

CANADIAN COURIER

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British Officer: "Poor old chap! He couldn't hear a 15 bursting now. It's the first French paper he's seen in two years. I'm glad I got it to him."

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

Vol. XXI. No. 24

FIVE CENTS

May 12, 1917

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CANADIAN COURIER

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Speaking of What We Are—Not

A LEGAL subscriber whom we sincerely respect wrote us last week to say that we should stop publishing what he calls pin-prick criticisms of the Ottawa Government or he will be obliged to consider quitting the Canadian Courier. He refers specifically to a recent "correspondence" from London, in which the writer gave expression to several very different sets of ideas about the Empire and Canada, including a few criticisms of some of our Ministers in London. The article was intended to give both sides of an argument. It concluded nothing, proved nothing; merely stated impressions. We suspect that the writer of it may have a lurking tendency to lean towards one kind of British Empire as opposed to the kind favoured by our subscriber. But he did not say so. And if he did, it would be no serious criticism of the present Government. Opinions on Empire differ, even in an Ottawa Cabinet—when you get Ministers off by themselves, just talking about Canada outside of parties.

However, our critic says we are showing Grit tendencies. That is a sore touch. To call a non-partisan national weekly a Grit publication is a use of the You're Another method of argument not worthy of a noble soul joined to a legal intellect. Just for a change, we wish somebody would call us a Methodist magazine or a Mugwump. Why do folks nowadays argue so much about politics, anyway? Our forefathers thumped the table over religion. Their forbears again in the Dark Ages carried on controversies about what would happen if an irresistible force were to meet an immovable object. We much prefer the last mentioned. If somebody will only call us an irresistible force we shall be glad to consider him an immovable object.

But a Grit publication—no, we beg to be excused. We are not consistently clever enough.

HERE is a cheery letter that shows how the Man from Windermere made an impression on an Englishman who has been long enough in Canada to know that Chisholm is able to hit a nail on the head.

Strathroy, Ont., April 30th, 1917.

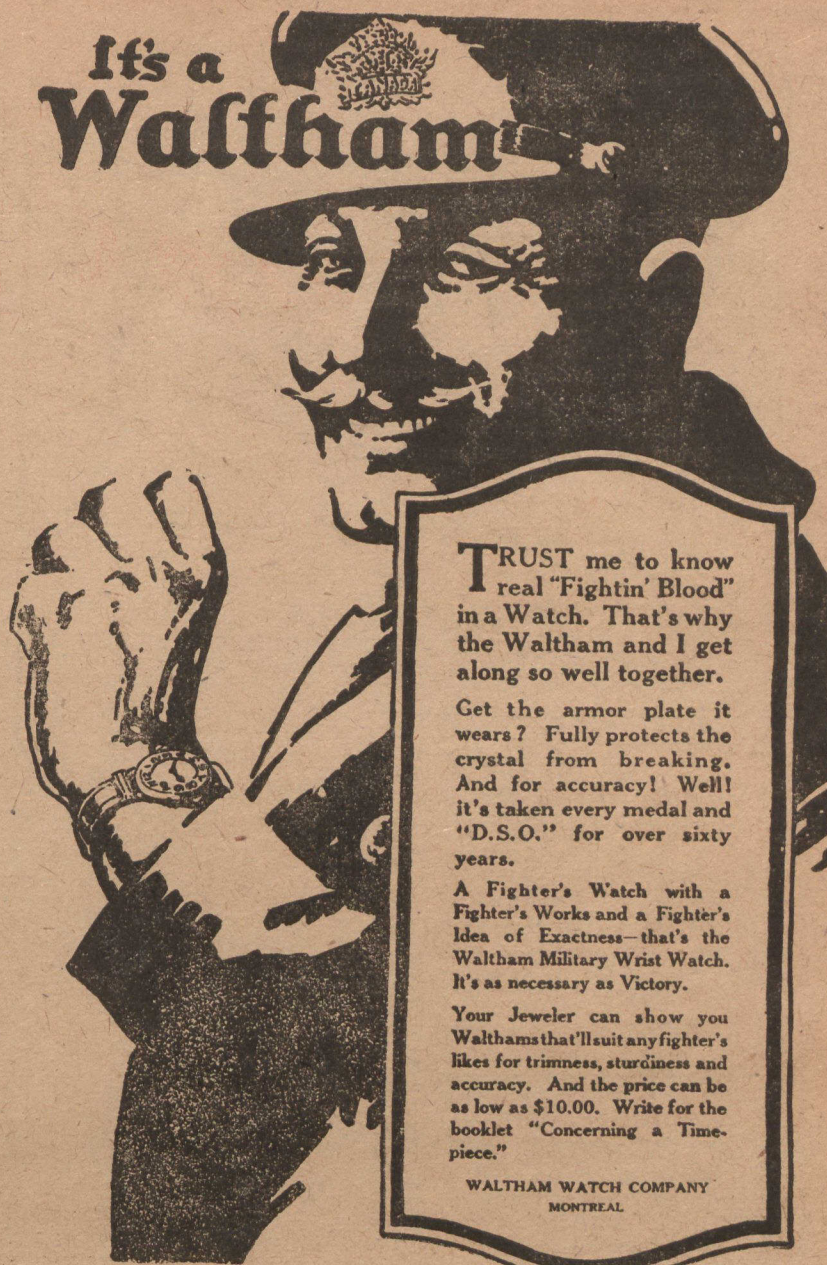
Courier Press, Ltd.:

Gentlemen,—I am a reader of your valuable paper, the "Canadian Courier," and was intensely interested as an Englishman by birth, but a Canadian of four years' duration, to read that splendid article, "The Unlike and the Like," by A. M. Chisholm, in last Saturday's, April 28th, publication. It is the best and truest article I have yet read dealing with the Englishman in Canada, and I only wish that every man and woman from the Old Land could read it.

I shall pass this article on to others of my fellows that it may be the means of setting right many wrong notions that Englishmen have in Canada.

We admit it all. Populating Canada, whether from the inside out or the outside in, is a big problem which will continue to be a live topic when a good many of us are dead people. Now that Chisholm has set the ball rolling, we may have a number of very illuminating articles on the question. Meanwhile we shall shortly publish one from Saskatchewan on a subject that has a good deal to do with Immigration. The writer of it has been probing around in that great nursery of new opinions that has Regina for a capital and has come to some very useful conclusions.

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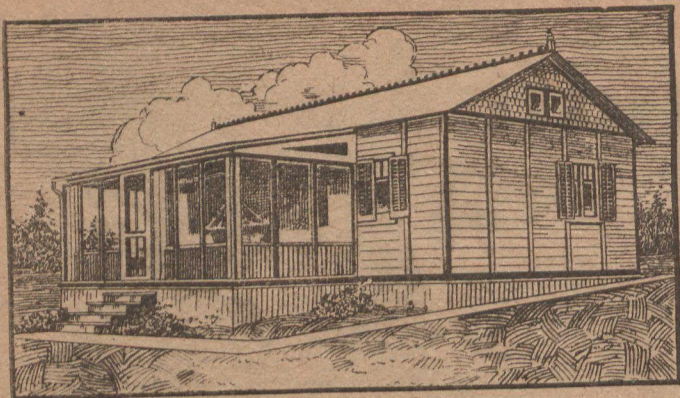
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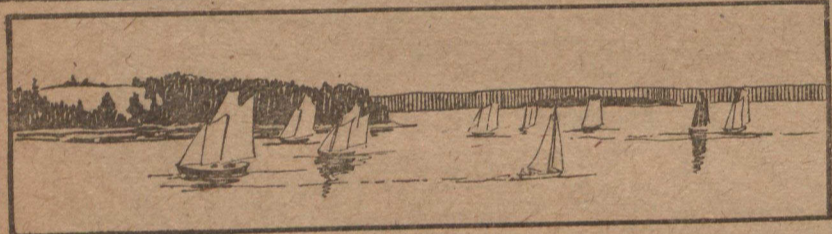
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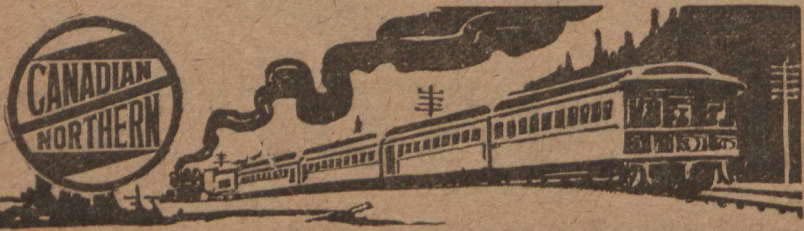
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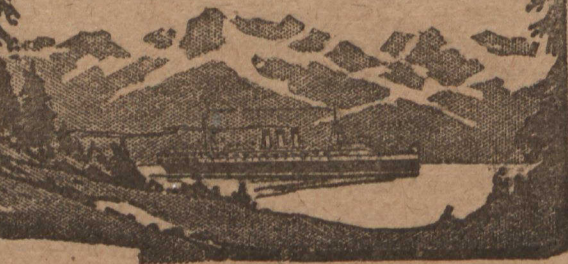
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CANADIAN COURIER

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Vol. XXI.

May 12th, 1917

No. 24

RED COURCELLETTE

THE Machine Gun Officer sat on the sofa beside an attentive listener and made a diagram on a scrap of paper while he talked. The left sleeve of his tunic was decorated with two little stripes of gold braid, and the breast, with the snippet of white-and-purple ribbon which marks the winners of the Military Cross. His right wrist has a lumpy, reddish scar where a German bullet tore the muscles six months ago; but it did not interfere with his sketching.

"This," he said, drawing a small oblong, "is the village of Courcellette. This is the central square, and this is the road running through. The road to Bapaume was to the left." He indicated it by a curving single line with an arrow-head for direction.

"Courcellette was a regular French village, built of brick, but all in ruins from our shells. We were two miles away from it on the afternoon of the fifteenth of September, and we did not expect to fight that day. It was a beautiful autumn day, clear and blue. There had been frost the night before. Our O. C. gathered us in his dug-out behind the lines at half-past two, explained what we had to do, and gave us our maps. I wish I had mine to show you, but they took it from me in the hospital.

"Do you know Captain Kettle? That's our colonel. Little, fierce, red, bristling moustache—no mercy—by James! He court-martialled seven of his officers, but they deserved it. No better officer in France, and, you know, the colonel makes the regiment. He was in the Lancers once, and then in the Mounted Police. He was a prize-fighter among other things, and always fought in the class above him because he could not find his match in his own.

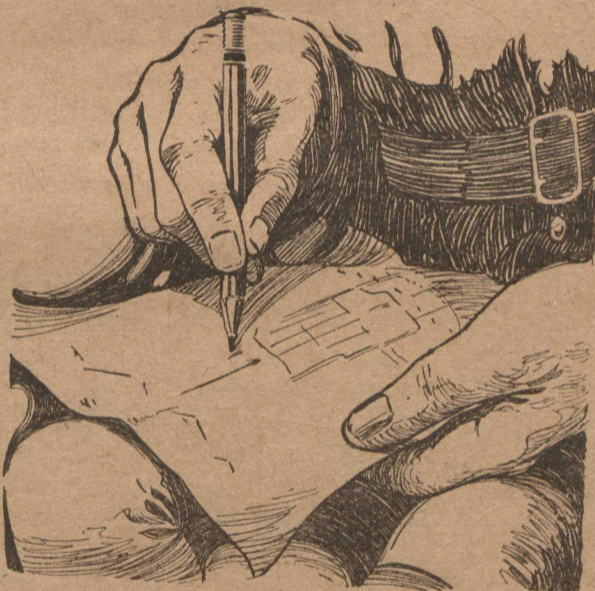
"After we got our orders, we had to explain everything to our non-coms, and get up to the front. It took some hustling. For example, I had charge of thirteen machine-guns, and I had to show each crew on the map exactly what position they were to take up, and be sure that every man understood what he had to do. Our orders were to go right through the village and dig ourselves in beyond the German trench on the far side.

"It all came off exactly as it was planned. We passed through the Herringbones who were entrenched on the top of a gentle slope towards Courcellette. We had only fourteen hundred yards to go." He marked the distance by a faint line, with an arrow-head at each end. "At 6.15 p.m."—putting down the figures—"we were here, at the southern edge of Courcellette, and at 6.25, we were on the other side and digging ourselves in. We did not stop to make prisoners; that was done by the battalion that followed us. It was broad daylight, for we were working on summer time.

"THE Germans had their trench all along the southern side of the village." Here he deepened the southern boundary of the oblong. "We could see their rifles pointed at us as we came along. They might have got every one of us, but they were demoralized by our bombardment, and they put up their hands. They had no spirit left. I don't know what units they were.

"We" (the Bounding Bluenoses) "had to work along this street." He drew it, a double line parallel to the first and to the left. "It was full of dug-outs"—indicated by short dashes—"and the Germans fought from house to house, shooting round corners. You had to go carefully, like fighting Indians.

A TALE OF THE BOUNDING BLUENOSES—and others—as told by a Canadian Officer Boy to the Author. Red Courcellette, as he described it, was no lurid epic of conscious heroism. No, it was a piece of work planned on schedule time, carried out to a dot by the clock and the diagram, a day's work or so as the crippled hand traced it on his knees. The plain, unvarnished tale of the boy who had been through it all conveyed the impression that he had assisted in a military parade. That's the British streak in the Canadian, perhaps. But we know it's never mere doggedness. And the Canadian is never a machine. He just works to the schedule.



By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

"The second German trench was just along the other side of the village," He deepened the northern boundary. "And beyond that was a light railway"—a dotted line—"leading to an engineer's dump just outside the village to the left. We crossed both; there was no resistance any more than at the first; the Germans all put their hands up. We began digging. The soil was hard chalk. Every now and then the Germans left behind would fire into us. There were the Germans in front of us; and somewhere away to the right, a field-gun—it must have been—was enfilading us. There was no need to urge the men to dig. I placed the machine-guns along our front." He indicated their positions by a series of emphatic dots. One was posted on each of the roads that flanked the trench of the Bounding Bluenoses. "About ten minutes after we got through, the Potagedepois took up their position on our left—there's a good regiment—they're all right—the Princely Patricks were on our left, and to their left again were the Regal Canucks." He put down famous initials on his diagram.

"At this point"—making a small square at the end of the further trench—"the Germans had a trench-mortar emplacement; and, as I came along quite a bunch of them, about thirty, came up out of it. I was alone now. I did not know what had become of the others. I was carrying a German rifle I had picked up, and tried to use it on them, but it wouldn't fire. I didn't know how to work it. So I threw it down and went on, flourishing my revolver, calling to them to surrender. I got a bullet in my right wrist, when my hand was up in the air. It came near my head. I shifted my revolver to my left hand and kept on. They surrendered," he concluded in a matter-of-fact tone; "they were badly scared."

HE did not say so, but it was for this piece of good luck, combined with other routine work, which gave him the right to wear that snippet of white-and-purple ribbon. No Military Cross or Companion of the Distinguished Order will ever admit that he earned his distinction. He did nothing more than his brothers in arms is the burden of his song; or else he honestly doesn't know what he got it for.

"Decorations are easy to get along the western front, except the V. C.," wrote one of the first Canadian M. C.'s. The standard of heroism has been raised in this war.

It seemed to the listener that he had read of Courcellette as a bloody battle, that there had been heavy losses, and that once again the Canadians had won renown in the stricken field, at the price of many slain. The plain, unvarnished tale of the boy who had been through it all conveyed the impression that he had assisted in a military parade. Any emotion that he manifested was satisfaction that a somewhat elaborate programme had been carried out exactly as it had been planned, that there had been no mistakes and no hitches; and that the time-table had been followed to the minute. It was the sort of satisfaction one might feel in a well-played game of chess. That the Germans were a factor in the game could barely be inferred from his unemotional narrative. In response to questions, the Machine Gun Officer admitted that there had been losses. There was the triple barrage to advance through; but he made light even of the barrage.

"It's all nonsense about the shell-holes, about men falling into them and being lost. The ground we had to cover was like a plowed field. Yes, it is quite true that we advanced at a walk in perfect order. The long lines absolutely straight. The boys went on smiling. You saw a shell burst and some fall, but the lines went on." There were three curtains of fire, three hedges of bursting shell to pass through, before the Canadians even reached the Germans. To get Canadians to go ahead, to follow their officers is never a problem; they may not be soldiers, but they are fighters.

He conveyed the impression that it was not altogether impossible to dodge the shattering projectiles in a barrage. The Germans do not traverse their guns, i.e., swing the muzzles round from side to side, spraying death like water from a hose; they keep firing straight ahead. You note where the shells fall and take your chance. Still the Bounding Bluenoses lost heavily. Of the bronzed, eager, young officers who gathered in the colonel's dug-out on the afternoon of the fifteenth, very few were left next day.

"Poor — was killed here—machine-gun. We found — in a shell hole four days afterwards. Old Kettle was hit in the hand himself. You wouldn't catch him in the regimental headquarters where he ought to have been. He was up in the front line with the men. They liked it. You could hear them talk.

"In the night we were badly peppered by the Germans in front of us until one of our own aeroplanes came along. The men burnt little red lights in the trench from one end to the other, giving the position. The aeroplane must have reported quickly, for almost at once our batteries began attending to the Huns. By morning we had the trench complete.

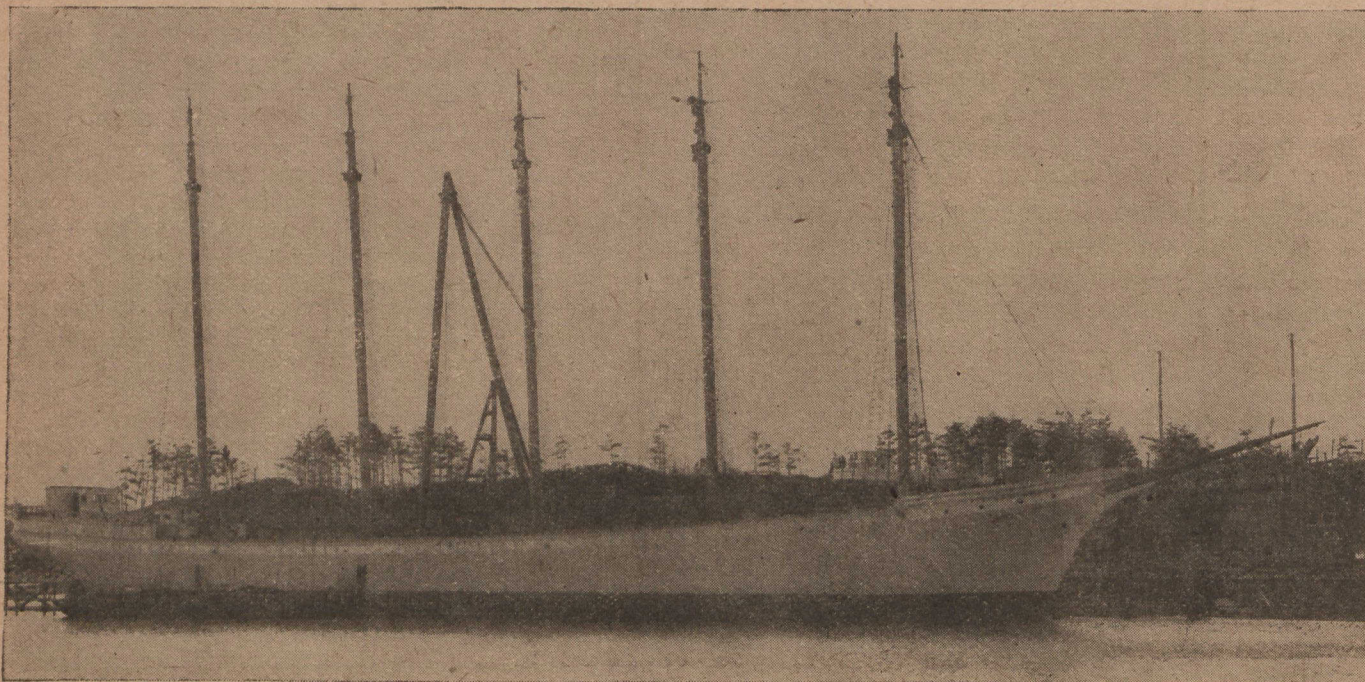
"Early in the morning, about daylight, my sergeant, an old regular—he had been in South Africa—

strolled down the main road about a hundred and fifty yards to see if he had a clear field of fire for his machine-guns and ran into a German strong-point. The first thing he knew he had three Huns at him with rifles. He was hit in the left arm and dived into the nearest dug-out. By great good luck it was empty. He managed to get his tunic off, and bandaged up his wound with his field-dressing. He left his tunic rolled up on the table, for the Germans at the entrance to fire at. He was trapped. He looked round for some way of escape; and it seemed to him that one wall of the dug-out was thinner than the other. He went at it with his one good hand, and managed to tear a hole through it into the next dug-out. His luck still held; that, too, was empty. It did not take him long to crawl

through the hole he had made, and get up the steps to the opening of the dug-out. He found the Germans still firing into the den he had left. He had his revolver of course. He got one Hun in the head, and another in the back. The third man started to run. In his excitement old — dropped his revolver, grabbed his own tin hat off his head and buzzed it at the Hun. It caught him with the edge fair in the neck and laid him out. Then he came back to us minus his coat and helmet with the information that there was a German strong-point a hundred and fifty yards down the road. He got the D.C.M. for it."

That is the tale of red Courcelette as a typical Canadian officer boy saw it, as he worked with his battalion.

COURIER SHIP-BUILDING POLICY ENDORSED



VICTORIA, B.C., COMES ALONG WITH A NEW KIND OF CRAFT.

A sample of the kind of wooden schooners—the Margaret Henry—now being built in Victoria, B.C., to help carry Canada's food to where much of it will do most good in the world's work. These schooners are equipped with auxiliary oil engines.



ILLINOISIANS IN WINNIPEG TO INCREASE CANADIAN FOOD PRODUCTION.

Students from the Illinois University Agricultural College are now in Winnipeg—here a few of the 800 first draft—to help put in and take off Canada's 1917 western crop. They are responding to Canada's call through the Government for increased food production. What of the call for more ships to help the great Canadian railways carry the food?

DURING the past six months the Canadian Courier has published several illustrated articles on shipbuilding in Canada on both the Atlantic and the Pacific. Here is a list of the articles:

Building Ships in B.C. By A. C. Thompson. Oct. 21, 1916.

Ships that Came and Went. By B. B. Cooke. Dec. 16, 1916.

Ships and Trade Grabbing. By B. B. Cooke. Jan. 13, 1917.

Our Great Halifax Harbour. By V. Hayward. Jan. 27, 1917.

Our Eastern Sea-Gate. By A. Mac-Mechan. Mar. 3, 1917.

Offsetting the Submarines. By the Editor. Mar. 10, 1917.

Lights Along the Atlantic. By Nauticus. Mar. 17, 1917.

Offsetting the Submarines was intended to show what Canada could do as her small but ever-increasing bit in the work of helping England to build new ships faster than the subs could sink them. Before that time the subject of Canadian shipbuilding was quietly taboo in most of our big newspapers. It was news to Courier readers that a great shipbuilding industry had sprang up on the Pacific and that down East the Maritimers were clamouring for a Canadian policy of Canadian ships to be operated by Canadian crews carrying Canadian produce on the high seas.

Now the large newspapers realize the importance of the thing. The submarine peril has sent it home. The prompt action of Uncle Sam with his prospective Armada of wooden ships carrying food to the Allies has sent it home again. Tuesday last week the Toronto Telegram contained an article on

MORE SHIPS.

We quote as follows:

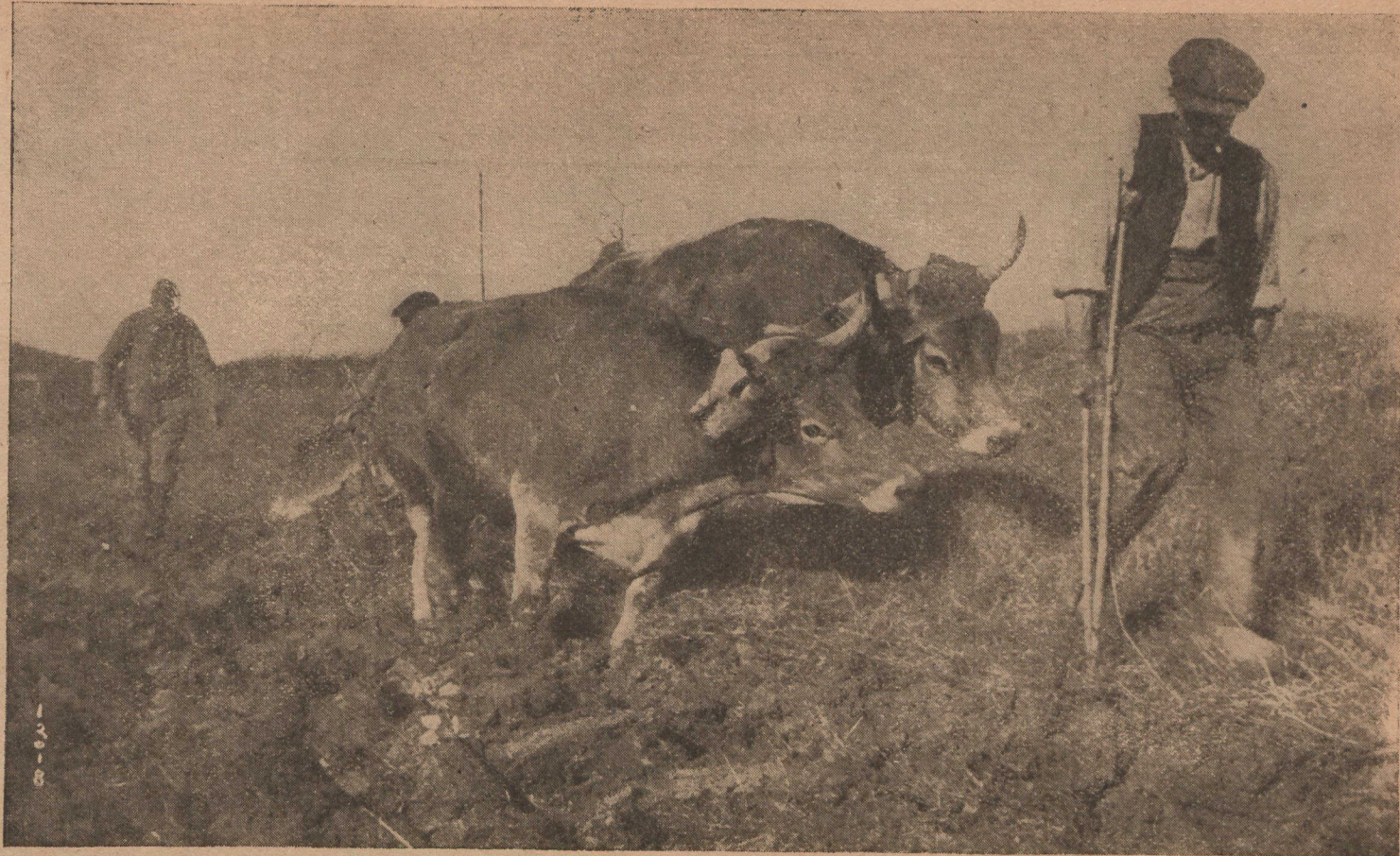
"Canada should begin work on a great national policy of ship construction. Ship production, wooden ships to start with, and steel ships to follow, is the duty required of Canada in the great work of defeating German submarines on the sea. Canada's answer to the submarine peril should rise in a chorus of sound from every old shipyard and scores of new shipyards on the Pacific, on the Atlantic, on the great lakes, and from the works where the new ships can be supplied with engines. Canada's policy of increased crop production must keep step with Canada's policy of increased ship production.

