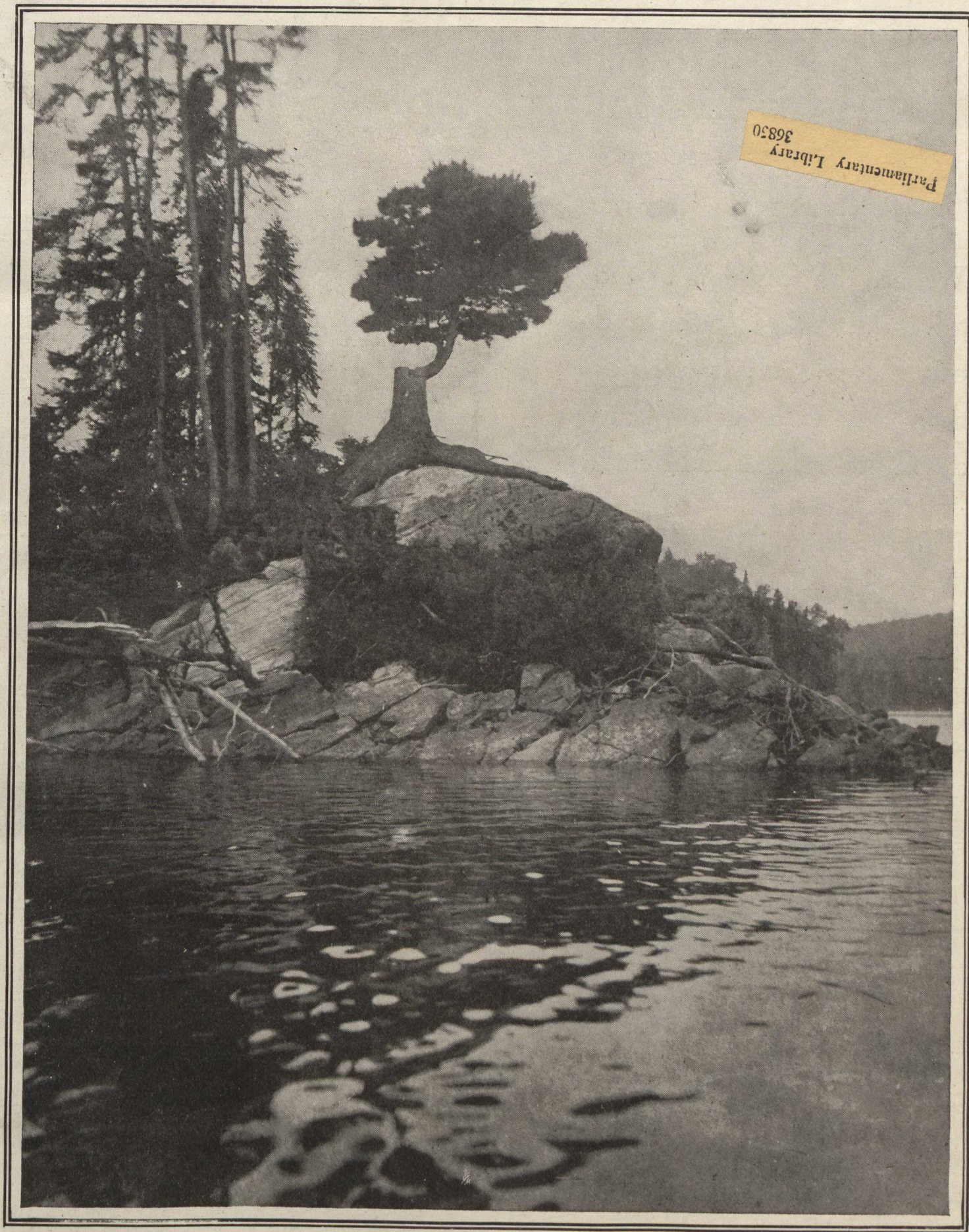


CANADIAN COURIER

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Vol. XXII No. 1

FIVE CENTS

June 2, 1917



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What a Food Despot Must Do

By THE EDITOR

ON account of the exigencies of war we take the liberty this week of commandeering this page of the paper for other purposes than talking about ourselves. While the unsociable sun mopes around behind a million acres of cold cloud, and a north-west wind tries to make the buds and the birds regret that they ever came to this country, we propose to say a few words—continued on our regular editorial page—about the

NATIONAL BUSINESS OF FOOD CONTROL,

Which, after all, is a very

IMPORTANT PART OF OURSELVES.

As we write this it is still being debated who is to become the modern Joseph of Canada. But whoever he may be, he will face a strictly unusual and usually unpopular job. This country is not accustomed to food control. Since our pioneer days went by we have been more used to food prodigal-ship. The Canadian who refused to clean up his plate because he declined to compete with the garbage tin may have been a wit, but he should have kept a different kind of garbage barrel in his back yard in the shape of a good-sized pig.

We are only learning the rudiments of food conservation. The only country that understands the higher algebra of it is Germany. Two years ago we set out to hunger-blockade Germany. We have not done it. There are economic reasons why we shall not do it—at least not this year. Germany set out to hunger-blockade England with her submarines. By June 1 England was to have been too hungry to fight. June 1 is one day earlier than the date on the cover of this paper. England is still fighting and will not be hungry.

It takes a lot of food reduction to starve any people. But when a lot of food-reduced peoples are fighting one another, the organized people wins in that particular business against its competitors. Germany, anticipating food-reduction in a long war, began to organize food control before the war began. She studied the most advanced methods of food-culture in other countries. When the war came she had a vast cold storage of information on the food question. The Eltzbacher Commission carried it out. The Commission was composed of agricultural and nutrition experts. Nothing left to haphazard. A scientific diet was worked out for a whole nation, estimated not in tons, but in calories or heat units—food regarded as fuel. On the walls of the General Staff Office in Berlin there is a food map of the German Empire, which shows, wheat red, potatoes blue, grazing-lands green, etc. War cook-books were got out and distributed by millions. The army controlled the system. But army control failed. There was hoarding, shortage, price-boosting—riots. Food control was placed under a War Nutrition Office of experts in production, transportation and distribution headed by Batocki. The regulations of this body are enforced by civil and municipal authorities.

To quote from an article on food-controllorship in the Atlantic Monthly:

His regulations are law and are enforced by the machinery of government, national, state and municipal. His power is absolute in food matters. He dictates the kinds and amounts of crops to be grown and cattle to be raised, what portion the farmer may keep and what he shall sell to the State, the price he shall get, how and by whom the foodstuffs shall be handled, both wholesale and retail, and the prices to be charged. Finally, by the card system, he regulates consumption by the individual, ensuring to each his share.

This is a pretty stiff order. It comes as near despotism as we can ever tolerate in a democracy. If we are to copy Germany in this as we did in army mobilization and trench warfare, we shall pray that such a job do not give the man who gets it a hat several sizes too small before he makes the cost of living any less. The man who plays such a role of dictator in this country of big production and small consumption will need to be,

Not so much a man of Ideas as of Action.

Not a man who knows so much as a Man who can Find out Things Quickly and Act like Lightning on What he Finds Out.

Not a friend of statesmen and of politicians, but a man without fear of any class interest and absolutely a just mediator between producer and consumer with the distributor between.

Not a man of judicial temperament merely, but a man who can accustom himself to probe, and probe, and then again—and tell every man the truth in the interests of the whole people.

Six months after this system was started Germany passed a civil service mobilization law drafting every man and woman between eighteen and sixty into State service. The chief aim of this was to get labour, not only for munitions, but for crop-production. In this drastic co-ordination may be traced the hand of Ludendorff, the greatest dictator Germany has ever known since Bismarck. An admiring article on this 101 per-cent-efficient co-ordinator is

(Continued on page 14.)

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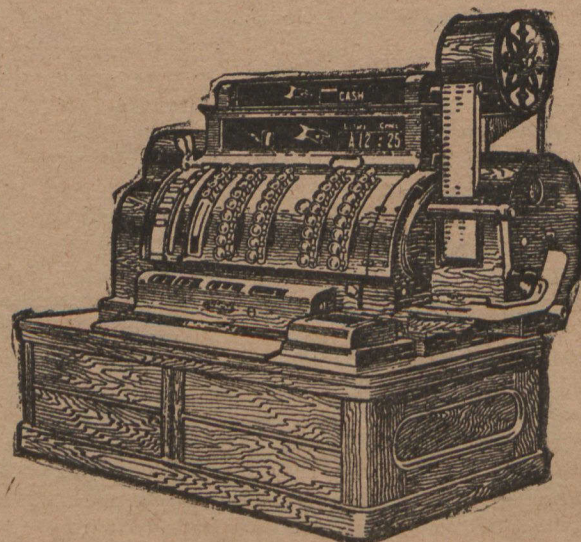
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CANADIAN COURIER

*Goes to
Canadians,
all over Canada*

Vol. XXII.

June 2nd, 1917

No. 1

THE COUNTRY'S CLEAR CALL

CANADA has never, as a nation, of its own free will, undertaken such a problem as what we hope may be our Last Hundred Thousand. Go back over all the big issues that have caused either elections or referendums in this country and you find none so tremendous and nation-making as the Selective Draft. Going to war in 1914 was no such national action. We went to war because England did. We chose to do so. But we did not make it a full expression of our national life. There were those who did not hear the call of Empire and of England so clearly as some others did. Millions of people born in Canada, speaking one language, did not see eye to eye with the authorities on the subject of voluntary enlistment. These men, as the Canadian Courier has shown in more than half a dozen articles during the past few months, came of brave ancestors who did their share to get, to keep and to defend Canada for future Canadians. But the call to take up arms, to go to France and Flanders, to fight in the trenches of Europe, to place themselves and what they had at the disposal of the State was no clear call for these people. They had their own historic or other reasons for not heeding the call; just as other Canadians had their instinctive reasons for regarding it as imperative.

Nearly three years of the great war have passed over Canada. We are still fighting. The voluntary enthusiasm of three and two years ago worked itself out, was succeeded by a period of national inertia, and that is now pushed aside by the clear call of the nation, TO TAKE UP ARMS FOR CANADA.

Not since Confederation has there been such an issue placed before the whole Canadian people. Confederation itself was not in a strictly Canadian sense so important. The B.N.A. Act created a political union of Canada; it defined the relations of the various provinces to the Federal Union; it established Canada's place as a politically united self-governing body within the British Empire. In this the Golden Jubilee of that memorable event, the reasons for it and the minority of reasons against it are seen in the perspective of 50 years. It was a great thing, take it all in all, to have

A POLITICALLY UNITED CANADA.

It is a greater thing for Canadians all over Canada to have,

A SPIRITUALLY UNITED CANADA.

CONFEDERATION achieved the one. Time has been working fifty years on the other. But time has been slow. As in the case of many other great reforms, too much time gave contending parties too much leisure to dangle the issue. Prohibition, woman suffrage, back-to-the-land, thrift, united industry and national service have all been flung almost ready-made on the stage by the war. It is

*All True Sons of Canada Obey the Law. All True Nationalists Will Listen to the Voice of the Country—
Which is the Law*



By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE
Illustrated by T. W. McLean

found that in a great conflict a nation must get rid of its weaknesses, its petty discords, its disunions and its half measures.

But the war did not on the voluntary enlistment basis rid this country of all its disunion. So long as the voluntary system remained there was room for difference of opinion as to Canada's place in the world of nations.

Give Quebec this one clear-sounding credit:

She has always put the accent of patriotic service upon Canada. Organized-Empire movements have had no supporters among French-Canadians. There was something else, that which made possible Scott's fine old line,

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

That was said peculiarly of little Scotland. It is as true of illimitable Canada. It is and always has been peculiarly, vividly true of that part of Canada directly threaded by the St. Lawrence and its tributaries. That great land which to some hampered imaginations seemed to begin and end with the St. Lawrence was also not mainly a place for peoples to come to. It was and is and must still more become

A PLACE FOR PEOPLE TO BE
BORN IN.

No spiritual unity and no spiritual character of Canada can be complete without paying fundamental respect to the passion which a people have for their native land. To safeguard that country, to keep it for children's children, to develop it, to open it up, to fling new settlements upon its map, to keep alive its traditions of brave men of two races, has been and is the business of all true Canadians. It may become the privilege of millions of Canadians who come here from other lands. It is the inalienable right of Canadians who were born here, who learned their native crafts in a young country, learned to lisp its accents, to feel the spell of its great history and its wonderful hills, rivers, mountains and valleys inhabited by a strangely diversified but politically united people.

MILLIONS of men and women would give their lives for Canada, just as they have given their lives to Canada. These millions begin at the eastward edge of the great eastern gulf and stretch out beyond the second range of its marvelous mountains to the western sea. Always, since birth, since childhood, these native-borns of two root languages, along with those who came after them, have felt the lines of national life east and west—the east going to the west, the west coming back to the east and the east again passing out as the trainloads of immigrants had gone in, out by the great river to the seaport, on and out to the war—that the land beloved by Canadians should take her place beside those engaged in the battles for freedom upon the earth.

As the peoples went into the country by choice, so by hundreds of thousands they went out, not from compulsion, not by law, but by the prompting of some impulse that seemed to focus in Europe. The choice to leave home, job, business, friends, life itself in order to interpret their Canadianism in the trenches of Europe was the national sentiment of these armies. It was more. It was the desire to enter the bigger life of all nations upon earth, the life that becomes the most profoundly patriotic, right on the border of No-Man's Land, on the edge of death, of victory, of the triumph of free-men over tyrannies.

But the call to these men came from half round the world. It was the voice of Europe, of England, of

Empire in danger—ultimately of Canada invaded by a world-ambitious despotism. England did not ask our armies. They went of their own free will, because,

WHEN ENGLAND'S AT WAR, CANADA IS AT WAR.

So they said, believed, fought and died to make good. The world glories in their conduct. Ypres, St. Julien, Langemarck, Courcellette, Festubert, Vimy Ridge, Arleux—these are all monuments to the heroism of men who heard that call.

BUT the voice of Canada had said not a word to any of these men directly. Time was waiting for that voice. The nation politically united fifty years ago was waiting for the spiritual unity of a bigger Canadian act than the Act of Confederation; bigger because more the voice of authority than the impulse that first sent Canada to war.

To come down to the common sense of the thing, Canada is now at war because as a united people she chooses to declare herself at war by raising a selective draft army. The voluntary impulse has petered out. The national will takes its place. To get the last 100,000 this country resorts to the Militia Act. From indulging in a sentiment the nation takes its stand upon law. The Militia Act says thus and so with regard to the defence calling out troops for the defence of Canada. There it is, the very clause, in both English and French; the law of the people defining what it must do in a national emergency.

The emergency is here. No matter how it came, here it is. The best part of the world is flatly organized against the worst. Even Mr. Bourassa will admit that President Wilson is a better chief magistrate than Kaiser William, whatever he may choose to think about Lloyd George, Premier Ribot, or the King of Italy. The freest people on earth—reputedly—have decided upon a national non-volunteer army. Canada exercises the same freedom of national decision and calls for a national Canadian army. With

that the Empire, England, any of the Allies, or the other overseas dominions have nothing to do. We would choose to go on with bugle-band, curb-oratory recruiting even though all the other Dominions take up with compulsory service. It is,

OUR OWN NATIONAL BUSINESS.

But the Government of Canada, backed, let us hope, by the Opposition and the party organizations and the Nationalist section of Parliament, has definitely decided upon an army by law. This country will organize 100,000 men by deliberate choice all over the country. Sentiment will not be considered. The people have spoken. Demagogues may, if they will, ask why so drastic an act is not referred back to the people, either by election or referendum. But there is—the emergency. It was here months ago. In trying to postpone it the nation lost time which we have now to make up. In an emergency we concede extraordinary powers to executives; in this case, also, to Parliament representing the people. Parliament invokes, interprets, applies the law. That is a national act. It is a Canadian act. It is binding on all Canada as no Imperial sentiment can ever be. Because,

WE ARE A LAW-ABIDING PEOPLE.

When we say we respect and obey the laws we have made we are sincere. Somewhere, somehow we must give the ultimate word. We can't always evade and throw dust. We come of a citizen stock. We know—Ourselves.

AND this act of Ourselves is the most deliberately patriotic thing we have done since we became a self-governing commonwealth. It is our placing of ourselves on the same footing of national volition as any of the Allied belligerents. In our selective draft of 100,000 we are as definitely a self-controlled people as the United States, as France, as England.

That national service army is Canada's army. Out of what was left after the volunteer system had wobbled to a finish beside the road, we created it.

From now on we are in the category of those nations who achieve their own destiny in league with others.

In creating and organizing our national service army we are doing more. We consciously organize the whole country for winning the war. The convention in Montreal last week was a happy comment on the situation. We are eliminating waste, friction, indulgence, indolence, inertia, disunion.

NO doubt it will be wisdom to pick wise men for this purpose. Now, if ever, we need nation-makers, men above party, men who hate discord and despise cajolery; men who put the country—not the State—before individual or sectional interests. We have heard too much, perhaps, about the State, and too little about the Country. Macaulay's famous line has been twisted: "Then none was for a party, then all were for the State."

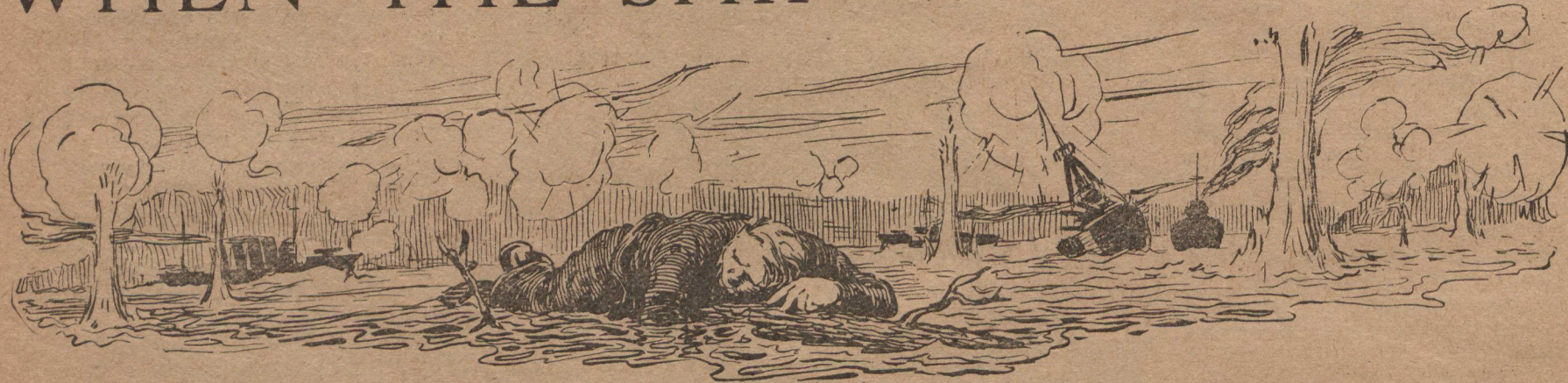
Gladly we agree to eliminate party. If there is any political leader or follower who, for the sake of party ethics, is minded to befuddle this issue of a clear call to national service, let the nation disown and his party discard him. Any man desirous of raking up old scores and casting up worn-out accusations, let him be anathema. The man on the street-corner trying to weaken his fellow-citizen's mind by cynical remarks about the patriotism of any party in power—let him watch out, the crowd is coming yonder with shouts and flags and a tide of trampling feet; he may be butted into a doorway and sent home in an ambulance.

But it is not the State that calls when the party is mute and the mere politician slinks away. It is the Country.

And these two are surely different. One includes the other. When we recognize the State's power over an individual, so also does Prussia. We shall never go further than that; heaven help us if we go so far. But the country calls us and we know the needs of the State. The Country has need of the

(Concluded on page 7.)

WHEN THE SHIP WENT DOWN



THE kind of man bred by the discipline, tradition and routine of the Royal Navy is unique. He is "caught young," as he says himself, and, as such, is selected with painful care. Physical perfection is essential, to begin with. Then, the system of discipline to which he so gaily submits, as cadet, midshipman and "sub" is more rigid than any now existing outside a jail. Responsibility is thrust upon him early. The weakling is speedily eliminated; only the alert and efficient survive. Hence children in their teens command men and have charge of valuable property, boats, to wit, whose safety with the safety of their crews depends on the intelligence and judgment of the boy officers in command. Courage of the most cool and daring kind is postulated, and life in peace time is one long preparation for war. The sea life is a series of crises and trains youths in habits of instantaneous decision, when a few seconds' hesitation may spell death. "Under God," as the Articles of War have it, the safety of the Empire lies in the hands of some fifteen hundred men of this breed, the brain and heart of the Royal Navy.

