

THE FIGHT OF THE PRESBYTERIANS THE CANADIAN COURIER

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A Musical Revue of 1916

By the Music Editor

Illustrated by H. E. Sampson



The Seventh Man

By Roland Ashford Phillips



The Amateur Concert

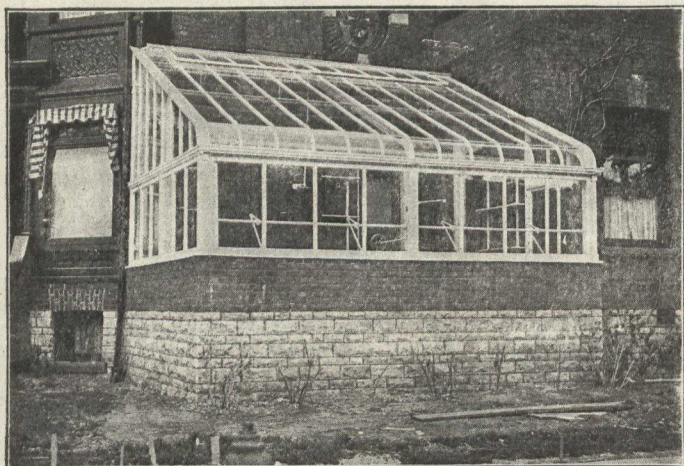
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You will have noticed that with the issue of Oct. 7 the price has been reduced from 10 cents to 5 cents per copy.

EXTENSIONS

In keeping with this we are extending all subscriptions, so that the subscriber will receive extra copies sufficient to make up for the reduction in price.

THIS number contains considerable music. But it is not a Music Number. The only man we ever knew who candidly did not like music in any shape or form, was a deaf man. Some people like music but don't like reading about it. A lot of people don't care for musical criticism because the kind of music they like is not the kind that a critic would have much use for.

WITH so much special matter to get in, we have found it necessary to hold over the second instalment of the Woman-at-Home article promised for this week. Chess also has been swept off the boards for this week. Devotees of that department will kindly have patience with an occasional lapse of this kind. Next week we shall include a double instalment of the serial, "The Blind Man's Eyes," and a summary of the story up to date, so that new subscribers may get the benefit of the most thrilling continued story ever published in the Canadian Courier.

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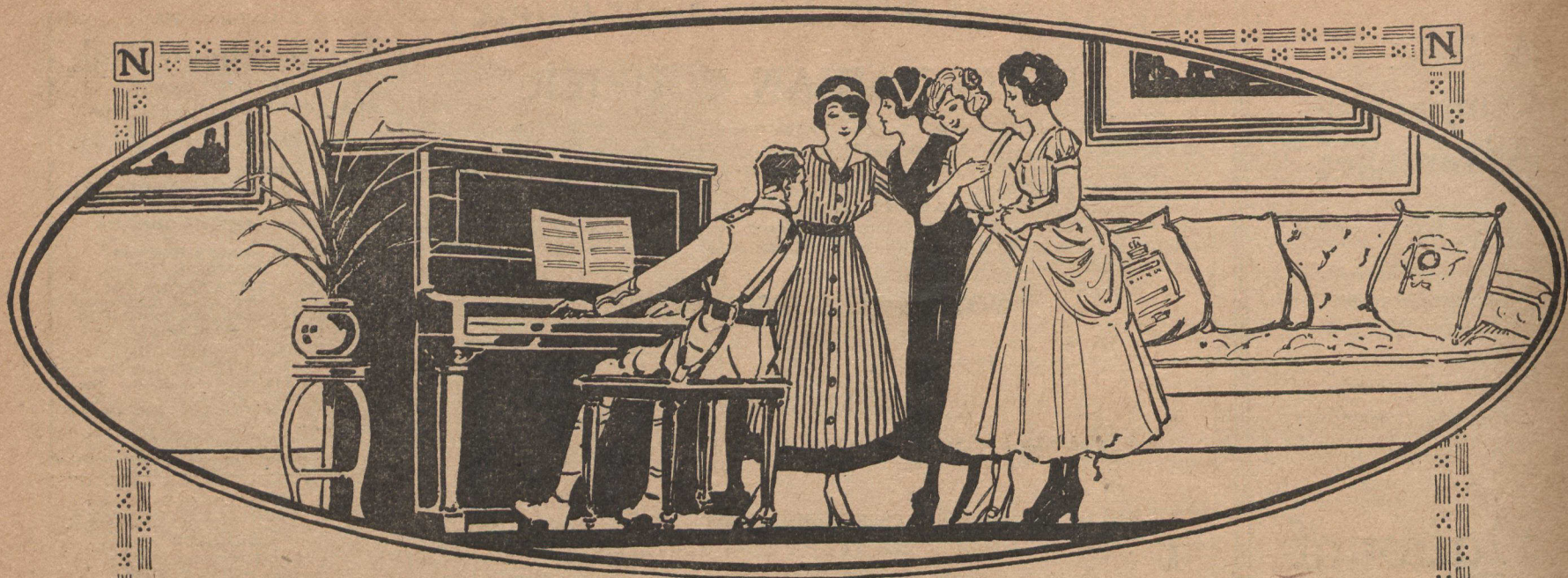
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| Vancouver, B.C.—First Congregational Church | Montreal, Que.—Emmanuel Congregational Church |
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THE COURIER

Vol. XX.

October 28th, 1916

No. 22

THE PRESBYTERS STAND PAT —NO UNION!

It is Not a Matter of Doctrine or Church Government, but of Affection

By BRITTON B. COOKE

THE first to enter was an old man. He was white and bent, but something in the way he clutched his umbrella suggested stubborn vigour still burning in him. He appeared at the corner of King and Simcoe Streets. He looked up at the grimy turrets of new St. Andrew's with a faded eye. He climbed the steps impatiently and disappeared within the doors of the church.

The second was an old woman, well-dressed, with a ruddy face, and large Bible under one arm.

The third was an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

The fourth was a preacher with a long neck and a sallow complexion. He looked as though he had just bolted a few heavy works on theology and was hurrying to the next intellectual feast.

The fifth was a large, round preacher, bearded and or dignified mien.

Then they began to come in dribbles and small crowds and I could take no more note of details. Finally, I, too, climbed the steps and passed over the fibre-matting which the heathen make for nothing but church vestibules, passed the crimson-coloured doors that swing at the ends of the aisles, and breathed once more the atmosphere of old carpets and last Sunday's perfumes. In short, I attended the first session of the Presbyterian Anti-Church Union Congress.

There, in the soft light of the church, stood the little company of militant Scotch Presbyterians of Canada. There in the preaching box was a large, scholarly man, in the robes of the Ministry, uttering rolling sentence after rolling sentence, broken here and there by flashes of irony, and epigrammatic argument against Church Union and Church Unionists. The meeting was quiet. There were no passionate outbursts. In the faces of a few of the men was that quiet, calm-eyed defiance that makes even the unholy One himself afraid of the Scotch.

And then we sang. First the distant playing of the choir organ, then a sort of heave of sound as the great organ launched the tune. The old man next faltered and then picked up the metre with a tune of his own—it must have been his own. Then the full body of sound from the assembled throats caught up to the organ and the two swept on together through the familiar stanzas of the hymn. There was no mistaking that kind of singing. Methodists would have sung it like a love song. Anglicans would have romped it. Congregationalists would have done it in any number of ways except the Scotch Presbyterian way. For they made of it, not a tune, but a picture of that inextinguishable something which is called Scotch Presbyterianism. It had the rhythm of slow seas sweeping heavily up out of the ocean to be dashed against some far-off stubborn coast. It was as sonorous as a gale snoring in the undergrowth of the north woods. Listening to that hymn one might have been led into thinking: this is the tune of Scotch Presbyterianism. It is a thing which cannot be put in words and which cannot be wiped out by adversities or persecutions or General Assemblies. One felt that it was heroic, significant of courage, tenacity and serene determination—

BUT, looking 'round, there was not to be seen in all that gathering a young man. It was indeed a meeting of the presbyters, the elderly men, fired by the love of the Church that has been more to Scotland than kings or parliaments, moved by their affection for what was old and tested as against what was new and untested, and pricked by a natural and almost praiseworthy sense of resentment against the younger churches—the Methodists and the Congregationalists—whose foundation can NOT be traced back to the third and the fourth chapters of

Exodus, and who, by one step are to be admitted to full parity with this old Calvinistic body. It was a magnificent gathering of a sort of religious Tories. These men, one could imagine, felt themselves the custodians in Canada of the great Protestant religious tradition, the tradition of Presbyterianism which everywhere in Europe fought Episcopacy. Theirs is the same tradition that gave France the National Protestant Church and lent strength to the Huguenots in the days of oppression. Theirs is the same tradition the Netherlands took from France; that furnished half the inspiration of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists; and was to Scotland what Magna Charta was to the English, what the Declaration of Independence was to the Americans, and, in some measure, what the breaking up of the Family Compact and its associations was to Canada. After all, traditions are worth something, and it was because George Brown was a Presbyterian that he fought against church establishment in Canada, and won. Looking at this gathering of Scotch-Canadian Presbyterians, therefore, one felt the heroism of their position. But seeing how few were the young men in the gathering, one felt, too, the pathos of the thing. To resist Church Union, not on doctrinal grounds, and not on any really serious point with regard to church government, such a movement must at least have Youth as its ally. And it hasn't youth.

I MET, one evening last week, one of the noblest of these anti-unionists, and he talked to me freely and boldly as was becoming in a man who knew what he believed and was unconcerned who denied it. I quote him, not to cast doubt on the rightness of his argument, but merely to report one side of the case before reporting the other. There is no finer type of man anywhere to be found than this Scotch-Canadian sort, in whom there is that rare balance of healthy body with healthy brain so fine in these neurotic times. The very stubbornness with which he held his views was magnificent.

"Speeches?" he exclaimed. "Did ye say they failed to convince ye? Quibbles and hair-slitting was it? Well . . . ye are right. There's nothing that a Methodist believes, or a Congregationalist believes, that I can't stomach pretty well m'self. I don't quarrel with them on a matter of doctrine."

A pause.
"And I don't dispute very much about the way of running the church. So long as it's not episcopacy—so long as it's done decently and in order I can abide whatever form the United Church of Canada has cooked up—"

Another pause.
"But I belong to a church with a great history, and a great name, an' it's beyond me t' see why I sh'd abandon it. Mind, I don't deny the Methodists a great name and the Congregationalists. But I say, let them keep theirs and let me keep mine."

"But you cannot hope to prevent the United Church coming into being?"

"No."
"And great numbers of Presbyterians will join it?"
"Ye're wrong there. There'll be great numbers of people leave the Presbyterian Church to join the United Church, but not Presbyterians. They'll be the people who chose their church by accident—or

because they liked the preacher, or because their girls get int' the choir, or because it was handy, 'r fashionable. Ye ken the people I mean. They aren't Presbyterians. They'd be Anglicans if it wasn't for the prayers they'd have to learn. Or they'd be Methodists if it wasn't for the style that Methodists put on and

the rules against card-playing and dancing. But they don't know even the meaning of Presbyter and they've no more interest in Scotland than I have in the people of Siam.

"Let them have their United Church. They're good people. I wish them no ill."

TWO days later I met the other side of the case, a young clergyman, six years out of Knox College. He was one of that age and that type I had not seen at the meetings of the anti-unionists.

"I believe in efficiency," he said, crisply. "I do not undervalue traditions. But I accept the view of those who believe we have reached the time when we must drop the particular details of our respective traditions, and combine the best in all of them. The work before the churches of this country in the next decade is, as everybody knows, colossal. The Presbyterian Church in Scotland made a great name for itself by fighting for the freedom of the common worshipper. The Methodist Church and the Congregational churches have had their problems and their victories. But the point is this: they have finished their particularist work, so far at least as Canada is concerned. The vigilance of the Presbyterian Church is no longer required to protect our spiritual independence as it was in Scotland. The evangelism of the Methodist Church has evangelized the other churches—we accept their views on personal religion. The Congregational Church has emphasized the necessity of democracy in religious organization. The particular needs which gave these churches their raison d'etre, no longer exist in Canada. On the other hand, the evils of duplication among them are obvious to everyone. If we are to regard the future rather than the past—and that, I think, is our duty—then we must have the Union."

Needless to say, this young preacher is a student of higher criticism and sociology. He has views on Canadian politics and on most of the great questions that face this country. One could feel that though he might not be a great respecter of traditions, he was at least a great student of the future and its needs. And one who is likely to be a service to this country.

"Are you Scotch?" I asked.

"No," he retorted, "Canadian."

But this much I knew: his father and his mother, and his grandparents before that again came from near Peter Head. He carried no hyphens, however honourable.

ONE other man should be quoted in this connection. He was a returned soldier, one who, this day, had been wounded in Flanders, and had limped down to St. Andrew's from the Convalescent Hospital in old Knox College. He had been sitting for some time in the back of the church, where the meetings were held, and I noted him for a Scotch-Canadian. Leaving the meeting, we had this conversation:

"Are you for it or against it?" I asked.

"I'm against the anti's," he said.

"And your reasons?"

"Too many to tell."

"Has the war anything to do with it?"

"It has everything to do with it."

We boarded a street car and he unfolded his point of view.

"I used to be a theological student at Knox," he said, "but I enlisted when the war started—third

battalion. War's changed me and changed everything in the world for me, and I think it's changed religion.

"My home's up in Oxford. Born on a farm. Worked like a nigger—you know the sort of life. Family thought I ought to be a minister and I thought so myself. Scotch Presbyterians to the back-bone. My mother used to think the people who went to the other churches were to be pitied for their blindness, and she prayed for 'em to mend their ways. . . . Fine woman, my mother—you know the kind.

"I USED to have a lot of pretty fine notions. For one thing, I was a pacifist, and I used to feel it was more important to be able to split hairs on doctrine, or church law, than anything else. Used to think that a man wasn't a good man unless he was abstracted from worldly things. Figured the world was a pretty bad place, and the one way to keep clean was to make your own little corner and put up a fence of holiness around it—to keep from being contaminated. Then, when you'd get the fence up, you'd make, as it were, sorties and raids against the devil. . . . Did some mission work once and thought I'd met Satan. That was a dream. . . . Met him afterward in London—and other places."

"When a man goes to war he finds out what his religion means to him. Believe me, if there's anything wrong with it, it'll show up one day when y' aren't expecting it to. I discovered one thing about the kind of private religion I'd been nursing—it was

this: it was mere intellectualism. I found out that a lot of the noble ideas I'd got, one where and another, were just lying on the top of my mind like loose pebbles on the top of a wall. They weren't cemented in. They weren't a real part of me. And when I got a first taste of shelling and was walking in the fear of death, I found I'd lost all my fancy notions and religion except just one or two foundation facts. I hung onto those hard and afterward I forgot all about the others. I figured out there was no use carrying any excess baggage.

"But that's not why I'm against this anti-union business. If I'm a poor sort of a Presbyterian it's nobody's fault but m' own. But this is the point: there's tens and hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands exactly like me in the army. To look at 'em in the trenches, or in billets, or on London leave, or in the convalescent hospitals—you'd think these were the worst lot of unbelieving rough-necks that ever breathed. Like as not, if some preacher who hadn't lived among 'em, came around and started talking about their souls—he got sworn at for his trouble. But that's not irreligion. It's because religion has come to mean so much to a good many fellows, that they don't want to talk about it. They're sensitive about it. They hide it away out of sight and its got to be a mighty fine man and a mighty fine sermon that won't make them feel that that man or that sermon is trifling, or out of place. There aren't as fine religious services anywhere in this continent as there are just back of the firn' line.

But firn' line parsons know better than to preach rose-water sermons, or scholarly discourses on out-of-the-way texts. What they preach mostly is Manhood—and Manhood Crucified!

"When the rest of the men get back they'll be an impatient lot, and if the churches want 'em, they'll take delicate handling. For these men are mostly men who have SEEN and SUFFERED, and what few details of a creed they do observe are mighty real to them. Think you'll find nine out of ten of 'em would agree on the essentials and it wouldn't take 'em thirteen years to draft the statement of their beliefs, either."

"Are you going back into theology?" I asked. "No," he said.

MOVEMENTS such as Church Union and anti-Church Union are too great to be appraised by mere laymen and journalists. Yet they cannot escape attention. The foregoing is not intended for an opinion, but as an impression, or collection of impressions of the two sides of a rather important cause. In 1875 a number of churches resisted the Presbyterian union that was then proposed. But of all those who resisted only one to-day remains: St. Andrew's, of Montreal. The same may happen in the case of the anti-unionists of to-day, though one could wish such rare stubbornness and determination, a better end. It is a pity the Unionists must lose this part of their fibre, and a greater pity that the anti-unionists must part company with the spirit of Youth.

THE SEVENTH MAN

THE news that he had been elected a member of the city council seemed to add to Blake's eight-and-twenty years.

Like a tree stripped of its yellow leaves by the wind, so all his youthful fancies, his immature reasonings scampered away. It was as if, for the first time, he had gained a peep into a higher world—a man's world. He began to realize that life held a great many problems. A body of people, friends and neighbours among them, had made him their mouthpiece, and they were going to trust in him.

When the well-wishers had gone, and those who so eagerly congratulated him had grasped his hand for the last time, Blake turned from the door and held out his arms toward his wife.

"I'm—really—elected, Marjorie," he faltered. "Really elected! Why—why it doesn't seem real!"

"They've so much confidence in you, dear," she answered him, her eyes shining, her lips tremulous. "They know they can trust you. This new council is going to mean so much, so very much, for our town."

"Yes," he went on, "I've never known the people to be so interested before. What responsibility rests upon my shoulders! Why, it almost awes me, Marjorie. I—I do so want to make every man who voted for me proud of his choice! I want to gain their respect—prove to them I am worthy of this trust!"

"And you're going to, Greg!"

He held her close beside him as if to gain strength from her slim, tremulous little body. "Of course I am," he repeated.

"And, Greg," she went on, "think how that twelve hundred a year is going to help us! You can be more independent now, can't you? And if those horrid editors don't offer you enough for a story you can ask to have it sent back!"

HE laughed, but caught himself, midway. "If—only you were well and strong," he began, softly.

"There, there, Greg," she pouted. "That old doctor has set you worrying, hasn't he? I'm never, never going to allow him in the house again!"

"Yes, dear, but he said you—"

She clapped a quick hand across his lips.

"You must not talk about me another solitary instant! Why, the very idea! And on the very day you have been elected councilman, too!"

They went arm in arm into the little den—he loved to call it his study—and for a long, long time they talked and planned and built glorious castles, as

Who Stood Between Love of Friends and Love of Duty and How His Choice Fell Out

By ROLAND ASHFORD PHILLIPS

or pickaxe—so despite his frequent acceptances, editor's checks had a mysterious way of being withheld at critical moments. Blake had yet to learn—as all do who tread this path—that the way of an editor passeth understanding.

Therefore the realization of this hundred dollars a month meant everything to him.

The one blight in their first year of married life had been Marjorie's illness. Pneumonia came, and after the struggle the colour slipped slowly away from her rounded cheeks, her eyes grew big and hard, and tiny pools of grey shadow crept beneath them.

Blake watched this gradual change for months before he called the doctor.

"Bad in here," the physician announced, gravely tapping his lungs. "Very bad! She must have the best of care—and a change of altitude would be of lasting benefit."

He said other things, too, but Blake kept them locked in his breast.

UNDER this strain he laboured unceasingly upon his novel, and with thumping heart sent it away to the publishers.

They talked of this work that evening at the table.

"It will mean a great deal to me," he said. "It is my first serious thing, Marjorie. I want the world to know that I can do something worth while."

"And won't they?" she questioned, playfully pinching his cheek. "Of course they will, dear. You are meant for a great, wonderful success!"

"And then, if we can't get that naughty colour back into your cheeks again," he hurried.

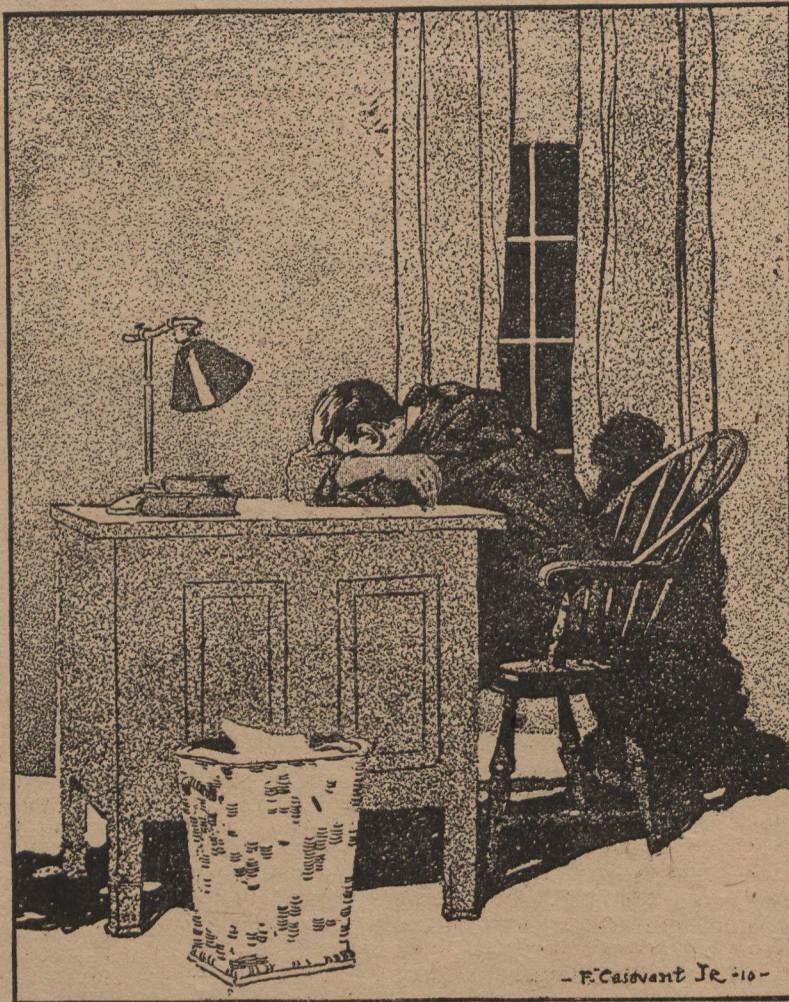
"There is something greater than that, Greg," she answered, her voice half serious, half jesting.

"Greater than my love for you?" he frowned.

She nodded. "You're a public man now, dear. Your duty to your friends should tower above all else!" She took his face between her palms and stared deep, deep into his questioning eyes. "My man could never do any wrong, could he?"

"Never," he laughed, crossing his heart, boy-fashion. "Especially when such a dear little wife believes in him!"

In the quiet, sumptuous office of the Milltown Gas and Electric Company two men were in deep conversation. One of them, Mr. Hall, president, a short, grey-haired, snapping-eyed old man, held a typewritten list before him. The other, younger,



"Sank wearily before his desk, pillowing his head upon his arms."

men and women always do and always will, more so when under the enchantment of a yet undimmed honeymoon.

Gregory Blake had, from the very start, won success as a writer. His short stories nearly all sold, and at gradually increasing prices; and during the past six months he had completed his first real serious effort—a novel. Still, a human brain is an elusive thing at the best, and a typewriter an unreliable breadwinner—in comparison with a trowel

into his questioning eyes. "My man could never do any wrong, could he?"

"Never," he laughed, crossing his heart, boy-fashion. "Especially when such a dear little wife believes in him!"

very immaculate in his dress, sat opposite, smoking a cigar.

"This is the complete roster of the new council, eh?" the president was saying. "How've you sized them up, Davis?"

Davis, the company's attorney, took the paper from his superior, placed it before him on the low table and as he mentioned each name checked it off with a white forefinger.

"There's Harvey, Griggs, Dudley, Smith, Conway and Nelson—all our men," he began, quietly. "We can rely upon each of them to the last. As you will note, they compose exactly half of the council. There are six opposed to us. Hamilton, Fisher and Mackey are wealthy men and money is of no consequence to them. Miller is interested heavily in the new light and power company, so he can't be touched, of course. Reese is a personal enemy of yours, so that lets him out!"

Hall, the president, listened narrowly. "Well, that is five. Who is the other one?"

DAVIS moved his finger down the list. "Gregory Blake! Young man, too, living in my neighbourhood. Magazine writer, married, owns his home, and as far as I have been able to fathom out, is a straightforward and honest chap!"

The president looked out of the low window into the chill of a December afternoon. "He's out last hope, Davis. There isn't another one we can approach. You say he's young—and just married?"

"Married about a year, I guess."

"A thousand dollars ought to look pretty good to him, don't you think?"

"Possibly." The lawyer's voice was not very enthusiastic. "But this is his first political position and, of course, he is bound to be moved by his friends' advice. Duty and all that sort of stuff, don't you know? Every one of them are dead against us, too!"

"The renewal of our franchise will mean considerably over a million for us, Davis," Hall went on. "We can't afford to allow one man to stand in our way. One man, understand that, Davis? Seems as if everything is going to rest on him. We've six men certain—and we've got to get the seventh! There are no ifs or buts or maybes about it. We have got to have him! . . . Offer him five thousand cash!"

Still Davis remained dubious.

"I might try it, but—"

The president flung out his hands with a gesture of annoyance. "Good heavens, five thousand cash ought to be a gold-mine to a councilman with a twelve-hundred-dollar salary," he broke out. "I've found in my career, that a little cash is the open sesame to about every door. What's your opinion?"

"Mine's the same, of course," Davis instantly agreed. "But I've been watching this Blake ever since his nomination and I haven't so far found a likely loophole."

"You've got around greater obstacles than this, Davis," the president came back sharply.

"That's why we've been glad to pay you your ten thousand a year! You can't fall back on us at this critical time!"

Davis came to his feet with the cigar clenched tightly between his teeth and paced slowly back and forth across the office floor.

AS a confidential lawyer at a comfortable salary Davis had been fighting these identical knotty problems for the past ten years. Until to-day he had never admitted himself defeated. He had been the one port in the storm, and at the present time the greatest kind of a storm threatened the Milltown Gas and Electric Company. A new, independent company, backed by some of the town's oldest citizens, had asked for a franchise; against this the old company was fighting for a twenty-year renewal. Either one or the other must back down.

Suddenly Davis stood still and set his teeth so hard together that the cigar was severed and dropped unheeded to the floor.

"By heavens!" he broke out. "Why haven't I thought of it before? I've got it! I've got it! Blake will come over on our side, Mr. Hall!"

A broad smile lighted up the president's face.

"That's good! Thought you'd rake up something! Let's hear the plan!"

But Davis only put out a hand. "I've never fallen down on a thing yet, have I? Always carried a thing straight through to the end when I said I would, haven't I?"

The president agreed that this was so.

"Then trust me! I'll call on Blake to-morrow afternoon. When I'm through with him I'll see you. So don't worry. Blake's our man, and as he's the seventh, our renewal is as good as won!"

Gregory Blake was plainly surprised to have call upon him, the following afternoon, the well-known attorney for the Milltown Gas and Electric Company. After they were seated in the study and Davis had offered cigars the conversation was opened immediately.

"As a member of the new city council, Mr. Blake," Davis began, "I trust that you are looking upon all the matters that are to be decided upon by the board in a fair and unprejudiced light!"

"I am making every effort to, yes, sir!"

"Quite right. A man in public life and holding so much power must not only look upon the surface of things, but must delve deep into the very heart, as it were. Also he must weigh both sides in the balance." He cleared his throat.

twenty-year extension of your franchise you are offering a third under the new company's promise."

"Those are your views, are they, Mr. Blake? You are prejudiced against us—and intend voting as your friends demand?"

"Absolutely!"

"And after that—after you have played the cat's-paw for these same friends and stepped out of office—what then? What will they do for you?"

"I expect nothing!"

"Quite so!" Davis calmly dropped his cigar into the ash-tray. After a moment of silence he resumed. "See here, Blake, let's talk man to man! My company is acting fair and square with you and with every citizen in Milltown. We want a renewal of our franchise. It means a great deal to us. It will mean a great deal to you, too!"

THEIR eyes mirrored and held. Davis, cool, deliberate, frank, facing a crisis he had worked up to and expected; Blake, young, plainly nervous, his face flushed, not quite positive of the other's intentions.