"Canada should not leave the deliverance of Britain from the submarine peril to be worked out entirely by the British Navy, with the help of the United States shipyards."

FARM!



This French War Cripple loved the land so much that he led the oxen ploughing among the dead men



OUR striking potato photograph below bears this very naive comment by the camera-man who took the picture—presumably in France.

"A detachment of Canadian bushmen sowing potatoes. (Note—"sowing"). Furrows are made by the machine shown (it is a plough), the men follow on, dropping in the seed. The furrows are lined with potatoes and on the return journey the machine works between the furrows covering up the potatoes. The Canadians have a very economical way of using the seed potato. They cut the seed into several pieces. Many cuttings are made out of a good-sized potato.

In other words, a potato has many eyes. Each eye is good for a sprout. In a peck of potatoes costing anywhere from 75 cents to \$1.25, it is important to see that each eye becomes a sprout with enough of the parent potato left round the eye to give it a good start. Hence cutting potatoes for seed is a very expert business unless you want to plant money that never comes back.

The cost of growing an acre or a 20 x 30 plot of potatoes is a very important item to consider before you start raising potatoes. Of course potatoes may be cheap next year, because everybody's doing it. Never mind. Potatoes are good food. Our business is to increase the production of good food.

On the cost and revenue of growing potatoes we are referred to the Province of New Brunswick. This is our greatest potato province, the Ireland of Canada. A monument to Sir Walter Raleigh should stand in the city of St. John. If N. B. could only be made portable the rest of the country might get more potatoes. The trouble is, most of the surplus potatoes of N. B. drift down to the Bermudas. Water carriage is cheaper. As a U. S. farm bulletin curtly remarks:

"There is considerable risk of unprofitable production of potatoes when they are grown at great distances from the consuming markets."

The reason is that a bag of potatoes, for instance, weighs only 90 lbs., while a bag of wheat the same size weighs 120 lbs. It's the bulk, not the weight, that makes long haulage of potatoes a losing game. So potato-culture must

Speaking of Potatoes

Our Potato Province on the Atlantic sends along some useful calculations on the cost and profit of growing tubers

By THE "AG." EDITOR

be carried on as near Consumption-Centre as possible.

But hear N. B. on the cost and profit of potatoes. Dominion Experimental Station at Fredericton sends this message to humanity:

"In 1915 an acre was planted with three varieties—Green Mountain, Irish Cobbler and Empire State. The seed and the labour cost \$67.93. Result—80 bbls. of 765 lbs. each. S. P. per bbl., \$1.75. Net profit, 90c a bbl. Seven bbls. culls sold for, \$3.50. Gross profit from acre, \$75.50.

Notes: Low land, often flooded, grew buckwheat in 1914 after a 30-

years of back-crop, spruce, birch and alder.

Last year a different acre was planted with Green Mountain seed. Result—120 bbls., which at a much higher price brought a total profit of \$190.20. This land was an old hay meadow, was given 750 lbs. patent fertilizer in 1913, and cropped with potatoes; in 1914 got 18 tons barn manure and was cropped to corn; 1915 oats without manure.

These are cold calculations that may be of use to those who intend to grow potatoes. Clearly, the average profit on these two acres for two different

years was \$190.20 and \$75.50, divided by 2, which gives about \$132 an acre.

Now, if you have a plot, say 40 x 60, what profit do you get?

Now for arithmetic. An acre, as you know, contains 43,560 sq. ft. Your plot 40 x 60 is 2,400 sq. ft. Divide 2,400 into 43,560—get the boys busy—and you have just about 1-18 of an acre. Therefore, if your experience is like unto the Experimental Station at Fredericton, N.B. you will have a profit of \$132 divided by 18, which is about \$7.50.

Is it worth it? Well, if you reckon on top of that all the physical benefit you get from wheeling manure, digging, raking, hoeing, etc. Yes.

Anyway, try it. But look out lest the bugs, two of which can propagate millions of buglets in a season, do not rob you of your \$7.50. And, of course, even the price of Paris Green has gone up.



AMONG THE MAGAZINES

High Lights on a Few Extracts from Current Literature

MODERN RUSSIA, says Charles Johnston, in the North American Review, has given to the world many great pages of tremendous realism, none greater; vivid, more poignant, than those that have come to us, self-written, self-edited, since the Ides of March. Not Turgeneff nor Tolstoi, nor Gorki nor Verestchagin, not even Dostoyevski himself ever drew more powerful outlines or mixed more compelling colours than those that have framed themselves from the abrupt phrases of the cablegrams. And how like the handling of the great Russian realists, the whole drama has been: the figures have drawn themselves, the scenes have been set, the very persons have spoken, in the style that is unmistakably Russian, intense conviction, amazing vividness, deep religious emotion, an abiding sense of the eternal things!

Not Tolstoi nor Dostoyevski at their best conceived a more arresting figure than Rasputin: the huge, gaunt Siberian, shaggy and eloquent, half-visionary, half-charlatan, with his blazing eyes, his extraordinary power of fascinating women, his towering ambition, his wild profligacy, setting forth barefoot from primeval forests to enthrall the world; taking Petrograd by storm, for long months holding the Empire in the hollow of his hand, Church and State alike; hurled violently from power as a detected imposter; by force and craft breaking a way back again, once more appointing archbishops and ministers, dictating policies; giving himself up, drunk with insolence and wine, into the hands of Russia's most treacherous enemies, and coming within a hand's breadth of ruining the cause of the nation, the still greater cause of the Allies; finally slain by a great noble, quite openly, as a mad dog is slain; his body thrown into the icy Neva; drawn forth again, carried in state by ministers, laid in a silver coffin borne on the shoulders of the Emperor and his ministers, wept by the Empress in mourning



Uncle Sam: "And I always thought until now it was a man!"

—From London Opinion.

garments: no novelist would have dared to paint a picture like that.

JOFFRE'S SUCCESSOR.

GEN. NIVELLE'S character stands revealed by his mastery of the guns, writes Chas. Dabarn, in the Contemporary. At the battle of the Ourcq, which prefaced the victory of the Marne, he achieved the defeat which has entered into history. The Seventh Corps, part of Manoury's army, to which Nivelle was attached, as a Colonel of a regiment of artillery, was in difficulties owing to a sharp

counter-attack by the Germans. Decimated by the fire, and nerve-racked by the heavy artillery which they encountered for the first time, the 63rd Division showed signs of wavering, and feelings of panic were not diminished by the lurid light of burning farms—their own homesteads—on the horizon. Nivelle, in such extremity, took extreme measures. Some poet must enshrine the story in Tennyson's verse. "Charge with the guns," he said, a difference in purpose as well as wording from the immortal text. To their astonishment, the broken infantry saw five batteries pass them in a flash, with the Colonel at their head. The desperadoes unlimbered in the open—happily the dusk was falling—and then in calm haste, as if on parade before a prince of the earth, they poured in a murderous fire from the 75's upon the enemy. The watching infantry in the woods, half demoralized, but fascinated, lost their sense of personal danger as they realized the daring of the exploit. They were electrified. Reforming rapidly, they swung out of the wood, and with victorious elan, crashed into the enemy, thus completing the work of the guns. Thanks to Nivelle's utter and deliberate courage, the day was won.

Nivelle's calmness in the hour of action has extraordinary effect upon the beholder. The soldiers say he is invulnerable, like the great Corsican himself. He has passed, scatheless, through the most terrifying ordeals. He has never turned a hair in the midst of great bombardments, but is calm and collected, and as capable of cool-thinking as if he were working within the luminous circle of his lamp, which, often burns, like a watchful and friendly beacon, late into the night. His sang-froid may be traced, perhaps, to his English ancestry, for his mother was a Miss Sparrow, member of a distinguished family, which has given officers to both Army and Navy.

LORD BRYCE ON CLASSICS.

VISCOUNT BRYCE, in the Fortnightly, says that the real, practical problem for all our Universities is this: How are we to find means by which the study, while dropped for those who will never make much of it, may be retained, and for ever securely maintained, for that percentage of our youth, be it 20 or 30 per cent., or be it more, who will draw sufficient mental nourishment and stimulus from the study to make it an effective factor in their intellectual growth and an unceasing spring of enjoyment through the rest of life? This part of our youth has an importance for the nation not to be measured by its numbers. It is on the best minds that the strength of a nation depends, and more than half of these will find their proper province in letters and history. It is by the best minds that nations win and retain leadership. No pains can be too great that are spent on developing such minds to the finest point of efficiency.

We shall effect a saving if we drop that study of the ancient languages in the case of those who, after a trial, show no aptitude for them. But means must be devised whereby that study shall, while made more profitable through better methods, be placed in a position of such honour and importance as will secure its being prosecuted by those who are capable of receiving from it the benefits it is fitted to confer.

For the schools the problem is, how to discover among the boys and girls those who have the kind of gift which makes it worth while to take them out of the mass and give them due facilities for pursuing these studies at the higher secondary schools, so that they may proceed thence to the universities and further prosecute them there. Many of you, as teachers, know better than I how this problem may be solved. Solved it must be, if the whole community is not to lose the benefit of our system of graded schools.

BOOM TIMES AND BAD PLAYS.

NOT within the writer's memory, complains Walter Prichard Eaton, in the American Magazine, have New York hotels been so crowded, Broadway so packed with motors, the theatres so full of people, tickets so hard to get, prices so high.

old General Prosperity so complacently stalking down the glittering Alley. It is safe to say that the season of 1916-17, in New York, was the most prosperous ever known to the theatre managers. Why, then, should it have been one of the worst, artistically? What relation is there between a fat pocket-book and a lean literature?

Standing on the corner of 42nd Street and 5th Avenue in the afternoon, or in Times Square at the theatre hour, this past winter, the least observant person could not fail to be struck by the tremendous number of motor cars. (He was lucky if he wasn't



Uncle: "For a little fellow you eat a powerful lot."

—New York Times.

struck by the motor cars themselves.) They rolled by in never-ending procession on the Avenue, and after the theatre they jammed the side streets back from Broadway for blocks, crawling up to the theatre portals, where it often seemed as if three-fourths of the audience were waiting for them. Not so many years ago, managers spoke with some awe of the "carriage crowd," and if a play attracted this class in any numbers, it was looked upon as a success. Now, every play which attracts at all attracts the "carriage crowd," and the humble theatregoer who rides home in the subway is scarcely seen as he elbows his way out of the lobby and across a curb congested with women in opera cloaks and men with fat hands.

Some of the little theatres jacked their regular prices up to three dollars a seat. Most of the popular plays asked three dollars for the Saturday evening performances, at the box office. But as you could seldom get any seats at the box office, it meant you paid from three dollars and fifty cents up, at some hotel stand, or to a speculator. "The Century Girl," a musical play at the big Century Theatre, produced by Ziegfeld and Charles Dillingham, both noted for their ability to select pulchritudinous chorus girls and exhibit their charms with the least possible sartorial interference, became the fad of the winter. Strangers to town want to see it as Americans in Paris wanted, once, to see the Moulin Rouge. As a matter of fact, it was merely an ordinary musical comedy vaudeville show on a big scale, and for the most part rather dull. But the seats in the front rows brought regularly as high as ten dollars, and over and over again you would see men at the ticket stands in the hotels planking down five dollars a chair for the inestimable privilege of witnessing this commonplace entertainment.

And after this entertainment was over, hundreds of men and women went to the roof garden shows above, or the midnight entertainments on other roofs, where they spent more money, saw more girls, and heard more ragtime.

WAR and WOMEN

- - - and WORK

Mrs. George Guernsey, of Kansas, handsome and efficient, was entitled to her election in Washington a few days ago as President of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is now the Mrs. Col. Gooderham of U. S. But of course the I. O. D. E. have no connection—even in war-time—with the D. A. R. Will they ever—? Sh! Remember 1887.

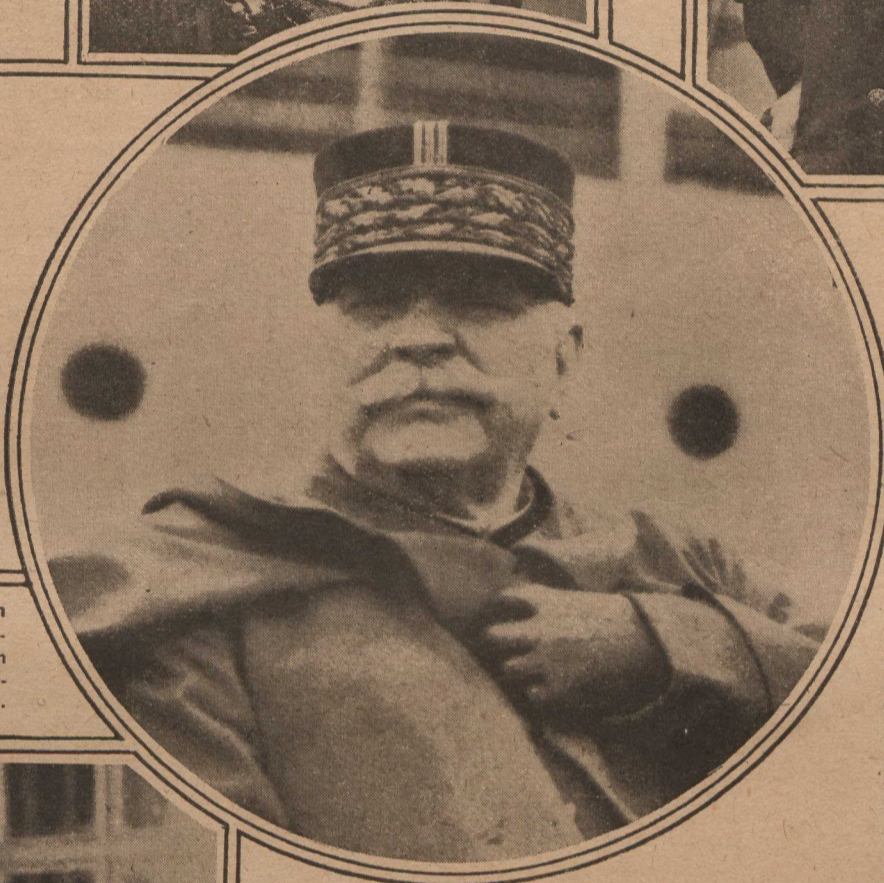


Miss Sally Simpson (post-graduate from Oxford) is organizing girls' college students all over the U. S. in the campaign to produce food. She says that plough-girls are more needed than chauffeuresses.



BACK TO THE NAVY AGAIN.

Shackleton, when he met a Norwegian on his way up from the Antarctic, said, "When did the war end?" He knows now. That's why he's going to the North Sea under Beatty.

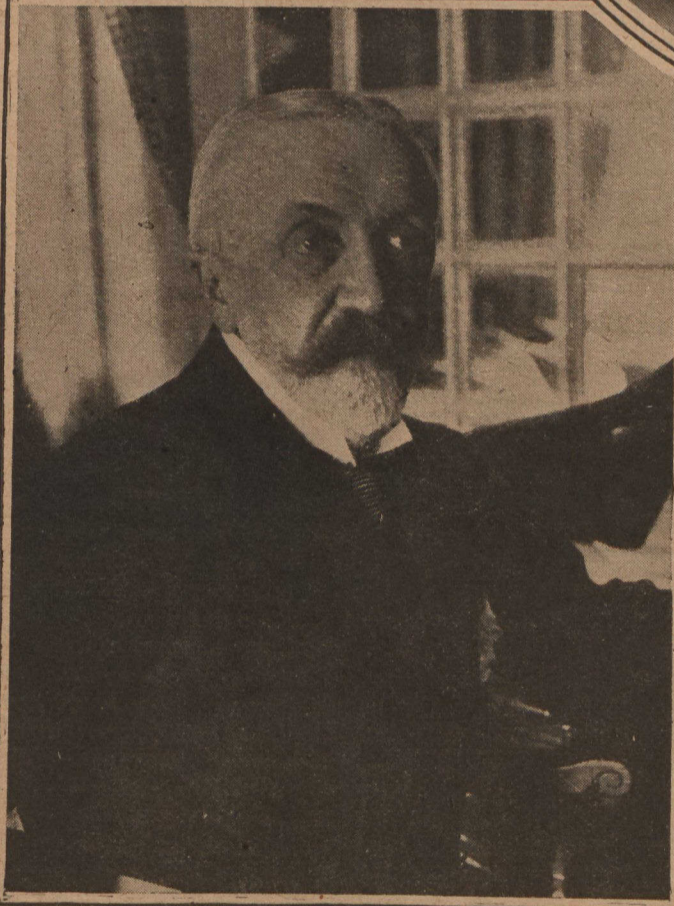


JOFFRE IN WASHINGTON.

He had his great day holding the lines, damming up the German dyke, stiffening his own people into the greatest campaign of assistance on record. His successor, Nivelle, takes the steadied-up war machine of Papa Joffre and maps out a campaign of audacity. Joffre is asking for American troops. He knows why. That job has to be done to the last dot. As Joffre had his great work, so Nivelle differently has his. And they are a marvelous team.



Mlle. Jeanne Tardy is the first woman ever attached to the French Ministry. As attache to the Under-Secretary of Finance, she attends every meeting.



Baron Romanovitch Rosen is now the Russian Ambassador at Washington. He has been there before—1905-11. He will see to it that Uncle Sam works up a real enthusiasm for the Russian Republic.

Major C. V. Thomson, of Tillsonburg, Ont., worked hard once to get a lot of chaps to enlist under him in the 168th. They were drafted off in France. He offered to revert, was refused, came back to Canada, offered a post at Camp Borden, again second in command of a new battalion; but as none of these bomb-proof jobs meant getting back quick to the front, he asked for his discharge, enlisted in the A. M. C., and went overseas as a Sergeant. He is expected to shift over to the infantry. He simply must Go Back.



NIVELLE and HAIG have FOOLED HINDENBURG

BEFORE these lines appear in print the Battle of Arras, or at least its present phase, will belong to history. Fighting of such desperate determination, of such reckless ferocity, cannot be long continued. And it will determine whether the German armies remain in France or whether they retreat to the Belgian frontier.

Last week it became evident that the German forces before Arras would retire to the Drocourt-Queant line which they call the Siegfried Line. This has now been accomplished, and what we have begun to call the Battle of Arras is for the possession of that line. It is about ten miles to the east of Arras, it is quite straight, and its extremities form an equilateral triangle with Arras. The retirement was necessitated by the capture of Vimy which is about five miles to the north of Arras, and about three miles due south of Lens. Lens lies now in a sort of deep pocket, and we are told that the Germans are destroying it preparatory to its evacuation. They cannot hold it for much longer. Above Lens the opposing lines stretch away northward about fifty miles to the North Sea, the extremity of the line being held by the Belgians. The retirement from Vimy to the Drocourt-Queant line means not only the pocketing of Lens, and therefore its capture. It means that the northern line from Lens to the North Sea is now to the westward of the British armies, that it has been cut, so to speak, from its southerly connections and left behind in the movement eastward. The British army is now at its rear, a position that will become still more accentuated with the taking of Lens, or of Douai, which is slightly further east, and it will then have to fall back, thus involving the German marine base at Zeebrugge. The easy capture of Vimy by the Canadians indicates a very marked German demoralization. The Canadians seem to have romped over the ridge with an ease that surprised themselves, and they found its defenders stunned by the bombardment and weakened by a lack of the supplies that had been barred from them for days by the British fire. Vimy, like Bapaume, was one of the "impregnable" German fortifications, and it owed its importance to the fact that it was the most easterly of the hill ranges in the Artois district. Looking down from Vimy one sees the broad, level ground that stretches away for miles to the eastward. With Vimy gone there was no chance to hold the line southward through Monchy to Croiselles, and hence the retreat to the Drocourt-Queant line.

THE present situation is an intensely interesting one. If we look at the lines before the German retirement began we shall see that they had the rough form of a rectangle stretching north and south from the North Sea to Noyon, and west and east from Noyon to Verdun. The German retreat was in the general direction of a flattening out of that angle by substituting for it a straight line from Lens to Craonne, to the south of Laon. The new line joins the old one at these two places, and they thus become of the nature of hinges connecting the old and the new. The original and still existing lines therefore stretch from Lens northward to the sea, and from Craonne eastward to Verdun and Metz. Now the British and French armies are engaged in the task of bursting open these hinges, and of prying the new lines away from the old ones. This is why the British attacked Vimy, and why the French are pushing on to Craonne. If they succeed in detaching the new line from its northern and southern supports, not only is the new line "in the air," but it will be forced to retreat under circumstances that might easily spell disaster. This would mean also the retreat of the fifty mile line from Lens to the sea, which would then be cut from its supports and outflanked. But it would mean something far more important. If the French can break the line at Craonne it would endanger the whole of the German line to the east. It would mean that the army of the Crown Prince would at once be outflanked from the west, and probably also from the east, since the French forces at Verdun, or eastward of Verdun, would also attack. The German bulletins now announce somewhat tardily that the southern ex-

CORON'S picturesque phrase about the Canadians "romping over the ridge" suggests that Germany's western armies are irretrievably beaten. It is well on the cards that we are about to witness a disaster to the German arms that will send all their forces in ruin to the frontier. And as to the submarine—he quotes Carson.

By SIDNEY CORYN

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tremity of their line has been forced back from the Aisne, and we read of a steady French advance northward in pursuit, a "hesitating" advance, as the German bulletins like to put it. The British, after a pause of a few days for consolidation, are now again striking heavily, mainly to the direct east of Arras at the Drocourt-Queant line or Cambrai, and this action is the present Battle of Arras. The German line is now at the moment of writing so twisted and dented as to form a continuous succession of salients, but we may form some general idea of the situation and of the Allied intentions if we remember that wherever the German line is dented to the eastward there is immediately constituted a danger to the other portions of the line immediately to the north and south, since they then become menaced by an attack from three sides. Moreover every dent in the line is a practical lengthening of the line which therefore requires more men to defend it. The German effort is to straighten their line and to keep it straight. The British, by their alternate right and left hand blows, now toward Douai and now toward Cambrai, are preventing that straightening process, and creating successive salients or dents that compel a retirement in order to straighten them out. There is one other point upon which we should do well to clear our minds. The main hope of the British command is not so much to push the German lines back as to pierce them. If the lines can be pierced, it may be possible to cut their communications, and to envelop them, which means, of course, their surrender. If the Germans before Arras should presently fall back, as they must do, it will be due not so much to direct pressure as to the fear of being pierced and enveloped. It is the rigid line that can be pierced. Elastic lines are more difficult to handle.

The battle has now progressed sufficiently far to justify some forecast as to its immediate future. The Germans by their retirement from the Somme admitted that they were unable to hold the most powerful fortifications that were ever built. By their relinquishment of Bapaume they showed their inability to hold a fortified city that they had declared to be impregnable. The loss of Vimy proved that even the aid of such natural features as a hilly ridge peculiarly adapted for defence was of no avail to save them. The French have forced them back from the Aisne, where they were supported by a river as well as by fortifications perfected by the work of three years. The British are now steadily blasting their way across open country, and their enemies are unable to hold them. In other words, the battlefield now offers all the natural conditions of war that France can furnish, and under all of these conditions the Germans are being beaten back. What chance is there to retrieve the fortunes that are now ebbing so fast?

Speaking from the purely military point of view there is no chance whatever. Nivelle and Haig have pitted their wits against Hindenburg and they have beaten him. They have done none of the things that Hindenburg assumed they would do. He believed that he could throw them into confusion by a

sudden and secret retreat from the Somme. So far from being thrown into confusion, it is now evident that the German plans were known and provided for. He believed that he could secure such a start as to make the Hindenburg line a reality instead of a myth. He was caught before there was time even to make dug outs to shelter his men. He supposed that he could seize the initiative and dictate the place and manner of the fighting. He found that the initiative was with the Allies, and that he must hurry his armies from point to point only to discover that his agile foes were attacking the place that he had just weakened by withdrawals. And he was to discover something still more disastrous, that the bombardment to which he was subjected was so continuous and so intense as to destroy the morale of his men, and to isolate them at will from reinforcements and from supplies. Perhaps the growing demoralization of the German soldier is the most sinister fact that now confronts the German command. The number of unwounded prisoners shows that it is a real demoralization. Speaking, therefore, with every proper caution we may reasonably believe that the tide cannot now be turned in favor of the German arms, that there cannot be any military development that will work substantially in their favor, and that their western armies are irretrievably beaten. They cannot continue to hold the ground that they now occupy. If they venture upon another general retirement it will be under fire and with all the chances against them. It will mean also the retirement of their line to the far north. If they do not withdraw they may find at any moment that their line is not only dented, but actually pierced and that very large parts of their forces are in danger of envelopment. It is well on the cards that we are about to witness a disaster to the German arms and one that will send all their forces in ruin to the frontier.