The Senior Service has just one fault. It is its pride to be also the Silent Service. As Kipling has pointed out, it is shamefully ignorant of the modern

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

art of reclamation. Advertising in any shape or form is impossible for naval officers. They are content to do their deeds, like those of May 31, 1916, and let the world think of them as it will. When the Grand Fleet came home from victory to a panic-stricken country which believed it had failed, it offered not even a word of explanation; but in Portsmouth, with new-made sailors' widows and orphans in every street, the flags were flying topmast high. Portsmouth has known the Navy for three hundred years.

Some such prologue is needed for my story. The Engineer-Commander told it at a recruiting meeting. Hence it is public property. But as it would give offence, his name and the name of the ship are suppressed by the Censor, so to speak.

On the 18th of March, 1915, certain ships of war were ordered to a Balaclava charge upon a famous strait between Europe and Asia. The passage was about three-quarters of a mile wide with an outward current running at five knots an hour. Both banks pullulated with forts, batteries and gun-emplacements mounting the most effective of modern ordnance. The rapid current favoured the use of the deadly floating mine. Besides, it is a first axiom in war that ships have no chance against fortifica-

tions. In truth, these ironclads might as well have tried to rival the gulls or the sea-planes and flown over the pass. But they were ordered to attack, and they attacked.

The expected happened. Three ships were sunk with a loss of two thousand men. Two disappeared from the face of the waters during the time that it takes the second hand of a watch to sweep its tiny dial thrice. The third, a British battle ship, took an hour to die. Late in the beautiful March day, she was observed to turn out of the battle line with a heavy list. A floating mine had torn her side out and given her her death wound. Down in the starboard engine-room, under the protective deck, the Chief and the Engineer-Commander were working like beavers to stop the inrush of water into the flooded compartment with its crowded gear. They thought the ship was sinking. At any moment another mine might finish them there "in the heart of an eight-day clock"; but they worked on. Already they had sent the men up their steel ladder (there are two exits, one for the officers and one for the crew) to their chance of life and safety, but they remained below to do their duty. They "carried on" Navy fashion, for there is no excuse for the men who fail to do their utmost.

"The water rose like that," said the Engineer-

Commander, extending his hand about the height of his waist and raising it evenly.

"When the water was breast high, we saw that we could do no good there and went up the ladder. When we got to the top, we found that the list of the ship had closed the splinter-grating, swung over by its dead fall, and we could not lift it up. It seemed a very long time before we could attract the attention of any one on deck, but I suppose it was not more than ten minutes. At last we were released.

"Then I thought I would see what had happened in the port-engine room."

IT should be understood that the designers of the King's Ships give them a long steel wall, or bulkhead, running from stem to stern, dividing them into two parts with duplicate engines and boilers on each side. Each ship is therefore two ships rolled into one. One side may be smashed, and put out of action, as in the present instance, and yet the other side be able to do its work.

The Engineer-Commander therefore crossed the slanting deck and went down again into the bowels of the sinking ship, from which he had just escaped.

"I found every one of the fifteen men of the engine-room staff at his post. Not one had bolted. I ordered them on deck, and they went up their ladder, singing 'Tipperary.'

"When I followed them up on deck I met a petty officer and asked him what the orders were. He said, 'Abandon ship, sir, and there's a destroyer alongside, taking off the men.'

"So I suppose we shall have to swim for it, I thought, and took off my jacket. In the pockets were my pipe, my cigarette-case, and my eye-glasses in their case, and I had to decide which I would keep. I selected the eye-glasses, and slipped them into my trousers pocket. Lucky I did so. (The Engineer-Commander was newly married and the case was a present from his wife.) Our friends on shore were bombarding us with shrapnel all this time.

"Having got rid of my tobacco, I noticed the Captain of Marines on the poop, lighting a cigarette, and decided that I wanted one, too. I had only taken a step or two in his direction when I was knocked to the deck. I felt as if some one had struck me on the back of the head with a club. A shrapnel had burst behind me and I got the full benefit. The ship was heeling over more and more. I rolled helplessly into the scuppers, then, over the side, and into the water.

"But evidently it wasn't my time to die," he said, smiling broadly.

"As I went overboard, I fell across a floating log and was carried down with the current."

THE shrapnel had done its work well and had given him literally a hundred separate wounds. From every one the blood was flowing. The salt water was biting the raw flesh, his strength was ebbing fast, but he clung to his floating log with a death-grip.

"I must have been half mad," he continued.

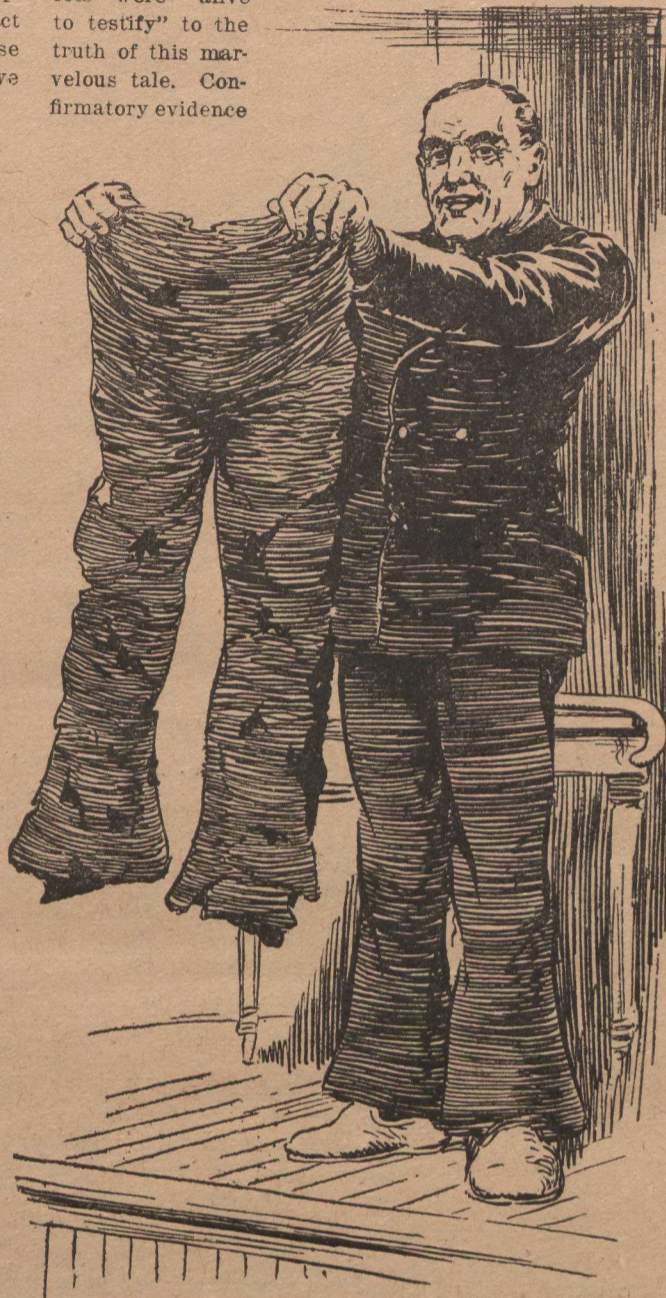
"As I floated away, it all looked like a scene in the cinema—my poor old ship heeling over, the destroyer alongside taking off the men, the shells splashing and exploding all round.

"I must have been in the water twenty minutes before I was picked up by a destroyer and laid on the deck. Our friends on shore continued to bombard us.

"In the hospital, they put me under ether five times to pick out the shrapnel. They counted up to one hundred wounds and then stopped. The doctor kept some of the bullets for souvenirs, but they gave a few to me."

Here he held out half a dozen jagged, wicked-looking slugs in the palm of his hand as an evidence of good faith. They were fragments of the "casing," that scrambles you up worse than the bullets that spread from the exploding packet of destruction. Returning these to his pocket, he displayed a remarkable piece of blue cloth about two yards wide, pierced and rent and frayed to ribbons. It represented the trousers

he had worn at the time. They had been neatly slit down the outside seams by the first aid surgeon to give ease to the wounded man, and the transformed garment looked like some queer old blue flag that had whipped to pieces in the wind. It and the shrapnel bullets were "alive to testify" to the truth of this marvelous tale. Confirmatory evidence



"LUCK OF THE GRILSE" APPRECIATED.

H.M.T.B.D. "Star," c/o G.P.O.

London, E.C., April 22, 1917.

The Editor, Canadian Courier:

Please accept sincere thanks for your kindness in forwarding two copies of the "Canadian Courier" which I received about the 16th April. The "Luck of the Grilse," by MacMechan, was certainly great and appreciated by the whole mess. We having lately been through something like it ourselves you may readily guess how such an experience of the "Grilse" would be vividly brought home to us. So U. S. A. has got started. I guess there were some scenes in the dear land of the "Maple Leaf," eh? I should like to have been in Ottawa that day. Just about three hours ago my First Lieutenant said I should soon be back. I myself do not think so. I am "doing Europe" for another twelve months at least. Those are my thoughts. Please don't confound them with my wishes. I have had a satiety of Europe and incidentally the "Ocean Blue." I wonder if the composer of "A Home on the Rolling Sea" ever was on a Torpedo Boat Destroyer. I guess he had never been to Sea, or if he had it was a trip across in a State Cabin on the "Mauretania."

You being a busy man, or busy telling others you are busy, I guess I'll quit on the ink slinging stunt, on which I never was great, but, say, if I had you here I could talk you into buying a "Torpedo Boat Destroyer" for your own use. Wishing you and the "Dear Land" (from which your paper derives its name) all prosperity,

I am, very truly yours,

F. HARVEY-LEE,
Signalman R.N.V.R.

was the stick on which the speaker leant, and the big, clumsy felt slippers he wore, instead of boots, over several pairs of socks, for what with shrapnel and surgeons, his circulatory system had been cut to pieces and patched together again so roughly that the blood refused to flow in its wonted channels. The Engineer-Commander will never go to sea again.

It was like coming back from the dead. His whole experience was miraculous, but that casual choosing the eye-glasses case and slipping it into his pocket saved his life. A fragment of shrapnel casing was stopped by the metal cover. Otherwise it would have severed the femoral artery, and he would have bled to death long before any rescue came. No wonder he treasures that little case, and proposes to make a drawing-room ornament, suitably framed, of the celebrated trousers, though their proper place is the United Service Museum in Whitehall, as evidence of what a sailor-man can suffer and yet survive.

TO Mrs. Engineer-Commander, a pretty young bride of a few months' standing, came almost at once the heavy tidings of her husband's death. It was "official." When the survivors were mustered and the roll was called, the Engineer-Commander was absent. But one had seen him down and bleeding on the deck, with "his foot shot away" (that was what it looked like), while another had seen him roll over the side. The inference was obvious. Meanwhile, weak and suffering, he was being treated with every care in hospital. As soon as the battered body allowed the troubled brain to function, he dictated a short cable message to a certain address. It consisted of just two words—"Undergoing repairs"—but Mrs. Engineer-Commander understood even before she read the name below.

The Country's Clear Call

(Concluded from page 6.)

State. We love the country. When the call comes we hear it from sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth. Canada the country makes this call for a national army,

In the Fiftieth Year of Confederation.

The coincidence is good. For the sake of the larger, deeper, more spiritual unity which is to follow the half century of political union, we agree to bury our differences, our dissensions, our hypocrisies and our inertia. We say to the Government in power:

"Make good use of your opportunity. The nation is behind you and if need be will go ahead of you in this work. Give every man's available wisdom a chance to express itself in action. A few weeks of wisdom now may avoid a whole sequence of errors in the future. Do not hesitate. Act. This is a country of action. Believe in the people. Make the best use of every man. Count us, calculate us, co-ordinate us. We will obey you for the sake of the country, admitting all the claims of the State whose servants you happen to be, but not our masters."

And in this people's carte blanche to the wisdom of a Government there is room in no State corporation for the inefficient or the unwise man, more than there is room or tolerance in the country for the disloyal citizen. When the country calls the patriot answers. It has been said, "Call us and we will serve. Make it clear that it is Canada and not Europe or just England or an Empire that is calling and we will answer. Invoke the law of Canada and we will obey."

That call, that country and that law are all before us. Let us remember our own words.

The word "our" is used because we assume that all Canadians are patriots. When the leader of any section puts himself on record on behalf of the people he professes to lead, he speaks as a Canadian willing to obey the law. Such a leader has said this. We expect him to remember—and to act in conformity to—his own words. Because they are the words of a man who considers himself a Canadian.

THE DOCTOR'S BARGAIN

BY

FITCH C. BRYANT

A Story That is as Much Humour as Pathos and a Good Deal of Both



"SAY, are you the doc?" The surgeon paused half-way up the steps and glanced at a small bit of humanity balanced on the stone handrail.

"Why, yes, my little man, what can I do for you?" he asked tenderly, as he stepped over and put a hand on the lad's knee.

"Nothin' fer meself; it's fer me brudder." The little fellow spoke earnestly and looked straight into the eminent surgeon's kindly gray eyes.

"Your brother? Oh! I see. Well, what's the matter with your brother?"

"Cripple." The one word, with the saddened tone, told the whole story to Dr. Harrison. He knew the rest of the tale from long experience, and asked no further questions.

"Come in the house, and let's talk it over."

"Say, doc, I don't believe you want me to come in. I ain't got no money."

"Why, that's just the reason I want you to come in," the doctor replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and ran up the steps closely followed by the small urchin. As the door closed behind them he seized the youngster in a playful bear hug, and landed him in a heavily upholstered leather chair.

"What is your name?"

"Tom McGuire. You know Pat McGuire that tends bar down in East Downey Street?"

"No, I don't believe I do."

"Well, he's me uncle, and he says you set his leg, time of the big railroad smash-up at Hanover."

"Yes, I remember going out to Hanover with a lot of other doctors at the time of the accident; but that was ten years ago."

"That don't make no difference to Uncle Pat. He never forgets favours. Guess he ain't had many in his life."

"Where is your brother, Thomas?"

"Aw, don't call me that. I ain't Thomas. I'm just Tom. Raggy Tom they call me 'round the square. I sells papers on the southwest corner of the square. Business ain't so bad this time o' year, and I'm breakin' in Pete."

"He can walk then, can he?" The physician had seated himself close to his small caller, and was giving his whole attention to the case in hand.

"Tell me more about Pete."

"Pete was born that way. Doctor said one leg wasn't no good and never was goin' to be, so when Pete got big enough, I saved me pennies and bought him a crutch, and after 'while he got so's he could use it. Then I took him down to the corner and he helped me sell papes in rush hours. He likes to be doin' sonthin', but he gets awful tired holdin' the papes and hangin' on to his crutch."

"Is there any newsstand on that corner?" the doctor asked, becoming still more interested.

"Naw, we dassn't put one up. Billy Hahn, he's the feller what had that corner before me, he tried to get leave to put up a stand alongside of the fountain

where there's plenty of room, but the aldermen turned him down. He didn't have no pull, and I ain't got none either. Me and Pete was up on the northeast corner, and when Billy got wet feet and pneumonia and died, we come down to his corner."

"Tom, are your father and mother living?"

"Maw is. I dunno much about paw. He ain't no good. Uncle Pat says he sees him hangin' round once in awhile. Maw's got two younger'n me and Pete. I'm ten and Pete's goin' on nine. Maw works awful hard takin' care of the kids and sewin' fer a department store. She says to me one time, 'Tom, you look after Pete and I'll take care of the young uns.' Maw can't hardly get enough to buy 'em clothes, so I chip in when biz is good. Say, doc, I read in my papes 'bout that kid you fixed up last week, and I'll bet ten cents Pete's leg's just like that. Thinks I, when I read that, 'I'm goin' to see Doc Harrison and tell him 'bout Pete.' Now, Doc, on the level, how much do you charge for a job like that?"

"I received \$3,000 for that operation." There was a merry twinkle in the doctor's eye that was lost on his little visitor.

"Aw, say, doc, wot yer givin' me? You didn't make all that in one day."

"Yes, in two hours, Tom."

The youngster's eyes filled with tears, and he bit his lip to hold back the sobs.

"Don't you never charge no less?" the boy managed to ask, without giving away to the burst of tears ready to flow at his disappointment.

"Oh, yes, indeed; but you asked me how much I received for an operation like last week's, and I never performed one just like that before. It was very delicate and peculiar."

Tom slid out of the chair as if to go. "I guess it's all off, doc. I ain't in your class."

"Tom, sit down there." The doctor's tone of command was filled with more laughter than severity. "Let's talk business."

The youngster obeyed, watching

the eminent surgeon with a puzzled look, uncertain whether the great man was really in fun or in earnest.

"Tom," the doctor continued, "I know Pete."

"You know Pete?" Tom gasped in amazement.

"Yes, I have seen him down by the fountain at the square. You know we specialists always keep our eyes open for anything in our line, so I have noticed him several times as I passed the corner. Of course, I can't say positively, but I think an operation will give Pete two legs instead of one. Now, how much can you afford to pay for such an operation?"

THE youngster's eyes shone like two live coals. So the doctor knew Pete, and thought he could cure him! Was it a dream? Tom pinched himself to make sure it was all real. Yes, he was awake all right. How much could he afford? He felt he could afford anything to give Pete a new leg, but how little that was compared with what the doctor would expect. Both sat in silence for over a minute. The surgeon knew what was going on in the youngster's mind, but thought best to let him come to his own conclusion. The boy fumbled his cap nervously while he considered the great question, and at length looked up suddenly into the surgeon's face. There was no doubt or uncertainty in his face or tone as he announced his decision.

"Doc, the only thing I've got in the world is me corner down by the fountain, where me and Pete sells papes. I can't give you all that, for I wouldn't have nuthin' left for me and Pete to live on and to help maw with the kids. I'll tell you what I'll do, doc, I'll let you have half o' that corner. You can hire a kid to sell papes fer you and have some dough left, but you won't make no \$3,000 in kingdom come."

"All right, Tom; I'll accept that proposition, and we'll draw up the agreement right now. Let's see, this is December eighteenth. We'll start the new arrangement beginning with January first."

In the course of a quarter of an hour the paper was duly prepared and signed and witnessed, and Tom saw the doctor file it carefully in the strong box in his safe. With a hearty handshake, the surgeon bade adieu to his ten-year-old man of affairs, and turned to a patient waiting in the outer office.

Tom McGuire had known all too little of happiness in his hard ten years, but this was surely the climax of his earthly bliss. A new leg for Pete! Could anything be finer! He ran most of the way back to the square, and nearly knocked the cripple over in his eagerness to tell the good news.

"Say, Pete, you're goin' to have a new leg."

"What?" the bewildered Pete was too intent on selling papers to bother about new legs.

"A new leg, I say. Doc Harrison, what I told you

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"Is that straight?" he asked, looking dubiously into the surgeon's face.

CONSCRIPT CANADA'S CROP

THIS is the time to act about wheat. Conscription comes, of men. Conscripted of wealth is demanded. Time now it is to

A Radical Suggestion

By HENRY LANCE

in the papers suggesting with great joy that the Government buyers have been able to make a killing for their funds at the expense of the wheat dealers. It is not at all likely that such was their intention; such was very far from being their job. Their job

FACT AND FICTION



IN 1909—THIS.

Roosevelt back from Africa, doing Europe, takes in Germany, visits the Kaiser, friendly and all that, Wilhelm winked the other eye, showing the ex-king of the world's greatest republic just so much and no more. They say that the Kaiser then said he had an army that could beat the world. But Teddy said nothing about it then, because—
(See cartoon below.)



IN 1917—THIS.

Although he got a large number of specimens in Africa he hankers now to bring home from Darkest Germany, just one of the species Hohenzollern Tyrannus—the just one of the species Hohenzollern Tyrannus.

—New York Times.

was to get wheat. Unfortunately, the course of the markets showed that it would not make any more wheat to buy more than the existing supply.

An official statement from the grain buying commission of the Allies indicates that they stopped buying wheat for May delivery at about \$2.45 a bushel. That did not stop the upward course of the market, which shot beyond \$3. The men who had undertaken to sell that wheat discovered that the Government buyers had no use for the lower grades of wheat that they had expected to turn in on their contracts, and so they bid and bid and bid to get contract grades to fulfill their contracts, or to buy them back from the purchasers. But the purchasers stood firm. Then the grain trade took action and talked straight business. "You can't enforce these contracts," they said. "The wheat you insist on getting does not exist. You must take the kind of wheat the country has to offer, wheat that just misses being good enough to come within the high grades of our Canadian classification, wheat that you have so scorned that the farmers have insisted on government action to find a market for it in the United States." And the Allied Grain Commission saw the point, and agreed to take the wheat it had previously so stubbornly refused. And in Chicago, where the same thing had happened, they saw that the Winnipeg action was good, they did the same thing, and took great credit to themselves for having solved the food problem.