"I say it will mean a great deal to you, Blake!" Davis repeated firmly. "Let's look at it in a fair

light. You have two masters: the friends who elected you, and our company! The first one can offer you nothing for carrying out their wishes—nothing except a pitiful salary of twelve hundred a year! The latter, our company, can offer you a cool—"

Blake was on his feet now, hands clenched, breathing hard. The meaning came like a blow. He felt the hot blood pounding in his ears, sweeping down through his cheeks and neck.

"Stop that!" he choked. "I don't want to listen farther. I'm beyond all your bribes. You get out of here—right now! Understand me? I don't want to listen!"

Davis smiled but ignored the command.

"We want your vote, Blake. We need it! I'm not offering you a bribe! I merely want you to see the wisdom of my remarks. Vote for our renewal, and one hour after that you and your wife can be on the way to Colorado!"

"Why—damn you! What do you mean? My wife—?"

"Just that." Davis arose and faced the trembling young man. "Your wife! I saw your doctor this morning, and he told me how matters stood. Your wife can't live three more months in this low altitude! The West will cure her! You haven't the money—or won't have it within the time. It'll cost at least five thousand dollars!"

Blake lifted his fists as if to strike the other.

"Get out! Get out of here—before I forget and hit you!" His voice was high-pitched and unnatural.

"A year in Colorado, with the very best of nursing, the very best of everything, the clean air—and with you beside her—why, man alive, she'll be a new woman!"

Blake tried to speak, but somehow his tongue failed him. His face was absolutely colourless. Davis, smiling, put out both hands to his shoulders.

"Why should you hesitate? It is an easy battle. Is there anything more dear to you in the world than your wife? Will your friends help you save her life? Will they send her away? Are you going to sit idly by and watch her fade away, day after day, like some helpless little flower?"

Blake pushed aside the lawyer's arms.

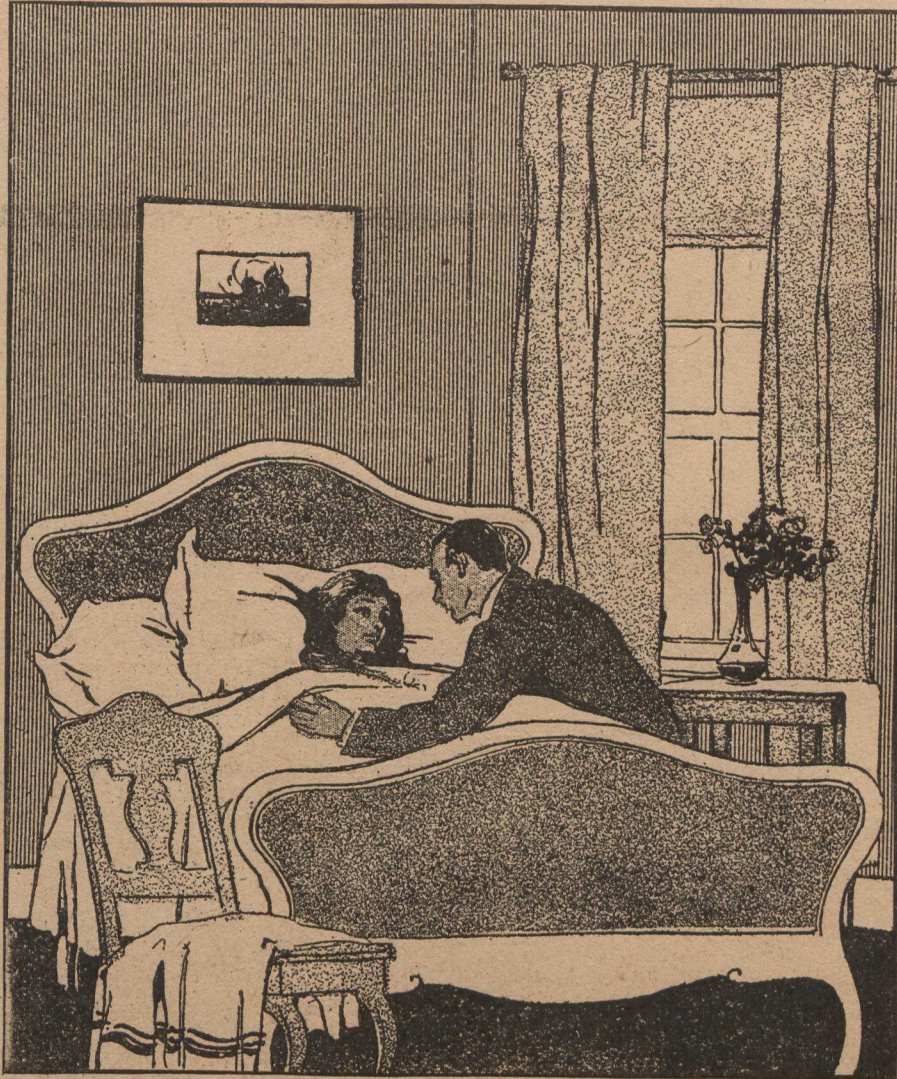
"Davis—" his dry lips struggled frantically with the words—"I'm going . . . to give you . . . just one minute . . . to leave my house!"

THE lawyer reached for his hat and stick. "Very well, Mr. Blake! I realize that my proposition was rather—er—sudden, and so, under these circumstances, I cannot accept this decision as final!"

He fumbled in his pocket, brought out a card, and placed it face up on the table. "I shall be in my office until six o'clock this evening," he resumed. "Good-afternoon!"

For fully five minutes, brain whirling, Blake stood in the centre of the little study, his cold fingers gripped at the table edge. An utter silence fell and deepened about him.

Abruptly, bringing him back to the world again, came the sharp twist of the doorbell, followed by a



"You're to be well and strong again, dear."

"I believe you are in favour of granting this new company their franchise in the place of renewing ours, am I not correct?" he continued, bluntly.

Blake nodded. "I am but the mouthpiece of my citizen friends who elected me"—frankly—"and they feel as if the new company will be of greater advantage to the town."

Davis removed his cigar and eyed it reflectively. "And your reward for these—er—valuable services, is what, may I ask?"

"Reward?" Blake frowned. "I have yet to hear of rewarding one for doing his duty!"

The lawyer's eyes lifted. "This is your first public position, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, my first."

Again Davis mused, rolling the black cigar between his firm, white fingers.

"The Milltown Gas and Electric Company is a well-known and well-respected corporation, Mr. Blake, and has made every effort to please the citizens of the town. We have, within the past ten years, spent over a million dollars in this district. Don't you think we deserve a small amount of credit? Don't you consider our plea for the renewal of our franchise a just one—and most reasonable?"

"I cannot say I do, Mr. Davis!" Blake's heart was leaping in a choked sort of way. "Your rates are exorbitant for the first thing, and second, for a

whistle. Mechanically he answered it. The postman spoke to him pleasantly and handed him a package, securely wrapped and sealed. With staring eyes Blake read the single name in the upper corner. Then the understanding crushed upon him like some pitiless, leaden weight. It was his novel! They were sending it back! **They did not want it!**

Somehow he got back to the room and dropped the unopened manuscript into a lower drawer of his desk. Lifting his eyes after a moment he felt them drawn, magnet-like, to the white card still lying upon the table. He smiled.

Without an effort, his mind quite clear, he picked it up. He walked firmly back to the hall, took up his hat and went out the door into the street.

Half an hour later he was back. Without pausing he hurried up the stairs and burst into his wife's room. She was deep among the pillows, her face flushed, her lips colourless.

"Marjorie, Marjorie," he cried, falling upon his knees and placing his arms about her slim form. "It's come! It's come! They've taken the novel, dear! You're to go away—to Colorado! You're to be well and strong again, dear—well and strong again!"

IT was a very grave and judicious council that sat around the long table that Wednesday afternoon before Christmas. They had been in session since noon.

Blake sat, the last of six on his side of the table. His lips were set in a thin, straight line, his face was colourless, his hands fumbled nervously in his lap. Minute by minute he was steeling himself for the final vote that was to come.

At four o'clock the president cleared his throat and arose slowly to his feet.

"The final question before the council this afternoon," he began, quietly, "is the plea of the Milltown Gas and Electric Company, at present operating in this city, for a twenty-year renewal of their franchise. Against them a new company, composed of a number

of our citizens, has asked for a franchise. The situation before us, then, is whether the old company's franchise be renewed, or, shall the new company be granted a permit to come into the city, thereby cancelling the former plea."

Lengthy discussions followed, all of which Blake listened to dully and lifted no voice.

The voting began amid a pregnant and impressive silence, the men apparently realizing the significance of the question before them. As each name was called by the president the eyes of the rest were riveted upon him. They began from the opposite side of the table. Each man arose to his feet, answered promptly and sank back again.

Nearer and nearer it drew to Blake. Finally it came.

"Mr. Blake, are you in favour of renewing the present company's franchise?" The president repeated the same question for the last time.

He swayed unsteadily to his feet. Instantly, like a picture thrown upon a screen, there came to him the remembrance of the half-lighted study, the lawyer's anxious voice, the decision, the postman's whistle. . . . Last of all came the white, pleading face of the little girl among the pillows. Three more months the doctor had warned!

"Mr. Blake, we are waiting!" the president's voice echoed strangely in the quiet room. Blake swallowed hard. The eyes of every man around the table were glued upon him. He opened his lips to speak—but paused with a half-formed word.

A quick, familiar voice rang to his ears. "There is something greater than your love for me, Greg!" Those were Marjorie's words that day of his election!

Like the snapping of a thread his brain cleared. He looked steadily about him at the circle of strained, expectant faces.

"I am not in favour of renewing the present company's franchise, Mr. President," he answered.

An hour later, when he had reached the streets, muffled in his big coat, picking his way through

the tangle of holiday shoppers, the newsboys were crying the extras.

At a far corner he bought a paper, still damp from the press. The heavy, black headlines wavered in his vision.

ROBBER GAS COMPANY DEFEATED BY COUNCIL.

The New City Council Defeats Renewal of Milltown Gas and Electric Company's Franchise! A Body Blow to the Grafters! End of Corporation Rule!!

Gregory Blake the Man Who Swung the Decision!
Milltown's Greatest Christmas Present!

Blake crumpled the sheet within his fingers and whirled it into the gutter. Praise, praise, praise! And of what avail now? He had done his duty, snapped the corporation chains which had so long galled his city. He had done all of this—and because of it Marjorie was to . . .

He let himself into the study. It was quite dark. He turned on the lights and sank wearily before his desk, pillowing his head upon his arms. Presently a thought flashed to him. He came erect and jerked open the lower drawer. He took up the wrapped manuscript, broke the seals, opened it. As he did so a letter dropped out. With wide, unbelieving eyes he read:

"Mr. Gregory Blake:

"We are much impressed with your novel and are returning it for certain changes. If you care to follow the instructions given below we shall be glad to offer you five thousand dollars for all serial and book rights.

"As to suggestions, we quote as follows—"

Blake read no farther. With choking throat and radiant eyes he burst from the room and dashed up the stairs to where Marjorie was waiting him.

THE AMATEUR CONCERT

By EDWARD C. JOSEPH

I WENT to an amateur concert the other night. I came away with my watch and cuff-links intact, too, which was something to boast of, and as usual, I swore I would never go to another. Probably you are wondering what I went for this time. Well, the fact is, I went for fifty cents. The money was cajoled out of me by a pretty girl in an evaporated skirt, a white hat and a stick, and believe me, she was some cajoler. She tackled the staff at the office, and when she had left, seven tickets and six employees had been sold. The seventh employee was yours truly, who borrowed the money from Jiggs on a loan that has not yet matured.

I forget what deserving object the entertainment was for. I know the fifty cents was sufficient to buy two dollars' worth of something for somebody, which would last them so many months, and that the twenty-five cent seats were up in the gallery, where no one could see me, and what was the object of going to an amateur entertainment if people didn't see you there?

The show was scheduled to begin at eight-fifteen, and so by going in sharp at eight-thirty I had only half an hour to wait. To help pass the time, little girls went around selling booklets of advertisements, which, by an ingenious idea, contained also a paragraph giving the events of the evening. I also bought a frilly box of home-made candy, most of which was adopted by the long-legged youngster sitting in the next seat; but I had the presence of mind to be tying my boot-lace when the flowers came round. However, at last the orchestra took her place and the show began.

The first number was a piano solo, with vocal accompaniment by the audience. Two hats just in front of me agreed that Mrs. Dash's was a very swell affair, but my dear! such a crowd. During the next item I learned that cabbages should be boiled hard without a lid if you don't want them to smell, and also that camphor water is good for ants. This was news to me, as I had always imagined it was bad for them. One learns a lot at an amateur concert.

I don't remember the order of the next few items. I know that the outstanding feature was the intervals—or should one say—were the intervals? These were of various sorts and sizes. Occasionally they ran one interval right after another, but as a rule there was a short space between them during which someone did something. One time a little girl—it was the one who had sold me the frilly candies—came out and told us all about her dolly. It was called Molly, because Molly rhymes better than

Erymtrude, Minehaha or Esmeralda, and it had eyes that opened and shut. I forget the other notable points about the doll, but when the little girl left the stage I heard seven different voices say, "Isn't she cute!"

I woke up just before the principal number of the evening—a piano solo by the famous Signor Leo Polo Maduro, who had consented to play for the benefit of the cause. The curtain rose, and in the deep silence which proceeded from the audience, nothing was heard but the sharp staccato of peanut shells, mingling with the liquid notes of spear-mint.

A man in a black coat appeared from the wings and walked across the stage. I clapped vociferously, but after opening the top of the piano he retired. On the return journey I noticed that his boots squeaked, so concluded he was not the virtuoso, and I was right. After a long time he came on—a long man with long hair and a long tie. "Isn't he cute!" I murmured, but received no answer.

He walked to the piano stool and looked underneath. Finding no one there, he sat down. He seemed absent-minded and drowsy, as though his thoughts were back in his dear old Madrid, amongst the beloved gondolas and victrolas of his youth. His fingers ran idly over the keys, and then through his locks, as though looking for one that would fit. He sat and inkled for another period, and then—my word, what playing! It was the sort of music one hears in dreams. I heard it in my dreams, and thought the firemen were having a run in a thunder-storm. I tried to grab my hat and umbrella at the same time, and it was this that woke me. Seven people, including Herr Madeira, were looking at me, but I retained my presence of mind. I dropped my gamp, murmured, "Isn't he cute!" and again closed my eyes in soulful silence, wondering where the fire had been.

The next feature was down as "Intermission." This is an overgrown interval, during which the ladies chatter, the children patter and the men scatter. I had two long ones with ice in them and felt better.

The remainder of the evening passed pleasantly enough. A gink got up on the stage and announced that Miss Anthrope would be unable to sing, as she had a severe cold, and everybody clapped. I believe both the announcement and the applause are the usual thing at amateur affairs.

This was followed by a duologue between a boy on the stage and the prompter in the wings. The

prompter knew his part the better, and had the clearer enunciation. Time was getting on, as shown by the fact that suburban commuters began looking at their watches every few minutes, so they hurried things a bit. They put on three musicians at a time, and for the next number they even had two people—I mean artists—playing on the same piano at the same time.

The next thing on the programme was called "Good-bye, Tosti." It sounded like one of those flaky breakfast foods, but turned out to be a song by a wide lady in a mauve gown. People seemed to like it, though I should not imagine it was the sort of chorus that would ever become popular enough to be whistled on the street. It was very sad, too, as she started to say good-bye before she was half way through, and long before she really went. As the song progressed it became more and more pathetic. Women on all sides were weeping, and at the last spasm I turned up my coat collar to keep the drips from the gallery off my Chinese laundry. "Isn't it lovely?" sniffed a rain-sodden young lady. "Glorious," agreed her dripping companion, and I offered them my second best hanky to mop up the water with.

I started clapping my hands to keep warm in the damp atmosphere and the broad damsel took it for an encore. Finding that we apparently wanted still more for our fifty cents, she shrugged her shoulders in a coy manner, as though to say, "On your own heads be it," and warbled the Siamese version of Home, Sweet Home. I know that is what it was, because I recognized the tune, and jotted down some of the words, which ran something like this:

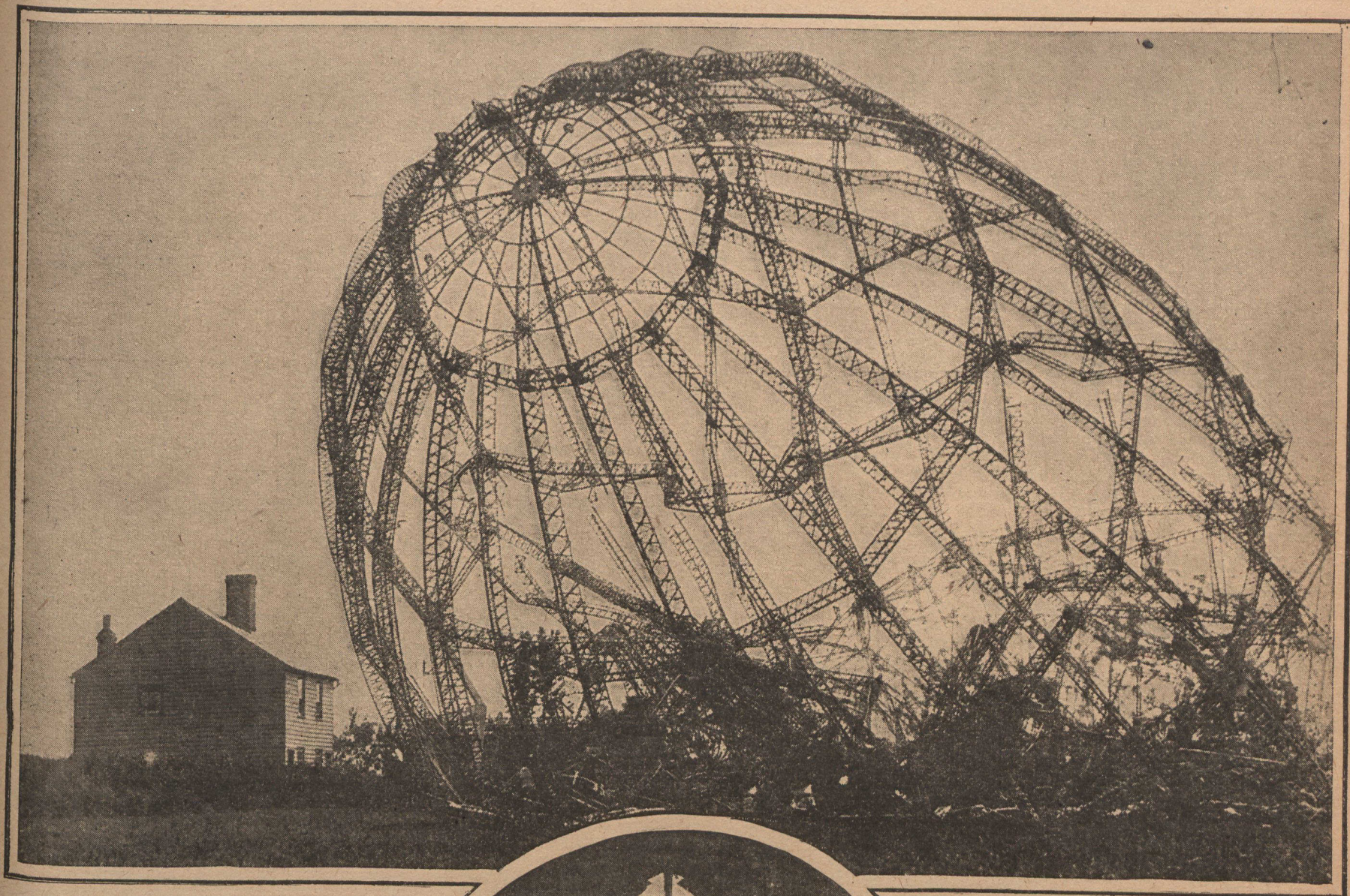
"Mi-hid play sure zand pa-a-lasuz werahaver rye roam,
Bee tavurr so wumbull there snow-hoplay sly comb."

It was very affecting and I was touched. I was touched for a quarter for a two-cent fan by a little girl wearing long curls and undeveloped socks. It reminded me of my happy home, too, the dearest spot on earth—we took up boarding because we found it cheaper.

But hush! she is singing again. It is the same tune set to different noises, but I can distinguish the words "sweet" and "home," which sound very much the same as in English. The song has a wonderful effect on me—it is rarely that music so stirs me. I took my hat, my coat, gamp, two-cent fan, frilly box, advertising sheet and her hint, and went home.

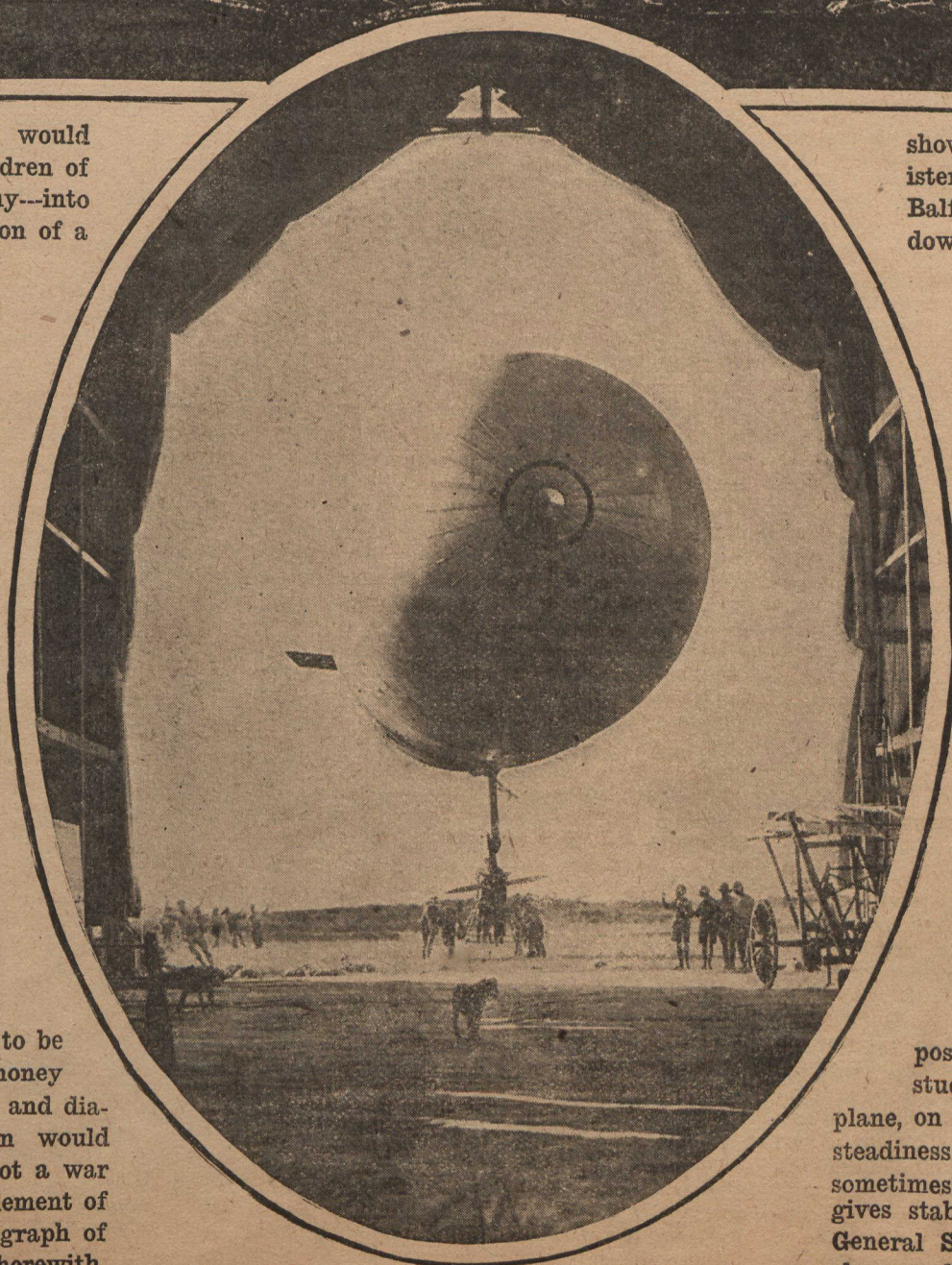
Wasn't I cute?

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT



A BIRD as big as a house would have frightened the children of Jules Verne—if he had any—into a nightmare. Here is the skeleton of a bird whose naturalized name is Zeppelin L, and which was kind enough to land without wanting to right alongside the cottage of a lady who was fond enough of canaries and parrots but had never expected to behold an air monster like this. As may be seen, the children of this English cottage-woman would never have been terrified at any tales of a bird as big as a house. Indeed there was no house in that neighbourhood at all to be compared to the size of that bird.

Such are the marvels of modern war. Any inhabitant of Mars who should happen to drop down near that cottage on any sort of aircraft known to Mars, might be pardoned for thinking that the modern earth-man is a strange creature to be spending his time, talents and money for the creation of such a weird and diabolical device. Any Mars-man would know that such a machine is not a war machine at all, but only an implement of wanton murder. Another photograph of this machine, not published herewith,



shows Hon. David Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions, and Hon. Arthur Balfour, First Lord of the Admiralty, down almost on all fours examining the monster—and well they might.

* *

THE other photograph is of a Zeppelin-like craft used for scouting—in this case on the Salonika front. The monster, which is seen just leaving its hangar, is not an anchored balloon, but a huge combination of gas-bag and aeroplane which is capable of rising to a tremendous height for scouting purposes—but they are not used for the work of sudden death and destruction. They are spies, nothing more nor less, and carry with them nothing more dangerous than operator, observer and instruments for the taking of observations. The captive balloon is the elder brother of this balloon, but not so useful. It stays in a given position as long as it can and can study only a given area. The aeroplane, on the other hand, does not allow for steadiness of observation. It is swift, but sometimes hasty. This balloon, however, gives stability with mobility and enables General Sarrail and his officers to make close studies of the enemy positions.

ROUMANIA IS NOT YET CRUSHED —FAR FROM IT!

LAST week it was said that the struggle in Roumania had become the pivot of the war, and this is even more apparent after another week of fighting. The forces engaged are still small as armies go nowadays, but they will not remain so. Men and munitions are converging upon Roumania from the north, the south, and the west. The Russians are straining every nerve to send help from the north. The Allied forces in the south are moving in a great fan formation, and doing what they can to hold the Bulgarians in front of them, and we are told that the French are sending some of their best strategists to reinforce the skill of the Roumanian commanders. Perhaps these commanders are defective in practical experience rather than in military skill, and it may be that their reverses are no more than those incidental to the beginning of a campaign. Moreover, they may have been overruled by political counsellors. However that may be, we can now see that they made a mistake in invading Transylvania, and that a concentration of their strength would have been much better than the present extension, for which they obviously have not enough men. Under the shelter of the Carpathians and the Alps they would have been comparatively safe from the attacks of Falkenhayn, and they might then have been strong enough to keep the Dobrudja road open for the eastern assault upon Bulgaria in conjunction with the Russians. Almost anything would have been possible to them had they been able to sweep Mackensen to one side and to flood southward to Varna on the Black Sea. But they were not strong enough to do this and also to invade Transylvania, and as a result they have been able to do neither. Although they may presently be able to remedy their misfortunes, their position at the moment is by no means a favourable one.

AT the same time there is no need to exaggerate these misfortunes, and this we are very likely to do if we depend for guidance upon newspaper headlines. Roumania has been foiled in her effort to invade Transylvania, and to a certain extent she has been compelled to fall back to the shelter of the mountains that she ought never to have left. But the struggle here is by no means over, nor need we assume that she must abandon the invasion of Transylvania. At the moment of writing come reports of definite Roumanian successes against the Teutons, and the recapture of certain small positions that were lost in the first rush. These successes are attributed to the Roumanian and Russian cavalry, and it is quite possible that they will be continued. An attempt to predict would be merely foolish, seeing that we have no idea of the relative strength of the armies. Nor have we any means of knowing the extent of the Russian aid that is being sent. It is possible that Roumania will decide to abandon the Transylvania enterprise altogether, and to fall back into her own territory. In that case her position in this respect will be precisely what it was before she went to war. To suppose that the crushing of Roumania is even in sight from anything that has yet happened is wholly unjustified. No real step has been taken toward the crushing of Roumania, although we have an unconfirmed report that a German force has made its way through the passes and is on Roumanian soil. Falkenhayn has been conducting a successful defensive, not offensive. Before he can crush Roumania he must cross the Carpathians in force, and every day of delay means that his difficulties are increased in view of the aid that is being sent from Russia, and the increasing need of the Bulgarians to defend their own southern frontier and to prevent the Serbians from reaching Monastir. The misfortunes of Roumania are evident enough, but they are not disasters, nor anything approaching disasters, whatever they may eventually become.