SIR EDWARD CARSON, speaking in the House of Commons, gave an explanation of the admiralty policy of concealing the details of German submarine losses. He said: "I am often asked, and my predecessors have often been asked, Why it is the admiralty have not from time to time published the number of German submarines destroyed? It has been pointed out to me by many members, and with considerable force, that the daily toll of British merchant shipping is published to the world, but nothing is said about the losses the enemy incurs in the submarine campaign, the effect being that all the honour appears to rest with the enemy, and that apparently nothing is being done on our part to cope with this menace." But there was another side to the question. "I have no doubt myself that the policy of silence pursued by successive boards of the admiralty about the losses of enemy submarines is the policy that the enemy dislikes most. Just see what it is. A submarine starts out on its campaign of murder, and all the enemy knows is that it does not return home. What has happened is a complete mystery to them. They can not tell whether the submarine was lost from a defect of construction or design, which is a very important matter, or some error of navigation, or whether her loss was due to one or other of the methods that the British admiralty has devised for her destruction." A second point made by Sir Edward was that if the admiralty were immediately to announce the destruction of an enemy submarine the enemy "would know without waiting that a relief for that particular boat was required and they would at once dispatch another submarine, if available, to operate against our ships. I would rather leave them to imagine that they are there when they are not. As it is the enemy can not know for some time the exact number of their submarines that have been operating at any particular moment." Sir Edward Carson went on to point out that it was not always possible to say with certainty that a submarine has been destroyed. "All we know is that from day to day and from week to week reports come to us of engagements with enemy submarines, and it follows of necessity that the results range from the certain, through the probable, down to the possible and the improbable.



HEAT and POWER from STRAWSTACKS

By WESTERNER



COAL at \$10 and upwards a ton is rapidly becoming a luxury to many people. When nature converted primeval forests into coal mines she paid no heed to population. She put all the coal in a few places expecting mankind either to live close to the coal or to invent some system of transporting it that wouldn't put the price as high as the coal is low. Here and there just to help the problem out a little she put waterfalls like Niagara, capable of generating heat, light and power. But she carefully refrained from putting great coal mines or great water-powers on the prairies; so that prairie people have always been at some disadvantage in the matter of fuel.

And here is where the discovery of George Harrison fits into a scheme of economy. In the North American West, on the pampas of the Argentine, and on the steppes of Russia, men have for years toiled to produce bread for millions of human beings. The grain having been threshed and sold, they had to find some way of disposing of the surplus straw which was not required for fodder or litter. The easiest and cheapest way was to apply a match, and this they proceeded to do at the first opportunity—when the air was still and the straw sufficiently dry.

Then some enterprising machinist attempted to evolve an engine that would utilize straw to produce the necessary power for threshing grain. He succeeded fairly well, but the work of handling the fuel was great and it did not become popular. Another genius conceived the idea of pressing straw into cordwood and then burning it as household fuel; but this was no more successful and the straw continued to be disposed of (according to the play) "the easiest way."

THE Canadian Pacific Railway Company employed scientists to discover uses for the waste straw. Experiments have been made for years in an attempt to utilize this waste product, but with little success. The burning straw stacks continue to illumine the horizon during autumn and early spring as the farmer "cleaned" the land for the next crop.

So—along comes George Harrison. He was born on shipboard off the coast of South Wales, and in time took his degree of Master of Engineering from the Cardiff University. Nothing was more natural than that he should turn to the sea again for his living, and for many years he was assistant and later Chief Engineer on one of the White Star liners. He afterwards drifted to the great western prairie, to Moose Jaw, Sask., familiarly known as the "Railway Town," and later, the "Mill City" gave him the opening he sought. Beginning as Manager of a small machine and carriage shop, he at last became President and Manager of the Saskatchewan Bridge and Iron Co., Limited, the first big bridge shop between Winnipeg and the Coast. One only has to look at "George"—as he is known to all his associates—big, broad-shouldered, with keen eyes and genial face—to see him in the midst of his machinery, noting a weakness here, or an untrue bearing there, recognizing that a certain machine is not producing enough money, to realize that the confidence of his associates and of his employees is based on the fact that he knows and can do things.

In the earlier days, part of his business was to go out into the country among the many straw stacks, to repair some of these engines that consume straw and he was forced to stay sometimes in "Shacks"—the colloquial name for the palatial two-roomed dwellings occupied by many of the homesteaders who have to haul their wheat perhaps twenty-five to forty miles, where the fuel used was straw.

TWO facts prevent the accompanying narrative from being classed with the fictions that literary people dream about science. The author is C. O. of a well-known Canadian battalion recently gone overseas. A practical test of the Canadian inventor's new H. L. P. device was made before the Grain Growers' Convention last February. We are not told how the machine works, but further tests, we understand, are being made in Montreal. Opinions seem to differ as yet about the cost of the apparatus.—Editor.

Many times the threshing season is short and the farmer's day is prolonged until night-fall, and as George watched the engines swallowing straw, he noted the blue flames from the smoke stack mingled with the smoke and he wondered—and pondered.

Later, at another farm, he was invited into a shack by the proprietor, who proceeded to fill up his sheet-iron homesteader's stove with straw, for the evening was cold. A few minutes later, puff! bang! off went the roof and out went the doors and windows, and they found themselves staring at the ruins of the stove and building, wondering what had happened.

But the shock had opened the Engineer's eyes wider than ever before and they did not close again. He no longer wondered—he knew.

Now you will see the reason for the long preamble on straw-stacks, straw-burning engines, and straw-burning stoves, and you will understand why the Grain Growers, with their wives and families, gathered together in thousands at Moose Jaw in February, 1917, for their Annual Convention, stood amazed to see the despised and cumbersome straw-stack producing heat, light and power of the very finest quality, and at a cost which was a veritable joke.

Four years of patient work had solved the problem and now the "down-trodden" owner of 160 acres had a vision of a house lighted, heated and provided with cooking power from his own farm—power for his grinders, his pumps, his threshing-machine, yes, and even for his automobile—from the old straw stack. The demonstration plant showed him the gas being produced from the straw bale, being scrubbed and washed—and then he could watch it lighting the gas mantel, heating the furnace, the tea-kettle, the gas log, and the incubator—see it driving a power engine for the grain crusher and the washing machine, and more, find it generating electricity that would give him the same light used by the man in the city.

The possibilities are limitless, but the experimental stage has been passed and the miracle has been wrought. One ton of oats, barley, or wheat straw (and flax straw is still better) will produce 50 per cent. more gas than a ton of the best gas coal in the United States or Wales, and the quality of the gas is far superior, containing three times as many B. T. U.'s as coal gas, being absolutely clean and non-poisonous. 20,000 cubic feet of gas can be drawn from one ton of straw, while the best coal will only yield 14,000, and the cost of reduction is almost nil. Twenty tons of straw will yield enough gas to heat, light and cook for the average seven-roomed house for a year, and when you consider that one hundred acres will produce at a low estimate 200 tons of straw, the cheapness of the fuel becomes apparent.

The cost of the producing plant for the average farmer is less than that of a sheaf-loader, and little, if any more, than a team of horses. The whole

apparatus can be operated by a child of ten years; in fact, it requires no operation but the handling of the straw.

The farmer can now sit down before his gas-grate, and read his paper by the light from his straw stack, while his wife can operate the washing machine or churn without labour and get the kettle boiling in five minutes without soiling her hands. Think of it—no work, no coal to carry, no ashes to take out, no soot to clean from the oven or the grates, no black kettles or pans, for the gas will not make even enough soot to soil a handkerchief.

When supper is over he can take his family to town in his car without having to buy gasoline, no carbon in the cylinders, no dirt in the carburetor, no electric light wires to give out, for power and light may be drawn from the one tank, and that inexhaustible while grain grows on his farm.

The village may instal its own light and power plant and run it with fuel supplied from the surrounding farms—no heavy expense for fuel, no coal shortages. The cities may run their factories without the black pall that hovers over the coal-fed furnaces of the industrial towns, and the housewife need no longer go through her spring house-cleaning every month.

AND this is only a part of the miracle. I said that the gas had to be scrubbed before being used. The by-product of the straw is a tar of which the properties are varied and invaluable. Aniline dyes, disinfectants and medicinal drugs are among the known and proved utilities to be extracted from this by-product, and the yield of tar, about ten gallons per ton of straw, is sufficiently large to render it commercially valuable.

But unlike the pig in the packing house, even the "squeal" is valuable, and the "char" that is left after the gas has been drawn off, is highly valuable for briquetting into coal for fuel, or it may be pulverized and fed into a gas flame for the production of a high degree of heat.

In 1916, the Prairie Provinces produced on the conservative estimate of two tons per acre, thirty-two million tons of straw with a gas-producing power equal to forty-eight million tons of the best gas coal or sixty-five million tons of ordinary coal, or enough to supply the total fuel demand of the same provinces for seven years. At the same time it must not be overlooked that the gas contains three B. T. U.'s for every one in coal gas, so that the heat-producing power of one ton of straw is equal to four and one-half tons of good coal. Even under present conditions, the straw can be compressed (at less than the cost of mining coal), into such a small space that it takes no more than coal in a car, ton for ton. This means that one and one-half times as much gas-power can be delivered at the same freight rate as that of coal, while the heat-producing capacity of the gas is three times as great as that of coal gas, which means that four and one-half times as much heating power of straw gas can be shipped in the raw state, as could coal gas.

Already the Grain Growers' Association of Saskatchewan is combining with the Associations of Manitoba and Alberta to provide this equipment for the farmers and others in the Western Provinces, and with the production of sufficient machines to satisfy the enormous demand, the death knell of the high prices for coal, gasoline and oil will sound.

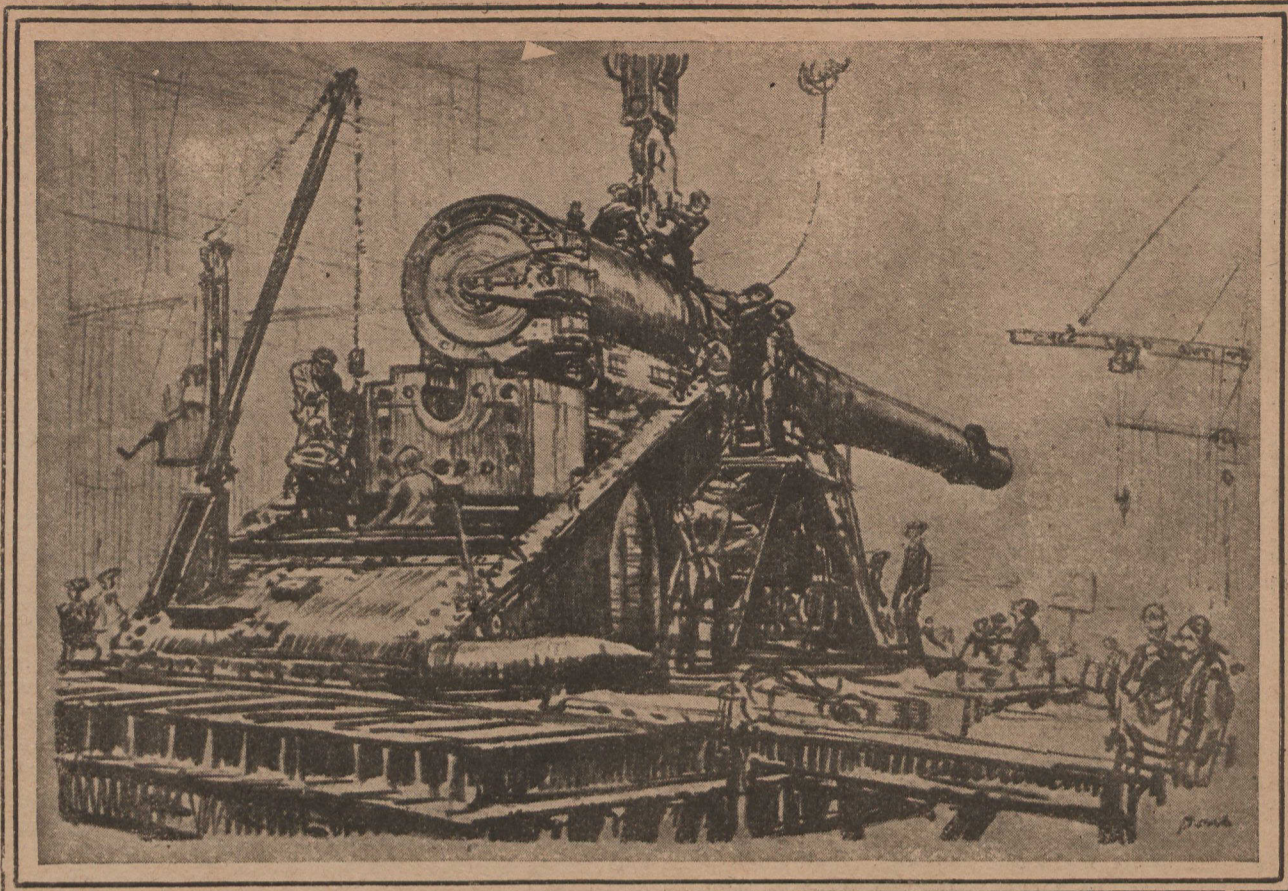
One of the eminent English scientists who investigated the discovery, declared his opinion that the high cost of heating and lighting for the West and for a great part of the Dominion, had been solved.

ENGLAND'S BIG GUNS

AND the Irresistible Force is now working on the Immovable Object, with great 18-inch guns that hurl a 3-ton missile 8 miles and explode it 60 feet down in the earth.

But of all these hideous engines the most hideous and most unnatural, says H. Warner Allen in the *Unbroken Line*, was the enormous fifteen-inch howitzer. It stood apart from all the lesser monsters in a lair of its own, and it seemed to move of its own volition. One scarcely noticed the men around it, so insignificant did they seem. When we first saw it it was lying flat, like some prehistoric monster waiting for its prey. With the aid of pulleys and a trolley the huge projectile was hauled toward its breach. Then, when the breach was closed, it seemed to wake up, and without any visible human agency it raised its nose over the edge of the pit in which it lived. It moved slowly upwards until one could have sworn that it was gazing intently into the clouds above the steep hillside before it. The men who had been ministering to it hastily ran aside and left a respectful distance between themselves and the monster. The non-commissioned officer who was to fire the great howitzer, as he stood back on the hillside, seemed no more important than its humblest slave.

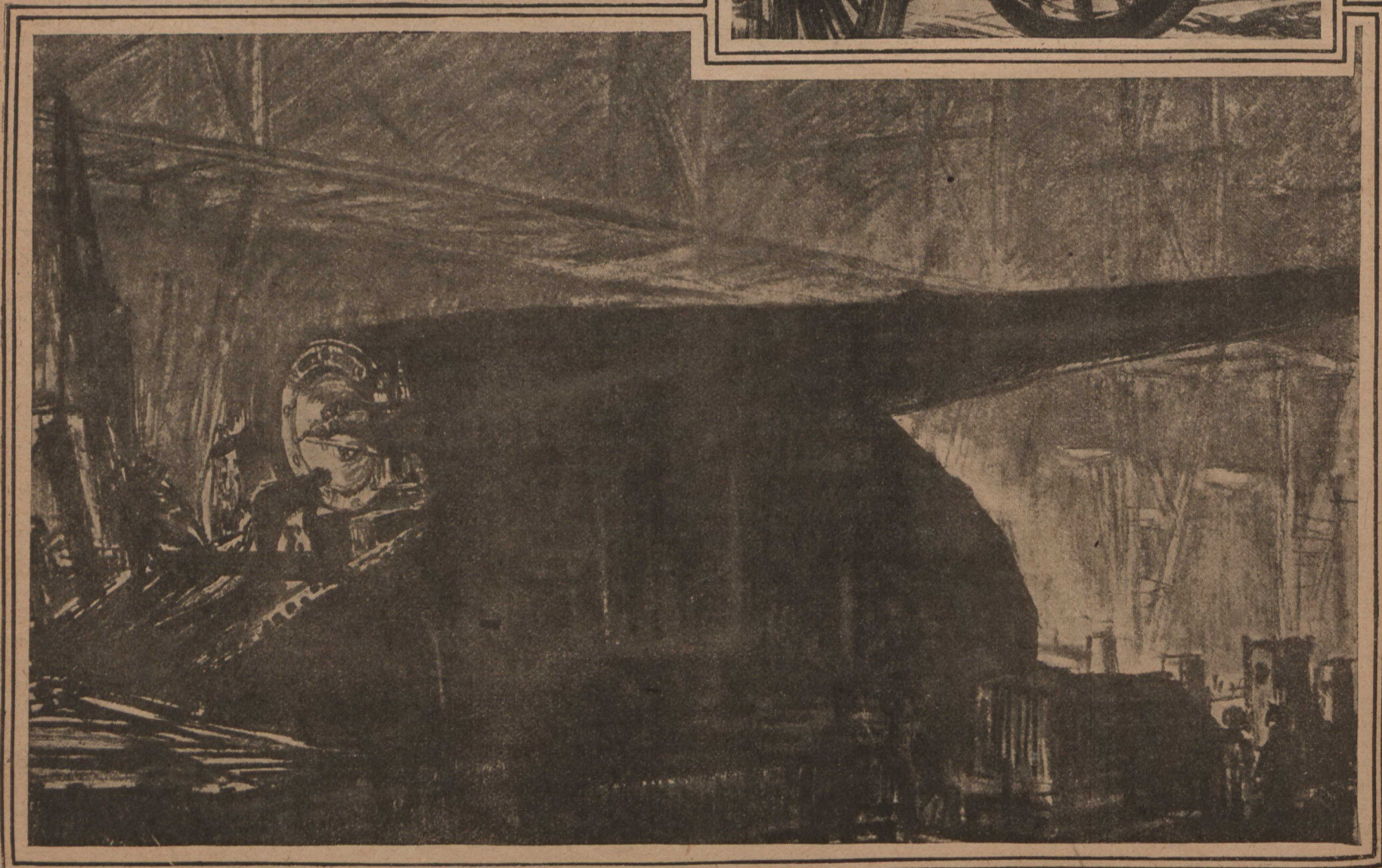
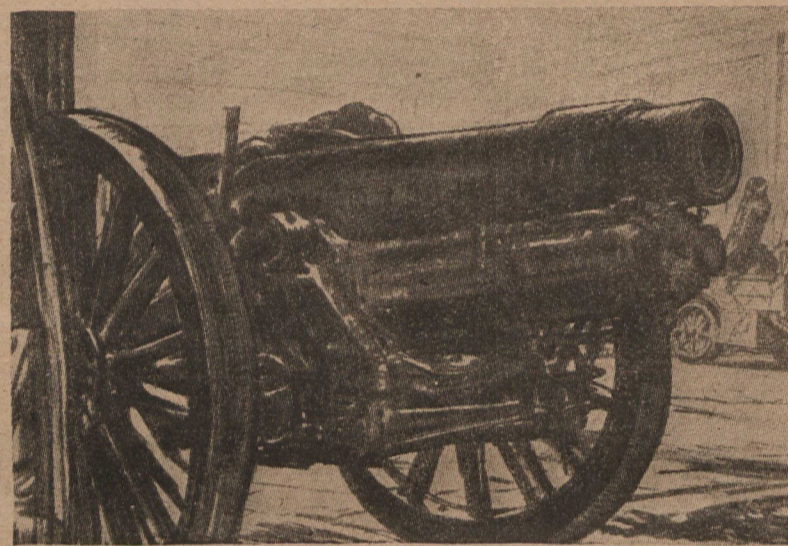
There was silence. Instinctively one stopped one's ears. There was a great roar, a sheet of flame, and a thin mist of fiercely driven smoke. Everything in the valley shook and trembled, while a hut covered with a tarpaulin collapsed entirely, as with a wild bellowing the huge shell tore through the air on its way towards the enemy. Then quietly the gun lowered its nose again, and sank back into its pit with a dignified swagger that seemed to say that there was no reason to make a fuss about it.



THE top picture shows the Mounting of a Great Gun; one of the largest guns viewed from the breach.

The drawing below shows the night shift working on a gun.

These drawings were made by Muirhead Bone right in some of the big munition shops to which the artist had War Office permission to make all the pictures he wanted to. They are all taken from "The Western Front," published for the Government by Country Life. Ltd.



WHY THEY GOT OUT

HOW the British and the French forced the Germans to discard the Hindenburg Line is pretty well summed up in a statement made by a British officer to Wythe Williams, correspondent of the New York Times.

"The Germans got out because they jolly well had to go," said the officer.

From other sources of information as well as this, says Wythe Williams, I hope the censor will permit me to state a few conclusions I formed concerning the military value of the present advance. I would first refer to it—I mean this entire forward movement—as a successful conclusion of the offensive that began last July and which is known as the battle of the Somme. I would still further refer to it as the beginning of possibly the last great battle of the war, as yet unnamed. I had a different feeling while there than ever before when at the front. I had a feeling that the Germans are probably making their great last stand, that the war may be almost over. The same feeling permeates the entire French and British armies that have swept across the evacuated ground in record time—mending roads, throwing pontoons over rivers where bridges were destroyed, and bringing up heavy guns so swiftly that even while I was there the thunder of artillery all along the line was quite as great as when I stood on the plateau of Santerre in the midst of a vast semicircle of fire during the opening days of the battle of the Somme.



When entering the reconquered territory, says Wythe Williams, my first impression was of the enormous strength of the German positions.

All that remained of some rolling-stock left by the Germans near De-Sais in the recent advance. The Australians had a good deal to do with this.

Ruined City Hall in Peronne. The bulletin says, "Don't be angry, just be surprised." This was meant for German wit. It's pretty heavy. A writer estimates that it costs this stupid nation about a hundred times more to shell-wreck a village than the whole village is worth.



The building to the right was still burning when these British soldiers entered the town. The British advance is a little swifter than some of the natural elements.



Bapaume has still a few smoke-shrouded piles of magnificent ruins left by the enemy.



And the British know very well how to tinker up the abandoned rolling-stock of the Germans.

EDITORIAL

Drastic Changes Afoot

OTTAWA is on the eve of changes. The Cabinet, we understand, is to be reorganized. Enemies of the Government will seize upon this as a sign that decrepitude is coming over the Cabinet. The retirement of Ministers is quite in line with the changes that have lately taken place in other democratic countries and in some not so democratic. In point of fact, any Cabinet under our system is due for a shakeup every four or five years. We seldom regard a Cabinet Minister as a fixture longer than for the natural term of Parliament. That term expired last year. Had there been an election no doubt some of these men would have been ripe for retirement on general principles. As there seem to be drastic changes afoot, we surmise that so far as the Government is concerned there is to be no election in the near future. What the Liberals will decide about this is not so evident. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is becoming an old man. If he hopes to win another election he cannot afford to postpone the date of it very long. A campaign is much more strenuous than a premiership or the leadership of an opposition. It was a campaign that killed Sir John Macdonald. Very likely the Opposition will decline to see in any proposed Cabinet reorganization anything more than a death-bed repentance. Very likely the Government will be able to convince Parliament and the people that to have an election now that the war has reached its most critical of all stages would be worse than even a national government.

Win the War!

BUT we are told by the Toronto Star that the Government is not prosecuting the war as it should, and that the people of Canada have almost forgotten that there is such a thing as a war. Now that the United States has decided upon national selection of an army, we are told that Canada should have conscription. It is true that recruiting is dead. It is equally true that the Government and the military authorities cannot revive it. The social study critics allege that the failure to recruit is due to the indifference of the people to the fact of the war. That is quite superficial. The country's business is much deeper and relatively more simple. What we have to do is to help win the war. That is not now, though it was at first—a mere matter of raising armies. The country is to be organized, is being organized as never before on a war-winning basis. To this end farms, factories, railways, banks, private incomes, governmental machinery, domestic life—everything we have—are being brought into play. That a lot of it is slow business we must admit. We lost ground long ago by having no form of national register. Haphazard energy and slapdash enthusiasm raised our first quarter of a million army. We only began to talk of organization as though we meant it when the slapdash period was over and the recruiting began to slacken. Now we are talking so many ways about organization that presently we shall be in the position of the man who could tie a knot so many ways that he was unable to choose which way he wanted to do it.

Isn't it quite plain that outside of one area in Canada we have sent the best part of our available manhood to the war? Or if General Hughes' estimate of our man power is correct is it not still a fact that we have drained ourselves short of labour at home for the purpose of providing the war with all that it needs in the way of foodstuffs and munitions? How can we increase production up to near the billion dollar mark in munitions and up to a point of equality with our peace-year exports of food, if we are to take another 100,000 or 200,000 or 300,000 men out of the country? There is a limit somewhere. We are already importing Americans into the West to put in and harvest our crop. Are we to conscript away the rest of our men and import

more Americans to take their places? Or would it not be as well to let the Americans stay where they are and answer their own country's call to arms?

Forward Quebec

AND of course we shall hear that this is a backward movement. We do not want Americans taking our places in the trenches. We do not want to see our divisions at the front reduced. We want to keep Canada in the glorious place she has won at Ypres, Festubert, Courcellette, Vimy and Arleux. That is true. We cannot afford to stop sending men. But let us get the men sensibly. Let the national register do its work. If Quebec chooses to be represented by a minority at the front, let Quebec take up the work at home under the scope of the national register. There are thousands of men in Quebec who can work on the farms of Ontario and the western provinces, as well as in the mines, the munition factories and the shipyards. The day will come when Quebec will regret that she did not send more men to stand side by side with the brave French-Canadians that have already gone. It is much more the duty of Quebec to do her part in the war against Germany than for any German settlements in the West or elsewhere.