THERE was much marvelling and there was much rejoicing that the people

who dealt in wheat in future contracts had been beaten at their game, or that the wicked speculator had been eliminated from the business. "Serves 'em right," said the public. But just about that time the price of flour jumped to fifteen dollars a barrel, and the loaf of bread began to cost more. "Speculators" was the cry.

But it is not just that. The price of flour has a peculiar relation to the price of wheat, for obviously the flour you bought at fifteen dollars a barrel was made from wheat bought months ago when the wheat did not cost the flour mill anything like the price now current of say, three dollars a bushel. How, then, dare the mills mark up their product to the scale of to-day's prices. The explanation is complicated, but it can be attempted. Suppose the flour mill buys a hundred thousand bushels of wheat in October. That will make approximately 2,400 barrels of flour, of which perhaps half are contracted for at a price based on the October price of wheat. The other half remains to be sold on a fluctuating market. The price might drop, the war might be over any time. Peace might come in the spring, it was thought last October. So the flour mill insures itself by selling fifty thousand bushels of wheat for May delivery. It cannot keep that bargain, for the wheat will be made into flour at that time. It will buy the bargain back later, as it sells the flour. In other words the machinery of the market is used as an insurance policy by the mill. It may lose on the bargain, did lose this last year enormously if it "hedged," as it is theoretically supposed to do, but that causes it no concern. It simply adjusts the price of flour from day to day to the price of wheat. The loss comes out of the consumer. It may sound at first like gambling for the mill to go through the motions of buying and selling wheat that cannot possibly be delivered, but the banks might think it greater gambling if the mill bought great stores of wheat to make into flour and did not protect itself from loss by "hedging." That is the way it is ordinarily worked. The banking necessities of the milling companies, when markets are ordinary, compel them to proceed in that manner, and so a combine is not really necessary to insure that the fluctuations in price follow the course of the wheat market. You may, of course, suppose that some of

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conscript the grain, to set the bushels marching orderly in their array to their appointed place in the fight. Reasons enough for doing this have been advanced, and the conclusions have been correct enough, but the reasons, strange to say, have very largely been wrong. We get a little hysterical sometimes over our problems, and much inclined to demand certain trimmings of organization because they have been adopted in Great Britain or are proposed in the United States. The reasons affecting the conscription of the wheat crop of 1917 are quite different for Canada than they are for the United States, quite different from those compelling action on food in Great Britain. It is a purely Canadian problem in this case. We must buy the wheat crop as a whole, because that is a job of war work, a Canadian job, and one that can be done better by Canada than it can be done by any one else.

To begin with, we must forget the harsh things people have said about the grain trade of Canada, the suspicion that work of speculators has been forcing up the price of wheat and of bread. It is no time to talk of the dealers in grain as if they were a set of grafting middlemen getting rich on the necessities of Europe. The grain trade of Canada is organized into a wonderful machine for taking care of the Canadian crop, and that machine is one of the things in our business life to be proud of. Marvellously adjusted as it is, the machinery of the grain trade has provided the farmer at any point in the Prairie Provinces with an instant market for his produce. It is one of the things that has enabled the west to go in for grain production on its gigantic scale. Want of a corresponding market is one reason for the neglect of the farmer to go in for raising meat. The sale of cattle is a matter of constant haggling between buyers and sellers. The farmer or the drover brings the cattle to a central point, and he must sell them the day he gets them there or be exposed to heavy expense. If many cattle arrive in a single day it is an easy thing for the buyers to beat prices down a little. It is not a world market on which they are offered, but a market made up of the limited requirements of a single city for a day. The farmer, through the organization of the grain trade, sells on a world market, a world market which has been extended to his very door. It is through no failure of our own machinery in the grain that the present need for action arises. It is through no incapacity for great business, for a few days ago the organized grain trade of Western Canada talked business direct to the united governments of the Allies, and imposed a line of action on them for their own good that they had hitherto been disinclined to take.

THE faults have not been with the Canadian end of the grain business. Indeed, the word "faults" may be an unhappy one. There may have been no fault at all, but certain it is that the buying of wheat for the Allied governments had not been well done. Probably it could not be well done by them, and that is why Canada is called on to do the job. It is something that our Government can do better than any organization of brokers and buyers with the combined backing of France and Great Britain.

What has happened lately has become fairly clear to all the world. The agents of the Allied Governments bought wheat for delivery in May, bought it and bought it and bought it. They bought more wheat of contract grades than there was to deliver. They would have none of other grades. They cornered the market. The thing that no private speculator has been able to do they did. They put the wheat trade in a position where it could not fill its contracts. They might have made money on the transaction. Indeed, some dispatches have appeared

WAR-TIME IN DETROIT

HOW Canada has aged in the last three years. Formerly we looked upon her as a youngster among nations, much more

juvenile, for instance, and less experienced than the United States of America. We forgot that, as antiquity is reckoned in a new continent, Quebec and our Maritime Provinces do date back into the primitive mists of creation. During the last month, however, Canadians have seen their American colleagues passing through the same stages that they themselves had experienced three years before—the beginning of war.

To find out how the American people are reacting to the war, it is better to visit such a place as Detroit than New York. The Americans themselves recognize the former as abnormal; the latter is more typical of the average life. What is the Detroit of May, 1917?

Congress has decreed the selective draft system, but in the meantime the authorities have been recruiting on the voluntary basis, and there is an historic interest in seeing how the United States have dealt with the early phases of their problem, and how they are proceeding under the first shocks of actual belligerency.

From April 1 to May 4, 2,375 men enlisted for the regular army in Michigan. Detroit itself in this period secured about 600 recruits for the army and approximately the same number for the navy. As the enforcement of the draft law approached, recruiting increased, and on May 7, a new record was made, with 224 enlistments in the border city.

To pay a casual visit to Detroit this spring, some critics might say that the city does not seem to have changed very deeply. The people still appear engrossed in business and activity; Belle Isle still lures with its spacious charm; Grosse Point is as aristocratic and as peaceful as ever; the hotels are still centres of gayety, with the typically American bustle and efficiency of the Statler, and the mellow atmosphere of the Pontchartrain, with its brilliant the-dansants, danced to music combining the primeval motif of the Indian pow-wow with the modern dissonance of Strindberg, Debussy and Ornstein. That there should be peace-time aspects of life in Detroit, however, is no more surprising than the normality of London in many of its activities. You have to go to Paris to see a great city fundamentally sobered by the war.

UNDERNEATH the superficial lightheartedness of Detroit, there is a genuine note of seriousness. This feeling is strongest in the homes of the city, but externally it is most apparent in the neighbourhood of the Campus Martius. How the square received its Roman and heroic name I do not know, but its appropriateness to-day is obvious. The chief recruiting tent for the army is situated in front of the City Hall facing the Campus, and there, by day and by night, on Sunday and Monday alike, crowds surge about the tent, and give heed to the enlistment appeals.

These crowds are different in quality and calibre from similar gatherings in Toronto. There is a much more pronounced cosmopolitanism, like you would see in Winnipeg rather than in Eastern Canada. The methods employed at the meetings differ from what are used either in Winnipeg or Toronto.

Here, in Canada, there has been some sensationalism in recruiting methods, but in Detroit the ways of the Exhibition Midway are more openly

Experience shows that Recruiting Methods are now obsolete in both Canada and the United States. An Army picked by the Government is the only way to get a truly national response

By DON HUNT

resorted to. The Americans always have been keen for amusement, and the exhorters are providing attractions to accompany their appeals. The soldier in charge on the day I was there introduced successive speakers and "acts" with all the "fan fare" of a showman.

"You'll next hear from the ugliest man you've ever seen in all your life," he announces. "But he's a brave one!"

And an Irish-American from St. Louis is introduced, a red-headed Vulcan rather than an Apollo, a warrior who has seen service in Cuba, in the Philippines and in Mexico.

"We kept out of this war a long time, boys," he

more sympathetic with the States and more appreciative of the difficulties which have faced them in the last two years and a half. Canada plunged into

the war within the first week. She went in when things were at white heat. Her interest or enthusiasm never had to be stirred by long processes either of time or of reasoning. Whether rightly or wrongly, the United States did not make a similar plunge at the beginning. Now, although public opinion is behind the President in his war measures to an extent undreamed of a year ago, yet there is an essential difficulty—a prolonged period of inaction in face of a world conflagration stands psychologically menacing as a deterrent to individual action. Readjustment, awakening of men's minds is in full progress, however, and despite all handicaps, the American people may be counted upon to do magnificent and whole hearted service in the war which has now become their own.

In one respect, the Americans have far outstripped Canadians, even if they have been at war for only a little more than a month—in sentimentality and demonstrativeness. The American flag is as insistent and omnipresent as the sea in midocean. Girls have "Old Glory" embroidered at the top of their high boots (and they are very high) and worked into their silk stockings (of which a generously fashionable length is displayed). Flags are pasted on the revolving doors at the entrances of hotels and office buildings, and on the back windows of automobiles. Here a huge splotch of flag covers half the wall of a dwelling house, and there a man has "stars and stripes" planted all over his lawn instead of shrubs.

THE President looms up as almost a mythological personage, a national Augustean deity, who must be supported at all costs. "Standing behind your wife isn't standing behind your President" is one of the flaunting posters. The clashes

of political strife, the merits and demerits of Hughes and Wilson, the raucous clamourings of elephant, moose and donkey—all the bedlam of the jungle is stilled, and, with Washington, Franklin and Lincoln, the President stands exalted—and calls!

Until the States actually entered the war, American newspapers succeeded in keeping other topics prominently to the fore as well as the European struggle. To-day everything else has almost disappeared. On the sporting pages of the Detroit News, are cartoons comparing trapshooting with shooting Germans, and calling upon sportsmen to come and play "the real game." The society columns in the same paper are headed as follows: "Detroit society is altogether too busy with its war work to pay strict attention to affairs purely social, and nearly every entertainment combines patriotism with philanthropy." The theatres roar with applause under the waving of American flags and the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner." A marvellously realistic and harrowing submarine scene shows what American sailors will be doing under the seas.

One thing has gone—the money orgy. Another spirit has arisen—a new manifestation of idealism in a country which, despite vicissitudes, always has been, at least, idealistic.

Of all American cities, Detroit is the most directly interesting to Canadians. A high percentage of the best part of its population were born in this country. Thoroughly American as it is, even more so than Buffalo, it is better understood by Canadians.



WHILE Detroit, with its many thousands of Canadian-born, makes a street show of raising an army, the armies on the west front are re-making geography. This dramatic picture of a German munition wagon left in a shell hole by its owners as they got out by night is one of the scenes in the rolling back of the invader in the name of Liberty.

declares, "but what else was there to do but fight when we were insulted by a lot of sauer-kraut eaters?"

There is a large German-American population in Detroit, but neither this nor similar references aroused the slightest audible dissent.

A civilian, apparently a professional man, was the next to mount the rostrum. He was most vituperative. Yellow was his favourite colour, and he applied it abundantly alike to the Germans and to the "curs" in the crowd who wouldn't fight. For a diversion at this point, the recruiting officer whipped out a terrifyingly deadly looking revolver, and levelled it at the heads of those in the front row. This was rather disconcerting, and there were signs of wincing, but the officer explained that it was a weapon which had killed ten Germans in one afternoon. It was not to be used further that day. The revolver plainly gained in popularity.

At regular intervals, the call for recruits was halted, while copies of President Wilson's appeal were sold at twenty-five cents apiece. Meanwhile, among the audience, there was a constant going to and fro of recruiters, combining the uniforms of Canada and of France with their khaki suits and blue overcoats.

"Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next?" they kept asking in rather a plaintive chant. "In a week or two we won't ask you. We'll just take you then. Here's your chance to come of your own accord. Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next?"

Attending such a meeting makes a Canadian still

CANADA'S WONDER PLACES

By A. B. KLUGH

WHILE England ploughs up her parks and her ducal estates to get food for the people, Canadians remember—especially at this open-air season of the year—that we have one of the greatest natural parks in the world that no giant tractor will ever rip up.

Jasper Park is the greatest of all our national and natural preserves. It is the Yellowstone Park of Canada, the biggest link in the chain of great people's preserves across Canada.

The Canadian National Parks are administered by the Dominion Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior. At the head of the Branch is the Commissioner, under him is the Chief Superintendent, who exercises supervision over all the Parks, while each Park has its Superintendent. It is interesting to notice that the United States now realizes that the maintaining of her National Parks as so many separate entities is not satisfactory, and that the Kent Bill, now before Congress, provides for a co-ordinated parks service, such as has existed in Canada since the first parks were set aside.

The key-note of all the activities of the Parks Branch is "Service." All tariffs in the Parks are regulated by the Parks Branch, with the result that they are decidedly lower than those in the United States National Parks. For instance, a saddle-horse trip of sixteen miles in the Yosemite Park costs \$5, while a pony trip of eighteen miles in our Rocky Mountains Park costs but \$2.50.

Naturally one of the main activities of the Parks Branch is the construction of roads and trails, and seeing that most of the Parks are located in the mountains, this is no easy task. At the present time a great road-building project is being carried out—the construction of an automobile road from Calgary to Vancouver. The portion of this road from Calgary to the Great Divide is now nearly completed.

The Canadian National Parks system now comprises: The Rocky Mountains Park, in Alberta, on the eastern slope of the Rockies; Yoho Park, in British Columbia, on the western slope of the Rockies; Glacier Park, at the summit of the Selkirks; Revelstoke Park, in the Selkirks; Jasper Park, in the northern Rockies; Waterton Lake Park, in southern Alberta; St. Lawrence Islands Park, consisting of twelve reservations among the Thousand Islands; Buffalo Park, near Wainwright, Alberta; Moose Mountain Buffalo Park, at Arcola, Saskatchewan; Elk Island Park, near Lamont, Alberta; two Antelope reserves, one near Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, and the other near Foremost, Alberta; and a Park at St. John, New Brunswick, taking in the site of old Fort Howe.

Rocky Mountains Park was established in 1887, and covers an area of 1,800 square miles. It has now over a hundred miles of carriage roads and six hundred miles of trails, radiating from the two main centres, Banff and Lake Louise.

Yoho Park comprises an area of 560 square miles, with Field as its centre. It is full of lovely glacial lakes and wonderful falls. Takakkaw Falls, which leaps 1,150 feet, is the highest cataract in America,



THREE Lakes in the Clouds; Rocky Mountain Park. From left to right—Louise, Minor, Agnes. The camera that took this remarkable composite was poised hundreds of feet higher than the lakes.

THE Bow River—do you know it?—cold, clear, pigeon-blue from the glacier, as it glides through Calgary, seen here as it passes Banff.

WHOEVER named the cataract below The Punch-Bowl Falls had a fine eye for aptness of description, but he was a bad prophet. Punch-bowls are not fashionable now.



and may be reached by coach or pony. There is a large hotel at Field, a chalet at Emerald Lake, and permanent camps at various points in the Yoho Valley.

Glacier Park covers an area of 468 square miles at the summit of the Selkirks. The very heavy snowfall, 36 feet per annum, in these mountains, results in the formation of immense snow-fields, which lie upon the tops of the mountains throughout the whole year, and when seen from a distance give the whole district the appearance of a frozen sea stretching away farther than the eye can see.

The Illecillewaet Glacier, which covers ten square miles, is probably the most accessible glacier in the world, being only a mile and a half from the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Some years ago a wonderful series of caves, called the Nakimu Caves, from the Indian word for "grumbling," on account of the rumbling of the subterranean torrents which flow through them, was discovered, and the Parks Branch is constructing a carriage road which will render these caves more accessible to the public. This road is now completed to within a short distance of the caves.

Of the Cougar Valley, in which these caves lie, Arthur O. Wheeler, founder and President of the Canadian Alpine Club, says: "It would be difficult to find a more beautiful example of the alpine valley. In every direction silver water-falls leap down the sides from the glaciers and melting snows of

(Concluded on page 21.)



CONSCRIPT CANADA'S CROP

(Continued from page 9.)

the millers were wealthy and shrewd enough to suppose that the wheat market would go up, and that they would be safe in omitting the usual precautions last October, and to act on that supposition. You may suppose that some of the milling companies' profits of the past year came from that source. If so, it was speculation much more than is the usual procedure of entering the option market.

THE full treatment of the position of the mills would require extended treatment, and consideration of how far they are able to make the first grade of flour out of wheat that is lower than the contract grades, and for various reasons this year has been cheaper, comparatively, remarkably cheaper, than usually. It is desired to show that we are very much concerned, as consumers, with the course of the wheat market, and that we suffer severely when a corner is engineered, even through inadvertence.

To get a remedy it is not sufficient to abandon trading in futures. That hurts the farmer at once. The whole machinery of the grain trade depends on

the existence of a market for future delivery. Without such a market there may be an enormous drop in price as soon as the farmer attempts to market his crop of 1917. That would not be a good thing, although at first it may look like it to the consumer. Leave out of consideration the justice of the matter to the farmer, after he has been urged to make every endeavour for production. Remember that the war shows every sign of lasting through another winter, and that next spring we shall very likely be urging the farmer again to do his duty. It would not pay if he were fooled this year.

This, then, is the situation. Our future market has been ruined, perhaps not through any inexperience on the part of the commission buying for the European Allies, but by the logic of events, which has destroyed the market on the other side of the Atlantic. That single source of buying may upset our commercial conditions by too vigorous buying of future contracts at the wrong moment or by refraining from buying at a time when our wheat is for sale. We must have a future market, and that can be provided by the Government of Canada. It is an easy matter to arrange, calling for no elaborate

office organization, for the existing machinery of the elevator companies can be employed without difficulty.

There is first the matter of price to be settled. A short time ago the farmers wanted to sell the whole crop on the basis of \$1.70 per bushel for No. one Northern, delivered at Fort William. The British authorities demurred. Now October wheat has soared far over two dollars in price, and perhaps that price will have to be conceded. Then a price for every other grade must be set, based on the milling value of the different, and not, as were the prices this season, allowed to be depressed unduly because the lower grades chanced to be relatively more plentiful than usual. We do not need to await long negotiations with Great Britain as to the price to be paid for this year's crop. We can determine a fair price, and buy the wheat at that. If Great Britain thinks our price too high, she can pay a lower one based on the prices she is paying elsewhere for grain. The difference, if any, can be absorbed as a war expense of this country's. It is much more likely that the difference will be the other way and that we shall

(Concluded on page 21.)

THE DOCTOR'S BARGAIN

(Continued from page 8.)

about, is goin' to make one fer you."

"Aw, gwan. Wot yer givin' me," grunted the skeptical Pete, ignoring the enthusiasm of the head of the house.

"Come on, I'll show you."

"Naw, you don't. You don't get me losin' what leg I've got."

"Honest, Pete, I'm on the level. The doc says he bets he can fix you up good as new."

"Nixey fer me. I'm fer keepin' me bum prop. I reads how a doc saws off a boy's legs just for fun."

"Aw, Pete, don't be silly. The doc won't hurt you."

"Don't you believe it," Pete replied, and started down the sidewalk to get away from temptation. Tom knew Pete's stolid strength of will, and decided on another tack. He felt in his pocket and found sixteen cents. Counting out five pennies, he ran across the street, and soon had Dr. Harrison on the wire.

"Hello, this you, doc?—Pete won't come—Naw, he's afraid you'll hurt him. He's read how a doc cut off a feller's leg just fer fun.—Send up a pape? Sure, but you'll have to hide yer sign, or he won't never come in.—All right, I'll send him-up. Please don't hurt him, will you doc?—Good-bye."

Tom ran back to the corner.

"Hey, Pete," he called, as soon as he was within earshot of the cripple, "a guy just told me to hustle a Herald up to 345 West Alden Avenue. Get on a Prince Street car, and hurry up. Here's a dime fer carfare."

"There ain't no profit in that," Pete grunted, "go yerself and save the dime."

"Do as yer told. I'm boss o' this corner," the young financier retorted, shoving Pete toward a car as fast as the cripple could hobble. "Get off at Walnut Street and walk west half a block," he shouted as he helped Pete on the car platform.

For the first time in twenty-two years Dr. Harrison's sign was hidden as the cripple struggled up

the steps and rang the bell.

"Here's yer pape," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, holding out the first edition, when the maid opened the door.

"Pape?" asked the girl, pretending ignorance. "Step in a moment and I'll see if it belongs here."

PETE stepped inside and took off his cap. The girl disappeared, but returned presently, and pointed to an open door down the hall. Pete hobbled in the direction pointed, and entered the doctor's outer office.