IT may therefore be repeated that the critical centres of the whole war are in Transylvania and in the Dobrudja. It still seems that the Dobrudja is the more important of the two, and this view is confirmed by the brevity of the bulletins from that part of the field. The bulletins are short, but they speak of a great battle that is still being waged, and of Russian forces that are constantly arriving to sustain the Roumanian line to the south of Constanza. Within a few days it is probable that the struggle will be decided in view of the immense efforts that

*The So-Called German Offensive is
Only Another Defensive Campaign*

By SIDNEY CORYN

are being made to do something final before the coming of winter. If the Allies are successful it will mean that Germany's eastern conquests have been lopped off, and that Bulgaria will be crushed at once. If the Teutons are successful it will mean that their advantage is great from the moral point of view, but not otherwise, seeing that the war in Russia and the west will be just where it was before. As was said last week, the struggle in Roumania is one that is being carried on within the circle and without any necessary effects upon its circumference, except indirect effects. So far as one may judge from the scanty information that is available it would seem that the prospects are more favourable to Roumania than to the Teutons, and this in spite of the marked successes that have attended Falkenhayn's efforts. It is highly unlikely that the Germans can be reinforced to any great extent, while Roumania can be reinforced. Fairly reliable reports say that Falken-

"We may reasonably believe that the Dobrudja is the heart and kernel of the war, and that Russia knows it."

hayn has not more than forty thousand Germans with him, the remainder of his army being made up of Bulgarians and possibly Turks. Probably his successes are due more to his own ability as a commander than to the quality of the men under him. Roumania has been outgeneraled and outwitted, but these are faults that she may be able to remedy when she gets her second breath. The first few weeks of the war saw the Allies being steadily driven southward through France, but they were a long way from being crushed. And Roumania also may be a very long way from the fate of Serbia.

THE importance of the Dobrudja campaign over all others is shown by the announcement of the appointment of the Grand Duke Nicholas to the chief command in that field. Presumably the Turkish situation can be left to itself for the present, in view of the far greater opportunities to Russia that have been opened by Roumanian intervention. Russia's aim is, of course, Constantinople, and it was the intention to approach the Turkish capital by the back door, so to speak, that first led Russia into Asia Minor. Doubtless the advance westward from Erzeroum and Trebizond would have been attempted, in spite of the difficulties of that inhospitable country, but for the new and better road that is now offered through the Dobrudja. Moreover, an advance through the Dobrudja southward must be at the cost of Bulgaria, a much more formidable adversary than Turkey. Naturally we know nothing of the forces that will be placed at the disposal of the Grand Duke, but we may be quite sure that they will be large. He has to meet his old adversary Mackensen and an army that already has successes to its credit. Russia is the most secretive and the most stealthy of all the powers at war. She never indicates her intentions if it is possible to avoid doing so, and she never reports a battle until it is won or lost. But the appointment of the Grand Duke speaks for itself, and it may be said that the obvious facts speak even louder. The Dobrudja is now friendly territory. It connects directly with Bulgaria, and immediately to the south of Bulgaria is Adrianople and the international railroad to Constantinople. The one obstacle is Mackensen, whose lines are drawn right across the Dobrudja to the south of Constanza and who is already being held there and unable to advance. No matter how interesting other parts of the field may be or how tremendous the events transpiring in them, we may reasonably believe that the Dobrudja is the heart and kernel of the war and that

Russia knows it. It is a situation that she will not play with. She will use every man and gun at her command to force her way southward and to sweep Mackensen from her path.

The Russian success of Lutsk, reported under date of October 15th, may be taken as further

evidence of a fact now well established that a special Teuton effort upon any part of the line must mean a corresponding weakening of the line elsewhere. When Austria began her attack upon Italy she drew men from Galicia for that purpose. The Russians at once began their offensive, and with spectacular successes. The Germans drew men from the west in order to mend their Galician fences, and the victorious Allied attack upon the Somme was the result. The new war in the Balkans demanded the supply of a practically fresh German army, and this was largely at the cost of the Teuton lines to the north. Brussiloff at once renews his attack, which has been brought to a standstill, and the first definite bulletin that reaches us speaks of the capture of several lines of German trenches after a "colossal battle of two weeks."

THERE is no need minutely to chronicle the Allied advance in the west or the capture of a succession of small villages that can be found only on automobile maps. Peronne and Bapaume are both in pockets and both can be taken at will. The great military road that joins them is practically in possession of the Allies and is under their guns. With the fall of these two cities the Allied line will be straightened and the pressure will then be continued. But the rate of speed will be increased, since there are no fortifications to the east of these places that can in any way be compared with those that have been already taken at such enormous cost. The reports show that the trenches now confronting the French and British are distinctly inferior. They are described as either ditch trenches or isolated dug-outs strengthened with cement and defended by machine guns.

THE pressure, as has been said, will be continued, but none the less we may confidently expect that new tactics of the most dramatic kind will disclose themselves. No serious effort has yet been made to pierce the German line, nor could there be such an effort in the face of the tremendous fortifications of the front trenches, which have the effect of quadrupling the strength of their defenders. But with those fortifications out of the way, with Bapaume and Peronne taken, we may expect that the policy of pressure against successive points will presently give way to a determined effort to break the line and to roll it up north and south from the two flanks. With inferior trench fortifications the Germans must either summarily retire with the dire dangers attendant on such a retirement, or they must accept battle in the open with inferior numbers and the anxieties caused by their heavy artillery. We need not suppose for a moment that the scope of the Allied offensive in the west will be confined to the present process of blasting their enemies from point to point. Such methods are demanded by heavy fortifications, but they will be unnecessary when those fortifications, now represented by Bapaume and Peronne, have been left behind. So far the British, at least, have been using only a small amount of their available force. They have vast reserves that have hardly yet been in action. But with the Germans in the open we are likely to see these reserves brought into play. They will be hurled against the weakest point in the German line with the view of breaking through at any sacrifice. If a break is once made the attackers will then turn north and south and roll up the German lines. For such an attack every available man would be used to widen the breach and to prevent a re-formation. To suppose that the present monotonous system of attack will continue, that it is intended to continue, is to suppose that the war will go on forever. It is the only possible system of dealing with fortifications, but it will not continue for long when the fortifications have been disposed of. Then we shall see a concentrated attack by the Allied forces upon a single point, not with the object of pushing the German lines back, but of piercing them. When such an attack will be brought it is impossible to say, but it will be brought. To speak of the Allied offensive as exhausting itself, to compare its advance with the

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WHICH DOES MORE FOR MUSIC ?

Have the French-Canadians Kept Up Their End in Production; or Have the Anglo-Canadians Beaten Them?

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

YOU may count on the five lines and four spaces the musicians who, in the past twenty years, have gone from Toronto to music-make in Montreal; and for vice versa you may leave out the spaces. Musically, as yet, these two musical centres have never mixed. Some cantankerous people say they never will. Do not believe them. There are some very interesting differences between the two cities. Until these are understood we shall never begin to get these two musical cities on the same key.

Nobody forgets, of course, that for three seasons grand opera traveled from Montreal to Toronto, and that it was just beginning to capture a big clientele on Lake Ontario when it went off the road. Foreign artists did that. Though it happens that a few of them—such as Edmond Clement and Beatrice LaPalme were French-Canadian. And if the whole French contingent in those two companies had been cradled on the St. Lawrence, Toronto would have paid its good money as gladly as it did to hear Parisian Huberty and the other dozen or so.

Thus far the compliment comes from Toronto, which, of course, never had opera companies to send to Montreal, or there might have been reciprocity. That may yet happen. Much depends on which is to be considered the ultimate centre of music in Canada, and what makes a centre musical anyway?

One wonders what would have happened had the Mendelssohn Choir ever advertised a concert in Montreal, as well as in New York, Boston, and Chicago. I have always thought there would be a crush to hear it. Of course there is no good music hall of large size in Montreal, and a big choir might find it difficult to perform in a theatre. Two years ago we were within an ace of sending the Choir down there as part of its European itinerary. The war prevented.

Neither do we remember that the Toronto Symphony Orchestra ever played more than once in Montreal on the occasion of the second visit of the Sheffield Choir. Certainly Prof. Goulet's orchestra never went to Toronto. It is a fact, however, that for more than one season the two most celebrated old music masters in Montreal went to Toronto to hear the Mendelssohn Choir sing the Verdi Requiem. Those two fraternizing old musicians are Prof. Guillaume Couture and Mons. Octave Pelleteier, respectively maitre de chappelle and organist of the great St. James Cathedral. Couture is himself a chorus-master, having for years led the Oratorio Society in Montreal. He is a fine old character, pupil of the great Cesar Franck, student in Paris, composer and professor of singing and advocate of opera for the masses.

BUT to make random comparisons between the two provinces would lead nowhere. We must recognize in the beginning certain interesting differences. First of all, let us estimate how many of the really dominant music masters in both Toronto and Montreal were Canadian by birth. Take a random census from half a dozen cities of Anglo and French Canada. Begin with Toronto. Who are the native-born dominants there? Vogt, Welsman, Forsyth, Seitz, Blachford, Frank Smith—speaking of men only—Atkinson, Ruthven McDonald, Blight, Dixon, Jeffers. There are others. These will illustrate. But let me name the leaders who are non-Canadian born. Take them by countries.

England—Willan, Leo Smith, Ham, Broome, Coombs, Torrington, Dalton Baker, Galloway, Fairclough.

Scotland—Tattersall, Cringan, the two Bruces.

France—Mons. Vigneti (recent), Carboni.

Russia—Boris Hambourg, Hesselberg.

United States—Paul Wells, Morenzo, Furlong.

Italy—Morando.

Austria—Von Kunits (naturalized Canadian).

Denmark—Viggo Kihl, Rudolf Larsen.

You may take a similar census in Winnipeg and find just about the same 25 per cent. ratio of native-born Canadians prominent in music. Take Calgary, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver—and find the same. Eastward in Halifax and St. John there is some difference. Perhaps the proportion there is 50 per cent.—with the other half English.

In Anglo-Canada, then, who are the majority of chief music-makers? Plainly, not Canadian-born. We do not say they are not Canadians. A man's nationality is judged ultimately and in the main by the work he does. Probably most of these importees will remain in Canada. We hope so, because the chief part of their business after all is the production of native-born musicians and Canadian music for

Canadians. I anticipate some objection here. Some will say that Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen are not properly imported; that they belong to the same musical scheme, and that one might include Australians, South Africans and Hindus in the same category. But that would be foolish. Music, if anything, is universal. The men who bring to us the best music from continental Europe are as necessary as British-born musicians or even native-born Canadians. And unless we recognize this fact in art we may as well bid good-night to our musical development.

What we are really trying to determine is the comparative actual value of the native-born musicians in Anglo and French Canada. And on this head we must admit candidly that the overwhelming preponderance belongs to the French-Canadian. In Montreal and Quebec you do not find in any marked percentage the British-born musician. You may find a few Frenchmen—but very few. Of Americans, Italians, Scandinavians, Austrians, Germans—scarcely any. The overwhelming majority of musicians in the Province of Quebec were born in that Province. Couture, Pelletier, Gagnon, Dussault, Laliberte, LaPalme, de Seve, Donald—name more would be merely to make a directory—are all French-Canadians. And it is these people who direct the musical life of French Canada; though we admit that McGill Conservatorium contains a number of British-born and Canadian musicians.

WITH this broad distinction recognized, we are on the road to understanding a certain kind of separatism between the musical life of Anglo and French Canada. Anglo-Canada has always admitted that it must import most of its music or go without. French-Canada has always believed that French-Canadians were able to furnish most of the music necessary in the evolution of that province.

No doubt they have succeeded. We must not be deluded into imagining that the musical art of French Canada is in any way barren, meagre or unc cosmopolitan. First of all, French-Canadians have won distinction abroad. Beginning with Albani, we may add Lavallee, composer of O Canada, Clemon, LaPalme, deSeve, Paul Dufault, Donald, Eva Gauthier, Djane Lavoie. These are enough. It may be claimed that Quebec's contribution to the honour roll of Canadian musicians abroad is not bigger than that of Anglo-Canada or of all Canada that is not French-Canadian. When we come to count the others, who are there? Burke, from Montreal (Irish descent), Mockridge, tenor; Eugene Cowles, from the Eastern Townships, famous in the old Bostonians; Ed. Johnson, operatic tenor, who starred in New York and Milan; Harry Field, pianist, in Germany; Clarence Lucas, who may be taken to balance Lavallee in composition and is still in New York; Kathleen Parlow, violinist, born in Calgary; Edvina, operatic diva, born in Victoria; Hollinshead, lyric and dramatic tenor, who, by the time this gets into print, will be established in New York; Edith Miller, from Portage, since somewhat famous in Chicago grand opera; Florence Easton, born in Toronto, starring with the Savage Opera companies; Evelyn Starr, violinist, from Nova Scotia; Elizabeth Campbell (Madelene Carreno) now with the San Carlo Opera. This list includes only those who have ceased to live in Canada, not those who have become recognized across the border and still pay taxes here.

It is a matter for expert judges to decide which of these two contingents has been the more valuable in the world of music outside of Canada. We may safely declare the score just about even and begin to examine the domestic end of the problem. French-Canadians have staked off for themselves a great part of musical French-Canada so far as individual work is concerned. By so doing they have kept non-Canadians out. That may or may not be a good thing, but it is a fact. French-Canadians have studied in Paris and Belgium and have come back to enrich the musical life of their own province from the studios of Europe. Anglo-Canadians have gone largely to England, Germany and Austria for the same purpose. The motive in each case was different. The French-Canadian had a racial art to conserve. That art

began with the old chansons more numerous than the folk-songs of most European countries. It comes to a climax in the brilliant work done by French-Canadians in vocal and instrumental performance, in teaching, in opera, in church music. That racial development in music is based upon a well-diffused love of music in Quebec. We believe that as a race French-Canadians are more temperamentally musical than Anglo-Canadians—born in Canada. We also believe that they have come to a certain valuable development without having the genius for organization and commercial expansion in music that is such a characteristic of Canada outside of Quebec.

Here we are on the edge of a most interesting problem that is only capable of a sketch outline in this article, whose intention is not so much to settle a question as to suggest its most obvious features. It would be foolish to argue that Quebec has done as much to organize modern music as a national asset as all Canada outside of Quebec. Her population is less than half—about two-fifths of the total, perhaps equal to the Anglo-Canadian. But even on this basis she has done less to organize music.

And what is meant by organizing music? In the main just one thing, getting the music over to the people. This takes a variety of forms. Suppose we begin commercially in the matter of manufacturing instruments. Ontario makes half a dozen or more high-grade pianos and as many or more lower grades. You find the distributing branches of these firms in Montreal. Quebec does not make pianos; not to any extent worth mentioning commercially.

Why does Ontario lead North America on a basis of population in the making of pianos, while Quebec is just about at the bottom of the lot? Some critical person remarks:

"It's very simple. Ontario's piano industries were organized by Germans."

He points to the names Nordheimer, Heintzman, Gerhard Heintzman, Mason and Risch for confirmation. There is some truth on the critic's side. The same might be said about the name Steinway, which long ago became world-famous. The Steinways sold in Canada and the United States are made in America. The pianos of German name sold in Canada are made in Canada, by Canadians, with Canadian capital, paying wages to Canadians and sold to Canadians in competition with best makes from any country. The German name is a relic. But there are other leading pianos that have non-German names. Take the Gourlay, the R. S. Williams, the Bell, the Newcombe, and the Karn.

The real fact is that French-Canadian genius does not run strongly to modernized manufacturing of any sort except in a very few lines, chief among which is the pipe-organ. Quebec originated and makes one of the finest pipe-organs in the world. The Casavant organ began many years ago in a little blacksmith shop. It is now world-famous, the one organ that Anglo-Canadians naturally buy for churches, music halls, convocation halls, theatres and other places. It is exported to the United States. The great organ builders of Europe with a thousand years of virtuosity behind them are in nothing but very minor details better than the Casavant, which is entirely as to origin, capital and with a very few exceptions as to actual workmen, absolutely French-Canadian, the product of the town of St. Hyacinthe, on the Yamaska.

CONSIDER the case of choral societies. In all Quebec there are but one or two, and these almost relics. Toronto alone has more public choristers than all Quebec ever had. There is no organizing musical genius in Quebec capable of producing one Mendelssohn Choir, the work of a Canadian-born among Canadians and Britishers. There is in Quebec no such organization as the Elgar Choir, in Hamilton, conducted by a Canadian, Bruce Carey. Quebec has no chorus equal to the National, organized by Dr. Ham, Englishman; none equal to the Schubert Choir, led by H. M. Fletcher, Canadian-born; none equal—when it is before the public—of the Oratorio Society, under the baton of Dr. Broome, Englishman. Add to these the two choral societies of Winnipeg, the Oratorio, under J. J. Moncrieff, and the Elgar, under Dr. Vinen; the Festival Choir, of Edmonton, led by Barford, Englishman; the Arion Society, of Victoria, and the numerous societies in at least a dozen cities and towns on the prairies, conducted in many cases by Englishmen, in some cases by Canadian-born.

It takes a Saxon strain to develop choral organizations. The Gallic idea runs very little to singing.

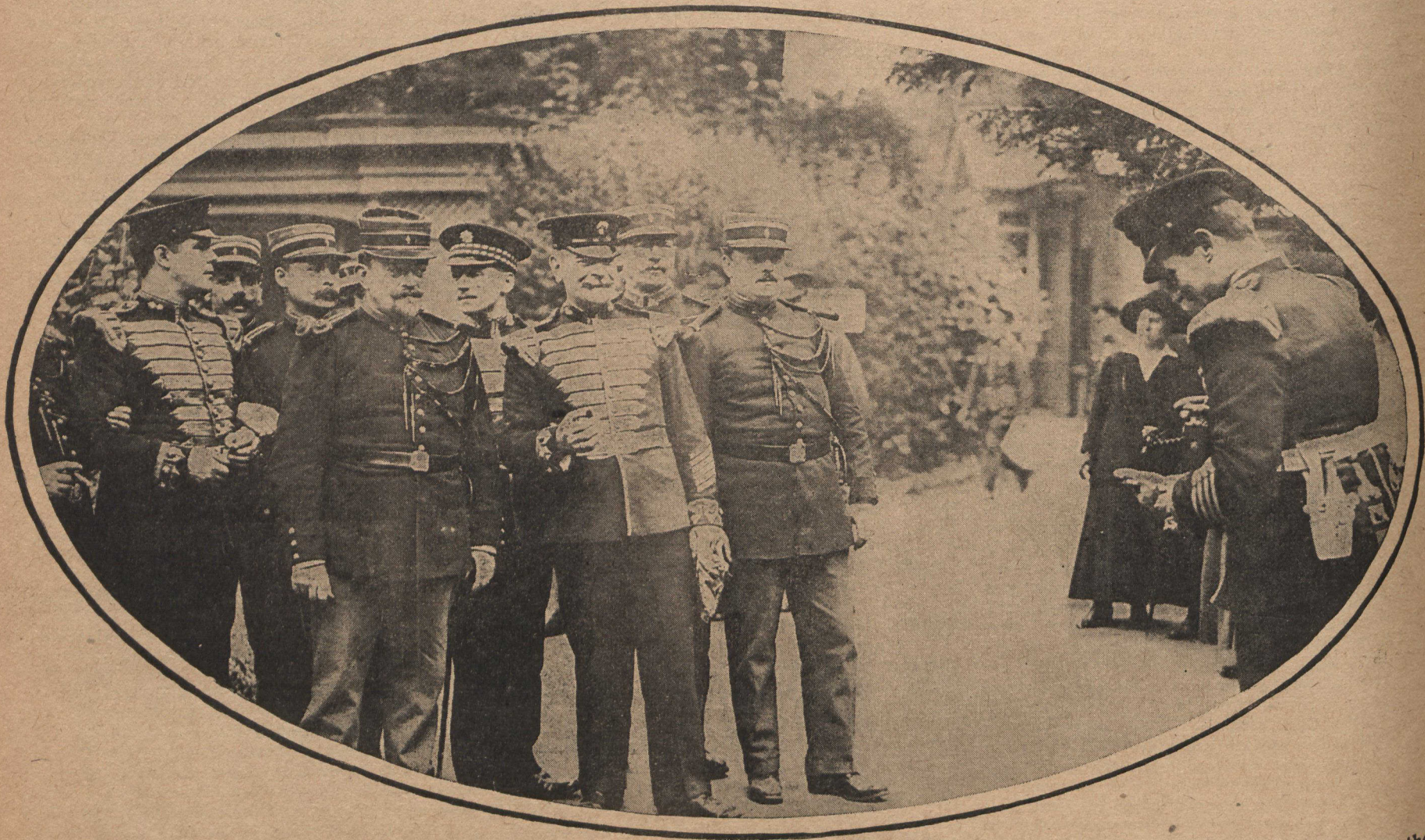
festivals. Even the Welsh Eisteddfods, that have been held in Toronto and the West are foreign to the French idea.

In the matter of music schools, also, Anglo-Canada is far and away in the lead. In this respect there is now no chance that Quebec will ever catch up. The conservatory and the college in Anglo-Canada are a commercial art institution capable of being advertised and pushed like any other business. In Quebec they are very largely departments of the church schools, which do excellent work, but not by open competition, as in non-French Canada. Here,

again, the McGill Conservatory is an exception—and largely Anglo-Canadian.

Evangelically, Anglo-Canada has occupied new territories with musicians, societies, ideas and musical instruments as Quebec has never attempted to do. French-Canada, we may now repeat, has staked off for itself as much of Quebec as it might for its own racial preserve. In that preserve the French-Canadian genius for popular music has done a big work; a work which, on racial lines, has been achieved in no other part of Canada. And as a purely Canadian achievement it is in a class by itself. How far that

racial and patriotic movement in music can be made useful in modern Canada is a problem yet to be solved. Personally, we incline to the belief that a better exchange of ideas and a more mutual musical effort will be a step in advance, and to the prediction that when the era of really cosmopolitan and world-wide music in this country sets in the genius of the French-Canadian for most of the humanizing forms of music will be one of our most valuable assets in art. As part of that movement the fraternizing of Montreal and Toronto will be necessary and inevitable.



The celebrated band of Le Garde Republicaine recently played in the parks of London. We assume that they played Rule Britannia as an encore to La Marseillaise. Some of the bandsmen are here being snap-

shotted by a British Guardsman. Over ten years ago, thanks to the enterprise of French-Canadian musicians, including Prof. Guillaume Conturo, this band played in Montreal on its way back from St. Louis.

WHAT THE AUTOMOBILE OWES TO THE PIANO

NOBODY will ever compute what the automobile owes to the piano any more than it is possible to reckon what the airship owes to the motor-car. On the face of it the motor-booster says, of course,

"Ridiculous! What's a motor-car got to do with a piano, anyhow?"

As the poet Cowper said, so pregnantly, "Much."

A piano, to be sure, has no wheels, no carbureter, no magneto, no exhaust, no spark-plug—though it has transmission gear. Mechanically you could not get two instruments more unlike than the piano and the car, except a wheel-barrow and a Taube.

But we are not speaking of mechanics. First of economics; second of expression.

Observe—that the piano was the first high-class expensive thing that the whole family united to buy on the concession line, the town street or the city avenue. The sensation in Hamer Jenkins' household and community when his three girls conspired to seduce him into getting the first piano in the settlement were probably profounder and more lasting than those conferred by the buying of a family's first motor-car. This, of course, will be denied by the motor fan. But it stands.

That \$400 piano stood for a bigger outlay of capital according to visible supply than almost any motor-car ever bought. It took Jenkins 4.5 years to pay for it. But the paying for it wasn't the chief thing.

Observe the first effect. Everybody within three farms went over to Jenkins' the very first evening

By THE EDITOR

to hear and see the new piano. And for most of a year afterwards the Jenkins home was the centre of the community.

I know that never happened when the first motor-car was bought in that same settlement thirty years later—by the son of Hamar Jenkins. Two or three fellows dropped over to have a look; but they had been on speaking terms with bigger cars than that long ago, and were rather cynical. One or two of them got in for a twirl up the road. After the first week, John Jenkins' motor-car was no more novelty than anybody else's; and in fact before Jenkins learned to drive it somebody else got one a mile up the road.

Furthermore, the car took the family away from home; off to the lake or some other place where other people were leaving home. Maybe that's one of the good things about a car. It's the best home-buster in the world. The piano is just the opposite. It pulls the home together. It was the first thing that ever made Jenkins' rather elaborate front parlour become a regular rendezvous. And it was the first thing the family ever got that united them all in something suggestive of a bigger world beyond them. The motor-car, of course, takes people a

hundred miles or so in a day. In a single evening the piano, played as so many young folk can play it nowadays with modern teaching, is capable of transporting a whole roomful of people to worlds invisible.

But that's the romance of the piano. And I only wanted to point out a few ways in which the motor-car, the present-day admitted necessity for half the people, owes a big debt to the instrument that became the first need of a community outside its own everyday affairs. In the development of recent civilization these two have been among the most humanizing agents, and they have followed similar courses in evolution—with this main difference:

THE motor car began with the big car—like the self-binder. The piano began with the harpsichord and developed into the present-day concert grand with all its variations into parlour, boudoir and baby grands, and from the old square into the upright. The piano was a steady evolution. The motor car flew before it learned to walk, with the result that the old cumbersome juggernaut that used to scare horses and paralyze people fifteen years ago had to be discarded in favour of more practical machines capable of meeting the diversified needs of a great variety of people.

It was in the main the people who had been educated to spend money for pianos that were afterwards educated into doing it for motor-cars. Spending money for luxuries that afterwards become

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IS THERE A RAILWAY MUDDLE ?

First of a Series of Articles on the Railway Situation in Canada, intended to give by plain talk and clear thinking, a concise statement of the Railway side of the case

By C. PRICE GREEN

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would pay and the other half thought it would not. Those who admired a certain statesman and belonged to a particular party held one view, and those who distrusted that statesman and belonged to another party held the opposite view. Few on either side ever troubled themselves to get any first hand information about the road itself or to pass judgment in a fair and comprehensive way.

Perhaps the railway companies themselves are somewhat to blame. They have seldom addressed themselves to the general public. On the other hand, there has been a good deal of uninformed argument, sometimes purposely misleading. Party controversy, even in quite recent years, has raged around the construction of this or that railway, and extravagant statements have been made in the heat of a political campaign.

At the same time, we believe Canadian people are quite able to digest well considered information and to arrive at a correct conclusion if the facts are laid before them. It is the intention in a series of articles, of which this is the foreword, to assemble the facts and to present what we believe to be a fair statement of the railway situation. In so doing we may shock some preconceived prejudices or impressions by the frankness with which we will deal with some of the points in controversy, and in this connection we promise to relate some unwritten history. Some facts will be presented of whose verification there can be no doubt, which will appear in print for the first time. We have

no pet theory to advocate, and we are not going to prescribe any panacea for the body politic. We are going to tell the truth. We are going to express ideas that we think are clear, and express them in language that cannot be misunderstood. The articles will deal concisely with the railway situation as a whole and various phases of it. We only ask the public to read the articles in the spirit in which they are written, coming to no hasty conclusion, but wait and see just what we have to present.

There is, as we have said, an impression that our whole railway situation is a jumble; that mileage has been constructed through regions where traffic could never originate and that in more likely districts there has been wasteful duplication. We are constantly told if some master designer had mapped out a railway system for Canada forty years ago and all construction had been devoted to developing that plan that we would have to-day less mileage, and better service at considerably less cost. This proposition may or may not be sound, because its correctness all turns on the wisdom and foreknowledge of the imaginary designer. Certainly if such a plan had been made, say fifty years ago, it probably would not have provided for construction west of Lake Superior. If it had been made only twenty years ago, there might have been no provision for Eastern Canada north of the main line of the Canadian Pacific.