If conscription is to be applied will it operate to make aliens and internment subjects of the Germanic peoples on the prairie who do not care to fight against Germany even though they remain loyal after a fashion to Canada? This is a delicate question. It is one not to be answered by a wave of the hand or a thump on the table. It is not a matter of A B C for any sectarian to settle on the principle of force. Again we say that it is the plain duty and privilege of Quebec to send more men to the front. It is in the nature of the French-Canadian to fight. It is in his history. It is in his interest as a race. The way is made plain for him. Canada of both or all parties will welcome 50,000 more voluntary men from Quebec, much more than any measure of conscription. It remains for the leaders of Quebec to back up the efforts now being made by Hon. P. E. Blondin and Gen. Lessard. These men are in the right and Quebec knows it.

We Are All in the Right

CONTRADICTION is the spice of living. By the same mail this week we receive two letters, one of which is a plain contradiction of the other. One letter comes from Quebec; the other from Victoria. They are both on the same subject. The Quebec letter says:

I received the returned M.S. re French language in Quebec and am sorry that you will not print it. When a correspondent writes over his own signature it is up to the paper to print it as it stands and make its own comment editorially.

But it is on a par with Ontario bigotry, Orangism and politics, which prevents any settlement of that regrettable agitation. Although Quebec had honestly started the "Entente Cordiale" and would like the matter settled, Ontario, through above influences, will not. Hence all the nice speeches and writings by Ontarians on the Entente are a farce, and discord is preferred. This trouble started in a row between Irish and French Roman Catholics. I am a good Anglican churchman and my friend the Archbishop of Regina, Monseigneur O. E. Mathieu, C.M.G., agreed with me that he, with Sir George Garneau and Hon. Mr. Chapais, with three sane Ontarians could settle the trouble in a day, but Ontario will not.

The crass ignorance of Ontario men high up in educational and other matters concerning Quebec affairs is amazing.

My article is not controversial, but tells the truth, hence its return.

The Victoria letter, equally sincere, comes at the question from a different angle. It says:

However, I have stopped showing the Courier, as I get tired of trying to explain the position you have taken as regards the so-called "French" language in Canada. I

have had considerable experience in lumber camps with the French of Quebec, and after a lot of difficulty I succeeded in understanding them, and in making myself understood by them. When I came out to Saskatchewan and met the French in the northern part of the province I found that there was practically no similarity in the language. Therefore, I do not know what French you want to have taught.

The article to which the Quebec letter refers was about 4,000 words in length, much too long to be treated as a letter to the Editor. The writer asked that it be printed without the elision of a single word or any other alteration. We courteously declined the manuscript on the ground that the subject was one of controversy in which at present we did not care to engage. Hence our correspondent who wrote the article in a calm effort to get a better understanding, treats our refusal of it with an outburst of indignation and an attack upon Ontario.

The Victoria correspondent is out of patience on the same topic from just the opposite angle.

On second thought we have decided to send to each of these correspondents the letter of the other and allow them to fight it out between themselves.

Submarine Optimists

THERE seems to be a settled policy among a certain class of war optimists to dispose of the submarine problem by a few sums in mental arithmetic. They will not admit that when a last grand desperate fling of the dice is being made by a nation like Germany all the energy she spent and lost in her land campaigns on both fronts, all her stored-up rage at the strangulation of her mercantile marine and her navy, all her disillusionments over the Zeppelins and the Taubes and the Fokkers, will be put into this undersea business. Under the water is the only place that Germany is practically—up to the present—invincible. Everything that can be fought to a finish in the open is ours for the fighting. The under-water business is still in the hands of Germany. Submarines can't be fought under water except by nets and mines. The nation that has submarines to operate can only be fought by submarines. The only way to do that is to sink that nation's ships as she is sinking the ships of the world. But when that nation has no ships afloat that's quite impossible. Meanwhile nothing is to be gained by disguising submarine losses. At the present rate of destruction the food and other supplies of the world on the high seas will soon be decimated, unless some way can be found to arm all ships of size—which we imagined was being done. What has become of Sir Percy Scott, who, before the war, was so convinced that submarines were the great weapon of sea war?

Prophets of Empire

SOME people's intellectual cups are never full until they begin tinkering the Empire. There are people in Canada who sit up nights devising new schemes of Empire-management. These men are a peculiarly unselfish crowd. The zeal and energy which they put into reforming the Empire would have achieved wonders if applied to private business. But they went into world politics and, of course, the Empire came along with its elephantine burdens just in time to jolt a lot of them right at the feet of these problem-solvers who lose no time getting to work on the job. Among these reformers we note politicians, university men, manufacturers, and plain people. Not so many of the people. They have not time to get the vision of this far-flung Empire that trails its splendid caravans across the midnight sky at the open window where the reformers sit looking towards Jerusalem. Single out any one of the Empire-revolutionizers you know, change his customary clothes to a long, purple-broidered robe, stick sandals on his feet and a shepherd's crook in his hand or something resembling a mace, let his hair grow into locks and his face get a bit leaner—you have a real modern prophet. That's the sort of man you would expect to write upon a parchment scroll complete specifications and war cries for a new Parliament of the Empire. Meanwhile he reads Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings and wishes to heaven he could write an epic of Empire after the manner of Milton's Paradise Lost.

SPRING CLEANING

By
ESTELLE M. KERR

I house-clean, thou house-cleanest, she house-cleans;
we house-clean, ye or you house-clean, they house-clean.

WE have been at it, so have you, or if not you will be very soon, or you ought to be. All the best families are doing it this year in spite of the war. Once more the merry sounds of the carpet-beater and the vacuum-cleaner are heard in the land, and it is pleasant to see your neighbour's drawing-room furniture standing shamelessly on the front verandah—pictures, piano-lamp, potted palm, sofa and all. We can form an opinion of those we have never met, from their taste in cretonnes.

There are different methods of procedure in the anything-but-gentle art of housecleaning. You may wage one terrific battle for a week or more against dust and dirt and moths, or you may carry on a series of sharp attacks, taking one room at a time and extending the assault over the period of a month. In any case, you emerge into an atmosphere of peace and calm and cleanliness and taste the bliss that the battle-weary soldier feels on finding himself between the cool, clean sheets of a hospital cot.

DURING this trying period, a strong arm, coupled with a total lack of imagination, is desirable. The chaste disciple of William Morris will have no qualms in discarding all articles she neither knows to be useful nor believes to be beautiful, but if you allow sentiment to keep you from burning your early love-letters and the bunch of faded flowers . . . then so much the worse for you next year!

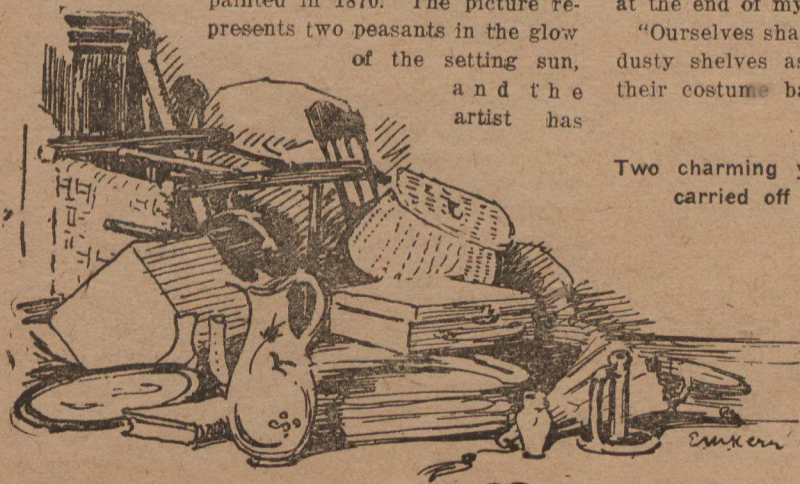
If you are endowed with the power of seeing uses to which various articles may be put in the dim future, it is equally disastrous, for at this time more than any other do we realize the truth of the saying:

"A man's happiness consists not in the multitude of goods that he possesses."

Quite the contrary! How easy a task spring cleaning must have been before rugs, window-glass, and upholstered furniture were invented!

FOR some of us the annual event has been simplified this year by the numerous patriotic superfluities sales held during the winter. Old silver ornaments and broken bracelets, umbrella handles, and odd cuff-links have vanished gratefully into melting-pots. Gilt chairs that "looked a perfect sight" with the rest of our furniture brought quite a respectable sum at a "White Elephant" sale, and we hope and pray that the donors of wedding presents did not recognize their scorned gifts. The donations have seldom involved any sacrifice. There have been few attempts to raise money in Canada by sacrificing our most treasured possessions. In England each spring a mammoth sale of antiques is held at Christie's, when hundreds of thousands of dollars are raised for the Red Cross. The King has this year donated a Chinese bowl made in 1100 B.C. The Queen has given a Chinese coverlet—a striking mural decoration—and a jewelled pendant, and the Duchess of Connaught, before her death, selected a Louis Quinze parquetry commode as her gift. A vivacious portrait of Lloyd George, by Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., is one of the features of the sale. Another picture which will fetch an enormous sum is "The Plough," by Frederick Walker, A.R.A., painted in 1870. The picture represents two peasants in the glow

of the setting sun,
and the
artist has



achieved renown not only through his genius, but also because he is known to be the original "Little Billee" in Du Maurier's "Trilby." Each of the 2,132 articles are of undoubted value and represent real sacrifice on the part of the owner, for the gifts have, as a rule, a sentimental value due to long possession.

It is only when conducted by a firm with a wide reputation like Christie's that such a sale is possible. It would be foolish to give things of great intrinsic value to our rummage sales, where no one would realize their worth, and so we send only the things we can easily spare. But even with these patriotic inducements to diminish the contents of our store-closets, housecleaning remains a time of mental as well as physical stress for sentimental souls and for those who are cursed with the instinct of hoarding.

THE best cure for this habit, I am told, is to live in a small apartment without a store-room or an inch of superfluous closet space, but it has been my fate to live in an old-fashioned house with any amount of cupboards and chests of drawers, so the temptations are manifold and housecleaning continues to be a difficult proposition.

Knowing my weakness, I quailed before the charwoman's contemptuous eye as she pointed the end of her broom at my most cherished possessions and said:

"What in the world do you keep all that truck for?"

I carefully folded my grandmother's worn lace shawl and my mother's yellowing wedding-gown and replied in my most dignified manner:

"These are quite valuable old things, Mrs. Beatem."

She sniffed contemptuously.

"Well, I wouldn't have all that old stuff cluttering up my house—not on a bet! Why don't you sell them, if they're valuable, and give the money to the Red Cross? Or give the things to those swell young ladies that drive the waste collection motors!"

I LOOKED in my treasure box again. Judged by her standards a great deal of the contents was certainly "truck." There is a saying that if you keep something for seven years it will "come in handy," and I have found this to be true. One of my greatest pleasures as a small child was to play at tableaux—"Living Pictures" we call them now. Our favourite representation was "The Sleeping Beauty," and for this the old white satin gown and orange blossoms were deemed essential. Seven years later they were worn at a fancy dress party, and in another seven a member of the younger generation was wearing her mother's wreath of orange blossoms; though they looked rather sallow against the crisp tulle veil. I confiscated the orange blossoms, but the gown. . . . As satin it was worthless, for the voluminous skirt was cut and stitched with many frills and furbelows. Too many appearances in the character of "Sleeping Beauty" had spoiled its sale as a studio property, and even if cleaned and repaired it was not sufficiently handsome to find a place in a collection of period gowns. The best village dressmaker in those days did not import models direct from Paris.

Neither was my own "coming out" gown marketable. I had put it away at the end of my first season, thinking,

"Ourselves shall from Dame Fashion's dusty shelves assist our children in their costume balls."

Two charming young ladies in khaki
carried off my possessions.



But just as I had scorned to wear my mother's antiquated wedding gown to a masquerade, preferring a modern adaptation of the crinoline, to an authentic specimen of the bustle period, so my descendants will doubtless scorn this tight-waisted "creation" in which I was once said to look—oh, just the usual thing that is said about all debutantes!

I put it in the scrap heap, also a shell-covered box, a fan with broken sticks of carved ivory and a wide-eyed wax doll nearly sixty years old, once considered quite a beauty. Then there was my grandmother's inlaid writing desk, filled with letters in faded ink. I intend to read them some day—I have meant to do so for twelve years or more, but I only dust the bundles each spring-time and register a vow that I will burn my letters—yes, every one—as soon as they are answered. I might burn grandmother's unread, did not the plots of so many stories hinge on such indiscretions.

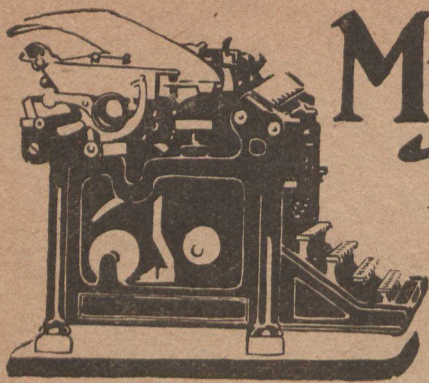
MY own wardrobe looked more promising. An old clothes dealer could certainly dispose of some of my superannuated coats and dresses, half soles would make the boots wearable—and yet in these days of thrift ought one to discard the things that might come in useful some day? And so they accumulate.

Regarding the ornaments I was very severe. "Is it useful; is it beautiful?" I asked myself as I cleaned and dusted each article, and under this examination the junk pile in the cellar grew and I reflected with satisfaction on the pleasure with which the Salvation Army man had carried off my comparatively small collection of last year. Then I remembered that this year two charming young ladies in khaki would appropriate it for the Red Cross, and this seemed a very small offering indeed.

But the charming young ladies were neither scornful of my accumulated superfluities, nor impressed with their value. They were most business-like in the manner in which they sorted and packed away my possessions. The little blue vase did not bring to them the vision of my first boy lover, they didn't know that the chipped China candlesticks were purchased with money for the first story I had ever sold. It seemed to me they were carrying away precious bits of my life. . . . Yet I only looked at them once a year!

Perhaps, if I am very careful in the future to discard everything as soon as it ceases to be useful or beautiful, I shall find time to go through the little inlaid writing desk belonging to my grandmother and discover a legacy hidden between the thin, yellow leaves of her letters!

She has left me one legacy already—the magpie love of hoarding.



My Gray Goose Quill

Literary Topics of the Month, Talked About Informally
From a Canadian Point of View

By A WAYFARING EDITOR

OUR LITERARY EXILES

YOU remember that lachrymose elegiac of Tom Moore, *The Exile's Lament*,
"I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side."

Well, we're feeling just a little that way at present—literarily if not literally speaking—on account of a thing we have seen in the *Toronto Star*.

Somebody who signs himself Irish Canadian gently but firmly rebukes the *Canadian Courier* in a recent letter to that paper. He says:

Editor of *The Star*: We would be much obliged if you would run in your columns reserved for communications the following letter regarding an item that appeared in the *Canadian Courier* of March 31st, copy attached:—

A weekly in Toronto recently published an article mentioning, with regret, that four Canadians engaged in literary work in New York City had become Americans. The writer has lived in New York with these Canadians, and is in regular communication with them. While these men have resided in the United States for the past twelve years they are still British subjects. To the writer's certain knowledge not one of them has ever made the Declaration of Intentions, let alone become American Citizens.

The group referred to have often been reminded that they might do more for the British cause in the United States if they would throw in their vote with that of the citizens of the Republic, but they have always maintained that, apart altogether from the sentiment of the proposition, it is of more advantage in travelling abroad to be a British subject than to be an American subject. British subjects, particularly in South and Central America, where these men have all traveled, are more respected than are American subjects. This is to them the material advantage in remaining British subjects, but the sentimental question is in itself enough to keep them under the old flag.

"IRISH CANADIAN."

We have since turned up the article in question, which is an editorial of the date referred to headed, *Americanizing O'Higgins*. Just to show that our Irish-Canadian friend had some excuse but very little reason for the accusation against us of maligning our literary exiles, we take the liberty of quoting the part of the editorial to which he evidently refers:

A thousand times we may wish such men as O'Higgins and Stringer and MacFarlane and Bliss Carman were back in this country helping to shove along our national waggon. But if we can't pay the price for their productions, we can still continue to furnish them raw material of copy without any embargo and hope they are working out their souls' salvation in the United States better than they ever could have done in Canada.

We detect in this no statement, or even suggestion, that these four writers have definitely forsworn their native land. As a matter of fact, we happen to remember very well the laconic plaint of Stringer on board ship a few years ago, "I am neither citizen nor subject." Both before and since we have visited Stringer's 14-acre farm in Kent County—our own near-native heath—and know how he still clings by his boot-soles to the land of his birth because he likes it even though he doesn't sell much copy in it. He was in the *Courier* office a few weeks ago, and seemed to think that we bore him some grudge for piping *The Exile's Lament*. We cheerfully assured him that such was not the case. There is no Canadian domiciled in the United States whom we would sooner see become a citizen of Canada—as a matter of fact, he is entitled to vote here if he wants to—than Arthur Stringer. He is a brainy, optimistic man, whose productions ought to be of great value to this country.

As for MacFarlane, his friend, we have spent at least one evening at his Canadian summer house—when he had one—near Toronto. We have worked with him in Club circles. We have admired his

handiwork in whatever medium it was published, knowing him to be one of the keenest-eyed, level-headed hustlers after good copy this country ever produced. When he sold his Canadian house and finally moved to New York State, nobody regretted his exile more than the editor of this paper. He was born in one of the Easthopes near Guelph, Ont., among a Scotch clan of hard-headed Canadians. And we wish we had money enough per hour or per line or per anything to buy his copy twice a month for the *Canadian Courier*. We know right well that "Mac" will never go back on Canada. But he is domiciled and fee'd in New York—so what's the use of vain regrets? We can only hope that he will come back here as often as he can and make as much use of Canada and the *Canadian Courier* as possible. Because Arthur MacFarlane is the kind of critical enthusiast that we shall always begrudge to Uncle Sam.

As for O'Higgins—we have discussed him. Naturalized American or not, he is planted deep down in United States soil and is growing there like a Rhode Island Greening. We shall never get him back. But we wish him luck in whatever plays, novels or clean-up articles he writes for the omnivorous check-spouting maw of the United States press.

And for the case of Bliss Carman, that battered giant of poetry, born in New Brunswick, cradled in our Atlantic fogs, his soul chimed full of magnificent sea-wash poetry by Canadianism—we only think of him as the Samson grinding at the mill. He is the pure poet whom no exilement can rob of his divine afflatus. Why in the name of Jove or the Olympian Zeus he stays in the delirium of New York, heaven only knows.

So these are the exiles and what we think of them. If we have seemed to suggest that any bars be put up to keep them from being Canadians, we hasten to rub it out. Canadians? Yes, there's something about Canada—or getting to be—that keeps a man's heart there whether his treasure is or not.

WAR WRITERS ABROAD

WAR writers in this war are almost as numerous as iron crosses in Germany. There is a vast difference between the crop of 1914-17 and the crop of, say, 1899-1902. In the Boer War we had but two outstanding correspondents that left anything behind that people read till at least one of them was dead; Steevens and Kipling. Steevens did by far the better work. He was the *Daily Mail* man. Already famous as the author of *With Kitchener to Khartum*, he added to his fame in his *Letters from Ladysmith*, which were his last. He died in Ladysmith of enteric fever, before the siege was lifted, one of the most brilliant field writers that newspaperdom ever produced.

The nearest to Steevens in vividness of description was Stephen Crane, whose *Red Badge of Courage* will perhaps now be in its second run of popularity in the United States. This was a tale of the Civil War; a description of some of the great battles in it woven about a story, by a young man of 22 who had never seen a battle. Crane had a tremendous gift of imaginative accuracy.

Now we are surrounded by a host of witnesses.

We shan't forget poor old Harding Davis, who passed in his last "30" to the printer a few months ago. His description of the German army's circus parade through Brussels after the invasion of Belgium was one of the first things sent over the cable. A complete edition of his war writings has since been brought out.

Of course, from the first the American newspaper had most of the pen-pushers at the front. Censored syndicate official literature would not do for Uncle Sam. There was a regular invasion of Europe by the American press. And at least half a dozen have left a good trail. Simonds, Powell, W. G. Shepherd, Cobb, Will Irwin—Frederick Palmer—these are a few of them, some of the headliners. They have been a long while finding out the Boche. Keen as America newspapermen are on trail of most things that make good copy, they were—some of them, anyway—as sadly buncoed by the thick-faced German as though they had been *Innocents Abroad*. But, of course, that was happening at home right under the noses of their own city editors. Most of these men, however, succeeded in turning out a large volume of readable stuff about the war which, even from behind the front, made better copy than most of the happenings in the United States.

One man whose war work ranks among the very best anywhere has never been in Europe since the war began, though he went over most of the battle-grounds before he came to America. Sidney Coryn, of the *San Francisco Argonaut*, is known to readers of this paper as our—for some time regular—syndicate war writer. The *Canadian Courier* and the *Providence Journal* both published simultaneously the *Argonaut's Theatre of War* stuff written by Coryn. Since the shifting of our own schedule two days' earlier in going to press, we have been unable to get Coryn's war summary such a long distance in time to publish it simultaneously, but we hope to make an arrangement for twice-a-month service of special copy from this unusually gifted summarizer. Coryn is not a brilliant writer. He has no particular style. He is an impartial logician. Originally an Englishman, he naturally leaned towards the Allies; and from the start right among a pro-German constituency he has pointed out as a neutral the weaknesses of Germany's essential position while admitting her military strength.

Canada has not produced any war writers. The censorship invited our copy experts to stay at home and write expert summaries from the despatches helped out by Land and Water, the *British Dailies* and the *New York Times*. We have now a Canadian at the front. Mr. Stewart Lyon is doing the best that any man will be allowed to do making live copy for Canadian consumption against the ever-busy cable artist.

England has let loose a few notable writers. Chief among them some place Philip Gibb, who, at home, is a novelist, and at the front has turned out some of the sanest and most vivid descriptions of war a la Tolstoi. Percival Gibbon, who used to write realistic short stories, has been busy on the Russian front. Kipling has done nothing except a few verses about the navy and a few lectures. His bolt was shot in India. England was under somewhat the same disadvantage that Canada had. The censor was in the way. Only the *London Times* broke the blockade with special correspondence, which came near putting the *Times* under the iron heel of Kitchener. Northcliffe himself travelled along the western front and wrote a book of the war, as well as a number of sensational articles for his papers. His book has had a huge sale. Northcliffe has never been famous as a writer. There are people unkind enough to

suggest that he doesn't write his own articles. But of course the same was said about Max Aitken in his first volume of *Canada in Flanders*, while Robertson Nicoll assures us in the *British Weekly* that Max was the real author.

Of course the boundless Belloc had, and has, his day. He had Germany beaten by mathematics two years ago. He is still engaged in proving why he was inaccurate and at the same time absolutely right.

He is not a circumstance to H. G. Wells, whose war works are in every paper that has the price. Twenty-odd years ago Wells began to get a reputation in this country as a sociological expert. That

sort of literature was new. Wells had what is termed a walk-over. He has lived to make good against all competitors. His war work is vast in extent, variegated in character, amazing in audacity, astounding in its casual inaccuracies, and altogether the most prolific and irrepressible thing that has come along to worry printers since 1914. Wells knows as much about the war from behind the front as any man. The war has given him a huge excuse to gather copy. Like a great bee, he is doing it. His sales are immense. The United States buys Wells in large lots. In this country we have not the price. But we have the taste.

United States and engaged in journalism. He does not appear to have been a conspicuous success at this; nevertheless he was all the time acquiring that vast and profound knowledge of English Literature and developing that exquisite literary style with which he was to enrich and delight the world.

In 1891 he went to Japan as correspondent for an American paper, but did not remain long in that capacity. The engagement was cancelled, and he became lecturer in English Literature in the University of Tokyo, where he delivered a series of lectures which are among the most remarkable criticisms of English poetry yet published. These lectures have just been issued by Dodd Mead & Co., New York, under the title "Appreciations of Poetry." The circumstances under which they were delivered, the students to whom they were addressed, may have been responsible for the thoroughness with which he analyzed the work of each poet and the simplicity of language in which he clothed his opinions. But this very thoroughness constitutes their highest value and this eloquent simplicity their greatest charm.

By way of illustration, let me quote the opening passages of his lecture on "Matthew Arnold as a Poet":

"For a number of years the prose work of Matthew Arnold has been considered to some degree as affording excellent models of English composition and his essays have been studied as class-texts all over the English-speaking world. I venture to say that this has been a mistake, and that the value of Matthew Arnold's essays has been greatly exaggerated in regard to the matter of style. Matthew Arnold's essays are very valuable indeed, in thought and instruction, but they are not great models of perfect English; they do not represent a vigorous nor a clear nor a concentrated style. It is quite different in regard to his poetry, which is not so well-known, but which is steadily growing in the estimation of the literary world.

"Now there are two ways of judging poetry. It is either great or not great by reason of its form or by reason of its thought. And I must tell you that the very greatest masters of form are not likely to be the very greatest masters of thought. Shakespeare, our greatest genius, is often very deficient in regard to form. The greatest of French poets, Victor Hugo, is a perfect master of form, and a very poor thinker; he is a magician, he is not a philosopher. The greatest of German poets and thinkers of his time, Goethe, a man who excelled in form and thought, said in his old age, that if he could begin his literary life again he would give all his attention to the thought, and waste very little time upon the form. Among modern English poets we may take the case of Browning and George Meredith as opposed to Rossetti and Swinburne. Swinburne is the greatest master of English verse that ever lived, but he is very unimportant as a thinker; there are only two or three of his poems in which we find a grand flash of thought. Rossetti was perhaps the very greatest of our emotional poets during the nineteenth century, and he was nearly as great a master of form as Swinburne; but Rossetti did not teach men to think new thoughts about the great problems of life. He hated science, and he was not, in the modern sense of the word, a philosopher. But Browning and Meredith are philosophers, great thinkers, great teachers—more especially Meredith. Neither of them was a master of form.