"Sit down a minute," came a pleasant voice from somewhere, and Pete crawled up into one of the large chairs. The next few minutes were about the busiest the cripple had ever known. Pictures, statuary, books, furniture—never in his short life had he seen such an array. How could he possibly remember all to tell Tom. Before the survey was half finished, however, a tall man with a kindly face stood before him and held out his hand for the paper. Pete handed him the Herald and arose to go.

"Hold on a minute, how much do I owe you?"

"Two cents."

"Two cents?" the doctor shouted, so loud that Pete feared he had overcharged him. "Didn't you pay carfare to get here?"

"Yes, Tom paid that." Pete smiled with relief.

"Tom? Who's Tom?"

"He's me big brudder." This time the smile bespoke pride and thankfulness.

"Likely sort of chap?"

"Yes, sir; Tom's all right."

The smile was wider than ever.

"Do you know who I am?" the doctor asked in his kindest tone, placing his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"No."

"I am Dr. Harrison." The smile disappeared and the boy began to tremble at mention of the awful name. "Possibly you have heard of me?"

"Ye—es," Pete whispered, too scared to realize whether he was saying "yes" or "no."

"Now, Pete, take a good look at me," the doctor continued as he arose from his chair and stood in the middle of the room for the cripple's inspection. "I'm not really such an awful man, am I, Pete?"

"N—n—o—o," Pete answered, more because the surgeon's tone needed a negative reply than because he knew what he was saying.

"Pete, I like little boys," the doctor went on, ignoring the lad's terrified expression. "And I kind of think some of them like me. Do you think you could?"

"Ma—a—aybe," the youngster was doing his best to be brave.

The doctor glanced at the open door and nodded to the maid.

"Tom McGuire is out at the door and wants to see you," she said.

"Send him in," the surgeon answered heartily. "Well, I never. Hello, Tom!"

"Hello, doc! Done anything to Pete's leg?"

"Why, no, we haven't mentioned legs. Have we, Pete?"

"Not yet," said Pete, with a feeling that something was still to come.

"Say, doc, look at it now, will you?" Tom exclaimed energetically and began to take off his brother's shoe.

"Hold on a minute, Tom; this isn't the place to examine legs, and besides, I never make an examination without the owner's consent."

"Tell the doc you want to have yer leg looked at," Tom commanded in a tone that bore authority.

Before Pete could answer, the doctor had interposed a good natured objection.

"You keep out of this, Tom. This is Pete's leg, and he shall have the whole say about what is done to that leg."

THIS announcement was a revelation to Pete, who had had visions of being bound and gagged while the doctor attacked his leg with a common hand saw.

"Is that straight?" he asked, looking up dubiously into the surgeon's face.

"Absolutely!" the doctor exclaimed. "I won't touch a finger to that leg till you give me your consent."

"There, Pete, what'd I tell you," Tom broke in, but the doctor frowned at him to keep quiet. The eyes of both Tom and the surgeon were now on Pete.

"What'll it cost?" The cripple seemed about to

(Continued on Page 22.)

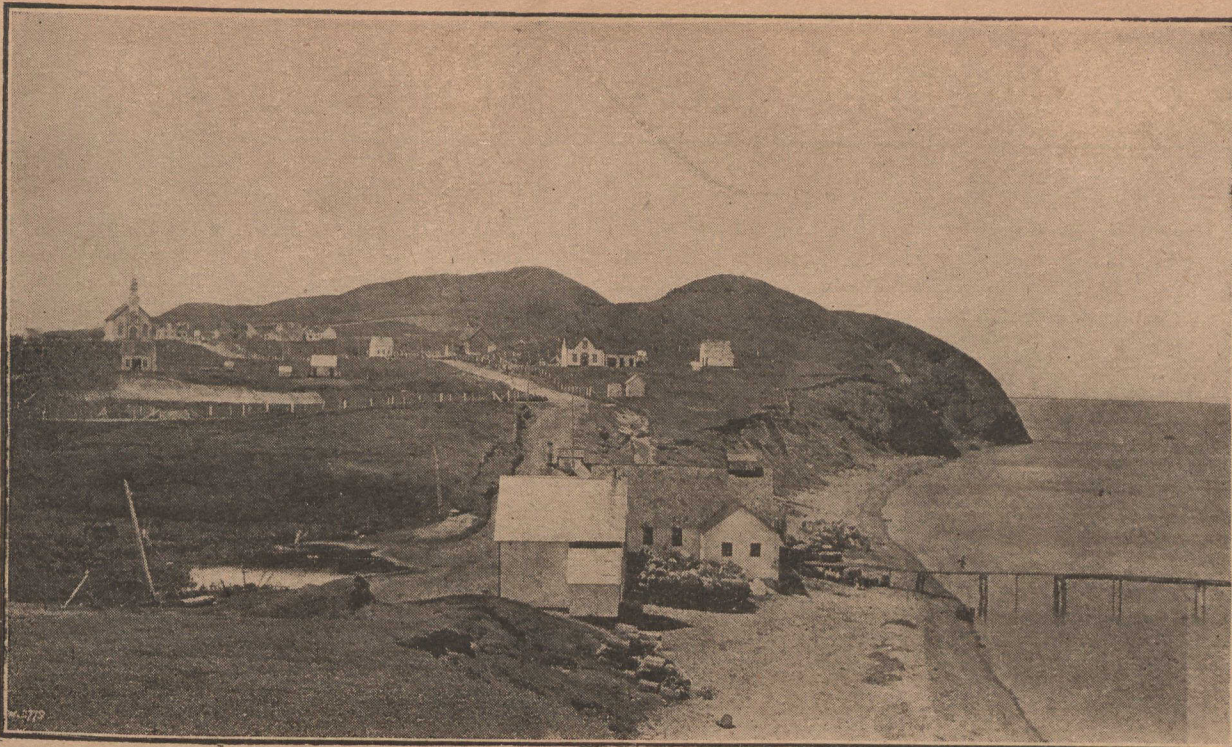


It took Tom nearly five minutes to read it aloud.

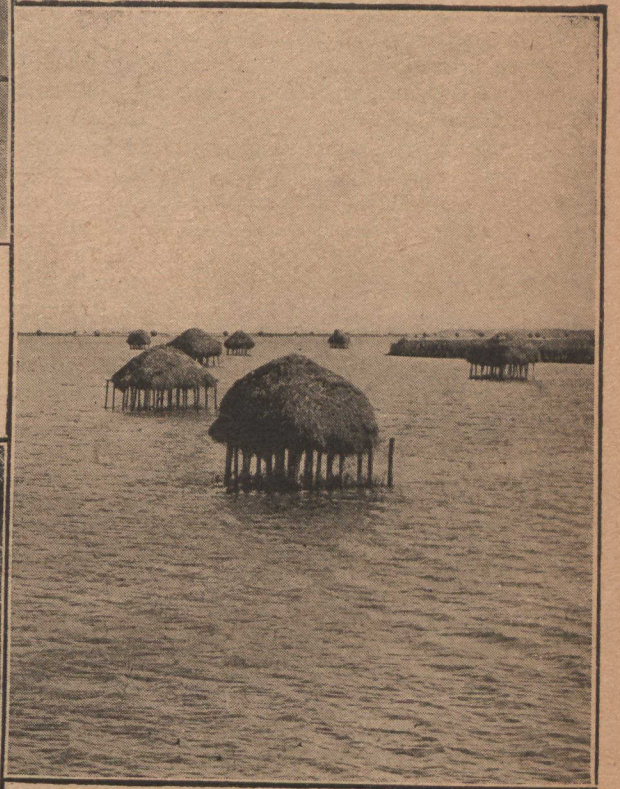
NATURAL WEALTH DOWN BY THE SEA



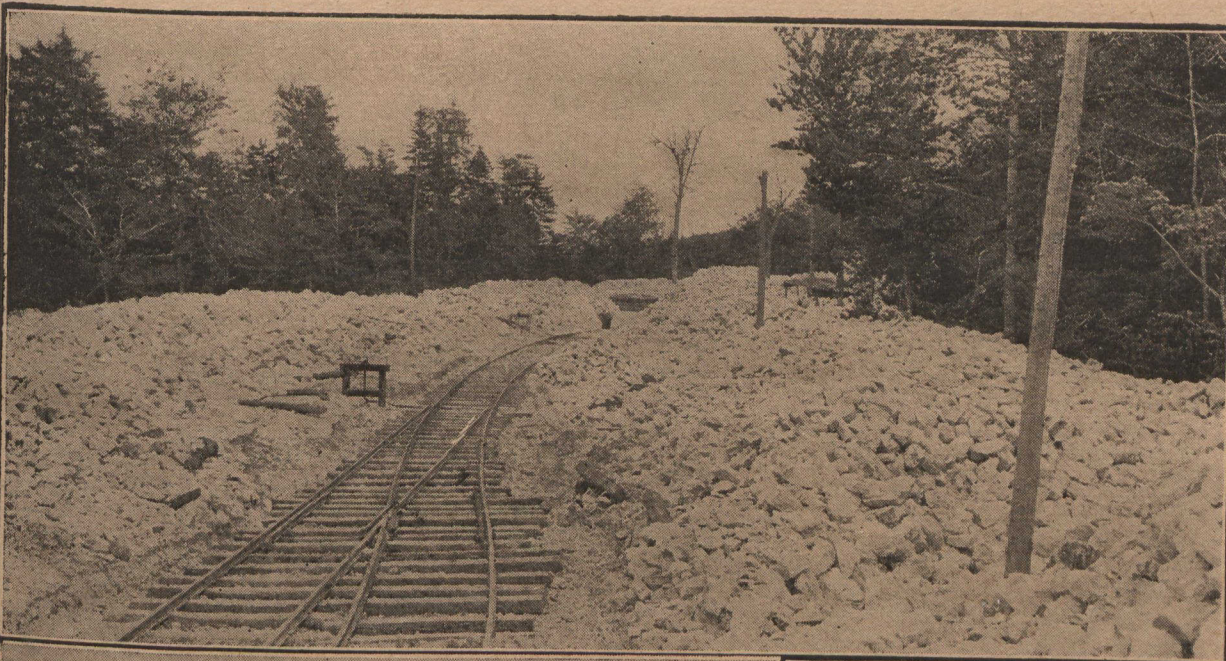
*A few of the things that don't get
into the Newspapers — from
Marsh Hay to Plaster of
Paris and Lobsters*



Newfoundlandesque enough—you never could miss it; a ribbon of road, a little church and a lobster factory at Amherst in the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Below are a few acres of gypsum down in New Brunswick, the raw material of plaster of Paris.



High Tide near Kentville, N.S. The Marsh Hay has been stacked on platforms waiting for the hay boat.



Just below a characteristic fish-scape at Digby, N.S., that interesting town across the Bay of Fundy from St. John.



Further aids to reducing the H. C. of L. Stacks of dried fish, with the characteristic Digby ox-team to haul it away.



What a Food Despot Must Do

(Editorial Continued from Page 3)

published on page 19 of this issue. Ludendorff bucked up the system when Batocki failed. It was his basic idea that when the whole nation is at war the only business for the nation is to win the war. We in Canada have been talking about these things for a long while. We end in talk. Perhaps we are about to begin to act.

Ludendorff closed up or converted every industrial plant not producing things needed by the nation in war-time. The entire producing capacity of the country was turned over to the war. Other countries have improvised similar measures. Germany believed in no impromptu. She had it planned before the war began, and lost no time carrying out the plan. Business as Usual was never a motto in Germany. The adoption of that slogan in England must have amused Berlin. The time would come—Well, the time did come. It is here now. England, France, Russia, Canada, the United States, all have it. There is a world shortage of food. The only part of the world where food production is not almost paralyzed is very far from Europe. Even Argentina has put an embargo on wheat owing to poor crops. India has a surplus. Australia will have a surplus. The United States will have a surplus. Canada will have a surplus.

But Europe is hungry for every bushel and ton of surplus that can be got from anywhere in the world. Even the rice fields of China may contribute their quota. In the United States a Food Dictator has been appointed. Herbert C. Hoover is the man. Concerning this man an exchange says:

He was reared in Iowa and is a mining engineer, 44 years old, the possessor of \$2,000,000, which he has made since his graduation from Leland Stanford University in 1895. He has great organizing ability, at one time managing 125,000 men, and has been successful in large mining ventures in China, India and other countries. He was in London when the war in Europe broke out and was induced to accept the position of head of the Belgian relief work at the solicitation of W. H. Page, American Ambassador. Grain men who have met and talked with him of late regard him as a man constantly seeking information, and accepting ideas on all things in which he becomes interested. His idea of controlling wheat distribution was much talked of by the grain traders.

Hoover was appointed over the heads of other officials. He is the man for the job. He will organize. He will dictate. He will fear nobody, nothing—except the failure of his work. And he will not fail. The United States is a tremendous food-producer. With intensive farming the State of Texas alone it is computed could feed the United States. On general principles the United States has to ration 33 people per square mile, as against Germany's 100. Some advantage in that. But Germany is exporting no food. Not an ounce. The United States must export—or the war is lost to the allies. Germany is super-organized for production. The United States is just beginning. The results in 1917 may not be remarkable. In 1918 there should be a difference.

What of Canada? As we are said by Sir George Foster to be part of an "economic unit" with the United States, the work of our Devonport Hoover will be somewhat similar to theirs. On a basis of area and population we have about four people to the square mile of available area. Comparatively we have far more to export than the United States. We have a great system of railways in need of more man-power. We have oodles of land, much of it tragically idle, and some of the idlest of it close to our consumption centres. It is too late in 1917 now for our Hoover to tackle that. But 1918 will give him or somebody else a chance. Provincial Governments should be organized for this work. They should have tackled it long ago.

Land, transportation, storage, consumption, distribution, export—these will be the main considerations of our Food Dictator. On the land end of it he can do nothing now for 1917. Transportation with sufficient labour and fuel can be relied upon to carry out its end of the contract. Exports—involving the question of transports—will be a constant big business. We are a food-exporting people. We consume far less than we produce. We have wheat enough

in the country now, if it were not sold, to feed ourselves for at least two years on a normal consumption basis. We do not expect in production to fall much below 1916 when we also had an exportable surplus.

But the export demand will outrun production. We should be able to send abroad far more than our surplus. This demand is certain. Even with England able to sustain her own home population from stocks on hand and harvest to be, the armies at the front must be fed. America, including Canada—mainly—must feed them. The demand for export sends up the price at home. It will be the business of our Hoover to see that the price does not go beyond the assurance that every man, woman and child gets enough to eat without waste.

All excess of demand over visible supply increases the price. But export is only one cause of this. Waste, or over-consumption, is another and a very serious one. No food dictator can stop people from waste. Much of the waste is unintentional, and some of it unavoidable at present. Until the country comes to the universal centralized food kitchens for all ranks and classes there will always be a percentage of unused food in the country, food that goes to the garbage heap or in excess amounts to somebody's stomach, which in extreme cases is the same thing. The waste end of food control we must look after ourselves, and the size of the "wad" in most of our pockets compared to the price we have to pay other people for what we have to eat and wear and live in will teach us to do this better than a food dictator can ever do.

There remain but two main things determining the business of our Canadian Devonport. Storage and consumption. Both of these directly affect the demand in competition with exports and waste. Storage is necessary. It is necessary also to control it. Any cold-storage expert who is stocking up abnormally now at easier prices to unload at high prices on the people whose markets he gets his goods from is a fair mark for the Food-Autocrat. He will be dealt with.

Storage in this case is the business of the State, not of the individual or the private corporation. But the State is no better able to handle storage in the interests of the people than corporations are, except as it regulates the difference between the price at which the food goes into storage and the price at which it comes out to the people. When the war started England was full of storage experts who stocked their own cellars in fear of famine. The famine did not arrive. Had these people kept on storing, something like famine might have been the result, locally at least. The same was true in Germany. A thousand cellars are as good for taking food out of the supply market as one big storage plant operated for cash profit. Our dictator will see to it that the cellars and the granaries of Canada do not bury our food, more than the walls of our towns and cities will be allowed by the War Department to conceal our soldiers. If we make war upon a storage wholesaler who forces up present prices by taking food unnaturally out of circulation, we must also make war upon the storage retailer who does it for the good of his own stomach.

This war on the hoarder applies equally to those who buy and to those who produce. If we are to apply our food to consumption demands economically we must not permit a farmer to hoard wheat for the sake of a higher price.

This brings us down to consumption, which is touched on one side by waste, on the other by storage, and along the line by distribution. Every man, woman and child in a land of exportable food surplus like Canada is entitled to sufficient food, fuel and clothing, as once a famous political document stated that every man is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But no man is entitled to more than enough. Those who consume more than they should can be looked after by—

By whom? What and where is the army of supervisors capable of looking after these details? We can do as Germany has done; make use of our

municipal machinery. We may go further and hitch up our Boards of Trade. Every community big enough for a council and a Board of Trade is big enough for a committee working under the Food Controllership of Canada.

But who and what manner of man is this controller to be? We are not told as yet. We suspect that like the Railway Commission he must be put on wheels. Any fine morning the Food Controller or some deputy of his should be able to turn up in any community.

Drastic? Oh, yes. But we shan't mind it once we are all committed to the business of making the most of our conditions for the purpose of conserving the nation and winning the war. And when we get to the end of commandeering and conscripting our stomachs for the good of the State we shall put the Ludendorff slave system up on a very high shelf in the world's museum.

Battalions or Drafts?

WHAT method is to be followed in organizing the Selective Draft? Are we to have a large number of new battalions? Or will the 100,000 men be trained as draft companies to reinforce battalions already at the front? Or will both methods be adopted?

The alternative is stated because it exists. It should be an axiom in the further organization of our army that a battalion is organized to go into the firing line as a unit. Objection to breaking up a Canadian battalion as drafts to other battalions may be sentimental. Well and good. So is voluntary enlistment largely sentimental. So is the sending of a Canadian army at all, considerably sentimental. There certainly was no compulsion to offer an army in the first place. Without an Imperial sentiment a Canadian army would have been a small matter. A battalion becomes a sentimental unit. It is not a mere machine. Analyze it and you find a strange, almost profound and quite vagabond set of impulses that hold it together. To break it up is like breaking a family. Once it is cemented together in camp, nothing but death and disablement should tear it asunder.

And we shall no doubt need a number of new battalions in districts where few or none have already been organized. For the sake of the real fighting spirit let us hope that these units are kept together, and that the men clearly understand it when they are drafted. In districts already represented by battalions at the front, the draft would seem to be the better system.

No Party Matter

WE shall do well not to get excited over the anti-conscription outbreak in Quebec Province, on a day when the loyalty of Canadians to the Motherland was being celebrated. Placid acceptance of the idea to be embodied in the Act was not to be expected. The character of the resentment is what counts, where it comes from, who organized it and for what purpose. On the political side we find a certain Liberal demand for various accessories and a much more complete war programme than that embodied in the Selective Draft. Some are said to favour a referendum. Others again talk of forcing an election. Let us be quite sure that a referendum in this case would not become a party matter. The principle of the referendum is all right. But a referendum organized by either party would tend to become a party referendum and to be organized and campaigned for as such. Any more extensive war-programme planks embodied in such a referendum would be regarded as a party platform. The conduct of such a referendum would become a necessary prelude to an election, if not tantamount to an election itself. The country is not concerned with what either party as a party thinks of the war. It is supremely and absolutely concerned with seeing the war to a finish and putting the united national weight of this country behind the Army.



RAISING A CROP OF GARDENERS

I AM seldom at a loss for something to say. I will cheerfully discuss music, art, religion or the difficulty of obtaining good kitchen help. I don't mind listening to what you have to say about conscription and will willingly exchange valuable suggestions as to the best means of combatting the submarine. But it takes two people to carry on a conversation, and no one is willing to talk to me on any but the one subject I wish to avoid. I ask an editor if he expects to attend an important political meeting, and he says no, he must get his potatoes planted. I ask a prominent merchant if he experiences much difficulty in getting supplies, and he says he most certainly does! It is extraordinary, he says, what few varieties of Darwin tulips you can get in this country! He tells me he has fifty in his own garden, but he had to send to the States for most of them, and there are really 300 varieties. I infer that the government is to blame. A good deal of the conversation that follows appears to be in Latin, and I maintain a discreet silence, unwilling to confess that I am like the gentleman of whom Wordsworth wrote:

"A tulip by the river's brim,
A simple tulip was to him
And it was nothing more."

Or was it primrose?

Once started on his favourite subject, he would gladly talk for the rest of the morning, but I plead a business engagement and escape.

This morning I met a pretty Varsity student on her way to the station.

"Off for the holidays?" I asked.

"If holidays mean a change of labour I suppose I am. I'm going to work on a farm."