Our three big railway systems became transcontinental with the approval, we might almost say, by the command of parliament. The men who built the Canadian Pacific could only earn their grants of money and land by crossing the "sea of mountains" and establishing a port on the Pacific. The Grand Trunk Pacific wanted to make North Bay their eastern terminus, but parliament said the road must go from sea to sea and actually constructed as a national public work the line between Moncton and Winnipeg. It was the Parliament of Canada which, in 1911, declared it to be necessary and expedient for Canada to have a third transcontinental railway extending from tidewater on the St. Lawrence to tidewater on the Pacific Coast. Still it may be that there has been some extravagance in railway construction. (Concluded on page 17.)

IS it not time for a little plain talking and clear thinking respecting the Canadian railways, their history, their development, their achievements and their future? Some may say there has already been a good deal of plain talking. There has been, it is true, no little declamation, but the "plain talking" we have in mind is the talking that makes a subject clearly understood, and it must always be preceded and accompanied by clear thinking.

The man on the street is apt to tell you that the whole railway situation is a "jumble" that we have more roads than we need, that they have cost too much, that they are laid down in the wrong places. But the "jumble" or mix-up in the public mind upon these and kindred subjects, is due, we think, to all the facts not being known, or if known not being really understood.

Few men, we venture to think, approach the problem with open minds, determined to master the facts, and reach a fair and accurate conclusion. There is a "group consciousness" which often passes for public opinion. Real public opinion is, of course, a deliberate judgment reached upon examination of all the evidence obtainable. But a good many ideas are impressed upon the consciousness of a community, nobody knows exactly how or why, and they are assumed to be true. Thus for years it was generally believed that wheat would not grow west of Lake Superior, and a good many people still have the notion that all Ontario north of Muskoka is moor, rock and glen. Somebody says this or that section of the country will never be any good except for mining. He may have no personal knowledge about the matter he is discussing, but he speaks as one with authority. A second repeats the statement, a third, and a fourth. By mere dint of repeating the same statement to one another over and over again individuals who have no personal knowledge of the subject may form what is called the "public opinion" of a community.

Then, unfortunately, railways and railway construction have from time to time been more or less entangled in the mesh of party politics. There was a time, not many years ago, when half the people of Canada thought that a certain railway enterprise

THE PATRIOTIC PILGRIMAGE TO QUEBEC

THE recent fraternal visit of the Ontario business men to idyllic Quebec was one of those all-too-rare strokes of statesmanship which amount to a display of genius. It was so simple

that the marvel is that it was not thought of long ago. Its beneficial results could have been predicted with certainty and in detail. Any journalist who knows his Quebec and his Ontario citizen, could almost have written the report of this pilgrimage before it occurred. The gracious and winning hospitality of Quebec has always been there, awaiting just such opportunities to reveal itself. The openness of the frank-eyed and receptive Ontario thinking man to the genial sunshine of true and sincere friendliness is one of the finest characteristics of our English-speaking people. Prejudice of a dangerous virulence can only grow in Canada by "absent treatment."

OF course, the pilgrims loved Quebec. Who could escape that fascination, once they exposed themselves to its seductive influence? It is the common history of the human race that the Latin peoples have ever won the love of their more northerly neighbours. Even the Goth and the Vandal who descended upon Italy in no gentle spirit, tarried to companion with the courteous representatives of a finer civilization whom they found there, blended themselves with that attractive people, and in the end fell into—though not before—the arms of their "conquerors." The Visigoths who plunged so ruthlessly into Spain, suffered the same fate. During the last century or so, France has been the chief representative of this charm; and it has been well said that "every man has two native countries, that in which he was born, and France." To-day, the appeal for the Allies in neutral countries is very largely an appeal to the universal popularity of the French people. It is bleeding France that attracts their sympathetic championship.

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THOSE who do not know Quebec are in the habit of saying that there is a wide difference between the French of our own country and the captivating French of Old France. In order to say this with a free conscience, it is also necessary not to know Old France. I hear it mostly from folk who think that the French people of Europe were properly represented by the Boulevard types before the war. The fierce fires of the war have, however, dispelled this superficial libel upon the French of France. All the world knows them to-day for what the few who really knew them in the past always knew them to be. There was no surprise at the heroism, the steady devotion, the firm nerves, the deathless patriotism of the French people among those who had studied their France north of the Place de Clichy and south of the Rue de Rivoli.

THOSE who have sunned themselves in Normandy orchards know that the French of Quebec are very like their forebears. Those who have enjoyed the privilege of penetrating into the homes of our Quebec French know that they have all the vivacity, all the quick and elusive wit, all the grace of gesture and mobility of countenance, all the charm of manner, we associate with the French character. Of course, not all French are vivacious; any more than all English people are incurably imperturbable. These national generalizations are apt to be disappointing if you insist upon every representative of a race being a "type." There are all sorts of Frenchmen just exactly as there are all sorts of Englishmen. But I think I am within the mark when I say that the French of Quebec are probably more nearly

like the French of Northern France than the English of Ontario are like the English of any other part of England. Yet two centuries and more, as well as the Atlantic, divide the French from their Motherland.

HOWEVER, we are talking about the French of Quebec as they are—and as the Ontario pilgrims found them. They found them gracious and kindly. They found them most desirous of living on good terms with their fellow Canadians of English origin. They found them unaggressive. The legendary picture of Quebec trying to impend over Canada and impose its institutions on the English Provinces, is so far from the reality as to be supremely ridiculous. Of course, when a French Canadian moves his family to another Province, he likes to worship God in the manner to which he has been accustomed, and he does not like to find that his language is regarded as a pest by the educational authorities. But he has not the remotest notion of interfering with anybody else in their worship or educational systems. He does not try to interfere with them in his own Province where he has an overwhelming majority.

AS for his fascination as a fellow human being, I have never known any English-speaking person, who came really in contact with him, to resist it. Only by isolation, either of body or spirit, is this to be safely accomplished. I recall some of my own earlier experiences. I was walking through the Laurentian country one day with a friend who had occasion to go into a farm house on business. I waited outside on the road. In a few moments, I heard a gentle voice addressing me from the gateway. There was an old lady with feeble hands and deeply wrinkled face—a grandmother of the old sort—not the kind they have now-a-days—carrying an old-fashioned black hair-cloth chair of an equally

(Concluded on page 28.)

HALLOWE'EN HUSBANDS

Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en,
Apples roasting in the heat,
Corn a-popping,
Pumpkins glowing,
Cider flowing full and sweet!
Thought I saw a witch or two
Pass the window—didn't you?

By ESTELLE M. KERR

TO enjoy Hallowe'en you must believe in fairies, ghosts and witches, and it seems reasonable that on the eve of All Saints' Day, the evil spirits should unite for a final orgie of mischief. If when a mysterious tap is heard at the window, or you find that your door mat has been spirited away, you immediately suspect the little boy next door, you had much better go to bed early, and try to forget that it is the last night in October. Hallowe'en was never meant to be celebrated in the incredulous city, for fairies, as everyone knows, much prefer the country. So must everyone in this season of the year when the leaves are turning from gold to russet-brown and the last apples are gathered and the corn shelled and put away for the winter. It is the very nicest time of the year, and the best place to spend it is at Aunt Mary's.

AUNT MARY has an open mind on the subject of fairies.

"Well, I don't know," she says, "but I'm telling you just what my mother told me, and she came from Ireland. It isn't every family in Ireland that has fairies, but there were two in ours. On my grandfather's side there was a little woman in red who used to appear before a death, and on my grandmother's side there was a leprechaun. I never saw either of them, but my brother once saw the leprechaun—a wee bit of a man not more than twelve inches high—he tripped him up one day when he was out riding."

Then would follow wondrous tales, till we children thoroughly believed in ghosts and witches, and would cuddle down very timorously that night into the feather beds and draw the gay patchwork quilts well above our ears. And dream! There are no nightmares quite so wild as those that gallop through young brains on Hallowe'en, and this is not wholly due to the shock of having small cousins in false faces spring suddenly from behind a curtain, the nuts, apples and Aunt Mary's wonderful Hallowe'en cake have something to do with it.

RAISINS, nuts and frosting were not the chief attractions of that cake. It was able to foretell, in some mysterious way, the future of everyone. A ring, a thimble, a five-cent piece, foretold marriage, celibacy or wealth. But such a meagre dole of fortunes would leave somebody out and Aunt Mary would not hear of our lacking anything, even a career or a possible husband, if she could provide it, and so there were little bits of rags scattered through the cake as well—a black rag for a doctor, white for a clergyman, brown for a lawyer, blue for a sailor, and red for a soldier. But one greedy little girl confused prophecy by obtaining both a thimble and a clergyman, so Aunt Mary had to settle the dispute which followed.

"It is whichever you got first, my dear."

"But that's the thimble—a clergyman would be better than nothing!"

"There are plenty worse things than being an old maid. Learn to be a useful woman and don't bother your head about husbands."

SHE is not a real aunt; she is not even a real mother, but her heart so overflows with kindness that she is Aunt Mary to everyone, and Uncle Dave shares her popularity with all the would-be nephews and nieces. He can carve a pumpkin lantern better than anyone, and his bushy whiskers look particularly fearsome beneath a false-face, though anything milder than Uncle Dave's real countenance is impossible to conceive. We were a healthy lot of youngsters, who cared nothing for matrimonial prospects, but, as all Hallowe'en games seemed to deal with that subject, the older girls became curiously interested. They would peel their apples carefully and throw the skin over their left shoulder. It was quite easy to decipher in it one of the initials of the boy they fancied for the moment. Barbara even started to walk backwards down the steep and tortuous cellar stairs, and had not the young man who was waiting to appear behind her shoulder held out a pair of strong young arms to catch her as she fell, there would have been a case of incendiarism, as well as of sudden death.



NAMING nuts is a very old custom, for Robert Burns tells about it:

"The auld guidwife's weel-hordet nits
Are round and round divided;
And mony lads and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided;
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa' with saucy pride,
And jump out owre the chimley,
Fu' high that night."

In case you are sceptical, let me tell you that in Barbara's case, at least, the prophecies were realized. When we named nuts for her the one called Dick always burned and blazed beside hers, while the others jumped. If she ate an apple before a mirror at midnight she was sure to see his vision over her left shoulder. She even saw his likeness in the cabbage plucked blindfold from the field behind the barn, though the rest of us could see no resemblance in ours. We were materially interested, however, in the quantity of earth clinging to the stalk which showed the amount of our dowries. The old Scotch custom is to lay the stalk behind the outer door of the house and the first person to enter next morning will be your future husband—a most dangerous proceeding, unless you are in love with the milkman or the postman.

BARBARA was seventeen, and Dick was always on hand to see that everything pointed in his direction. Only the fortune cake spoke falsely, Barbara thought, for Dick was not a soldier, as the red rag said. Yet when they were married, not so very long ago, the groom wore khaki. Barbara even tried the hemp-seed test. Stealing out unexpectedly, she sowed a handful of hemp, harrowing it into the ground with a stick and repeating over and over the prescribed rite:

"Hemp-seed, I sow thee, hemp-seed, I sow thee; he that is to be my true love come after me and pull thee."

Then she looked over her shoulder, and there was Dick, who did not take long to notice Barbara's absence from the company, diligently pulling the hemp.

IT is quiet now at Aunt Mary's, with all the boys away. Lucy, the adopted child, is now a big girl, the only one left to help Uncle Dave in the fields. Aunt Mary is knitting every spare moment, and she makes us knit, too.

"How can you sit there reading," she says, "when the boys in the trenches have their toes sticking through their socks! . . . Now, you see, girls, what I always told you: there is no use bothering your heads about husbands. If a good man comes

along, well and good, but the main thing is to be useful women. Who would want a husband now: a poor thing that couldn't go, or a bad thing that wouldn't go, or be like Barbara, white and anxious all the time? Better be strong and cheerful when there is so much work to do and so few to do it."

AS we sit around the log fire on Hallowe'en we roast chestnuts, but we do not name them aloud. War has not stilled all romance and, being young, we are hopeful. We look up at the photos along the mantel shelf of Aunt Mary's boys—all in khaki with little silk flags stuck in their frames. Aunt Mary is comparatively content now, for her dearest boys are safely wounded in England. They write to her constantly and she reads their letters aloud:

"The English girls are so good to the wounded boys," writes Tom, who enlisted at seventeen. "As soon as they are well enough to go out the girls take them to their homes and give them a real good time. I expect I'll soon be having my fun like the rest, and then back to Canada (minus a foot), and you and Uncle Dave and Lucy and all our good times again."

"Bless their little English hearts," says Aunt Mary. "Listen to that girl! You have lots of convalescent homes in the city. Do you try to make it nice for the boys who have done their part, and take them for walks and drives, or do you spend your time with the men of the fourth contingent. They are more attractive to look at, to be sure, but remember, we called them slackers a year ago!"

THERE is a ghost that haunts the road that leads to Devil's Creek, not far from Aunt Mary's. In the good old days we used to go there, but he never appeared, except for Barbara. Aunt Mary never saw it, nor Uncle Dave, but they know it is there, for Jack, the old white horse, usually, as gentle as a lamb, reared and plunged suddenly in the very spot where the murder took place years ago. Ever so many people have seen it, and we all know its movements, for it crawls across the road on its hands and knees, just as the murdered man did long before, and then haltingly along the fence and so vanishes. Barbara sees it sometimes now in her dreams.

BUT we aren't all gloom on Hallowe'en. The little boys from the neighbouring farm are up to all sorts of tricks with their tick-tacks and pumpkin lanterns, and Aunt Mary lets us lay aside our knitting long enough to have a taffy-pull. All the taffy, or nearly all, is to be sent to the boys.

"I wish we could send them the pumpkin pies, too," says Aunt Mary, "and a lantern or two to frighten the Germans."

The taffy sticks to our clothes and burns our fingers, just as it did in the good old days, it even gets caught in our hair, and we laugh and chatter till Aunt Mary says, "Hush!" for Barbara's baby is asleep upstairs. Then a silence falls and we gather around the sweet-smelling fire, piled high with corn cobs, while Uncle Dave tells us of a prank they played on the school-master when he was a boy.

The school-master was a poor man with a large family, but he put on a lot of style and always appeared at school nicely dressed. He had only one white shirt, which his wife had washed the night before and hung on the line, intending to get up early in the morning to iron it, but the boys found it and put it on the old cow, tying the sleeves under her chin. Then they took the wheels off the school-master's buggy and lifted it on top of the barn. Then they carried the wheels up and put them on the buggy. In the morning the wife got up and no shirt could be found, the school-master got up and his buggy was gone! Finally he started to walk to school in his night shirt with his coat buttoned up to his chin, and when he had gone a little way he looked back and there was his buggy astride the roof of the barn.

SUCH strenuous tasks are not for the boys that are left. A misplaced gate or two is all the damage.

"Not so in Ireland," says Aunt Mary. "War or no war, there are always the leprechauns! If the boys would only let the fairies mind their own business, we'd hear of some pranks worth talking about on Hallowe'en. Now-a-days, people only want to give parties. That's no way to celebrate Hallowe'en! Shucks!" says Aunt Mary.

MUSICAL CANADIANS ON RECORD

Boris Hambourg and Redferne Hollinshead, who have both been before the Sound Film-graph in New York, find it a Tough Proposition

ANY musical aspirant for earthly immortality in music might drop a line of inquiry to Boris Hambourg, the Russo-Anglo-Canadian 'cellist virtuoso, head of the Hambourg Conservatory. Boris has had ten years of intermittent record-making. His first was in London. His second instalment was in New York. There have been no others. Boris has played considerable of a repertoire for these reproducing machines. Some of his best known are: Schumann's "Traumerel," Popper's "Papillon," Massenet's "Elegie," and several of my own compositions.

Perhaps you have never heard him in actuality. If so, you will not need to be told that he ranks among the half dozen headliners for the 'cello at present living; that he has for years been a sort of discoverer on his instrument; that he has dug up a number of rare old masterpieces germane to the 'cello, and has a sort of natural affinity for all the lyric material belonging to that instrument. He is the master of an exceedingly brilliant style, both in tone and technique. Sometimes he almost violinizes on the 'cello, believing that the near-bass instrument never was meant to be always groping among the indigos and the blacks.

Now, that is a fortunate circumstance for his playing of records. Next to the bass viol the 'cello is probably the hardest string instrument to transmit to a record, because of its native sombreness of tone in the lower register. Boris, one imagines, would approach the torture-chamber of the record machine with perfect poise.

"At my ease?" he repeated to the Courier interviewer, who tried to work the record game on him another way. "In front of that dastardly funnel poking its maw out of a curtain as genially as a Long Tom? No, no. I was never at ease. I was always as nervous as—"

He paused for need of a true American simile.

"As a cat on a clothes-line?" suggested the questioner.

"Exactly! You have struck it."

"More nervous than in front of a crowd or a critical small audience?"

"Infinitely. A crowd inspires you. A critical audience challenges the best you have. A blank curtain and a funnel and the operator behind remind me very much of something I hope never to experience—"

"Electrocution, I suppose?"

He smiled.

"Conditions for record-making are bad," he continued. "I don't know how artists in other lines find it. But for me there is absolutely no inspiration in playing for records. Nothing but nervousness."

"Which is happily obscured in the reproduction?"

"Perhaps. I hope so. I believe if the room were below zero I should be mopping my face when I get through a record. You see, there is nothing to pick you up. Once you are off to a good start you may keep it. And you may not. There is nothing to produce any climax in feeling. You force yourself through a piece like travelling uphill. There is no momentum. The room is empty. The funnel glares out as though it were hungry enough to swallow you 'cello and all, and you know quite well that the least deviation in technic or tonality will be recorded as religiously by that unsympathetic machine as a film camera brings out the defects of a man in action or the genius of an actor."

"But then, of course, it records also the perfect tone, the faultless technique—"

"Ah! Not so fast. You have never performed for a funnel and a curtain and an operator, have you?"

"Never."

"Then let me inform you that when you do you are not conscious of any mastery of virtuosoship. You are nothing but a criminal on trial. You feel like a culprit. Left to your own devices you would play but one piece, and its title would be—Fiasco. But, of course, in sheer desperation you refuse to be conquered by the cold genius of science. You make yourself believe that pure art was in the world before science was out of its cradle. You whip yourself along and sweat and do your best to develop a careless abandon such as one sometimes feels before a crowd. Presently, before you feel that you have succeeded in doing anything but the ugliest thing you ever did, the trial is over."

"And of course you can go back again if the result doesn't suit you?"

"Fortunately, yes. I should be sorry to have anybody but myself hear some of the trial records I have made. Honestly, I have felt sometimes like running away."



Redferne Hollinshead is now located musically in New York.

Boris Hambourg playing on his new \$10,000 Montenagna for the record machine in New York.

trembling, such as I have never known, even before the largest and most critical audiences, I entered the trial rooms, realizing that I was facing an entirely new experience. To say the least, the smiling suavity of the manager, and his courteous assistant, could do but very little to assure me that the ordeal was not to be a most fearsome experience.

I was instructed to keep the voice as steady as possible and sustain a clear, pure tone. I well remember that the trial song was Liddle's "A Farewell," one of my favourite concert songs. How I succeeded in surviving the trial I don't remember; but eventually I was escorted into the next room to hear the worst, as I thought. The worst turned out to be my trial record in what is technically termed "the rough"; and rough it certainly was. The aim at these trials seems to be to reproduce the voice under the most unfavourable conditions; and if these are surmounted successfully, it can be expected to excel under the most favourable ones of the regular process.

The trial consists of standing before and singing into a large horn, which leads into a cylindrical record of soft wax, rapidly revolving in a brass support, much like the ordinary cylinder phonograph. An attendant with guiding hand on my shoulder would gently draw me back while singing a loud, high note, and push me forward while singing piano or mezzo-forte passages. I was warned against tremolo, and enjoined to pay special attention to diction.

After an extremely nervous time of it, I listened to my voice for the first time, and felt as if I had seen a ghost. The manager jocosely remarked on my pallor and cold perspiration as I listened to the notes of a voice that was entirely different from anything I had dreamed of.

I was very pessimistic, I remember, and expected that

my trial would prove a dismal failure. Judge as to my surprise and joy, however, when a letter reached me offering a contract to sing a large number of records, for my trial had been accepted.

Soon after this, I went to New York to make my first records. They were to be cylindrical ones, and if satisfactory I was to become promoted to the disc.

In making my first contract records, the conditions were much better. Instead of a pianist, I had a splendid orchestral accompaniment, under the leadership of an experienced, highly capable conductor. The individual and collective excellence of such an organization cannot help but lend inspiration to a singer.

The room in which these records were made was also different from the trial room. Very bare and devoid of upholstery of all kinds, it was just a simple, ordinary room, apparently, but so arranged that the tones of voice and orchestra were directed acoustically into one corner, wherein was built a partition which led into another smaller "sanctum sanctorum." Through this partition emerged a large metal horn, and grouped around it in a semi-circle were the raised platform and chairs for the orchestra.

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Boris spoke with true native modesty. He was simply giving his impressions of the experience as faithfully as the machine recorded its impressions of him. Much of his early dread of the record machine has gone with experience. But he is convinced that it will never be obliterated under present conditions.

"Have you any suggestions for tyros?" he was asked.

"Above all things an even and a true tone," he said.

"Avoid extreme pianissimos and never force the tone. Relax as much as possible."

Hollinshead's Experiences

OF all the eerie, uncanny thrills of which the human system is capable, I know of nothing so demoralizing to composure as the sensation which attends the hearing of one's voice, re-created on a phonograph record.

Having received notice that T. A. Edison was desirous of procuring a trial record of my voice, I went to New York and visited the Recording Department of his great Phonograph Company. With fear and

E D I T O R I A L

THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN in the National Registration squabble was the man who wasn't appointed secretary: G. M. Murray. The resignation of Sir Thomas Tait was a serious loss because Sir Thomas is not much of a partisan and R. B. Bennett is. But Bennett is clear-headed and forceful and will have the C. P. R.'s cooperation in securing data and formulating plans. Murray's usefulness would have been great. He is not only the Secretary of the Manufacturers' Association but he is a keen observer and a shrewd analyst, and such is Murray's temperament, he could have been relied upon to give disinterested advice. Probably no one in this country knows the history of Canadian manufacture better than Murray and perhaps no one is more willing than he is to admit its weak points. Murray's general knowledge and his standing with the manufacturers would have been invaluable assets to the committee. One of the very qualities that would have made him an excellent committee-man is that blunt out-spokenness that caused the Government to refuse his appointment. Murray would rather refuse any position or any honour than disguise his feelings. Meantime it is only fair to see what Bennett will accomplish. His first manifesto calling for a party love-feast is not a brilliant beginning. It somehow suggests that the Government is afraid it won't accomplish anything and so wants to drag the Opposition into joint responsibility. If it had any real purpose or plan it is safe to hazard it would have been slow to share the credit with the Liberals. However, as we observed before, it is only fair to Bennett to give him time, and keep up hope.

"PARISEES!" IS THE WORD the Vancouver World hisses against us because we refused to join the Globe's jubilation over British Columbia's flop to Liberalism. The World says the other Provinces were no better politically than British Columbia, and that they, too, were pock-marked by real-estate-wild-catting. The answer is partly correct. Ontario's sins are no more savoury than anybody else's, but the British Columbia's peculiar folly was revealed in the fact that in her whole legislature there wasn't an Opposition worthy of the name. In the other Provinces there have always been at least a few men able to resist the seduction of Government hand-outs,—men with enough courage to criticize, to oppose. But British Columbians were so unanimous in their passion for government favours that they abandoned all pretence of organized criticism. So long as the Provincial Government kept them happy with showy measures that promised immediate prosperity, nobody doubted. But mark you, the instant hard times came and the Government faced the results of its neglect of agrarian interests—that Government was pitched out on its head. The Vancouver World complains that Ontario might well be prosperous now because Ontario had factories and farms to fall back on. True. And if British Columbia had been half alive to her responsibilities she'd have maintained such a force of opposition in the B. C. legislature as would have compelled McBride and Bowser to foster the development of British Columbia's farms, and even industries. All that our good friend the World proves by its retort, is its failure to grasp this fact: that any Government, Grit or Tory, will make a fool of itself and its electors if it has no opposition. A province with no competent critics in its legislature is like a blind sage being led by a fool.

NORMAN DUNCAN was a peculiarly sensitive, delicate and gentle writer and is likely to be remembered for his almost woman-like insight into the hearts of the people he wrote of. To remark this characteristic of his writings is not to take away from his high reputation. For though he saw like a woman he judged like a man, and his studies of folk, particularly humble and misunderstood folk, have a double value. Canada gave Duncan birth, but the United States exploited him, just as it is exploiting others of our writers and artists in New York. He would never have been a nationalist in his viewpoint, however. His studies were international and his audiences international. Doctor Luke, and "Mother" and Billy Topsail were fragments of humanity in general, not localisms. Not Canada but the whole world of letters is the poorer for Norman Duncan's death.

WILLIAM MELVILLE MARTIN, the new Premier of Saskatchewan, will not sin for want of brains or want of using them. Nor will he sin by habit, nor by habit condone sin in others. He is less than forty. As a school teacher, as a student at the University of Toronto, and at Osgoode Hall, as a practising lawyer in Regina, and as a member of the Opposition at Ottawa, he has acquired a reputation for trustworthiness, scholarliness and force of character. His selection as Hon. Walter Scott's successor is a token that Saskatchewan Liberals intend to live down whatever bad odour may, rightly or wrongly, have attached to them in connection with the road scandals in that province. They have chosen a man of singular integrity. Premier Martin may be taken as a sample of the new type of politician in the Dominion. He is a man of education and sober ideals. He may justly be called a radical, a democrat and even a socialist, yet

the presiding quality is his sanity. He is further to be remarked for a curious orderliness in thought and deed, and modesty. It is common in Canadian public life to observe young men—and useful men too—striving for advancement. This cannot be said of Martin, perhaps on account of a sort of Persian belief in predestination. There is plenty of work for the new Premier: good roads, encouragement of mixed farming, practical education for farmers, and the assimilation of the foreign-born. His chief problems concern education. Possibly Saskatchewan may show the other provinces how to teach farming so as to turn out—not more teachers of farming but farmers.

TWO WEEKS AGO election bets in New York were being made at two to one in favour of Hughes defeating Wilson for the Presidency. As this is written the odds have been wiped out. In other words, Wilson is running evenly, if not ahead of Hughes. Hughes has NOT caught public fancy. He has not become a personality. He has failed to get on friendly terms with the Americans. Wilson, on the other hand, scores a triumph in the fact that Robert S. Lovett, Chairman of the Union Pacific Boards, and F. D. Underwood, President of the Erie Railroad, have declared themselves on the side of the Democratic candidate. That speaks well for Wilson's standing in the eyes of the very man against whom his recent railway-strike legislation appeared to be directed. Wilson's course as President of a neutral power has alternately chagrined us and amused us, but we expect nothing better of Hughes, if as good indeed, and on the other hand our West—or such part of it as is clamouring for access to the United States wheat market—is impatient to see Wilson win. The election of Hughes means the wiping out of the present offer of reciprocity.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER may have been right or wrong in declining Premier Borden's invitation to serve on the National Registration Board. Probably there were politics on both sides of the incident. Sir Wilfrid's letter to Sir Robert was not convincing, but neither has the government's conduct with regard to the Registration question deserved that adjective.

A great deal of difficulty is being made about a very simple matter. Two things are required: First, a knowledge of the facts of the man-power situation in Canada. How many men are needed at home and how many are available for military service. No commission of great men is needed to obtain these facts. The Census and Statistics Department at Ottawa has far better qualifications for the work than anyone else. The second requirement is—A Decision. Knowing the facts, what is the country to do? If there are no men to be spared from our necessary industries, let us say so and abandon frankly all talk of raising more troops. If there are men to be spared—what are we going to do about them? Are we to continue a system of bullying and cajolery? Or are we to have the logical and sane development of all our talk—compulsion.

It is totally unnecessary to appoint a commission to settle the first point, and it is absolutely impossible to have it settle the second point. The truth of the matter looks suspiciously like this: the authorities know that to answer the first question means to decide the second. They are AFRAID. Unhappily for us, it isn't clear either, that the Opposition is any more valiant.