"I should like to be able to speak to you of some poet of our own day who is equally great as a thinker and as a verse-maker, but I cannot cite a single name. The nearest approach to such a person is Tennyson, but as a thinker Tennyson is much below Meredith. We have to take our choice in this world between two kinds of perfection in poetry which are seldom united in any one individual. In considering Matthew Arnold as a poet we must bear this in mind.

"For Arnold cannot be placed among the great masters of form. He is very uninteresting in regard to form. It is chiefly as a thinker that we must study him, as a thinker of a very peculiar kind. Not for a moment could we place him upon the same level as George Meredith. His value is not the value of an expositor of new ideas, but the value of the man himself, a personal value, a value of character."

Can you find anywhere a passage in which you get so many brief but exquisitely clear and just estimates of so many writers at once?

LORDS AND LITERATURE

LORDS and literature don't, as a rule, cohere very well. But the House of Lords has, nevertheless, a great deal to do with literature, oratory, science, and all those higher manifestations of the human intellect that have to do with the dictionary.

Just to mention a few:

Lord Tennyson, Lord Byron (poets), both dead. No other English poets of renown ever got to the Lords. Viscount Morley is an eminent man of letters. Viscount Bryce is another. Lord Chatham was a great orator. Lord Brougham was another. What novelists ever climbed to the peerage? None. Thackeray, Dickens and Scott were all plebs. Thomas Hardy, Hall Caine, H. G. Wells (living) all commoners. Kipling, Noyes, Masfield—all untitled.

We are moved to recall this because the second volume of *Canada in Flanders* has recently come to hand. It's quite as good a piece of literature and as noble a story as the first volume. The nobility and the literature both came from the facts of the case. They would have been there even if written by a school-boy, so long as the facts were told. Too much literary form might obscure the grandeur of the story.

The only objection a Canadian can urge against this book is the name of the author. It is a lasting pity that a book of such tremendous significance as a Canadian epic should not have on its title page the name of a Canadian as the author. The *Iliad*, story of the Greeks was Homer's. Suppose Virgil the Roman had written it? Or suppose *Macbeth* had been signed by a German author; or *Hiawatha* by an Italian; or *Les Miserables* by an Englishman? In all these cases the nationality of the writer had a great deal to do with the nationality of the subject.

Is it less so with *Canada in Flanders*? Surely this great Canadian epic, our greatest story of great Canadian deeds, not excepting those of Parkman or Parker, should have conferred its lustre upon a Canadian author. We do not, of course, pretend that Canada has produced any wizards of the pen. We are a young country. Most of our literary geniuses are probably unborn. But we have at least a dozen or so Canadians engaged in the business of writing, any one of whom would have been proud to attach his name to such a story and to have written it with all the regard for the great facts of the case displayed by the man who happens to be the author.

But no, it was thought better to entrust this work to—Lord Beaverbrook. The story of how Canadians fought and died in a foreign land must be told by one who is not a Canadian. We regret this. None of us would desire to see this young lord deprived of any just eminence in any field wherein he prefers to display his talents, whether in literature, politics or finance. We understand—as a matter of common gossip—that this very clever personage was in point of fact born in Canada; that he began life as the needy son of a minister with one year of academics at Dalhousie University; that he afterwards made a great deal of money and a tremendous reputation as a financier in Montreal; that he organized and lost a weekly paper known as the *Canadian Century*; that subsequently he went to England, where, without even the preliminary of a seat in a Canadian legislature, he plunged at once into politics.

But at all events, we know as a matter of fact that the young financier and politician from Mont-

real—Max Aitken, afterwards Sir Max—became a fast friend of Kipling. The intimacy seems to have borne fruit. Sir Max Aitken was given the task of being Eye-Witness with the Canadian troops. He was afterwards made Lord Beaverbrook, and as such naturally signs himself in his latest volume.



Alfred Noyes, poet, lectured in three Canadian cities week before last under the Canadian management of McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart. His lecture was largely a series of readings from his own works.

But, of course, the House of Lords is a high place to inhabit; and Canada may have been regarded as a good ladder of fame.

So it is. But we prefer to have those who climb into fame by the Canadian ladder—keep out of the House of Lords, which is not a Canadian institution, or remain in Canada.

ARE GREAT POETS GREAT THINKERS?

Lafcadio Hearn in his "Appreciations of Poetry" Raises This Question and Answers it

By WAYFARER

APPRECIATIONS OF POETRY. By Lafcadio Hearn. Dodd Mead & Co., N.Y.

Lafcadio Hearn was born of an Irish father and a Greek mother in one of the Ionian Islands, Leucadia (pronounced Lefcadio, whence his self-adopted name). His paternal uncle was a well-known member of that group of artists known as the Barbizon School. From him, therefore, he inherited his very artistic, though rather Bohemian tastes.

Like a good many men who achieved fame in later life he was not particularly brilliant at school and his education was of the most casual and desultory kind. When nineteen years of age he drifted across to the

CANADIAN OMAR *in the* TRENCHES

By V E R N E D e W I T T R O W E L L

WHEN the Great War broke out George Dottridge was in London, Ontario, then the centre of a semi-Bohemian, semi-Philistine little group of indifferently successful young newspapermen and ambitious but unarrived writers who discussed Nietzsche, Bergson, Shaw, Sudermann, Strindberg, Futurism and "vers libre" in the city room of one of the local newspapers daily when the "jig" was up at 3 p.m., and nightly, in a certain little Chinese restaurant at 12.30 a.m., where they made war on chop sueys, drank cafe noir and smoked innumerable cigarettes. On Sundays they organized, attended and promoted "radical" clubs, New Thought and Culturist societies.

All of this doesn't intimately concern Dottridge. He had worked on a newspaper in Brantford, Ont., but in London he was draughtsman with a local lithographing firm. Occasionally, however, he drew cartoons for the "London Advertiser," and in his spare time he organized and promoted amateur theatricals, painted most of the scenery himself, in addition to coaching the actors, and "moused" among the poets and the art albums in the public library. This introduction is simply to pay passing tribute to two other young London poets more closely coupled up with the group, who, like Dottridge, heard the call of their country, went overseas and received wounds of honour in the great conflict. These two others were Eric Ross Goulding, a young Oxford graduate, who divided his time between working on a farm at Hyde Park (Ontario) and writing poems for the London Advertiser; and Andrew Rae Macdonald, holder of a Ph.D. degree for a thesis on some of the intricacies or intimate phases of Hungarian literature, who had formerly worked on the Toronto papers, and was by birth a Maritimer and a kinsman of Bliss Carman and other versatile and noted Nova Scotians. Macdonald, the most avowed Bohemian of the group, obligingly accepted the presidency of the Culturist Society, an organization aiming at the propagation of "Culturism," a new philosophy proclaiming "art for art's sake" and based on Nietzsche's "Will to Power," Vol. II, with stray ideas from Bliss Carman, du Maupassant and Elbert Hubbard. When Macdonald went south to edit the "Duncan (Oklahoma) Eagle," manage a chicken farm and promote a Holiness revival campaign, the Culturist society disbanded.

Later Macdonald returned to Canada, enlisted, went overseas, and to France, was wounded and invalided to England. He is probably back on the firing line again, for when Pte. W. Nelson Minhinnick, C.A.M.C., one of the newspaper members of the little group and now serving in a hospital at Uxbridge, visited him in a neighbouring hospital a few months ago, he was nearly recovered from his wounds. Goulding was more severely wounded and is still convalescing in an English hospital.

Dottridge was born at Blackheath, Kent, England, a trifle over thirty years ago. His father was the late J. W. Dottridge, a leading cheese and produce importer of the British Isles. His brothers are still conducting their father's business in England. George came to Canada eight years ago, worked for several seasons as a pilot on the Great Lakes on the "Keewatin" and "Assiniboia" boats, and eventually drifted to London.

Here is where our story really begins. Dottridge joined the 33rd Battalion and went overseas with an early draft. Pastimes among the soldiers in the trenches are many and varied. Now they are driving the Germans home to Berlin, but when Dottridge was over there, reading and letter-writing, smoking, card-playing, carving knick-knacks and souvenirs to send to the folks at home, all served to beguile the long hours during which no shots were fired across No Man's Land, but when the soldier had to maintain a policy of "watchful waiting" none the less. In addition to filling several portfolios with cartoons and sketches from life in the trenches, Dottridge did something no other soldier attempted. He wrote a complete parody on "The Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, with the result that his "Omar from the Trenches" has already run through two editions in England and Canada for the benefit of

the Red Cross and like patriotic projects. Recently he was invalided home to London and is now hard at work compressing into poems, songs, sketches and stories his experiences at the front, although not yet fully recovered from the havoc wrought by a stray bullet that played hide-and-seek in his chest and shoulder, while he was collecting some shovels dropped in hurried flight by a working party in a sudden and unexpected bombardment.

It is not every poet who is capable of clever parody. Contrary to general opinion, it is much easier to write good, original verse of reasonable strength than to get by with really first-class parody, and that is just wherein lies Dottridge's unique attainment. His revision of the work of the famous old Persian poet begins:

Stand to! for morning in the trench of night
Has flung his Starshell, putting stars to flight,
And lo! the Sergeant with the rum is come,
Stand down and post day-sentries now, all right.

Dreaming when Starshells fluttered thro' the sky,
I heard a voice outside the Dugout cry:
"Awake, my little one, it's two o'clock."
Sadly I crooned "The Sentinel am I."

Winter, indeed, has gone with all her snows,
And last week's fifteen francs—where, no one knows,
But still our rum its warmth and pleasure yields,
And still the "Stokes" its frequent mortar throws.

Come, gentle sergeant, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears;
To-morrow in old "Blighty" I may be,
And I'll come back—in nineteen thousand years.

With me along some strip of herbage sown
With cabbages and carrots all my own,
Where Gas Alerts and Grenades are not known,
And pity Kaiser Wilhelm on his throne!



MISS CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER, a British Columbia woman who is making a reputation for herself in the world of letters. She was born in the Cariboo gold fields, where her father was a Hudson's Bay Company factor. She no doubt inherited some of her literary talent, for Charles Reade was a relative of her father, while connected with her mother's family was Margaret Lindsay, who wrote "Tales of Scottish Life and Character," and Lady Ann Lindsay, author of "Auld Robin Gray." Miss Skinner has long been a writer of short stories and articles for American and English magazines, and has lately written several plays, one of which was produced a short time ago with great success in New York. Her literary reputation, however, she owes to her poetry, chiefly songs and character sketches suggested by the Indian lore of the Pacific Coast. These are written in free verse and are inspired by the author's early life among the primitive people and deep forests and mountains of the West. In 1913 Miss Skinner won half the London Bookman's twenty-one guinea prize in the lyric contest with her "Song of Cradle Making," and the following year with a group of "Songs of Coast Dwellers" she captured in the United States a \$100 prize offered for the best group of poems published during the year. She is at present living in New York.



A SPRING THERE WAS.

(But Not in 1917.)

There with a newspaper beneath the bough,
A little beer, a smoke or two—and Thou
Beside me, rambling about politics,
Ah! Canada were Paradise now!

And much as War has played the infidel
And robbed me of my peaceful notions—well,
I often wonder what the soldiers gain,
One-half so precious as the lives they sell!

Alas, that men should be shot down in rows,
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close,
A holocaust to please an imbecile,
Who yet may be an Emperor, who knows?

But, blood-red War is dimming and shall wane,
The Sun of Peace is rising once again;
How oft hereafter rising shall he look
For any hint of War—and look in vain.

And when Thysel with shining feet shall tread
Among the soldier victims thy bent head
Shall promise for their death an Endless Peace;
Forgive us if we hate—we have our Dead.

BOOKS YOU WILL READ

By WAYFARER

AND STILL THEY COME!

MESSRS. GRAFTON AND CO., of London, England, announce the publication of the fourth volume of "Books of the Great War," a very useful bibliography of literature dealing with the present conflict, and is said to be as large as any two of its predecessors put together. That would mean that already the total output of war books reaches the appalling number of 5,000 copies—and still they come! It was Sherman who declared that "War is hell," but not even he had any conception how hellish the scribes can make it for a poor reviewer.

On my desk stand three of the latest clamouring silently but insistently for notice, and they will not be denied.

From Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., comes the first of these, CANADA IN FLANDERS—the official records of the doings of our boys over-seas. Sir Max Aitken, Baronet, wrote the first volume of these records.

And he wrote them up so skilfully

That he went to the Lords from the H. o'C., and as Lord Beaverbrook, is responsible for the second volume. This volume carries the history of our forces at the front from Sept., 1915, to July, 1916, covering such important engagements as St. Eloi and Sanctuary Wood and coming down to but not including the Battle of the Somme. As an intimate story of the fighting the book is bound to be of great value to the future historian and is at the same time of intense interest to the average reader.

In TO VERDUN FROM THE SOMME (S. B. Gundy, 75 cents), Mr. Harry E. Brittain, an English journalist not unknown in Canada, describes his impressions and depicts the various phases of war-work

(Concluded on page 26.)



Grandpere Nadeau Recruits

By Queenie Fairchild

"ARE you not going to tell us of de Beaujeu's fight?" asked Petrus Lavallee, jealous of the other children having suggested their subjects first.

"Well, just that one story," said Grandpere Nadeau. "Long, long ago, before the English took Canada the French held much more country than what is now called Canada. Away up the St. Lawrence, across the Great Lakes, and then down other big rivers flowing south—the old man waved his arms rather vaguely in the direction of the United States—"there was a fort named after Governor Duquesne."

"Pittsburg, Pennsylvania now," interrupted a Seminary boy, anxious to show off his learning.

"The people down there must have changed the name to hide their chagrin, as you will see when I tell you how we beat them. They were always hoping to get the French out of the country behind their settlements. It was very far to send supplies and ammunition, and we had so few men to keep up the garrisons as compared to all the men that the English Colony could spare. The unequal state of affairs kept the Canadians in the quiver and their wits sharpened as well as their swords. The English went to war solemnly, but my faith! how the Canadian nobles liked to start out on a campaign. The big war canoes would be filled with men singing and shouting as they paddled. Every Seigneur's son gave his military service from the age of sixteen.

"The Governor at Quebec sent orders to the Commandant at Fort Duquesne to notify the English that the Valley of the Ohio was French territory. A young officer named de Jumonville was chosen to carry the message to the enemy. The English fell on the little party of men and killed them, although they tried to excuse the deed by saying they did not know the French had a white flag with them and were only bringing over the Governor's order. De Jumonville's brother didn't let the case rest at a few words of explanation, but took six hundred men and a hundred Indians to attack the English at Fort Necessity, in which there were a thousand men and many cannons. He took that fort! Jumonville was well avenged I can tell you. And who do you think the English officer was who caused all the trouble, yet could not hold his fort against the brother of the man who was assassinated? It was George Washington!" The English name was a hard one for Bonhomme Nadeau to get out.

"Now wait until you hear of the next fight in that same country, the following year," continued the old man as Narcisse Martineau tried to break in.

"To crush a poor little wooden fort like Duquesne the English got up a fine army of several thousand men, artillery, and all sorts of supplies. On they came through the country like caterpillars on a march. The news of the advance was soon brought to the French. There was nothing to do about strengthening the fort, and nothing with which to do anything. But abandon the place? Never! Stay in the fort like rats in a trap? No! They would go out and give battle. The brave de Beaujeu made all his arrangements for his seventy soldiers and his hundred and fifty Canadian Militiamen, but the six hundred Indian allies hanging around the fort were very uncertain in temper. De Beaujeu met them in council, he talked, he coaxed, and taunted them; they still remained undecided as to what they would do, and asked for the night to think the situation over.

"It was an anxious night for the Canadians; they made their peace with God and their confessions to the good Chaplain, who at dawn said Mass for them.

"The Indians then gave their answer. They would not accompany the expedition as there could be no hope of success against such odds, and a defeat was a mortifying thing to live down among the other tribes.

"Without a moment's hesitation de Beaujeu spoke, and it was not bravado either: 'I am going out to meet the enemy. I know I will win. Would you allow your father to go alone?'

"The Indians admired fearlessness, and were impressed by de Beaujeu's tone of confidence. Quick as a flash they changed their fickle minds and decided to throw in their lot again with the French. It was growing late to make a start, but de Beaujeu managed to get about three leagues from Fort Duquesne, where there was a ravine the English would have to pass through after they crossed the river. The Canadians were placed in the front line, along the top of both sides of the gully among the thick bushes, and the Indians were given strict orders not to fire a shot until a certain signal was made to them.

"ON blundered the English, never suspecting for a moment the French would be so far out. When the narrow place was well packed with English troops there was a sudden crackling of shots from above like fire in a dry sapin tree. The confusion among the soldiers who were at such a disadvantage below was bad enough, but when de Beaujeu's Indians added their dreadful war cries to the shrieks of the wounded, the steady noise of the firing, the yells, and roaring of orders by the English officers, the scene was one of the worst of any fight between French and English.

"Three times de Beaujeu drove back the enemy, before he was killed, just as he was filled with the joy of certain victory. The Indians went crazy

when their leader dropped, and the woods rang with their blood curdling howls of vengeance. In rage and despair British officers gave orders to troops who were demoralized by the terrors the woods held in store for them. When they went on they were shot down, and when they fell back, the jumble among themselves made matters worse. Their General Bradock was mortally wounded, and the order to retreat was given. There never was a worse pell-mell of running men. They sacrificed everything they valued in their one and only desire to put as great a distance as possible between themselves and the French and Indians. The General died as they were taking him along with them, and they buried him where the rest of the soldiers would pass over his grave and leave no trace of it for the Indians to desecrate. That same George Washington was among the humiliated English officers. He could vanquish men of his own race perhaps, but not the Canadians! It didn't matter whether you called them French or English Canadians as long as they were Canadians, Washington could expect no luck. When the Bostonnois came up with Arnold they could not take Canada, and when the Americans came again in another generation they found a de Salaberry waiting to drive them back, as de Beaujeu did and a son of Magdeleine de Vercheres who was killed with him at Duquesne."

NARCISSE MARTINEAU could not wait until the last word was spoken by Grandpere, but got out in the middle of the room and struck an attitude before Captain Cameron. It was with great pride that Narcisse spoke English.

"Is all w'at Grandpere Nadeau say for true, M'sieu? Dat fort' of July Washington was beat two times by fine Canayens? W'at for I not know dat w'en I work down h'om the States in a mill. W'en I go again dis winter and a fore-man calls me a 'Stupid Canuck' I'll let him know one, two t'ing!"

"He won't believe you," said Jack Cameron in a teasing voice.

"Not believe me, Narcisse Martineau, of a family w'at live on same fine farm nearly two hundred year! The Canaille, I'll wipe up the factory floor wit' heem."

Narcisse swung his arms around so fiercely as he used the imaginary Yankee as a feather duster that everyone roared laughing and clapped, although they had understood nothing but the pantomime. While Martineau was holding forth a letter had been brought to Rene St. Maurice. It took him but an instant to gather the importance of the news. Jumping upon the seat of his chair as a platform he shouted:

"Come on! Narcisse. Come on! You are just the fellow we want to fight the Germans. Those old times we have heard about stir our blood, we must never forget those fine fights, but as the Americans are now going to fight side by side with us we will have a very different feeling for them after this war. My father has just sent over a messenger for me. I must be up in Montreal to-morrow night.

"And listen to this piece of news!

The Honorable Mr. Blondin has resigned as Postmaster General, and with General Lessard to help him is going to recruit in the Province of Quebec.

"Men of St. Norman! You have made Captain Cameron and myself welcome among you, and we all owe much to Bonhomme Nadeau for telling us of the Canadian heroes of other days. I have told you of our need in this war of men of the same fighting stock as those old militia. You are made of the same stuff, I am sure, the only thing is that you have been too well off this last hundred years. You have forgotten that it was only by constant fighting with hard conditions and enemies that your ancestors gained all they held dearest. The British respected you as antagonists and granted you great concessions, or you would not have heard your history told you in French as to-night. I am quite positive it would have been a very different story if you hadn't turned out to fight the Americans, but had just let them walk into Canada, shrugged your shoulders and said, 'What difference does it make to us which branch of the family rules?' Yet today I have heard that same argument used in this Province, 'What difference would it make to us whether the rest of Canada were English or German?'

"If I didn't love our country so much I could almost wish the answer to that question could be given by a German bomb dropped on some defenceless little village of the Lower St. Lawrence. But as usual only the innocent would suffer while the traitorous agitator would be safely tucked away somewhere.

"Look at Narcisse Matineau there, ready to fly at the throat of anyone who makes an insulting remark at his nationality, and hasn't he just told us with pride of the years his land has been held in the family?"

"Can you not realize that a battle being fought about some devastated farm in France is just as much a fight to keep that Martineau home safe in Canada?"

"You young men who are thinking of going to the Valconna timber lands consider yourselves the very best of bush-whackers, but let me tell you the old 'coureurs de Bois' were soldiers as well. They never hid in the woods when there was an expedition going. DuLuth and La Mothe-Cadillac could get all the men they needed for any adventure up the Great Lakes.

"I will never be as brave as de Beaujeu, and you are not irresponsible Indians to whom I can say, 'Would you allow your father to go out alone?' But if I go alone, and am spared to return, I will never see my beloved Lariviere and these neighbouring places I know almost as well, without a feeling of shame. Every wave of the St. Lawrence that breaks against the shores of these river Parishes will be like a taunt flung up. 'Swish!' Your Canadian waterways were kept free of German ships by the royal navy, but no man from here would fight the Germans. Every breeze that rustles over the crops would be like the whispering and nodding of accusing people. 'See! How peaceful the fields of Lariviere and St. Norman have remained, disturbed by nothing but the wind. Other men's blood paid the price!' People often say to me, 'I suppose a good many men had gone from your old Seigneurie,' and my face burns as I try to evade a direct answer.

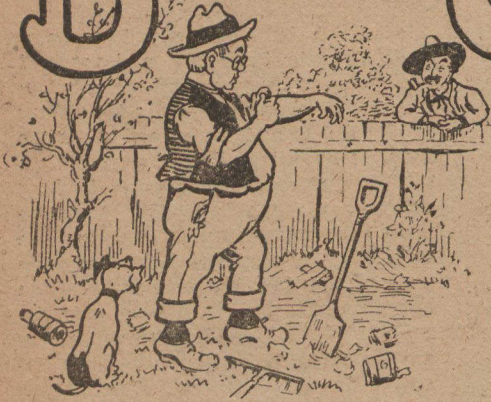
"It is well we can talk of the 22nd Regiment, but who will avenge their dead officers and men, as Coulon de Villiers avenged de Jumonville?"

Rene St. Maurice flung out his last appeal and stopped.

Grandpere Nadeau raised his head

BIBLOVE'S GARDEN

BY
WILL FROST.



"MY dear," said Mr. Biblove, at breakfast, "I'm going in for gardening."

He leaned back with arms akimbo and regarded Mrs. Biblove through glittering spectacles.

"How nice," exclaimed Mrs. Biblove, "so splendid to grow our own garden stuff, with everything so frightfully dear."

"Besides, I'm getting flabby, a little spade work will trim me down a bit."

The Bibloves had been married only a few months and had just taken a suburban cottage. Attached to the cottage was a small plot of land, surrounded, in spots, by a decrepit board fence. In the long interval between tenants of the cottage the grounds had degenerated into a sort of public garbage and playground for the myriad domestic animals and wild boys of the neighbourhood.

Mr. Biblove surveyed his prospective garden with the eagle glance of a military strategist.

That very same morning Mr. Biblove button-holed the proprietor of the local hardware store. "Now look



here, Smith," he said impressively, "I want real garden tools, something that will last a lifetime—none of your flimsy, gimcrack toys, you get me?"

Mr. Smith rubbed his hands and smiled expansively. Amateur gardeners were the cherished idols of his hardware soul. The sanguine amateur left the store the proud possessor of the very finest and fullest set of gardening tools the ingenuity of Mr. Smith could suggest.

Mr. Biblove arrived home with variegated seed catalogues sticking out all over his person. To the all-admiring gaze of Mrs. Biblove he displayed a formidable account book.

"Even gardens," he explained, "must be run on a business basis. Cost goes on this side of the ledger. Opposite goes the profits. Frinstance, every time we use a bushel of potatoes or what not from the garden it must go down here at the current market price, understand?"

"How nice," ejaculated the new book-keeper.

"Well," said Mr. Biblove, "when I go into a thing bald-headed there's generally something doin', what?"

The amateur gardener began to evince an absorbing interest in weather conditions. Down at the bank he acquired the reputation of a weather-prophet and an expert authority on manures and fertilizers.

One ever-memorable Saturday afternoon he took hold of his new job with both hands. His first operation resulted in the collection of a huge pile of debris, including the heterogeneous remnants of the recent house cleaning and rotten portions of the fence.

Mr. B. took a deep draught of bottled beer with immense gusto. He decided after brief cogitation to incinerate the mass.

The lighting of this bonfire one gusty evening acted as a beacon to the wandering tribes of urohins, and drew them as a magnet from all points of the compass.

When the perspiring Biblove arose from his task of lighting up, he found the surrounding fences occupied by a large and vociferous audience. His efforts to drive them away resulted only in attracting further reinforcements. Mr. B. let loose the dog. He found an unexpected ally in the dense volumes of acrid smoke that began to permeate the vicinity. Evidently there was something burning in the pile that gave out a pungent odour savoring alternately of tan-yards, rotten vegetables and noxious chemicals.

The previous tenant had dabbled in amateur chemistry, and a lot of half-empty tins and bottles which he had left behind had been thrown into the bonfire.

As the fumes entered the back doors and windows of the adjacent houses the tenants emerged like angry bees. They demanded explanations.

