Globe office itself over matters not directly concerned with either of the two Liberal Premiers. Mr. Willison could no longer reflect the undivided sentiments of either the

Liberal party or the Liberal Globe. It was time for a change. How would it come? What turn of any wheel could deliver John S. Willison from the body of this death.

Psychologically—enter Mr. J. W. Flavelle. Here was a philanthropist willing to spend money on a higher type of journalism for reasons already mentioned. Here was a great editor dissatisfied with his own acquired party which he had helped lead to victory more than once, and with a newspaper that no longer embodied the kind of Liberalism to which he seemed to aspire.

But neither of these men knew the other except by reputation. Mr. Willison knew Mr. Flavelle as the organizing genius of the William Davies Co., of the Cox group of financiers, and of the Methodist Church in Canada. Mr. Flavelle knew Mr. Willison as the great editor of the Globe, the friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and the Anglo-Canadian editor who seemed to understand Quebec.

TO get these two unsatisfied beau-idealists together would be to take the "tide in the affairs of men" at the flood. With so many unrealized ideals in the persons of two leading citizens and with plenty of money to spend on a machine that would realize them, the combination of Flavelle and Willison looked to some ardent souls like the moral and journalistic salvation of Canada.

It was a newspaperman who brought about the connection between Mr. Flavelle and Mr. Willison. Mr. A. H. A. Colquhoun, who had left the Mail and Empire and was then working for the Maclean Publishing interests, negotiated the acquaintance of the two promoters and afterwards the sale of the old News to Mr. Flavelle. The first paper considered was the World. Offers were made, but the price was too high. It was thought then that a new paper might be started, but the objection to this was the fact that this would merely be adding a new paper to a field already over-crowded. To buy the News, the only paper available at a low price, meant to wipe out a competitor. This was done. The price reported to have been paid was \$135,000.

When I first made the acquaintance of the News as a member of its faculty the unadjusted ideals of two big men were still in a process of ferment. The old News office and plant was the scene of the greatest reorganization of opinions and ideals in Canada. What a place it was for such an event! Down on lower Yonge St., where for years the old News had been the busy centre of yellow journalism in Toronto, where "Billy" Douglas had paced the floor dictating his fire-eating editorials, where Edmund E. Shepard in an earlier day had fired the prairie and made the News both psychic and notorious, where the Katzenjammer Kids had led the opera comique, and where the alleged "sewer gang" had carried on its disrespectful campaign against everything that had the first sign of a vested or established or any kind of corporate interest—there of a sudden began to burn the lambent flames of a new gospel that should enlighten the dark places of Canada.

The dark stairs still creaked painfully under the rushing feet of a great staff of reporters picked from all the newspapers of Toronto. The little dingy rooms on the second floor rocked with the bursting opinions of editorial writers and of departmental heads who were yet engaged in drawing up the syllabus that should convert mankind even while they condescended to issue a newspaper. In a rear room below behind a new army of uncomfortably crowded clerks a bank manager of much ability was engaged in

learning the secrets of how to business-manage a great newspaper. In another room as dark as a dungeon a staff of enthusiasts wrestled with the problem of how to circulate the kind of newspaper that Willison and Co. were getting out among the kind of people that used to take the Douglas organ for breakfast, dinner and supper—and among as many more people as possible. Out at the rear in a strange dive of unrest the foreman of the composing room felt himself in the pressure of a sea of circumstances that one of these days would land them all in a marvellous new flat on the top of a new building at the corner of Adelaide and Yonge, where they would have room to spend the money for the equipment they needed. Meanwhile the old composing room and the old stereo plant and the old wabbly presses below continued to grind out the new organ of public opinion, not knowing what to make of it. Those old lino. machines and fonts of type, those old stereo machines and presses had never been used to a peak load like this. The editorial rooms were cramful of people making copy according to the new gospel and the weight of it made the hulk of the old News groan for deliverance.

In the old Douglas bear den at the rear of the business office chief editor Willison calmly directed the business of putting new wine in old bottles, chafing at the time it took to get the new building and the new plant ready, upsetting all the old applecarts of Liberalism with the crowbar of independent journalism that intended to take a hand on both sides and never to remain neutral. A large corps of assistants drew up the daily menu of enlightenment. And what a faculty that was!

THE old presses were far too small to hold them all. We get a better view of this college of experts as they took their places in the summer of 1903 in the new building at the corner of Adelaide and Yonge, the long three-storey temple of the new faith, in the rear of which at that time the greatest web press in Toronto was cheerfully taking the load of the News' run and crying aloud for more. On the second floor of that temple a visitor might behold more of the men whose brains were said to be in Toronto journalism than in any of the other newspaper offices.

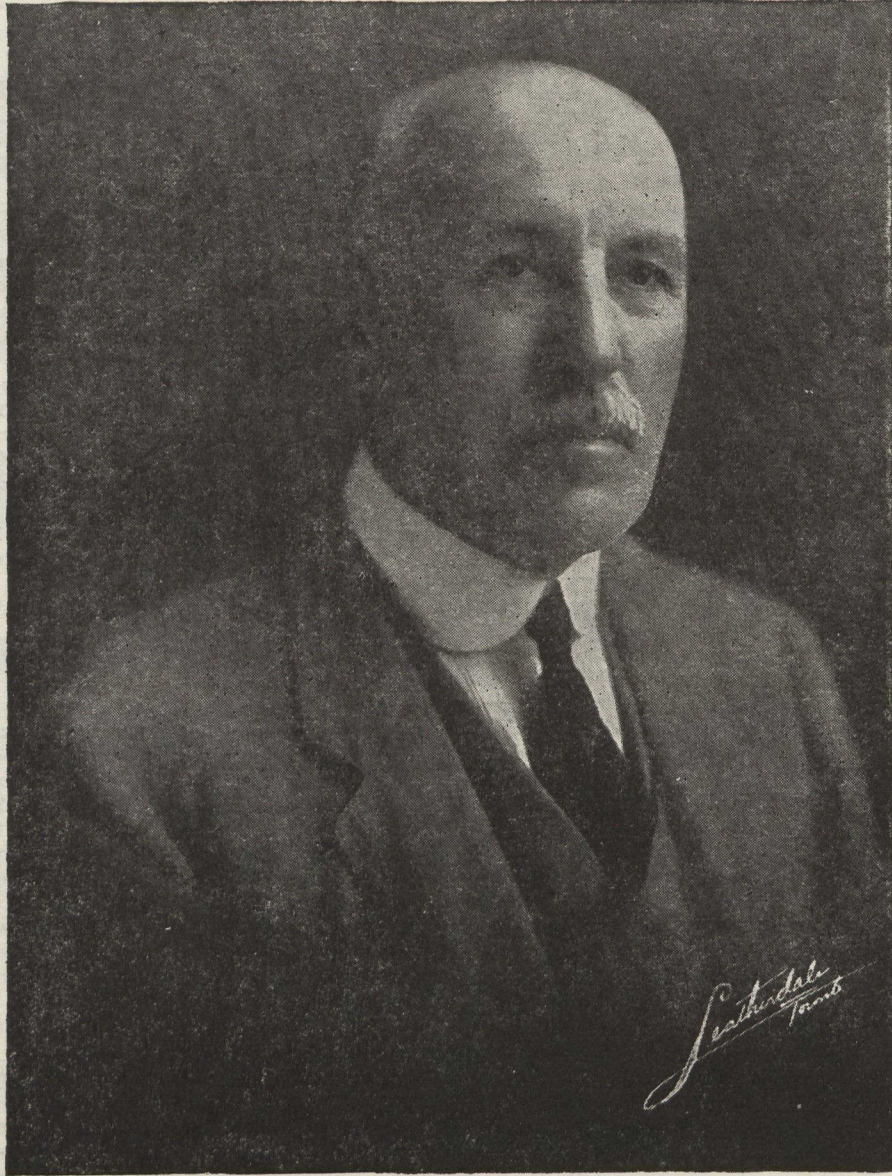
In the large front room marked Private—the editor-in-chief. Here at noon every day was held the editorial conference that determined the daily policy of the paper outside of the established programme of literature, education and the diffusion of useful information. At that conference appeared news editor A. H. U. Colquhoun, one the brainiest men in Canadian newspaperdom, experienced in both Montreal and Toronto, and a Tory of repute; Frederick Hamilton, formerly a big-assignment man on the Globe, a South African war correspondent, and a Tory if ever there was one; B. K. Sandwell, a capable college journalist and stylist with a pronounced satirical turn—now an editorial writer in Montreal; Roden Kingsmill, a former Ottawa correspondent for the Globe and the Telegram, then a special column writer on the News in the form of humoresques.

These, as I remember them, were the first cabinet; afterwards somewhat changed when Hamilton was sent to Ottawa to be the de Blowitz of gallery correspondence, when Mr. H. C. Hocken, former editor of the old News, came down from the St. Thomas Journal to be the municipal expert for Mr. Willison; and when at a later date Mr. John Lewis, who had been chief editorial writer on the Globe under Willison, went from the World to which he had gone because he knew not the Globe without Willison to become editorial writer on the News—till the Star took him, along with Joe Clark, from Saturday Night.

With such a battery of picked men there was no excuse for the News not being able to spend a large fortune in the interests of new journalism which was already found to be a very expensive institution. But these were only the editorial heads. Down in the staff room at the other end of the long vista of compartments that looked like the corridor of a large hotel were twelve reporters and assignment men, including as chief of staff, Hector Charlesworth, brought from the Mail and Empire as music and drama critic and taker of big assignments; H. C. Lawler, Ottawa correspondent; E. W. Grange, from the old News staff, assistant Ottawa correspondent

and travelling assignment man; H. C. Batten, assistant to Hocken at the City Hall, afterwards city editor, now head of the British and Colonial Press Bureau; E. M. Wilcox, university graduate and reporter, who afterwards went into motor journalism; and along with these half a dozen others who covered the regular news beats that not even a great independent organ could leave out—all under the lynx eye and sharp tongue of Tom Greenwood, the former news editor of the old News, then the puzzled vendor of yellow features on the front page and the dispenser of strange fantastic assignments to members of the staff.

Later, as men came and went, there were many changes in this staff. The departure of Mr. Charlesworth, who went to be city editor of his old paper, the Mail and Empire, made possible a swap in the person of Mr. J. E. Middleton, who came from the Mail and Empire to be music and drama critic and chief assignment man on the News. That was the first change of much importance in the news end of the paper. It was followed by a regular series of



The Chief Editor of The Toronto News—Photo by Courtesy International Press.

shiftings as the new paper began to mark out its doubtful field in town, province and country, with a most energetic rival in the Star, which now began to fight the News as never before.

MR. MIDDLETON is now editorial writer, and on the Side "column" conductor of the News with occasional travelling assignments. His side partner is the only one of the old guard left under Willison—Mr. Frank Smith, who at the 1903 reorganization went from the World to be head of the financial department, with Joe Hay as his assistant. Mr. Hay is now the publicity agent of the Canadian National Exhibition. Mr. Hocken went out to take over the Orange Sentinel. Greenwood, city editor, resigned and was succeeded by Mr. Batten, who afterwards left. William Findlay, energetic head of the circulation department, went to Windsor and afterwards to Ottawa as managing editor of the Free Press. Captain Hamilton went into the R. N. W. M. P at Ottawa and afterwards into the censorship. Mr. Lewis went to the Star. Mr. Sandwell went to the Montreal Herald.

Here again in the headlong transformations that followed in the wake of the new independent journalism we are running ahead of the story. The coming and going of men is a very important item in the fortunes of a newspaper. The News has seen more men come and go for its age than any other paper

in Canada. Radical readjustments came to the News. There was a time, just when it would be hard to say, when the function of this independent moulder of public opinion underwent a very drastic change that may have been latent in the paper even in 1903. That change was marked by the withdrawal of Mr. Flavelle from the financial structure of the News. That was its most significant phase. Just what amount of money Mr. Flavelle had spent in the enterprise has never been definitely stated. But, as he himself admits, he had gained a great deal of experience and insight along with the privilege of being associated with Sir John Willison. He had also learned that the business of running a great metropolitan newspaper with no party politics is one of the most money-hungry enterprises in the world.

THE change of the News from being an independent organ of public opinion to being a Conservative evening newspaper in Toronto had its second greatest phase in the withdrawal of Mr. Colquhoun who, for his services as secretary of the University Commission, was made Deputy Minister of Education by Sir James Whitney. Sir James owed much to the News, which had done more than any other paper to put the Liberals out of power in 1905. In fact he owed too much to the News not to recognize in it the virtues of a real Tory organ.

The conversion to Toryism of the most pronounced, even radical type, was accompanied by the evacuation of the new premises on the corner of Adelaide and Yonge. The old business offices became a bar-room; the press-room a cafe; the rooms upstairs and the composing room on the top flat were all converted into guest-rooms under the Whitney administration of the license law. Even this stronghold of anti-Liberalism is not to be respected by the Hearst Government. The News bar-room must close along with the others in September. Sad are the annals of change in newspaperdom.

The News established its new Tory quarters in the old emergency hospital on Bay St., next to the National Club, where it now is. Editor Willison became a knight and the Canadian correspondent of the London Times. Charles Taylor Pearce, who for ten years and more had wrestled with the business management of the News, went over as manager of the Toronto branch of the A. McKim Advertising Agency. Leslie Wilson, publisher, took his place. Changes of no end continued to occur in the news and other departments of the paper. Sir John Willison remains in the chief sanctum, the holder in trust of large blocks of stock for just whom is not stated. Long ago Conservative capital replaced philanthropy in the ledgers of the News. Just who are the holders of this Conservative stock is not for common knowledge. A few weeks ago there was a hot-weather rumour to the effect that Conservative interests in Ottawa were about to engineer an amalgamation of the News, the Mail and Empire and the World

into a Tory syndicate with the News as the evening edition. Cooler weather will probably lay the rumour to rest. To amalgamate Sir John Willison and W. F. Maclean would be a chemical impossibility, to say nothing of the feat of absorbing the Mail and Empire in any such consolidation.

Sir John Willison remains. He is now a Tory. He does not disguise the fact. He was born a Tory. He will die a Tory. With him are his two tried coadjutors, Mr. Frank Smith, who is one of the most diligent empire-builders in Canada, and Mr. Middleton, whose virtues as a "column" conductor and a critic are enough to make him indispensable to even a Tory newspaper.

In tracing somewhat at random the story of the News we have been under the influence of a great and unconquerable regard for the sincerity of some people who took part in its colourful career. At the present time the Toronto News is the buttress of the Empire, of all establishment, of things as they ought to be, largely by virtue of what they are. There is no quarter for those who oppose its Imperializing doctrines. The Round Table might very well set up its Canadian offices in the News. There at last and at least the most chameleonic newspaper in Toronto, if not in all Canada, can find the one absorbing and world-wide theme for its encyclopaedic doctrines, even to the utter extermination of Quebec

(Concluded on page 19.)

NO HAND OF MAN!

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

"SHE had the largest, softest, most trusting eyes I ever saw."

Pinder Rowe sometimes will say this, and then, if it is evening and supper is over and his corn-cob pipe is glowing, rumbling and bubbling like an asthmatic engine, and if the stars are thick in the tropic sky and sea birds scream in Hawk Channel and a soft breeze, blowing across Spongecake Key, stirs the palms to sounds that suggest silk petticoats, the old man will reach up to a shelf attached to the outside wall of his shanty and feel around for something. This something is nearly six inches long. In the uncertain light of dusk it looks flexible.

"When I sit alone and look at that thing," says Pinder, taking off one of his inevitable shabby derby hats, "I think. Being alone here on this Key ever since my wife died and I gave up wrecking, I get time for it. And I think of what mosquitoes was made for and I think of this thing and him that used to wear it, and why God made death in two needles. Now—Listen!"

With a strange tremulous motion of his knotted, salt-bleached, weather-roughened old hand, he moves the thing toward you. It makes no difference whether or not you have ever heard it before; instinct screams within you, instinct jerks your muscles taut and like a chilly fluid creeps along your skin. The sound is a warning! You recognize in it danger, agony and death.

Then this old rascal, who has a long record of filibustering, wrecking and inciting revolutions in South America, will explain.

THERE'S a time in a man's life for action and then a time when joints are beginning to get stiff, and there's a time to think it over. I sometimes wonder why it wasn't arranged so a man could think first and avoid the mistakes. Never mind. Here I am, living alone on Spongecake, cooking my own meals, and I've got a partner and that partner is solitude. But solitude speaks most ideas to human beings. Solitude is more talkative than running for office and it whispers ideas to you as if it was a person. It's convincing, too. And one thing it told me I can't no way disbelieve. That's about sin.

A hundred times I've heard a voice coming out of the acres of stars at night or from that jungle of cacti and prickly pears baking in the sun. It says that there is a squaring of accounts. It says that something watches and when it sees a bill of sin that's growing too big and ain't paid, it reaches out across land or sea and—strikes! There's mutineers on ships and mutineers on land and mutineers standing out against the orders of the Big Skipper. But the belaying pin comes to 'em. Sometimes in front, sometimes behind. A man stands laughing and spitting in the sunlight and then it comes—crack! And the bill is paid.

So I'll tell you about this thing I've got in my hand, mate, and about him who grew it on himself and what he did for Lenora Gonzalez.

You see this clump of cocoanut palms side of my camp here. They were planted by a poor skipjack of an ice-cream maker from

Pennsylvania who came down here to raise tropical fruit. And now the brush has grown up so thick among some of them that a man couldn't

stick a machete into it. It's nature laughing at what man tries to do and it will always be that way. And the brush is a world itself, I tell you. I, who have been always on the water, was surprised what life there could be in a thicket like that—full of the non-

pareil birds and yellow spiders as big as your hand and lizards with beady eyes and scorpions as black as shoe polish and big

red ants, waving their feelers. It's a world. I used to sit here in the sun adreaming and awatching it.

And one day there came out of that clump a snake. He came out slow, the way tar will move when it's hot. The sunlight was beating down on this coral sand, and he moved like things that are well fed and deliberate and satisfied. Mate, his head looked most as large as a dog's.

I've seen those diamond-back rattlers before. They are a pretty colour—prettier than the tint of a man's skin—and there isn't a motion in their bodies I don't envy. But I reached up onto that shelf and took down my revolver and I was sighting along the barrel of it with my arm cocked like this, when I saw that snake draw his whole length out of the bush. And, mate, he was more than eight feet long!

I had my finger on the trigger. I reckon I was ready to kill. But somehow, just then, I thought of his size and his bright markings and how clean he kept himself and how God made him for some purpose. He was stretched out most full length on the sand there and his head was turned toward me. His eyes seemed half shut and happy, and just then he lifted his head in one of those curves as pretty as the rounding in and out of a young girl's neck. He raised his head and opened his jaws, and inside, except for his black tongue, it was pink as a bleached conch shell. He trembled a little, too, and just as if it was for practice, he darted his head forward and I saw the two white needles. Those fangs moved down for a second from the roof of his mouth. They were more than two inches long! And I put the revolver back on the shelf.

"Friend," said I, "I've seen a lot of rattlers in my day, but you are more of a rattlesnake than I ever saw before. You're a machine of death, and you certainly are perfect and handsome. The Lord made you for something and I shan't do you any harm."

I suppose the sound of my voice startled him. I could see his muscles move under his skin like liquid—like quicksilver. He drew his eight feet into a coil and stuck his tail up into the air, and all the buttons were rattling till it sounded like peas shaking on a drumhead. It sounded like a Venezuelan revolution half a mile away. His head had flattened and swayed back and forth as he looked for the thing that meant fight.

"Easy, son," I said. "Nobody intends you any harm. Lie there in the heat and sleep for all of me."

I've wondered sometimes if he understood me, because he stopped swaying his head and seemed to be looking at me. And then he pulled himself out of his coil, which means a rattler is satisfied and trustful. I like him for that! I lighted my pipe and I watched him that day, on and off, till the red sun went down into the Gulf yonder. And I named the snake. I named him Gus.

He came often. I used to wonder what he did the days when he didn't crawl out of that thicket there. But he never warned me again. I got to like him, I say. Maybe that sounds funny. Yet when a man's alone he gets fond of friendly things, the way I took a notion once for a man-o-war bird that followed me when I was sailing a bad trip by myself in the hurricane season from Havana to Progreso. And when Gus looked dusty and his hide was peeling and scaly, or when he'd drop his head heavy on the sand and act uncomfortable, I used to worry about him as if he was an old pal.

AND then some day, about that time, I'd see him running along against the stems of little bushes and afterward he'd cast his skin and come out as perfect and handsome as ever, with his hide with its diamond marks as bright as polished mahogany and the liquid muscles showing through. Sometimes a hawk would swing a curve over the tops of those palms and Gus would remember when he was a little feller and had to watch out for those birds, and just out of habit, he'd raise the rattles and shake 'em for a hint.

I've poured out many a saucer of condensed milk for that snake. Things that are alive—are alive. And both me and Gus had that between us, anyhow. And whatever you can say of snakes, I'm going to tell you that this big diamond back never, from first till last, rattled at me again. He knew me, I tell you. And I knew him.

I reckon I never had a bigger surprise than when Gus brought back the girl. He had been gone five days, mate, and the wind had blown and ruffed up

the hollow he'd made in the sand. I went on my trip down the East Coast after provisions and the Florida newspapers, and when I got home I could see that even

then he hadn't come back. I pictured how he used to look, curled up in the sun there, waving his head now and then as if looking for beach mice, or something, or asking me to open another can of milk, or sleeping so peaceful with his sides flattened out and his skin so near

the colour of the coral ruff and dried cocoanut husks that you could hardly tell that eight feet of a big rattler was there. I wondered if I wouldn't ever see him again. But the next day he crawled out among those prickly pears and she was with him.

I might as well say I never thought much of her. She wasn't any such snake as Gus. But he'd been away and got her. Maybe she was the best he could find on Spongecake Key here. If he liked her, it wasn't any of my business. I only say, I wouldn't have picked her as a helpmeet for him nowise. But I am prejudiced because she never got over being nervous when I was around, and sometimes she'd forget her manners and coil and rattle if I met her down the shore, and that used to worry him, I reckon, because he liked me.