"Picking strawberries, as you did last year, I suppose?"

"No. That was hard work and pretty good pay, but it only lasted six weeks. This summer I'm to be a real farm-hand for three whole months. We are to get \$6 a week, live in hostels and pay \$4 for our board, so we won't grow wealthy, but we're going to learn to plough and milk and do all sorts of exciting things. Two hundred girls from the University of Toronto have registered for this work, and lots of others."

I jumped on the street-car and sat down beside an artist I know. Now here was someone, I thought, who would be able to converse with me on some more congenial subject.

"Where are you going to sketch this summer?" I asked.

"In Quebec," she replied; "we've some land down there and we're going to grow beans for the government. Incidentally I may do a little painting."

It seems that everything else is incidental just now. Even on a boarding, once sacred to the comic opera posters, is written: "Famine or Farming—Plant Beans."

The next person I met was the President of a Musical Club, and I congratulated her on the fact

By ESTELLE M. KERR that the activities of her Society were over for the summer.

"Over!" she cries. "Why, they're hardly begun! Didn't you know that we've undertaken to cultivate an acre in the suburbs this summer?"

I didn't, but I had recently passed by a vacant lot where in other years boys had played baseball. Now it was ploughed and divided into sections with neat rows of stones. In each of the sections a number of nicely dressed women, some with hoes and spades, were looking anxiously at the soil which had a very grey and pallid appearance.

I PREFER the colour of the earth in my garden, which is of a rich chocolate hue, yet nothing will grow there, as it ought to grow, but like Mary, Mary, quite contrary, I have a fine display of cockle shells. They look very pretty dividing the rich, brown earth into patches separating the place where the pansies ought to be from the part where a few belated daisies are struggling into bloom. I arrange them in circles and they detract from that bare, brown look that shady back-yard gardens are apt to have.

Perhaps our furnace-man is to blame. We call him a gardener in summer, but he is really much better at shovelling coal. He is rather fond of weeding—at least he calls it weeding—but he is very apt to uproot the perennials and water the weeds. Potatoes and Patriotism are supposed to go hand in hand. Passive patriots refrain from eating potatoes, active patriots grow them. But no one can point the finger at me, for last year I was actively patriotic to the extent of four hills. The plants blossomed beautifully and in the fall we dug up some of them, but as they were like tiny little marbles, we left them in the ground. This spring our furnace-man, preparing the ground, unearthed a dozen or so handsome young potatoes. . . . They were delicious, and a neighbour who was dining with us exclaimed:

"Imported new potatoes, but how dreadfully extravagant!"

"They are from my own garden," I replied.

He was greatly impressed and told so many people about them that I have gained quite a reputation for my early vegetables. That is why I keep a discreet silence when gardening is discussed. I hate to dispel the illusion!

SOME school girls are cultivating a vacant property not far from our home, and every afternoon we see them working away in their middy blouses and gymnasium bloomers. There are neither silver bells nor cockle-shells in their garden, but there are "pretty maids all in a row" without a doubt, and they are storing up health and strength for winter use. But they will probably store other things as well. The amount of produce per acre raised by some companies of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides has put the attempts of their elders to shame, and the knowledge gained by our young people in this practical experience of work on the land will be of inestimable

value to the nation. The work done by the public school children has also proved profitable, and it serves to develop a latent talent for gardening in some of the boys and girls. We believe that certain people have a genius for making things grow, a talent born of love for this work—for 90 per cent. of genius is said to be the capacity for taking pains.

There is one school girl who made \$30 the first year from cultivating a back yard. The next year was still more profitable, and she spent most of her savings in building a greenhouse, and now she averages \$100 a year by her own work outside of school hours.

Floriculture and market gardening should appeal very strongly to women, and many girls are taking special courses at the agricultural colleges with a view to following this career. There is every reason in the world why they should be successful as itinerant gardeners in our large cities, though whether they will follow the dual role and act as furnace attendants in the winter is more doubtful. But even without special instruction there is no reason why any one should garden ignorantly this year. The Department of Agriculture has distributed circulars widely, free lectures are given in towns and cities by garden experts, special tables are devoted to gardening literature in all libraries and book stores, while Garden Committees and Women's Institutes, as well as all your neighbours and friends, are thrusting helpful gardening hints upon you.

"Eat what you can and can what you can't," one neighbour said to me. "Don't let your beets get old and hard and store them away for the winter. Can them while they are young and fresh." The advice was superfluous. We have never been able to raise in our shady garden enough of anything for our own table—except mint and parsley.

"Then you must help with a lot in the suburbs. You probably belong to some club that has taken part in the ten-acre farm that the Backyards Committee of the Thrift Campaign have secured," and she proceeded to tell me all about it. Each club pays \$5 for the rent of the land, free seed is provided and the Club can dispose of its produce in any way it chooses. Result: I am one of the twenty women responsible for half an acre and have promised to devote one evening a week to it. Just think of a ten-acre farm, with four hundred women labourers! Now that the spring-time enthusiasm is strong, there is no lack of workers; some come straight from their offices, others from an afternoon tea, but many have adopted the most fetching costumes for gardening, elaborate smocks, bloomers and overalls.

This movement is flourishing all over the Dominion and so we expect to raise in Canada this year not only vast crops of vegetables and grain, but a still larger crop of agriculturalists.

The Director-General of Food Economy in England says: "Without the mobilization of every available unit of Canada's food army, we would have a very grim outlook. Every acre Canada harvests is a torpedo into a German sub."

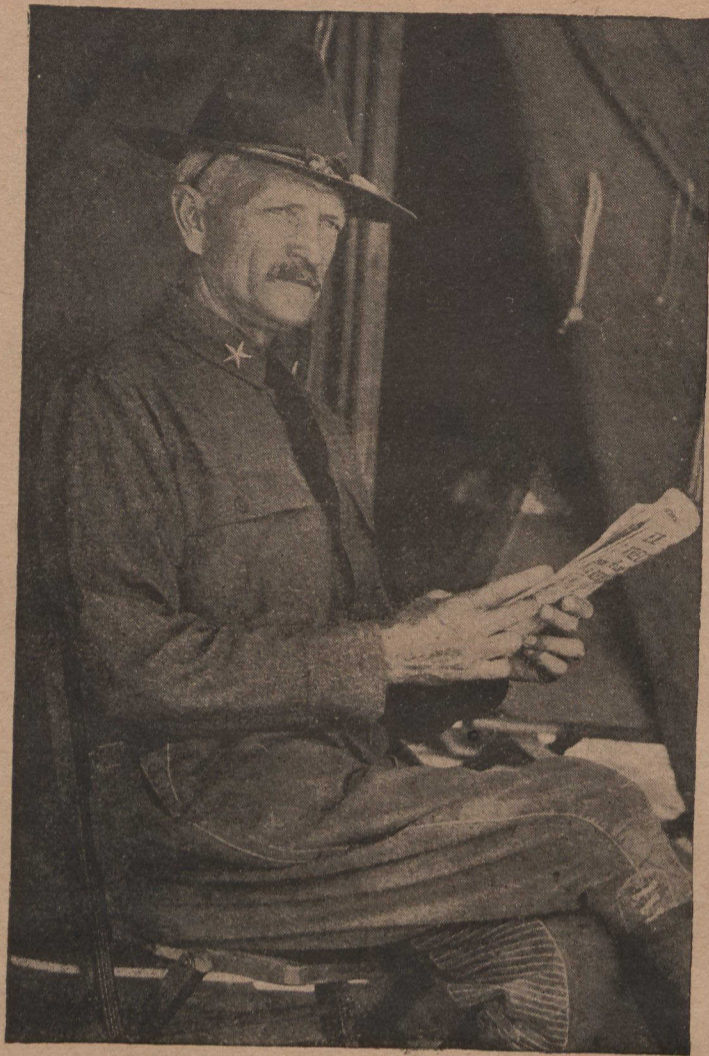
GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING will head the first American Expeditionary force to Europe—and he will go soon. The rough rider photograph below is his favourite picture.



A. F. KERENSKY, the new Minister of War in Russia, succeeding Guchkoff, who resigned, has the biggest contract of any War Minister in the world. He succeeds to a long line of traitors—with a few exceptions such as Guchkoff. He is determined to enforce discipline in the Russian army. How he felt about the situation a few weeks ago is well expressed in his address to a delegation of soldiers' representatives when he was Minister of Justice: "As affairs are going now, it will be impossible to save the country. Perhaps the time is near when we will have to tell you that we can no longer give you the amount of bread you expect, or other supplies on which you have a right to count. The process of the change from slavery to freedom is not going on properly. We have tasted freedom and are slightly intoxicated, but what we need is sobriety and discipline." Kerensky is more optimistic now. In his War Minister speech to the Duma he said: "I never have been in military circles and I never have had any experience with discipline, but I nevertheless am determined upon discipline, through which the army surely will succeed."



MIDSHIPMAN DONALD A. GYLES, R.N. R. of H.M.S. "Broke," who was in charge of the fore-castle during a naval fight in the Channel. Amid the dead and wounded of his gun's crew and half-blinded by the blood from his own wound, Midshipman Gyles met single-handed with an automatic revolver the frenzied rush of the Germans.



PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT



JUST to get away from war, here is a curiosity: the director of a grand opera company which actually makes money for its investors. Fortune Gallo has done a great deal to make the San Carlo aggregation a commercial venture. The company was in Canada a few weeks ago. It has no particular home centre like the Metropolitan or the Boston. It just travels about—making money out of good opera. Director Gallo has a much more cheerful view of opera than Max Rabinoff, who directed the Bostons here on several occasions. One of the secrets of Mr. Gallo's success is that he attends personally to all the little details of his position, even to looking over and studying local conditions before booking his company in any city. He employs no secretary or stenographer. Also he is absolutely devoid of temperament. The photo we show of Mr. Gallo is typical of him. When there is work to do he takes off his coat and "wades into it."



SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON, Chief of the British General Staff, is as efficient at home as Sir Douglas Haig is at the front. This Scotchman has as much iron in his unemotional make-up as any Hindenburg or Ludendorff. But he is also a human being, not without a certain dry humour, a cautious, tenacious Scot, with a grip on the war machine like a travelling crane. His appointment, more than a year ago and before the tragic death of Lord Kitchener on June 5, 1916, was one of the changes that made the new British army begin to be effective when backed up by the present Premier, Lloyd George, as Minister of Munitions. Nobody expects any man to replace Gen. Robertson. He will see the war—through.



M. R. GEORGE W. MCKINLEY was the organizer of the great luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, London, April 12th, when Mr. Lloyd George, the British Premier, was the guest of honour of 500 members and friends of the American Luncheon Club. On this occasion Mr. Lloyd George made a most notable address. Mr. McKinley, who is one of the chief officials in the Vacuum Oil Company, a subsidiary company of the Standard Oil Company, is Secretary of the American Luncheon Club, London. He was born in St. Catharines, and for many years represented the Vacuum Oil Co. in Ontario and the United States before being sent to England.



WHEN GARDENING, PLEASE MENTION

These Brief Observations by Serious and Frivolous People

WHITE winter cabbage is as desirable a garden product as you will find. It is fit for use quite early as a vegetable, and when properly cooked rivals cauliflower in flavour. The energy you saved by planting the winter onions in drills can now be expended in planting cabbage, as boring a fairly deep hole, filling it with water, and then carefully inserting a plant, and packing it in is the most successful method in vogue. You can place them a half yard apart, and dust from the road scattered on leaves

FROM OUR OWN GARDEN

By PORTIA

Concluded from May 12

and heart after a drenching is a good worm protective. You should leave your cabbage out till the last week in October, in mid-Ontario perhaps later. A heavy frost or a light snowfall will not damage them. Then pull up by the roots and drain upside down for a day or two before hanging away in a cool cellar.

Don't cut the heart from the root until about to use. I venture to say that the majority of dainty cooks who are thrifty housekeepers, in all the small towns, lay in a supply of cabbage for the winter if they cannot grow it themselves. Chopped raw, well salted and covered with mayonnaise it makes a delicious salad, and an extremely tasty accompaniment to plain bread and butter. Then, as you need it, you can chop raw heads, mix with boiled beets, salt, and cover with hot sweetened vinegar, and you have an emergency pickle that will keep in a crock for weeks.

Spinach is only a green, takes considerable growth to furnish a meal, and after two or three cuttings becomes less palatable. Beets do as well, dandelion leaves make a delicious and healthy substitute, whilst in small towns, lamb's quarters and red root can be obtained for nothing and are unequalled. Spinach might be passed over as too transitory, and too cheaply replaced.

Melons and citrons are rather a luxury, and require too much nursing and coddling to commend themselves to profit seeking amateurs. Field turnips are eminently unsuitable. And don't bother with the table variety, wait and buy a bag or two from the farmers. Likewise buy your corn. It needs a lot of space to raise anything worth while. Its season is short, and it is too often a failure with the novice.

Mustard and cress are merely the green extras for peace time. Let plenty of lettuce constitute your indulgence this year. Peas require a lot of seed to yield a few messes, and do better with experts. They will do without stringing, but are susceptible to frost, hard to weed, and their season is short.

Sage and peppers are best left to the gardeners. They are no problem for the beginner. Likewise don't be beguiled into raising top onions, brussels sprouts, scullions, or any other supplementary luxuries. Aim at the biggest crop of essentials from a minimum outlay of toll and money. Sow and labour to nourish your body for the whole year, don't dabble with the palate tickling luxuries that adorn your board in peace time. Remember the BOYS at the FRONT go days without food when they fight a battle for you. And even on quiet days they thankfully gulp down bully beef and army biscuit.

WARNING: To the unsophisticated, unsuspecting and ingenuous reader who might unthinkingly start to read the following article, the author, conscious of a guilty conscience, utters a word of warning—utters, in fact, five words. The story contains a plot!

One word as regards this plot, to the faithful few who remain. Incredible as it may seem in these days, it is a real plot. Not a Shakespearean "Gad-zooks! and Ods Bodikins" plot, nor yet one of those gasoline rubber-tired plots beloved of the Williamson family, nor is it even one of those creepy, look-under-the-bed stories frequented by mild-eyed clergy-

men during the summer vacation. No, trusty ones, this is a real, thud and blunder plot, one of those jet-brown and green ones, deep-laid and slowly ripening to fruition under the author's loving touches. For it is a plot of ground.

"Patriotism and Production." The phrase attracted me. It seemed too long to wait for Spring before making a beginning. The fate of empires was being decided in the meanwhile, so I resolved to start my seeds in boxes in the house, thereby gaining time, and at the same time getting an opportunity of closely watching the little creatures' growth. I bought a very pretty envelope of seeds for five cents, and by prying up a board in the cellar floor, obtained earth enough to fill a box, with sufficient left over to decorate the knees, sleeves and front of my best office clothes. Then, at the traditionally lucky hour of half past nine on a full moon night, I sowed those seeds. Never again! Next time it will be mid-day, in bright sunlight, with a fifty horsepower tungsten light to help, and a glow-worm wrapped round each seed as a safety-first precaution. I watered that box regularly every day; I patted down the earth at night and loosened it in the morning; and it was only after two weeks, when I had dug up the seeds to see whether they were not planted upside-down that I found I had sown a lot of beads from my wife's hat trimming. And to judge from the flowery effect on Easter Sunday, my seeds must have been sown and taken root on her new spring hat. I resolved to wait until spring before making further efforts.

Discussing the thing with Jones and Simkins, whose back yards adjoin mine, I found they were quite in sympathy with the movement. "In fact, I am doing the same thing," said Jones. "What are you planting?" I enquired, but he adopted a look of superiority as he replied, "Oh, I don't require to plant anything. I have a hardy perennial in the shape of an annually increasing stock of tin cans and bricks in my yard. All I need to do is to import a couple of sweet-voiced tom-cats and the neighbours will do the rest. I shall then dispose of the extra crop of sheet metal and building material at enormous profit."

Simkins' ideas were somewhat different. "If you ask for my advice," he said—which I had not done—"I should say that it is a simple matter of logic as to what you should plant. For Patriotism and Production, the obvious thing to plant would be Ps. Do not do so. Listen. You have at the back of your house a square yard. Now, a square yard contains nine square feet, and natural history teaches us that corn is the one thing to grow on a foot, in fact, I believe you can grow several corns on one foot."

"Marvellous," I said. "Marvellous," and then I repeated it. "But I would hardly call that intensive production, as I understand that for every corn one must have an acher."

That Spring I dug mud. I made front line, support and communication trenches, with traverses, saps, mine-craters and all modern improvements. And then I dug some more. I encountered enough wriggly worms to make me wear the blue ribbon for life. I dug out stones and I dug in fertilizer. I "borrowed" sand at night from a nearby contractor's pile—but that is another tale, as the worm said to me when both halves wriggled away independently. I worked in the garden—this was the backyard's new title—before breakfast every morning, and I also did a bit there after supper in the evening. And then I took a holiday on the Queen's Birthday, that is to say, Victoria Day, Empire Day, or whatever its name was that year, and I put in all my seeds.

Gentle reader, prepare here for a surprise. I can tell by the look in your eye that you are expecting to read now of the failure of my crops, and the consequent wasting of all my efforts. I hate to disappoint you, and were this a mere tale of fiction, I should not do so. But it is the strictest truth, and

truth is like fly-paper—no man can get on without sticking to it. So my garden was a howling success—even the cats howled over it, as they had howled over the howling wilderness before. For example, my radishes were wonderful—large and prolific. I never eat the indigestible things—simply grew them because it is the correct thing to do—every gardener grows radishes; so I sent them around to the neighbours. I know that Jones appreciated them, for he sent me in return three of his largest tin cans and half a red brick. I did enjoy the lettuce, though. I had it for lunch, fresh from the garden, every day

(Concluded on page 22.)

WE have just weathered a siege of potato-planting—about as mean a job as there is. My part, of course, consisted in cutting the tubers, and that was plenty for me. We always cut them in the drivehouse, a commodious stone building full of draughts and implements. I also have a hen in there with twenty-one chickens, which add to the lively appearance of the place. I sat up in the old sleigh-box on a pile of empty sacks with a bag of potatoes emptied around me. As I cut them, I took the whiskers off them, and laid the cuts in a pail. At intervals the head floorwalker appeared and carried off what I had cut. On the start I cut fast and furiously, and everything went as merry as a wake until I happened to think of my bread—one inevitably mixes bread when there is anything else to do—so I ran to the house and lifted the cloth off the dish. Bread was all right, and would not be ready for mixing for half an hour. I was at the kitchen door, going out to the drivehouse again when a sudden extraordinary uproar sent my heart into my throat—the baby had fallen out of bed!

I raced upstairs and rescued a small and very indignant child from the far recess of the darkness under the bed and brought her downstairs. The afternoon nap was terminated for that day, which brought in a new complication. My experience of that child told me that if I cut potatoes, she would insist upon cutting them, too, and, much as I wanted help, I certainly did not yearn for her help. But they had to be cut, so after the bonnet and coat had been arranged to her satisfaction, we went out. I tried to hurry her past the hen with the chickens, but she broke from me delightedly and ran over to the coop flinging herself down upon her—ah—contour and gazing with great eagerness at the little ones. She knew where I kept the wheat tailings for them, and set about to feed them—so I had to put the wheat "far from the madding crowd," for I think there are some cases where prevention is better than cure.

Then I clambered into the sleigh-box once more and took up the knife. Baby comforted herself with some sprouts, which she endeavoured to eat, but finally fed them to the hen, though with rather indifferent results. She soon went over to the shelf where I had put the wheat and demanded some for her pets.

"Oh, no, Babe," I said, smoothly, "run out and get some pretty dandelions to play with!"

"Chicky," she said, firmly, but kindly, pointing a fat and dirty finger at the wheat.

"Might make chicky sick—too much wheat," I told her, endeavouring to convey by dumb show the awful agonies of a crop over-crowded with wheat at \$2-and-the-dear-knows-what a bushel.

"Chicky," she rejoined, patiently, disregarding my efforts as unworthy of a person of my years.

"Where's the doggie? Here Bob! Here Bob!" I called in vain. She was not a bit diverted from her purpose—for Bob was tied up in the stable and made no answer.

"Chicky," she reiterated, a little impatience creeping into her voice. I concluded that silence was my refuge, and cut potatoes at top speed.

(Concluded on page 22.)