Mr. Biblove, purple with the intensity of his emotions and choking with smoke, tried to explain by dumb show that his intentions were not what they seemed. But it was no use. The sensitive nostrils of a milkman's horse, standing in the road, were suddenly assailed by a waft of the malignant smoke. The animal set off in a frantic effort to escape from the spot, pursued by the driver and a mob of spectators. The end of the runaway was as sudden as the start, and infinitely



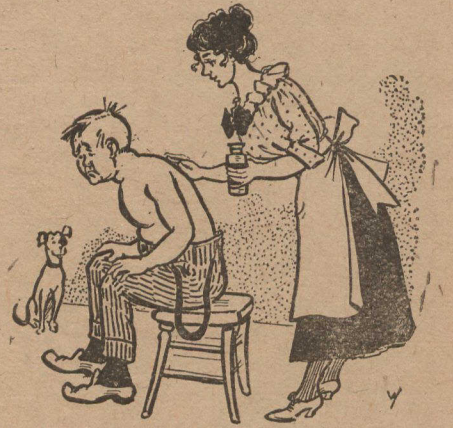
more spectacular. One of the hubs struck a telegraph pole. The horse collapsed amid the broken shafts. There was a brief and rattling shower of milk bottles and the road was flooded with the lacteal fluid as with a garment of snow.

It was at this—never failing—psychological moment that some public-spirited citizen, excited by the crowds and enveloping smoke, rang in a fire alarm.

And then the circus began. In the whisking of a lamb's tail a heavy stream was turned on the blazing refuse scattering the embers to the four winds of heaven amid the cheers and jeers of the entire populace. Pandemonium reigned. It was not often the local Fire Brigade got a chance to display their efficiency and they made the most of the present great opportunity.

The unfortunate victim, Biblove, stumbling dizzily amid the swirling smoke and steam, holding on his head with both hands, received a powerful stream from an invisible hose full in his midst, and was promptly projected into the arms of his distracted wife.

Slowly recovering under the combined influence of brandy and indignation, Mr. Biblove was severally waited upon by the Chief of the Police, the owner of the shattered milkcart and a string of neighbours, who felt they



had a right to know, in short, what it was all about and what he meant by it.

The results, as glowingly reported (Concluded on page 30.)

From Our Own Garden

By PORTIA

THERE is no place like the city for developing a taste for the spring, green garden relishes. If you must have an early garden bed, let it be lettuce and onions. A short row of lettuce will do to begin with, and sow again in three weeks or a month, so as to have it all summer. Plant radishes, if you are very fond of them, in rotation as with lettuce. And to be a success you should make a drill, line the bottom of it with a layer of white dust from a clay road, plant the seed on it, and cover with earth. I have found this scheme an infallible security against worms. Cress likewise makes a nice green dish, and must be replenished at intervals. But if you are short of space confine yourself to lettuce.

I shouldn't have a garden without beans, they are so easy to raise, so delicious when cooked, and so abundant in their yield. Butter beans are very satisfactory. Avoid the June frosts, water, and weed, and hoe them, and you will plant no seed that will please your purse and palate better. Don't waste seed by planting them too near together, a bean every inch should secure you a plentiful thickness of plants. If you grow more than you can use as a vegetable, take what is ready for pulling, boil them, and when done cover with the mustard dressing you use for pickles. Canned in this way they make a daintier relish than most winter sauces. And, of course, if you could raise a large

(Continued on page 25.)

Grandpere Nadeau Recruits

(Concluded from page 19.)

and looked around the room. His voice seemed to grow strong as he said like an officer calling the roll: "Jean! Francois! Louis! Joseph! Narcisse! Antoine! Surely some of you are going with a St. Maurice of Lariviere?"

Alphonse gave Jean a little push. "I'll go, and Francois always goes wherever I do, eh Francois?" Jean called over to his friend.

"You mean I always had to follow you, Jean, to get you out of some trouble," said Francois as he walked across the room.

"You are fine fellows, Jean and Francois!"

Rene St. Maurice's eyes were bright with excitement.

"Come on, Narcisse, you mustn't go to the States this winter, as it would never do for you to want to fight with an Ally. You had better line up with the others, Louis, Joseph, and Antoine; there is no use separating the little crowd who are accustomed to work together."

There was a great stir and talking in the room as the four men stood in a group around their acknowledged leader, Jean Brodeur, and his devoted Francois.

"We will all go, Captain St. Maurice," announced Narcisse.

"Hurrah," shouted Jack Cameron. Rene St. Maurice turned to Grand-

pere, saying:

"You are the best recruiting speaker I have ever heard. I am going to have your photograph for the papers, and printed beneath will be, 'This fine old man by his stories of the martial spirit of Old Canada, gained six recruits for the French-Canadian Regiment now being raised by Colonel Blondin.'"

"You do an old Habitant too much honour," said Bonhomme Nadeau, but he could not keep the pride out of his voice.

"Can you men be ready to go with me to-morrow morning? I'll bring you back in uniform and will invite everyone here as my guests to Lariviere for the biggest celebration the old Manor has known for many a day."

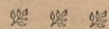
The next morning as Boss Fortier drove back into St. Norman expecting to find the officers gone and the field clear, he saw a string of carriages disappearing in the direction of Lariviere and a group of people just dispersing from the Nadeau cottage.

"Oh! Monsieur Fortier," called out Alphonsine, "Captain St. Maurice left a message for you. He said if you wanted your men you could join them in Montreal, and that he would make a nice fat sergeant of you!"

The girl smiled triumphantly as she walked into her home and slammed the door in Fortier's face.

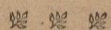
WAR'S WEEKLY

FRENCHMEN at the port city of Brest may be pardoned for a trifle of exhilaration when they see Portuguese soldiers debarking from a troopship en route to the firing line. According to Robert Herrick in the New York Times, the new policy of the French under Nivelle as opposed to the old "nibbling" policy under Joffre is—Daring. He says: "The French feel that they have endured long enough; they want to finish rapidly, brilliantly. Skill, ingenuity, resourcefulness, audacity, must take the place of brute pressure, economic grind, slow attrition." To do this fresh troops will be needed. Hence the Portuguese; hence Joffre asks Washington for troops; and Spanish officers confer in France with the war staff.



MOTTOES in the background below don't look very exciting. It must be admitted that the Russian soldiers grouped around them are gently posing for the camera man in Petrograd, who tells us that the Slav slogans carried by the soldiers are—Down with the Monarchy! Long Live Democracy! Long Live the Republic! The flag is red. Hence it looks as though the Socialists among the army were supporting the movement. Any way for the present the monarchy is quietly taking a holiday down in his Caucasian villa and the new war party are going ahead with a no-king war.

In the North American Review the late Czar is highly praised by Charles Johnston, who says that Nicholas II. is no mere incompetent or voluptuary; a man of irreproachable life, gentle, almost puritanical, standing among the great idealists of the world. He recalls that it was Nicholas who dreamed of The Hague Tribunal and framed the Duma, planned the amelioration of the moujiks till the nobles called him a "peasants' king"; chose great Ministers like Witte who doubled the revenue of the Empire in ten years, Stolypin who enfranchised the peasants, and Sazanoff, the only man who seemed to understand the German psychology. He points out that Nicholas is only one of many great souls from Samson until now who have been dominated by beautiful women.



THE man with the big drum is Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who knows how to beat a drum quite as well as his big namesake. The men behind him are the Washington players who opened the game at the Capitol a few days ago. Vice-President Marshall pitched the first ball. The players drilled with bats in place of guns. They made baseball into war. And that's enough. Ask any "fan" of the bleachers and he will tell you that if the United States throws the same kind of national energy into war as since her last great war she has put into baseball, the Boches will be worse trimmed than the Athletics beat the Senators, 6-4, a few days ago. The Allies may never need an American in the trenches more than the few thousand already there in the Canadian army. But they need the baseball energy of Americans at home. Let the Americans go at it as hard as they like. They can't work under General Attrition. They work at high pressure the same as they play ball. What the war wants now is speed; the same kind of acceleration that the British put into it under Lloyd George and the French since the Battle of Verdun. The Americans have ginger enough. They are a great people. They invented baseball. They did not invent war. And in the heat of their baseball enthusiasm over war they will not forget what Gerard said a few days ago in New York, that it was the German scheme to tie up France and England, cripple Russia, seize the British navy and turn it loose on the skyscrapers of New York. We told them so long ago. Even their own writers let the cat out of the bag now and then. But it took more than the intrigues of Boy-Ed and Dernburg and Bernstorff to wake them up. It needed the Zimmerman letters. Now they are up in arms. And we must give them room to play ball in the war—



not forgetting the decision of the umpire when the war is over.

The war will test America through and through, says Sydney Brooks; her efficiency, her political and industrial capacities; her power of handling things

in a big way; the valour of her sons
ance of her daughters. She will
conflict a broader and nobler nation
edge and the will of the power
part in the ordering of the world
always destined.

Famine and World-Hunger Are on Our Threshold!

"in the nations honour, heed!
Acquit yourselves like men.
As workers on the land, do your
duty with all your strength!"

—Lloyd George

The Crisis

France, England and Italy in peace times did not depend upon America but on Russia, Roumania and Bulgaria for most of their bread stuffs. With these sources closed the crisis of the hour demands that we see that our soldiers and the Motherland are fed.

Everyone in Great Britain has been put on limited rations; meat is prohibited one day a week and the making of cakes and pastry has been stopped. Further restrictions are anticipated.

Bread has gone to 28c. per four-pound loaf in England, for the first time since the Crimean War.

Lord Devonport, British Food Comptroller, proposes taking authority to search the houses of Great Britain to prevent food hoarding.

Forty million men, less the casualties, are now on active service.

Twenty million men and women are supporting them by service in other war activities.

In the last analysis, the land is bearing this burden.

One million tons of food-carrying ships have been torpedoed since February 1st, 1917.

Germany's hope for victory is in the starvation of Britain through the submarine.

Canada's sons will have died in vain if hunger compels the Motherland's surrender.

The land is waiting—the plough is ready—will we make the plough mightier than the sword?

Will we help the acres to save the flag?

World Hunger Stares Us in the Face

David Lubin, representative of the United States to the International Institute of Agriculture—maintained by forty Governments—reports officially to Washington that the food grains of the world on March 31st, 1917, showed a shortage of 150,000,000 bushels below the amount necessary to feed the world until August, 1917. He declares it is beyond question that unless a greater acreage is put to crop in 1917 there will be WORLD-HUNGER before the 1918 crop is harvested.

The failure of the grain crop in the Argentine Republic which is ordinarily a great grain-exporting nation resulted in an embargo being placed, in March, 1917, upon the export of grains from that country to avert local famine.

The United States Department of Agriculture, in its official report, announces the condition of the fall wheat crop (which is two-thirds of their total wheat crop) on April 1st, 1917, to be the poorest ever recorded and predicts a yield of 244,000,000 bushels below the crop of 1915. The 1916 crop was poor. Even with favorable weather, the wheat crop of the United States is likely to be the smallest in thirty-five years, not more than 65 per cent. of the normal crop.

Under date of April 10th, Ogden Armour, executive head of Armour & Company, one of the world's largest dealers in food products, stated that unless the United States wishes to walk deliberately into a catastrophe, the best brains of the country, under Government supervision, must immediately devise means of increasing and conserving food supplies. Armour urged the cultivation of every available acre.



ONTARIO

The food shortage, he said, is world-wide. European production is cut in half, the Argentine Republic has suffered droughts. Canada and the United States must wake up!

People are starving to-day in Belgium, in Serbia, in Poland, in Armenia, in many quarters of the globe.

Famine conditions are becoming more widespread every day.

On these alarming food conditions becoming known, President Wilson immediately appointed a Food Comptroller for the United States. He selected Herbert C. Hoover, to whom the world is indebted as Chairman of the International Belgium Relief Commission, for his personal direction of the distribution of food among the starving Belgians.

Mr. Hoover is already urging sacrifice and food restrictions, for, as he states, "The war will probably last another year and we shall have all we can do to supply the necessary food to carry our Allies through with their full fighting stamina."

The Problem for Ontario

The land under cultivation in Ontario in 1916 was 365,000 acres less than in 1915.

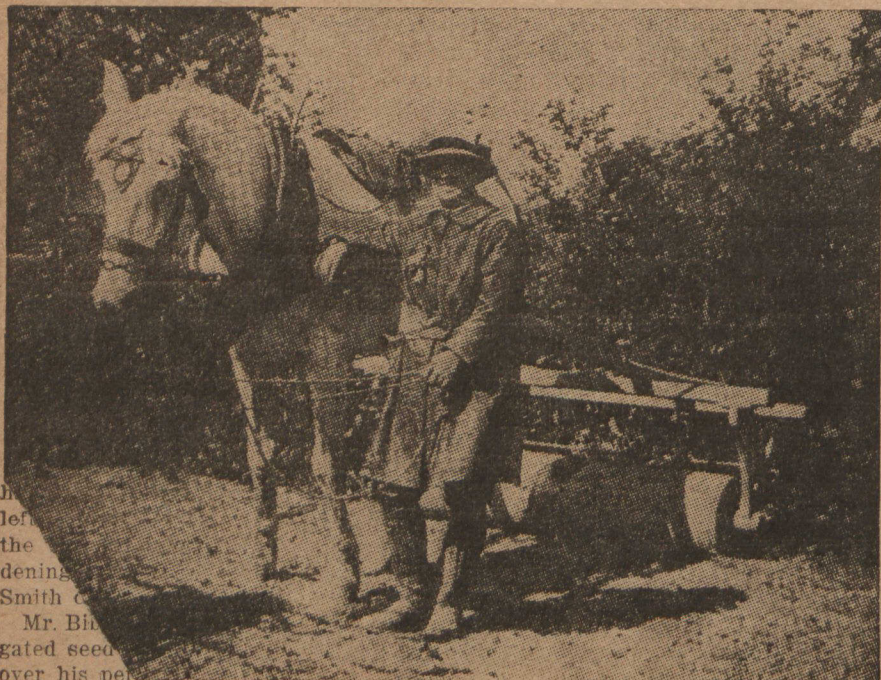
Consider how much LESS Ontario produced in 1916 than she raised in 1915:

	Acres.	Bushels.	1916 DECREASE	
			Acres.	Bushels.
Fall Wheat—				
1916	704,867	14,942,050	105,315	9,794,961
1915	811,185	24,737,011		
Barley and Oats—				
1916	529,886	12,388,969	24,432	7,504,160
1915	552,318	19,893,129		
Peas and Beans—				
1916	96,542	1,243,979	31,401	799,070
1915	126,943	2,043,049		
Corn—				
1916	258,992	12,717,072	51,441	9,043,424
1915	309,773	21,760,496		
Potatoes and Carrots—				
1916	139,523	7,408,429	34,411	5,858,594
1915	173,934	13,267,023		
Mangel-Wurzels and Turnips—				
1916	42,793	9,756,015	8,006	15,600,303
1915	50,799	25,356,323		

Other crops show as critical decline.

Reports from Ontario on the condition of fall wheat for 1917 are decidedly discouraging.

As there is an average of not more than one man on each hundred acres of farm land in Ontario, the prospects indicate even a still smaller acreage under cultivation in 1917 unless extra labor is supplied.



—Photo from London (Eng.) Bystander.

A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL AT WORK.

Smith, one of the thousands of British women workers on the
She recently won an All-Comers' Champion Prize
for plowing.

price, understand?"



Copyrighted by the International News Service, New York. —

—McCay in the New York American.

THE SECOND-LINE TRENCHES.

Food Production is the Greatest Problem the World Faces To-day

Owing to destruction by submarines, ocean ships are scarce.

It is much easier to protect shipping between Canada and England than on the longer voyages from India or Australia.

One vessel can make twice as many trips from Canada to Britain as from India, and four times as many as from Australia.

Therefore, every ton of food stuffs grown in Canada is worth to the Motherland two tons grown in India or four tons grown in Australia.

Why the Call to Canada is so Urgent

If this country does not raise a big crop this year, not only will the people of Canada suffer but the Motherland and her Allies will suffer and their military power will be weakened if not paralyzed. Therefore, the right solution of the present war problem comes back to the farm, as to a foundation upon which our whole national and international structure must be built and maintained.

The farmers know that they are the last reserve, and that the soil on which crops are grown is the strategic ground on which wars are decided. To their care is entrusted the base of supplies.

To enable the farm to do the work two factors are essential. The first is Time. Whatever we are to do must be done at once. Nature waits for no man. The second is Labor. Many farmers cannot plant the acres they would because they cannot get the necessary help. Many are afraid to increase their acreage because they fear they would not be able to cultivate and harvest an unusual crop after they had raised it. If they are to do the work that is essential for them to do, the last man in each city, town and village must be mobilized at once.

Every man not on Active Service can help. In every city, town and village are men who by their training on the farm, or by their present occupation, can readily adapt themselves to farm work. These can render no greater service to the Empire at the present time than by answering the call of the farm. Capable men and boys willing to learn should not allow their lack of farm experience to stand in the way.

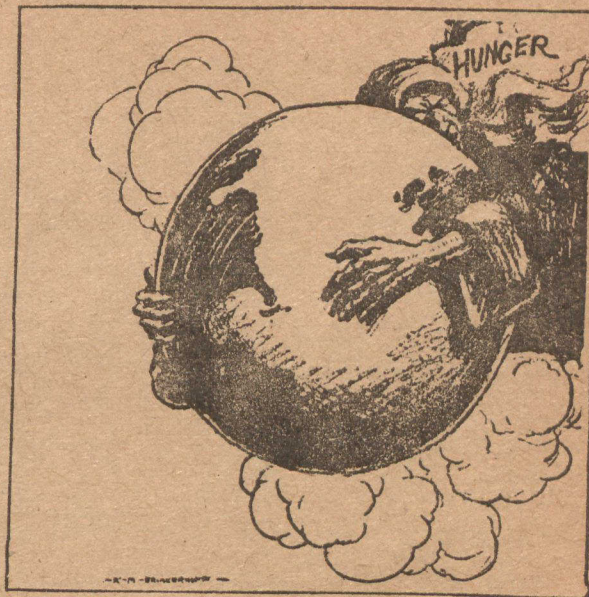
Can the employer render a more signal service in this crisis than by encouraging these men to help the farmer to cultivate every available acre, and by making it easy for them to go?

Ontario's farm lands are waiting—the implements are ready—the equipment is complete—the farmer is willing—all he needs is labor.

So short is the world's food supply that without increased production many in Canada must go hungry, and even with enormously increased production we cannot expect cheap food. The world is waiting for our harvest.

If peace should be declared within a year, the food conditions will be no better, for the accumulated hunger of the Central Empires must be met. This will absorb a large part of the world's supply.

We do not know when this war shall cease. It is endless—its lengthening out has paralyzed the thought and conception of all men who thought about it and its possible time of conclusion. Three months—six months, we said; nine months, a year, we said; and yet two years and eight months have passed their long dreary and sanguinary length and there is no man who can tell how long this gigantic struggle may yet last.



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—From the New York Evening Mail.

HUNGER TIGHTENING HIS GRIP.

Lloyd George, in a letter addressed to farmers throughout the Empire, said:

“The line which the British Empire holds against the Germans is held by those who **WORK ON THE LAND** as well as by those who fight on land and sea. If it breaks at any point it breaks everywhere. In the face of the enemy the seamen of our Royal naval and mercantile marine and the soldiers gathered from every part of our Empire hold our line firstly. You workers on land must hold your part of our line as strongly. Every full day's labor you do helps to shorten the struggle and bring us nearer victory. Every idle day, all loitering, lengthens the struggle and makes defeat more possible. Therefore, in the nation's honour, heed! Acquit yourselves like men, and as workers on land do your duty with all your strength.”

So for the honor of Canada's soldiers in France—and for the glory of our New-born Nationhood—let it be said of Ontario's citizens that, in the hour of our greatest need, their response was worthy of their sons.

We owe a great debt to those who are fighting for us.

Organization of Resources Committee Parliament Buildings, Toronto

Chairman: His Honour, Sir John S. Hendrie, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario;
Vice-Chairmen: Honourable Sir William H. Hearst, K.C.M.G., Prime Minister of Ontario; N. W. Rowell, Esq., K.C., Leader of the Opposition; Secretary: Albert H. Abbott, Esq., Ph.D.

WE MUST PRODUCE MORE FOOD

1833.
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organization over
1,000.00.
TORONTO.

A REAL RUSSIAN CHOIR

With a Contra-Basso a Hundred Fathoms Deep

THAT great Circus of Humanity at the foot of the Hudson may be considered a melting pot, but as long as the Russian Choir from the Cathedral of St. Nicholas are kept together the melting will never be a very serious achievement. That rather celebrated body of singers uniformed like something between Zouaves and bishops, scarlet flaps and gold-braided gowns—came and sang in Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, last week. Thanks to the Greek Church Archbishop of Aleutia and North America—including Canada—also to Mr. Charles H. Crane, once American Am-

By **THE MUSIC EDITOR**

bassador to Russia, who paid the expenses, they gave a free sanctuary concert to a large audience. Blue and white tickets had been distributed for the occasion by the Faculty and the Mendelssohn Choir; blue for the elect, white for the commoners, including the press. By good luck and a scramble the music editor of this paper got a top seat in full range of acoustics. President Falconer's introduction explained the occasion. The conductor, Ivan T. Gorokhoff, arranged his 9 men and 21 boys in three rows and from

the north end of the choir, by means of an inaudible tuning-fork, totally ignoring the closed-up organ—they have no pipe organs in Russian churches—without even a baton, he waved his hands and The Lord's Prayer was given in Russian.

This customary chant consisted of about five tones mostly arranged in thirds; a primeval plain-song of a piece, almost a dingdong.

Weird, Melancholy, Siberian,
Historic, Ecclesiastic,
Oppressional.

Read these six adjectives into nineteenth of the great recital that followed. Never had been heard anything in Canada quite like it. Now and then a Hebrew basso-cantante in a rag-wagon gives you such an impression. Here it was in all the dejected abandon of a marvelously musical race.

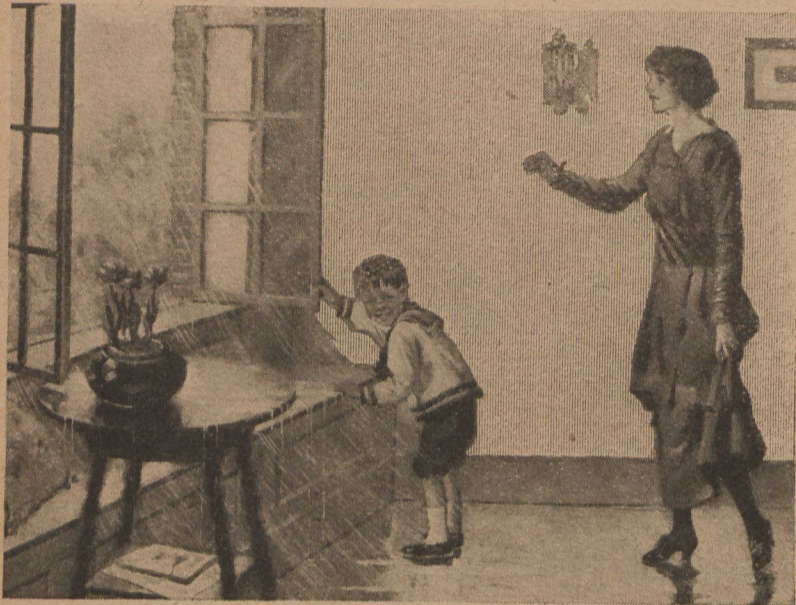
The second piece—"Meet Is It," from a liturgy of St. John Ch—m, was a polychromatic wail from the misty ages. The author of it is Tchreprin—not known here.

Now we grow accustomed to the colour scheme, grey, drab, dense, black, streaks of yellow, and become conscious of a submarinal, care-maniac contra-basso in the back row, a pair of Cossackian baritones, tenors—strongly metallic, like the sound of lead pipes, and among the lads, three distinct parts—strident trebles, plaintive seconds and rather beautiful altos. In

these voices there was nothing conventionally beautiful. At times they seemed oddly out of key, yet they never as a choir deviated from pitch. Neither would it matter if they did. The Ivan the-Terrible basso in the back row was able to descend into Hades, even down to the A or G beyond low C and make the place throb like the diapason of a strange organ.

Only in negro choirs have we heard anything comparable to the strange tone-colour of this body of singers. To be sure the Mendelssohn Choir have given a great many Slav works. But they always made them ravishingly beautiful. No choir that we have ever heard, English men's choirs, German maennerchors, Welsh glee clubs, negro choirs or even the celebrated choir of Mohawk Indians that used to thrill us at fall fairs in the village of Bush-Way have ever had the strange, haunting, untrammelled character of this choir of Slavs. They seemed to care little for mere aesthetic beauty. They were a great village choir doing immensely difficult music, but absolutely sure of it all. It was nature working towards art, but without the sensuous charm of Latin music or Saxon or Gaelic or even German. They indulged in very few decrescendos, only now and then a real pianissimo, once a disembodied phantom of tone, mainly those sledge-hammer fortissimos vibrating up from the boundless depths of race-music.

The third piece (The Consecration) by Kallinkinoff was in sad need of a cathedral. We felt much more at home with the two Rachmaninoff numbers which seemed to have in them some pianoforte colour. These seemed human. In The Creed there was a pro-



**"Close it quickly, dear, you'll get soaked
—but the rain can't hurt Valspar."**

Rain water would quickly ruin an ordinary varnish. But it has no terrors for Valspar, the varnish that resists even boiling water, alcohol, hot coffee or ammonia, without a suspicion of turning white. Valspar is the absolutely waterproof and spot-proof varnish.



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Be sure you get Valspar. If your paint or hardware dealer does not carry Valspar, write us direct and we will give you name of nearest dealer.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 109 George St., Toronto

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on this side of
goes the profits. Chicago
time we use a bush
what not from the
down here at the
price, understand?"

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Paris
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VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

VICTORIA COMMEMORATES YPRES



To celebrate the Battle of Ypres and also to commemorate the death of several High School students who had fought in France, the Women's Canadian Club of Victoria, B.C., arranged for the planting of an avenue of trees on the High School grounds. One of these is named the Kitchener Oak. In the picture Premier Brewster is seen planting the first tree close to the school building.

found religiousness, almost a woe-be-gone confession. And in the Judgment Day of Arkhangelsky it was as though the great sins of mankind were all set to music.