SHE was shorter than him and her head was narrower, and she was daintier and fussier with the milk in the saucer, and she was very faithful to him, I'm bound to say that of her. She'd crawl along behind him. He was always leading the way. She was affectionate, too. She'd often lay her head across his when he was resting. But the one thing that opened my heart to her a little was the way she'd stay awake and coil herself and watch whenever he was sleeping stretched out and unable to spring, and she'd keep that way no matter how long he slept or how tired she might be. They were happy, I reckon. And Gus knew I wouldn't do her any harm. I named her Bess.

She and Gus was company for me. It was the first year I'd spent here alone on Spongecake and the nights was still. I'd wake and feel around for a wheel or a tiller as if it was in the old days—the days when I'd dropped off into a doze sailing a calm night under a sky full of stars, with the water running off the stern, smelling warm and oily. By day I'd find myself looking around for some sailor who'd done something wrong—to abuse him. I reckon I read "Pilgrim's Progress" a half a dozen times. I was lonesome. My wife—

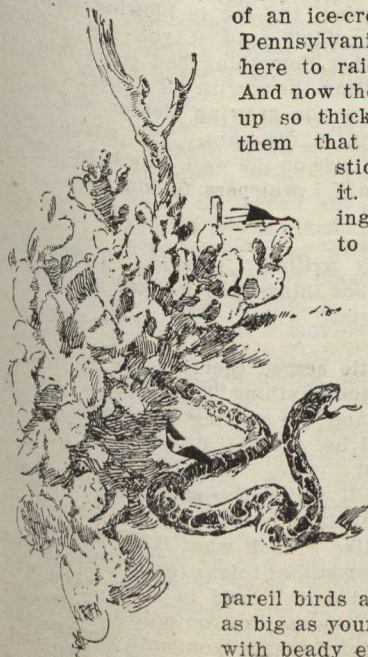
It seemed pretty good to me when a flip of chance threw the little Gonzalez girl and the man who was with her up onto Rib Rock Bar, and I had to take 'em off and bring 'em in through the night to this camp. They were in a thirty-foot launch when they struck, and though it was calm weather there was a falling tide. I couldn't move her off. A bottom of a boat will stick to that coral as if it had grown there. I got the man and the girl back to my wharf, and I thought I'd take a chance at getting their boat off on the morning tide.

It was as dark as a ship's bilge that night, and the water was alive and burning with phosphorus a hundred different colours. I suppose I might have known a norther was going to set in for a blow and rough weather in Hawk Channel. And I noticed how the sound of my engine stirred up the vultures on the little keys. They were sleeping light and they and the pelicans and white cranes would whirl up till it sounded like thunder. I might have known.

But somehow, I didn't think of any way to get



"Easy, son," I said, "Nobody intends you any harm."



that launch off. I can recollect how I put it out of my mind on the way up the pier.

I hadn't had a chance till then to see who my passengers were or what they looked like. But just then, in the dark, with only the swing of the lantern moving around, I came up close to the girl. I just saw one thing about her. It was her eyes.

It was her eyes, mate. Dead men's fingers! I never saw such eyes before on any living thing—animal or woman. They were nearly black, with long lashes, and the eyebrows was like a picture, and the flesh between those brows and the lashes was full and curved and rounded and soft and smooth. And then there were those eyes. They were a mile deep, mate, like the clear water off Nassau Reef. There was just that flick of light that showed 'em to me, and they were big and trusting and perfect like no eyes you ever saw. They belonged with a child's heart. I seen it in that second. And when I got up to my camp, I made up my bed fresh for her and took my lantern outside and put the latch on the door as if she'd been my own daughter.

I saw when I got outside that the storm had pounced down on us like a hawk. I heard the palms whistle and rattle in the wind. It was cold. The tide in the channel had begun to tumble and the norther had shut off the stars like you'd wipe out sparks with a sweep of a wet mop.

I called to the feller who'd come with the girl. He hadn't said much and he came to the door of that other shack what I use for a kitchen and stood waiting while I was trying to light the lamp.

"Stranger," I said, "you've lost your boat."

"I reckon so," he said, calm and cool as a fresh kingfish in the ice barrel. "But you needn't call me stranger."

When he spoke like that, I looked at his figure—thin and graceful.

"If this is Spongecake Key, then you're Pindar Rowe," he said. "You old reprobate. Hold up the lamp. Now look at me!"

"Young Joe Kitchell!" I roared.

It was him, just as I'm telling you. It was Joe Kitchell, with his palaver and cigarettes and his insinuating ways and his slouchy, easy clothes and his diamond scarf pin. He looked just as he used to look in Havana when he was in the sugar trade and later, too. I knew about him.

I knew how they'd put him out of the North American Club, and how an army officer's wife had cut him up one Sunday on those grassy banks of Moro, and how he'd been caught cheating in a game of poker in the Machado Hotel, and how he had left a girl in New York and what winning ways he had with all women—even the best.

So I leaned across the table and I said, sharp, "Who's this girl?"

He smoothed his brown hair and smiled. "Well, Pindar, I reckon you know enough about me and my adventures. I'll tell you. She's a prize. A Cuban."

MAYBE he saw me look at him, because he said right afterwards: "She's an orphan. She's just over twenty-one and you'll think it pretty comic, but she's been so carefully raised she won't even let me hold her hand. And money? Mr. Rowe, believe me, I've suffered grief about money so long that I can't believe it's true. Why, just before we left Key West, she sold an American broker who met her there a third interest in the Vista Hermosa plantation and machinery and cane mill. I'm going to be married, Mr. Rowe."

"Umph," I said. "You've been going to get married fifty different times, I reckon."

"Women take a fancy to me," he whispered. "They still do. She loves me. I don't like her to sit and look at me all day. There's such a thing as too much. But this time I'm going to be married all right. I've got to be married. There's no getting the money without it."

Somehow as he spoke, I thought of my wife. There was a bread knife on the table and I could have killed him. The norther had come up. It was howling outside like a pack of dogs. The light flickered. It showed me his grin. I wanted to kill him. I wanted to see him fall forward over the kitchen table.

"What's this runaway business?" I asked him. "Why did you have to start up among these keys alone with her?"

"My dear old Pindar," said he, "that is too plain. When a girl like that goes off alone on a trip like this, she must go back married or not at all. It just cinches the matter. Do you see?"

"Yep," I said, "I do. But have you told this girl you've had a wife?"

"No," he answered, licking his cigarette. "That



"The something he shook, mate, was these Rattles. He'd killed my snake!"

would scarcely do. This young lady is religious and in her religion they don't marry men who've been divorced, especially when the man wasn't the one who brought the suit. Oh, no. On the contrary, it is much better to deny ever loving anybody before. I've done that. It's comical, isn't it?"

"Will you stick to this one?" I asked, looking at the bread knife. "Will you stick to her?"

"Oh, as long as I have to. Just see how plain I am with you, Mr. Rowe!" said he. "Personally, I don't fancy undersized Cubans. A pretty little thing? Oh, yes. But delicate. Almost nothing. Possibly I am spoiled."

I leaned over the table again toward the rat and I said, "Suppose, Kitchell, I hate you like a scorpion. Suppose I hate your ways and suppose I'm going to stop your ways. Suppose I tell her what I know of you."

He just sat back in his chair and laughed. He laughed and laughed and kept on trying to laugh so as to show me how cocksure he was.

"Go ahead," he said, grinning at me. "Go ahead. Others tried it. They tried it in Havana. That's one reason why I had to get away with her so fast. You can try it. Do you think she'll believe you? Oh,

I'm not fool enough to risk anything by talking to you. She wouldn't believe you. Tell her! Swear. Take oaths. Cut up all the fuss you want, old feller. She'll hate you for it. Why? Because she believes me?"

I tell you, mate, the man had me ready to do murder. I've seen necessity in my day and I've brought men down with lead. It seemd to me then I never had so much necessity before.

"Kitchell," I said, quiet, between the roars of the wind, "you have lived some thirty-eight years. You've done a lot of damage. Somewhere there is more women than I can count on my fingers that owes you a heap of evil. I don't suppose they'll ever pay it. It ain't like 'em. Kitchell, I wish I was going to pay it. Kitchell, I give you warning, man to man. There's a sail-boat belonging to me down at my pier there. When the weather clears, you're going to take it and go to Key West and leave this girl here."

HE brushed back some of that silky hair of his, then, and looked at me good-natured and shook his head.

"Nothing like that," he said. "You're mistaken."

"If you don't," said I, "look out for yourself."

But he shook his head again. "You wouldn't kill me, Pindar," he said, with his smooth, sure way. He stopped to think it over to be certain, and then he laughed. "You wouldn't kill me. I know the cards you hold, my old friend, and it isn't a winning hand."

He sat there for a while, listening to the cracking of the boards when the wind drove against the walls of the shack. I saw the yellow light on his face and it was an evil face, too, for all its even features.

"No," he said, by and by. "I know when I'm going to win. I can feel fate just like a man feels warm or cold. I can tell by the feeling how the ball on a roulette wheel is going to drop. I know whether a card is good or bad without turning it over. Some things is certain. They're marked out beforehand. I feel 'em. I feel a confidence, and that confidence accomplishes anything. Nothing can stop me. And this is one of those times. No man can interfere. It was written down beforehand. This is a wild night—a night for strange things. See the light dance on the wall there. Look. Do you see letters written there—big, red letters?"

I looked, mate, and I hope to drop dead if I didn't see writing on the boards. It was dim at first and danced, and then it settled down and got clearer and clearer like a ship's name through a glass when the fog is blowing away. I couldn't read it yet, but I knew that Something had come into the

room and was writing there with its finger!

I could see the words growing clearer and I felt my blood pounding in my ears. The writing was done. And there it was on the wall. It was his name!

"What's it mean?" I whispers to him.

"What?" he said.

"That writing."

"I don't see any writing," he said. "I was just joking. I meant that things was marked out beforehand. What ails you?"

HE looked a little scared then.

"Did you see anything?" he said.

I looked again and the writing was gone.

"Speak up," said he. "What did you see?"

"Nothing," I said.

"You looked as if you saw something," he roars at me. "What was it?"

It came to me like a flash what it all meant.

"You said that sometimes things that happened was marked out beforehand," I said to him. "You was right. Something steered you onto Rib Rock Bar, Kitchell. Something brought you onto Spongecake Key. Something has been watching you, Kitchell. Something has a bill against you that's been standing

long enough. Something has marked you, Kitchell. Something will reach out and you will never dodge its fingers. Kitchell, you have come to the end of your rope!"

"You—" he said, and then he stopped.

"It ain't me," I said.

"What do you mean?" he whispered. "You've lived alone too much, Pindar. You're seeing things! Confound you! What did you see?"

I never answered him, nowise. I got up and threw a mattress in the corner by the old music cabinet that used to belong to my wife. He looked at me for a long time and then he got up and walked over to it and stretched out. There wasn't any sound but the wind and the ticking of my clock.

Toward morning the weather broke again and the light that came in through the cracks was pink. I got up out of my chair and I looked at the wall where I'd seen the words and wondered if I'd dreamed 'em.

After I'd gone outside and looked at the sun coming up and the water in the channel all filled and coloured with the white mud brought up from the bottom by the dry norther, I took up my glass and sighted it

out toward Rib Rock Bar and I saw the launch was gone. I searched the passes between the Keys for her, but she wasn't there. And I was standing looking when I began to feel as if somebody was watching me from behind.

I turned around and I couldn't see anybody. It was so calm I could have heard a step on the coral gravel a hundred yards away. And nobody was there. And then all of a sudden I saw who was watching me. It was Gus!

HE had shed his skin again and he'd crawled out into his hollow in the sand just this side of that thicket. Only about half of his eight feet was coiled, but his big flat head was up in the air as if he was smelling or listening. It waved to and fro, easy and soft, and the muscles in his body were rolling under the skin, looking as if they were traveling down in slow waves from his neck to his tail. He opened his jaws and just dropped those two long white fangs enough to show 'em. And he seemed to be watching me.

"Gus," I said, "where's Bess?"

He pulled himself out into the sunlight, then, and flattened out his sides and laid his chin on the cocoa-nut husks.

"You want some condensed milk?" I said. "Wait till I've got some breakfast. Lie still there."

So I went back and put the coffee on, and Kitchell got up off the mattress and stretched himself.

"Has Lenora got up yet?" he asked, yawning and pulling his clothes into shape. I didn't answer and he went out. I wished later I'd stopped him.

I'm telling it just as it happened. Let's see. I was turning some cakes in the frying pan when I heard a voice behind me and I turned and looked and saw the girl standing in the door. She seemed like one of those little birds that come there and hop around for crumbs—a timid, pretty little thing. And her eyes were so much eyes! They were so soft and black and round and trusting.

"I—senor—I am Lenora Gonzalez," she said, so soft you could hardly hear her. "I may help you wiz the cafe? I ask, where ees Senor Kitchell?"

I shan't forget her, I tell you—a little thing with
(Concluded on page 22.)

HOW A CANADIAN HIGHLANDER

Dodged the German Watch on the Rhine

A STORY OF FACTS

By HARRY J. WALKER

THAT night he did not sleep. There were many nights that he did not sleep—nights when his fevered mind fashioned strange mirages; nights when he looked in vain for the Goddess of Sleep to come softly through the little windows. Then, gently to close his eyes and lead him out to rest—away from the human bedlam and the babel of Russian, French and Algerian tongues.

Then, always at this time, would come the Jew doctor, harsh and guttural, or the medical student, fidgety and hurried, to jab him with a morphine needle. The process was repeated night after night until even the morphine refused to work, and he would stare and stare at the faded wall-paper pattern, near his head, and babble to the Sleep Fairy to take it away.

For three and one-half months he had lain on one side in this German hospital (such flattery) trying to restore a shattered hip and shoulder.

But that night, Friday, August the 20th, 1915, Pte. J. F. Barlow, of the 13th Battalion, Canadian Highlanders, could not sleep for another reason.

It was his last night in a German prison lager—perhaps? Would it be, though? All night long he was wracked with the possibilities of the morrow.

Why did his mind travel along forbidden scenes now?

WHEN he lay wounded for three days and three nights and watched nine of his chums die beside him on that bit of a cabbage field, hearing them asking for water, or telling of sunshine days back home, he remembered he had prayed, even as the dirty clay ground into his hip, that that splitting German machine gun, just behind him, would finish the job.

He recalled how a German had given him water, and he had said to himself that they were not all bad, these Boches. Shortly after, two Germans had come along and picked him up only to throw him to the ground with a coarse laugh. Then, there had swelled in his heart a great bitterness as the pain stabbed him afresh.

A few hours after (or was it days?) he twisted his head and saw a khaki figure trying to get to a standing position against a tree. The pain was in his boyish features as he leaned and shoved up against that tree. Then he saw a German leap at the helpless khaki figure and lunge with a bayonet. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them the Canadian lay limp on the ground.

He saw again, as if at a moving picture show, the swift tragedy of half a regiment caught in a hurricane of shrapnel and machine gun fire. They were English. With strained, eager faces, they were charging as if in a football game. Then Hell had vomited, and the battalion withered, crumpled and lay in windrows. Back of the peaceful Dover cliffs, he knew that 600 little yellow telegrams would bring anguish.

About him again he saw the shapes of many men. The khaki figures, many of them blue from the gas, were sprawled around him in all sorts of rigid postures—horribly grimacing, horribly smiling, dead. He remembered a weird journey through villages

where he had been exhibited for show to the German sailors who had worked the big guns, and who had never seen a Highlander. There they had stripped him and mocked him and jeered him, and finally gave him a dirty suit of pyjamas.

The journey in a box-car was a nightmare. As he lay in a smelly stretcher on a German station platform, the ladies were giving the German wounded kind words, but they spit on him. And he had been too tired to care.

Again his mind strayed into shadow-land. Now, it was a filthy operating room. Yes, he remembered the sights and smells and sounds with a shudder. They had placed him on a red-stained table. Guttural voices died into a murmur as the fumes from the ether cone penetrated his consciousness. His outraged nerves felt the searching probe. He had cried, but there was no more ether for him. Instead, he heard a growl: "What in H— did you leave Canada for?"

Next, there came crowding in, the vision of a long, high hill. It had been his first day out of hospital, and he had found the crutches

so awkward to use, but the German guards "roused" him along from behind, up to the detention camp where he would be put to work—if he could work. He remembered that long climb. His limbs had trembled. He had become dizzy and faint. The sun was so hot and he had fallen down. Always the brutal word and the brutal point behind him. Again he had hoped that the clubbed rifle would descend on his sick, weary head, but it didn't. So he summoned a look of defiance from out his tired eyes and continued on.

BUT to-night he hoped. And because he hoped, he could not sleep.

Yes, it was a chance that there would actually come a morning when he would not be forced to hobble out and see that yellow, red and black flag hoisted in the sunny barracks yard, and then to be told that "the Fatherland would win, you Swine Englander."

He might never again partake of the week's treat (?) of herrings that smelled to high heaven. He held his nose always to pick one from the basket. One day in cleaning the rot he had dropped the filth on the ground and was made to hobble to the incinerator, five hundred yards away, with it in his hand. Also, the cheese, that was alive with maggots, he might never eat again.

There would come days when he would not have to salute every German corporal he met. There would come days, please Providence, when his comrades would not have to carry him out under the trees, there to watch those comrades breaking stone or coming in weary from their work with the guards, always the guards "rousing" them to the feed trough. And how cheery they were! Nothing could break their spirit.

Just think, there would come an evening—some-time—when he would not hear the German bands and the German tongue chant the "Die Wacht am Rhein."

There would come nights when he would not hear the gibberish of the crazy Russians in the mad-house across the way.

There would come a time when he would eat good food and sleep in clean sheets on a soft bed and forget. Perhaps? Again the perhaps.

He was badly disabled, but what if he was not badly enough disabled to be eligible for exchange in the eyes of the German medical board? Well, he would know soon.

That was why he did not sleep on that particular night and watched the dawn filter through the barred windows on the stone floor in the barracks at Ordruff.



PTE. BARLOW, now working in Renfrew at one of the war industries, told the writer something of what he had been through while a prisoner of war in Germany. He did not express himself in the above fashion, but in matter-of-fact, clipped words that said a whole lot.

On that ever-to-be-remembered morning, he and a batch of badly wounded British were taken to Aix-La-Chapelle, there to be finally examined for exchange. There were twelve of them rejected, but Barlow was among the lucky ones, as was Sergt. Wells, who is now lecturing in Canada, to be ticketed for England and comfort.

It was hard saying good-bye to the unfortunate ones who were left behind, Pte. Barlow said. It was a silent, moving scene. The tears were in their eyes, but they smiled gamely, although they could scarcely speak. There was a final hand-grip all around with the twelve, who had to go back to misery and who had come that morning buoyed with hope.

Then, the German guards piled them onto a street car and hurried them out of the city to a way-side station where they took the express for the Holland frontier. Passing through Germany, although they did not see much, Barlow was convinced that Germany could not be starved out. He, too, had occasion to observe the wonderful organization

manifest in every department of German activity, military and civilian.

At Cologne, they stopped over night. In this city of beautiful cathedrals, they were taken to a fashionable hotel. They were conducted through the brilliant reception room where the ladies were present in handsome gowns. It was all done for show, though, and once more they realized that they were being paraded as a final mark of humiliation before these ladies who looked scornfully on the "British swine" from behind jeweled lorgnettes. "We were a wild looking mob, I guess," said Barlow, "but we did not care. We were too happy for that. We had scarcely any clothes, and what we had were in rags. I had on a Russian peasant's bloomers, and our underwear was not only conspicuous, but much out of place."

The next day they strained their eyes for Holland. Presently they drew into the last station in Germany. The letters "R-O-S-E-N-D-A-H-L" leaped into view, and those letters have ever since stuck in the pigeon holes of their brain. They will never forget them. It meant that their guards would now leave them and that they were free again. As the train was gathering momentum out of the station, every one stuck their heads out of the car window and whipped out a steady stream of Canadian abuse. They called those guards everything—months of campaigning, hardship, misery and privation had given them rough tongues, and the way they lashed those Germans was certainly getting a lot off their chests. They fairly itched—they were lousy anyway—to get at them and send home blow after blow into the grubby faces and sleek bodies of those Huns. The German eyes snapped at the insults that came hurling back at

them. They were all the more mad because they could not fully understand.

Then the International Red Cross officials took them in charge, and when they reached Flushing the Hollanders were most kind to them.

Their most wonderful reception occurred as they were coming up the Thames. They were among the first prisoners exchanged, and from every saucy tug-boat and stately liner the whistles screeched a welcome, and the crowds on the shore and on the bridges cheered. Among their number were armless, legless men, blind men—all cripples for life. The blind were deprived of an inspiring spectacle, but they could feel the warmth of the reception, and it was reflected in their faces. On every hand kindly faces met their own, on which the seal of suffering had set indelible marks. They were tended and cared for beyond their hoping and asking. They had all dreamed of England while they were incarcerated in walls of stone. They had visions of the beauty of an English country lane, and of long peace and quiet, but they had never dreamed of such a grateful England.

And they were happy—happy beyond words.

By a strange coincidence, Barlow met a comrade from his battalion, Pte. J. Hudson, in England. The two came over to Canada together and have secured positions at one of the munition plants in Renfrew.

Hudson, too, fought with the gallant Montreal Highlanders. This was the battalion that was entirely cut off by the Germans in the village of St. Julien. They were in the trenches when the Germans hurled their offensive. They saw the fleeing Turcos and realized that it was a fight to the finish.

Then that Highland Battalion gave about the finest

exhibition of fighting power, against tremendous odds, as would be hard to find. They probably made history those four days and four nights when they fought without food or water.

In the general retirement they were surrounded and cut off, but still they fought on, and fought until the battalion was practically annihilated. When their trenches were blown up, they held the line with "reeking tube and iron shard" and fought on their nerve. There were deeds of gallantry performed by those kilties during those four fateful days that went unrecorded.

Hudson was wounded by shrapnel in the knee. He lay for five hours before the stretcher bearers got to him, but as he was wounded in the fighting behind St. Julien he fell into the hands of his friends.

Barlow "got his" in front of the village in the territory that was held by the Germans.

Pte. Hudson related incident after incident that told of the high courage of the British soldier in that ordeal, but the most striking was that of the wounded Tommy in Netley Hospital, England.