ALGARY'S MAN'S ENQUIRY for our views on universal military training is a reminder that this question is in some danger of neglect. In the midst of war we seem to have enough of militarism. After the war we shall probably abhor the topic. Yet it would be very foolish were we to yield to inclination. For some system of military training for all young Canadian men is highly desirable, in fact almost necessary.

The defence of the country is the least of reasons for making such a statement. Even though all the evils of militarism be admitted, and though the older nations such as France and England, when Peace comes, abandon military training, it has special significance for Canada. Taking first the point of view of the individual it is obvious that the physical benefit would be great. But taking the point of view of the nation it is clear that many problems may be solved, or partly solved, by the adoption of a carefully considered scheme of military training. First, it would be an off-set to the individualism and general lack of discipline and sense of duty-to-the-state which mars society everywhere in the western hemisphere. Second, it would school Canadian manhood in the art of team-play, co-operation, co-ordination and the art of giving and taking orders. Third, it would help to knit the foreign-born immigrant, or his Canadian children, into the fabric of Canadian life. The great point is the first one. For too many years we have looked up on the state as a sort of cow, to be milked of rights, privileges and, if possible, money itself. By requiring universal service of her people, she would remind us of her true character, a glorious figure, commanding our devotion.

Is There a Railway Muddle?

(Concluded from page 13.)

struction. Some undue competition for the business of some fertile district. Some duplication of expenditure in securing approaches to and terminals in large cities.

At the same time we believe that much of the public complaint against the railways even in respect to extravagance and duplication does not rest upon a secure foundation. We hear complaints, for example, that the railway companies built expensive roads across the "desert" which separates Old Ontario from Manitoba. Quite seriously men have argued that the Canadian Northern and the National Transcontinental should have secured running rights along the north shore of Lake Superior from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. They also say that at least one of these transcontinentals should have stopped short at the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Indeed, we are not sure but that many will say that neither the Canadian Northern nor the

Grand Trunk Pacific should have gone to the Western coast. They nearly all complain bitterly of expensive construction through Northern Ontario and across the mountains, and point out how little traffic originates in these districts. To hear some people talk, one would be almost persuaded that the railways of Canada had been constructed in a sort of frenzy with no other object than to build as many miles as possible at the greatest possible cost per mile. Some people vision our railways as an Alice-in-Wonderland affair, where everything is topsy-turvy and bizarre.

Now, as we have said, we hope to show that a good deal of the so-called jumble is in the minds or group consciousness of a community which has accepted at par value statements which we will find, upon examination, to be misleading, generally inaccurate, and often grotesque.

In the articles to follow it is intended to answer the question: "Have we too many railways?" The articles will discuss the prevalent idea that roads have been fairly forced upon people until every

farmer of Western Canada has a transcontinental passing his front door, another running past his barn, and a third within easy hail. We propose to discuss the claim that the railway mileage that any country needs can be determined by ascertaining its population. We propose to show how this per capita standard utterly falls down when we compare a country like England, small in area and densely populated with a country like Canada with 3,000,000 square miles, 8,000,000 people, vast undeveloped resources and a crying need for more population. We will explain why the needs of Western Canada for railway construction cannot be measured by the requirements of Eastern Canada.

Following articles on various phases of the subject may startle a section of the general public by taking issue with some of their pet prejudices. They may justify some things people may have condemned and criticize others to which they attach too little importance. Although some people may question some of the conclusions, they are sure to find facts as presented accurate beyond dispute.

PIANO PERSONIFICATIONS

Three of a Series of Musical Character Sketches for the Music Department

CANADA has more kinds of piano exponents than she has varieties of millionaires. The piano depends upon one apostle being less like another than a bagpipe is like unto a concertina. Here are three separatisms from several countries, Canada, the United States, Scotland. You might almost guess which and why.

Seitz is the most recent arrival. He arrived by coming back to the place of his birth after several years spent in the studio of Lhevinne. We are reminded of David and his harp. Seitz does a power of singing on the piano, and he has the fresh vigour of the young one that might slay Goliath if there were any such contract to perform for the Canadian piano.

Sh! There probably is. But Seitz will never say so. He has a tremendous faculty for not saying anything until he plays. Not what is called a mixer and seems not to care for popular vogue anywhere but on the stage. His recital in Toronto last week was attended by a very critical audience—though war made it six-sevenths women. And they had something to hear; something as definite from this muscular, grave-looking youth who, when he was a child, undertook to ignore his father's typewriter business for the sake of other keyboards. Canada was not crying aloud for piano apostles. No country ever does that. Piano-playing in its high dimensions is either thrust upon a people or grows unavoidably out of them. In this country we are not given to producing piano artists. We have as yet evolved none of any world stature.

In singing and violin music we have done more. Those kinds of artist seem to be easier to get.

Why is this? Perhaps because piano music is more complex than either song or fiddle music. And it is. To develop a high-powered artist who can prove he knows from A to Izzard of all piano craft and literature

is a bigger contract than building a transcontinental railway. No need for comparisons. We had to have the railways. We didn't and don't have to have the pianists; or at least we can grub along with a high average of mediocrity in our native talent and import all above that.

Seitz undertook to set forth that we needed a piano musician in this country who might in time become one of the elect. We might have followed custom and proved that he was "in wrong." And Seitz might have gone elsewhere. That is not to say that but for the war he would not now be on the piano faculty of the Toronto Conservatory of Music and giving a series of recitals in Canada.

CHANGE the focus. We have put Paul Wells alongside Seitz because nature moulded them so radically unlike. The photos show it. Any physiognomist could decide that the young man with the cigarette and the handkerchief in his cuff is not a natural-born Canadian. That kind of photo takes a measure of daring; and Paul Wells has it. On the market scales there is not much to him; barely turns the hundred-weight. On the musical dynamometer he rings a high bell. I don't know what heredity did to evolve that kind of character. Paul is pure American—Yankee, at that; comes of some old-settled family down east and has knocked about college a considerable time, for he has a voracity for

metaphysical lore along with his music. He studied in Berlin and was there a brilliant young American. He came back to the United States and Vogt picked him up—having met him abroad—to represent one particular angle of piano art in Canada.

Paul is doing it. The music editor of this paper has more than once alleged that Wells—no relation to H. G.—is extremely modern. He is. He does not bank heavily on just what is called Bach, Beethoven or Brahms. He goes after what he thinks B.B.B. ought to mean to modern folk. Paul is an idiomatic interpreter. In playing a

big piece he gives three parts composer and one part Wells. That kind of player is necessary, also suggested by the photo. In his studio atmosphere he is just as unconventional. His bachelor home up on Lawton Ave., in N. Toronto, is a second cousin to the Orient for colour and dim lights and mysteriously placed bouquets and lanterns glowing in long chambers of coloured gauze. I think his music room improper is draped with black in the ceiling.

There he composes. And Paul has composed—is still writing—a good deal of music all as zippy and tangish and as daring as himself. Paul is an exquisite with a high percentage of virility. He is one of the most interesting piano personages in

Canada, and he sheds a good deal of rather exotic but quite exhilarating light on what used to be the somewhat drab canvas of our musical doings in this country.

SHIFT the focus again. This time the subject is a Scot—

Richard Tattersall, organist of Old St. Andrew's and teacher of piano and accompanist efficient to any good artist that strikes town on any sort of occasion whatever and with little or no preparation. "Dick," as he is called, is by birth a Presbyterian, by affinity a High Churchman. He has imbibed formula and atmosphere. For some years he was organist of St. Thomas' Church, in Toronto, which is three parts atmosphere. He liked it. At St. Andrew's he is in the cold light of a Scotch moon all the while and may organize with his fine new Casavant till the sexton drops in his tracks, but he will not produce atmosphere there.

However, mere impossibility never daunts a true Scot, and that Tattersall is. He has a great

grip of his art. In the summer he raises potatoes up on Lake Simcoe. The rest of the year he teaches organ and piano, plays both in public and keeps himself en rapport with any big thing that may be going on, no matter what kind of music it may be. Tattersall does not swear implicitly and covenantly by any one instrument. He has a fine love of choirs and of orchestras, and is a shrewd student of the singing voice. Steady as a clock, he has also no end of go and grip and what they call in good Gaelic, "elan." When you expect a big, sure support from the piano or organ for any sort of performance with voices or without—just shoot a glance in the direction of Dick. He's there—with "the goods."

Tattersall's organ recitals have done as much as the new organ to arouse Old St. Andrew's Kirk out of its customary ways. This kirk was intended years ago to preserve the ancient doctrines of Presbyterianism which originally had nothing to do with the "kist o' whistles." Under the joint influence of Casavant Freres, organ-builders, and Tattersall, organist, the congregation of St. Andrew's are now treated to a series of recitals in which one is as likely to hear Debussy, Ravel and Wagner as Bach and Best. It is a tribute to the organist's art that nobody in the kirk ever dreams of making any protest against music which in itself is not religious, but which might pass as religious if the name never appeared on the programme. Appearances even in church are often deceiving. And the organist has a great deal to do with appearances. With an organ like St. Andrew's, illusions are possible.





A Musical Revue of 1916

by the Music Editor

That notion seemed to strike root. But when it got abroad it stirred up another nest of troubles.

A Winnipeg correspondent alleged that the wheat city contained more national flags in its Clef Club than could be enumerated in the Clef Club of Toronto or in all

Montreal. In the columns of the Telegram, which is known as the chief organ of advanced music in Toronto, the census-man of the Clef Club, that used to hold high jinks at McConkey's once every other full moon, came back to the effect that every civilized music-producing race in the world is to be found among the music-makers of Toronto—except Finland, Portugal and Montenegro.

"Bet you haven't got Spain," retorts Ottawa.

"Thumbs up," says Toronto. "We have Spanish-American."

"How about Switzerland?" was the query from Vancouver.

"A Swiss pianist was in town just the other day. Came within an ace of settling here, too," went the answer.

It began to be suspected that the places representing the greatest variety of races in music were jockeying to get the convention.

"Impossible," stipulated the chairman. "We must hold it in no-man's land."

"Bravo!" chirped up another, as though he wanted an encore. "But we have no Bayreuth in Canada."

"We'll have to make one. Get a map."

Over the map they struck a net mean average of railway fares which brought the G string finger of the chairman close to an uninhabited spot called Tomtomtown, north of Lake Superior and close to the C. P. N. G. T. railway.

"Oh, a lovely spot, murmured a member. "I have a summer bungalow right near there and I motor-boated over—"

"Soft pedal!" whispered the lot. "For the love of St. Michael's tower, don't noise it abroad that any of us have summer bungalows and motorboats. We shall never get the government and the railways to do anything for us if we do. We're supposed to be poor people struggling to establish art in a new country, living in small flats and suburban cottages because we can't get garrets."

PRACTICAL wisdom grew rapidly in the committee, which, having chosen Tomtomtown as the place of meeting, and having complete knowledge of its waters, woods, hills and general suitability to be the home of creative art in a new country, at once put itself into communication with governments all over Canada. The unexpected and the unusual happened now every little while. The committee needed \$200,000 to erect an auditorium. They got it. Architects having little to do volunteered their services to put up this synagogue, which was no Billy Sunday tabernacle either, but a real opera-box, mezzanine floor, big stage affair, with huge clusters of lights, a colossal pipe organ, much

larger than the mammoth beauty in Massey Hall, loges for the elect and 5,000 seats for the multitude. In the decoration of this Canadian artists freely contributed their services.

After the beneficence of governments came that of the railways, who co-operated to put up a large and beautiful hotel adjacent to the tabernacle, overlooking the lake, entirely free of cost to the convention, and guaranteeing to furnish accommodation for all delegates at low commercial rates and free passes over all roads from Victoria to Charlottetown. Because if no progressive government can afford to neglect art, neither can a great railway.

SPACE forbids us to dilate upon the fabulous activities that sprang up on the shores of Lake Waseka, at the place known as Tomtomtown. The preparation of this Bayreuth of Canada had all the barbaric spontaneity of a Cree thirst dance getting together its mystic lodges. By midsummer both the tabernacle and the hotel were finished, gleaming like jewels on the brow of the beautiful lake Waseka, and on the date set for the convening of the congress the musicians and art workers of all Canada, with such friends as they chose to invite, detrained at Tomtomtown with the greatest conglomeration of luggage, long hair and short hair and none at all, languages and facial race-tupee and art ideas ever known in—perhaps all America. Cincinnati with its May Festival was not to compare; neither the high jinks of the Bohemian Club in San Francisco; nor the Metropolitan on Wagner nights. It was suddenly realized that the art producers of Canada, headed by its musicians, are by far the most picturesque community we have.

Every conceivable sort of music was there in person, with all manner of instruments except a few peculiar to Strauss: piano players, violinists, celloists, horn-blowers, vocalions, theosophists, harmonologists, organizers, choragoi, funnigrammists, entertainers, comedians—a vast democracy of music for the first time in Canada, bent upon seeing how big a world it made and getting a new vision of how to help the rest of us by spreading the cause of music. There was nothing from the abc of Bach to the xyz of Debussy and Glazunow unrepresented in that assemblage. All schools and periods and beliefs, all sorts of technique, high vibration and low, all tone colours from indigo to pale pink were for the first time recognized as Canadian.

When the congress opened first morning the hall was more than half full and trains were still bringing in musicians.

"We are here to discover why we are here," was the puzzling announcement of the chairman. "We shall probably not find out all the reasons until we begin to go home."

This seemed to suggest that several hundred musicians and their friends would do something without rehearsal, which is ridiculous. But there was a singular uplift in the occasion, somewhat caused by the novelty of travelling on passes and, by the magnificence of the great national auditorium concerning which at one point the chairman constituted Tomtomtown the Bayreuth of Canada—but a few hisses from the audience assured him that any such reference to modern Teutonic art would be unpopular.

Immediately, being a bit of a sincere bull-head

WHOMEVER suggested calling the Canadian music revue congress of 1916 deserves well of posterity. Heaven knows the organizing committee who took over the idea in 1915 had their troubles working it out to the glorified climax it became in the summer of 1916. That the newspapers took no notice of the congress was by order

of the council who determined to differentiate themselves from all other congresses—politicians, beekeepers, manufacturers, pedagogues, knights of St. John and the like—and convene in camera. The reason of this was that in the first place nobody expected that the congress would get through one day without a musical fracas representing as many camps and nationalities as the war itself, and it would never do to let the press get hold of that. So the music editor of this paper has all the access there is to the facts of this music revue; and as such they are set down here for the first time.

Difficulties first: "Why congregate?" came a laconic telegram from Toronto to the committee. And Ottawa, Hamilton, Montreal, with several cities in the West, all sent similar queries, intimating that each city mentioned was storm centre enough for all the opinions and forms of art that would do anybody any good. The general opinion seemed to be that the more you discuss music the worse it gets.

"Music is a hornets' nest," wrote a wise one from Ottawa. "Leave it alone and you avoid trouble."

At the same time he intimated that if the committee could furnish a bona fide reason for getting together and had a mind to choose Ottawa as the place of meeting, etc., etc.

"Out of order," said the chairman. "Write every musician worth while in Canada to say that the reason we want to get together is—"

There they stuck. Impasse.

"Reason enough," blurted one. "We've never done it. Every other interest in the country has."

"Besides, we need to get a birdseye view of the kind of people we have making music in this country," said another. "On general principles we are the most cosmopolitan aggregate in Canada. We are the melting pot if there is one."

and carried away by the pentecostal character of the occasion, he plunged sforzando right into the discussion of German music.

"Art is bigger than war," he said. "It will be in the world when war is unknown. Gentlemen, these are little words, but they have a tremendous meaning."

Which he soon found out they had; for as soon as the novelty of the situation ceased to overawe the assembly racial antagonisms popped up on all sides. It was discovered that the musical elect were much divided in opinion as to the wisdom of any good Canadian playing, singing or otherwise performing any German music made since the days of Beethoven.

"We are cosmopolitan, not Canadian," shouted one from the gallery.

"I believe in nationalizing our music," bawled one from the pit.

"That requires definition," said the chairman.

AND they went at it like a harmony book. Music is one of those peculiar things that key everything up. Even patriotism set to music is like a fire fed with kerosene. All the delegates were sincere and undoubtedly honest. For the first time in the history of Canada music-makers were in a position to say just what they thought, which many of them had not practised much of late.

"Let us call a spade a spade," suggested a delegate. "For ten years I've been professing to admire the way some of you gentlemen play and sing, and as soon as I got behind your backs—"

"Never!" interrupted a caucus, good humoredly. "Impossible!"

"If our critics are honest, why shouldn't we be?" he wanted to know.

"Any photograph of an honest critic should be made into movie picture and sent on tour," interjected one who had evidently had his hide nailed to the fence by some scaring scribe. "Critics aren't crooked. They're just friendly to some people—that's all."

Question ruled out of order.

"Gentlemen, the point at issue is, shall we nationalize our music by keeping German music out?"

This precipitated a lively argument. Once more in the fight over nationalism in music the German motif was lost.

"Music is as universal as poverty and marriage," declared a radical. "Any musician that bars out good modern German stuff bites off his nose to spite his face."

"Wagner was a Prussianized German," thundered a conservative. "Strauss is a Potsdamer. I rule out Brahms and include only Beethoven and Bach. Wagner's music dramas did as much to bring on the war as the philosophy of Nietzsche."

It was surprising how much some of these musicians had read outside of music.

"Why didn't you find that out when you were a crank in Leipsic twenty years ago?" pertinently inquired one from the gallery, where a number of the knockers seemed to have gathered. "I was there when you were. We both went dippy over the German stuff and you know it."

"Personalities barred," shouted the chairman. "If anybody is going to testify as to what he knows about how some of us cut up didos in Leipsic and Berlin, we may as well invite the editor of Jac's Canuck up here and be done with it."

THE point seemed to be well established, presently, that no nation can get along without the music of the others. But the convention made it unanimous to put Strauss on the black list.

"Because he's a Kaiserite," bawled a malcontent.

"How about Schoenberg?" asked a composer with bountiful hair.

"Not fit to black Strauss's boots as a composer," said somebody. "But he isn't a German. If he was decent I'd move to admit Schoenberg."

"Mr. Chairman," sang out a sturdy delegate from the balcony. "I suggest that we are on the verge of a lot of plain hypocrisy. I don't believe there are twenty delegates to this convention who have ever heard a bar of Schoenberg, and not more than a couple of hundred

who have ever mentioned his name."

Loud and cacophonous laughter.

"Question," ordered the chairman. "How can we nationalize Canadian music?"

"Put it in the hands of the Canadian-born," replied a musical Tory from Toronto.

"All those present born in Canada rise."

Less than half the crowd rose.

"British born," added the chair.

At least twenty per cent. came to their feet. It was quite evident that a large percentage were born in continental Europe.

It was not decided to leave national music in the hands of the Canadian born, because Canada needs to import music or starve.

"We can make our own pianos and organs," said a delegate. "But we can't produce all our own pedagogy or all our own performers, and if we had to depend on Candian-born for our composition—"

"Absolutely ridiculous," called a C.b. "The only sensible Canadian music I know of are the French chansons and the Indian melodies."

Here began another uproar, a number violently protesting that the chansons are not Canadian, but pure French, and that the Indian melodies are international. But it was finally agreed that any great music produced in Canada, such as music drama or opera, must make some use of both these kinds of raw material. Whether such music should be made by Canadian-born or otherwise was sensibly decided in favour of regarding such music as Canadian if it were written by a native of Timbuctoo.

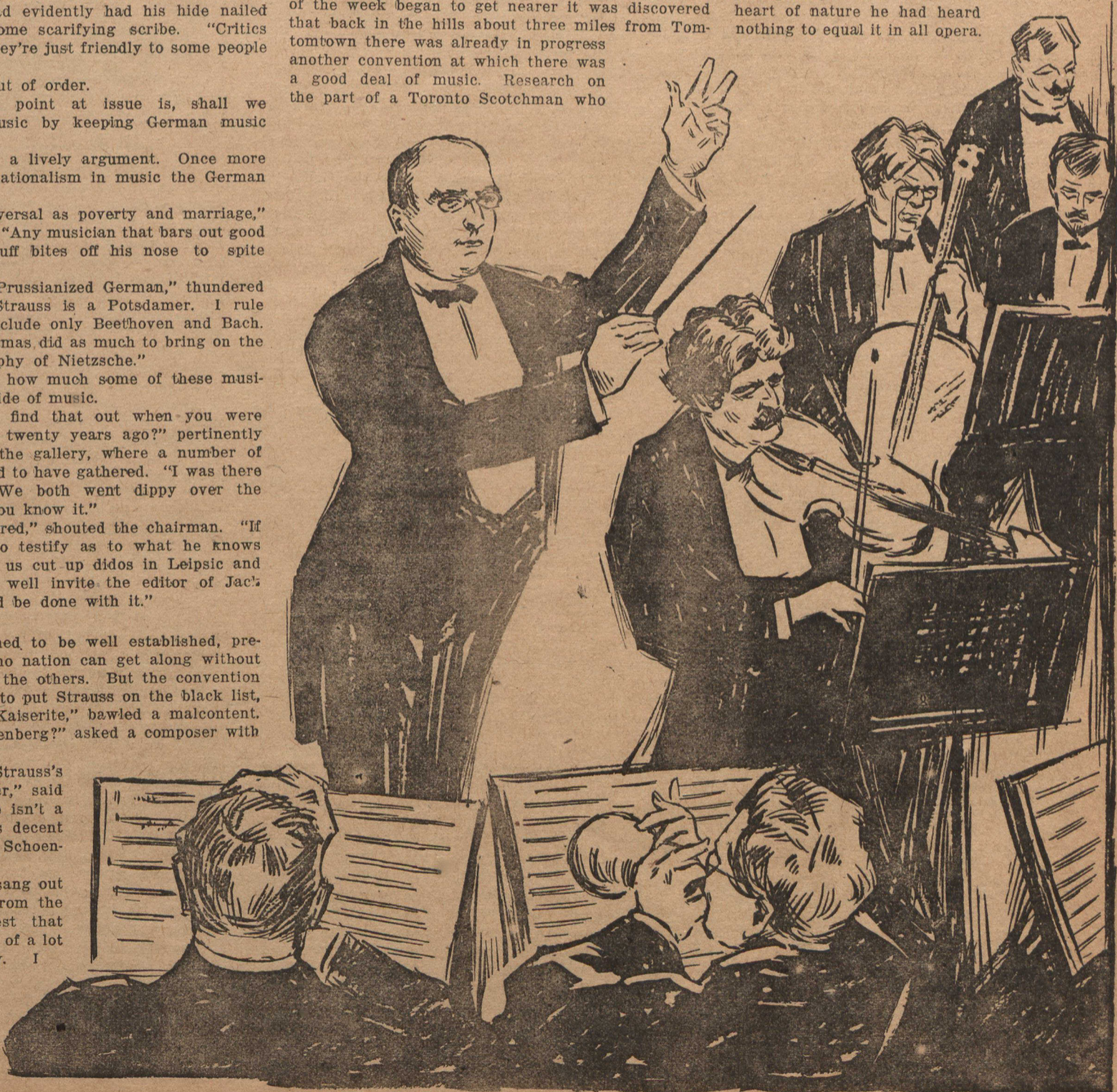
It is not necessary to follow in detail the deliberations of the entire week, which became a carnival of free speech and enlightening ideas. As the convention was held before September 16, we are not at liberty to state that Apollo was not sometimes honoured by libations to Bacchus. But as the end of the week began to get nearer it was discovered that back in the hills about three miles from Tomtomtown there was already in progress another convention at which there was a good deal of music. Research on the part of a Toronto Scotchman who

had made a hobby of Indian tunes revealed the fact that a tribe of Indians had congregated in the hinterland hills and were holding some kind of huge dance punctuated by tomtoms, and one tune that for six days and nights was droned and dingdonged and thumped without words and without interruption.

The chairman moved that the convention adjourn to the camp. Carried. There was a grand rush to the dance. The chairman was seized of a grand idea. The idea spread like a prairie fire. At the evening session it was announced that the conference would come to a close with a feature that none of the delegates had dreamed of when they came.

"WE shall have a short music drama composed on the spot by a committee of musicians whom you will please name," said the chairman. "The piece with appropriate words made by some of our more literary delegates must be fully scored by Saturday noon, ready for one rehearsal in the afternoon and performance at night."

From that time on there were no more arguments. When the scores were ready a complete symphony orchestra and a large impromptu men's chorus were got together. Signor Apolloni consented to act as coach in matters of interpretation. Dr. Krigbaum took care of the orchestra. When the sectional rehearsals were done, the ensemble was put in charge of a well-known Canadian-born conductor. As no critics were present, it is impossible to give any adequate idea of the sensation created by the evening performance. But we are assured by Signor Apolloni, who, from the gallery conducted the entire piece on his own account, sub rosa without score, that in the overpowering ensemble of voices and instruments and music so barbarously and prodigiously fresh from the heart of nature he had heard nothing to equal it in all opera.



Signor Apolloni in the gallery confessed that he had heard nothing like it in all opera.

What's What the World Over

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

Our Pro-Ally Ireland . . . Our Famous Cassie . . . Future of Waitare . . . Rubber Industry

OUR PRO-ALLY IRELAND

An Irish Writer Explains the Anti-German Feeling in His Country

THE final Irish attitude to the war is one that cannot be decided by reasons of politics in the United States or of executions in Ireland, writes Shane Leslie in the North American Review for October. That attitude is far-reaching and involves not only the historical relations of the Celtic race to the Teutonic, but the future relations of Ireland to her neighbours, England and France, and eventually, perhaps, the prospect of an alliance between the United States and England. In this light the Celtic question ceases to be merely an antiquarian one.

During the past twenty years an immense amount of research and energy has been thrown into Celtic studies in Great Britain. Of these the Welsh Eisteddfod, the Gaelic League and even the Sinn Fein may be considered manifestations. From Germany, good scholarship has been directed externally, but the only countries vitally and internally interested are in the Allied group. The sea-divided Celt has his home in Brittany, Cornwall, Wales, Cumberland, the Hebrides and parts of Scotland and Ireland. This is the so-called Celtic fringe, but out of this fringe blood and genius, soul and strength have passed into the stolid Anglo-Saxons and materialistic Franks by intermarriage. There is also a Celtic stratum, difficult to estimate, underlying all Gaelic France, which no doubt cemented her eighteenth century entente with Ireland. The British Empire itself would be more scientifically called an Anglo-Celtic one.

In Germany the Celt was obliterated centuries ago, and in Austria is only to be found among exiled families of Irish descent.

To-day the Celt finds himself at war with Germany as a matter of sheer fact, political and geographical. It is important to know also whether he is at war with Germany in principle and ideal.

The Irish problem lies largely in the instinctive jarring between a semi-Celtic and a semi-Saxon peo-

The Irish look upon the German as the primitive type of Saxon before he was redeemed by mixture with the Celt.

Let us consider the attitude of the Celt towards the world crisis. His whole strength has been thrown against the Central Powers, whether it comes from Breton sailors, Welsh Fusiliers, Connaught Rangers, Scotch Highlanders, or Cumberland (Cymryland) dalesmen. It is doubtful if a single native speaker of any Celtic dialect is fighting for the Teutonic side, the Irish prisoners having resolutely refused to change their allegiance.

As to principle, if we trace the history of the Celt we are confronted with certain unvarying symptoms.

In the first place, suspicion and hatred towards any system of world domination. This was so in Roman days, and Ireland actually succeeded in staying outside the Caesarian pale. It is only since conciliation days that Ireland has acquiesced in the British combine, and after a struggle of five hundred years to keep out. The failure in imaginative statesmanship at the outbreak of the war to give Ireland autonomy means that a vital problem which might have been settled waits, and unfortunately waits with a vengeance.

Secondly, there is a deep religious feeling, dating from Druidism, which rises against intrusion in affairs of the other world. The Scotch Free Churchman, the Welsh Calvinist, and the Irish Catholic have all declined to accept the State Creed of England. This is the Celtic instinct to refuse anything in the realm of ideas from the State. There is nothing more repulsive to the Celtic soul than the inoculation of German youth by State professors with a cut-and-dried political creed and propaganda regardless of truth and the rights of other peoples. "Live and let live" has always been the Celt's line of action or rather non-action. This will account for the extraordinary small amount of European soil left in the hands of the Celts. The Teutonic view has always been that the human being was made for the State, whereas the Celtic view, as it has developed in French and Irish politics, is that the State was made for man.