Part II. was considerably more dramatic. The Evening Hymn at the Lighting of the Lamps—was a smudge of solemn devotion. Those lamps were not electric chandeliers. Kastalsky is the author; also unknown here.

But there was a real glow—almost a Mendelssohn Choir luminosity—in the Cherubimic Hymn by Gretchaninoff who so far as western appreciation is concerned must be regarded as the most satisfying church composer for the Church Russian, not even excepting Tchaikowsky who for some reason was omitted from the programme. The Easter anthem of Smolensky was a very lugubrious affair, much more like Good Friday. God is With Us, a Christmas Eve anthem, was a great piece of work that gave one large-sized small boy with a huge primeval voice a fine chance for an obligato.

The astounding piece of the whole liturgic recital, however, was the last, Lord Have Mercy, very appropriately by Leveoffsky (pronounced Lvovsky), was as sincerely devotional as anything on the programme, done with absolute solemnity as befitting the contrite heart, expressed by a race whose men—not women—dominate the religious services. In its rapidity of execution, its weird development of chromatics and changes of key, its gorgeous tone-colouring and sudden nuances, it was like an enchanted chorus from a cave-man's carnival. It was so jolly near being a magnificent burlesque that Lord Have Mercy sounded like "Dick put a couple o' balls in 'is nob" from Bridge's Bold Turpin.

THAT SACRED OPERA, ELIJAH.

AS English as the Slav choir was Russian—Elijah took the stage at Massey Hall, Toronto, last week with an audience of more than 3,000, the Toronto Oratorio Society of 250 voices, eight soloists—all but one of them Canadians—the Russian Symphony Orchestra and the organist. The conductor was Dr. Edward Broome; the organist, Mr. Tattersall.

There has been some talk of the decadence of oratorio. Elijah looked like a pretty lively decadence. The name of the composer was not given on the programme. It is supposed to be known that nobody but Milton could have written Paradise Lost. There is as much finality about Elijah as Messiah or Creation. Nobody who does not take his stock entertainment at movies or burlesques could possibly get any one of these oratorios saddled off on the wrong man.

And Elijah is as English as Messiah. We always think of Birmingham, Leeds and Sheffield when we hear about Elijah. Mendelssohn usually seems like an Englishman, though he was no more English than the painter Brangwyn is—and in about the same way. There is a good deal about this oratorio that entitles it to become and remain a permanent part of British national life in art. Oratorio got its roots down in England as opera did in France and Italy, music drama in Germany and the music of the Greek Church in Russia. Only the English really understand oratorio. Of them all Elijah is the most commonly enjoyable, quite apart from the religious atmosphere it is supposed to purvey. And is as much an opera as Samson which Handel wrote as an oratorio and St. Saens revised as an opera.

Elijah is really a religious opera. As such it is full of great simplicities, especially in the solo parts. If With all Your Hearts, O Rest in the Lord, and It Is Enough, are all great arias;

comparable to My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, Celeste Aida and Che Manina Gelide. They were all well sung by the artists engaged for the occasion. The visiting baritone, Mr. Schofield, of New York, has a sweet almost gentle voice which he used to good effect on the tender arias and some of the recitatives and quite successfully on the dramatic passages. Mr. Gladstone Brown made a fine impression as a tenor soloist. He knows the work and does it with much strength of character. Miss Winnifred Henderson gave a splendidly spirited if not dramatic rendering of Hear Ye Israel, and Mrs. Hallman Schell did the contralto solos with fine mezzo effect.

The chorus was large, efficient and enthusiastic. Dr. Broome always injects a great deal of musicianly energy into his work as a conductor. He has

made the Elijah one of his stock pieces. The tenor section of the choir was exceptionally good, the sopranos always equal to the full demands of the pieces, the altos of much more than average calibre, and the basses quite effective, although too baritonish in quality and not always heavy enough. Some of the choral numbers proved quite as popular as any of the solos. There was always a clean-cut, declamatory character about the choral work that of course quite suits that sort of oratorio. The singers worked with evident enthusiasm and for the most part a good knowledge of the piece. Dr. Broome conducted with skill and energy, very lucidly and decisively, but with no particular finesse and none too much restraint. The trio Lift Thine Eyes was almost a wreck because of timidity over the tempo.

Gardening Our Pocket-Books

By INVESTICUS

ANYBODY who can save money on the present scale of living has financial ability to make a mighty good use of it by investment. And there never was a time in Canada when investments were less precarious. The war has jolted a large percentage of the get-rich-quick notions out of people's heads. The would-be Wallingfords have their sleeves up. The sharks are working by honest sweat to make ends meet. The wildcats have run to cover. Hence the man, the woman, or the family who manage to scrape up enough money to put by and want some place better than a bank or a red stocking to put it have a chance to invest their money without making a large investment, of a lot of sad experience.

Practical, thrifty ideas have crept into all our schemes of investment. We are looking now, not for quick returns but for investments that are as safe and sane as putting crops into a garden. We are in fact gardening our finances on the principle of national growth instead of Jonah's gourd that grew in a night.

On this head the American Magazine has some pertinent things to say from a number of correspondents about The Family's Money. Speaking on the topic of Fifty-50 With His Wife R. E. M. says:

If I had my life to live over there are many things that I should do differently, but the very first thing, "cross my heart," would be to try my friends', the B's, method of managing the family finances.

The B's did not make up a scientific budget, nor did they put the rent money in the ginger jar, the gas money in the little blue teapot, etc., etc. No; Mr. B. every month paid the household bills, and then what was left, be it only fifty cents, was equally divided between himself and his wife. They ran their home exactly like a business firm; rent, fuel, help, groceries were paid, and the surplus, representing the profits of the firm, was divided as between partners. Both husband and wife had a separate bank account. When Mr. B. heard of a good investment or a "chance to make a little money," he asked Mrs. B. to "come in on the deal." If she wished to, she risked her own money, and of course shared the gain, if there were any; if not, she pocketed her loss "like a man."

UNDER the caption of Unconscious Choice another contributor says: I first learned this truth through the experience of a friend. He was a young married man who needed further preparation for his advancement. He and his wife tried to save the few hundred dollars this extra work in-

involved, but somehow they never succeeded.

One day my husband said to me, "If he really wanted to save that money, he could."

I denied this emphatically, for I knew that in many ways they were trying to save. Then we counted up what they had spent in luxuries the preceding year. They were members of three clubs. They had bought several unnecessary things for the home.

I was much surprised to find the sum of the things we could think of almost equal to the amount they were trying to save.

Then it was I got hold of this truth: The lives of most of us are governed by unconscious choice.

This new light on things fascinated us. We turned it on ourselves. For four years we had paid thirty-five dollars a month rent, accepting it as a matter of course. We said, "A year of rigid economy will give us enough to make our first payment on a home." We moved into light-housekeeping rooms, and chose the place where every cent should go. We were amazed at the avenues of saving which opened.

Under the guidance of unconscious choice we had saved nine hundred dollars in four years; but this year we saved twelve hundred dollars.

This experience worked a miracle for us in teaching us how to choose. In contrast to the average of two hundred and fifty dollars a year saved before (besides insurance), we are at the present time saving about five hundred dollars a year, besides one hundred and fifty dollars insurance and two hundred dollars spent on those who need our help.

Our Own Garden

(Continued from page 20.)

enough crop to ripen some, you would have the most nutritious winter dish procurable.

Any garden however small should plant at least two packages each of beets, carrots and parsnips. They are the three staple winter vegetables easiest to raise, and offer a generous return for a modicum outlay.

Beets are not very popular as a vegetable, serving better as a pickle. But they mature so early and are fit to use by August, whilst they can be left equally well till October, and keep fresh all winter. As spring approaches you may then by pickling, preserve your overplus for several years. They are bound to grow up thick at first, and should be allowed to get fairly tall; then just before the roots begin

(Concluded on page 26.)

WAR CONDITIONS

In the Mother Land war conditions have rendered great self-denial necessary. Money is expended only for the barest necessities.

In Canada we have not YET felt the strain of war in this way. Perhaps we shall not. Whether we have to sacrifice to this extent or not, we should be practising economy and saving. While trade is good, work plentiful and wages high, we should be making some preparations for the lean days to come.

However small your saving, put aside something—Deposit it in a Savings Account—Do it systematically, something each week or month as you receive your income.

The smallest as well as the larger savings are equally welcomed by this Corporation. For more than sixty years, increasing numbers of our citizens have been availing themselves of the facilities it has afforded for accumulating their savings and surplus incomes, receiving a fair rate of interest therefor, and at the same time being free from all anxiety as to the safety of their money. If you are not one of our depositors, we cordially invite your account. Begin to-day with one dollar or more.

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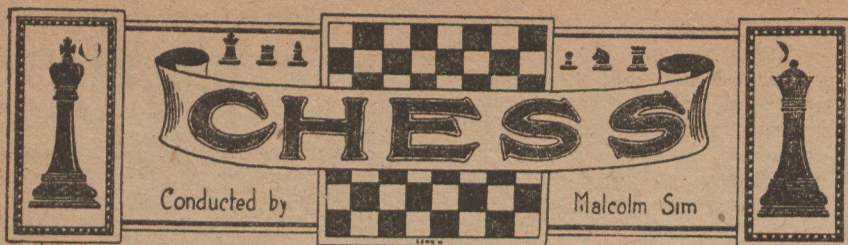
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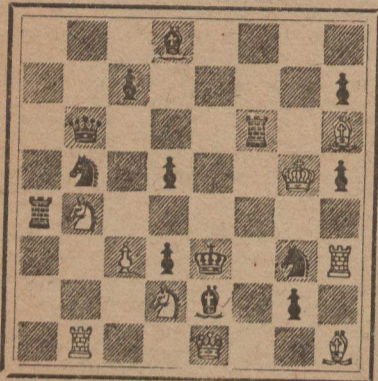
HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.



Address all communications to this department to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 136, by A. C. White. From the Pittsburgh "Gaz.-Times." (Task.)

Black.—Fourteen Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.

White to play and self-mate in two.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 132, by Comius Mansfield.

- 1. B-K4! KtxR d.ch; 2. Kt-QKt5 mate.
- 1., Kt-Q7 d.ch; 2. Kt-B4 mate.
- 1., KtxKt d.ch; 2. B-Q3 mate.
- 1., Kt-Kf4 d.ch; 2. R-Q3 mate.

Problem No. 133, by N. M. Gibbons.

- 1. B-K5, threat; 2. B-Q3 ch, KxB; 3. Q-Q6 ch, KxB mate.
- 1., Q-K2; 2. P-Q3 ch, KxB; 3. Q-B5 ch, QxQ mate.
- 1., QxQP; 2. B-B3 ch, KxB; 3. Q-Q4 ch, QxQ mate.

The mutual interference of the White Bishop and Pawn on the second White moves, in the two variations first given, form a White Pickabish.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

An interesting game played in London in the Metropolitan Chess Club's Championship Tournament. Notes from the "British Chess Magazine."

Sicilian Defence.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| E. A. Mitchell. | W. Winter. |
| 1. P-K4 | 1. P-Q19 |
| 2. Kt-QB3 | 2. Kt-QB3 |
| 3. P-KKt3 | 3. P-Q3 |
| 4. B-Kt2 | 4. Kt-B3 |
| 5. Kkt-K2 | 5. P-KKt3 |
| 6. P-Q3 | 6. B-Kt2 |
| 7. Castles. | 7. B-Q2 |
| 8. P-KR3 | 8. Castles. |
| 9. B-K3 (a) | 9. P-KR3 |
| 10. Q-Q2 | 10. K-R2 |
| 11. P-B4 | 11. Kt-Ksq |
| 12. P-KKt4! | 12. Kt-B2 |
| 13. R-B2 | 13. P-QKt4 |
| 14. QR-KBsq | 14. P-Kt5 |
| 15. Kt-Qsq | 15. Kt-Kt4 |
| 16. P-B5 | 16. P-Kt4 |
| 17. Kt-Kt3 | 17. B-K4 |
| 18. Kt-R5 | 18. P-B3 |
| 19. P-KR4 | 19. B-Ksq |
| 20. PxB | 20. BxKt (b) |
| 21. P-Kt6 ch! | 21. BxB |
| 22. PxB ch | 22. KxP |
| 23. R-B5 | 23. B-Q5 |
| 24. R-R5 | 24. R-Rsq |
| 25. P-K5 (c) | 25. P-Q4? |
| 26. PxB | 26. PxB |

- 27. BxQP
- 28. B-K4 ch (d)
- 29. Q-Kt2
- 30. R-Q5
- 31. Q-B3
- 32. Q-B5
- 33. BxB
- 34. QxKt
- 27. Q-Q3
- 28. K-B2
- 29. QR-QBsq
- 30. Q-B2
- 31. Q-K2
- 32. Kt-K4 (e)
- 33. KtxB
- Resigns.

(a) Threatening Q-Q2 and B-R6, which Black prevents, though he cannot stave off an attack.

(b) Black has considerably the worst of the position, and this makes matters worse still. BPxP should have been played.

(c) Now, however, White does not make his best move, since Black, as The Field points out, might have replied 25. ... KtxP, giving up the Exchange for two Pawns 25. P-B3 was better.

(d) The Field says: Q-Kt2 at once, instead of checking with the Bishop, might have led to the following problem-like finish, 28. Q-Kt2, QR-QBsq; 29. P-Kt5, KxR; 30. B-B7 ch, K-R4; 31. Q-Rsq ch, K-Kt5; 32. Q-K4 ch, K-R6; 33. Kt-B2 ch, K-Kt6; 34. Q-Kt4 mate. If, instead of capturing the Rook, Black played 29. ... RPxP, then 30. ... RxKtP ch and wins; or if 29. ... BxB ch, then 30. KtxB, RPxP; 31. RxKtP ch, PxB; 32. B-B7 ch, K-R2; 33. Q-R4 ch, K-Kt2; 34. Kt-B5 ch, KxB; 35. KtxQ ch, and wins. If, instead of 28. ... QR-QBsq, Black played 28. ... BxB ch, then 29. KtxB, Kt (Kt4)-Q5; 30. Kt-B5, KtxKt; 31. PxB ch, KxR; 32. B-B3 ch, K-R5; 33. Q-Kt4 mate.

(e) Fatal. The game, however, was lost in any case, White having played with great skill throughout.

Books You'll Read

(Concluded from page 18.)

he witnessed on the trip he was privileged to make along the Franco-British front from the Somme to Verdun, in the company of Honorable James Beck, whose "The Evidence in the Case" has been of so much service to our cause. The book is brightly written and may be read as an introduction to THE BATTLES OF THE SOMME by Philip Gibbs (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Ltd.), in which the famous war-correspondent has gathered together in book form the letters sent by him from the front. Those who have read these articles as they have appeared in the newspapers will welcome this opportunity of preserving in permanent form these graphic accounts of the grim fighting that drove the Germans back.

THE WAY OF THE WIND.

THE opening chapter of THE WAY OF THE WIND, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham (Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$1.40), shows the heroine, Janet Eversly, still somewhat crushed

by the recent death of her father, standing midway down the avenue of life. As she stands thus she looks back over the past and from it tries to read the future. The grey tones of the retrospect cast their gloom over the prospect, leaving her with the conviction that, if anything, the future was to be more cheerless than the past. Just at this time, there came into her life a spinster, wealthy, but a little soured by the lovelessness of her life, and her erring brother, one of those wild, wayward creatures whose "will is the wind's will" and who, as a consequence, are never rightly understood and are always causing pain when they mean to give pleasure. A summer, in which the sister tried to mould this wayward artist, for such the boy was by nature if not by training, proved to Janet that she, a woman of thirty, was in love with this unstable youth of twenty. What came of her love for him and of her efforts to reform him are told in a bright, spirited manner that sustains the interest to the end.

ODDMENTS.

It is a matter of great interest to know that simultaneously with the publication of Edmund Gosse's "Life of Swinburne," Mr. Hinemann will issue a considerable volume of "POSTHUMOUS POEMS."

The Home Rule question is one that is as full of interest for us as it is for the people of the old country. I have even heard one of our leading politicians express himself as being opposed to any closer federation of the Empire until this question has been satisfactorily settled. To all such it will be good news to hear that Hurst and Blackett of London will publish immediately Lord Ernest Hamilton's "THE SOUL OF ULSTER," which, it is said, will be a revelation to many as to what is at the back of the demand for Home Rule.

July 1st, 1917, will be the fiftieth anniversary of the federation of Canada. On account of the war the event will not be celebrated with the rejoicing fitting to so important an occurrence in our political history. In order, however, that the occasion should not go entirely unmarked the University of Toronto is issuing immediately a little volume, THE FEDERATION OF CANADA, 1867-1917, which traces the history of the movement for federation, describes the more important of the men who accomplished it, and shows the working of the Constitution during its fifty years of existence. A fourth chapter tells of the social de-

velopment and growth of the people. The publishers promise a valuable and interesting study of our political development—not a "high-brow" treatise on our political institutions, but an account of the country's government which the man-in-the-street can read, understand, and enjoy. The book will be distributed by the Oxford University Press.

Our Own Garden

(Concluded from page 25.)

to swell, thin them out and use them for greens. They are really nicer than spinach. Again when they are large enough to cook, pull them and top them, and the leaves, however large, are still a most palatable green. Carrot seed is so light and fine that you must perforce plant them more or less thickly. But you can allow them to grow until a finger's thickness before thinning, and even at that size they can be cooked, and prove a most savory delicacy. The long red variety of both beet and carrot will be found most manageable and profitable.

Half a pound or a pound of onion bulbs furnish a most desirable addition to your winter store, but it is not necessary to blister your hands punching holes in the ground to bury them. Make a drill sufficiently deep to cover all but the tips, lay them in about two inches apart, and cover. You will find they will thrive very well that way. About the middle of August tramp down all the leaves, and leave them a week or two. Then dig, and leave them to dry on the ground for a few days before storing away. As a boiled vegetable they are superior to the imported Spanish onion, and are supposed to be in most forms of exceptional medicinal value.

Next come tomatoes and cabbage. If you are a novice and wise, you will buy your plants, and not attempt to grow from seed. For the former we should recommend the late tomato variety as they seem to have a nicer flavour, and to bear more abundantly. The common orange red has been in our experience more profitable than the crimson red. Plant them about a yard apart sometime in June as your garden is ready, and the weather permits. Like cabbage, they will thrive well if set out before or during a rain. A dozen plants would furnish a small family with abundance for table use besides a surplus for winter canning, and all the different ketchups and sauces. Green tomatoes sliced and fried as you do onions make a delectable adjunct to the dinner, and of course are available for a host of different sauces, pickles and chowders.

NUMBER 70, BERLIN

CHAPTER I.

The Man of the Moment.

"THAT man knows too much!" "Do you really think he overheard?"

"He may not have done.

But we must take no risks, my dear fellow. Remember we are at war! With people who know too much there's but one way—dismissal," declared Lewin Rodwell, the tall, well-groomed middle-aged man, in morning-coat and grey trousers, who stood in the panelled board-room with his chairman, Sir Boyle Huntley, the other directors having left after the weekly meeting of the board.

"He might talk—eh?" Sir Boyle remarked in a low, apprehensive tone.

"He would probably fear the law of Hbel," said Lewin Rodwell, fair-haired,

A NEW kind of Detective Story, born of the Great War. A story of German Espionage, as they had it in France, Russia, Italy, the United States, Canada—England. The diplomatic writers call it penetration. It's nothing but the German War Lord looking through the Hallowe'en mask of any German's "honest" face, seeing things at night, handing out German money for world secrets. How the scheme worked in England—up to a certain point—and was then pinched off short by the authorities is the theme of Number 70, Berlin. What is Number 70? That's what Lewin Rodwell knew all about when some people didn't.

By WILLIAM LEQUEUX

sleek, rather refined, who, at the moment, was one of the most popular and patriotic figures in London—a man whose praises were sung constantly in the halfpenny press, and who numbered peers, Cabinet Ministers and diplomats among his friends.

His companion, ten years his senior, was of a different type—a somewhat uncouth man, with a reddish, bloated face, dark hair tinged with grey, deep-set crafty eyes, and a voice which betrayed his cockney birth and breeding, which even his Birthday baronetcy

could not disguise.

Both men, of humble origin, had won considerable fortune in the city and had worked together on the boards of many companies more or less prosperous. They were "keen business men"—which, in these days, seems to be the accepted description of those who are not above descending to sharp practices—and indeed, if the truth be told, had been guilty of certain financial juggling which would have looked very ugly against them if placed before a court of law.

Yet what they had done had been done within the law, and their hands were, consequently, just as clean as those of hundreds of other company-directors in the city of London.

Rodwell, with his back to the fire—for it was a cold, dark November afternoon in the year 1914—slowly lit a good cigar which he took from his

case, while Sir Boyle fidgeted uneasily with some papers at the table.

"How shall you get rid of that unnecessary fellow?" he asked his friend at last. "If he were dismissed now, he'd at once guess the reason, and might become our enemy."

"Enemy! Bosh!" laughed Lewin Rodwell, scornfully. "There's no fear of that, my dear chap. Leave him to me. I shall do nothing till after our meeting next Thursday. Then we can call in Charlesworth and tell him that the fellow—Sainsbury is his name, I believe—is a slacker, and ought to join the army. Owing to the war we must cut down expenditure—you know. He must go, and several others, too—in order to give our economy a flavour of truth."

"Charlesworth has always spoken very highly of him. He'll certainly urge us to keep him," the chairman remarked, looking blankly into the fire. "Only a fortnight ago his name was on the list of employees to be retained throughout the war."

"I know. But if Sainsbury has overheard what I said, then he's better outside this building than in it," Rodwell declared emphatically, drawing heavily at his cigar.

"You were a confounded fool to speak of such matters outside your own room at home, Lewin. It was most indiscreet. It isn't like you."

"I know. I was a confounded fool," the other admitted. "But I had no idea anyone had entered. He wears those infernal rubber things on his heels. But leave it to me. I'll clear him out all right."

"It must be done most delicately. He mustn't, for a single moment, suspect the reason of his dismissal."

Lewin Rodwell reflected for a second, and then, as though in his active, clever brain a sudden suggestion had arisen, he laughed and replied:

"There are more ways than one by which to crush an enemy, my dear Boyle—as you yourself know. Leave all to me, and I can guarantee that we shall have nothing to fear from this young prig, Sainsbury. So set your mind at ease at once over it."

"Very well, Lewin. I know how clever you always are in avoiding trouble," laughed Sir Boyle Huntley. "Had it not been for you we'd both have more than once been in a very tight corner. As it is we've prospered famously, and—well, I suppose the world thinks quite a lot of us—especially of you—the man who does so much good and charitable work without any thought of reward—purely as a patriotic Briton."

Lewin Rodwell winked knowingly, and both men laughed aloud.

Rodwell's eye caught the clock. It was half-past four.

"By Jove! I must fly!" he cried. "I promised to be at Lady Betty's soon after four. Trustram, of the Admiralty, will be there, and I particularly want to meet him. I've got my car. Can I drop you anywhere?"

"Yes. At the Constitutional. I'm meeting a man there."

So the pair, leaving the room, were helped on with their overcoats by an obsequious liveried servant and, descending in the lift, passed through the handsome set of offices where a hundred clerks were working beneath the electric-light, and out into Gracechurch Street, where Rodwell's fine limousine was awaiting him; the footman standing with the fur rug ready to throw over his master's knees.

ON their way through the city the elder man reverted to the subject they had discussed in the board-room of The Ochrida Copper Corporation—one of the greatest copper concerns in the world—and, drawing a long breath, he said:

"I really do hope that young fellow heard nothing. What if he knew—eh?"

"Of course he heard," was his co-director's reply. "But whether he understood is quite another thing."

"I fear he did understand."

"Why?"

"Because, as he left the room, I watched his face, and saw both suspicion and surprise upon it."

"Bah! My dear Boyle, don't let that worry you for a second longer," Rodwell laughed, as the car sped silently along Queen Victoria Street and across to the Embankment. "Even if he does suspect he'll soon be rendered quite harmless. When Lewin Rodwell makes up his mind to sweep an enemy from his path, you know that the enemy always disappears."

"I know that," replied the Baronet, with a slight hardening at the corners of his flabby mouth. Perhaps he recollected the fate of certain other

enemies. He well knew the callous unscrupulousness of his friend and associate in his determined efforts to get rich quickly. Indeed, they had both got rich very quickly—more especially Rodwell—during the past four or five years by methods which would never bear investigation. Yet, as in so many other cases in our great complex London, the world regarded him as a perfectly honest and trustworthy man—a true Briton, who was ever ready to place both his valuable time and his money at the disposal of the British cause against her barbaric enemy.

He set his lips firmly, and his eyes narrowed. He tossed his cigar angrily out into the roadway. It tasted bitter.

As the car went up the Haymarket, boys were crying the evening papers. Upon the contents-bill he noticed that the British were fighting gallantly at the Yser, stemming the tide of the Devil's spawn, who were endeavouring to strike a death-blow at French's little army and get through to Calais.

He smiled at his own strange thoughts, and then sank back into the soft cushions, again reflecting. That contretemps in the board-room had really unnerved him. It unnerved



him so much, indeed, that from Piccadilly Circus he drove to his club and swallowed a stiff brandy-and-soda—an action quite unusual to him—and then he went along to Upper Brook Street.

When the rather pompous elderly butler announced him at the door of the large drawing-room, Lady Betty Kenworthy, a tall, middle-aged woman, rose, greeting the great man affably, and then she introduced him to the dozen or so of her friends who were gossiping over their teacups—the names of most of them being household words both to those in society and the readers of the half-penny picture-papers out of it.