This soldier had been wounded in the second week of the war. He was one of the heroes of Mons. He had been in the hospital ever since and would probably spend the greater part of his shortened life in a hospital. This Tommy was minus both his legs, one arm and one eye.

He was a wreck of a man, but in his body there still pulsed life. Hudson asked him if he would not be better dead. "Oh, no, matey, life is still sweet," and he smiled and joked about his wounds that had tossed him down a broken semblance of a man.



The Blind Man's Eyes.

By WILLIAM McHARG
and EDWIN BALMER

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

AS a sudden eddy of the gale about the shed blew the ticket from old Sammy's cold fingers, the young man stooped to recover it. The wind blew off his cloth cap as he did so, and as he bent and straightened before old Sammy, the old man suddenly gasped; and while the traveller pulled on his cap, recovered his ticket and hurried down the platform to the train, the gateman stood staring after him as though trying to recall who the man presenting himself as Philip D. Eaton was.

Connery stepped beside the old man.

"Who is it, Sammy?" he demanded.

"Who?" Sammy repeated. His eyes were still fixed on the retreating figure. "Who? I don't know."

The gateman mumbled, repeating to himself the names of the famous, the great, the notorious, in his effort to fit one to the man who had just passed. Connery awaited the result, his gaze following Eaton until he disappeared aboard the train. No one else belated and bound for the Eastern Express was in sight. The president's order to the conductor and to the dispatcher simply had directed that Number Five would run one hour late; it must leave in five minutes; and Connery, guided by the impression the man last through the gate had made upon him and old Sammy both, had no doubt that the man for whom the train had been held was now on board.

For a last time, the conductor scrutinized old Sammy. The gateman's mumblings were clearly fruitless; if Eaton were not the man's real name, old Sammy was unable to find any other which fitted. As Connery watched, old Sammy gave it up. Connery went out to the train. The passengers who had been parading the platform had got aboard; the last five to arrive also had disappeared into the Pullmans, and their luggage had been thrown into the baggage car. Connery jumped aboard. He turned back into the observation car and then went forward into the next Pullman. In the aisle of this car the five whom Connery had just watched pass the gate were gathered about the Pullman conductor, claiming their reservations. Connery looked first at Eaton, who

stood beside his grips a little apart, but within hearing of the rest; and then, passing him, he joined the Pullman conductor.

A DOUBLE MYSTERY

Warden, a Seattle capitalist belonging to the "Latron Crowd," is murdered while driving to meet a mysterious young man waiting at Warden's house.

Warden had told his wife this man had been mysteriously wronged. He was about to right the wrong when murdered. His death recalls "Latron," head of the "Latron Crowd," supposed to have been murdered years before by the same enemies.

The mysterious young man disappears when the dead man is brought in. He is advertised for, but cannot be found.

Meantime the famous No. 5 train from Seattle to Chicago is held one hour for some stranger who may present a card to Special Conductor Connery from the president of the road, entitling him to full authority over the movements of the train, if he wishes it.

Waiting at the station gate, Connery sees five persons board the train in this extra hour's delay. One is a blind man with two young people. A fourth is a young man, "Philip D. Eaton." A fifth is a plain (looking) business man.

Which holds the card? Is Eaton the young man Warden intended helping?

The three who had passed the gate first—the girl, the man with the glasses and the young man in the cutaway—it had now become clear were one party. They had had reservations made, apparently, in the name of Dorne; and these reservations were for a compartment and two sections in this car, the last of the four Pullmans. As they discussed the disposition of these, the girl's address to the spectacled man made plain that he was her father; her name, apparently, was Harriet; the young man in the cutaway coat was "Don" to her and "Avery" to her father. His relation, while intimate enough to permit him to address the girl as "Harry," was unflinchingly respectful to Mr. Dorne; and against them both Dorne won his way; his daughter was to occupy the drawing-room; he and Avery were to have sections in the open car.

"You have Sections One and Three, sir," the Pullman conductor told him. And Dorne directed the porter to put Avery's luggage in Section One, his own in Section Three.

THE Englishman who had come by the Japanese steamer was unsupplied with a sleeping-car ticket; he accepted, after what seemed only an automatic and habitual debate on his part, Section Four in Car Three—the next car forward—and departed at the heels of the porter. Connery watched more closely, as now it came the turn of the young man whose ticket bore the name of Eaton. Like the Englishman with the same sort of ticket from Asia, Eaton had no reservation in the sleepers; he appeared, however, to have some preference as to where he slept.

"Give me a Three, if you have one," he requested of the Pullman conductor. His voice, Connery noted, was well modulated, rather deep, distinctly pleasant. At sound of it, Dorne, who with his daughter's help was settling himself in his section, turned and looked that way and said something in a low tone to the girl. Harriet Dorne also looked, and with her eyes on Eaton, Connery saw her reply inaudibly, rapidly and at some length.

"I can give you Three in Car Three, opposite the

gentleman I just assigned," the Pullman conductor offered.

"That'll do very well," Eaton answered in the same pleasant voice.

As the porter now took his bags, Eaton followed him out of the car. Connery looked around the sleeper; then, having allowed a moment to pass so that he would not too obviously seem to be following Eaton, he went after them into the next car. He expected, rather, that Eaton would at once identify himself to him as the passenger to whom President Jarvis' short note had referred. Eaton, however, paid no attention to him, but was busy taking off his coat and settling himself in his section as Connery passed.

THE conductor, wishing that Eaton should choose his own time for identifying himself, passed slowly on, looking over the passengers as he went. The cars were far from full.

Besides Eaton, Connery saw but half a dozen people in this car: the Englishman in Section Four; two young girls of about nineteen and twenty and their parents—uninquisitive-looking, unobtrusive, middle-aged people who possessed the drawing-room; and an alert, red-haired, professional-looking man of forty whose baggage was marked "D. S.—Chicago." Connery had had nothing to do with putting Eaton in this car, but his survey of it gave him satisfaction; if President Jarvis inquired, he could be told that Eaton had not been put near to undesirable neighbours. The next car forward, perhaps, would have been even better; for Connery saw, as he entered it, that but one of its sections was occupied. The next, the last Pullman, was quite well filled; beyond this was the diner. Connery stood a few moments in conversation with the dining car conductor; then he retraced his way through the train. He again passed Eaton, slowing so that the young man could speak to him if he wished, and even halting an instant to exchange a word with the Englishman; but Eaton allowed him to pass on without speaking to him. Connery's step quickened as he entered the next car on his way back to the smoking compartment of the observation car, where he expected to compare sheets with the Pullman conductor before taking up the tickets. As he entered this car, however, Avery stopped him.

"Mr. Dorne would like to speak to you," Avery said. The tone was very like a command.

Connery stopped beside the section, where the man with the spectacles sat with his daughter. Dorne looked up at him.

"You are the train conductor?" he asked, seeming either unsatisfied of this by Connery's presence or merely desirous of a formal answer.

"Yes, sir," Connery replied.

Dorne fumbled in his inner pocket and brought out a card-case, which he opened, and produced a card. Connery, glancing at the card while the other

still held it, saw that it was President Jarvis' visiting card, with the president's name in engraved block letters; across its top was written briefly in Jarvis' familiar hand, "This is the passenger"; and below, it was signed with the same scrawl of initials which had been on the note Connery had received that morning—"H. R. J."

Connery's hand shook as, while trying to recover himself, he took the card and looked at it more closely, and he felt within him the sinking sensation which follows an escape from danger. He saw that his too ready and too assured assumption that Eaton was the man to whom Jarvis' note had referred, had almost led him into the sort of mistake which is unpardonable in a "trusted" man; he had come within an ace, he realized, of speaking to Eaton and so betraying the presence on the train of a traveler whose journey his superiors were trying to keep secret.

"You need, of course, hold the train no longer," Dorne said to Connery.

"Yes, sir; I received word from Mr. Jarvis about you, Mr. Dorne. I shall follow his instructions fully." Connery recalled the discussion about the drawing-room which had been given to Dorne's daughter. "I shall see that the Pullman conductor moves some one in one of the other cars to have a compartment for you, sir."

"I prefer a place in the open car," Dorne replied. "I am well situated here. Do not disturb any one."

As he went forward again after the train was under way, Connery tried to recollect how it was that he had been led into such a mistake, and defending himself, he laid it all to old Sammy. But old Sammy was not often mistaken in his identifications. If Eaton was not the person for whom the train was held, might he be some one else of importance? Now as he studied Eaton, he could not imagine what had made him accept this passenger as a person of great position. It was only when he passed Eaton a third time, half an hour later, when the train had long left Seattle, that the half-shaped hazards and guesses about the passenger suddenly sprang into form. Connery stood and stared back. Eaton did not look like any one whom he remembered having seen; but he fitted perfectly some one whose description had been standing for ten days in every morning and evening edition of the Seattle papers. Yes, allowing for a change of clothes and a different way of brushing his hair, Eaton was exactly the man whom Warden had expected at his house and who had come there and waited while Warden, away in his car, was killed.

CONNERY was walking back through the train, absent-minded in trying to decide whether he could be at all sure of this from the mere printed description, and trying to decide what he should do if he felt sure, when Mr. Dorne stopped him.

"Conductor, do you happen to know," he ques-

tioned, "who the young man is who took Section Three in the car forward?"

Connery gasped; but the question put to him the impossibility of his being sure of any recognition from the description. "He gave his name on his ticket as Philip D. Eaton, sir," Connery replied.

"Is that all you know about him?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you find out anything about him, let me know," Dorne bade.

"Yes, sir." Connery moved away and soon went back to look again at Eaton. Had Mr. Dorne also seen the likeness of Eaton in the published descriptions of the man whom Warden had said was most outrageously wronged? the man for whom Warden had been willing to risk his life, who afterwards had not dared to come forward to aid the police with anything he might know? Connery determined to let nothing interfere with learning more of Eaton; Dorne's request only gave him added responsibility.

Dorne, however, was not depending upon Connery alone for further information. As soon as the conductor had gone, he turned back to his daughter and Avery upon the seat opposite.

"Avery," he said, in a tone of direction, "I wish you to get in conversation with this Philip Eaton. It will probably be useful if you let Harriet talk with him, too. She would get impressions helpful to me which you can't."

The girl started with surprise, but recovered at once. "Yes, Father," she said.

"What, sir?" Avery ventured to protest.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Dorne Meets Eaton.

LORNE motioned Avery to the aisle, where already some of the passengers, having settled their belongings in their sections, were beginning to wander through the cars seeking acquaintances or players to make up a card game. Eaton, however, was not among these. On the contrary, when these approached him in his section, he frankly avoided chance of their speaking to him, by an appearance of complete immersion in his own concerns. The Englishman directly across the aisle from Eaton clearly was not likely to speak to him, or to anybody else, without an introduction; the red-haired man, "D. S.," however, seemed a more expansive personality. Eaton, seeing "D. S." look several times in his direction, pulled a newspaper from the pocket of his overcoat and engrossed himself in it; the newspaper finished, he opened his travelling bag and produced a magazine.

But as the train settled into the steady running which reminded of the days of travel ahead during which the half-dozen cars of the train must create a world in which it would be absolutely impossible to avoid contact with other people, Eaton put the

(Continued on page 24.)

Who Owns This Country, Anyhow?

QUEBEC, August 18th. By A STAFF CORRESPONDENT struck up "The Star Spangled Banner."

A DRAWL-FACED, sociable man in a check suit and a helmetized hat was never weary of heaping genial abuse upon the steamboat French-Canadian newsboy. He had knocked about a heap before coming to the St. Lawrence. Over at Mt. Clemens, where his red-faced, sociable wife was being "boiled out" for rheumatism, he had an operation that deprived him of one of his kidneys. I mention these little details because his wife told them to me with that child-like unreserve that distinguishes most Americans abroad. And down here on the St. Lawrence during the month of August, anywhere between the foot of the Thousand Islands and Ha! Ha! Bay, you encounter thousands of these roving, restless people from the land of Uncle Sam. Leave them alone and they will boycott you as skilfully as any nabob with a monocle. Give one of them the least pretext and you are in for a family history plus a good part of the history of the United States with politics thrown in. For these people carry Uncle Sam with them when they travel; and they want everybody to know it. Whereby some of us Canadians might get pointers.

This man—call him Izra Stimson—was a master of genial descriptive sarcasm. Travel and experience and a native sense of drawling humour had made him as much at home on a Canadian steamer or the terrace at the Chateau as in little old New York. And he bobbed up everywhere. I was on the four boats. He was on three of them. I was at the Chateau twice. He was there both times.

Previous to 1916 Stimson had never even heard of the Saguenay. Most he knew of that part of the world was that Taft summered at Murray Bay. Whereby when the boat pulled in at the Murray Bay dock he instantly inquired of some one who looked like a fellow-American on a shore,

"Say, is Taft here this year?"

"Sure, Taft's here," was the reply.

"Hum! Got dog-gone good sense if I'm any judge of landscape," surmised Stimson. "Say, maw, this pertikler mind o' beauty is good enough to eat. I'm real glad we noticed that ad Niag'ry to the Sea. Eh?"

Having read and reread the genial dopester's description of the St. Lawrence-Saguenay route—price fifty cents and your money back in U. S. coin if you don't like it—Stimson decided that it was much better to finish it when he got home. We were well up into the Saguenay by then. It began to get dark. The mysterious mountains league upon league became very dim. The wind was chilly up there in the manless solitude between Tadousac and Ha! Ha! Bay. If the loons were calling, nobody heard them. Everybody went inside. There were probably a hundred passengers. Somebody—a Canadian—went to the piano. He played a collection of national airs. Rule Britannia—got no hand; Scots Wha Hae—none; Harp That Once—none; Men of Harlech—a little; Russian Anthem—none; La Marseillaise—quite a clap. Then, because the player was a Canadian and wanted to keep O Canada for a finale, he

Immediately everybody in the saloon rose. At the close they applauded with great gusto.

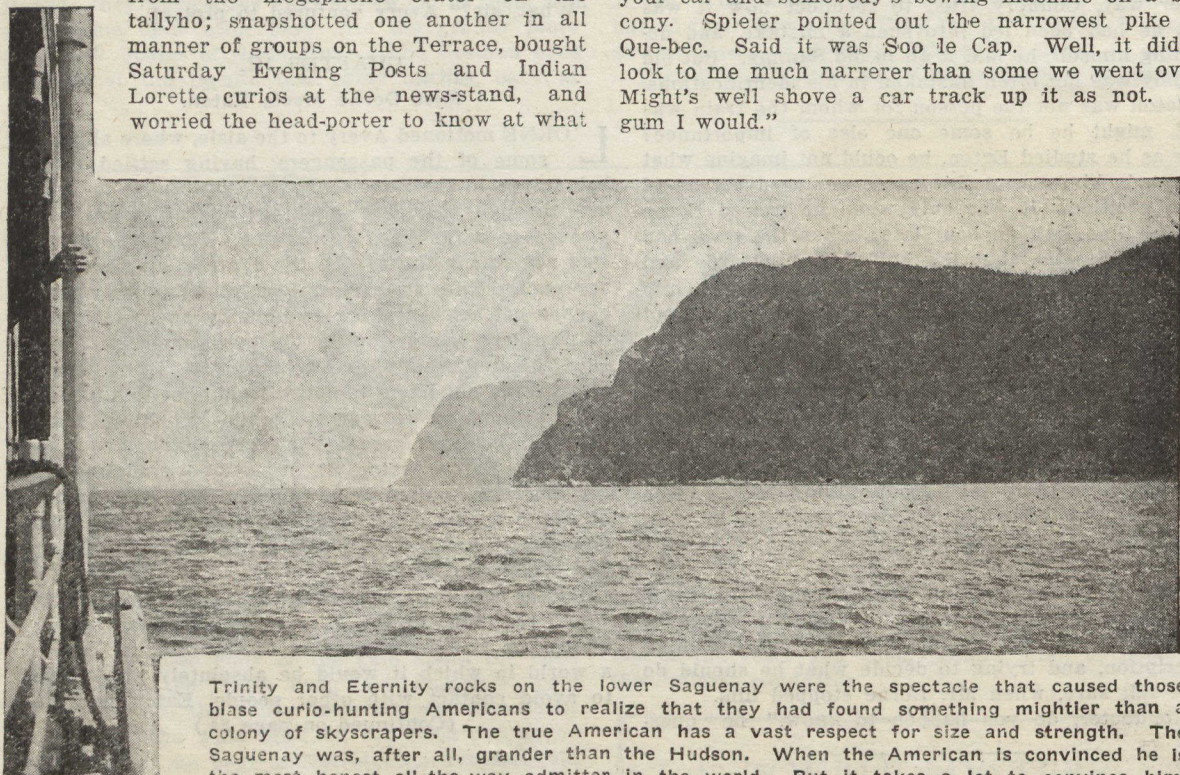
The playing of O Canada, regarded as a very suitable concession to the French-Canadian people among the crew and the inhabitants of Chicoutimi, was greeted with quite generous appreciation. But nobody rose.

It was the Star Spangled Banner that fetched the passengers on the St. Irene up the Saguenay. And it would have fetched just about equally well any average ship's company between Niagara Falls and St. Alphonse des Baie Ha Ha. That the band which plays nightly on the terrace at the Chateau Frontenac does not, so far as one observes, include this piece de resistance on its programmes must be due to the intensity of the French-Canadian's belief in his own country. The band there always concludes its programmes with O Canada! followed immediately by God Save the King.

BETWEEN Dominion Day and September 1st—at least that period—the Chateau might as well fly the Stars and Stripes alongside the Union Jack. On the 14th day of August, this year, every room was taken, and would-be occupants clamoured to see the manager or the chief clerk or somebody to demand some place where they might bestow luggage without paying 25 cents a parcel at the checking office. Would-be occupants might be a Canadian whose father had voted in Parliament to subsidize the C. P. R. with land grants. No use. The room he

wanted was being paid for by an American tourist. At least 800 other rooms were occupied by the same health-hunting compatriots from all the States contiguous to the great lakes, the St. Lawrence and the Quebec boundary. U. S. fathers had their families at the Chateau, costing them from \$30 to \$40 a day minimum, according to the number. U. S. girls travelling in flocks waited their turn at the weigh scales to notice how much extra avordupois the good St. Lawrence and Saguenay trout had given them. They crowded into the men's waiting room, where they took up six out of nine available desks for letters and picture cards. The luxurious lounge and feminine waiting room aloft was abandoned to the quiet spinsters and elderly mammas who did fancy-work, read and admired the superb lineaments of the Isle of Orleans and the twinkling parish villages on the north shore. The dining-rooms were crammed with Uncle Sam's folk. The tallyhos and the trolley omnibusses were full of a conventionalizing freemasonry held together by a passion for travel, a twang and a common love of "My country 'tis of thee," not denying that the St. Lawrence is a greater river than the Hudson, even though less beautiful, and almost as large as the Mississippi.

AND they all seemed to know Quebec—accent on the Que—almost as well as the 75,000 inhabitants of the place. With amazing gusto they dodged about among the monuments whose names they had learned from the megaphone orator on the tallyho; snapshotted one another in all manner of groups on the Terrace, bought Saturday Evening Posts and Indian Lorette curios at the news-stand, and worried the head-porter to know at what



Trinity and Eternity rocks on the lower Saguenay were the spectacle that caused those blasé curio-hunting Americans to realize that they had found something mightier than a colony of skyscrapers. The true American has a vast respect for size and strength. The Saguenay was, after all, grander than the Hudson. When the American is convinced he is the most honest all-the-way admitter in the world. But it takes a lot to convince him.

hour the next boat for the Saguenay or Montreal was due to pull out.

These people were no strangers in a strange land. Most of them were on their regular summer tour in the Canadian highlands. They knew Que-bee better than Boston or New York. If they stopped to think it was only the accident of French-Canadian loyalty that had prevented the Plains of Abraham from becoming one of Uncle Sam's preserves. They were essentially at home in Quebec, these Americans who have keyed up the cost of travelling in that part of Canada, because they value money only to the extent that it keeps moving and take to hotel life as naturally as a Saguenay salmon to water. And they swung themselves about with the ease of people to whom trains, boats and hotels are as necessary as fire-works on the Fourth of July. For perfect, unconscionable ease in getting over the ground commend me to the American army that by thousands upon thousands invades Quebec every summer. Most of them stay only a day or two. Every morning the boats and the trains shunt in their fresh contingents that line up among the cordons of luggage in the rotunda, sign their names from half the States in the Union, shuffle into the elevator and prepare to go abroad. The crowd this morning looks about the same as that of yesterday. The crowd to-morrow will average up about the same as to-day. They are not New Yorkers, Ohioans, or Illinoisians. They are plain Americans, many of whom have seen every part of their own country that seems worth while and have temporarily included Canada in their itinerary till they get tired of that also, or until the war is over, when they can visit Europe and pick up bits of American-made shells on the battlefields for souvenirs.

One afternoon Ezra Stimson and his wife went on

a trolley charabanc to see Quebec. He chose the trolley because,

"By gum! I want to know how any man ever laid out these trolley routes in this town without puttin' in specifications for a smashup every three blocks," he said. "C'm on, maw."

Off they went. For two hours I saw no more of Stimson. Just as the string orchestra were striking up in the palm room at the Terrace here he comes with maw at his heels.

"Well, how did you like it?" I asked him, wanting to know.

He blew like a narwhal.

"By the great hornspoon," he sputtered, fanning himself with his helmet. "I ain't got over it yet. Say, if anybody was to ask me to make any kind'v a diagram how that car got away from here and back here without missing a church or a monument, well, it 'd look as much like the price o' wheat in Chicago as anything else."

"Trifle twisty, was it?"

"Great labyrinthine corkscrews; was it? Well, I wanta tell yew that there ain't any scenic railroad, figger 8 and roller-coaster all combined that can hold a candle to a trolley-car loopin' the loop over this old town. It's a plumb merikle how we ever refrained from running clean into some o' them dormered windows. Streets? Well, I shouldn't call 'em that. They're coal alleys. But, by gum, there's always room for a horse between the headlight of your car and somebody's sewing machine on a balcony. Spieler pointed out the narrowest pike in Que-bee. Said it was Soo le Cap. Well, it didn't look to me much narrerer than some we went over. Might's well shove a car track up it as not. By gum I would."