PRODUCTS OF A PATRIOT

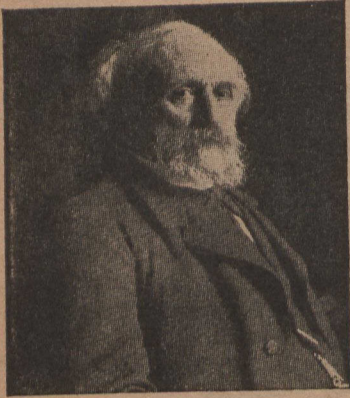
By ED. C. JOSEPH

POTATOES AND A BABY

By Nina M. Jamison

CONTEMPORARY CUTTINGS

A FEW months ago M. Alexandre Ribot became Premier in the Government which succeeds the Briand Cabinet. M. Ribot is a high-minded statesman and orator, says Maxime Vuillaume, in *The World's Work*, writing on this



"Grand old man of France." Born in February, 1842, he is now seventy-five years old. Age has whitened his hair, and bent his figure, but lightning still flashes from his eyes when the debate begins. Since 1878, when he first entered the Chamber, M. Ribot has never allowed a

single great question of the day to pass without entering into the discussion. He has been for many years prominent in French internal and foreign politics. As Minister of Foreign Affairs, under M. de Freycinet, he held office at a most grave period. Later, under M. Loubet, holding the same portfolio, he assisted in the working out of the Franco-Russian alliance. A short sojourn at the Ministry of the Interior led M. Ribot, in 1895, to the Ministry of Finance. Followed a period of nearly twenty years of retirement from office. He only came back in June, 1914, to be put at the head of the finances of National Defence. He was well chosen as chief treasurer for this war, which was going to disburse thousands of millions. To his knowledge and experience he adds a reputation for spotless honour. The work of M. Ribot since he took his place in the reconstructed Viviani Ministry, on August 26th, 1914, is considerable. Finance was disturbed, markets upset, and gold and silver disappeared from circulation as if by magic. France had not only to meet the expenses of the upkeep of millions of men, but had to create an immense amount of material which was almost entirely lacking. Millions piled on millions. The badly filled Treasury was emptied quickly. Vuillaume says:

"To fill these ever-yawning and ever-deepening gulfs, M. Ribot appealed to French thrift. He asked the famous 'woollen stocking' to empty its treasures into his hands. The 'stocking,' and with it the wealthy class, responded to his call with alacrity and enthusiasm. And here became apparent the confidence reposed in the man to whom were confided the financial destinies of France."

M. Ribot took the old treasury bonds, and by reducing their value made them accessible to the general public, under the popular title of *The National Defence Bonds*. The issue of the Defence Bonds and the two loans of 1915 and 1916, figure in the resources of the Treasury as over £1,600,000,000.

War and Education

SPEAKING of some of the many peculiar factors that go to the making of education in English schools, Ronald M. Burrows, in *The Fortnightly*, says:

If, however, there is much in the cult of games that is inevitable and admirable for a self-contained society of healthy Englishmen, there are sides of it that are dangerous, and can, and should, be checked. These are its faults bound up with the boarding school system, but are rather echoes within that system of faults in the larger world of elders outside. The first of these is an impatient and contemptuous attitude to theory as opposed to practice, to brain as opposed to muscle. The general race instinct to prefer gift to effort, is perverted for the public school boy, by the examples in which the comparison between the two is presented to him. A scholarship is won with toil and drudgery when compared with a place in the footer team. The thinking side of skill in games themselves is hard to disentangle from the first impression of spontaneous physical vigour.

Masterful will and strong body are presented to boys as all-desirable qualities, thoughtfulness and intellectual interest as negligible. Boys are not likely to look behind this obvious side of things if they notice that their parents give little honour to intellect, unless it presents itself in a material and practical form. The pure scientist, the philosopher, the historian, are unimportant people in England, more unimportant probably than in any country in Europe. It is only when brains are applied in a particular practical way, to politics, or law, or administration, or when they win their way to recognized prizes in the social hierarchy, that they receive homage. The best part of a century ago, Richard Cobbett asked, in the House of Commons: "When was the British Museum of the slightest use to the country at large? It was a place in which the rich were accustomed to lounge away their time at the expense of their poorer countrymen. For his own part, he did not know where the British Museum was." No leader of opinion to-day, least of all a leader of advanced working-class opinion, such as Cobbett was, would commit himself to such frank obscurantism.

The war has, for the time, brought seriousness into the nation's life. Dare we hope that it will teach the nation these three things?

First, That in every great undertaking, behind the able and masterful man who can practise, there must stand the thoughtful, and often shy and unimpressive man who can theorize, and that the one is as vital for the nation as the other.

Secondly, That, in modern society, industry and organization are needed from top to bottom, for the leader as well as the led.

Thirdly, That, if we are to justify our customary boast that our public schools train character, we must see to it that it is the right kind of character; that the sporting spirit, like the spirit of commercial speculation to which it is akin, is good or bad just so far as it is social or anti-social, as it serves or exploits society.

Kamerad Storjes

MANY stories have been told of fraternal relations between enemy soldiers since the first Christmas truce in 1914. Here are two new ones of a decidedly different character; one serious, the other just Irish:

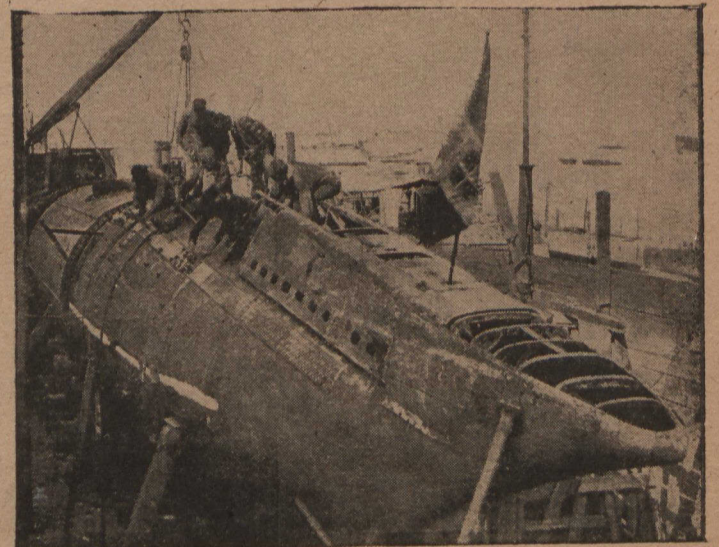
"Let me tell you," said a private of the Dublin Fusiliers, as related by S. Stapleton, in *The Contemporary Review*, "what happened to myself. As I raced across the open with my comrades, jumping in and out of shell-holes, and the bullets flying thick around us, laying many a fine boy low, I said to myself, 'This is going to be a fight to the last gasp for those of us that get to the Germans.' As I came near to the trenches, I picked a man out for myself. Straight in front of me, he was, leaning out of the trench, and he with a rifle firing away at us as if we were rabbits. I made for him with my bayonet ready, determined to give him what he deserved, when—what do you think?—didn't he notice me and what I was up to! Dropping his rifle he raised himself up in the trench and stretched out his hands towards me. What could you do in that case, but what I did. Sure, you wouldn't have the heart to strike him down, even if he were to kill you. I caught sight of his eyes, and there was such a frightened and pleading look in them, that I at once lowered my rifle, and took him by the hand, saying, 'You're my prisoner!' I don't suppose he understood a word of what I said; but he clung to me, crying, 'Kamerad, Kamerad!' I was more glad than ever that I hadn't the blood of him on my soul. 'Tis a queer thing to say, maybe, of a man who acted like that; but, all the same, he looked a decent boy, every bit of him. I suppose the truth of it is this: We soldiers on both sides have to go through such terrible experiences that there is no accounting for how we may behave. We might be devils, all out, in the morning, and saints,

no less, in the evening."

The relations between the trenches include even attempts at an exchange of repartee. The wit, as may be supposed, in such circumstances, is invariably ironic and sarcastic. My examples are Irish, for the reason that I have had most to do with Irish soldiers, but they may be taken as fairly representative of the taunts and pleasantries which are often bandied across No Man's Land. The Germans, holding part of their line in Belgium, got to know that the British trenches opposite them were being held by an Irish battalion. "Hello, Irish!" they cried. "How is King Carson getting on, and have you got Home Rule yet?" The company sergeant-major, a big Tipperary man, was selected to make the proper reply, and, in order that it might be fully effective, he sent it through a megaphone which the colonel was accustomed to use in addressing the battalion on parade. "Hello, Gerrys!" he called out. "I'm thinking it isn't information ye want, but divarshion; but 'tis information I'll be after giving ye, all the same. Later on we'll be sending ye some fun that'll make ye laugh at the other side of yer mouths. The last we heard of Carson, he was prodding the Government like the very devil to put venom into their blows at ye, and more power to his elbow while he's at that work, say we. As for Home Rule, we mean to have it, and we'll get it, please God, when ye're licked. Put that in yer pipes, and smoke it."

Italy and Ourselves

TO-DAY Italy, says Enrico Corradini, in *The Nineteenth Century*, finds herself under the hard strain of battle, side by side with her Allies, loyal to them and to her star. This nation, healthy, sober, and hitherto so largely emigrant, is sending her sons up amid the ice and snow of the Alpine summits and on the desert Carso to do and to suffer like their Roman ancestors. With valiant hearts the people are willing in the day of combat to give their property and their lives for the cause they have embraced, and no people can do more. They are not without genius, not soon tired out; they have multiplied tenfold their factories, shipyards, munition works, that army and navy may be well provided. The Allies, and especially your powerful Britain, know what a tremendous task it is to make sure of the nation's bread, to supply its furnaces with coal, and its artillery with steel. Let them rest in full confidence that Italy will not be wanting to the final victory by any default from her obligations. Our new people, with their profound commonsense, know what the War means. Like Janus, it has two faces, the German and the anti-German. It is the Kaiser's war, and the war of the Nations. East and west, sword in hand, rushed out the hosts of Pangermanism, full-fed with prosperity, lusting after the world's riches, bent on exploiting the inferior races from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf. This was Napoleon come to life again as a Teuton; for the Corsican had dreamed such dreams. And, as was to be expected, England, which had overthrown the original, detected the counterfeit sooner than her neighbours; she knew that the existence of a Free Europe was a stake. The German face of Janus



Italy is now hitting Austria harder than she has ever done. She is the only Allied nation fighting on enemy soil. This is a captured Austrian U-boat being repaired by the Italians.

foreboded universal slavery; the anti-German smiled with infinite hope. Every Allied country which helps to win the day, while the despotic empires go down, will begin a better time for itself. Let me suggest how this may be, taking some similar crises in world-history to guide our reflections.

In the War now raging England and Italy have it well in their power to renew the ancient bonds. We Italians know, and we often speak "con qualche coscienza e qualche conoscenza"—not unwittingly nor without feeling—of "almighty England, the inexhaustible." We cannot but look up to the great nations chosen "regere imperio populos"—to found many-peopled empires—and if our first admiration is naturally directed to our Roman forefathers, our second is for Britain. That is one reason why such old friends, now in alliance, should realize how sound in mind and body, how enduring, generous, and resolute, is this new Italy of ours. From Adowa to Tripoli, from Tripoli to the War of Wars, the advance has been maintained. Italy is now seeking, and she will surely find, the future that she requires, that alone she can deem worthy of her age-long renown.

Germany's Big Brain

POPULAR opinion this side of the Atlantic if asked whether Hindenburg or Ludendorff is the real energizing brain of Germany, would at once say—Hindenburg. H. L. Meneken, writing in the Atlantic Monthly, thinks otherwise. When Germany decided on the policy that drove the United States into war, says Meneken, it was Ludendorff that turned the trick. It was a military party and Ludendorff was the host. Of course Bethmann-Hollweg was there, and so were the Kaiser and Kaiser Karl of Austria. All three of them hesitated. But what chance did they have in the face of Hindenburg and Ludendorff? Ludendorff is worth six Bethmann-Hollwegs, or ten Kaisers or forty Kaiser Karls. Once his mind is made up he gets to business at once. Hindenburg is the idol of the populace. Ludendorff is the brains. All Hindenburg asks for is an army and an enemy. But Ludendorff has a capacious mind. He has imagination. He grasps inner significance. He can see around corners. He enjoys planning, plotting, figuring things out. Have you ever heard of him sobbing about the Fatherland; or letting off pious platitudes like Hindenburg? Of course you haven't. He plays the game for its own sake and he plays it damnably well. Ludendorff is the neglected factor in this war—the forgotten great man. Yet the 1914 edition of the German Who's Who does not mention Ludendorff at all. At the time it was published he was a simple colonel on the General Staff, detailed to work out routes of march for the army in case of war.

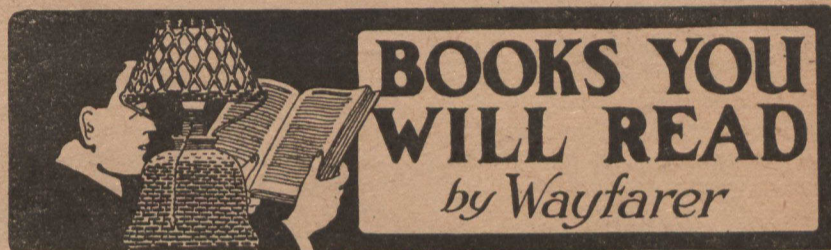
To the populace, of course, Hindenburg remains the national hero and beau ideal; nay, almost the national Messiah. His rescue of East Prussia from the Cossacks and his prodigies in Poland and Lithuania have given him a half-fabulous character; a great body of legend grows up about him;

he will do down into German history alongside Moltke, Blucher, and the great Frederick; monuments to him are already rising. His popularity, indeed, it would be impossible to exaggerate. Nothing of the sort has been seen in the United States since the days of Washington. He not only stands side by side with the Kaiser—he stands far above the Kaiser; ten of his portraits are sold to one of Wilhelm's; a hundred to that of any other general. But the further one gets from the people and the nearer one approaches the inner circle of German opinion, the less one hears of Hindenburg and the more one hears of Ludendorff. Two years ago Hindenburg was given all the credit for the astounding feat of arms at Tannenberg—the most extraordinary victory, surely, of this war, and perhaps one of the greatest of all time. Legends began to spring up on the day following the news; they made the battle no more than the delayed performance of a play long rehearsed; Hindenburg was said to have planned it back in the nineties. But now one hears that Ludendorff, too, had a hand in it; that he knew the ground quite as well as his chief; that it was he who swung a whole corps—by motor-car, a la Gallieni—around the Russian right to Bischofsburg, and so cut off Samsonoff's retreat. One hears, again, that it was Ludendorff who planned the Battle in the Snow—another gigantic affair, seldom heard of outside Germany, but even more costly to the Russians than Tannenberg. One hears, yet again, that it was Ludendorff who devised the advance upon Lodz, which wiped out three whole Russian corps; and that it was Ludendorff who prepared the homeric blow at Gorlice, which freed Galicia and exposed Poland; and that it was Ludendorff who found a way to break the Polish quadrilateral, supposedly impregnable; and that it was Ludendorff who chose the moment for the devastating Vormarsch into Lithuania and Courland, which gave the Germans a territory in Russia almost half as large as the German Empire itself. Finally, one hears that it was Ludendorff, bent double over his maps, who planned the Roumanian campaign, an operation so swift and so appallingly successful that the tale of it seems almost fantastic. In brief, one hears of Ludendorff, Ludendorff, whenever German officers utter more than twenty words about the war; his portrait hangs in every mess room; he is the god of every young lieutenant; his favourable notice is worth more to a division or corps commander than the *ordre pour le merite*; he is, as it were, the esoteric Ulysses of the war. Curious tales are told of his omnipresence, his omniscience. He devised and promulgated, it is said, the Polish customs tariff. He fixed railroad rates, routes, and even schedules. When it was proposed to set up branches of the great German banks in Warsaw, Lodz, and Wilna, he examined the plans and issued permissions. When Americans came in with relief schemes, he heard them, cross-examined them, and told them what they could and could not do. He made regulations for newspaper correspondents, prison-camp workers, refugees, Dirnen, Jews. He established a news-service for the army. He promulgated ordinances for the government of cities and towns, and appointed their

officials. He proclaimed compulsory education, and ordered that under-officers be told off to teach school. In brief, he reorganized the whole government, from top to bottom, of a territory of more than 100,000 square miles, with a population of at least 15,000,000, and kept a firm grip, either directly or through officers always under his care, upon every detail of its administration. Hindenburg has no taste for such things. He was, and is, an officer of the old school, impatient of laws and taxes. So the business fell to Ludendorff, and he discharged it with zest.

All this was nearly two years ago. Last summer came Hindenburg's promotion to the supreme command, and with it a vast increase in opportunity for Ludendorff. Hitherto his power,

and even his influence, had stopped at the German border; now his hand began to be felt in Berlin. His first task was to speed up the supply of munitions; the Allies on the West front had begun to show superiority here. The plans evolved by General von Falkenhayn, Hindenburg's predecessor, were thrown out as inadequate; entirely new plans were put into operation. When I left Germany, in February, results were beginning to reveal themselves. New munitions factories were opening almost daily; the old ones were spouting smoke twenty-four hours a day. An American correspondent, taken to one of these plants, returned to Berlin almost breathless. He swore he had seen a store of shells so vast that the lanes through it were seventeen kilometres long.



NEW IDEALS IN BUSINESS. By Ida Tarbell. The Macmillan Co., Toronto. \$1.75.

IN her studies for her history of the Standard Oil Co. and her books on the Tariff, Miss Tarbell travelled far and wide over the industrial field and was brought into contact more closely than might otherwise have been with the relations of employer and employee. When opportunity permitted she decided to devote the necessary time to a more careful and systematic study of this problem, and interviewed hundreds of men and women from presidents and directors of companies to the most humble of wage-earners. The result of this study is now set forth in the book under review. The whole matter is dealt with in so sane, so unbiassed and so hopeful a manner that we unhesitatingly recommend that the book should be read and pondered over by every employer of labour and, since the future status of capital and labour can only be settled by careful co-operation between both parties, it should be as carefully studied by every labourer.

THE DAWN OF A NEW PATRIOTISM. By John D. Hunt. The Macmillan Co., Toronto.

A VALUABLE contribution to the rural life problem in Canada in which Mr. Hunt points out the duty each member owes to the community in which he lives, the manner in which that duty may be brought home to each individual and the means to be adopted for the performance of that duty, first to his own community, then to the country as a whole, and finally to the Empire of which we form so important a part. Properly carried out the lessons he inculcates must make for a nobler citizenship and a richer and fuller life.

ONE YOUNG MAN. Edited by J. E. Hodder Williams. Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto.

THIS is an interesting account of a young Englishman, a sort of Bible Class young man, who realized that citizenship meant more than the enjoyment of security and happiness,

and deemed it not only his right and privilege but his duty to God to fight for the preservation of everything we hold sacred. It is a well told tale, moving and poignant, all the more so because of its simplicity and freedom from heroics.

THE SHADOW LINE. By Joseph Conrad. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., Toronto. \$1.75.

A YOUNG sailor, in one of those fits of utter irresponsibility which come to many men who live adventurous out-of-doors lives, threw up his job as first mate on an Eastern liner, with no definite plan in mind but that of going home. In the very moment, almost, of his doing so he receives the appointment of master of a British sailing ship whose captain had recently died. With that profound knowledge born of actual experience, and with that wonderful mastery of the English language which has brought him to the fore-front of English novelists, Mr. Conrad proceeds to unfold a tale of the sea which holds one fascinated to the very end.

BINDLE. By Herbert Jenkins. William Briggs, Toronto. \$1.25.

YOU must get to know Bindle. He is a real philosopher and a genuine humorist—but he is far more of a humorist than a philosopher. Through all the ups and downs of life he keeps smiling, and, what's more to the point, he keeps you laughing. There are a few books that I keep at hand for the "blue" days. To this number I have gladly added "Bindle."

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MYSTICAL VERSE.

MANY a man has written a poem or two which have the correctness of technique demanded by the most exacting critic and the heart-throb which appeals to the man in the street. The output may be too small to be published in a volume by itself or the quality of the rest of the poet's work may be so far below even the popular conception of real poetry that it would be a waste of money to buy the volume and a waste of time to read its con-

texts. Anthologies serve the admirable purpose of preserving for posterity, in readily accessible form, the few pieces that will live.

Among the most enjoyable and valuable anthologies of English poetry none surpasses the excellent compilations made by Sir A. Quiller-Couch for the Oxford University Press. To these they have just added the OXFORD BOOK OF MYSTICAL VERSE, compiled by D. H. S. Nicholson and A. H. E. Lee. It comprises some 400 odd poems by upwards of 160 authors and covers the whole range of English poetry from the unknown poet's "Amergin," written prior to the year 1290 down to the poetry of our own day.

THE STORY OF THE TRUST COMPANIES. By E. T. Perine. Putnam's. \$2.00.