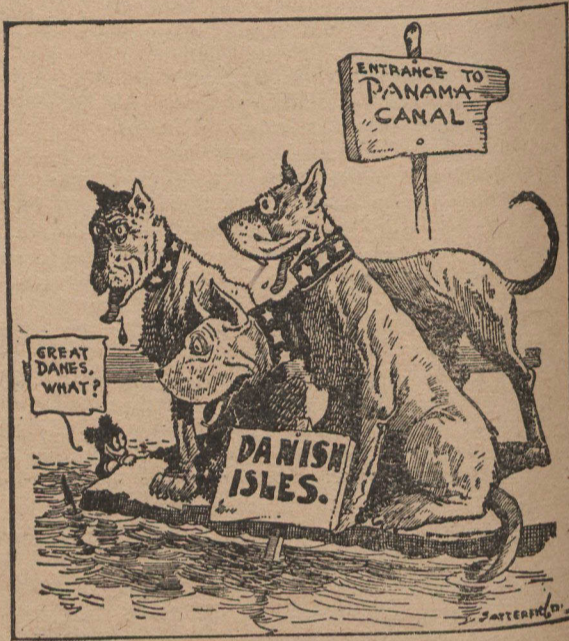
Thirdly, the Celt has been in perpetual revolt against the logic of fact, the power of militarism, and the ostentation of wealth. The Irish are justly called the "fighting race," but they are not militarists. They have been of the nature of crusaders rather than conquerors. Economically they have been given up by Anglo-Saxons, who have endeavoured to teach them the ways of State-regulated orderlies and text-book methods of acquiring wealth.

In the past the Irish have resisted all attempts to impose a typically English culture upon them, just as they would resist to the death any culture that was handed them on the tip of a German bayonet. It has been the same in Wales and in Brittany. It must be admitted that England has given Ireland more chances of realizing her own life and literature than German legislation permits in Poland, which makes a fair analogue with Ireland. On three questions England compares favourably with Germany. They are the questions of religion, land and language. Shortly after England had disestablished her own State Church in Ireland, we find Prussia jailing the patriot Polish Cardinal Ledochowski. In more recent times while England has advanced money to enable the Irish peasant to possess Irish land, we find Prussia advancing money for the exact purpose of expatriating the natives of German Poland. At a time that Prussia was penalizing the use of the Polish tongue, England was permitting grants for the revival of Irish. It is just to England to acknowledge this, as it is just to Ireland to admit that these benefits were only won by gigantic agitations. Germany has been guilty to-day of the worst side of the Tudor system as it once was in Ireland.

The policy of a national hate is about the only common link to be found between the German and Irish peoples. Even so, the Irish hate of England is a relic of religious persecution nobly borne in the past. But the Prussian variety is a State manufacture, offensive not defensive, and far from having a religious basis, for the Prussian seldom seems to have had a religion to persecute. Pagan until within sight of the Reformation he became gradually rationalist afterwards.

While recent blundering in Ireland has brought

out some of that Celtic dislike of England which the wisest Irish statesmanship had agreed to bury in the past, any Irish-German entente must be regarded as treasonable to small nationalities and unnatural to Celticism. The Irish policy must be decided in Ireland, not America, and by those who keep hearth and holding on the old sod. Even a British envoy



Uncle Sam's \$25,000,000 Watch Dogs.

—Satterfield, in Detroit Times.

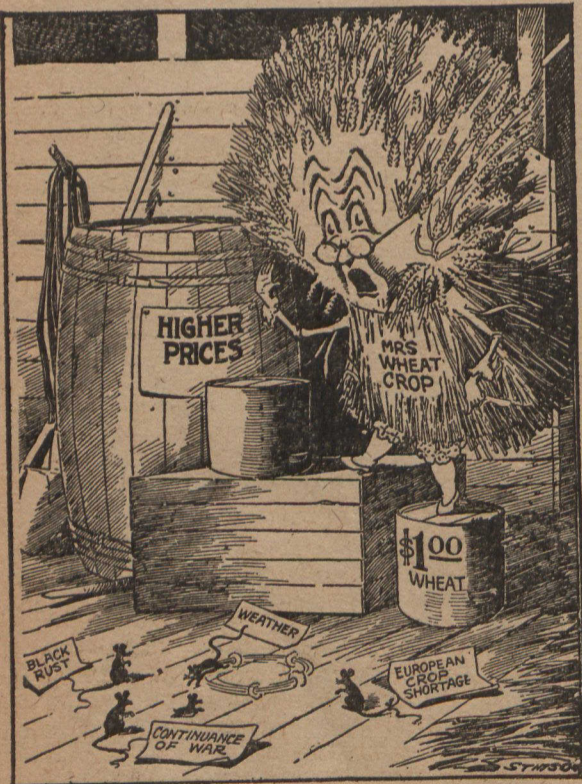
like Sir Cecil Spring Rice, who retains hope and home in Ireland, is a better Nationalist from Ireland's point of view than a preacher of "green anarchy" in Chicago. At the outbreak of war Ireland declared herself with the Allies. Only a small, passionate and courageous minority dared to hope for Irish freedom as the paradoxical result of a German victory. This was even more widely held in America, before it was seen that Germany could not help even her declared Allies, much less a distant and mercurial quantity like Ireland. The text of German promises to the Sinn Fein were probably never placed on paper but remained illusionary and unrealizable to the last. But men were drawn by these promises to political action in America and to their lonely death in Ireland.

The result among the Irish has been two-fold. The anti-British outburst, on which Germany seems to have calculated, has taken place, followed on second thoughts by a rather grim suspicion that Germany has not played fair. Germany not unnaturally was pro-German throughout and not pro-Irish.

The Germans can never reach Ireland except over a defeated fleetless England, but if they did obtain Ireland as a faldstool for the "Admiral of the Atlantic," who can doubt that their treatment of the people would be similar to that meted to the Poles?

Redmond's position has been excruciatingly difficult. At the outbreak of war he might have declared neutrality as the right of a small nation, but this would have left Ireland in a state of civil strife during the period of the war with the prospect of gaining nothing from the victorious Allies after the war. When Redmond forgot the past and took his stand by the Allies, it was the psychological moment to make him Irish Premier in Dublin. Under a Dublin Parliament the rising would never have taken place. Redmond insisted on Ireland's levies being voluntary and not conscriptory. It is his influence and not the menace of the Sinn Fein, as their admirers claim, that keeps conscription out of Ireland.

To look to the future reckoning which doubtless awaits all nations great and small, Redmond can point to the overwhelming thousands who have joined the Allies from Ireland. Ireland cannot afford to be on both sides of a world conflict, especially as she has not yet realized the promissory note due to her for services in the field. That the conscience and consensus of the empire will one day insist on that promise being redeemed there can be no doubt. Meantime, while it is kept dangling, distrust and dis-



CLIMBING.

—Cincinnati Times-Star.

ple. Hence the paradox that the recent rising in Dublin was in one sense more an anti-Teutonic than a pro-German one. The Englishman is a mixture of Celt and Teuton, and has shown traces of the latter in his past dealings with subjects in America as well as in Ireland. To-day the Nietzschean decries him as a degenerate German, a "poor cousin" culturally.

unity, pleasing to Germany alone, can only result. Whatever has happened, no Irishman can wish to see Germany victorious over France. Ireland herself can never accept her liberty over the dead body of Belgium, nor become a republic as the French Republic ceases.

OUR FAMOUS CASSIE

Americans are Regaled by the Story of Canadian Adventuress

It was at a railroad junction that C. P. Connolly begins his account of Mrs. Chadwick in McClures. The stub train had rolled torpidly into the station and the passengers had alighted to take the through train. As the through train pulled into the junction, there was the usual bustle and excitement incident to the arrival and departure of these serpentine carriers which give a fleeting glimpse of the outside world.

Back under the eaves of the depot, leaning against the clapboard sheathing, stood a country girl. She was probably sixteen or seventeen years old. Her dress was a mere drapery of coarse linen. She wore no hat, and her coiffure was loosely coiled. What fixed one's attention was the wistful look in her eyes as she watched her more fortunate sisters, in the excitement of anticipation, moving towards the coaches that throbbed under the impulse of imprisoned steam.

There are faces that express thoughts as eloquently as any tongue, and this girl's mind was following the train. She saw it pulling into its destination; saw its passengers departing their various ways into the great whirlpools of city life, with their human panoramas, and in her eyes was the light of self-pity and resolve. How many country girls are there to whom the charms of gay and distant city life flash their ever-fascinating appeal?

Such was the day-dream of power and glory that stirred the soul of Cassie Chadwick in the little Canadian town where, after all of life's passions, spoils, conquests and remorse, she now lies buried. The life of this woman was more strange and bizarre than the most romantic and improbable fiction. Incidentally, she was the most colossal female swindler in the annals of crime in the United States.

She was born in 1857 at Eastwood, Ontario, a village near the town of Woodstock, which is somewhere about half-way in an air line between Toronto and Detroit. She was the daughter of Daniel and Mary Ann Bigley. Her father, who was a section boss on the old Great Western Railway, possessed but meagre means, but he brought up his six girls and two boys as well as his resources permitted. His one wayward daughter was as inexplicable to him as a scientific problem.

There was nothing unusual about Elizabeth Big-

she asked for a false mustache. Some time later she sought to raise money on a gold chain. She had a sweetheart at this time, who squired her sleigh-riding and to parties and dances. One day the little town heard with amazement that Betsey was an heiress. She had brought home a letter supposed to be from England, which announced that her uncle had died and left all his money, \$18,000, to Betsey. Neither Betsey's father nor mother could read, so she read the letter from the English lawyers aloud to them, and they believed it, as so many dupes who could read believed in after years in the veracity of her word and the authenticity of her documents. By what natural law is it that there are so many preachers who lack the gift of speech, so many lawyers who don't know the law, and so many men of the world who lose their wits in the presence of a woman?

To heighten the public hallucination, Betsey had some visiting-cards printed, on which appeared the legend:

"Miss Lizzie Bigley, heiress to \$18,000."

About this time her sweetheart went to work on a farm some distance from Betsey's home. One day the farmer by whom he was employed went out to the field where the farm-hand was at work and told him there was a lady at the house to see him—a fine lady who had come in a carriage. She had given some long French name.

The country swain did not wait to see his visitor before deciding as to her identity. Betsey was always using long French names. She threw her arms around him and kissed him in the presence of the farmer and his wife. She was introduced as the heiress, and the farmer and his wife, thanking their lucky stars, cordially invited her to stay for a visit. Betsey dismissed her carriage, handing the driver five dollars and telling him to keep the change.

The next morning her sweetheart drove Betsey to the train. He went home the following Sunday and was told that Betsey had been arrested. They had found two suits of men's clothes in her suitcase.

She had bought two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of dry-goods, giving her note endorsed by a wealthy farmer near Brantford. She had also purchased an organ, giving another note in part payment. When her note in part payment of the organ came due, she did not meet it, but gave another note supposed to be made by a Mr. Kipp of Woodstock as security. This note and the endorsement on the note given for the dry-goods proved forgeries.

She was tried in March of 1879, and the doctors all testified that she was non compos on the subject of money. There was a special finding by the jury that Betsey was insane at the time of the commission of the offences, and she was declared not guilty. The judge intended to commit her to an asylum, but her attorneys persuaded him to allow her mother to take charge of her for a year on condition that Betsey be closely watched.

Betsey remained around home for some time after this, but the lure of the great world was in her blood and she went to Cleveland to visit one of her married sisters who lived there. During her sister's absence on a visit to Canada, Betsey, under an assumed name, mortgaged all the furniture. After her sister's return, Betsey went to live in different rooming-houses and continued the habit of mortgaging furniture which she did not own. From one house to another she went, repeating the operation and using different names at each place.

As Madame De Vere she had been living in Toledo for two or three years when she was arrested on the charge of obtaining sums of money by devious methods. With her was arrested Joseph L—, clerk in an express office. At the time Cassie Chadwick was exposed before the world as the adventuress and swindler that she was, L— was still spoken of in Toledo as "honest Joe L—." He had a wife and five children, to whom he appeared to be devoted.

In his confession, L— said that he had met Lydia De Vere several times on the streets as he was going home in the evening. Then she came to the express office and sent a package of money to Cleveland. On this occasion she invited him to call on her. He did so, and found her, he said, to be a model, well-behaved woman. The fascination of Betsey's eyes was upon him, and he continued to call. On his second call, she asked him to lend her money to go to Cleveland to see her sister "Mrs. Brown," who was ill. L— gave her the money, though he told her he could not spare it. She persuaded him that she was the widow of a wealthy man who had lived near Manchester, England, and that she had an income of a thousand dollars a year.

As their friendship ripened, Madame De Vere told L— that she needed fifteen hundred dollars for a surgical operation, and asked him to raise it for her. He raised a thousand, in addition to one hundred dollars in cash that he had on hand, and gave her his personal note for two hundred and seventy-five dol-

lars which she had cashed and out of the proceeds of which she had bought a sealskin sack. Then L— succeeded in raising nine hundred dollars more, and the woman went to "Philadelphia" for six weeks for the "operation." On her return L— gave her three hundred dollars which he was holding as stakeholder of an election bet.

L—'s affairs were now so tangled that Madame De Vere advised his giving her his notes for five hundred dollars and seven hundred dollars respect-



THE DUPES.

"Two souls with but a single thought."—Will the end be painful?

—Racey, in the Montreal Star.

ively, on which she said she would raise the money to settle his debts. The first L— knew of their having been negotiated was when they were presented for payment, and then Madame confessed to him that she had used part of the money to buy jewelry.

Madame De Vere finally divulged to L— in a moment of astral confidence that she was Florida G. Blythe, member of a prominent Cleveland family and heiress to a large estate. There was such a person living in Cleveland at the time. L— believed her—strange as it may seem, there were few who didn't believe anything she did, no matter how improbable.

After this blurt of confidence, Madame turned over to L— certain notes to cash for her. These notes to the order of Florida G. Blythe aggregated forty thousand dollars and purported to be signed by Richard Brown, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Youngstown, Ohio. L— cashed a large number of these notes in Cleveland and Toledo. It transpired afterwards that Madame De Vere did not know Brown except by reputation.

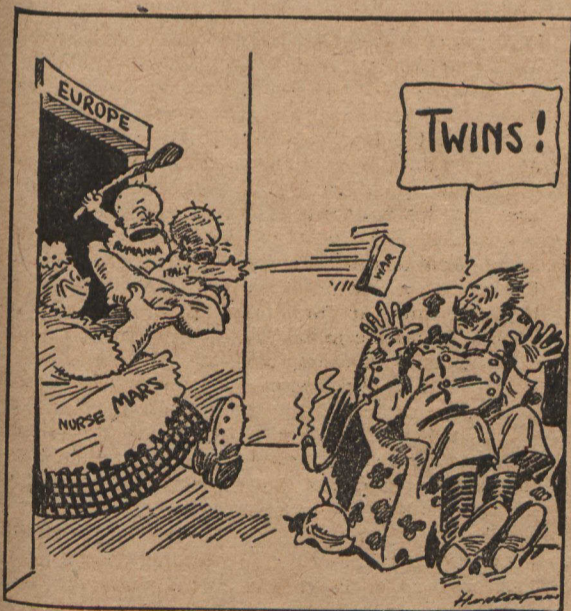
Madame De Vere was found guilty and sentenced to nine years' imprisonment. L— was found not guilty, his plea being that he had committed the acts charged under the hypnotic influence of the woman—a plea as ancient as Adam's. The speech of L—'s lawyer melted the jury to tears, and the sobs of his wife and children filled the court-room. L— died shortly afterwards.

In 1893 Madame De Vere was paroled from the Ohio penitentiary by Governor William McKinley, afterwards President.

In 1896, Betsey Bigley and her numerous aliases was married to Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick, a Cleveland widower with a charming daughter. Dr. Chadwick lived in a palatial residence at the corner of Euclid Avenue and Genesee Street. The Chadwicks were an old and prominent Cleveland family. Where Dr. Chadwick met Madame De Vere is a mystery.

Betsey Bigley's life from now on until the day of her arrest in New York in the early days of December, 1904, was a carnival of pleasure and excitement.

Her home was a plain structure, viewed from the outside, but within the most gorgeous luxury reigned. She ordered everything that struck her fancy, and never asked the price. She bought jewels as she bought market-truck. If a tray of pearls or diamonds pleased her, she was as little likely to haggle over the price as if she were buying a mess of herring. She had a chest containing eight trays of diamonds and pearls. They were pledged with a New York banker at one time, and were inventoried at ninety-eight thousand dollars. She played with diamonds as a child would with beach-sand, letting them trickle through her fingers. She had a rope of pearls containing 240 pieces of exceeding brilliancy, which was valued at forty thousand dollars. Cleveland merchants welcomed her presence in their stores as the silver lining to the cloud of dull things.



More War Babies.

—Hungerford, in Pittsburg Sun.

ley in those early days. She came and went as other girls in the neighbourhood. She was not a great reader, but she was apparently a deep thinker. At times she seemed absorbed in thought and would sit in ruminative silence by the hour. Early melancholy has touched the lives of many great men and great women.

In November of 1878, when Betsey Bigley was twenty-one years old, she called at a barber shop in Brantford, an adjacent town to Eastwood, and asked to have her hair cut off. This having been done,

One of the sights of Cleveland was Mrs. Chadwick shopping, tricked out in gorgeous raiment, with her liveried servants and her semi-equipage.

One of her orders at a Cleveland piano store was for eight grand pianos, to be sent to as many different friends as tokens of her regard.

Iri Reynolds was the secretary of the Wade Park Banking Company of Cleveland, of which Frank Rockefeller, a brother of John D. Rockefeller, was president. He was an old and intimate friend of Dr. Chadwick. One day Mrs. Chadwick called him on the telephone to her house.

When Mr. Reynolds repaired to the Chadwick mansion, he found Dr. and Mrs. Chadwick engaged in preparing a package of papers for deposit in the safe-deposit vault. In the presence of her husband and of a gold-framed life-like portrait of her "dear dead Uncle Mason," which hung in the parlour, Mrs. Chadwick said she wished to entrust to Mr. Reynolds some valuable securities which she had been advised should be placed in the possession of some third party. She showed Mr. Reynolds what was to be enclosed in the package, the principal items being a trust deed for ten millions, two hundred and forty-six thousand dollars, a note for five million dollars and another one for one million, two hundred and fifty thousand, all in favour of Cassie L. Chadwick and signed "Andrew Carnegie." These documents were enclosed in a large envelope carefully fastened with sealing-wax, and endorsed "Papers of Cassie L. Chadwick—for safe-keeping only."

The party now proceeded to the bank. A drawer was selected, and the package locked up. Before leaving the bank, Mrs. Chadwick gave to Mr. Reynolds a memorandum of the contents of the package containing the items that he had seen put into the package. On returning home, she telephoned to Mr. Reynolds, apparently in some alarm, saying that she had forgotten to keep a copy of the memorandum she had given him, and asking him if he would not kindly send her a copy of it, so that she also might have a memorandum of what was contained in the drawer of the safety-deposit vault to place among her papers against the possibility of her death. Of course, Mr. Reynolds would be glad to do this personally—he would not even trust it to the mental hand of a clerk. He took a sheet of the bank paper with its lithographed heading, copied the memorandum on the sheet, and signed his name to it. She had not asked him to sign it; that may have been mere force of habit, unless the reader is prepared to believe that Mr. Reynolds was a confederate, a supposition that all Cleveland rejected. Had he not signed it, Cassie Chadwick's path of

these notes. She was not putting them out of her possession in any such way that Mr. Carnegie could be asked to pay them. For that reason it was not of prime importance to Mr. Reynolds whether the signatures were genuine or not, although being now in whispered possession of the same mystery concerning Mrs. Chadwick's birth that had come to the knowledge of the Cleveland lawyer. Mr. Reynolds was convinced that he was not only the custodian of securities worth over sixteen millions of dollars, but of an astounding secret which if known would stir a continent.

This "memorandum" from Mr. Reynolds became the basis of negotiations for loans to the total of a million dollars. Mrs. Chadwick skilfully won the interest of various bankers by hinting that she was the natural daughter of Andrew Carnegie. How bank managers, presidents and directors became suspicious, but how Cassie was almost always able to put them off is too long a story to be quoted from McClure's. She hired actors to play the part of "Mr. Carnegie's agent," and dressed up her servants as society queens to impress visiting financiers. Finally a shrewd Brooklyn lawyer, becoming nervous over his money, traced up her career. She was arrested in New York and tried. Her sentence was for ten years in Ohio State penitentiary. She died three years later, and was buried in Woodstock.

FUTURE OF WARFARE

*John Hays Hammond, Jr., the Inventor,
Writes of Great Possibilities*

TO best understand what future warfare is likely to bring about in the development of machines of destruction, it is necessary to study its history up to the present. Thus writes John Hays, Jr., in the North American Review. Coupled with adherence to the old principles of handling forces is the maintenance of the same methods of destruction which were used by the earliest fighters. Artillery has developed from David's sling, through the ballistae of the Romans and the early cannons of the Middle Ages, to the fifteen-inch rifle mounted on the Queen Elizabeth. We are still battering each other with missiles, but with far more precision, greater range of fire and greater destructive effect. It was a brilliant conception when the first man propelled his projectile by the explosive force of gunpowder, yet years of experimenting and the work of hundreds of men were necessary to give to artillery the position it occupies in modern warfare. In the field artillery at Gettysburg the battery firing the greatest number of rounds during the day aggregated only 77 shots; while against a Liege fort the Austrian howitzers, hidden seven miles away, fired fifty tons of high explosive shells a minute. The effect of the howitzers was to kill seventy per cent. of the garrison and seriously to injure the rest. It was an equally brilliant and revolutionary conception when some Dutch inventor of the sixteenth century conceived the idea of filling bullets with explosives so that, instead of merely perforating the target with a hole the diameter of the shot, there would result an explosion, the effect of which would be vastly more damaging. To-day it is a curtain of fire, an iron curtain of thousands of explosive shells, that sweeps the enemy's lines. The gun is the supreme weapon of destruction.

It is natural that with the evolution of the capital ship, inventors should exercise their ingenuity in the development of weapons to destroy it. This need was recognized many years ago, and developmental work on the submarine may be traced back as far as 1578, work on the submarine mine to 1585, and the first developments of the automobile torpedo to 1864. It has taken years for these weapons to achieve their present position of importance in naval warfare; they were designed and expected to annihilate the capital ship, and yet to-day, after these many years, they have only limited its potentiality. In spite of the predictions of Sir Percy Scott, the submarine has, in actual battle, proved to be of secondary importance. Even the submarine's most ardent advocates must admit its impotence in the recent Jutland fight. Though Admiral Beatty's squadron ran through a flotilla of German submarines, not a battle cruiser was touched. Yet in the Mediterranean and about England the seas are netted against submarines. Behind these nets the fighting ships of the Allies can rest; outside of them, they must be constantly on the alert. The submarine unquestionably has a moral effect, and this is an important factor in war. In the Jutland fight the automobile torpedo proved more effective in the tubes carried by high-speed surface vessels than in the submerged tubes of the so-called "daylight" torpedo boats; yet in spite of the heroism of the commanders of the de-

stroyers during the daylight, but few torpedoes got home. However, the potentiality of the torpedo made itself felt after dark, and it was for fear of this weapon that Jellicoe kept in leash the grand fleet, and did not press his advantage over Von Scheer.

The best answer to the submarine is the high-speed motorboat. Whatever development may be made in the motive-power of the submarine, it never can equal the speed of a small surface craft. The surface submarine destroyers could be equipped with types of high explosive shells closely resem-



AT THE TRENCH CLUB.

"Hey! Hold on there. You've broken the bank."
—Ray Ordner, in La Baionnette, Paris.

bling the "mine" fired from the trench mortars in Europe. The detonation of several hundred pounds of light-explosive under water in the close vicinity of a submarine will be one of the most effective means of securing its destruction. As further protection for the floating gun-platforms there will be the torpedo-boat destroyers which have proved so valuable during the present war. For scouting purposes there should be developed a flying-boat, with emphasis on the boat. This flying machine should be capable of operating from, and landing safely on, a rough sea. With their tremendous speed, they would prove far superior to the scouting ship.

Finally, in regard to future developments, the potentiality of the submarine should be greatly enhanced, by increasing its size, multiplying its torpedo tubes, and firing them in salvos. The difficulty of hitting with the torpedoes is due principally to the long period of transit from base to target, and that means that in order to obtain greater certainty of hits, we must fire them "en masse," but always under the control of special sighting instruments. A further development of the submarine by largely increasing its tonnage will be its possible use as a transport. A leading submarine engineer, who has devoted much study to the subject, considers it practicable to construct these vessels up to 600 or 700 feet in length, fitting them with accommodations for transporting troops. While this may not be of such specific interest to us, since we are not considering ourselves as possible invaders, nevertheless it would be of considerable importance should it be made use of by an enemy. It would be an inestimable advantage to any fleet operating against our coasts if its transports possessed the inherent power of protecting themselves by submergence. This would leave the enemy fleet free to use its full offensive power without the hindrance and the burden of protecting helpless troop ships. Thus the enemy would not need a great naval supremacy to attempt the invasion of our shores. It is not likely, however, that the submarine will ever develop into a carrier of large guns, for in order to be an efficient gun-platform, it would have to lose those qualities that make it a successful submersible.

Without an adequate aeronautical branch in the army and navy, the nation is blindfolded during a war. The aerial coastal patrol system which I proposed recently has become a reality. Its work will be to supplement the navy in the location of enemy forces. It will be a winged sentry, whose warning will hurry the mobile land forces to meet the enemy's landing operations. For this purpose—always keep



The Special Constable (on Ben Nevis, and not as full of beans as usual): Well, well, I suppose I must expect these little twinges in the back at my age.

—Drawn by W. Heath Robinson.

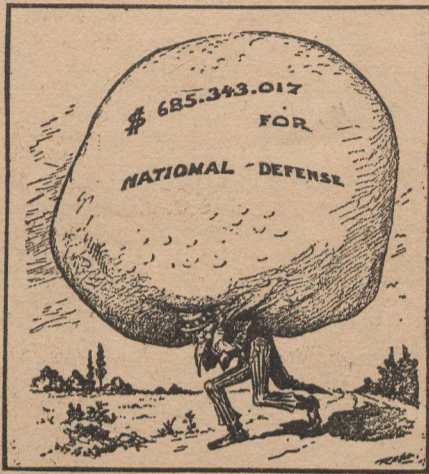
glory might not have led to so many graves; or it may be that if Reynolds had not so accommodatingly furnished a copy of the memorandum with his signature attached, which was virtually a receipt, she would have resorted to the same trick of telephoning to some other safe-deposit vault until a signed receipt had been given.

It will be noticed by the reader who has half as much sense as any of Cassie Chadwick's victims, that she was not apparently intending to negotiate

ing in mind the omnipotence of the gun—we should have hundreds of miles of strategic roads leading to positions available to the enemy for disembarkment. Over these roads, which can be quickly repaired in case of damage from enemy fire, motor-drawn howitzers will operate. These howitzers would fire large-calibre shrapnel upon the landing forces. Squads of motor-bicycle machine-guns would also operate upon those roads and prove their potentiality in checking the enemy.

The Lee Shore Coleridge Taylor
It Comes from the Misty Ages...Elgar
Sea Drift Coleridge Taylor
Mr. Morgan Kingstone, tenor, will be re-engaged for the concert on January 25, 1917. This gentleman will also

returned from the front, on Friday, January 26. This second night's programme will be of a popular character. Mr. Kingstone was the very popular artist at last season's concerts of the National Chorus. He will sing: Recit and Air, Sound an Alarm (Handel); Aria, "Che Gelida Manina," Puccini's La Boheme; Songs My Mother Taught Me, Dvorak; Take, Oh Take Those Lips Away, Sterndale Bennett; A Memory, Goring Thomas.



"MADE IN GERMANY."

—Rehse, in New York World.

give his services to join the Chorus in a concert for the soldiers who have

DIAMONDS MORE EXPENSIVE.

DURING the past year, the demand for diamonds has been particularly good, in view of the existing conditions. The summer months saw little falling off in the purchases. Local dealers are looking for a continuance of this demand, and at the same time are preparing to meet a heavy Christmas trade in these and other precious stones. One large dealer said recently that diamonds in the coming holiday season will cost somewhat more than they did last year. He looks for a steadily rising market. It is difficult to estimate just how high prices will go.