"Not much traffic on it ten months of the year, perhaps?" I ventured.

"Yeh, but look at the crowd that ud go up it the other two," he mentioned. "Ain't nothing like this burg in our kentry. Nope. She's got'm all beat for engineerin' hazards. Take a master'v high finance based on haulage to calkulate how in thunder any average mile o' this trolley system earns its keep. But I guess it does. Dog-gone! anybody that wants to do business up here on the hill has got to use'm, I guess. Course a lot o' them folks down there don't git up here more'n once in a blue moon, I guess. They don't need to."

BUT Stimson had to admit when evening came that a considerable part of Lower Town had found its way to the upper levels. The Quebecker knows the value of his scenery even a little better now than before the American tourist came to appreciate it. And the evening concourse on the terrace is one of the greatest popular sights in America. When the lights of Levis twinkle across the river and the full moon strikes a blaze of glory beneath the citadel the Ancient City comes into its own. The thousands that swing up and down the terrace to the music of the band are not Uncle Sam's people. The bandmaster doesn't even allow his band to play Dixie or Marching Through Georgia. Dufferin Terrace is French-Canadian; and from dusk until midnight it is a genial, glorifying concourse of a happy people who pay no attention to the Americans.

On the boat from Quebec the through list of passengers to the Saguenay was all American—except myself. About fifty were Quebeckers for various points along the river—including priests, nuns, villagers and a few visitors. The day was perfect enough to suit even Carrie Jacobs Band, who wrote "The

Perfect Day" in Chicago. I felt like remarking this to Stimson, who admitted that he knew the composer. But I refrained.

"Now, what's that white rock yunder?" he asked of maw, when we had got about ten miles below the Citadel.

"Why, Ezra, it's movin'!" she exclaimed through her field-optics.

"Montmorency Falls, sir," I ventured, timidly.

"Oh! She occupies a durn fine position on stage all right. Plumb in the front row. Oh, yes, we saw that, maw—day we went to St. Anne—what's her name?"

"De Beaupre," I suggested.

"Yes. That's the ticket. By George!"

For a while Ezra was silent and his wife scanned the guide-book, wondering when we should get to the white whales and the eagles above Cap L'Aigle. By early afternoon we came in sight of a vast headland checkerboarded with green fields and golden grain.

"Some farmin' proposition, that," remarked Ezra, half asleep. "Don't see no houses. We headin' in there?"

"Ezra, this must be Baie St. Paul," said maw. "There's the red and yellow house. That's the dock."

For best part of an hour the ship made signs at the headland at the base of which the dock-house stood.

"Yunder's the village," said Ezra. "I know it by the spire. By gum! there's always a church. Most religionized kentry I ever did see."

Presently we got in full view of the dock.

"My! see the cabs," said maw. The dock was lined with carriages.

"I twig it," says Ezra. "That this village was planted too far off on the bay to be port o' call. So they stuck that dock down here, and them carriages are the suburban railway."

LANDING twenty passengers at Baie de St. Paul was a comic opera. Here we saw the first of those up-and-down gangways, the sheep slope of which caused so many of the passengers to wonder, till Ezra explains.

"That's on account o' the tide. Dock's made tide high. High tide, up comes the gangway level. Low tide, down she goes sloped like she is now."

Sixteen frantic cabbies came in a body down the gangway, peering into the ship, gabbling in French. They were evidently determined to prevent the passengers from going ashore. Suddenly they all agreed to go aloft.

"Tout ensemble!" shouted one to a greedy logghead who stayed below to grab his first valise. "Tout ensemble!"

"That's the ticket," growled Ezra.

"Give everybody a chance."

And the ship was scarcely docked before the sixteen cabbies had the twenty landing passengers coraled. Away went the line of cabs trotting from the dock to the shore, dipped into the spruces, climbed a hill and trailed away to the village.

Our next spectacle was the porpoises when cameras got busy. Our next stop of importance was St. Irene, where Sir Rodolphe Forget has a castle on a hill, where Judge Routhier, author of the words of O Canada, has a summer home, and where Judge Lavergne and his son Armand also have a summer residence. But the most obvious feature of St. Irene was a mob of pretty French girls that came down the gangway—most dramatically. No comic opera chorus was ever more fetchingly staged than these abandonees who in a chorus of French seemed to be calling to some one by name of Paul. And when Paul, a quiet young man, made his advent on the gangway, he kissed one girl, ran the gauntlet of the others, and was all but carried off by that delightfully feminine mob. Happy Paul!

Stimson seemed highly agitated over these apparitions.

"Mighty sociable people!" he kept saying. "Kind o' wish I'd got a stopover at this burg—what's her name—St. Irene. Hmp!"

And the next was Murray Bay, where the French-Canadian crew took off seventeen kinds of freight, shoving truck-loads up the steep gangway on the full trot, galloping down again with the noise of an artillery section; as happy as lords.

"Dog-gone! if I ever seen anybody that seemed to eat work like them peasoups do," chattered Ezra. "But I miss my guess if they don't loaf a lot between times."

It was dusk when we got to Tadousac among the white whales that rolled about by hundreds in the shallows. Here Stimson, standing on deck engaged in an impromptu dialogue with a young English-speaking cabbie on the dock.

(Concluded on page 21.)

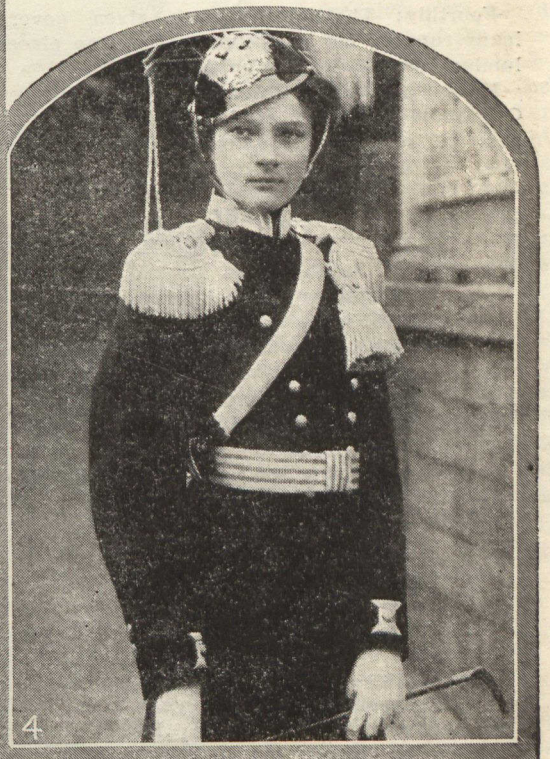
Overseas News

by
Camera Report

1: This automobile carries a distinguished freight. In the far corner of the back seat sits the British Minister of War, David Lloyd George, next him is Sir Sam Hughes, the Canadian equivalent to Mr. George, though the Canadian is knighted and the Englishman is not knighted. In the front seat beside the driver is the all-powerful (Col.) Sir Max Aitken. Sir Max is the official representative of the Canadian Government at the Front, and is said, through



Bonar Law, to have more "pull" with the powers that be in Whitehall than any other Canadian, not excepting the very Prime Minister himself. Sir Max is bringing out an addition to his already famous little volume, "Canada in Flanders." 2: At the Canadian Cavalry Depot, in England, a Gymkana was held three weeks ago to-day, at which Canadians from all parts of Canada were able to demonstrate their horsemanship. This picture was taken during a bare-back riding contest. This trim little Canadian horse, by the way, carries a fairly heavy load. 3: Who would have believed two years ago that scenes like this would be witnessed in the sedate countryside of old England. This woman hay-maker has not only been working in the fields raking hay and making haycocks, but she helped build this load of sweet-smelling stuff on the cart. She leads the heavy old plough-horse as skillfully as ever a male farm labourer could do it, and perhaps much more economically—in the matter of abuse for the horse. 4: This pretty



girl officer is no less a personage than a Russian Princess, a daughter of the Tsar—the Grand Duchess Olga Nicolaievna. The two elder daughters of the Tsar, the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana, were among the first to take up war relief work in Russia after the war broke out. They had been extremely well trained by the Empress and her aides. The Grand Duchess Olga has shown a distinct capacity for organization of relief works. She has regularly attended at the hospital opened in the Imperial residence of Tsarskoye Selo. Before the war broke out there was a great deal of gossip as to the probable husband of the Duchess. The first rumour said she was to be Queen of Saxony. Later, when the Roumanian Royal family visited Petrograd the gossip changed. When the Tsar visited Roumania prior to the outbreak of war he arranged for the Roumanian Crown Prince to pay another visit to Petrograd during the winter of 1914. This is another interesting event postponed by the war. Meantime marriage for the Princess is not so much talked of. 5: Trust the Huns to be thorough—even in the taking of a defeat. This picture shows one of the



methods adopted by the German medical authorities in the convalescent homes for wounded soldiers. These men are being drilled in the use of artificial limbs with which they are to be supplied. They are made to walk over all sorts of obstacles such as the one shown in the picture. This teaches them to avoid stumbling when they are given the artificial limbs. This picture is from the hospital at Brest Letovsk. Arrangements not unlike these are being made for convalescents in England. In Germany only the Hun soldier gets this attention. In England the maimed prisoners of war are also to be taught to walk.

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Up-to-Date Russian Policy

HA VE WE MODERN IDEAS of handling the immigration problem of Canada? Or must we go to the borders of the Orient and learn from that once-supposed stick-in-the-mud, Russia? Russia has been colonizing her enormous holdings in Central Asia in a very business-like manner. Only Russians whose religion does not prevent them from doing military service are encouraged to migrate, but these are most carefully looked after.

First of all, intending emigrants have to send a "messenger" (one of their number selected for the purpose) to choose the land to which they intend to go. A messenger can represent never more than five families.

Secondly: He is given special railroad and steamship rates and cheap food while travelling.

Thirdly: The intending emigrants, having received his report, are given fabulously cheap rates for themselves, their children and their belongings. Under this special rate one may travel 6,000 miles (more than the full width of Canada) for 13 roubles and 5 copeks, or approximately \$4.89! At that rate one could cross Canada for \$4.08. Luggage of all kinds is proportionately cheap. Meals at railway depots cost less than a penny. Sick people and children are fed free! Persons very ill receive free hospital accommodation and treatment.

Fourthly: The new settler is given government loans running for long terms. In some places free lumber for buildings is supplied.

Have we anything to teach Russia in this respect? Or should we study modern immigration methods and land settlement policies—in Russia!

Still Learning?

BACK IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY Sir Sydney Smith vented his wit on the then prevalent notions of scholarship. He wrote thus:

"A learned man—a scholar—a man of erudition! Upon whom are these epithets of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government? Thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe? To men who know the properties of bodies and their action upon each other? No; this is not learning; it is chemistry, or political economy, not learning. The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of Scholar, is reserved for him who writes on the Æolic reduplication, and is familiar with the Sylburgian method of arranging defectives in Greek verbs. The picture which a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, draws—his beau ideal of human nature—his top and consummation of man's powers—is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is not to reason, or invent; but to conjugate, decline and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself, are the detection of an anapaest in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over, and the never-dying Ernesti failed to observe."

Sixty-three years later Gilbert Hamerton took up the same cry.

Now—who knows Hamerton?

Yet our very Canadian universities are only beginning to emerge from the scholastic follies derided by Smith.

Again: Englishmen in Canada

APPARENTLY it is necessary to repeat on this page what was written two weeks ago under the caption: Englishmen in Canada! In that article this observation was offered: that if Englishmen did not, as a general rule, succeed as well in Canada as Irishmen and Scotchmen, the explanation might be found in the attitude of the Englishman toward the new country. It was suggested that the Englishman was inclined to offer only a second-hand affection to Canada, and that his hope and dream too often was to make enough money out of Canada

to go back to live in England and die in England. The observation is repeated because we continue to believe it is true, in spite of the denials of a number of Englishmen in Canada. It is not repeated with any desire to offend the feelings of Englishmen in Canada. We have made occasion not infrequently in these columns to hold up for admiration passing examples of the traditional good qualities of the people from whom we are descended. Not all Englishmen in Canada do Canada and themselves the injustice to which we referred. Those Englishmen who have adapted themselves to Canadian conditions and who have identified themselves, their fortunes and their hopes with Canada, and her fortunes and hopes—these, we venture to believe, are the Englishmen who succeed and deserve to succeed in Canada. They are men enough to admit their duty to the new soil and its hopes of statehood. But of Englishmen who come to Canada to mend their fortunes, to find opportunities they could not find at home, to win health, happiness and new courage in a new country—and who, when they have found these things, hie them back to England to air their new-found wealth, and to spend their Canada-given fortunes in a London suburb—may heaven deliver us! And many there are who, though they may not be able to return to England themselves, keep their hearts there and half resent the very power of the newer country to hold them here.

It is not only among Englishmen that this way of regarding Canada as a temporary residence is to be found. Americans, too, visit us as though we were a mining camp and, having taken what they can, depart. Irishmen and Scotchmen, too, are guilty, but the Englishman is peculiarly open to the charge and the charge stands. Henry Rickards, of Strathcona, Alberta, writes denying that Englishmen fail in Canada—the Courier did not say they did, but referred to the complaints of Englishmen in our newspapers and, for example, in an Englishman's letter on this page in the August 5th issue. Mr. Rickards claims that he, for one, has done well. He is to be congratulated. It is interesting to observe, however, that this man, after confessing what Canada has done for him, signs himself not, "A Canadian," but still "An Englishman."

Allegorically Speaking

ONCE UPON A TIME a young man had a great mother. She was clever and rich and noble and powerful. All her children worshipped her. Other families were afraid of her.

Now it came to pass that this fine mother had not quite enough to make all her children happy. To tell the truth, she favoured some of them a bit more than this particular one, but that made no difference to him. He loved her just as devotedly even when pinched on 30 shillings a week wages.

One day the young man saw a beautiful young woman who had a tremendous fortune. He ignored her beauty, but was fascinated by the fortune. He went through a form of marriage with her. With her help he prospered and yet—no sooner was he prosperous than he wanted to desert his wife and go back to the old mother. In short, he knew no real affection for his wife. He was obsessed with filial piety.

MORAL:

That mother is the old country.

That young man is the old countryman who does not prosper at home.

That rich wife is Canada!

But who would treat a wife that way?

The Prolongation of Life

NOT LONG AGO A CANADIAN had occasion to compliment a friend who had passed the allotted span of life.

"Ah, my friend. I am far from well," the older man replied. "I suffer from an incurable disease."

The younger Canadian expressed surprise and regret.

"Yes," continued the other, smilingly. "I am afflicted with old age and from it there is no recovery."

This man was not a disciple of Nitchnikoff, the great scientist, upon whose work for "The Prolongation of Life," so many have leaned with a yearning hope that it might mean for them a few more years. But it reminds us that Nitchnikoff is now dead, and the sceptics have their innings.

"He could not add to his own life. He has done nothing for others. Another charlatan," they say.

But the work of Professor Nitchnikoff is not to be so lightly dismissed. His reputation has suffered at the hands of too enthusiastic admirers and the

writers for sensational journalism who made "copy" by distorting Nitchnikoff's claims. On the other hand, many conservative scientists have endorsed the Nitchnikoff theories and the work carried on so largely from the Pasteur Institute under his direction. Loudon M. Douglas, in an elaborate treatise on "The Bacillus of Long Life," assigns to the work of this distinguished Russian the greatest importance. He places great stress on the value of fermented or soured milk in the human diet.

The Common Desire

PHILOSOPHERS AND POETS have penned well balanced lines, caustically commenting on the futility of life. It will be remembered that Southey compared life to travelling. "There is a good deal of amusement on the road, but after all, all one wants is to be at rest." Few there are who, down in their hearts, agree with Southey. It may be taken for granted that the work for the prolongation of life along the lines of Nitchnikoff will be continued with undiminished interest.

Power in Canada

HORSE-POWER IS TO THE LAYMAN an ambiguous term when it comes to measuring electric energy. Taking it at its popular acceptance we have in Canada's waterfalls equal to just 17,746,000 "horses," or in more scientific language, we have in our rivers the power to raise 293,469,000 tons one foot per minute during the whole year and every year so long as our watercourses may run!

But of the total available horse-power, how much have we developed? Just 1,712,193 horse power! The estimate of what we could develop if we wished does not include additional power that could be had by installing systems of storage and control.

These figures deserve study, particularly by those who see for Canada nothing but an agricultural future. True, farming is our present mainstay and must always be among the most important in the country. But this power running to waste every year is, in a sense, like so many millions of acres of good soil lying idle. Plans for Canada's development must include the use of this power not only to make our farms more productive and more habitable, but to create more factories.

A Point in Democracy

ANICE POINT IS RAISED by the Outlook in an editorial on the American presidential election. It is, whether judging between two possible chiefs of a democracy, that man should be preferred who gives his fellow-men leadership, or that one who reflects more accurately the actual will of the people or the majority of the people. The Outlook raises this point against Wilson that he has failed to give leadership.

Whether that is so or not the point is important. Do we elect Borden or Lauriers merely to sit in a high place and guess which way the wind blows in the public mind—and having guessed, shape their policy to meet public approval? Or do we expect Laurier or Borden to choose a course and by that course stand or fall?

We believe Canadians expect the latter and condemn the former sort of craft. The one is statecraft and the other "opportunism." It is difficult and dangerous for the general public to make decisions on great public questions, except after much study. What an electorate would do to-day, in the heat of the moment, it would be shocked to contemplate in some calmer moment. It is for statesmen to use what means they have, in themselves and their advisors, to anticipate a right course of action and recommend it with all their power. They must trust to the electorate in some wiser and cooler mood to confirm their judgment. It is difficult not to side with the Outlook against Mr. Wilson.

The Challenge

QUEBEC IN 1667 HAD 3,918 inhabitants; in 1681, 9,677; in 1754, 55,000; in 1790, 161,311; in 1900, 1,648,898, and in 1910, 2,002,712. In that last decade Quebec increased 21.46 per cent. Ontario in the same time increased 15.58 per cent. Quebec's increase is, moreover, from within, and does not include the numbers spared for settlement in Northern Ontario and in our West. After all, it is population that counts, and if Ontario is to continue dominant the size of her families must increase.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT

An Urgent Appeal for Munitions

WRITTEN AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE BY ESTELLE M. KERR

Too Proud to Work

ARE we? So far the supply of women munition workers in Canada has exceeded the demand. Manufacturers have been slow to employ women, in spite of the statistics from Great Britain, which show such satisfactory results. And now we are criticized for not doing our share of this most necessary branch of war work! Even the American papers are doing it, for female labour is largely used in munition plants in the United States, where patriotism does not enter into the case. They say we are too proud to work. Are we? Thus far the answer has been emphatically "No." Women have been registering for munition work ever since last January and, if their services had been accepted, the Munitions Board would not have been obliged to make this alarming report:

"THE DELIVERIES OF MUNITIONS FROM ONTARIO ARE RUNNING FAR BEHIND THE QUANTITIES PROMISED, AND WE ARE SERIOUSLY APPREHENSIVE IF EXISTING CONDITIONS CANNOT BE BETTERED."

And it rests with the women to better them!

MR. AUSTEN HUTCHINSON, of Toronto, head of the Central Registration Bureau of the Women's Emergency Corps, says:

"We have already fifteen hundred women on our books, and have furnished several hundreds to various manufacturers, while almost every hour in the day women are in here to make fresh application for munition work. It is now up to the manufacturers to demand the services of more women. I am sure we will not have the slightest difficulty in furnishing as many as the manufacturers need. For the large body of leisure women has hardly been touched. There are many of these who have not yet registered, but have signified their willingness to do so any time the call comes."

The Leisure Class

MUNITION making is but a temporary thing. It would seem that its women workers should be drawn from those whose taking up of the work will not interfere with the country's regular industries.

If it were the women of leisure who went into the munition factories the question of such workers overcrowding a labour market after the war would not arise. It is the daughters of the doctors, lawyers, ministers and business men who are wanted and who have not as yet come forward in any large numbers. Still they come, slowly but surely. Several university girls have registered, the daughter of a Cabinet Minister and many women who have never worked before. We object to the term "leisure class," there should be no such thing in war time, but it is the women of education who make the best workers, and they are quickly promoted to fill positions as forewomen, and posts of greater responsibility. The French Government even sent a woman to America to buy 50,000 tons of steel for war purposes.

THE Women's Emergency Corps, with its Branches all over Canada, have done splendid work in registering women for war work, and the Imperial Munitions Board has recognized their value in calling them to still greater effort. At a recent meeting of the Corps it was reported that in little Dundas alone thirty-five women have registered.

St. Catharines reported the register of forty-four classified women workers, and the men have asked for the assistance of the Women's Emergency Corps in a personal canvass of the eligible men. As St. Catharines women are suffering from the almost universal backwardness of employers to avail themselves of the women's aid, they are making a special plea that manufacturers open up their establishments to women. In Brantford forty-six women have registered for everything from chauffeurs to munition and farm work. Three branches, Paris, Burford and Cainsville, have also been formed. In Paris, out of

4,000 people, 500 have enlisted, and many women are now working in the winsey factory, which is making khaki cloth.

New branches of the corps—Acton, Sudbury, Cobalt and many other places; 333 registrations outside Toronto.

In Montreal soldiers' wives have offered to give up their Patriotic Fund allowances if they may be allowed to go into the munition plants.

In Welland, 95 women responded last week to the call of a factory there which needs 150 to 200 women. Fifty per cent. of those who answered the call had never been in regular employment before.

When employers agree to dismiss all eligible men,

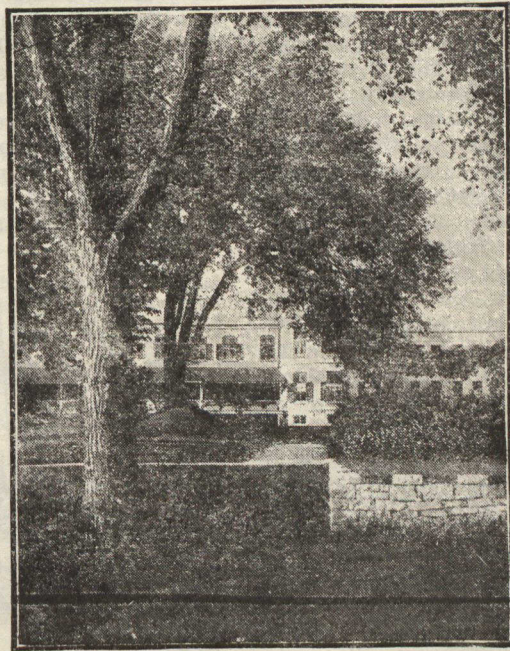
WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING—

The Duchess of Devonshire, the new hostess of Government House.