IN this volume Mr. Perine tells the story of the Modern Trust Company from the very beginnings down to the present time. It is, of course, the history of the American companies that he narrates but it is nevertheless a very interesting account, especially as the author enriches it with much interesting information about the financial and industrial conditions of

each period in his history.

Like all movements of its kind the Trust Company met with a good deal of opposition which makes very amusing reading in these days when the Trust Company is looked upon as an integral part of our commercial life. A number of illustrations of by-gone New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, add considerably to the interest of the volume.

THE GAY LIFE. By Keble Howard. S. B. Gundy. \$1.30.

T IRED of the conventional novel of the stage which gives the impression that theatrical people lead shockingly unconventional and even immoral lives, Mr. Keble Howard has written this novel to show that actors and actresses are not less virtuous than people in any other walk of life. It is a novel with a purpose, but its purpose is not to solve a problem in sex-relations, nor to preach a sermon. It is but to hold the mirror up to nature and reveal the truth about one phase of life. The whole story is artistically worked out so that at no time does its purpose obtrude itself upon the reader. The situations are funny without being vulgar and the dialogue is crisp and witty.

FRITZ'S MUSICAL EXIT

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

REORGANIZING the Boston Symphony on a pro-Ally basis is one of the most drastic reforms ever undertaken in music. If the Teutons are all to be removed from the Boston Symphony, what becomes of the Boches in the other great American orchestras? Karl Much—goes. But of course Frederick Stock remains. He is, we understand, a naturalized American. So is Van der Stucken of the Cincinnati Symphony. Oberhoffer of the Minneapolis Symphony—what of him? He will probably naturalize. He is too good a man to lose. Why is it anyway that most of the eminent conductors on this continent are Teutons? Aside from Toscanini, Jacobia and a few others, nine-tenths of the men who wield the batons of America as well as a large percentage of those who play in the orchestras are Germans or Austrians. There is no real reason for this. When Nikisch was in Canada a few years ago he got some of the most colossal results from the London Symphony—all British born—ever heard in this country. There is, candidly speaking, less temperament in the average Teuton than in the average Latin. Exceptions there are. Nikisch himself is the most notable. Paur is a good second. We have Teutonic-origin, Canadian-citizen conductors here who have exceptional ability. We have few conductors here of Latin origin. It has been taken as an everlasting axiom that because most music students went to Germany to finish off and because there were a few such great names, as Wagner, Beethoven, Liszt, Brahms, Bach, etc., the pushful German should "penetrate" the musical life of other countries just as he did commercially, financially, industrially. We are now getting our eyes opened. We have been a lot of Anglo-Saxon easy marks to let the German dominate us musically. Heaven be thanked we have not failed to recog-

nize the worth of Italian, French, English and Russian music. We knew long before the war that more great musical art was coming out of any of these countries than from modern Germany. The best works of Puccini, Montemezzi, Leoncavallo, Wolf-Ferrari, (modern Italian), of Tchaikowsky, Gretchaninoff, Rachmaninoff, Glinka, Scriabine, Arensky, Dvorak (modern Russian); of Debussy, Charpentier, Massenet, Pierre and St. Saens (modern French); of Elgar, Bantock, Percy Pitt, Cyril Scott (modern English), present us with a far greater variety of good work—in any one single instance—than the works of the modern Germans.

Who in fact are the modern German composers? Strauss, Richard, and Richard Strauss. Who else has Germany got now engaged in real creative work? Echo answers. In Austria—who? Schoenberg. Heavens! Oh, we shall be told that we don't know the young geniuses coming up in Berlin and Vienna. Well—who are they?

Is it not a solemn fact that Germany got her musical hold on other countries largely by working on her past reputation? Has she not hung upon us for long enough the memory of the five immortals named elsewhere, including the three B's? Of course no other country has produced a Beethoven, a Bach or a Wagner. But ye have bowed at these shrines and shall continue so to do. We shall never do better. Bach and Beethoven we adore—forever. But as to Wagner—have we not rated him far too highly? Great genius though he was, isn't about half of his work negligible, except for strictly German consumption?

Anyway these men are dead. Modern Germany is trading musically on their reputations. Modern Europe has already got infinitely more from Russia, France, Italy, England—if not

America—more musical literature than from modern Germany whose soul is dead to the real message of music.

Yet we have permitted German effrontery to dominate our conductors' desks, our orchestras, our ensemble corps, and in some cases our singing societies. Cheek? Yes, we freely admit it. Germany's musical ascendancy is over; at least until Germany rediscovers a soul. And if we are to build up orchestras or any form of national music in Canada let us at least give the music of all countries an equal chance of recognition.

We shall be reminded of what we owe Germany. True. Let us never forget it. But the best in German music is good for the best of us, because it is a form of universal art.

Welsman Studio Club.

THE last meeting of the season of the Welsman Studio Club was held in the Conservatory of Music on Tuesday evening, May 15th, when the programme took the form of an evening of Grieg's music. The various numbers were all rendered with great technical proficiency and musical taste. The piano concerto was presented by Miss Lillie Timmins in the first movement, and Miss Virginia Coyne in the second and third movements. Miss Constance Martin contributed a group of the Lyric Pieces and also joined Miss Beatrice Prest in the G Major Sonate for Piano and Violin. Miss Alice Wark and Mr. Simeon Joyce played the Romanza for two pianos.

Who is This Impresario?

A NEWS heading last week said, OPERATIC PARTY AT THE FRONT.

Looking over the despatch we expected to find news of Caruso, Schumann, Heink and Massenet, all engaged—with Gatto-Casazza—in giving grand opera for the Allied troops. Not so. The sub-head stated: "Canadians on firing line march to the strains of La Navarraise." What is—La Navarraise? Was it meant for La Marseillaise? Perhaps. But even this conjecture fails to be supported by the facts, as stated in the article, which says, however:

"On reaching the front lines, your correspondent found a Montreal battalion facing Fritz, and your correspondent took luncheon with the genial commander, who had just left the Irish-Canadians in England. In another part of the line, The Mail and Empire correspondent was the guest of an officer who had been connected with a famous Canadian opera, and whose talent in this direction has resulted in his being given charge of musical arrangements, and an operatic party has been formed."

Guess again. Who is this impresario? We can only surmise that the correspondent refers to Col. Meighen, who for two seasons so ably financed the Montreal Opera Company of glorious memory. Some time ago Col. Meighen was brought back by the Government to give a course of instruction here in trench warfare. Perhaps he is back again.



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CANADA'S WONDER PLACES

(Concluded from page 15.)

the surrounding peaks. The alpine meadows and park-lands, as well as the open slopes of the valley are throughout the spring and summer decked with a gorgeous array of flowers of varied hues which, in places, are so profuse and brilliant that it seems as if nature had spread a carpet of rainbow colours for the delight and wonder of her visitors.

Jasper Park, with an area of 4,400 square miles, is one of the latest and the largest of the Dominion Parks, and is on the main lines of both the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern Railways. It possesses innumerable snow-capped mountains,

glaciers, water-falls, canyons, and crystal lakes, and sulphur springs, with a temperature ranging from 112 to 128 degrees Fahrenheit, have been discovered. Maligne Lake, one of the most beautiful in the Rockies, which was not originally included in the Park, has now been taken in. Mount Cavell, named in honour of the British nurse murdered in Belgium, is one of the highest peaks, with a hanging glacier clinging across its face from south to north, and on its western end a huge glacier, ending in a dark, pine-covered valley, along which a rushing torrent runs to the Athabaska River. The Maligne River is one of the most

remarkable streams in North America, running for miles underground and having a considerably greater volume near the source than at its outlet. At one point along its course it flows in a canyon over a hundred feet in depth and along what are now the sides of the canyon are giant "pot-holes" made by the stream before it had eroded its bed to its present depth.

Buffalo Park, the home of the Government herd of buffalo, the largest herd in the world, is half a mile south of Wainright, Alberta, and covers an area of 160 square miles. The Park is surrounded by a high wire fence and a ploughed fire-guard. The Buffalo now in the Park number 1,453 and the herd is increasing every year, much to the gratification of all who take an interest in the wild life of the American continent.

IN MATTERS OF MONEY

CHART YOUR SAVINGS

(SAYS POPULAR AUTHOR)

MOST of us have very crude methods of saving money and a lot of the crudity is reflected in the way we keep tab on our own financial doings. In his book, "How to Get Ahead," Albert W. Atwood gives the leading character of the book a chance to show how he kept a line on his savings:

"I have arranged a scheme so that I can actually see my hoard growing," says the inventor, a young man. "My system is simple. It requires about two minutes a week, but it stimulates my saving instinct just enough, so that I have acquired a fine nest-egg since I started doing it.

"The first thing I did was to procure some paper ruled off into squares (the kind surveyors and efficiency engineers use). Horizontally my squares represented \$5 each. Perpendicularly the squares represented two weeks. Then I went to work to "plot" my curve. The first week I saved \$5 and put a dot opposite the first \$5 mark and ran a line up from the zero mark—that is, to the intersection of my constants. Perhaps that isn't clear to you, but you will see that the more nearly vertical my curve runs the faster I am saving.

"Up to the fifty-dollar mark—that is, ten divisions of my vertical—I made a mark. That represented my temporary goal. If I had saved that amount in ten weeks, my curve would have been a line running at forty-five degrees. As it was, it took me twice as long. Then I decided I was going at too slow a rate, so I increased my saving each week, and the line shot off at a sharp angle upward. In that way I could actually see the improvement I made. Every time the line begins to sag a little, I take the hint and deduct a dime or a quarter from

my luncheon money or other expenses. I stick to it until the curve straightens out. It seems a little thing; but I never saved a cent until I started the chart."

Conscript Canada's Crop

(Concluded from page 12.)

be offering Great Britain wheat at a lower price than she would otherwise



How Uncle Sam goes after his Liberty Loan.

—Cesare in N. Y. Post.

have to pay.

The price once set, the elevator companies have to be notified that the government will buy wheat delivered at Fort William, and that all wheat brought to the elevators must either be moved to Fort William or held to the government's order. The necessary reserves can be held for seed, and the milling companies allowed sufficient for their requirements. The balance can be sold en bloc to the wheat Commission of the Allies.

In the United States matters are in a much different position. Only a narrow percentage of their crop can be exported, and the first aspect of

their problem is getting the wheat which is grown within a limited area distributed through a population of a hundred millions. They may well prefer to leave undisturbed the machinery for domestic distribution, while a contrary course is indicated. We eat only a small part of the crop we grow. Our problem is to sell and deliver the surplus abroad with a minimum of effort, and a minimum of disturbance to our own affairs. By government action we can secure the greatest benefit to Great Britain and France, we can secure an adequate price to the farmer for his crop, a price that will encourage him to continue putting forth his greatest efforts, and at the same time we can avoid the absurdity of fifteen dollar flour in this country, and bread at eight cents a pound.

Tax the Hold-Backer

HON. GEORGE GRAHAM'S recommendation to tax idle, speculative land in the West—or elsewhere—should have the moral support of all people who read this column. As the Canadian Courier has pointed out, these lands were grabbed by speculative companies in boom times right along the lines of new railway. The settler was forced to go back behind the lines in order to raise his crops and forced to haul his crops long distances to market. Every bushel of wheat thus hauled at a reduced profit helps to increase the value of the speculative land along the railway. The speculator hits both the railway which cost the country millions to build and the settler whose production is handicapped by the idle land blocking his road to market.

A tax on these lands might force them into the market. People might buy these lands and crop them. Heavens! what a revolution that would be! What an interference with the sacred right of monopolists to squat with other people's money on the country's land and to keep it out of production for the sake of boosting the price! Single tax has only partially succeeded in solving this problem. A good stiff war tax might solve it a great deal more quickly.

But taxing idle land is not necessarily a Liberal idea. Surely some Conservatives will be found who will endorse it.



Where Shall I Invest My Money?

There are innumerable people who have from \$500 up to \$10,000 for investment. They know that they ought to get more than 3% which the Savings Bank pays, but they do not know of any other absolutely safe place to put their money, where it will draw good interest. To such we suggest investigating our

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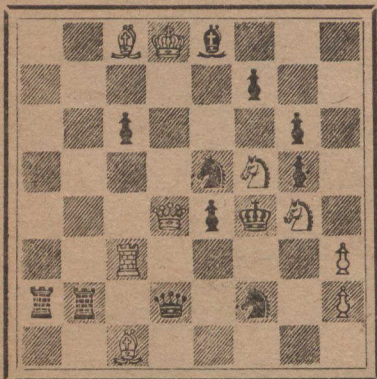
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C H E S S

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PROBLEM NO. 139, by C. Promislo.
First Prize (ex equo), Good Companions Club, May, 1917.
Black.—Twelve Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.
SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 137, by I. Smutny.

1. B—R3, K—Q3; 2. Kt—K8ch, K moves;
3. Q—K3 or B—Q7 mate.
1., K—K5; 2. Q—K2ch, K moves;
3. Ex6 mate.
1., P—Kt4; 2. Kt—Q7ch, K moves;
3. B—B5 or Q—Q5 mate.
1., Kt—B3 or B5; 2. Kt—B4ch, K—K5; 3. Q—K3 mate.

1., threat; 2. Kt—K6, K—K5;
3. Q—K2 mate.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

The City of London championship has been won for the second year in succession by Mr. E. G. Sergeant, who finished with the excellent score of five wins, 0 losses, and two draws. The best game played by the champion during the tournament was his victory over Mr. G. E. Wainwright, who was singularly unsuccessful with but one victory and six losses. The score and notes (unless otherwise stated) are taken from the "British Chess Magazine."

Four Knights' Game.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>White.
G. E. Wainwright.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P—K4 2. Kt—QB3 3. Kt—B3 4. B—Kt5 5. Castles 6. Kt—Q5 (a) 7. PxKt 8. Kt—Ksq (b) 9. P—QB3 (c) 10. B—B4 (d) 11. B—Kt3 12. P—B3? 13. K—Rsq 14. P—Q6 dch 15. P—Q3 (f) 16. Kt—B2 (g) 17. P—B4 18. PxKt 19. Q—K2 (i) 20. P—Q4 21. P—Kt3 22. BxP 23. P—QR4 (j) 24. BxP (k) 25. B—Ktsq (m) | <p>Black.
E. G. Sergeant.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. P—K4 2. Kt—KB3 3. Kt—B3 4. B—Kt5 5. Castles 6. KtxKt 7. P—K5 8. Kt—K2 9. B—R4 10. P—QKt4 (e) 11. B—Kt2 12. B—Kt3ch 13. P—KB4 14. Kt—Q4 15. P—K6 16. P—B5 17. Q—R5 (h) 18. QR—Ksq 19. R—K4 20. R—R4 21. KBPxP 22. P—QR4 23. QKtPxP 24. QBxP (l) 25. KtPxP |
|--|---|

26. B—B2 (n) 26. RxB
Resigns.
(a) Pillsbury used to declare his move premature; but later opinion is more favorable to it, as maintaining at least an even game.
(b) PxKt is more usual.
(c) Weakening. P—Q3 is the natural development. (Ed. C.)
(d) P—Q3 was still best. If in reply 10., P—KB4, then 11. Q—K2. (Ed. C.)
(e) An excellent advance gaining time for the proper development of the Queen's Bishop. (Ed. C.)
(f) After having advanced the King's Bishop Pawn, this now gives his game a very unfavorable appearance! (Ed. C.)
(g) Not 16. P—QB4, for then 16., R—Ksq, and if 17. Q—K2, Kt—B5.
(h) In this difficult and interesting position Black decides to sacrifice his Knight for a rapid development of his Queen's Rook. An alternative line was 17., R—Ksq; 18. Q—K2, KtPxP; 19. P(Q3)xP, B—R3, when Black has a very good game. (White would continue 20. Kt—Ksq, K—Rsq! (If 20., Q—B3, then 21. Kt—Q3, Q—B4; 22. R—Qsq, Kt—B3; 23. P—B5 dis. ch); 21. Kt—Q3, Kt—B3; 22. KtxP, with good chances of attack on the troublesome King's pawn. (Ed. C.)
(i) Not 19. Q—Ksq, because of 19., P—K7!
(j) 23. P—QR3 would lose a piece by 23., P—R5; 24. B—R2, QxPch; 25. QxQ, RxQch, etc.
(k) Inferior. 24. RxB, B—R3; 25. B—QB4, QxPch; 26. QxQ, RxQch; 27. K—Ktsq, would have left a game with a lot of fight in it.
(l) The correct play would seem to be 24., QxPch; 25. QxQ, RxQch; 26. K—Ktsq, QBxP; 27. Kt—Ksq (or 27. PxP, BxP; 28. Kt—Ksq, R—B4 followed by R—R4 wins), P—B3, and although a piece down Black has a progressive advantage in position and Pawn that should win eventually. (Ed. C.)
(m) Black threatened 25., RxB; 26. RxB, BxRch. (Ed. C.)
(n) 26. B—K3 was correct play after which it is not clear how Black can maintain the attack. Certainly White has unlimited resources in defence. (Ed. C.)

burden of the family on his shoulders. "Tom! Tom! Tom!" came the call again. "here's a letter for you." A letter for Tom? Such an event had come into his life only twice, once when the fresh air society offered him a week in the country which he could not afford to take, and a letter from the license bureau with his newsboy badge. The dry side of the pillow served as handkerchief and towel, and, holding his head low to hide his red eyes, he ran into the next room. "John J. Sweeney," he read on the corner of the envelope, "why, he's the alderman from this district." Fingers were all thumbs trying to get that letter open and part of it was torn before the envelope would give up its secret. The note was short and type-written but it took Tom nearly five minutes to read it aloud. Each word seemed to have taken a new meaning to the astonished boy. "Mr. Thomas McGuire, 148 Willow St., City.

Dear Sir:— I have the honour to inform you that the application of McGuire and Harrison for a newsstand adjoining the fountain on the southwest corner of the square has been granted and possession may be taken at once. Believe me,

Yours very truly,
JOHN J. SWEENEY,
Alderman 17th District."

"Great Jewhilikens," Tom shouted, and his mother, too, made some sort of an exclamation that was drowned in the racket of the two smaller Mc-

WHEN GARDENING, PLEASE MENTION

(Concluded from page 17.)

"Chicky," she demanded sternly, foreseeing that she must establish her authority once and forever, "Chicky—me!"

I do not know what possible connection made me remember my bread—but I had a mental vision of it swelling out over the sides of the dish and wasting itself upon the floor. So I tucked the knife into a safe place and ran, calling her to follow me—for I had no time to spare with her. I think I put that bread into the pans in record time, considering the washing of hands and the changing of aprons—but the few minutes were quite long enough for Babe. She found a box, climbed up on it, and drew the wheat bag in her direction so that it hung over the shelf, dribbling a fine stream of wheat for twenty-one enthusiastic chickens. They are the greediest creatures alive, and I knew that I would have twenty-one dead ones in a very short time if they gorged themselves according to their intentions. So I straightened up the bag and shovelled up the chicks with my

hands, and put them into a box while I threw an old horse-blanket over the wheat, for I really could not spare time to clean it up.

Products of a Patriot

(Concluded from page 17.)

for several days, and it was delicious. It was of a variety known as English Gentleman—tender, but full of sand and grit.

And now, methinks, a breathlessly attentive world is waiting with the question hovering on its lips, "Are you satisfied with your garden, and what you got out of it?" The answer is most emphatically, ecstatically and alas! rheumatically, "Yes!" a thousand times "Yes!" (making in all 1,001 yesses—this article is paid so much a word). Just look what I got out of it. I got out early in the morning nearly every day; besides that I got thin from the work, I got an appetite from the exercise, and I got nearly enough vegetables to partly satiate that appetite. Yes, siree, if you want

to do a patriotic thing, take up backyard farming, and profit by the experiences I have related. Do it now, and if you decide to do so, write me and I will let you have cheap quotations on a last year's model garden hose, single tube detachable; a spade, called by plain men a spade, and by bridge-players a Royal or Lily; a long-handled straight-front trowel, and a small low-gear one, also a rake, a hoe and a lot of advice, the latter hardly used at all.

Aha! I thought that question would come. "But why should you, if you are so well satisfied with the results, give up your garden this year?" My friend, know then that ambition is never satisfied, least of all the ambition to be always first in the field. Last year when "Patriotism and Production" was just commencing, I was first in the field. I patriotised and produced. Now that the movement is in full swing, I go on to the next move in licking the Hohenzollern dynasty—and believe me, it will die very nasty if I ever lay hands on it.

THE DOCTOR'S BARGAIN

(Concluded from page 9.)

yield but wanted one more obstacle cleared away.

"Never mind the cost, Tom and I have arranged that between us."

The look of appreciation and gratitude that the crippled brother gave Tom at that moment would have repaid any sacrifice—yes, even the whole of the corner paper privilege. Pete's eyes glistened with teardrops as he turned to the doctor.