NATIONAL CHORUS NEWS.

THE National Chorus, of Toronto, will give two concerts on Jan. 25 and 26, 1917. Most of the choral numbers will be unaccompanied and for the two programmes are as follows:

- To Women Elgar
- Wearry Wind of the West Elgar
- The Shower Elgar
- Ring Out, Wild Bells .. Percy Fletcher
- Vox Ultima Crucis Rathbone
- Hymn of Trinity Tschalkowsky
- Waken, Lords and Ladies Gay .. Reay
- Marsellaise Rouget de Lisle

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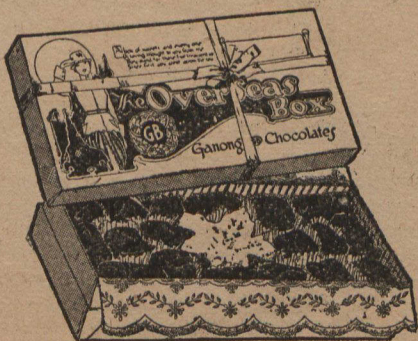
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solves the problem of what to send to your friend

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- 2—Each box a Christmas Card Greeting in verse.
- 3—Specially made to keep well, and specially packed to travel well.
- 4—The box is so strongly constructed that you can stand on it.
- 5—Special wrapper with instructions for mailing

Price, 75 Cents a Box

O. 2.

FRANK S. WELSMAN

PIANIST

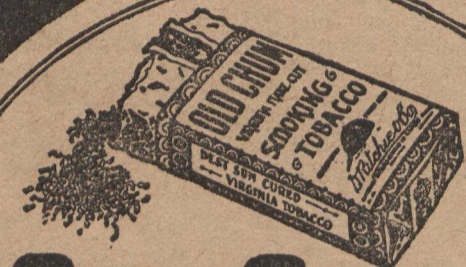
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—John D. Rockefeller.

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to be profitable, and in numer-
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prosperity—but the possession
of a greater or lesser amount of
capital is necessary. If you lack
this prerequisite, the opportuni-
ty passes you by.

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positing a small portion of
your income. You may have to
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MONEY AND MAGNATES



THE MOTOR INDUSTRY AS AN
INVESTMENT.

THE boom in the motor trade had led to the promotion of new motor-making (?) concerns, especially in the United States. Agents of many of these companies have made efforts to sell stock in Canada, sometimes successfully. The following comment by Albert T. Atwood in McClure's is therefore of special interest. He says, referring to the arguments for and against the motor industry as a trade: Of course there is a limit to everything, including the automobile, and as in every other new industry there are some promoters who act as if they could have made the world in one day instead of six. But heretofore the automobile makers have had a much better idea as to the capacity of the country than bankers or other outsiders. They know, or think they know, their market better than outside critics, and thus far they have been right.

No person can justly measure the possibilities of this wonderful business. Most readers of this article know the figures, how in 1906 there were fewer than 50,000 cars in the country, while now there are close to three million, with an annual production of about a million. Most picturesque of all is the fact that license fees alone this year almost equal the total cost of cars ten years ago.

Even if we grant that the "saturation" point for pleasure cars is not many years away, everyone must admit that the demand for the commercial vehicle has hardly been scratched. The use of motor lorries in war illustrates their immeasurable possibilities. For short hauls they may ultimately take the place of railroads. No doubt there are numerous opportunities among motor truck stocks for speculative profit. And any sweeping conclusion as to the early cessation of demand for so-called pleasure cars needs modification. Many of these cars are not really used for pleasure at all, but to save the time of farmers, mechanics and labourers. Thus they are economical rather than extravagant. They actually produce rather than waste capital.

THE difficulty is that nobody has enough information to be able to say what motor stocks are worth. This is because the industry is so new and has been growing so fast that the experiences of one year have very little relation to the problems of the next. No more acute observation has been made than that of Garet Garrett, the keen-minded financial editor of the New York Tribune: "It is an industry without that body of accumulated knowledge which is necessary to make a business feel sure of itself."

No one can accuse the present writer of an undue prejudice against motor stocks. More than a year ago, before the boom in these shares was under way, I included in a list of desirable stocks published in McClure's Financial Booklet the names of at least three automobile securities, Willys-Overland preferred, General Motors preferred and Studebaker preferred, and one preferred issue of a company catering to the trade, Goodrich. Several of these stocks were also suggested for investment at about the same time in an article contributed to Collier's Weekly. Of course these stocks have not enjoyed sensational advances such as Chevrolet or General Motors common, but without exception they have moved

briskly upward and retained their gains.

INVESTORS should steer clear of every motor stock where the chief activity of the company appears to be stock selling rather than actual car production. Above all avoid as you would the plague any stock the selling campaign for which combines these two features: (1) projected rather than actual production of cars; (2) reference to the profits made by Henry Ford in the automobile business.

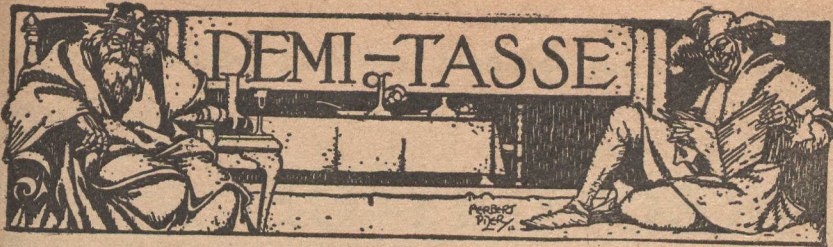
The success of Ford is beyond the scope of this article. But in one respect the case is as clear as crystal. Ford has never offered shares in his company to the public, any more than John D. Rockefeller carried on a broadcast campaign to sell his stock at low par values back in the 70's or 80's. And for that matter none of the other well-known motor manufacturers have offered stocks to the public until they had operated for several years, had attained a big production and knew what they were about. Indeed the business sense and restraint of the motor manufacturers in this respect has been most commendable. It is true that the General Motors and United States Motors were floated a number of years ago, but the constituent parts of both companies were by no means new even then; there was the most solid financial and banking connections in both flotations, and in both cases the companies went through a period of hard times before investors saw any profits ahead of them.

Name over the well-known cars, and you will find that practically without exception, and there are a score or more of them, manufacturers have had sense and decency enough to realize that the business was a risky one and to take the early risk themselves. Now that these companies are becoming more solid enterprises, the makers are gradually selling stocks through reputable bankers to the public generally.

I do not go as far as to say that no merely projected motor company will succeed, but the promoters themselves rather than the general investing public should assume the inevitable risk of development. The woods are literally full of automobile "prospects," especially those proposing to sell low-priced cars, and they are covering the country with a stock selling campaign, salesmen, screaming page advertisements in newspapers, pictures of a model car, etc. It is the same old story of a greedy and gullible public.

Now even a man who has never owned or driven a car knows that there are literally dozens of good automobiles, of all prices, on the market to-day. Even the most extreme optimist will admit that considerable competition, to put the case mildly, exists in the industry. With a few notable exceptions most of these cars have been built for several years past and the most notable exceptions are those of cars backed by men who had already enjoyed an extensive automobile experience elsewhere.

Consequently what counts in the business is management, organization and reputation. It is the repeat orders that tell. In no other trade is there such close personal contact between buyer and user. The buyer of a car talks things over with every owner before he ventures. On almost every street corner, wherever two men or even women meet, there is discussion of the merits of motors.



UP TO DATE HEAD WRITING.

In a Toronto daily paper recently appeared a report of an automobile accident in which a child was fatally hurt. The said paper aims at putting some "pepper" into its head-lines and this was the heading on the story in question:

"OH, GEE," CRIED CHILD,
AS AUTO CRUSHED HIM.

This vivid "Oh Gee" touch excited considerable comment both within and without that newspaper office, for it was a little ahead of anything other head-writers had accomplished.

In a day or so there appeared on the letter-rack of the office, however, a sheet which began with the above head, clipped from the paper, and below it a list of suggested headings along the same enterprising journalistic line. A few of them were more than subtly sarcastic, and here are some of the collection:

"OH GOLLY," SAID GIRL,
AS FRESH GUY KISSED HER.

"CLUCK, CLUCK," SAID HEN,
AS FORD PASSED O'ER HER.

"UH, HUH!" LISPED MAIDEN,
AS CHARLIE PROPOSED.

"OH —," SAID FIREMAN,
AS FLAMES SINGED HIM.

After that there was a marked moderation in the writing of headings in that office.

GETTING IT BACK.

An automobile bandit robbed a Standard Oil collector of \$3,000. The Standard Oil Co. need not worry. He'll have to pay it all back for gasoline.

THE CONTROVERSY ON HELL.

After listening to eleven
Preachers on the subject dwell,
And enduring essays seven
On the theme, we find that—well,
Better to make sure of heaven
Than to take a chance on hell.

TOUGH, ISN'T IT?

Toronto police picked up a poor old chap who was taking a nap in the yard of the Metropolitan Methodist church. This old world is full of inconsistencies. The fellow might have gone into the church and had a peaceful snooze, all undisturbed, but when he tried to slumber in the shadow of the church's walls, he's pinched.

"A BIRD IN THE HAND—"

The knot was tied; the pair were wed,
And then the smiling bridegroom said
Unto the preacher, "Shall I pay
To you the usual fee to-day,
Or would you have me wait a year
And give you then a hundred clear,
If I should find the marriage state
As happy as I estimate?"
The preacher lost no time in thought,
To his reply no study brought,
There were no wrinkles on his brow;
Said he, "I'll take three dollars now."

BAD PROSPECT.

Candidate C. E. Hughes says that the United States needs a reign of reason. True, but who's going to give it to Uncle Sam?

SATISFIED.

"Tough" lived up to his name in the mining camp. He was reckoned to be one of the worst and hardest "guys" there or thereabouts.

One night somebody hit his partner and laid him out cold. "Tough" went around the camp inquiring loudly and aggressively, "Who hit my pardner? Show me the guy that hit my pardner!" He was gritting his teeth in a meaning manner and his sleeves were rolled up, ready for action.

A big hard-rock man from the Copper Country uncoiled about seven feet of himself, looked down at the belligerent

"Tough," and said, "I hit your pardner."
"Well," said "Tough," "you must have hit him a whale of a lick, because he's laying back there yet."
And that closed the incident.

ALWAYS THE WAY.

Along comes a professor chap to tell us that the male mosquito is a gentlemanly chap and that it is the pesky lady mosquito who probes us with her proboscis. 'Twas ever thus. Kipling knew whereof he wrote when he penned that immortal line—"The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

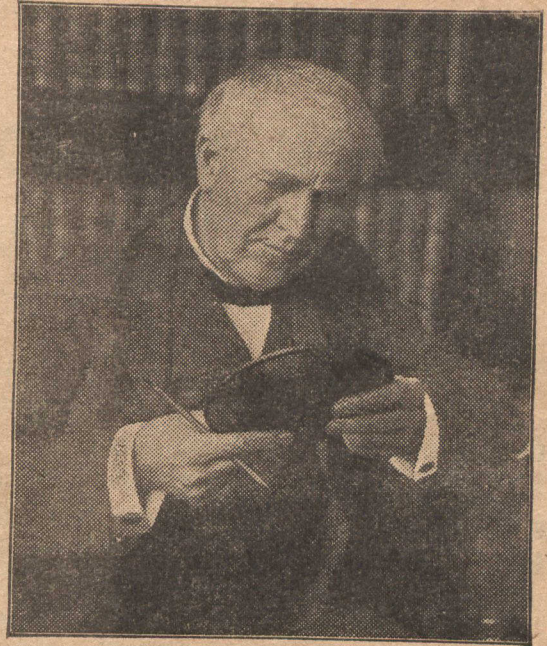
**Paderewski
Pre-Eminent**

PADEREWSKI is still in all essential respects the greatest living pianist. On technical grounds only there will be some dispute about this. From the whole survey of the power of the piano to express in beautiful form and tone the highest emotions his recital in Massey Hall, Toronto, last week was a proof of his undisputed pre-eminence. There have been times when Paderewski fell away from his own standard set up years ago. In some respects he did so last year, and in a recital about ten years ago he grievously erred from his own path.

But something has happened to Paderewski to bring him back as a compelling great artist whose right, like Robinson Crusoe, there is none to dispute. In his opening number, the Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, he got away to what is known as a bad start. He is not a great Bach player, and we can excuse him. In his Beethoven Sonata he slid into the mood of the twilight that he loves so well on stage and delineated a series of phantom tone pictures in the loveliest imagery possible. There was no escaping the obvious charm and magic of this number. He quit fireworks and became the great interpreter. He was just as great in the Schumann Fantasia. This again is not new, and in Paderewski's hands it was the magic of an old voice that is forever young, fresh and beautiful. He has that power to retain the captivating beauty of tone, form and figure which he achieved in an earlier day. In so doing he sometimes becomes grimly petulant in his improvised preludes, treats the audience like a lot of misbehaved school children and confesses himself the complete autocrat of the piano. But let him have his own way and it's all right. He knows how to respect what he is after and there never was a pianist who could so completely visualize a silence until it becomes almost itself an audible thing. The way he sustains and decrescendos a pedal note until it dies of sheer exhaustion—perhaps it is over treatment, but it is immensely effective.

And on Chopin of course he was superb. He has never ceased to be the greatest Chopin interpreter we ever knew. In his somewhat hackneyed, but always fresh delineations of the group containing the Ballade, the Nocturne and the tune Etudes, he achieved absolute mastery of all the latent emotions in the audience.

His own composition was pleasing enough; but as a composer he is practically negligible. His rendering of the Liszt transcription of A Midsummer Night's Dream (Mendelssohn), was the beautiful painting of the very
(Concluded on page 30.)



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THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF STANDARD PRODUCTS

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

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

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White & Thomas, Toronto.

AUTOMOBILE TIRES.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company, Limited, Toronto.

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited, Toronto.

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

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

BABBITT AND SOLDER.

The Canada Metal Co., Limited, Toronto.

Hoyt Metal Co., Toronto.

BATTERIES (Dry Cells).

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

BATTERIES (Minature).

Interstate Electric Novelty Co. of Can., Ltd., Toronto. "Radio" Batteries.

BELTING.

Beardmore Belting Co., Toronto.

BELTING & MILL SUPPLIES.

J. C. McLaren Belting Co., Toronto.

BELTING (Stitched Cotton Duck).

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

BICYCLES AND SUPPLIES.

Planet Bicycle Co., Toronto.

BICYCLE TIRES.

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

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Hope's Bird Store, Toronto.

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Christie-Brown Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Walter Dean, "Sunnyside," Toronto.

BOILERS.

Polson Iron Works, Limited, Toronto.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

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

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

BRASS CASTINGS.

The Beaver Brass Foundry, Toronto.

BRICKS AND TERRA COTTA.

Don Valley Brick Works, Toronto.

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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.

Dominion Business College of Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Matriculation, Toronto.

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Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Charcoal Supply Co., Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

CLAY PRODUCTS

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

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COAL AND WOOD.

The Elias Rogers Co., Ltd., Toronto.

The Rose Coal Co., Limited, Toronto.

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COKE (Gas).

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The Arlington Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

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Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

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Scythes & Company, Limited, Toronto.

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The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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Scheuer's, Limited, Toronto.

DIAMONDS (On Credit).

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EMERSON HEATERS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

FANS (Electric).

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Toronto.

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

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Interstate Electric Novelty Co. of Can., Ltd. "Franco" Flashlights.

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Office Specialty Co., Newmarket, Ont.
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One Minute Washer Co., Toronto.
- WASHING MACHINES (Electric).**
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Frost Steel and Wire Co., Ltd.
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- WIRE (COPPER, COVERED).**
The Standard Underground Cable Co., of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.
- WROUGHT IRON PIPE.**
Canada Pipe and Steel Co., Limited, Toronto.

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

REPORTS AND BALANCE SHEET

For Year Ended August 31st, 1916, Presented to the Shareholders at Fifteenth Annual Meeting, Held at Montreal, Que., October 12th, 1916

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

A Balance Sheet showing the Assets and Liabilities of the Company, also Profits for the year, is submitted. The Company's accounts have been audited by Messrs. Creak, Cushing and Hodgson, Chartered Accountants, whose report is presented herewith.

The sum of \$8,500 was added during the year to the Company's Pension Fund, which now amounts to \$115,000. The Company's system of country elevators in the Northwest has been increased during the year by 21 buildings, making a total of 168 elevators, with a storage capacity of 5,385,000 bushels, and covering a very wide area of territory. With terminal and country elevators combined the Company's total wheat storage capacity now amounts to 10,335,000 bushels.

The Company's flour mills, elevators and other properties are in first-class condition. All charges for repairs and renewals have been written off and the plants maintained at the highest standard of efficiency.

The usual dividends were paid during the year on the Preferred and Common Stocks, and a bonus of four per cent. on the Common Stock was provided out of the year's profits, and paid on October 2nd, 1916, making a total distribution of twelve per cent. on this issue.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed) C. R. HOSMER, President.

VICE-PRESIDENT AND MANAGING DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS.

Addressing the Shareholders present, Mr. W. A. Black, Vice-President and Managing Director, said:

It is with pleasure we are again able to present you with a very satisfactory statement.

Notwithstanding the fact that since our last meeting the Government war tax was imposed and was retroactive for a year (which will necessitate our paying a very large sum), we have been able to provide for these taxes out of the year's earnings, pay our holders of Common Stock an increased dividend, and carry forward \$334,270.12 to the credit of Profit and Loss Account, which now stands at \$846,330.62.

While the earnings shown are about 25% on the Common Stock, it must be remembered that our reserves represented by Contingent Account \$1,250,000, and Profit and Loss balance as on August 31st, 1915, \$512,060.50, are also Capital, and that taking this into consideration it makes the return about 18%.

While we are not as fortunate in having a large amount of wheat to sell at much enhanced prices, as happened last year, we were more fortunate than in average years in our purchases. We also profited largely in the increase in returns which we received from our investments in business other than flour milling. Our interest charges for borrowed money have been much less owing, of course, to the large Capital now invested in our business which has been accumulating for some years past out of surplus earnings.

Our mills are now fully employed, and have orders ahead to keep them running for some time.

While the wheat crop in the Northwest is less than half of last year's, the yield as an average is little short of what it usually is, and the prices are very much higher. At this date last year October wheat was 98½ cents per bushel; to-day it is 164 cents. The high prices were in effect before the farmers had actually marketed the new crop, so that they will reap the full benefit, and the return to them as a whole will be little, if any, less than the previous year, and with the very high prices prevailing for all farm products, the country should be established on a most substantial basis.

Like many other manufacturers, we have been handicapped by the absence of a large number of our employees who are doing their duty at the front; but are confidently looking forward to the successful conclusion of the war at no distant date.

DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors of the Company for the ensuing year:—

Sir Montagu Allan, C.V.O., Mr. W. A. Black, Mr. Charles Chaput, Mr. George E. Drummond, Mr. C. B. Gordon, Sir Herbert Holt, K.B., Mr. C. R. Hosmer, Mr. A. M. Nanton, Mr. Shirley Ogilvie.

And Messrs. Creak, Cushing and Hodgson were appointed Auditors.

At a meeting of Directors the following officers were appointed:—

Mr. C. R. Hosmer, President; Mr. W. A. Black, Vice-President and Managing Director; Mr. S. A. McMurtry, Treasurer; Mr. G. A. Morris, Secretary; Mr. W. R. Dean, Assistant-Secretary.

BALANCE STATEMENT, AUGUST 31st, 1916.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Cash on hand and at Bank	\$ 486,406.53	Accounts Payable, including Provision for War Tax for two years to date	\$ 1,628,611.76
Bills Receivable	429,217.25	Provision for Bond Interest and Dividends to date	220,250.00
Accounts Receivable after making Provision for all Contingencies.	1,291,101.82	Current Liabilities	1,848,861.76
Stocks on hand of Wheat, Flour, Oatmeal, Coarse Grains, Bags and Barrels	1,460,872.96	Officers' Pension Fund	115,000.00
Stables Plant and Office Equipment	27,375.00	First Mortgage Bonds	2,350,000.00
Investments	593,904.48	Capital Account:—Preferred	\$2,000,000.00
Active Assets	4,288,878.09	Common	2,500,000.00
Investments for Pension Fund	94,560.88	Contingent Account	4,500,000.00
Real Estate, Water Powers and Mill Plants in Montreal, Winnipeg, Fort William and Medicine Hat; Elevators in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan; Property in St. John, N.B., and Ottawa as at 31st August, 1915	\$6,333,901.61	Profit and Loss Account:	1,250,000.00
Additions during the year	192,850.80	Amount at Credit 31st August 1915	512,060.50
Goodwill, Trade Marks, Patent Rights, etc.	6,526,752.41	Profits for year after payment of Bond Interest and after making provision for the War Tax for two years to 31st August, 1916..	\$774,270.12
	1.00	Less Dividends on Preferred and Common Stock	440,000.00
			334,270.12
			846,330.62
			\$10,910,192.38
			\$10,910,192.38

Indirect Liabilities: None.

We have audited the Books of the Company for the year ended 31st August, 1916, and certify the above to be a correct statement of the affairs of the Company at that date as shown by the Books.

CREAK, CUSHING & HODGSON, C.A., Auditors.

MONTREAL, October 2nd, 1916.

To the Shareholders of The Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited, Montreal.

Gentlemen:—We beg to report that we have audited the Books of the Company in Montreal, Winnipeg, Fort William and Medicine Hat, for the year ended 31st August, 1916, verifying the Cash and Bills Receivable on hand, the Bank Accounts, the Investments, and the Accounts Receivable, in respect of which ample provision has been made for all Contingencies.

The Stocks on hand of Wheat, Flour and Supplies are certified as to quantities by the Superintendents of the various Mills, confirmed by the Mill Reports, and are valued on a safe and conservative basis, taking into consideration the unusually high price of wheat and the contingencies of the markets.

No provision is made for general depreciation, but the cost for repairs and maintenance of the various Plants has been included in the Working Expenses of the year.

CREAK, CUSHING & HODGSON, C.A., Auditors.

The Patriotic Pilgrimage to Quebec

(Concluded from page 13.)

old variety, obviously taken out of her parlour, which she was bringing me to sit on while I waited. She did not want to put me to the trouble of coming into the house—though that would have pleased her more. But I had apparently shown a preference for staying in the road. Very well. She would bring what she could of the house out there for me to enjoy, without once questioning my decision to stay outside. It was a delicate display of consideration and hospitality which I had never seen equalled; and it was the spontaneous act of a country woman who, possibly, had seldom been ten miles from her farm. Another case—two friends of mine happened to be caught for the night in a French Canadian village. They walked out in the evening down the village street from the hotel. It began to rain. They turned back, being without umbrellas. A young lad passed carrying one. He immediately stopped and insisted on them taking his umbrella; and he followed them to the hotel so as not to put them to the trouble of returning it. How is it possible to avoid loving such a people!

The Germans now call the Canadians "red Indians in khaki." The Hun now sees everything red.

The Barrie Gazette quotes a visitor as saying that "Barrie is getting more like New York every day." As bad as that, is it?

John Barleycorn no doubt longs for the end of the war. The war on him, we mean.

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Roumania Not Crushed

(Concluded from page 10.)

distance to the frontier, is merely to show one's ignorance of war. What we are now witnessing is the first stage of the offensive, a stage that has its special characteristics to correspond with its special circumstances. It is a preliminary to the second stage, which will be an attack on the German lines in the open in the hope of piercing them. It will come without warning and it may come very soon, even though the Germans should endeavour to forestall it, as probably they will do, by retiring their forces to a shorter line that shall give them a greater concentration of man power.

Musical Canadians

(Concluded from page 15.)

the smiling conductor was so situated that he could command singer and orchestra without necessitating the turning away of the singer's head from facing directly into the horn. Before I made my final master records of the song selected, I had to make many trials. The orchestral accompaniment had to be tried and criticized by experts, who caused many modifications as to rhyme, tempo, and prominence of certain instruments. Then a trial of the voice was taken, and likewise analyzed; and if necessary emphasis laid upon certain important points. The committee informed me that "perfect steadiness" of tonal emission was imperative, as tremolo is exaggerated in the wax. Then, impeccable diction, so that every word is clearly enunciated.

Being a novice, I was subject naturally to severe nervous strain, as I found that I could not give myself up to the usual "abandon" of the concert stage, but had to concentrate heavily on many different things. The "divine afflatus" of inspiration and temperamental abandon, which is such "food for the voice" is here necessarily absent; and an artist cannot invest his record with the same emotional colour that he uses before his concert audience.

Record making is an absolute test of perfect voice-placing. The voice which possesses the forward ringing resonance of the Italian school, faultless breath control and diction, will produce the best record. But it must not be expected that such a record can contain the rich opulence, or golden edge of colour which emotional liberty permits, when one is not tied down to the necessity of technical exaggeration.

I believe that this most marvellous of inventions will yet be developed so that the voice can be recreated at its best, when self-consciousness is totally absent; but naturally the machine must still have its limitations, which I am glad to say are being overcome very rapidly.

The length of time which is taken up in the preparing of the three perfect, master records (from which the selection for publication is made), depends largely on the degree of difficulty of the song or instrumental selection. My first records took me approximately three hours to make, but later ones I have accomplished in one to two hours.

It is not advisable to make a record if one is not in perfect voice or health, as it demands the full co-operation of one's entire physical and mental attributes to make a perfect record.

I see in the voice re-creations of the world's greatest vocal and instrumental artists, a wondrous educational medium for Canada's many talented musical students; and I am sure that rich as our nation is in its musical potentialities, we shall, before long, listen to many of our splendid Canadian concert artists, through the medium of this great invention.

VIGGO KIHl NOV. 8th.

ON November the 8th, Mr. Viggo Kihl will give his first recital for the season in Toronto Conservatory Hall. He promises a bigger programme than any he has yet given in this country. To those accustomed to the kind of programme Mr. Kihl has given here during the past three years, the prospect of a better performance than any in the past carries with it great expectations.