The Duchess of Connaught, from a hitherto unpublished portrait by Gertrude Des Clayes.

Government House, showing the verandah where Her Royal Highness likes to have tea.



there will be a call for women in all branches of labour. Shall we be ready to respond?

A Business Proposition

WAGES in munitions plants should be such as to attract a large number of workers. Four to seven, and even ten dollars a day is not uncommon for men employed on the piece-work basis. These high wages are depleting the ranks of women from other departments of female labour, and we are facing an acute stage in the labour shortage. There are fewer students at shorthand schools than formerly when they should be greatly increasing. Banks have taken many of the first class stenographers and others have left on account of the higher wages paid in factories. Book-keepers, telephone operators and bank clerks are in demand. Business

offers great inducements for women just now, and if women only realized it, they would be so much happier engaged in regular work than they are now, filling up their time in many little duties and pleasures. But the girl who enters business life must realize that she must hoard her strength if she hopes to make a success of her work and that she must not spend her free hours doing housework or making clothes. She should employ others to do those things as a business man does.

Munition Makers Abroad

BUT the unskilled munition workers in France and Britain are not highly paid. They have barely enough to live on and the Young Women's Christian Association in London is appealing for funds to maintain rest rooms, clubs, hostels, and canteens for women working on war materials of every kind. According to a recent report published by the Chief Inspector of Factories, there are at least 200,000 women employed in the munition plants of Britain, and soon there will be six women to one man. In

Germany female labour is largely utilized. Out of 68,972 workers in the Krupp works at Essen, 13,023 are women.

While the total number of employees nearly doubled from August 1, 1914, to April 1, 1916, the number of women workers increased more than tenfold during the same period, according to reports appearing in recent issues of German newspapers.

M. LOUIS RAEMAEEKERS, the great Dutch cartoonist, when asked what impressed him most in England, replied: "It is the women." He had been taken to see the munitions factories, whose activities are chronicled only by an occasional line in the newspapers, giving Mr. Lloyd George's estimate of the numbers of "controlled establishments." This is what he says: "Manufactory after manufactory all working at the highest pressure. Shells—shells—shells not for a year, but for fifty years. Manufactories, which were doing all sorts of other things a year ago, are now bursting with this new task. And the women and girls, their eyes burning! They make shells and fuses in a fury of enthusiasm, with strength and yet with delicacy. In the men it is not so evident; to them the task is more accustomed. But the women workers, they are splendid."

Compulsion for Women

NOW that the men are all under orders, it is necessary to utilize the women, and if they do not voluntarily do their part it is quite possible that there may be conscription. Every

woman who takes up munition work, farm labour, or other necessary employment, releases a man for the fighting line, and unless Canadian women come forward in large numbers, able-bodied men must be kept back for this work.

COMPULSORY service in the harvest fields has been introduced in West Prussia for all women and children who are not exempted by doctors' orders or by the provincial president. The general commanding the 20th Army Corps district has issued orders that this domestic mobilization is to be carried out strictly. Any refusal to work in the fields is to be punished by one year's imprisonment or a fine of \$375. The local mayors or presidents of local government boards are to effect the mobilization, and the work is to be paid for at the usual local rates. What if Canada should follow the example!

What's What the World Over

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

Supremacy After War

Our Hope in Picardy

Oriental Customs

SUPREMACY AFTER WAR

Economic Principles to be Observed by Great Britain

IN spite of a continuance of violent episodes, the war is becoming almost tedious. Like a rain-soaked country, the public mind can only absorb impressions up to the point of saturation, and although the hurricane continues, the sense of its fury diminishes. We are turning aside to discuss with interest those trade conditions which may immediately follow the war; but, although we are able to command sufficient mental detachment so to do, the violent antagonism which exists colours the discussion. We are assuming that our present temperament will continue, even when peace is signed, the fields are again cultivated, and the charred cities rebuilt. We take too much for granted that our enemies will be at our throats commercially, and that the war, which will have ceased only in a military sense, will be still carried on in every neutral market of the world.

In this way, Joseph Compton-Rickett opens an article in the *Contemporary Review*, on Commercial Supremacy After the War. He goes on:

But can it be seriously contended that German-made goods are to be shut out of the markets of the world, and her state of isolation prolonged indefinitely? Such a condition would stimulate animosity, blight the reformation of German character, almost justify her in the renewal of her military preparations, and open a vista of further war. It would be an unprecedented and an impossible future.

To obviate the difficulties with which we were confronted at the beginning of the war we must take a more intelligent interest in our own affairs, but are not required to dislocate our trade relations with other countries, or to close our ports against them. With regard to the Dominions, our one safe and sure course is to leave them to settle their own commercial problems in their own way. In fact, we have neither the right nor the power to interfere. Canada is next neighbour to the United States, divided from the great Republic by a bare thread drawn across inland waters and open country. The commercial relations between such near neighbours are bound to be of the utmost importance. If they desire to trade with one another more freely than formerly, let them do so, for nothing could compensate Canada for the surrender of her own Continental market. The utmost which we can expect from our Dominions is a first call upon their produce, in case of necessity, at the best price which those Dominions can obtain in any other market of the world.

As soon as our Armies are disbanded, we shall have to direct a considerable amount of attention to the general question of labour. Labour in the fields had already become a difficulty, and the scarcity of cottages was prompting us to take some preliminary steps when the war broke out. There are many large estates which will be offered in consequence of increased taxation, and of the better employment of money elsewhere. It will be desirable to hesitate before we embark upon fresh schemes. We ought not to settle upon fixity of tenure or peasant proprietorship until we are better informed as to the future handling of the soil.

In order to maintain the commercial supremacy of the United Kingdom we must make sure that a sufficient amount of labour and of capital will be always available in this country. "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." London must continue to be the commercial centre of the world, its financial metropolis. We have not to fear competition from the Continent of Europe, for our neighbours will be burdened in proportion to their resources more heavily than ourselves. It is to the competition of the United States that we naturally look, but that competition will not be serious so long as the United States continues to maintain a tariff wall. So long as she does so, the cost of production in that country will be maintained. It may be necessary for us to direct the flow of capital to



Germania: "Now that I have taken your countries, will you give me a piece of bread to get them back?"
—Costanza, in Pasquino, Turin.

the East, where the raw material of certain commodities lies to hand, and where coloured labour can be obtained at a comparatively low price. The Asiatic does not lack readiness in a new task, and with a little practice can learn it. Whether he has the physical power to work as hard as the English man or woman is a question of food, and a rise in wages will do much in that respect, as he will never require the Western standard of living. He has learned to do with less, and makes more of the food than the European. It must be remembered that climate has an important bearing upon food. The cold and variable climate of this country diverts a portion of the food we eat to the maintenance of animal warmth. Money has to be spent in clothing, in fuel, and in suitable cover. From this the inhabitant of warmer climates is largely exempt. The sun makes that provision for him, and so he starts with a competi-



"He must have eaten a Boche."
—From a Post Card by Poulbot.

tive advantage. No doubt the teeming populations of India, of China, and of Japan have dropped to the line of bare living, the smallest amount at which their working ability can be maintained. Besides which, periods of famine have overtaken them, and thinned the population down to the point at which there was sufficient food for the survivors. This process, which has been going on for centuries, has bred a race which can live upon an amount representing sheer starvation to the European. We must not nurse the delusion that the Asiatic working class will not be soon fully supplemental to the British workers, for the organized labour of the East will be required to maintain the commercial supremacy of the Empire. But, for the present, Europe will need to recover from the war. We must live frugally, accumulate capital, and be thankful that our own credit remains unshaken. Germany has lost the goodwill of Russia, will cease to tinker with Turkey, whilst Great Britain and France are summoned to take her place. Russia is commercially a virgin country, with possibilities as great as that of Western America. But why should not the United States, immense in her resources, share this trade with us, or even anticipate us in competing for it? At the beginning she may do so, but only to a small extent. The United States has not yet satisfied the call for investment within her own territory. She has the Southern Continent, the other America, to develop, and perhaps to colonize, in the future. It will be better for us to give way to her in Argentina and in the other Latin States of the New World, whilst we devote ourselves to work closer to hand. We are on the threshold of Europe, within call of Western Asia, well equipped for service, and have political as well as commercial considerations to invite our trade. When we and the United States have respectively done our own work, the vast territories of China lie waiting for our joint efforts. As we regard this extended field of human endeavour, accompanied by the growing importance of our own self-governing Dominions, the horizon widens, until there is hardly a measurable limit to our opportunities. For this country there is a good time coming, if we will only wait a little longer.

OUR HOPE IN PICARDY

Sydney Coryn's Size-up of What the Picardy Offensive Means

SIDNEY CORYN, of the San Francisco Argonaut, writes the best weekly war summary we have yet had the pleasure of reading. In the midst of a pro-German community this seemingly pro-ally summary faces conditions, as regards criticism, which writers in other places do not know. The Coryn summary is a treat. This week we reprint part of the summary dealing with the real significance of the Picardy offensive. It reads:

It may be said again, and it can not be remembered too carefully, that the weak point of a modern army, and especially of an army that is not in its own country, is its line of communications. No matter how numerous or well-munitioned an army may be, it is lost if it is cut off from its base of supplies. Now it is obvious that the formation, the shape, of the front has a strong bearing on this problem of the preservation and defence of lines of communication. If a wedge, or anything in the nature of a wedge, has been driven into an enemy's lines it must either push on, and through, those lines, or become liable to attack upon three sides. And it will be equally evident that the lines of communication that supply that wedge will be much more accessible to assault than where armies are facing each other over a long and straight front.

A glance at the map shows that the German forces on the Somme, and for some distance north and south, constitute the western extremity of such a wedge or salient, although in this case it takes the form of a curve or bulge. The actual extremity is a little further south, say at Noyon, where the line

turns from north and south to west and east. The battle front in France may be compared roughly with the two sides of a square, and the contained right angle—although it is not quite a right angle—lies just to the south of the present fighting. If the British and French are able to advance here they would find themselves to the east of the German line that runs north and south, and to the north of the line that runs east and west. That is to say, they would be endangering the communications of very large areas that are now held by the Germans. The Germans would find that their enemies were behind them on both lines and they would have to fall back to avoid being cut off. Now, as a matter of fact, the British are already behind, or to the east of the German line that stretches northward to Arras, and the French are also behind, or to the east, of the German line that stretches southward to Noyon at the angle. But the French advance has not yet been quite sufficient or decisive enough to compel that angle to cave in. Nor has the British advance been quite sufficient or decisive enough to compel the German line to the north to fall back as far as Arras or further. And here we see the reason why the French and British are not proceeding on parallel lines. Their general strategy is the same, but their paths diverge. Their lines are somewhat in the shape of a fan with the handle pointed westward and they are opening the fan wider as they advance. The French are advancing southeast in order to cut across the corner marked by Noyon. The British are advancing northeast in order to get well to the east of Arras and so endanger the whole German line to the north. So long as they are encountering closely parallel lines of trenches their advance is very slow, and the danger to the German communications is not acute. But a very few miles more and the danger will become sharper. For example, if the British take Bapaume, which is only about five miles ahead of them, it is hard to see how the Germans can hold on at Arras, or how they can avoid the evacuation of a large area of French territory. This accounts also for the tenacity of the German resistance. It is not that the possession of a few villages is of any importance one way or the other. But it is of importance that the British shall not reach the critical point, already commanded by their guns, that will compel a German retirement over dozens of miles. Thus we see that the object of the fighting on the Somme is not to push the Germans back yard by yard out of France, but rather to push them back to a point where they will be compelled to fall back in order to save their lines of communication.

It is therefore a mistake to suppose that the only success that the Allies can look for is to push the Germans back to their own frontier, yard by yard, and with desperate fighting all the way. Their success, if they attain to it, will be in reaching certain points that will make large areas of line untenable, and they are already very close to that success. Nor need we suppose that the intervening difficulties will necessarily be so great as those that have been surmounted. Doubtless the Germans have foreseen all eventualities and have fortified the territory to their rear. But it is very unlikely that they have fortified it to the same extent, or to anything like the same extent, as they have done in what we may call the immediate foreground. They may have dug enormous numbers of trenches, but they will not be of

the same kind as those that have been attacked and taken during the last month.

ORIENTAL CUSTOMS

Earl Cromer's Adventures as a British Pro-Consul in the East

WHEN a British pro-consul will talk—which is seldom, it is worth while listening. When he talks frankly, the opportunity is still more important. The Earl of Cromer, in the Quarterly Review, contributes a thoroughly delightful article anent his adventures while representing Great Britain in Egypt. He says:

Every European who has lived for long in the East will, I think, bear me out when I say that in the most trivial acts of life the Eastern somehow or other manages always to do and to say exactly the opposite to what would be done or said by the Western. I was one day looking out of the window of the Viceroy's house at Barrackpore and noticed that a native policeman was walking up and down the terrace. His attention was attracted by a piece of paper which fluttered to his feet. He stopped and eyed it intently. I conceive that under similar circumstances a policeman of any Western nation, even if he had been barefooted and his toes had not, from the constant use of boots, lost their prehensile qualities, would, had he wished to possess himself of that bit of paper, have stooped down to pick it up. The Bengali policeman did nothing of the kind. He kicked off the wooden shoe from his right foot, seized the bit of paper between his two toes, brought up his foot to the level of the knee, and, without stooping, conveyed the paper from his toes to his fingers behind his back. A friend of mine, who was a very acute observer of Eastern ways, told me that on one occasion, in order to test the intelligence of an Egyptian, he asked him to indicate his left ear. The most uneducated member of an European nation, supposing he understood the difference between right and left, would certainly have seized the lobe of his left ear with his left hand. The Egyptian, however, passed his right hand over the top of his head and, with that hand, took hold of the top of his left ear.

Why, in the East, that is to say, in that portion of the real East which is as yet only slightly tainted by connexion with Europe, should the men wear flowing robes and the women trousers? Why should a Western, if he folds up a wet umbrella, always put it against the wall or in a rack with the point downwards, whereas the Eastern, with much greater reason, will always put it point upwards against the wall with the handle on the floor? Why should a Western fasten his dress with buttons and an Eastern with strings? Is it not singular that an Egyptian signalman should think that the best way of being warned when a train was about to pass was to go to sleep with his head on the rail? Yet it has happened that an Egyptian signalman has adopted this course, with the inevitable result that his head was cut off. Why does an Eastern mount his horse on the off side, whereas a European mounts on the near side? Is there any particular reason why a Christian should be summoned to prayer by the sound of a bell and a Moslem by the call of a man's voice? Again, why should an Eastern always sit cross-legged on a divan or on the floor, whereas a Western always sits on a chair? Why should a drover in the Highlands follow his flock of sheep and a herdsman in the Deccan walk in front of them? Why should a European, when he wishes to write, put the paper on which he is writing on the table before him, whereas an Eastern rather prefers to hold the paper in one hand and to write with the other? Why should a European sign his name and an Eastern prefer to use a seal? Why should the Western write from left to right and the Eastern from right to left? Why should one smoke a long pipe and the other a short one? Why should a European, if he wishes to wash his hands, always pour water into a basin first and then wash them, whereas an Oriental will prefer to have the water poured over his hands? Is it not strange that all Moslems shave their heads except one lock in the middle, whereas the only Europeans who shave their heads at all are Roman Catholic priests, and they only shave that particular portion which the Moslem leaves unshaved? Why is it that, if an Oriental wishes anybody to approach him, he will throw his hand away from his body, whereas a European will extend his arm and draw his hand towards his body? How does it come about that, if in reply to a question an Oriental shakes his head, he means an affirmative answer to be inferred, whilst a similar gesture on the part of a European implies a negative? An Oriental, if he wishes to indicate a negative by

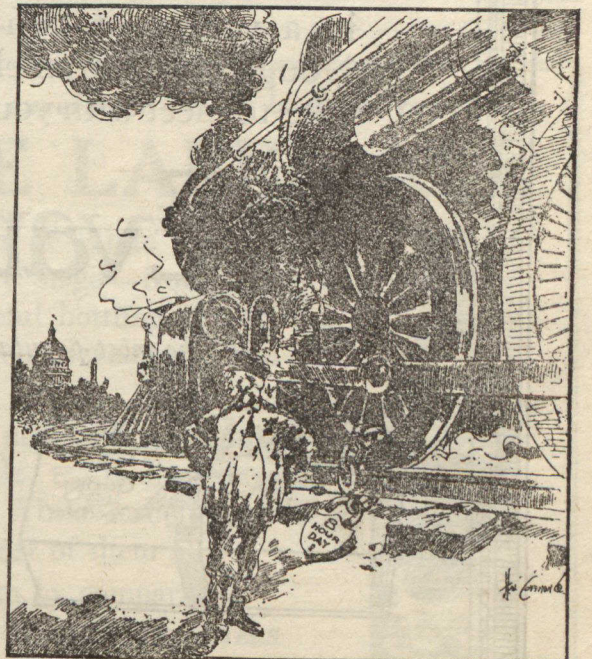
gesture, will throw up his chin.

The first impulse of a European, if he feels cold, is to cover his feet and throat; the Oriental, on the other hand, will, in the first instance, cover his ears. Is it not strange to our ideas that an Eastern will occasionally sow first and then plough his field afterwards? If two barges on the Thames quarrel, they will at times curse each other vigorously. A Nile boatman will never do this. But he will thunder across the river the most uncomplimentary expressions as regards the relatives, particularly those of the female sex, of any other boatman with whom he happens to have a difference of opinion. Why should a dead Mahomedan be wrapped up in a shroud and buried in a sitting posture, whereas Europeans are always placed in the coffin in a recumbent posture? Again, it is singular that an Oriental will amuse himself by seeing others dance, whereas a European will join in the dance himself. Moreover, Oriental dress is loose, except for infants, who are wrapped in swaddling clothes, whereas European dress is tight, except for infants, who are dressed in loose, flowing robes. Why, again, should an Oriental, if he wears a sword, which is generally curved, place it at his right side, whereas a European, whose sword will generally be straight or very nearly so, always puts it at his left side? So, also, as regards the use of metaphor, why should an Englishman say "from top to bottom," whereas a Turk will always say "from bottom to top" (altindan ustuna kadar)? Why should a Turk or a Persian speak of beginning his affairs "from a new head," whereas an Englishman would talk of placing them "on a new footing"?

It has very often happened to a European that, when he has imagined that he has found a common ground for discussion on some subject with an intelligent Eastern, the latter will suddenly advance some theory or make some remark which, to the amazement of the European, will reveal to him that their minds are, in reality, as the poles asunder, and that arguments which appear to carry conviction to the Western mind exercise no influence whatever on that of the Oriental. On one occasion I was discussing with an intelligent and educated Egyptian official the question of the levy of a tax on the professional classes. I pointed out that in a country where the main revenue was derived from the land it was perfectly right and just that some special taxation should be imposed on the professional classes, such as doctors, engineers, etc. But in Ismail Pasha's time, when this discussion took place, the professional tax had been allowed to become a poll tax and was levied on every one indiscriminately. I asked the Egyptian official whether he did not think it rather anomalous and unjust that a man should pay a tax for the exercise of a profession which he did not follow. The Egyptian expressed the greatest surprise that I should advance any such plea. He pointed out that the Government did not impose any veto upon a man exercising any profession in which he wished to engage, but that it would be extremely unfair on those who were engaged in professional work that those who were not similarly employed should escape from taxation merely because, although they were at liberty to exercise some profession, they failed to do so. An argument of this sort completely disconcerts the Western mind. A European cannot put himself in the position of one who will advance what to him appears such an absolutely untenable theory.



Congress: "Can't nobody sleep with bugles blowin'!"
—Sykes, in Philadelphia Evening Ledger.



Waiting to Snap the Lock.

—In N. Y. Evening Journal.

British Columbian Notes

By J. W. BENGOUGH

THE visitor from the East who happened to arrive at the Coast in January of this year found the British Columbians in a really pathetic situation. The Province that was understood to have just a regularly authorized rainy season (which was really no drawback, as the rain was never unpleasantly wet) to breathe the sunshine which otherwise lasted all the year round, was knee-deep in snow, with more and more of this beautiful falling every day. The physical result was bad enough, as the city dwellers evidently knew little of the art of cleaning off the sidewalks, which, throughout the residential sections, were reduced to goose-paths by no means easy to negotiate, but the mental result was nothing short of distressing. Every old-timer was thrown into an apologetic mood, and was kept busy assuring the new-comer that this was a really unheard-of state of things.

It was sorely humiliating not to be able to point with pride as usual to the roses blooming in the open at Christmastide; and for the resident of Victoria to have to admit that the street cars of that lovely city were altogether out of commission for two or three weeks was bitter beyond words. There was simply no accounting for it, unless it was one of the mysterious results of the disturbed condition brought about by the world-war—but whatever the explanation, the visitor was implored to understand clearly that it was most unusual. Such a denunciation of eastern weather was nothing short of an affront to the Coast.