Lady Betty, a well-preserved, good-looking woman, whose boy was at the front, was one of those leaders of society who, at the outbreak of war, had become the leader of a movement. In London, after the first few months of war, the majority of society women took up one movement or another: red cross, Serbian relief, socks for the troops, comforts for mine-sweepers, huts for soldiers, work for women, hose-extensions for Highlanders, or one or other of the thousand-and-one "movements" which cropped up and duly found their places in the advertisement columns of The Times.

Lady Betty Kenworthy's particular movement was the Anti-Teuton Alliance—an association formed by a few

enemies. He well knew the callous unscrupulousness of his friend and associate in his determined efforts to get rich quickly. Indeed, they had both got rich very quickly—more especially Rodwell—during the past four or five years by methods which would never bear investigation. Yet, as in so many other cases in our great complex London, the world regarded him as a perfectly honest and trustworthy man—a true Briton, who was ever ready to place both his valuable time and his money at the disposal of the British cause against her barbaric enemy.

"Sainsbury will never trouble us, I assure you," he repeated, as at last Sir Boyle alighted in Northumberland Avenue, and he waved him a cheery goodbye as he went up the steps of the club.

Then, as the car re-started off to Upper Brook Street, Lewin Rodwell sat back, his hands resting idly on the fur rug, his cold, round blue eyes staring straight before him, the skin drawn rather tightly over his cheekbones, giving him a look haggard and quite unusual.

"Yes," he exclaimed to himself, drawing a long breath, "Boyle is quite right. That young man suspects—curse him! Phew! I must close his mouth somehow. But how? That's the question. In these days, with the Government deceiving the people and lulling them into a false sense of security, the very least breath of sus-

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patriotic enthusiasts who bound themselves to take action against the hated German in every way—to expose and intern the enemy in our midst, to free the country from the baneful German influence which has spread into every sphere of our national life, to purchase no goods of German origin, to ban the German language, and to discover the existence of the pro-German sentiment, German intrigue, and the expenditure of German gold—"palm-oil" one distinguished writer has called it—in official and Parliamentary circles.

The programme was, to say the least, a wide and laudable one, and afforded ample scope to the thousands of members who had enrolled themselves.

In Lady Betty's drawing-room that afternoon the committee of the movement had assembled, eager to meet Mr. Lewin Rodwell, who had shown such patriotism that even Cabinet Ministers had publicly bestowed great praise upon his ceaseless and self-denying efforts.

There were present, first of all, the usual set of society women of uncertain age, dressed in the latest French models, which gave them an air of youth, yet, at the same time, accentuated their angularity and unnatural freshness; two or three elderly men, led there against their will by their strong-minded spouses, a pretty girl or two from nowhere, and one or two male enthusiasts, including two good-looking and merry-going peers who were loud in their condemnation of the whole Government—from the Prime Minister downwards.

Among those to whom the great and much-advertised Lewin Rodwell was introduced was a rather thick-set, dark-haired, clean-shaven, middle-aged man named Charles Trustram, a

thoroughly John Bull type of Englishman, who occupied a highly responsible position in the Transport department of the Admiralty.

The two men shook hands warmly, whereupon Trustram expressed his great pleasure at meeting a man so famous as Lewin Rodwell.

"I came here this afternoon, Mr. Rodwell, on purpose to meet you," he assured him. "Lady Kenworthy told me you were coming, and I know the committee of the Anti-Teuton Alliance, of which I'm a member, are most eager to enlist your influence."

"I'll be most delighted," declared Rodwell, in his charmingly affable manner. "I think the movement is a really excellent one. Without a doubt the question has become very serious indeed. There are Germans and German influence in our midst in quarters quite unexpected and undiscovered—high official quarters, too. Can we, therefore, be surprised if things don't always go as they should?"

"EXACTLY," said the Admiralty official, as they both took seats together on a couch against the wall. "There's no doubt that the Germans, as part of their marvellous preparedness, made an audacious attempt to weave a network of vile treachery in our Government Departments and, above all, in the War Office and Admiralty. As an official I can tell you, in strictest confidence, of course, that I have, several times of late, had my suspicions seriously aroused. Information leaks out. How—nobody—not even our Intelligence Department itself can discover."

"My dear sir," exclaimed Rodwell, confidentially, "is it really to be wondered at when men of German birth and German descent are employed in

nearly all the various departments in Whitehall? After all, are we not to-day fighting for our country's life and freedom? Certainly those who come after us would never forgive us—you and I—those who, if born into a Germanized world and held under the iron yoke of barbaric 'Kultur,' looked back to our conduct of the war that sealed their fate and found that, besides supplying the enemy with war material—cotton and the like—we actually harboured Germans in our camp and gave them knowledge, power and position vital to the enemy's success. And I assert to-day, Mr. Trustram, that we treat Germany as the 'most-favoured nation,' even though the flower of our land are being sacrificed by thousands and thousands upon the fields of Flanders. Yes, it is an outrageous scandal—a disgrace to our nation. As I said in a speech at Liverpool last week, we are daily being misled, misguided, and lured to our destruction. And for that reason," the great man added—"for that reason I'm only too ready and anxious to help the Anti-Teuton Alliance in their splendid crusade against this canker-worm in England's heart."

LADY BETTY, seated quite near, talking to a dowager-duchess, overheard him. He had purposely spoken loudly and emphatically with that object.

"Good! Mr. Rodwell," her ladyship cried. "Excellent! I am so delighted that you thoroughly approve of our efforts. We are trying to do our share, in this terrible crisis. You are such a busy man that I almost feared to ask you to help us."

"I am never too busy, Lady Kenworthy, to help in such a good cause as this," he assured her, in that suave manner of his which stood him in such good stead at times. "True, I am rather a busy man, as everyone has to be in these days. We, in the city, have to bear our share in finance, for we know that one day—sooner or later—the Government will require a big loan to carry on the war. And when they do, we hope to be as ready to meet it as the industrial population of the country will no doubt be. Still, to us it means much thought. We have no time nowadays for any idle week-ends, or golf by the sea."

At mention of golf Lady Betty smiled. She knew well that it was the great man's habit to play golf at Sunningdale or Walton Heath with various important personages.

The conversation regarding the aims and aspirations of the Anti-Teuton Alliance grew general, and everyone was much gratified to hear Mr. Lewin Rodwell's reiterated approval of it, especially the half-dozen ascetic, hard-faced women who made "movements" the chief objects of their lives.

Lewin Rodwell smiled inwardly at them all, sipped the cup of China tea offered him by a slim, dark-haired, loosely-clad girl who secretly regarded him as a hero, and then talked loudly, airing his opinion of "what the Government really ought to do." To him, the huge farce was amusing. Lady Betty was, of course, "a good sort," but he knew quite well that her association with the Anti-Teuton movement was merely for the sake of advertisement and notoriety—in order to go one better than the Countess of Chesterbridge, who had, for years, been her rival on the face of the social barometer—which, after all, was the personal columns of the daily newspapers.

After an hour, when most of the guests had left, Rodwell rose at last and said to Trustram, with whom he had had a long and very intimate chat:

"I really do wish you'd run in and see me, Mr. Trustram. I'd be so awfully delighted. I'm sure we can do something together in order to expose this terrible scandal. Will you?"

"Most certainly. I'll be most pleased."

"Good. Can't you dine with me—say on Tuesday?"

His newly-found friend reflected a moment, and then replied in the affirmative.

"Excellent. Tuesday at eight—eh? You know my address."

"Yes—in Bruton Street."

"Right—that's an appointment," Rodwell exclaimed cheerily; and then, after bending low over Lady Betty's thin white hand, he left.

CHAPTER II.

The Suspicions of Elise.

AT nine o'clock that same evening, in a well-furnished drawing-room half-way up Fitzjohn's Avenue, in Hampstead, a pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl of twenty-one sat at the piano alone, playing a gay French chanson, to pass away the time.

Dressed in a dainty little dinner-gown of carnation pink, and wearing in her well-dressed hair a touch of velvet to match, she presented a pretty picture beneath the shaded electric-light which fell over the instrument set in a corner.

Her mother, Mrs. Shearman, a charming, grey-haired lady, had just gone out, while her father, Daniel Shearman, a rich tool-manufacturer, whose works were outside Birmingham, was away at the factory, as was his habit three days each week.

Elise Shearman was just a typical athletic English girl. In her early youth her parents were "making their way in the world," but at fourteen she had been sent abroad to school, first to Lausanne, and afterwards to Dresden, where she had studied music, as so many English girls have done.

On her return to Hampstead, whither her father had removed from the grime and toil of work-a-day Birmingham, she found her home very dull. Because the Shearman were manufacturers, the snobbishness of Hampstead, with its "first Thursdays," would have nothing to do with them; though, if the truth were told, Dan Shearman could have bought up most of his neighbours in Fitzjohn's Avenue, and was a sterling good Englishman into the bargain—which could not be said of some of those slippery, smooth-tongued city adventurers who resided behind the iron railings of that select thoroughfare.

Running her slim white hands over the keys, she began the gay refrain of one of the chansonettes which she had learned in Paris—one of the gay songs of the boulevards, which was, perhaps, not very apropos for young ladies, but which she often sang because of its gay, blithe air—Belloche's "L'Eventail Parisien."

In her sweet, musical treble she sang gaily—

Des qu'arrivent les grand's chaleurs,
A la terrass' des brasseries
Les éventails de tout's couleurs
Viennent bercer nos reveries.
Car, pour aller le client,
Le camelot toujours cocasse
En s'éventant d'un air bonasse
Envo' ce petit boniment:

And then, with a swing and go, she sang the chorus—

Ca va, ca vient,
Ca donn' de l'air, ca fait du bien,
C'est vraiment magnifique,
Quel instrument magique!
Ca va, ca vient,

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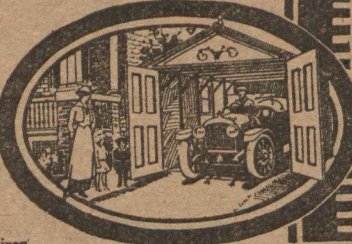
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Hardly had she concluded the final line when the door opened and a tall, dark-haired, good-looking young man entered, crossed to her, and, placing his hand upon her shoulder, bent and kissed her fondly.

"Why, Jack, dear—you really are late!" the girl exclaimed. "Were you kept at the office?"

"Yes, dearest," was his answer. "Or rather I had some work that I particularly wanted to finish, so I stayed behind."

He was tall and broad-shouldered, with a pair of keen, merry brown eyes, a handsome face with high, intelligent brow, as yet unlined by care, a small, dark moustache, and a manner as courteous towards a woman as any diplomat accredited to the Court of St. James.

Jack Sainsbury, though merely an employee of the Ochrida Copper Corporation, a man who went by "Tube" to the city each morning and returned each night to the modest little flat in Heath Street, at which his sister Jane acted as housekeeper for him, was an honest, upright Englishman who had, in the first month of the war, done his duty and gone to the recruiting office of the Honourable Artillery Company to enlist.

A defective elbow-joint had prevented him passing the doctor. And though no one in the office knew he had tried to join the new army, he had returned to the city and continued his scul-killing avocation of adding figures and getting out totals.

His meeting with Elise Shearman was not without its romantic side.

One Sunday morning, two years before, he had been riding his motor-cycle up to Hatfield, as was his habit, to meet at the Red Lion—that old inn that is the rendezvous of all motor-cyclists—the men and women who come out there each Sunday morning, wet or fine, from London. Fine cars, driven by their owners, turn into the inn-yard all the morning, but the motor-cyclist ignores them. It is the meeting-place of the man on the cycle.

One well-remembered Sunday morning Elise, who was advanced enough to put on a Burberry with a leather strap around her waist and sit astride on a motor-cycle, was careering up the North Road beyond Barnet when, of a sudden, she swerved to avoid a cart, and ran headlong into a ditch.

At the moment Jack Sainsbury, who chanced to be behind her, stopped, sprang off, and went to her assistance.

She lay in the ditch with her arm broken. Quickly he obtained medical aid, and eventually brought her home to Fitzjohn's Avenue, where he had, with her father's knowledge and consent, been a constant visitor ever since.

Jack Sainsbury, whose father, and his family before him, had been gentlemen-farmers for two centuries in Leicestershire, was, above all, a thorough-going Englishman. He was no smug, get-on-at-all-hazards person of the consumptive type one meets at every turn in the city. On the contrary, he was a well-set-up, bold, straightforward, fearless fellow who, though but a clerk in a city office, was one of that clean-limbed, splendid type which any girl would have welcomed as her hero.

WHAT Jack Sainsbury said, he meant. His colleagues in the office knew that. They all regarded him as a man of high ideals, and as one whose heart had, ever since the war, been fired with a keen and intense spirit of patriotism.

That Elise Shearman loved him

could be seen at the first moment when he had opened the door and crossed the threshold. Her eyes brightened, and her full, red lips puckered sweetly as she returned his fond, passionate kisses.

Yes, they loved each other. Elise's parents knew that. Sometimes they were anxious, for Dan Shearman felt that it would not be altogether a brilliant match, as far as an alliance went. Yet Mrs. Shearman, on her part, had so often pleaded, that no separation of the pair had, as yet, been demanded. Hence they found idyllic happiness in each other's love.

"You seem unusually thoughtful tonight, Jack!" exclaimed the girl, tenderly smoothing his hair as they stood together clasped in each other's arms.

"Do I?" he answered, with a start. "I really didn't know," he laughed, aroused from his deep thoughts.

"You are, Jack. Why?"

"I—well, I'm really not—except perhaps—"

"Perhaps what?" asked Elise, determinedly.

"Well, I had rather a heavy day at the office," was her lover's hesitating reply. "And I've just remembered something."

"Oh! business. And that's all?"

"Yes, business, dearest," was his reply. "I must apologize if my thoughts were, for the moment, far away," he laughed.

"You're like father," said the girl. "He sits by the fire sometimes for a quarter of an hour at a stretch staring into it, and thinking of his horrid business affairs. But of course business is an obsession with him."

"Perhaps when I'm your father's age it will be an obsession with me," replied Jack Sainsbury.

"I sincerely hope it won't," she said, with a smile upon her pretty lips.

"It won't, if I'm able to make sufficient money to keep you properly, darling," was the young man's fervent answer, as he bent until his moustache lightly brushed her cheek.

TRUTH to tell, he was reflecting seriously. For hours he had thought over those strange words he had overheard on entering the board-room that afternoon.

Those astounding words of Lewin Rodwell's were, in themselves, an admission—a grave and terrible admission.

Lewin Rodwell and Sir Boyle Huntley were engaged in a great conspiracy, and he—Jack Sainsbury—was the only person who knew the ghastly truth.

Those two highly patriotic men, whose praises were being sung by every newspaper up and down the country; whose charitable efforts had brought in hundreds of thousands of pounds and hundreds of tons of comforts for our troops abroad; the two men whose photographs were in every journal, and whom the world regarded as fine typical specimens of the honest Briton, men who had raised their voices loudly against German barbarism and intrigue, were, Jack Sainsbury knew, wearing impenetrable masks. They were traitors!

He alone knew the truth—a truth so remarkable and startling that, were it told and published to the world, Great Britain would stand aghast and bewildered at the revelation. It was inconceivable, incredible. At times he felt himself doubting what he had really heard with his own ears. Yet it had been Rodwell's voice and the word had been clear and distinct, a confession of guilt that was as plain as it was damning.

Sir Boyle had, from his seat in the House of Commons, risen time after time and denounced the policy of the Government in not interning every

enemy alien in the country; he had heckled the Home Secretary, and had exposed cases of German intrigue; he had demanded that rigorous action should be taken against the horde of German spies in our midst, and had spoken up and down the country warning the Government and the people of the gravity of the spy-peril, and that British citizens would take the law in their own hands if drastic measures were not taken to crush out the enemy in our midst.

Yet that afternoon—by no seeking of his own—Jack Sainsbury had learnt a truth which, even hours after the words had fallen upon his ears, left him staggered and astounded.

He knew the secret of those two great and influential men.

What should he do? How should he act?

Such was the cause of his marked thoughtfulness that night—an attitude which Elise had not failed to notice and which considerably puzzled her.

Mrs. Shearman, a pleasant-faced, grey-haired and prosperous-looking lady, who spoke with a strong Lancashire accent, entered the room a few moments later, and the pair, springing aside at the sound of her footsteps, pretended to be otherwise occupied, much to the elder lady's amusement.

AFTER greeting Jack the old lady sat down with him, while Elise, at her mother's request, returned to the piano and began to sing Leon Garnier's "Sublime Caresse," with that catchy refrain so popular on the boulevards of Paris and in cafes in every town in France—

Quand l'achement
A l'autre amant
Je me livre et me donne,
Qu'a lui je m'abandonne,
Le coeur pame,
O cher aime,
C'est a toi que s'adresse
Ma sublime caresse!

Elise, who spoke French excellently, was extremely fond of the French chansonette, and knew a great many. Her lover spoke French quite well also, and very frequently when they were together in the "tube" or train they conversed in that language so that the every-day person around them should not understand.

To speak a foreign language amid the open mouths of the ignorant is always secretly amusing, but not so amusing as to the one person who unfortunately sits opposite and who knows that language even more perfectly than the speaker—I was about to write "swanker."

In that drawing-room of the red-brick Hampstead residence—where the road is so steep that the vulgar London County Council Tramways have never attempted to invade it, and consequently it is a "desirable residential neighbourhood" according to the house-agents' advertisements—Jack and Elise remained after Mrs. Shearman had risen and left. For another quarter of an hour they chatted and kissed whole-heartedly, for they loved each other fondly and dearly. Then, at ten o'clock, Jack rose to go. It was his hour, and he never overstepped the bounds of propriety. From the first he had felt himself a mere clerk on the forbidden ground of the successful manufacturer's home. Dan Shearman, honest, outspoken and square, had achieved Hampstead as a stepping-stone to Mayfair or Bel-



gravia. To Jack Sainsbury—the man of the fine old yeoman stock—the refinement of the red-brick and laurels of Hampstead was synonymous with taste and breeding. To him the dull

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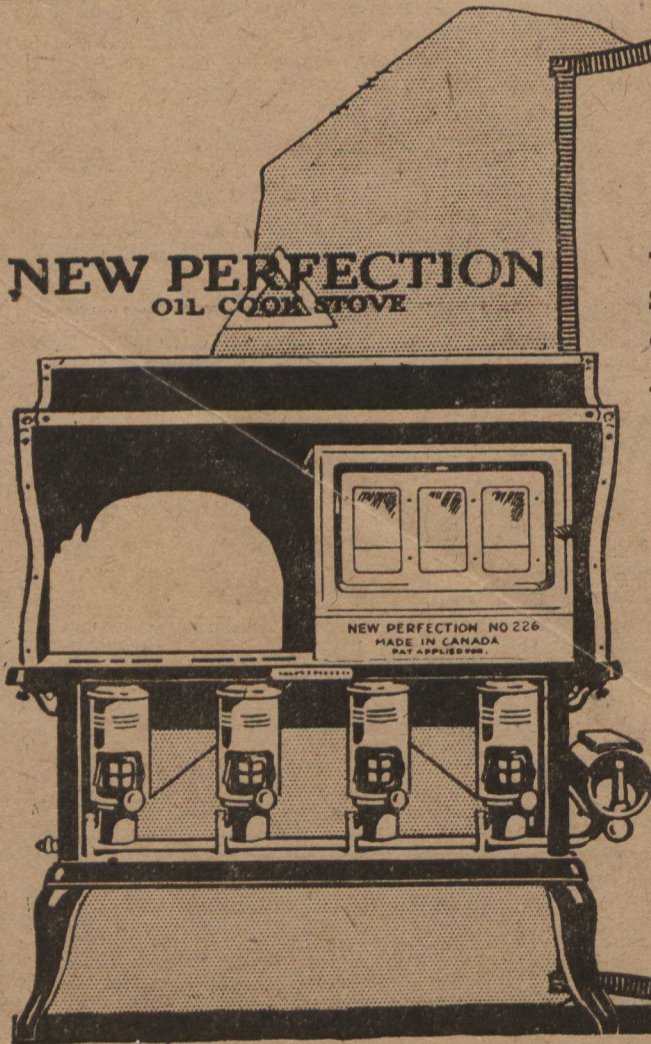
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aristocracy of the London squares was unknown, and therefore unregarded.

How the people born in society laugh at Tom, Dick and Harry, with their feminine folk, who, in our world of make-believe, are struggling and fighting with one another to be regarded by the world as geniuses. Money can bring everything—all the thousand attributes this world can give—all except breeding and brains.

Breed, even in the idiot, and brains in the pauper's child, will always tell.

When Jack Sainsbury descended the steps into Fitzjohn's Avenue and strode down the hill to Swiss Cottage station, he was full of grave and bitter thoughts.

As an Englishman and a patriot, what was his line of action? That was the sole thought which filled his mind. He loved Elise with every fibre of his being, yet, on that evening, greater and even more serious thoughts occupied his mind—the safety of the British Empire.

To whom should he go? In whom dare he confide?

As he crossed from the Avenue to the station, another thought arose within him. Would anybody in whom he confided really believe what he could tell them?

Lewin Rodwell and Sir Boyle Huntley were national heroes—men against whom no breath of suspicion as traitors had ever arisen. It was the habit of the day to laugh at any suspicion of Britain's betrayal—an attitude which the Government had carefully cultivated ever since the outbreak of war. On that day the Chief of the Military Operations Department of the War Office—in other words our Secret Service—had been—for reasons which will one day be revealed—promoted and sent to the front, leaving the Department in the hands of others fresh to the work.

Such, alas! was the British Intelligence Department—an organization laughed at by the Secret Services of each of our Allies.

The folly of it all was really pathetic.

Jack Sainsbury knew much of this. He had, indeed, been, through Dr. Jerome Jerrold, a friend of his, behind

the scenes. Like all the world, he had read the optimistic, hide-the-truth newspapers. Often he had smiled in disbelief. Yet, on that afternoon, his worst fears had in a single instant been confirmed. He knew the volcano upon the edge of which Great Britain was seated.

What should he do? How should he act?

In the narrow booking-office of Swiss Cottage station he stood for a moment, hesitating to take his ticket.

Of a sudden an idea crossed his mind. He knew a certain man—his intimate friend. Could he help him? Dare he reveal his suspicions without being laughed at for his pains?

Yes. He would risk being derided, because the safety of the Empire was now at stake.

After all, he—Jack Sainsbury—was a well-bred Briton, without a strain of the hated Teutonic blood in his veins.

He would speak the truth, and expose that man who was so cleverly luring the Empire to its doom.

He passed before the little pigeon-hole of the booking-office and took his ticket—an action which was destined to have a greater bearing upon our national defence than any person even with knowledge of the facts could ever dream.

(To be continued.)

Biblove's Garden

(Concluded from page 20.)

in the local paper next day, were immense and various, and the effect on Mr. Biblove's bank account paralyzed that gentleman's energies for many days.

His enthusiasm for gardening was dampened, his temper rendered irritable.

To Mrs. Biblove's meek suggestion that he hire a man to do the preliminary heavy work, digging, for instance, he growled quite savagely.

"Hire a man nothing. What's the matter with George Biblove that he can't run a measley cabbage patch, every bit of it! By heck, Madam, haven't I suffered enough outrageous expense already without paying some old loafer to lean on a spade at so much per!"

It was a warm day when Mr. Biblove began operations. The sun shone smartly and the birds sang bravely. The gardener wasn't interested. He suffered heavily, but stayed with the job, sustained at frequent intervals by liquid refreshments from the hands of the maid.

As Mrs. Biblove tenderly massaged his aching back in the evening, to Mrs. Biblove's playful offer of a penny for his thoughts, he laughed a hollow, mocking laugh.

Fortunately the following day was Sunday, for Mr. Biblove found himself such a mass of aches and stiffness he could not move without excruciating pain. He spent the day on the sofa and did some further heavy thinking. Mrs. Biblove added the cost of embrocation and other curative items to the debit side of the garden ledger.

A few weeks later Mr. Biblove invited a few congenial cronies in the bank to drop around any old evening and have a game of Croquet.

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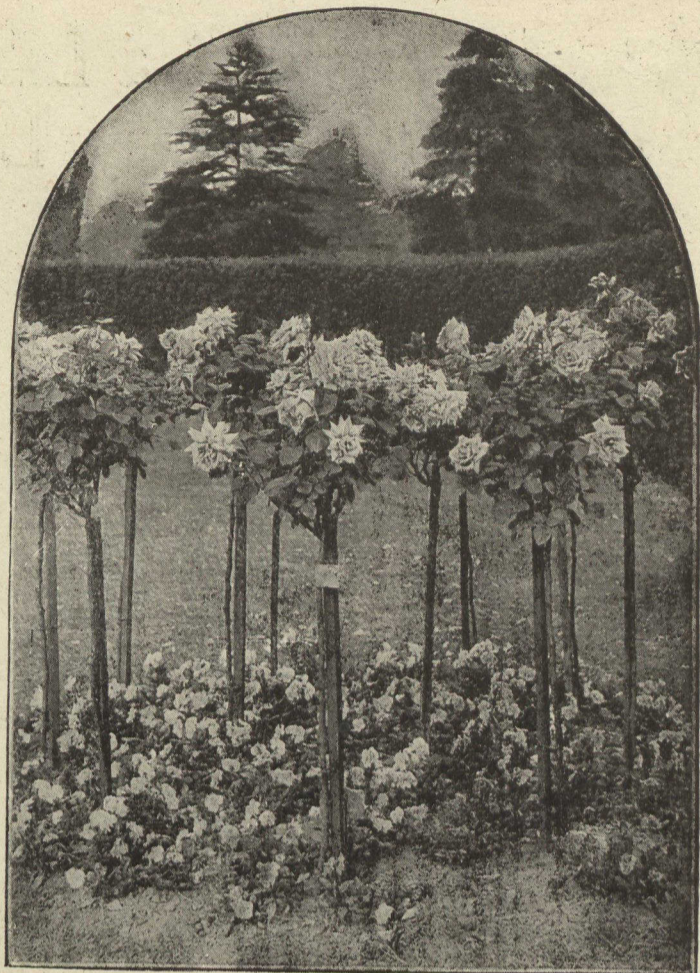
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