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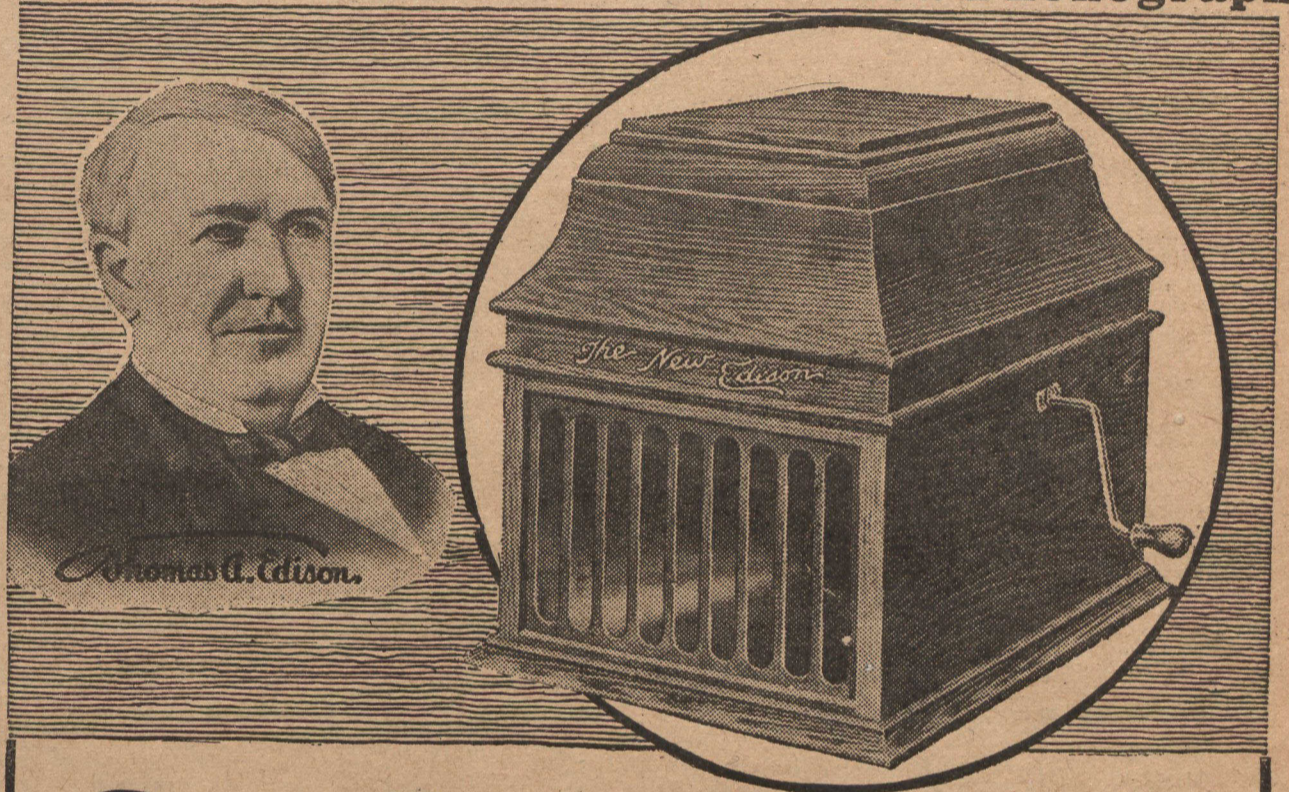
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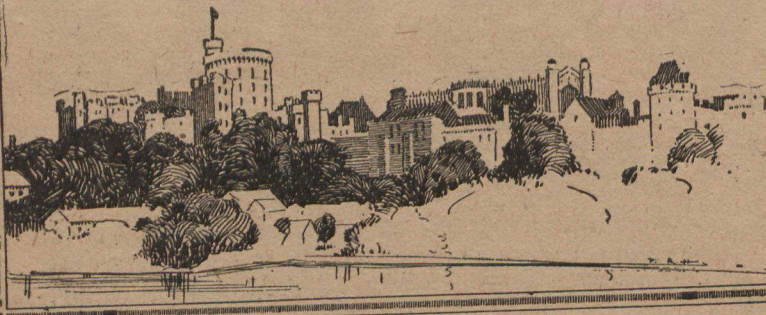
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What the Automobile Owes to the Piano

(Concluded from page 17.)

necessities is largely a matter of education. The piano was the first real luxury that became a necessity. In this we scarcely count the cabinet organ, although that "helped some," as a poet might say; neither the sewing machine and the washing machine and the barrel churn. The piano was a great big step in economic advance. The man who bought the first piano in the Jenkins settlement had the courage of a lion. Before he died everybody was doing it. His son John bought the first motor-car. Before he was down to his second a lot of people were doing it.

And there's a large difference right there. John Jenkins is down to his second motor-car. He still uses the piano that was left by the girls in the home when they all got married to get pianos of their own. And he will probably leave that piano to his children.

One good piano lasts a lifetime.

One good motor-car costs as much as three pianos and it's out of style before it has covered its first 10,000 miles.

Here is a point to be emphasized. A piano is not as a rule used for carrying the family around town. It has little wheels called castors, but they are not calculated for heavy haulage and speed. Yet to judge from the way some people use their pianos one would imagine the piano was intended by the builder to be something between a sideboard and a motor-car. The top of the piano is one of these handy places to put—vases, books, jardinières, bric-a-brac, pictures. Who is there possessed of an upright piano that is not tempted to put things of this kind on top? Don't do it. The piano that lasts a lifetime was intended to do so on its own merits, not in competition with mantelpieces and sideboards. You may ram and jam a motor-car through all sorts of roads and weather, because that's the kind of thing the motor-car was built for. But to get good musical results from a piano the instrument must be given at least as much indoor care as a kitchen cupboard. It was built for music; and music is not improved by piling odds and ends on top of the piano. Neither is it good form to shunt the piano round to various parts of the room. It should have its own appointed place as a motor-car has its own garage. That much consideration the piano owes to the automobile.

There is, I repeat, no antagonism between the piano and the car. In the education of the human race they are in the same business. Very probably the modern player-piano and all the devices that put great piano music within easy reach of those that don't want to learn to play it for themselves, fetches a bigger world to a man than his car that carries him 200 miles a day. But that, again, is a mere difference. The motor-car began where the piano in its earlier stages began to leave off. And when everybody is for the time being tired of the car they are glad to get around the piano.

Paderewski Pre-Eminent

(Concluded from page 25.)

aged lily, but it never failed to be consummately interesting.

They say Paderewski produces few new things. Why should he? It is his glorious privilege to fall as far behind the innovators as he chooses and to go on depicting the same old images that thrilled us years ago when with the mantle of Rubinstein and Liszt on his shoulders he broke into the piano world with the power of revolution. Other men living may excel him in

many of the most modern devices and interpretations of more recent works. Until Paderewski fails much more than he has done yet, he must for all big achievements of the piano remain Paderewski Pre-Eminent.

Moods and Methods

ERNEST SEITZ gave his first piano programme for this season in Conservatory Hall last week. He was greeted by a large and somewhat distinguished audience, who paid him a number of well-deserved compliments during the evening. So far as can be remembered Seitz is the only artist in Canada who ever played on two pianos in one evening without having both on stage at once. After his first two groups an attendant opened the south side of the big organ, tumbled out a huge concert grand Steinway and wheeled the boudoir grand back again. Which lent further variety to a programme that did not need it.

Seitz has made further progress since we heard him last season. That is a trite saying, and obvious. Any young man of his great talent and ambition is bound to improve. He would be a wonder if he didn't. But the kind of improvement is worth while to consider. There was never any fireworks about him and his manner of playing must be judged on the quiet. His development is so intimate as to be almost subtle. With his clean-cut, absolutely sure and apparently unemotional kind of playing we have noticed in other recitals a certain lack of the alluring, persuasive element that can only come as a result of long experience. That quality was not lacking in his recital last week. We took for granted his more mathematical equipment and looked for a greater breadth in interpretation, more freedom in his rhythms, a greater degree of fantasy in his touch and altogether more of the humoresque in his general treatment wherever the subject permitted it. And it must be admitted that they were all there—in varying degree. He had a programme which permitted considerable variety of expression, and he took good advantage of it. All his numbers seemed to come with a crispness and clarity that he began to achieve some time ago in the surety of a broad and capable technique. They also—in many cases—took on what may be called character. There is a mood for Chopin and another for Beethoven, and another for Liszt. In his case it was not for so much a matter of mood as of method of approach. You are still conscious of a certain statuesque perfection of line and fine regard for quantity and quality of tone—with far less casual abandon than could be carried on such a basis. That will come later. It is better to build surely. Early abandon has spoiled many a good player. It was in his rhythms that Seitz showed his true mastery last week; rhythms that demand masses of tone placed with a master hand alternately with delicate cadences. Here is where tone-colour begins to come in, as an outgrowth of good rhythm and good tonal production. And Seitz is getting that tone-colour, the warmth that becomes exuberance, intensity, recklessness, freedom of utterance—finally a passion under perfect control.

Lest this may sound like a lecture on style or something of the sort, we hasten to say that in the case of an artist like Seitz that kind of moralizing is almost inevitable. Because he is grasping at all the big essentials and will not become subconscious on one till he has got a good conscious grip on another.

CONSOLATION NOTE.

There's just one consoling thought about the election campaign across the line—less than half the candidates can be elected.

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THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM McHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

HE dusted himself off with her help and tried to limp as little as possible; and when she insisted upon returning to the house, he made no objection, but he refused to wait while she went back for a car to take him. They walked back rather silently, she appreciating how passionately she had expressed herself for him, and he quiet because of this and other thoughts too.

They found Donald Avery in front of the house looking for them as they came up. Eaton succeeded in walking without limping; but he could not conceal the marks on his clothes.

"Harriet, I've just come from your father; he wants you to go to him at once," Avery directed. "Good morning, Eaton. What's happened?"

"Carelessness," Eaton deprecated. "Got rather in the way of a motor and was knocked over for it."

Harriet did not correct this to Avery. She went up to her father; she was still trembling, still sick with horror at what she had seen—an attempt to kill one walking at her side. She stopped outside her father's door to compose herself; then she went in.

The blind man was propped up on his bed with pillows into almost a sitting position; the nurse was with him. "What did you want, Father?" Harriet asked.

He had recognized her step and had been about to speak to her; but at the sound of her voice he stopped the words on his lips and changed them into a direction for the nurse to leave the room.

He waited until the nurse had left and closed the door behind her. Harriet saw that, in his familiarity with her tones and every inflection of her voice, he had sensed already that something unusual had occurred; she repeated, however, her question as to what he wanted.

"That does not matter now, Harriet. Where have you been?"

"I have been walking with Mr. Eaton."

"What happened?"

She hesitated. "Mr. Eaton was almost run down by a motor-car."

"Ah! An accident?"

She hesitated again. She had seen on her father's face the slight heightening of his colour which, with him, was the only outward sign that marked some triumph of his own mind; his blind eyes, abstracted and almost always motionless, never showed anything at all.

"Mr. Eaton said it was an accident," she answered.

"But you?"

"It did not look to me like an accident, Father. It—it showed intention."

"You mean it was an attack?"

"Yes; it was an attack. The man in the car meant to run Mr. Eaton down; he meant to kill him or to hurt him terribly. Mr. Eaton wasn't hurt. I called to him and pulled him—he jumped away in time."

"To kill him, Harriet? How do you know?"

She caught herself. "I—I don't know, Father. He certainly meant to injure Mr. Eaton. When I said kill him, I was telling only what I thought."

"That is better. I think so too."

"That they meant to kill Mr. Eaton?"

"Yes."

She watched her father's face; often when relating things to him, she was aware from his expression that she was telling him only something he already had figured out and expected or even knew; she felt that now.

"Father, did you expect Mr. Eaton to be attacked?"

"Expect? Not that exactly; it was possible; I suspected something like this might occur."

"And you did not warn him?"

The blind man's hands sought each

other on the coverlet and clasped together. "It was not necessary to warn him, Harriet; Mr. Eaton already knew. Who was in the car?"

"Three men."

"Had you seen any of them before?"

"Yes, one—the man who drove."

"Where?"

"On the train."

The colour on Santoine's face grew brighter. "Did you know who he was?"

"No, Father."

"Describe him, dear," Santoine directed.

He waited while she called together her recollections of the man.

"I can't describe him very fully, Father," she said. "He was one of the people who had berths in the forward sleeping-car. I can recall seeing him only when I passed through the car—I recall him only twice in that car and once in the diner."

"That is interesting," said Santoine.

"What, Father?"

"That in five days upon the train you saw the man only three times."

"You mean he must have kept out of sight as much as possible?"

"Have you forgotten that I asked you to describe him, Harriet?"

She checked herself. "Height about five feet, five," she said, "broad-shouldered, very heavily set; I remember he impressed me as being unusually muscular. His hair was black; I can't recall the colour of his eyes; his cheeks were blue with a heavy beard closely shaved. I remember his face was prognathous, and his clothes were spotted with dropped food. I—it seems hard for me to recall him, and I can't describe him very well."

"But you are sure it was the same man in the motor?"

"Yes."

"Did he seem a capable person?"

"Exactly what do you mean?"

"**WOULD** he be likely to execute a purpose well, Harriet—either a purpose of his own, or one in which he had been instructed?"

"He seemed an animal sort of person, small, strong, and not particularly intelligent. It seems hard for me to remember more about him than that."

"That is interesting."

"What?"

"That it is hard for you to remember him very well."

"Why, Father?"

Her father did not answer. "The other men in the motor?" he asked.

"I can't describe them. I—I was excited about Mr. Eaton."

"The motor itself, Harriet?"

"It was a black touring car."

"Make and number?"

"I don't know either of those. I don't remember that I saw a number; it—it may have been taken off or covered up."

"Thank you, dear."

"You mean that is all, then?"

"No; bring Eaton to me."

"He has gone to his room to fix himself up."

"I'll send for him, then," Santoine pressed one of the buttons beside his bed to call a servant; but before the bell could be answered, Harriet got up.

"I'll go myself," she said.

She went out into the hall and closed the door behind her; she waited until she heard the approaching steps of the man summoned by Santoine's bell; then, going to meet him, she sent him to call Eaton in his rooms, and she still waited until the man came back and told her Eaton had already left his rooms and gone downstairs. She dismissed the man and went to the head of the stairs, but her steps slowed there and stopped. She was strained and nervous; often in acting as her father's

"eye" and reporting to him what she saw, she felt that he found many insignificant things in her reports which were hidden from herself; and she never had had that feeling more strongly than just now as she was telling him about the attack made on Eaton. So she knew that the blind man's thought in regard to Eaton had taken some immense stride; but she did not know what that stride had been, or what was coming when her father saw Eaton.

She went on slowly down the stairs, and when halfway down, she saw Eaton in the hall below her. He was standing beside the table which held the bronze antique vase; he seemed to have taken something from the vase and to be examining it. She halted again to watch him; then she went on, and he turned at the sound of her footsteps. She could see, as she approached him, what he had taken from the vase, but she attached no importance to it; it was only a black button from a woman's glove—one of her own, perhaps, which she had dropped without noticing. He tossed it indifferently toward the open fireplace as he came toward her.

"Father wants to see you, Mr. Eaton," she said.

He looked at her intently for an instant and seemed to detect some strangeness in her manner and to draw himself together; then he followed her up the stairs.

CHAPTER XIV.

It Grows Plainer.

BASIL SANTOINE'S bedroom, like the study below it, was no nearly sound-proof that anything going on in the room could not be heard in the hall outside it, even close to the double doors. Eaton, as they approached these doors, listened vainly, trying to determine whether any one was in the room with Santoine; then he quickened his step to bring him beside Harriet.

"One moment, please, Miss Santoine," he urged.

She stopped. "What is it you want?"

"Your father has received some answer to the inquiries he has been having made about me?"

"I don't know, Mr. Eaton."

"Is he alone?"

"Yes."

Eaton thought a minute. "That is all I wanted to know, then," he said.

Harriet opened the outer door and knocked on the inner one. Eaton heard Santoine's voice at once calling them to come in, and as Harriet opened the second door, he followed her into the room. The blind man turned his sightless eyes toward them, and, plainly aware—somehow—that it was Eaton and Harriet who had come in, and that no one else was with them, he motioned Harriet to close the door and set a chair for Eaton beside the bed. Eaton, understanding this gesture, took the chair from her and set it as Santoine's motion had directed; then he waited for her to seat herself in one of the other chairs.

"Am I to remain, Father?" she asked.

"Yes," Santoine commanded.

Eaton waited while she went to a chair at the foot of the bed and seated herself—her clasped hands resting on the footboard and her chin upon her hands—in a position to watch both Eaton and her father while they talked; then Eaton sat down.

"Good morning, Eaton," the blind man greeted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Santoine," Eaton answered; he understood by now that Santoine never began a conversation until the one he was going to address himself to had spoken, and that Santoine was able to tell, by the sound of the voice, almost as much of what was going on in the mind of one he talked with as a man with eyes is



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able to tell by studying the face. He continued to wait quietly, therefore, glancing up once to Harriet Santoine, whose eyes for an instant met his; then both regarded again the face of the blind man on the bed.

Santoine was lying quietly upon his back, his head raised on the pillows, his arms above the bed-covers, his finger-tips touching with the fingers spread.

"You recall, of course, Eaton, our conversation on the train," Santoine said evenly.

"Yes."

"And so you remember that I gave you at that time four possible reasons—as the only possible ones—why you had taken the train I was on. I said you must have taken it to attack me, or to protect me from attack; to learn something from me, or to inform me of something; and I eliminated as incompatible with the facts, the second of these—I said you could not have taken it to protect me."

"Yes."

"VERY well; the reason I have sent for you now is that, having eliminated to-day still another of those possibilities,—leaving only two,—I want to call your attention in a certain order to some of the details of what happened on the train."

"You say that to-day you have eliminated another of the possibilities?" Eaton asked uneasily.

"To-day, yes; of course. You had rather a close call this morning, did you not?"

"Rather, I was careless."

"You were careless?" Santoine smiled derisively. "Perhaps you were—in one sense. In another, however, you have been very careful, Eaton. You have been careful to act as though the attempt to run you down could not have been a deliberate attack; you were careful to call it an accident; you were careful not to recognize any of the three men in the motor."

"I had no chance to recognize any of them, Mr. Santoine," Eaton replied easily. "I did not see the car coming; I was thrown from my feet; when I got up, it was too far away for me to recognize any one."

"Perhaps so; but were you surprised when my daughter recognized one of them as having been on the train with us?"

Eaton hesitated, but answered almost immediately:

"Your question doesn't exactly fit the case. I thought Miss Santoine had made a mistake."

"But you were not surprised; no. What would have been a surprise to you, Eaton, would have been—if you had had a chance to observe the men—to have found that none of them—none of them had been on the train!"

Eaton started and felt that he had colored. How much did Santoine know? Had the blind man received, as Eaton feared, some answer to his inquiries which had revealed, or nearly revealed, Eaton's identity? Or was it merely that the attack made on Eaton that morning had given Santoine new light on the events that had happened on the train and particularly—Eaton guessed—on the cipher telegram which Santoine claimed to have translated? Whatever the case might be, Eaton knew that he must conceal from Harriet the effect the blind man's words produced on him. Santoine, of course, could not see these effects; and he had kept his daughter in the room to watch for just such things. Eaton glanced at her; she was watching him and, quite evidently, had seen his discomposure, but she made no comment. As he regained possession of himself, her gaze went back intently to her father. Eaton looked from her back to the blind man, and saw that Santoine was waiting for him to speak.

"You assume that, Mr. Santoine," he asserted, "because—" He checked himself and altered his sentence. "Will you tell me why you assume that?"

"That that would have surprised you? Yes; that is what I called you in here to tell you."

As Santoine waited a moment be-

fore going on, Eaton watched him anxiously. The blind man turned himself on his pillows so as to face Eaton more directly; his sightless, motionless eyes told nothing of what was going on in his mind.

"Just ten days ago," Santoine said evenly and dispassionately, "I was found unconscious in my berth—Section Three of the rearmost sleeper—on the transcontinental train, which I had taken with my daughter and Avery at Seattle. I had been attacked,—assailed during my sleep some time in that first night that I spent on the train,—and my condition was serious enough so that for three days afterward I was not allowed to receive any of the particulars of what had happened to me. When I did finally learn them, I naturally attempted to make certain deductions as to who it was that had attempted to murder me, and why; and ever since, I have continued to occupy myself with those questions. I am going to tell you a few of my deductions. You need not interrupt me unless you discover me to be in error, and then in error only in fact or observation which, obviously, had to be reported to me. If you fancy I am at fault in my conclusions, wait until you discover your error."

Santoine waited an instant; Eaton thought it was to allow him to speak if he wanted to, but Eaton merely waited.

"The first thing I learned," the blind man went on, "was the similarity of the attack on me to the more successful attack on Warden, twelve days previous, which had caused his death. The method of the two attacks was the same; the conditions surrounding them were very similar. Warden was attacked in his motor, in a public street; his murderer took a desperate chance of being detected by the chauffeur or by some one on the street, both when he made the attack and afterward when he escaped unobserved, as it happened, from the automobile. The attack upon me was made in the same way, perhaps even with the same instrument; my assailant took equally desperate chances. The attack on me was made on a public conveyance where the likelihood of the murderer being seen was even greater, for the train was stopped, and under conditions which made his escape almost impossible. The desperate nature of the two attacks, and their almost identical method, made it practically certain that they originated at the same source and were carried out—probably—by the same hand and for the same purpose.

"MRS. WARDEN'S statement to me of her interview with her husband a half-hour before his murder, made it certain that the object of the attack on him was to 'remove' him. It seemed almost inevitable, therefore, that the attack on me must have been for the same purpose. There have been a number of times in my life, Eaton, when I have known that it would be to the advantage of some one if I were 'removed'; that I do not know now any definite reason for such an act does not decrease its probability; for I do not know why Warden was 'removed.'

"I found that a young man—yourself—had acted so suspiciously both before and after the attack on me that both Avery and the conductor in charge of the train had become convinced that he was my assailant, and had segregated him from the rest of the passengers. Not only this, but—and this seemed quite conclusive to them—you admitted that you were the one who had called upon Warden the evening of his murder. Warden's statement to his wife that you were some one he was about to befriend—which had been regarded as exculpating you from share in his murder—ceased to be so conclusive now that you had been present at a second precisely similar attack; and it certainly was no proof that you had not attacked me. It seemed likely, too, that you were the only person on the train aside from my daughter and Avery who knew who I was; for I



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had reason to believe from the time when I first heard you speak when you boarded the train, that you were some one with whom I had, previously, very briefly come in contact; and I had asked my daughter to find out who you were, and she had tried to do so, but without success."

Eaton wet his lips. "Also," the blind man continued, "there was a telegram which definitely showed that there was some connection, unknown to me, between you and me, as well as a second—or rather a previous—suspicious telegram in cipher, which we were able to translate."

EATON leaned forward, impelled to speak; but as Santoine clearly detected this impulse and waited to hear what he was going to say, Eaton reconsidered and kept silent.

"You were going to say something about that telegram in cipher?" Santoine asked.

"No," Eaton denied. "I think you were; and I think that a few minutes ago when I said you were not surprised by the attempt made to-day to run you down, you were also going to speak of it; for that attempt makes clear the meaning of the telegram. Its meaning was not clear to me before, you understand. It said only that you were known and followed. It did not say why you were followed. I could not be certain of that; there were several possible reasons why you might be followed—even that the 'one' who 'was following' might be some one secretly interested in preventing you from an attack on me. Now, however, I know that the reason you feared the man who was following was because you expected him to attack you. Knowing that, Eaton—knowing that, I want to call your attention to the peculiarity of our mutual positions on the train. You had asked for and were occupying Section Three in the third sleeper, in order—I assume and, I believe, correctly—to avoid being put in the same car with me. In the night, the second sleeper—the car next in front of yours—was cut off from the train and left behind. That made me occupy in relation to the forward part of the train exactly the same position as you had occupied before the car ahead of you had been cut out. I was in Section Three in the third sleeper from the front."

Eaton stared at Santoine, fascinated; what had been only vague, half felt, half formed with himself, was becoming definite, tangible, under the blind man's reasoning. He was aware that Harriet Santoine was looking alternately from him to her father, herself startled by the revelation thus passionlessly recited. What her father was saying was new to her; he had not taken his daughter into his confidence to this extent.

Eaton's hands closed instinctively, in his emotion. "What do you mean?"

"You understand already," Santoine asserted. "The attack made on me was meant for you. Some one stealing through the cars from the front to the rear of the train and carrying in his mind the location of Section Three in the third car, struck through the curtains by mistake at me instead of you. Who was that, Eaton?"

Eaton sat unanswering, staring. "You did not realize before, that the man on the train meant to murder you?" Santoine demanded.

"No," said Eaton. "I see you understand it now; and that it was the same man—or some one accompanying the man—who tried to run you down this morning. Who is that man?"

"I don't know," Eaton answered. "You mean you prefer to shield him?"

"That is what you are doing, is it not? For, even if you don't know the man directly, you know in whose cause and under whose direction he murdered Warden—and why and for whom he is attempting to murder you."

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Eaton remained silent. In his intensity, Santoine had lifted himself from his pillows. "Who is that man?" he challenged. "And what is that connection between you and me which, when the attack found and disabled me instead of you, told him that—in spite of his mistake—his result had been accomplished? told him that, if I was dying, a repetition of the attack against you was unnecessary?"

Eaton knew that he had grown very pale; Harriet must be aware of the effect Santoine's words had on him, but he did not dare look at her now to see how much she was comprehending. All his attention was needed to defend himself against Santoine.

"I don't understand." He fought to compose himself.

"It is perfectly plain," Santoine said patiently. "It was believed at first that I had been fatally hurt; it was even reported at one time—I understand—that I was dead; only intimate friends have been informed of my actual condition. Yesterday, for the first time, the newspapers announced the certainty of my recovery; and to-day an attack is made on you."

"There has been no opportunity for an attack on me before, if this was an attack. On the train I was locked up under charge of the conductor."

"You have been off the train nearly a week."

"But I have been kept here in your house."

"You have been allowed to walk about the grounds."

"But I've been watched all the time; no one could have attacked me without being seen by your guards."

"They did not hesitate to attack you in sight of my daughter."

"But—"

"You are merely challenging my deductions! Will you reply to my questions?—tell me the connection between us?—who you are?"

"No."

"Come here!"

"What?" said Eaton.

"Come here—close to me, beside the bed."

Eaton hesitated, and then obeyed.

"Bend over!"

Eaton stooped, and the blind man's hands seized him. Instantly Eaton withdrew.

"Wait!" Santoine warned. "If you do not stay, I shall call help." One hand went to the bell beside his bed.

HARRIET had risen; she met Eaton's gaze warningly and nodded to him to comply. He bent again over the bed. He felt the blind man's sensitive fingers searching his features, his head, his throat.

Eaton gazed at Santoine's face while the fingers were examining him; he could see that Santoine was merely finding confirmation of an impression already gained from what had been told him about Eaton. Santoine showed nothing more than this confirmation; certainly he did not recognize Eaton. More than this, Eaton could not tell.

"Now your hands," Santoine ordered.

Eaton extended one hand and then the other; the blind man felt over them from wrists to the tips of the fingers; then he let himself sink back against the pillow, absorbed in thought.

Eaton straightened and looked at Harriet where she was standing at the foot of the bed; she, however, was intently watching her father and did not look Eaton's way.

"You may go," Santoine said at last.

"Go?" Eaton asked.

"You may leave the room. Blatchford will meet you downstairs."

Santoine reached for the house telephone beside his bed—receiver and transmitter on one light bar—and gave directions to have Blatchford await Eaton in the hall below.

(To be Continued.)

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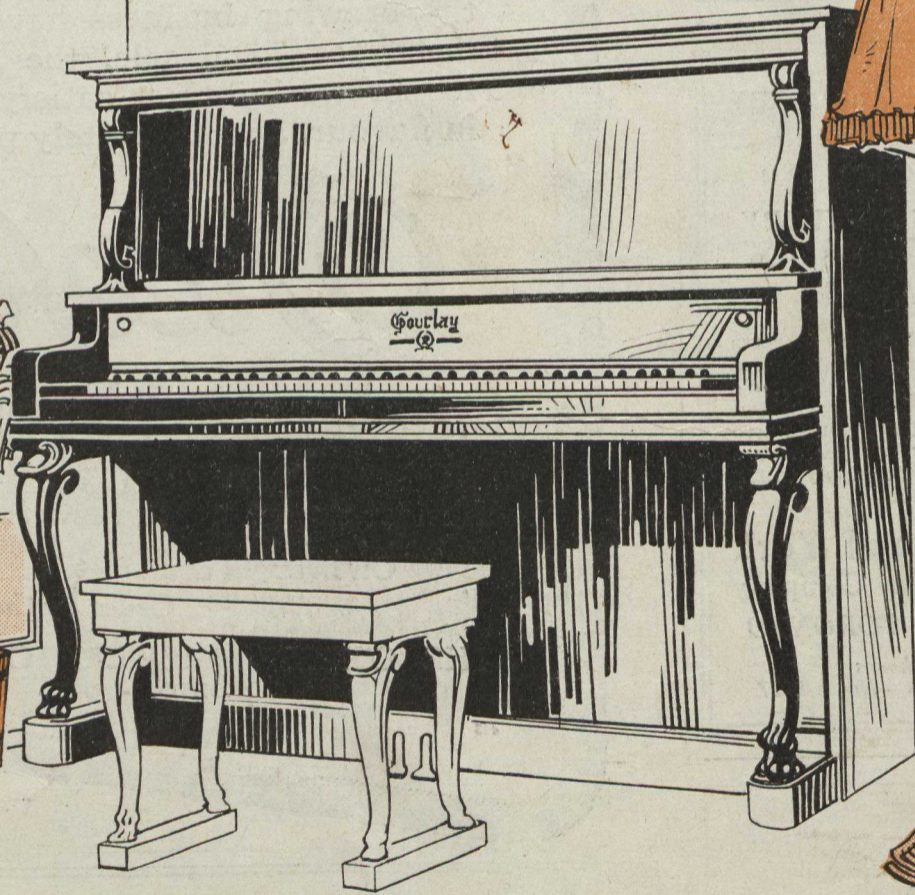
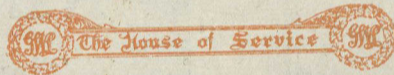
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