BUT one thing that the snow could not smother was the patriotic ardour of the British Columbians. Certainly no province in our Confederation has a better right to the adjective in its name. In the matter of enlist-

ments it holds first place in proportion to population, and for all the accompanying activities of patriotic funds, red cross, Belgian, Polish, and other charitable efforts, and the endless variety of women's organizations enrolled in war work of all kinds, the province has been and is nobly doing its bit. Indeed, the visitor gets the impression that the war and its affairs are the chief business of the people everywhere here, though in this respect B. C. does not differ from other sections of the Dominion. The spirit of sacrifice is manifest in all parts. The people of Revelstoke, for example, proudly mention that that little city (which in the East would only rank as a small town) is giving a regular donation of \$1,000 per month—and many other places larger and smaller are doing proportionately just as well. One sees the lads in khaki all over the place; in city, town and village, ranging, as elsewhere, from callow youths whom one suspects of being under military age to grey-haired volunteers equally open to suspicion in the other direction, with the general body representing the fine, athletic, clean type

of manhood that has already won eulogies for the Canadian army abroad. There is a great training camp at Vernon, where ten to twelve thousand troops are concentrated under command of Col. Gregory. The site occupied is a picturesque plateau, commanding a splendid view of the hills all round, quite an ideal spot for the purpose, and not, I should suppose, resembling Camp Borden in the least. The enterprising town is within a mile or so, and is necessarily much patronized by the soldiers in their off hours. Vernon has a number of bar-rooms, but Col. Gregory began his work by coming to an understanding with the license-holders, whereby potations supplied to soldiers were strictly confined to beer, and this beverage was only saleable between the hours of four and half-past nine p.m. The result has been so gratifying that the W. C. T. U. organization of the town passed a resolution of congratulation to the commander, on the excellent order that has obtained and the almost entire absence of drunkenness.

SPEAKING of drink naturally leads to mention of the forthcoming vote on Provincial prohibition, which is to be taken in connection with the general election, Sept. 14. The legislature, at its last session, passed an Act which had the approval of the temperance element, represented by the People's Prohibition Movement, an organization headed by Mr. Jonathan Rogers, of Vancouver. The measure was carried with very few dissenting votes. It is now up for the judgment of the people, and if approved, is to go into effect a year hence. It is along the customary lines of Provincial legislation, prohibiting the retail sale of liquor for beverage purposes. The prospect is that it will be carried by a large majority. In viewing the fact that the neighbouring provinces of the West have all gone dry, to say nothing of the neighbouring states on the south, it seems inevitable that B. C. must get into line or risk having those initials interpreted as referring to history, and relegating her to a place amongst the back number.

A PLEBISCITE vote is also to be taken on Women's Suffrage on the same occasion. Everybody seems to take it for granted that this will also carry. While there has been no great campaign for it, there has been still less evidence of opposition. Apart from the merits of the case of women's right to equality of political privilege, there is a sentiment that in consideration of their patriotic services since the war began, nothing is too good for the women. And, of course, Westerners are chivalrous, anyway.

NEITHER of these issues is getting much place in the campaign which is going on between the political parties. The Government, led by Mr. Bowser, is appealing for support on its record for purity and efficiency, and the Opposition, under the leadership of Mr. Brewster, are devoting themselves to a great effort to demonstrate that these particular qualities have been pre-eminently absent in the history of the Cabinet. Meantime, if we may rely on the newspaper organs of the respective parties, both are being received with every evidence of enthusiastic public approval. The prophets seem to be ominously silent as to the outcome. As Mr. Asquith would say, "we can only wait and see."

THE party system is a comparatively new thing in British Columbia politics, but it has certainly (Concluded on page 23.)



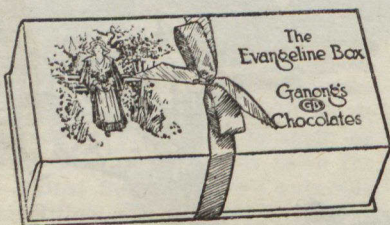
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(The most popular box of Chocolates in Canada)



The Finest Chocolates you can buy at

60¢ a pound box

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Extensions in Canadian Plants

It is learned that the Riordon Pulp and Paper Co., whose stock is to be listed in Montreal next week, is making extensive changes in its plant at Merriton, Ont. A new factory to produce bleach liquor is being built and a bleachery installed which will handle about 30 tons of pulp daily. New boiler equipment, which will increase the steam capacity about 50%, is being provided. The activity in the paper and pulp markets, both here and across the border, has put the company in a favourable position, and the business is increasing very rapidly.

The logging and lumber industry in Canada also shows further improvement. A large number of mills which have been closed down for a long time are being overhauled and new machinery installed, while many companies are resuming cutting operations.

The Lake of the Woods Milling Company has let a contract for the construction of a new mill of brick and concrete at Medicine Hat to replace the plant recently destroyed by fire. The new mill will cost about \$200,000 and will have a daily capacity of between 1,500 and 2,000 barrels of flour. It will be considerably larger than the old plant there, which had a capacity of 1,000 barrels, and will bring the daily capacity of all the company's mills to about 12,000 barrels. In addition to its four milling plants, the Lake of the Woods operates and owns some 100 elevators.

The Canadian Milk Products, Limited, head office in Toronto, which manufactures powdered milk, has obtained the site for a new plant at Burford, Ontario, where it will put up a building one storey high, 160 feet by 100 feet. The company has plants at Brownsville and Belmont, Ontario, and its business has shown a considerable increase of late, necessitating an increased output.

The McLaughlin Motor Car Company, which is turning out the McLaughlin car and also the Chevrolet at Oshawa, is contemplating making extensive additions to its plant there. The company's business is increasing in common with that of most Canadian automobile manufacturers, sales during the past year having run considerably over the average for recent years. It is anticipated that, with another good crop in the west, these record sales will continue.

There has been a distinct improvement in the Canadian paint trade during the past year and earnings of the big companies are now running well above every period since war began. The excellent crops in the West brought a big gain in business with the farmers. Export trade has also been considerably enlarged, and it is stated that a profitable business is now being done, both with Australia and New Zealand, shipments of large quantities of the product having recently taken place to those two colonies.

Steel Company of Canada

It is learned officially that the Steel Company of Canada at Hamilton has started up its No. 2 open hearth furnace department, which comprises three new furnaces. These have a capacity of 80 tons each per heat, and are much larger than the other furnaces in operation. The total number of open hearth furnaces now possessed by the company is ten, and the capacity 490 tons per heat, divided as follows—Nos. 1 and 2, capacity 25 tons each per heat; Nos. 3 and 4, capacity 50 tons each per heat; Nos. 5, 6 and 7, capacity 50 tons each per heat; Nos. 8, 9 and 10, capacity 80 tons per heat. The new department covers the three last named furnaces, and materially increases the capacity of the plant to produce steel by 80%. This means that the earnings of the Steel Company for July are expected to make a new high record by a wide margin. An official of the company states that the war orders already on hand will keep the plant going until next March, and that the new furnaces are likely to be kept producing to capacity. A new wave of shell orders in Canada and the United States has brought about an increased demand for steel, and a heavy tonnage has been placed with the mills on both sides of the border. This has brought about a turn in the price trend, which has once again started moving toward higher levels. It is learned from local selling agencies of steel products that there is a famine in many of the manufactured lines as far as delivery this year goes. It is also anticipated that there will be a further rise in prices before the demand can be supplied.

Railway Earnings in West

The Canadian railways are handling all the grain for which they have capacity in the Canadian West, and the movement promises to tax their resources right along until the 1916 crop is ready for market. This is the chief factor contributing to the remarkable traffic returns that are being made. As regards passenger and general freight business, it is learned that the roads could handle considerably more than is offering.

Labour Scarcity More Acute

The August letter of the Canadian Bank of Commerce says that much anxiety is felt as to labour conditions. Continuous pressure is being exerted to advance wages, and at the same time national exigencies make it most desirable that the cost of munitions should be reduced. Domestic industry has been stimulated by prospects of another good harvest. Prices of raw materials is upward, and in many cases they are becoming more difficult to obtain. Discussing the phenomenal showing of railway earnings, the letter says that at present deliveries of grain in the west are at the rate of over 500,000 bushels daily, which is the chief factor in maintaining earnings at so high a level.

A local construction company, which is building part of the Trent Valley Canal, is paying \$3.25 a day now, against \$2.50 before the war began, and cannot get within a hundred of the desired number of employes. Another company, working near the same section, brought 50 men over from Pittsburg, but have managed to retain only 10 of them.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President

JOHN AIRD, General Manager.

H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. General Manager.

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RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

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

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By Order of the Board.
Toronto, July 19th, 1916.

JAMES MASON,
General Manager.

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COURIETTES.

THE Kaiser has been helping to harvest the Hun rye crop. He has sown a fine crop of misery for his people too.

Wounded Britishers now wear a band of gold braid on their sleeves. Odd that scars are rewarded with stripes.

As a watchful waiter, Roumania seems to be able to give a few pointers to Woodrow Wilson.

When the Toronto police stopped the Sunshine Circle's patriotic raffle they

rather took the shine out of the "Sunshine."

Poor old Connie Mack! He has a ball team this year that is popular in every city on the American League circuit except its home town.

We note that a man died the other day because he could not yawn. If we could have taken him to some vaudeville shows we've seen we would have saved a life.

Germany is being attacked on five fronts. Will it have its back against one wall—or five?

John D. Rockefeller laughed in church at something witty that the preacher got off. That was the strategic moment to take up the collection!

"Comrades," says the Kaiser in addressing his men at the front. He's talking suspiciously like a Socialist.

It's enough to make a man look gloomy when he comes back from his vacation and has to pay his taxes.

One of the chief planks in the Republican platform seems to be Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy.

Now we hear that a church across the line wants to cut down the Lord's Prayer. Nothing is safe these days from the efficiency expert.

Sothern declares in favour of an actors' union. Well, the chorus girls would not be over-dressed if they wore a union label.

Sir Roger Casement was fond of iced drinks. Wonder if he would like one now?

THE USUAL.

(News item: "Sir Sam Hughes reviewed the Canadian troops in England.")

Sammy had an army,
Lot of brave young blades,
But everywhere that Sammy went
There had to be parades.

MONOTONOUS.

To the Russians these days life is just "taking one darned town after another."

'TIS TO LAUGH.

This world would be a sad old place if 'twere not for the sign-writer. Here's one we heard of the other day, painted for a laundry firm:

"Don't kill your wife—
Let us do your dirty work!"

RANDOM REMARKS.

Seems now as if the meek will have to inherit the earth if they ever get it.

A popular woman is one who has a secret to tell that all the other women want to know.

If you would know a woman's age you had better hide your time—and look at her tombstone.

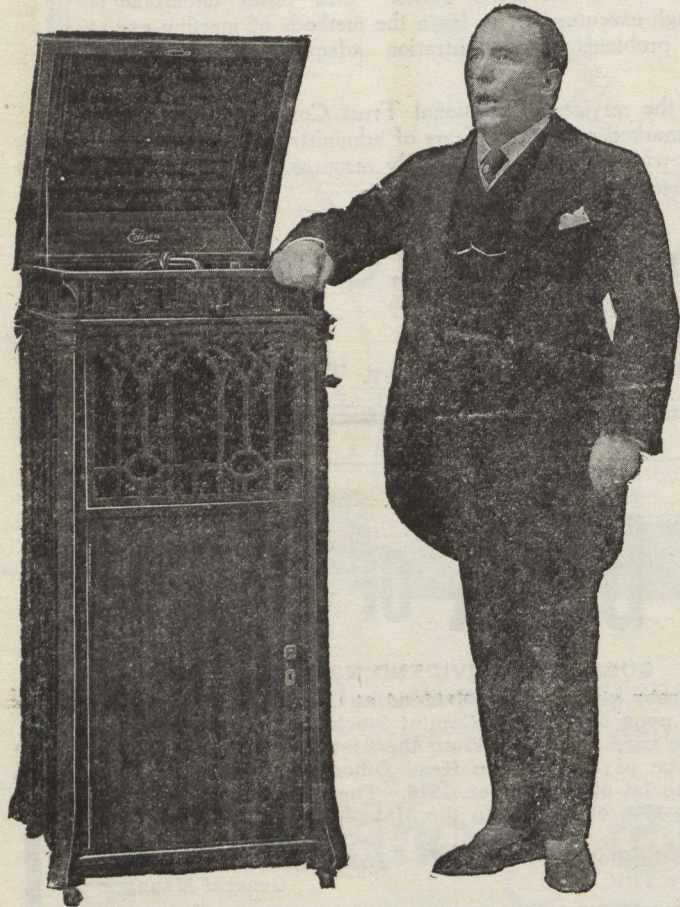
Some men would not kick a man when he's down—they'd just jump on him with both feet.

It hurts a woman almost as much to find her first gray hair as it does a man to lose his last one.

Some folks go to church to worship—and others go to get a fresh supply of gossip.

It's a wise plan to always tell the truth—but don't be always telling it.

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Music's Re-Creation is a new art, known only to Thomas A. Edison and his trusted assistants. The word Re-Creation (accent on the first syllable) has been adopted by music critics to designate the perfect musical result accomplished by Thomas A. Edison's latest and perhaps most wonderful invention.

The
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THIS new instrument Re-Creates every voice and every form of music with such literal perfection that the Re-Creation cannot be distinguished from the original performance when heard in direct comparison.

This astounding test has been successfully made in all of the principal cities of the United States, and the music critics of America's leading newspapers concede freely in the columns of their own papers that Edison's Re-Creation of speech, song and music are indistinguishable from the original.

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King of Italy*

"A voice of golden tone, prodigal in its expenditure, yet responsive to every emotional shade." This great Italian tenor's voice has just been Re-Created by Edison's wonderful new art. In this picture you see the great Zenatello actually singing in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of his voice, and proving conclusively that his living voice and Edison's Re-Creation of it are indistinguishable. Zenatello is one of the many great artists who have similarly proved the absolute perfection of Edison's new invention.

Hear Edison's Re-Creation of Zenatello's voice and then hear Zenatello himself when you have the opportunity

WAR NOTES.

Britishers are taking to ready-made clothing, the custom tailors being busy giving fits to the Huns.

Wonder how the Kaiser likes that touch of in-Somme-nia which the Allies gave him?

Conscientious objectors to soldiering find it hard to get jobs in Britain. If they won't kill Germans they may have to kill time.

Cheer up! We'll win. King George is on the side that never is licked. For proof, look at a postage stamp.

Germany has put the ban on pleasure cycling in Hunland. There is so much "right wheel" just now that the wheels have to be left.

"Russians are literally leaping forward" runs a war report. Bound to win, eh?

The Kaiser kissed each of the captains who survived the Jutland naval battle. Next time they'll not be so keen to run back home.

In the meantime, as the cynic twists it, President Wilson considers discussion the better part of valour.

IN THE MOVIES.

Some stars there be
In movie shows
Who like to pose—
And some expose!

THE HUN SENSE OF HUMOUR.

List to this from Prof. Stengel, of the University of Munich:

"The whole course of the war has shown that Germany has been chosen by Providence to march at the head of all civilized nations."

Yes—as their captives, perhaps. But read on:

"For we have not only the power and force necessary for this mission, but in all creation it is we who constitute the crown of civilization."

And yet some folks says that the Germans are lacking in a sense of humour!

LET'S HOPE SO.

There seems to be a strong probability that the Kaiser will have his army talked to death before the Allies can lick 'em.

TRESPASSING.

Al Woods, the theatrical manager, may produce a play called "The Squab Farm." That sounds like a trespass on the preserves of Flo Zeigfield and his Follies.



Dance to Father Neptune, given recently by the Neoller School of Classic Dancing at Brighton Beach, N.Y.

MUSIC AND PLAYS

Those Vanished Illusions.

HOW the modern stage realist has destroyed some of our most cherished stage illusions is well set forth by Mr. Alan Dale, in the current issue of the Theatre Magazine.

When the stage starts to give away its own secrets, says this well-known critic, I suppose it is a sign that it no longer considers those secrets worth guarding.

Do you remember the good old "storm" effects? They used to thrill me, in spite of myself. The thunder and the lightning were more terrifying than the real thing. With the darkened stage and the roar of the elements, I used to watch that poor old heroine trot forth into the night, with her persistently unborn child, and melodrama clutched me vigorously. The wonder of a well-regulated stage storm held me for years, and the illusion was complete.

Came the day when "Zaza" was produced with tremendous success. In that play, we were carefully shown exactly how the effects of the storm were managed, and the instruments with which they were brought about were actually displayed upon the stage. We heard the storm, as we viewed with our own eyes the methods of its elaboration. This was the end of my interest in stage storms. Naturally I had known that they were produced by some clever mechanism, but I had never been initiated into its mysteries before that time. It was very instructive, of course, and at that particular period it was novel—I think that the "press-agent" of the day called it "new and novel." But once and for all, it absolutely shattered the illusion of the storm for me. Now, when the elements rage, and the sweet gull rushes out into them, in her maternity cape, I see before me the revelations made by "Zaza," and the effect of it all is hopelessly ruined.

You may say that we have no illusions; that we are too sophisticated to indulge in such ingenuousness; that we are now perfectly willing to turn into derision the things that at one time were almost sacred to us. If we are all that—and I don't admit that we are—it is due to managerial recklessness, and to the "get-rich-quick" policy that has the interests of the one moment only at heart.

Perhaps the stage illusion with respect to woman has been the strongest and the one to endure most potently. You see, it is immediately concerned with the matter of sex, which is insistently vital. Yet in the last two seasons, every effort has been made to batter this most necessary illusion. We have seen the lovely girls, who formerly inflamed our imaginations, and sent us from the theatre impressed in spite of ourselves, in all their garish uncomeliness. They have paraded over our heads, across the very seats in which we sat, and we

have been made to realize that they were poor, raddled, rouged things, tired from incessant rehearsal, and scarcely able even to smile at us as it was intended they should do. We could view the stitches in their garments, the fibre of their stockings, and the texture of their wings.

Once in the far distance, they were enchanted maidens, weaving spells around us, fantastic and unrealizable.

* * *

Actors Should Sing.

WE often hear of noted actresses who sing well, and of prima donnas who are great actors.

We do not, as a rule, reflect that singing may be an essential part of the education of any great stage performer. Miss Marie Tempest, who was heard last in this country in Hadden Chambers' Great Pursuit, sets forth her opinions on this to an interviewer. She speaks from experience when she says:

"There is nothing like singing for giving a woman poise; nothing like it for correcting a faulty diction or improving a good enunciation of her language. As people grow more and more in the habit of an applied psychology, the value of breathing—whether you call it Yogi breathing, or refer to it in veiled and mysterious terms as an exercise having something very fundamental to do with the solar plexus, or whether you are simply a sane, sensible person trying to do

your best with that equipment which it has pleased heaven to bestow upon you, you place more and more emphasis upon the value of proper breathing.

"Were all actresses drilled in the fundamentals of singing—of which breathing is the first and final element—we should hear no gasping, panting, stumbling readings of the lines of Shakespeare, for example. Have you not again and again been afflicted with agonies in listening to young actresses who can't, to save their immortal souls, phrase a single line of Shakespearean verse, without a shortness of breath that robs the divine cadence of its melody and its meaning? That's because the poor girl has never learned to phrase in singing.

"Show me an actress whose diction is like that of the good little girl in the fairy tale, from whose lips fell pearls and diamonds, and I will show you an actress who learned to sing before she learned to act. Show me one—"

Miss Tempest's heated eloquence had shaken her prettily arranged hair out of place, and she paused for a moment to pat her marcel waves into shape again, and to light another soothing cigarette before she finished her uncompleted challenge.

"Show me an actress from whose lips in slovenly syllables fall sentences as ugly as the toads and scorpions of the other fairy in the same story and I will show you a girl whose yesterdays were not spent in song.

"With us in England the list of actresses whose diction is beautiful because of a training in comic opera is a brilliant one. Not very long, but brilliant. Here to-day you have out! Constance Collier, who graduated from the Gaiety Theatre, and little Billie Burke, who phrases and pronounces her lines with a clearness and precision learned during her novitiate in musical comedy.

"On the French stage there's Jeanne Granier, Jane Hading, and Mme. Rejane, each of whom speaks her language with classic purity and charm because of her faculty for pure diction acquired in singing. So that I feel that my good long yesterdays as a prima donna were something of a preparation for to-day's acting.

"More," she cried, emphatically, "much more. A voice, since you credit me with having one—a voice is always a tyranny. It registers each mood. It reflects each emotion of a singer. If something goes wrong with the scenery or your entrance isn't a success, your throat dries up, and all the art, all the knowledge, all the will-power you possess won't control the wicked little vocal chords that refuse to obey your orders and produce the effect you want them to accomplish."

The Coat of Many Colours

(Concluded from page 4.)

from the political map of this country, and the utter disregard of the sentiments of the West in favour of radicalism based upon more autonomy. The News has become a rock—not necessarily in a weary land. And there are some rocks on which storms seem to be very fond of breaking.

If the United Empire League of the Colonial Institute could manage to establish enough Newses in places like New Zealand, there would never need to be any Imperial Parliament or Imperial Council—except to call together the editors once a year on one of the seven seas. But an Empire held together by the centripetal forces of newspapers would have to have as its outpost editors men like Sir John Willison. And it happens that men of his catholicity in Imperial affairs are rather scarce. Furthermore, all the editors would have to be Tories. And even Imperializing Tory newspapers must sometimes publish news and have circulation; unless the affairs of the Empire are to be left in the hands of the highly enlightened few, leaving the unilluminated many to beat up all sorts of disintegrating movements—like decentralization.

Never mind; if Quebec and the

prairie provinces don't behave themselves in the Empire; if British Columbia develops too much Pacific-Coastism, and if the Maritime Provinces persist in remembering that once upon a time they didn't want Confederation, Lord Northcliffe will see that they are all furnished with free copies of the Toronto News, with The Times as a premium. In which case the Toronto News may succeed in getting along without what it has strong symptoms now and then of valuing much more highly than it used to do—the news.

LESS THAN NOTHING.

"I don't think I deserve zero on this examination," said the pupil, as he took his geometry papers.

"No, I do not either, John, but that was the lowest I could give you," said the teacher.

* * *
SHE WAS.

"Now, my angel—"
"Not a word," said his wife. "You can't josh me. You came in soused last night and I'm just going to put it down in my diary."

"Ah, my recording angel."



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

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

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Dominion Artificial Limb Co., Toronto.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS AND TRUSSES.
Authors & Cox, Toronto.

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

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Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Limited, Toronto.

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

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Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited, Toronto.

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Beardmore Belting Co., Toronto.

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Christie-Brown Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.

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

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

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The Beaver Brass Foundry, Toronto.

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Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.

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Britnell & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Granite Concrete Block Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Central Business College and Seven City Branch Schools, Toronto.

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Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Norman Macdonald, Toronto.

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Toronto Carpet Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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Dominion Wheel & Foundries, Limited, Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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Charcoal Supply Co., Toronto.

CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONERY.
Patterson Candy Co., Ltd., Toronto.

CIGAR LIGHTERS (Electric).
The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

CLEANING & CARETAKERS' SUPPLIES.
Soclean, Limited, "Soclean," Toronto.

COAL AND COKE.
The Standard Fuel Co. of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.

COAL AND WOOD.
The Elias Rogers Co., Ltd., Toronto.

The Rose Coal Co., Limited, Toronto.

COATS AND PANTS.
A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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

Club Coffee Co., Toronto.

COKE (Gas).
The Consumers' Gas Company, Toronto.

COLLARS AND CUFFS (Waterproof).
The Arlington Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

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The Arlington Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

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

CONTRACTORS AND ROAD EQUIPMENT.
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Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

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Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

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Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

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The Sharples Separator Co., Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

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Canadian Westinghouse Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

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Otis-Fensom Elevator Co., Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FLOWERS (Bouquets and Wreaths).
W. J. Lawrence, Toronto and Richmond Hill.

FLY SWATTERS.
Perfection Mfg. Co., Weston, Ont.

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

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

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

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

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

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Chas. Wilson, Limited, Toronto.

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

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The Craig-Cowan Company, Limited, Toronto.

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Hope's Bird Store, Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

HARDWARE.
Hardware Company of Toronto, Limited, Toronto.

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

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

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

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

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

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Baines & Peckover, Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

LAMPS (Northern Light).
Northern Electric Co. Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

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

LEATHER.
Davis Leather Company, Newmarket, Ont.

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

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Business Systems, Limited, Toronto.

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

The Boake Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.

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

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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C. H. Westwood Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto.

"C.M.C. Men's Garters," Toronto.

THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF STANDARD PRODUCTS—Continued

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Wreyford & Co., Toronto and Angus (Borden Camp).

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City Dairy Co., Limited, Toronto.

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

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Percy A. McBride, Toronto.

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Harry Edwards, Toronto.

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

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Office Specialty Co., Newmarket, Ont.

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Office Specialty Co., Newmarket, Ont.

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United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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The Crescent Oil Co., Toronto.

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The Imperial Oil Co., Limited, Toronto.

Ontario Soap & Oil Co., Toronto.

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S. F. Bowser & Co., Toronto.

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

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

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International Varnish Co., Limited, Toronto.

Lowe Brothers, Limited, Toronto.

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Howard Smith Paper Mills, Limited, Montreal.

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Potts Pattern Works, Toronto.

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The Naval Mint Products, Ltd., Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

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Gerhard Heintzman Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Fiddes & Hogarth, Limited, Toronto.

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The Dominion Printing Ink & Colour Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Sinclair Valentine Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

PUBLICATION PRINTERS.
The Ontario Press, Limited, Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Limited, AutoStrop Razors and Accessories, Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

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

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

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

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Beauchamp & How, Limited, Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

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

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

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

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"1900" Washer Company, Toronto.
One Minute Washer Co., Toronto.

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

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The Levi's, Toronto.
E. Pullan, Toronto.

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

WATCH SPECIALISTS.
F. J. Steward, Toronto.

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B. Greening Wire Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

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

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Frost Steel and Wire Co., Ltd.

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E. Pullan, Toronto.

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Canada Wire & Cable Co., Limited, Toronto.

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

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Canada Pipe and Steel Co., Limited, Toronto.

Thinks Canadians Should Awaken

Faith in Canadian products on the part of the people must necessarily be a reflection of quality in the goods and successful selling campaigns. The first thing is to produce, second to produce well, third to advertise. A far-off but welcome opinion, saturated with Canadianism, comes from Prince Rupert, B.C. Orme's Limited, a concern dealing in drugs, toilet requisites, photo supplies and Kodaks, magazines, chocolates, mirrors and stationery, in responding to the Courier's campaign for "Canadian publications first," says:

"We might say that we are heartily in sympathy with the opinion expressed in your letter regarding the education of the Canadian people to the reading of their own journals. We find every day that this not only applies to journals but to ALL LINES OF MERCHANDISE. However, we trust that the Canadian people will wake up soon to the fact that just as good things can be produced in their own country as in other countries. We are only too glad to do what we can to further purely Canadian interests and you may count on our co-operation."

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The Arlington Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

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Gutta Percha & Rubber Co., Limited, Toronto.

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

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W. E. Irons, Toronto.

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The Holman Co., Toronto.

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Toledo Scale Co., Toronto.

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United Typewriter Co., Ltd., Toronto.

STATIONERS AND PUBLISHERS.
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Wm. Jessop & Sons, Limited, Toronto.

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

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

TELEPHONES AND SUPPLIES.
Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited, Toronto.
Northern Electric Co. Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

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

Who Owns This Country, Anyhow?

(Concluded from page 10.)

"Where's the town, boy?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, round behind the fish-hatchery."

"Spouse it's the oldest town in Ameriky and all that?"

"Old as the hills, I guess."

"Y'r horse goin' to sleep, ain't he?"

"Well, come ashore and give 'im a job."

"Nope. Goin' up the Saguenay. Hotel pretty full?"

"To the roof. Couple o' jerkwater places takin' the overflow. Oh, New York ain't got anything on this place."

By midnight we were far up the Saguenay among great rocks, gloom-

ier and grander than any on the St. Lawrence. We all turned in early. At 1.30 the boat stopped somewhere and began rolling off freight. I looked out and saw what appeared to be a very busy dock—flatcars loaded with wood-pulp, barges alongside loaded with pulp, in the background a little town asleep.

Bye and bye who should come mooching past my window but Stimson, half dressed.

"Hello, can't you sleep in this Saguenay air?" I asked him.

"Ah," he yawned. "I kin sleep. But I don't want to. We'll be out o' here before daybreak and I don't

wanta miss anything."

"What's the place?"

"Dunno. Can't see the sign. But she's a highly interesting burg in what looks like a pretty spooky country. He stayed up prowling half an hour and turned in.

Morning when Stimson got up the boat was still there.

"Well, I'm darned!" I heard him growl. "She ain't budged a foot. We must be waitin' for the tide."

"What's the place?" I asked him again.

"Oh! Lemme see. St Alphonse de Baie Ha! Ha!! Say, maw," to his born companion, "this dog-gone place that I got up to see middle o' the night is darn well named. This is Ha! Ha! Bay."

Last I remember of this genial

observer was mid-afternoon, as he stood ogling up at Trinity Rock.

"Well, I'm dog-gone if that rock is three times the height of any Woolworth building, maw. Not if I know it. Nope. What I guess they've done," he said, wryly, "is to measure that rock clean down to the bottom, where she begins. In that case the Lord knows how high she is."

"Skinned forty ways," he blurted. "Yes, there ain't nothing wanting in the general design o' them two Laurentian cathedrals. And there's enough o' 'm hereabouts just as big to make the Hudson Palisades look like nice-sized apartment houses. But what in thunder they ever wanted to stick that statue up on Trinity for—search me! That rock's older'n any religion known to modern man. I guess so."

No Hand of Man!

(Concluded from page 7.)

a wilted flower in her black hair, and a skin not white or brown or yellow or pink, but only like a few of the Cubans have, so thin and delicate you can see into it the way you can see into a piece of polished shell.

"He's outside, Miss," I said to her, flapping over a jack. "Did you sleep through the storm?"

"Vera leetle, senior," she answered, and looked at me out of her big eyes.

It was just at that second there came the pistol shot. The air was so still that you might say that the noise tore a hole out of the morning. I thought at first he'd put a bullet into Lenora Gonzalez. She jumped like a sandpiper that's been hit and came down on her knees holding onto the edge of the door, frightened and shaking like a palmetto. I picked her up onto her feet. She was a grown girl, but she felt like a child.

"Oh, senior!" she cried. "I do not like! I do not like!"

"I know," said I. "But he hasn't shot himself. Not Joe Kitchell. Don't worry."

WE heard him coming just as he spoke. He came and stood in the door and he held up something and shook it and a drop of blood spattered on the floor. The something he shook, mate, was these rattles that I hold in my hand now. And these rattles belonged to Gus. He'd killed my snake!

"Mr. Rowe," he said. "Come out here! I've just shot the biggest diamond back I ever saw."

"Yes," said I, holding myself back from springing at him. "You killed him. He never did you any harm. But you killed him. He was happy. But you killed him. He was lying asleep there in the coral sand and coconut husks and his back was turned. But you killed him."

The miserable cuss began to laugh and shake the rattles at the little Cuban. She screamed and shrank back. And he laughed again.

"Kitchell," I said. "You were meant to destroy. But, Kitchell, you are marked out. Last night when the wind was ashrieking around this shack you asked me to see letters on the boards. Now, Kitchell, it is bright and sunny. It's not the night. It's the day. Look on the wall there!"

The feller turned. He turned and he dropped the rattles out of his hand. The breath squeaked in his throat.

"What do you see?" I roared. "Confound it," he whispered, looking around at me. "It was my imagination. I haven't had any sleep."

"What did you see?" I said, for I knew something had come into my shack again.

He laughed then—laughed without any fun in it.

"I didn't see anything," he said. "I thought at first I saw letters—my name. It's my stomach. I'm hungry."

But he never picked up the rattles or stopped to get breakfast. He walked out into the sun and I saw him with his hands behind his back and his head bent down as if he was thinking, walking down onto the beach.

There's plenty of people below here that will tell you that I'm a liar. Plenty of 'em don't believe I steered the tug Moss Rose loaded with guns under the walls of Morro and landed the whole cargo in Havana without showing my papers. But, mate, I say there is strange things among these keys, and what I'm telling is so-helm-me truth, as I saw it. It taught me that no bill of sin goes too long unpaid, nor a poor living creature needing help that isn't seen in its struggles.

And I say Kitchell went off down onto the shore and began picking up those sea-shells and throwing 'em out into the water.

"Do you love that man?" I said to Lenora.

She nodded and began to call to him—like a child. She called to him and when he roared back for her to go ahead and eat her breakfast, she

sat down. She sat down at the table I'd set outside the shack door, as meek and silent as if she'd been punished. I think she was a child and didn't know what love meant.

I sat there drinking my coffee and looking at Gus. Eight feet of him was lying over there in his hollow under the coconut palms. There weren't any life in him any more. The bullet had torn a hole in his neck. His head wasn't raised and it wasn't swaying, and his muscles weren't moving under his skin. His color wasn't bright. Some of his blood was drying on the white sand. He was the most perfect snake I ever saw. And he was dead.

I looked at him and then I saw the grass move beyond where he lay. I could look right over Lenora's shoulder and see the grass move. A head came out of the grass into the sun and then, the body, moving slow like a trickle of hot tar. It was her! It was Bess!

She saw him lying there, then—her mate. And she threw her head back and held it stuck up in the air. She had seen him—seen him dead! She went to him and laid her head across his body and he didn't move. And she darted her tongue out and touched him and he didn't move. And she threw her head up again.

Oh, I tell you, mate, it was cruel to see grief so silent—to see her crawl around him and stop and raise her head and shake along her body and then drop her neck across his. And he never moved, because he was dead and wouldn't ever move again. She was a rattler. She couldn't scream. She couldn't talk. And finally she dropped her head on the sand as if there wasn't any more strength in her body. She half turned over and the sun shone on the white scales of her belly. It was just then that Kitchell, who was down on the beach, stretched his arms and gave a loud yawn.

She heard him and she seemed to know. I saw her coil and raise her neck up and up and up to where she could look over the top of the clumps of grass on the slope. Her head was swaying to and fro like a swinging bracket. And then she rattled.

"What ees that, senior?" asked the little Cuban, catching the folds of her white dress in her little hands.

"Nothing," I said, for I was watching Bess. The snake had seen Kitchell. I knew she'd seen him. He had stuck his hand in those flannel jeans of his and he was still moving off by the water's edge, and Bess uncoiled and began to crawl in the same direction.

"We have lost our boat," said Lenora.

"That so?" I says. I wasn't thinking of what she said at all. I might have answered anything. I was watching for Bess to come out on the other side of that patch of prickly pears.

In a minute I saw her. She stopped on a bare spot and though she was some distance away by that time, I saw that poor dumb thing coil herself again and curve her neck and raise her head. Then she dropped it and crawled along.

"You, senior, are vera kind," said the girl, then. "You have been kind to us. Pardon, senior—what you look at?"

I was afraid the little Cuban would turn around. I was afraid she'd interfere. I could see how something had mapped out what was to happen. It was working—surer than death! Everything was marked out.

"Miss," I said. "I often look around Spongecake Key."

It seemed to satisfy her, so I took down my glass and wiped the lens and put it to my eye. I could see a heap plainer. I could see Bess crawl out onto that white limestone point that stands up there now over the water. It's white by moonlight now. It was white by sunlight then. She stretched herself right near the crest of it and on that surface she looked

as black as a wriggle of ink on writing paper.

Kitchell was still walking along the shore toward the point. He was still picking up shells and pebbles and throwing 'em into the water. I could see how slick and brown his hair was. I was looking through the glass. He was moving toward the limestone rock. He was being moved there. Something was moving him with its hand.

I saw him when he got to the rock itself. I saw him look up at it and then look out into the channel with the white cranes wading on those yellow sand bars. Then he looked up at the ledge again. It is steep there for six or eight feet, as you can see. But he was moved up.

I saw Bess coil. I watched to see if she'd rattle. But she never used it. She never gave any warning. She was thinking of Gus, maybe. No man can tell.

I tried to keep the glass steady. I reckon I succeeded. I saw her wait till his face showed over the edge of that table of limestone. She never rattled. She waited for his face. Her long body came out of its coil like a steel spring. She went her length—a heavy black streak in the air. She struck him with her head bent back and her jaws wide. She must have driven those two white needles clean through his cheek. She fell back and squirmed on the ground till I could see her white belly.

Kitchell never shouted. He jumped backward. His foot caught. He went head downwards over the rock. I think he struck on his forehead. Because he rolled over and over, then, as if there was no life in him, and fell into the water.

I watched him float off that shallow where I catch mullet. When he was in deeper water, he turned face downward. I saw the tide catch him and then I thought he was going to sink. He didn't just then. An eddy shot him around the point out of sight.

"What you look at now?" asked Lenora with her big eyes on mine.

"Umph," said I. "I was dreaming."

I was planning already how I was going to let her think that Kitchell had gone off with one of my boats and deserted her. These waters and passes never tell what they know. I was planning how I'd let her think he'd run away from her, and how I'd take her back to her home. She was a child. She hadn't learned yet what love meant.

"Senior," said she, with her head on one side and that smile, "you make vera nice—what you call them, senior?"

"Flapjacks," said I.

And then I whistled "The Last Rose of Summer." It's one of my favourite tunes. I always whistle it when I'm a little off my bearings. And I felt just then as if Lenora Gonzalez and Joe Kitchell and I hadn't been alone on Spongecake that night. I felt as though something else—the thing with the long arm—had been there, too.

WILLING WORKER.

An amusing incident is told which took place in one of the occupied districts of Belgium where the German occupier doles out potatoes to such of the starving people as agree to work for him. One recipient presented himself before the German authorities and declared himself quite ready in return for a supply of potatoes to work for the Germans and only for them. He seemed quite decided and genuine in his offer to work.

"Then you are quite willing to sign the declaration?" asked the German officer.

"Yes, quite willing."
"And what is your trade?"
"I am a grave digger," replied the Belgian stolidly.

MODERN PROVERB.

You may drive a horse but you have to coax a motor car.

ENOUGH!

In Korea, we read, a man does not wear pants until he is married. Now, in this country, it is only after—oh, well, we had better change the subject.

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"The difference between the clerk who spends all of his salary and the clerk who saves part of it is the difference—in ten years—between the owner of a business and the man out of a job."

—JOHN WANAMAKER.

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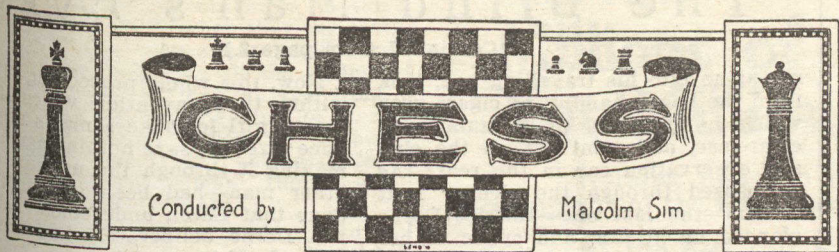
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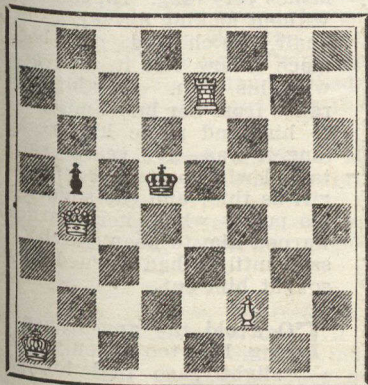


Address all correspondence to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 69, by W. Pauly.

Bukarest, Roumania.

(Specially contributed to the "Courier.") Black—Two Pieces.



White—Four Pieces.

White to play and mate in four. The above problem has no bearing on our Solver's Ladder, the two problems for which appear below. Solutions, however, will be acknowledged.

Problem No. 70, by M. F. J. Mann.

Illustrated London News, 3 July, 1915. White: K at K4; Q at QB8; Rs at Q3 and KR4; Bs at KBsq; and KB6; Kt at QB3; Ps at QR2, QR3, QKt4, K3, K6, KB2 and KKt5. Black: K at QB5; Q at QB2; Kts at QKtsq and K4; Ps at KB2, KB6, KKt3 and KR4.

White mates in two.

Problem No. 71, by Karel Traxler.

White: K at QKt8; Q at Q3; R at Q5; Bs at QKt5 and Q6; P at K2. Black: K at K3; B at KR7; Kts at KB8 and KRsq; Ps at QKt2, KB3 and KB5.

White mates in three.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 65, by R. G. Thompson. 1. R—B2! Kt—Q3; 2. Kt—B7 mate. 1., Kt else; 2. B—R2 mate. 1., K—K5; 2. R—B5 mate. 1., else; 2. mate accordingly.

Problem No. 66, by F. Kohnlein. 1. B—Q4! BxBch; 2. K—B2! B—Kt3; 3. QxB mate. 1., P—B6ch; 2. K—Bsq! Q—Kt6; 3. QxKt mate. 1., RxB; 2. K—Rsq! Kt—Kt4; 3. Q or R mates. If 1. K moves, Black replies P=Q. The defence 1., BxBch has an anti-artist effect. The following are two further studies with daring sacrificial keys.

By F. Sackmann. White: K at KBsq; Q at KB2; R at QK7; Bs at Q8 and KKt4; Kts at KB7 and KKtsq; P at K4. Black: K at K3 Q; Kts at Q8 and Q6; Bs at KB5; Rs at QR8 and Q6; Ps at QB3, Q3 and KKt4. Mate in three. 1. Q—KR2, B any dis. ch; 2. Kt—B3, etc. The threat is 2. Q—R6 mate.

By F. Sackmann. White: K at QKt7; Q at QB6; Rs at K2 and KKt3; B at Qsq; Kts at QR5 and QB2. Black: K at Q6; R at KR6; Bs at KB6 and KR3; Kts at QKt3 and Q4; Ps at QKt4, QB2, QB5, QB6, Q7, KR2 and KR5. Mate in three. 1. Q—B6! KtxQch; 2. Kt—B6! etc.

Solver's Ladder.

	No.	63.	No.	64.	Total.
J. R. Ballantyne	2	0	3	47	
R. G. Hunter	2	0	3	30	
P. W. Pearson	2	3	3	30	
J. Key	2	3	3	30	
R. A. Leduc	0	0	3	29	
W. J. Faulkner	1	5	5	11	
Solutions of Nos. 56 and 57 received from "Yukon," Dawson City			29	points.	

To Correspondents.

(J.R.B.) Will republish shortly. (W.J.F.) Thanks for letter. Kindly send full solution to latest problem.

WHITAKER v. SHOWALTER.

Fourth Game of the match.

Ruy Lopez.

White.	Black.
N. T. Whitaker.	J. W. Showalter.
1. P—K4	1. P—K4
2. Kt—KB3	2. Kt—QB3
3. B—Kt5	3. P—QR3
4. B—R4	4. Kt—B3
5. Castles	5. P—Q3 (a)
6. R—Ksq	6. B—K2
7. P—B3	7. Castles
8. P—Q4	8. P—QKt4 (b)
9. B—Kt3	9. B—Kt2 (c)

- 46. P—R5
- 47. K—Q5
- 48. K—B4
- 49. K—Kt3
- 50. BxP
- Resigns
- 46. K—R6
- 47. K—Kt7
- 48. KxP
- 49. K—K6
- 50. KxB

Notes by the Editor.

(a) A safe but cramping defence.
 (b) B—Q2 is the usual alternative, to meet the threat against the King's Pawn.
 (c) A questionable development, the Bishop being a desirable factor in defence from the King's side. B—KKt5 was therefore preferable.
 (d) White has now much the better game.
 (e) White should have seized an opportunity by 13. P—QR4 here. Black must continue with the unfavourable 13. ... PxB, for if 13., P—Kt5, then 14. Q—B4, R—KBsq; 15. P—Q5, winning a Pawn. Now Black improves his game considerably.
 (f) Ingenious enough, but simply B—K3 was the sounder alternative. As played he simply hands over his Queen's Pawn for his opponent's less valuable Rook's Pawn, and incidentally brings the adverse Bishop into play.
 (g) White hoped for 19. PxB, for then would follow: 20. KtxP, BxB; 21. KtxBch, K—Bsq; 22. Kt—B5 (not 22. KtxP, KxKt; 23. P—K5, PxB; 24. PxB, KtxP; 25. QxBch, R—K2, winning the Queen), Kt—K2; 23. P—KR4, with a dangerous attack.
 (h) Evidently a well thought out move, tempting White to embark on a further sacrificing combination.
 (i) Black emerges from the fray with an ominous looking passed Pawn, but with Bishop of different colour. White has every promise of securing the draw.
 (j) P—KR3 would have been more prudent.
 (k) The losing move. 43. K—K3, B—B4ch, 44. K—K2, P—B5; 45. PxB would draw easily.

British Columbian Notes

(Concluded from page 16.)

arrived at a vigorous maturity in the matter of rancour. The speeches now being made on the hustings, and the editorials being printed in the newspapers are up to the best eastern models for strength of language. One of the liveliest issues is a personal charge against Mr. M. A. Macdonald, a leading member of the Liberal Opposition, of having engineered a very flagrant scheme of "plugging" in a recent bye-election in Vancouver. The reply of the accused is that this nefarious operation was in reality a plot invented and carried out by the Government party for the purpose of destroying him politically. Both sides contend that the result of the investigation held in the matter was to fully vindicate their respective views of it. The delicate question of deciding which is right is one of the matters up to the electors.

THERE are some other problems which judicious citizens would like to see tackled with earnestness and energy—problems that call for the best efforts of genuine statesmanship. The land question is one of these: how to secure a fair chance for the man who wants to take up a small ranch and devote himself to the work of a primary producer. What is needed is cheap land, low interest, knowledge of cultivation and good marketing facilities. The aftermath of the boom days, combined with the general depression caused by the war, have effectively brought home the conviction to the people in general that the fundamental thing is Production. It is now pretty clearly apprehended that there is no permanent prosperity to be got out of a universal system of trading jack-knives.

IT is production and not speculation that is making good times for the mining industry of the whole West at present, producing a prosperity of which British Columbia is getting a good share. Rosslund, Trail, Silverton, Grand Forks, Hedley and other well known centres of dividend paying mines are enjoying all the sweets of big pay-rolls, and steady shipments,

and these pleasurable things are being reflected in improved conditions throughout the various districts. It fortunately happens that the metals thus being mined and smelted, gold, silver, lead, copper and zinc are those for which a strong demand is likely to continue after the close of the war.

ONE word must be allowed to the visitor travelling through British Columbia as to the physical charms and agreeable climatic conditions of the country. As to the latter, it is only needful to say that such a thing as an unpleasant hot mid-day has scarcely been known this summer. Everybody knows that the evenings and mornings are always cool. As to the scenery, other pens in the Courier and elsewhere have more adequately dealt with the majestic mountains, the translucent lakes, the wildly magnificent rivers and the romantic valleys, than mine is at all capable of it. I will only say that they remain as unspeakably splendid as ever.

J. W. BINGOUGH.

WHO'S YOUR CHOICE?

There seems to be a discussion going on across the border as to which of prominent men over there is the "ablest living American."

Seems to us that it all depends on the point of view what you want. Herewith we offer a few suggestions, stating first the particular quality or gift that might be disguised as greatness, and then the champion in that line:

- Correspondence—Woodrow Wilson.
- Conversation—Bill Bryan.
- Ability to hold the tongue—Charles E. Hughes.
- Combination of talk and action—Roosevelt.
- Craft—Elihu Root.
- Avoiddupois—Taft.
- Cussedness—Uncle Joe Cannon.
- Endurance—Connie Mack.
- Clownishness—W. Randolph Hearst.
- Skill in warming over old jokes—Chauncey Depew.
- Posing—Francis X. Bushman.
- Flag Waving—George H. Cohan.
- Popularity—Charlie Chaplin.

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The Blind Man's Eyes

(Continued from page 9.)



Note the Doctor See How He Guards Against Germs

Note the doctor when he deals with wounds. Note how he makes sure of sterile dressings—how he keeps them wrapped.

Little wounds which you treat at home demand the same precautions. So does any first aid. A few infectious germs may breed millions.

Keep on hand for instant use
B&B Absorbent Cotton.
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Get the B&B products, because they are made to keep on hand, and because they are double-sure.

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They are packed in protective packages. B&B Arvo Cotton is packed in germ-proof envelopes. So is B&B Handy-Fold Gauze. None is unsealed till you use it.

B&B Cotton also comes in Handy Packages. You cut off only what you

Always call the doctor—remember First Aid is only first aid.

want, leaving the rest untouched. These protections may be vital to you sometime.

B&B Adhesive Plaster is made for surgery, but it has a thousand uses. It is rubber coated, and it sticks to anything dry. Any article made of any substance can be mended with it. Hot water bottles, lawn hose, tool handles, etc. Applied to flesh it doesn't irritate. Rolls of many lengths—10 cents up.

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magazine into his travelling bag, took from the bag a handful of cigars with which he filled a plain, uninitialed cigar-case, and went toward the club and observation car in the rear. As he passed through the sleeper next to him—the last one—Harriet Dorne glanced up at him and spoke to her father; Dorne nodded but did not look up. Eaton went on into the wide-windowed observation-room beyond, which opened onto the rear platform protected on three sides.

The observation-room was nearly empty. The sleet which had been falling when they left Seattle had changed to huge, heavy flakes of fast-falling snow, which blurred the windows, obscured the landscape and left visible only the two thin black lines of track that, streaming out behind them, vanished fifty feet away in the white smother. The only occupants of the room were a young woman who was reading a magazine, and an elderly man. Eaton chose a seat as far from these two as possible.

He had been there only a few minutes, however, when, looking up, he saw Harriet Dorne and Avery enter the room. They passed him, engaged in conversation, and stood by the rear door looking out into the storm. It was evident to Eaton, although he did not watch them, that they were arguing something; the girl seemed insistent, Avery irritated and unwilling. Her manner showed that she won her point finally. She seated herself in one of the chairs, and Avery left her. He wandered, as if aimlessly, to the reading table, turning over the magazines there; abandoning them, he gazed about as if bored; then, with a wholly casual manner, he came toward Eaton and took the seat beside him.

"Rotten weather, isn't it?" Avery observed somewhat ungraciously.

Eaton could not well avoid reply. "It's been getting worse," he commented, "ever since we left Seattle."

"We're running into it, apparently." Again Avery looked toward Eaton and waited.

"It'll be bad in the mountains, I suspect," Eaton said.

"Yes—lucky if we get through."

The conversation on Avery's part was patently forced; and it was equally forced on Eaton's; nevertheless it continued. Avery introduced the war and other subjects upon which men, thrown together for a time, are accustomed to exchange opinions. But Avery did not do it easily or naturally; he plainly was of the caste whose pose it is to repel, not seek, overtures toward a chance acquaintance. His lack of practice was perfectly obvious when at last he asked, directly: "Beg pardon, but I don't think I know your name."

Eaton was obliged to give it. "Mine's Avery," the other offered; "perhaps you heard it when we were getting our berths assigned."

AND again the conversation, enjoyed by neither of them, went on. Finally the girl at the end of the car rose and passed them, as though leaving the car. Avery looked up.

"Where are you going, Harry?" "I think some one ought to be with Father."

"I'll go in just a minute."

She had halted almost in front of them. Avery, hesitating as though he did not know what he ought to do, finally arose; and as Eaton observed that Avery, having introduced himself, appeared now to consider it his duty to present Eaton to Harriet Dorne, Eaton also arose. Avery murmured the names. Harriet Dorne, resting her hand on the back of Avery's chair, joined in the conversation. As she replied easily and interestedly to a comment of Eaton's, Avery suddenly reminded her of her father. After a minute, when Avery—still ungracious and still irritated over something which Eaton could not guess—rather abruptly left them, she took Avery's seat; and Eaton dropped into his chair beside her.

Now, this whole proceeding—though within the convention which, forbidding a girl to make a man's acquaintance directly, says nothing against her making it through the medium of another man—had been so unnaturally done that Eaton understood that Harriet Dorne deliberately had arranged to make his acquaintance, and that Avery, angry and objecting, had been overruled.

She seemed to Eaton less alertly boyish now than she had looked an hour before when they had boarded the train. Her cheeks were smooth, rounded, her lips rather full, her lashes very long. He could not look without locking directly at her, for her chair, which had not been moved since Avery left it, was at an angle with his own. A faint, sweet fragrance from her hair and clothing came to him and made him recollect how long it was—five years—since he had talked with, or even been near, such a girl as this; and the sudden tumult of his pulses which her nearness caused, warned him to keep watch of what he said until he had learned why she had sought him out.

TO avoid the appearance of studying her too openly, he turned slightly, so that his gaze went past her to the white turmoil outside the windows.

"It's wonderful," she said, "isn't it?" "You mean the storm?" A twinkle of amusement came to Eaton's eyes. "It would be more interesting if it allowed a little more to be seen. At present there is nothing visible but snow."

"Is that the only way it affects you?" She turned to him, apparently a trifle disappointed.

"I don't exactly understand."

"Why, it must affect every man most as it touches his own interests. An artist would think of it as a background for contrasts—a thing to sketch or paint; a writer as something to be written down in words."

Eaton understood. She could not more plainly have asked him what he was.

"And an engineer, I suppose," he said, easily, "would think of it only as an element to be included in his formulas—an x, or an a, or a b, to be put in somewhere and square-rooted or squared so that the roof-truss he was figuring should not buckle under its weight."

"Oh—so that is the way you were thinking of it?"

"You mean," Eaton challenged her directly, "am I an engineer?"

"Are you?"

"Oh, no; I was only talking in generalities, just as you were."

"Let us go on, then," she said gaily. "I see I can't conceal from you that I am doing you the honour to wonder what you are. A lawyer would think of it in the light of damage it might create and the subsequent possibilities of litigation." She made a little pause. "A business man would take it into account, as he has to take into account all things in nature or human; it would delay transportation, or harm or aid the winter wheat."

"Or stop competition somewhere," he observed, more interested.

The flash of satisfaction which came to her face and as quickly was checked and faded showed him she thought she was on the right track.

"Business," she said, still lightly, "will—how is it the newspapers put it?—will marshal its cohorts: it will send out its generals in command of brigades of snowplows, its colonels in command of regiments of snowshovelers and its spies to discover and to bring back word of the effect upon the crops."

"You talk," he said, "as if business were a war."

"Isn't it?—like war, but war in higher terms."

"In higher terms?" he questioned, attempting to make his tone like hers, but a sudden bitterness now was betrayed by it. "Or in lower?"

"Why, in higher," she declared, "demanding greater courage, greater devotion, greater determination, greater self-sacrifice."

Millions of Dollars Given— Millions of Belgians Fed— Yet Millions More Are Needed

Nothing else has ever so roused the indignation and practical sympathy of the English-speaking world as the fate of Belgium.

At the first call for help some of the leading business men of neutral United States organized the Belgian Relief Committee, arranging with the British Government to co-operate, and with the Germans to keep their hands off—and the work of feeding the starving Belgians began.

Since then many million dollars have been contributed to the Belgian Relief Fund, chiefly in the British Empire and the United States, about half of it coming from Belgians living in these countries. The wonderfully efficient Relief Committee have spent this money so carefully that an average of \$2.50 has fed each dependent Belgian family a month. Thus the nation has been saved alive—so far.

Germans are driven out. If it is not supplied, all that has been done cannot save the country from wholesale starvation for two weeks!

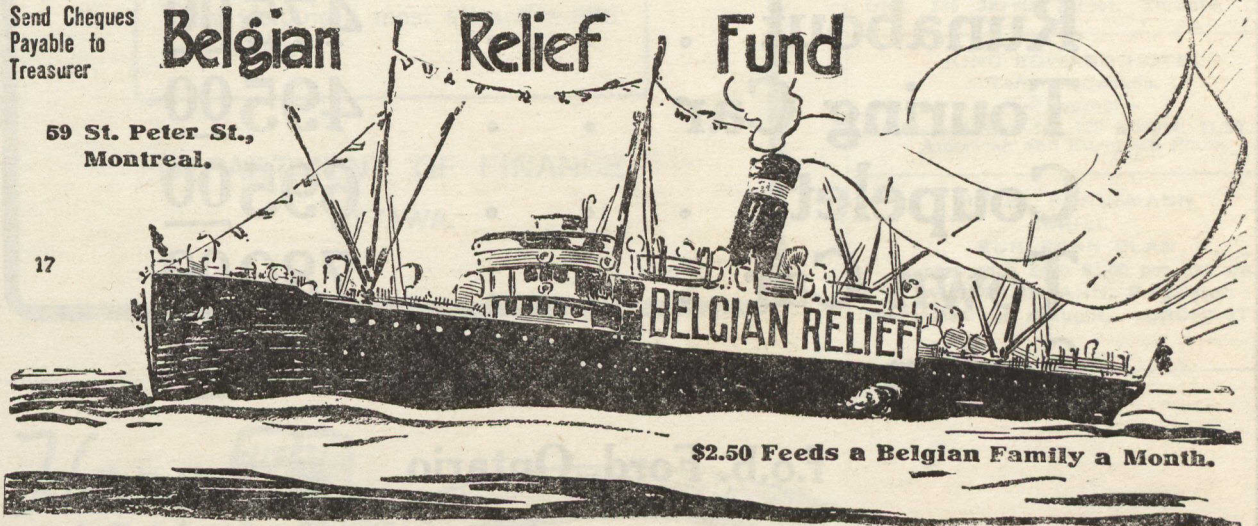
If you have been contributing to the Belgian Relief Fund, and so keeping some woman, child, family or families alive, don't leave them to starve! If you have not done much yet, spare a little of your plenty for some of the hundreds who are daily forced to join the bread lines at the Relief stations. The Relief Committee appeal particularly for regular monthly contributions sufficient to feed one, or better still, several Belgian families.

But only so far! The number of Belgians dependent on the Fund is steadily growing as their little hoards of food and money run out. Help is needed now more than ever before—and will be till the

Send your subscription weekly, monthly, or in one lump sum to Local or Provincial Committees, or

Send Cheques Payable to **Belgian Relief Fund** Treasurer

59 St. Peter St.,
Montreal.



"What makes you say that?"
"Soldiers themselves say it, Mr. Eaton, and all the observers in this horrible war say it when they say that they find almost no cowards and very few weaklings among all the millions of every sort of men at the front. They could not say the same of those identical millions under the normal conditions of everyday business life."
He remained silent, though she waited for him to reply.
"You know that is so, Mr. Eaton," she said. "One has only to look on the streets of any great city to find thousands of men who have not had the courage and determination to carry on their share of the ordinary duties of life. Recruiting officers can pick any man off the streets and make a good soldier of him, but no one could be so sure of finding a satisfactory employee in that way. Doesn't that show that daily life, the everyday business of earning a living and bearing one's share in the workaday world, demands greater qualities than war?"
Her face had flushed eagerly as she spoke; a darker, livid flush answered her words on his.
"But the opportunities for evil are greater, too," he asserted almost fiercely.
"What do you mean?"
"For deceit, for lies, for treachery, Miss Dorne! Violence is the evil of war, and violence is the evil most easily punished, even if it does not bring its own punishment upon itself. But how many of those men you speak of on the streets have been deliberately, mercilessly, even savagely sacrificed to some business expediency, their future destroyed, their hope killed!" Some storm of passion, whose meaning she could not divine, was sweeping him.
"You mean," she asked after an instant's silence, "that you, Mr. Eaton, have been sacrificed in such a way?"
"I am still talking in generalities," he denied ineffectively.
He saw that she sensed the untruthfulness of these last words. Her smooth, young forehead and her eyes were shadowy with thought. Eaton was uneasily silent. The train roared across some trestle, giving a sharp glimpse of gray, snow-swept water far below. Finally Harriet Dorne seemed to have made her decision.
"I think you should meet my father, Mr. Eaton," she said. "Would you like to?"
He did not reply at once. He knew that his delay was causing her to study him now with greater surprise.
"I would like to meet him, yes," he said, "but,"—he hesitated, tried to avoid answer without offending her, but already he had affronted her,— "not now, Miss Dorne."
She stared at him, rebuffed and chilled.
"You mean—" The sentence, obviously, was one she felt it better not to finish. As though he recognized that now she must wish the conversation to end, he got up. She rose stiffly.
"I'll see you into your car, if you're returning there," he offered.
Neither spoke, as he went with her into the next car; and at the section where her father sat, Eaton bowed silently, nodded to Avery, who coldly returned his nod, and left her. Eaton went on into his own car and sat down, his thoughts in mad confusion.
How near he had come to talking to this girl about himself, even though he had felt from the first that that was what she was trying to make him do! Was he losing his common sense? Was the self-command on which he had so counted that he had dared to take this train deserting him? He felt that he must not see Harriet Dorne again alone. At first this was all he felt; but as he sat, pale and quiet, which vacantly at the snow-flakes now beside him, his thoughts grew more clear. In Avery he had recognized, by that instinct which so strangely divines the personalities one meets, an enemy from the start; Dorne's attitude toward him, of course, was not yet defined; as for Harriet Dorne—he could not tell whether she was prepared to be his enemy or friend.

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The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916

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THE Eastern Express, mantled in a seething whirl of snow, but still maintaining very nearly its scheduled time and even regaining a few lost minutes from hour to hour as, now well past the middle of the State, it sped on across the flatter country in its approach to the mountains, proceeded monotonously through the afternoon. Eaton watched the chill of the snow battle against the warmth of the double windows on the windward side of the car, until finally it conquered and the windows became—as he knew the rest of the outside of the cars must have been long before—merely a wall of white. This coating, thickening steadily with the increasing severity of the storm as they approached the Rockies, dimmed the afternoon daylight within the car to dusk.

Presently all became black outside the windows, and the passengers from the rear cars filed forward to the dining car and then back to their places again. Eaton took care to avoid the Dorne party in the diner. Soon the porter began making up the berths to be occupied that night; but as yet no one was retiring. The train was to reach Spokane late in the evening; there would be a stop there for half an hour; and after the long day on the train, every one seemed to be waiting up for a walk about the station before going to bed. But as the train slowed, and with a sudden diminishing of the clatter of the fish-plates under its wheels and of the puffings of exhausted steam, slipped into the lighted trainsheds at the city, Eaton sat for some minutes in thought. Then he dragged his overcoat down from its hook, buttoned it tightly about his throat, pulled his travelling cap down on his head and left the car. All along the train, vestibule doors of the Pullmans had been opened, and the passengers were getting out, while a few others, snow-covered and with hand-luggage, came to board the train. Eaton, turning to survey the sleet-shrouded car he had left, found himself face to face with Miss Dorne, standing alone upon the station platform.

HER piquant, beautiful face was half hidden in the collar of the great fur coat she had worn on boarding the train, and her cheeks were ruddy with the bite of the crisp air.

"You see before you a castaway," she volunteered, smiling.

He felt it necessary to take the same tone. "A castaway?" he questioned. "Cast away by whom?"

"By Mr. Avery, if you must know, though your implication that anybody should have cast me away—anybody at all, Mr. Eaton—is unpleasant."

"There was no implication; it was simply inquiry."

"You should have put it, then, in some other form; you should have asked how I came to be in so surprising a position."

"How," in this part of the country, Miss Dorne, is not regarded as a question, but merely as a form of salutation," he bantered. "It was formerly employed by the Indian aborigines inhabiting these parts, who exchanged 'How's' when passing each other on the road. If I had said 'How,' you might simply have replied 'How,' and I should have been under the necessity of considering the incident closed."

She laughed. "You do not wish it to be closed."

"Not till I know more about it."

"Very well; you shall know more. Mr. Avery brought me out to take a walk. He remembered, after bringing me as far as this, that we had not asked my father whether he had any message to be sent from here or any commission to execute; so he went back to find out. I have now waited so many minutes that I feel sure it is my father who has detained him. The imperfectly concealed meaning of what I am telling you is that I consider that Mr. Avery, by his delay, has forfeited his right. The further implication—for I do imply things, Mr. Eaton—is that you cannot very well avoid offering to take the post of duty he has abandoned."

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"You mean walk with you?"

"I do."
He slipped his hand inside her arm, sustaining her slight, active body against the wind which blew strongly through the station and scattered over them snow-flakes blown from the roofs of the cars, as they walked forward along the train. Her manner had told him that she meant to ignore her resentment of the morning; but as, turning, they commenced to walk briskly up and down the platform, he found he was not wholly right in this.

"You must admit, Mr. Eaton, that I am treating you very well."

"In pardoning an offence where no offence was meant?"

"It is partly that—that I realized no offence was meant. Partly it is because I do not pass judgment on things I do not understand. I could imagine no possible reason for your very peculiar refusal."

"Not even that I might be perhaps the sort of person who ought not to be introduced into your party in quite that way?"

"That least of all. Persons of that sort do not admit themselves to be such; and if I have lived for twenty—I shall not tell you just how many years—the sort of life I have been obliged to live almost since I was born, without learning to judge men in that respect, I must have failed to use my opportunities."

"Thank you," he returned quietly; then, as he recollected his instinctive prejudice against Avery: "However, I am not so sure."

SHE plainly waited for him to go on, but he pretended to be concerned wholly with guiding her along the platform.

"Mr. Eaton!"

"Yes."
"Do you know that you are a most peculiar man?"

"Exactly in what way, Miss Dorne?"

"In this: The ordinary man, when a woman shows any curiosity about himself, answers with a fullness and particularity and eagerness which seems to say, 'At last you have found a subject which interests me!'"

"Does he?"

"Is that the only reply you care to make?"

"I can think of none more adequate."

"Meaning that after my altogether too open display of curiosity regarding you, I can still do nothing better than guess, without any expectation that you, on your part, will deign to tell me whether I am right or wrong. Very well; my first guess is that you have not done much walking with young women on station platforms—certainly not much of late."

"I'll try to do better, if you'll tell me how you know that?"

"You do very well. I was not criticizing you, and I don't have to tell why. Ask no questions; it is a clairvoyant diviner who is speaking."

"Divinity?"

"Diviner only. My second guess is that you have been abroad in far lands."

"My railroad ticket showed as much as that."

"Pardon me, if it seriously injures your self-esteem; but I was not sufficiently interested in you when you came aboard the train, to observe your ticket. What I know is divined from the exceedingly odd and reminiscent way in which you look at all things about you—at this train, this station, the people who pass."

"You find nothing reminiscent, I suppose, in the way I look at you?"

"You do yourself injustice. You do not look at me at all, so I cannot tell; but there could hardly be any reminiscence extending beyond this morning, since you never saw me before then."

"No; this is all fresh experience."

"I hope it is not displeasing. My doubt concerning your evidently rather long absence abroad is as to whether you went away to get or to forget."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"Those are the two reasons for which young men go to Asia, are they not?—to get something or to forget something. At least, so I have been given to understand. Shall I go on?"

"Go on guessing, you mean? I don't seem able to prevent it."

(To be continued.)

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