"Go ahead, doc. Do anything you want, only don't hurt me too much. Say, ain't Tom all right?"

"You bet he is," the doctor replied, and motioned the cripple to the inner office.

* * * * *

TOM was busy as he could be on Christmas Eve and it was well after midnight when he crawled into his little bed, tired and lonely, for Pete had gone to the hospital three days before. He knew away down deep in his heart that it would do no good to hang up his stockings, but hope dies hard in the young and the stocking was pinned to the side of the chair.

The sun had shone for an hour or more when Tom awoke and realized that it was Christmas Day. He hardly dared to glance at the stocking but summoned up courage and looked at

the chair where it hung. The stocking was empty. Tom reached over and felt it to make sure and then crawled back under the bed-clothes. For the first time in his life the roughness of the world had overcome him and, in spite of all the strength he could muster, the great hot tears crowded into his eyes and flowed down his cheeks. He buried his face in the pillow and cried a great big soulful cry.

"Tom! Tom!" It was his mother calling, but he only pulled the bed-clothes over his head and pretended not to hear. He would not for the world let maw know that he would cry, he who was supposed to bear the

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Apply a few drops then lift corns
or calluses off—no pain

For a few cents you can get a small bottle of the magic drug freezone recently discovered by a Cincinnati man.

Just ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. Apply a few drops upon a tender, aching corn and instantly, yes immediately, all soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn so loose that you lift it out, root and all, with the fingers.

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Hop Malt Co., Beamsville, Ont.

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Guire, who felt called upon to add to the general din.

"Me and the doc goin' to have a real newsstand right where I wanted it. Don't I wish Pete was home to hear the good news! What do you think o' that, maw? A great big newsstand right at the fountain where we can sell ten times more papes! Say, maw, the doc's a brick and don't you forget it."

"Well, hurry up and get dressed or you won't have much Christmas Day left."

Tom vaulted chair and cradle on his way back to the bedroom and slammed his tear soaked pillow into a corner of the room as an expression of his feelings towards tears.

"A real newsstand. A great big stand all to ourselves. I can see just how it's goin' to look. Gee! ain't that grand!"

But greater news was on the way

and before he had pulled on the empty stocking he heard a noise in the other room and peeped out. There was a big man in a fur overcoat at the door with another letter and he was not the postman either.

"Tom, here's another one for you." The summons was needless for Tom was already at his mother's side and had seized the white envelope.

"James B. Harrison, M.D.," he read. "That's about Pete. Jimminy Christmas! Say, maw, you open it. My hands is all shaky."

Mrs. McGuire could not make much better headway opening the envelope than Tom, but she managed to pull out the letter and Tom began to read laboriously.

"Mr. Thomas McGuire, 148 Willow St.

Dear Tom:—

Merry Christmas from Pete and the

doc. Hurrah for Pete! The operation was a great success. Pete will be running around without a crutch long before next Christmas. Come around to the hospital at four o'clock. Sincerely your friend,

JAMES B. HARRISON.

P.S.—By the way, Tom, I don't believe I shall have time to take care of my half of that newspaper privilege at the corner, so I return herewith the agreement cancelled. Leave a paper at my house every night while Pete is in the hospital and we will call it square. J. B. H."

"Three cheers for Pete," Tom yelled, and gave the table such a kick with his bare toe that it almost made him howl. A little thing like that was not allowed to break up the celebration so he grasped his mother's hands, and swung her around and around in a "ring around a rosy" until the poor

woman hardly knew whether it was Christmas or Fourth of July.

"Ain't this a grand Christmas?" he shouted, "ain't the doc bully? Ain't Pete the nicest brother in the whole world?"

"Yes, yes, yes," groaned Mrs. McGuire, trying her best to regain her breath and balance. "O, it's—too—good—to be true!"

"Well, it is true, fer I knew the doc wouldn't fool me. Ain't he the grandest ever?"

"Tom you'll never be ready to go to the hospital by four o'clock if you don't get dressed."

Tom rushed into the bedroom and came back with the empty stocking that had hung on the chair.

"Say, maw, I'll shut my eyes, and you stick them two letters in me stocking and I'll pretend I found 'em there. Ain't this a bee-ootiful Christmas?"

NUMBER 70, BERLIN

A STORY of espionage as they had it in England and still have it in Russia. Told with great simplicity and dramatic force. What is Number 70? That's what Lewin Rodwell knew all about when some people didn't.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

AGAIN Trustram laughingly replied, "I didn't say so," but from his friend's manner Lewin Rodwell knew that he had learnt the great and most valuable secret of the true intentions of the British Navy.

It was not the first piece of valuable information which he had wormed out of his official friends. So clever was he that he now pretended to be highly eager and enthusiastic over the probable result of the strategy.

"Let's hope Von Tirpitz will fall into the trap," he said. "Of course it will have to be very cunningly baited, if you are to successfully deceive him. He's already shown himself to be an artful old bird."

"Well—without giving anything away—I happen to know, from certain information passing through my hands, that the bait will be sufficiently tempting."

"So we may expect to hear of a big naval battle about the sixteenth. I should say that it will, in all probability, be fought south of Iceland, somewhere off the Shetlands."

"Well, that certainly is within the range of probability," was the other's response. "All I can tell you—and in the very strictest confidence, remember—is that the scheme is such a cleverly conceived one that I do not believe it can possibly fail."

"And if it failed?"

"Well—if it failed," Trustram said, hesitatingly and speaking in a lower tone—"if it failed, then no real harm would occur—only one thing perhaps: that the East Coast of England might be left practically unguarded for perhaps twelve hours or so. That's all."

"Well, that would not matter very much, so long as the enemy obtains no knowledge of the British Admiral's intentions," remarked Lewin Rodwell, contemplating the end of his cigar and reflecting for a few seconds.

Then he blurted out:

"Gad! that's jolly interesting. I

LEWIN RODWELL and Sir Boyle Huntley are directors of the Ochrida Copper Corporation, in London. Jack Sainsbury, a clerk of the company, overhears a conversation between them which leads him to suspect them of being traitors. Jack and Dr. Jerrold, an intimate friend, have together been investigating acts of espionage for the War Office. Dr. Jerrold is found locked in his room, dying. He explains that he has been shot. His death is a mystery. There is no bullet wound. He leaves a letter for Jack, with Trustram, of the Admiralty. This letter is not to be delivered or opened for a year. Jack hears that Rodwell is a German, and his real name Ludwig Heitzman. The Coroner's inquiry into the Doctor's strange death results in a verdict of suicide. Doctor Jerrold leaves £18,000 to Jack. Rodwell is aware of Jack overhearing his conversation with Boyle and has him dismissed from the company. Trustram has become quite friendly with Rodwell, who cunningly draws naval secrets from the Admiralty official.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

shall wait for next Wednesday with all eagerness."

"You won't breathe a word, will you? Remember, it was you who obtained the information by suggestion," Trustram said, with a good-humored laugh.

"Can't you really rely on me, my dear fellow, when I give you my word of honour as an Englishman to say nothing?" he asked. "I expect I am often in the know in secrets of the Cabinet, and I am trusted."

"Very well," replied his friend. "I accept your promise. Not a word must leak out. If it did, then all our plans would be upset, and possibly it would mean the loss of one, or more, of our ships. But you, of course, realize the full seriousness of it all."

"I do, my dear Trustram—I do," was the reassuring answer. "No single whisper of it shall pass my lips. That, I most faithfully promise you."

CHAPTER VIII.

Toilers of the North Sea.

JUST as it was growing dark on the following evening, a powerful pale grey car, with cabriolet body, drew out of the yard of the quaint old Saracen's Head Hotel at Lincoln, and, passing slowly through the town, set out on the straight, open road which led past Langworth station to Wragby, and on to Horncastle.

The occupant of the car, muffled up as though he were an invalid, had come in from London half an hour before, taken his tea in the coffee-room, and had resumed his journey,

together with his smart, clean-shaven chauffeur.

Though he posed as an invalid at the Saracen's Head, yet as soon as the car had left the town he threw off his thick muffler, opened his coat and drew a long sigh of relief.

Truth to tell, Mr. Lewin Rodwell, whose photograph appeared so constantly in the picture-papers, was not over anxious to be seen in Lincoln, or, indeed, in that neighbourhood at all. With Penney, his trusted chauffeur—a man who, like himself, was a "friend of Germany"—he had set out from Bruton Street that morning, and all day they had sat side by side on their journey towards the Fens.

MANY times, after chatting with Penney, he had lapsed into long spells of silence, during which time he had puffed vigorously at his cigar, and thought deeply.

Until, after about five miles, they passed Langworth station, they had been content with their side-lights, but soon they switched on the huge electric head-lamps, and then they "put a move on," as Rodwell was anxious to get to his journey's end as quickly as possible.

"You'll drop me, as usual, at the three roads beyond Mumby. Then go into Skegness and put up for the night. Meet me at the same spot tomorrow morning at seven-thirty."

"Very well, sir," was the young man's obedient reply.

"Let's see," remarked Rodwell. "When we were up in this lonely, forsaken part of the country a week ago,



where did you put up?"

"The last time in Louth, sir. The time before in Lincoln, and the time before that in Grimsby. I haven't been in Skegness for a full month."

"Then go there, and mind and keep your mouth shut tight!"

"I always do, sir."

"Yes, it pays you to do so—eh?" laughed Rodwell. "But I confess, Penney, that I'm getting heartily sick of this long journey," he sighed, "compelled, as we are, to constantly go many miles out of our way in order to vary the route."

"The road is all right in summer, sir, but it isn't pleasant on a cold stormy night like this—especially when you've got a two-mile walk at the end of it."

"That's just it. I hate that walk. It's so dark and lonely, along by that open dyke. Yet it has to be done; and, after all, the darker the night—perhaps the safer it is."

Then he lapsed again into silence, while the car—well-driven by Penney, who was an expert driver—flew across the broad open fenlands in the direction of the sea.

The December night was dark, with rain driving against and blurring the wind-screen, in which was a small oblong hole in the glass, allowing Penney to see the long, lonely road before him. Passing the station at Horncastle, they continued through the town and then up over the hill on the Spilsby road and over the wide gloomy stretch until, about half-past seven o'clock, after taking a number of intricate turns up unfrequented fen-roads, they found themselves passing through a small, lonely, ill-lit village. Beyond this place, called Orby, they entered another wide stretch of those low-lying marshes which border the North Sea on the Lincolnshire coast, marshes intersected by a veritable maze of roads, most of which were without sign-posts, and where, in the darkness, it was a very easy matter to lose one's way.

But Penney—who had left the high road on purpose—had been over those cross-roads on many previous occasions. Indeed, he knew them as well as any Fen-man, and without slackening speed or faltering, he at last brought the car to a standstill, a few miles beyond the village of Mumby, at a point where three roads met about two miles from the sea.

It was still raining—not quite so heavily as before, but sufficiently to cause Rodwell to discard his fur-lined overcoat for a mackintosh. Then, having placed an electric flash-lamp in his pocket, together with a large, bulky cartridge envelope, a silver flask and a packet of sandwiches, he took a stout stick from the car and, alighting, bade the young man good-night, and set forth into the darkness.

"I wonder whether I'll be in time?" he muttered to himself in German, going forward as he bent against the cold driving rain which swept in from the sea. He usually spoke German to himself when alone. His way, for the first mile, was beside a long, straight "drain," into which, in the darkness, it would have been very easy to slip had he not now and then flashed on his lamp to reveal the path.

Beneath his breath, in German, he cursed the weather, for already the bottoms of his trousers were saturated as he splashed on through the mud, while the rain beat full in his face. Presently he came in sight of a row of cottage-windows at a place called Langham, and then, turning due north into the marshes, he at last, after a further mile, came to the beach whereon the stormy waters of the North Sea were lashing themselves into a white foam discernible in the darkness.

THAT six miles of low-lying coast, stretching from the little village of Chapel St. Leonards north to Sutton-on-Sea, was very sparsely inhabited—a wide expanse of lonely fenland almost without a house.

Upon that deserted, low-lying coast were two coastguard stations, one near Huttoft Bank and the other at

Anderby Creek, and of course—it being war-time—constant vigil was kept at sea both night and day. But as the district was not a vulnerable one in Great Britain's defenses, nothing very serious was ever reported from there to the Admiralty.

By day a sleepy plain of brown and green marshes, by night a dark, cavernous wilderness, where the wild sea beat monotonously upon the shingle, it was a truly gloomy, out-of-the-world spot, far removed from the bustle of war's alarm.

Lewin Rodwell, on gaining the beach at the end of a long, straight path, turned without hesitation to the right, and walked to the south of the little creek of Anderby for some distance, until he suddenly ascended a low mound close by the sea, half way between Anderby Creek and Chapel Point, and there before him stood a low-built fisherman's cottage, partly constructed of wood, which by day was seen to be well-tarred and water-tight.

Within a few yards of the beach it stood, with two boats drawn up near and a number of nets spread out to dry; the home of honest Tom Small and his son, typical Lincolnshire fishermen, who, father and son, had fished the North Sea for generations.

At the Anchor, in Chapel St. Leonards, old Tom Small was a weekly visitor on Saturday nights, when, in that small, close smelling bar-parlour, he would hurl the most bitter anathemas at the "All Highest of Germany," and laugh his fleet to scorn; while at Anderby Church each Sunday morning he would appear in his best dark blue trousers, thick blue jacket and peaked cap, a worthy, hard-working British fisherman with wrinkled, weather-beaten face and reddish beard. He was of that hardy type of sea-farer so much admired by the town-dweller when on his summer holiday, a man who, in his youth, had been "cox" of the Sutton lifeboat, and who had stirring stories to tell of wild nights around the Rosse Spit and the Sand Haile, the foundering of tramps with all hands, and the mar-

vellous rescues effected by his splendid crew.

It was this man, heavily-booted and deep-voiced, by whom Lewin Rodwell was confronted when he tapped at the cottage door.

"Come, hurry up! Let me in!" cried Rodwell, impatiently, after the door was slowly unlocked. "I'm soaked! This infernal neighbourhood of yours is absolutely the limit, Small. Phew!" and he threw down his soaked cap and entered the stone-flagged living-room, where Small's son rose respectfully to greet him.

"Where are my other clothes?" he asked, sharply, whereupon the weather-beaten fisherman produced from an old chest in the corner a rough suit of grey tweeds, which Rodwell carried to the inner room on the left and quickly assumed.

"PRETTY nice weather, this!" he shouted cheerily to father and son, while in the act of changing his clothes. "Is all serene? Have you tested lately?"

"Yes, sir," replied the elder man. "I spoke at five o'clock an' told 'em you were coming. So Mr. Stendel is waiting."

"Good!" was Rodwell's reply. "Anybody been looking around?"

"Not a soul to-day, sir. The weather's been bad, an' the only man we've seen is Mr. Bennett, from the coastguard station, on his patrol. He was 'ere last night and had a drop o' whisky with us."

"Good!" laughed Rodwell. "Keep well in with the coastguard. They're a fine body, but only a year or so ago the British Admiralty reduced them. It wasn't their fault."

"We do keep in with 'em," was old Tom Small's reply, as Rodwell re-entered the room in dry clothes. "I generally give 'em a bit o' fish when they wants it, and o' course I'm always on the alert looking out for periscopes that don't appear," and the shrewd old chap gave vent to a deep guttural laugh.

"Well now, Small, let's get to work," Rodwell said, brusquely. "I've got

some important matters on hand. Is all working smoothly?"

"Splendidly, sir," answered the younger man. "Nothing could be better. Signals are perfect to-night."

"Then come along," answered the man who was so universally believed to be a great British patriot; and, turning the handle of the door on the right-hand side of the living-room, he entered a small, close-smelling bedroom, furnished cheaply, as the bedroom of a small, struggling fisherman would be. The Smalls were honest, homely folk, the domestic department being carried on by Tom's younger daughter, Mary, who at the moment happened to be visiting her married sister in Louth.

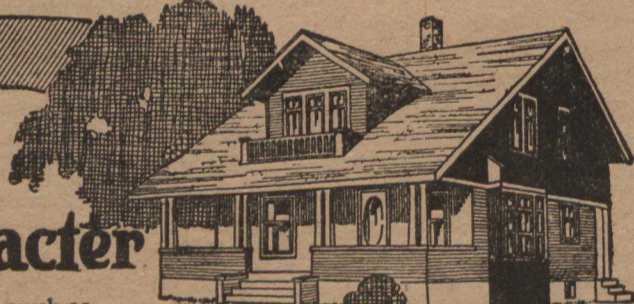
The son, Ted, having lit a petrol table-lamp—one of those which, filled with spirit, give forth gas from the porous block by which the petrol is absorbed and an intense light in consequence—Lewin Rodwell went to the corner of the room where an old curtain of crimson damask hung before a recess. This he drew aside, when, hanging in the recess, were shown several coats and pairs of trousers—the wardrobe of old Tom Small; while below was a tailor's sewing machine on a treadle stand—a machine protected by the usual wooden cover.

THE latter he lifted; but beneath, instead of a machine for the innocent needle-and-cotton industry, there was revealed a long electrical tapping-key upon an ebonite base, together with several electrical contrivances which, to the uninitiated, would present a mysterious problem.

A small, neatly-constructed Morse printing machine, with its narrow ribbon of green paper passing through beneath a little glass cover protecting the "inker" from the dust; a cylindrical brass relay with its glass cover, and a tangle of rubber-insulated wires had been hidden beneath that square wooden cover, measuring two and a half feet by one.

Behind the sewing-machine stand, and cunningly concealed, there ran a thick cable fully two inches in diameter, which was nothing else but the shore-end of a submarine cable directly connecting the East Coast of England with Wangeroog, the most northerly of the East Frisian Islands, running thence across to Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, and on by the land-line, via Hamburg, to Berlin.

The history of that cable was unknown and unsuspected by the British public, who, full of trust of the authorities, never dreamed that there could possibly be any communication from the English shore actually direct into Berlin. Five years before the declaration of war the German Government had approached the General Post Office, offering to lay down a new cable from Wangeroog to Spurn Head, in order to relieve some of the constantly increasing traffic over the existing cables from Lowestoft, Bacton and Mundesley. Long negotiations ensued, with the result that one day the German cable-ship Christoph passed the Chequer shoal and, arriving off the Spurn Lighthouse, put in the shore-end, landed several German engineers to conduct the electrical control-tests between ship and shore, and then sailed away back to Germany, paying out the cable as she went.



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In due course, after the arranged forty days' tests from Wangeroog to the Spurn, the cable was accepted by the General Post Office, and over it the telegraphic traffic between England and Germany had, for the past five years, been conducted.

ON the declaration of war, however, telegraph engineers from York had arrived, excavated the cable out of the beach at the Spurn, and effectively cut the line, as all the lines connecting us with German stations had been severed. After that, the British postal authorities contented themselves that no further communication could possibly be established

with the enemy, and the public were satisfied with a defiant isolation.

They were ignorant how, ten days after the cables had been cut, old Tom Small, his son and two other men, in trawling for fish not far from the shore, had one night suddenly grappled a long black snaky-looking line, and, after considerable difficulties, had followed it with their grapnels to a certain spot where, with the aid of their winch, they were able to haul it on board in the darkness.

Slimy and covered with weeds and barnacles, that strategic cable had been submerged and lay there, unsuspected, ready for "the Day," for, truth to tell, the Spurn Head-Wangeroog cable had possessed a double shore-end, one of which had been landed upon British soil, while the other had been flung overboard from the German cable-ship four miles from land, while old Tom Small and his son had been established on shore in readiness to perform their part in dredging it up and landing it when required.

So completely and carefully had Germany's plans been laid for war that Small, once an honest British fisherman, had unsuspectingly fallen into the hands of a certain money-lender in Hull, who had first pressed him, and had afterwards shown him an easy way out of his financial difficulties; that way being to secretly accept the gift of a small trawler, on condition that, any time his services were required by a strange gentleman who would come down from London and bring him instructions, he would faithfully carry them out.

In the middle of the month of August, 1914, the mysterious gentleman had arrived, showed him a marked chart of the sea beyond the five-fathoms line at the Sand Haile, and had given him certain instructions, which he had been forced to carry out.

Not without great difficulty had the second shore-end of the cable been brought ashore at night just opposite his cottage, and dug into the sand at low water, the end being afterwards carried into the little bedroom in the cottage, where, a few days before, several heavy boxes had arrived—boxes which old Tom afterwards saw contained a quantity of electric batteries and weird-looking apparatus.

It was then that Lewin Rodwell arrived for the first time, and, among other accomplishments, being a trained telegraph electrician, he had set the instruments up upon the unsuspecting-looking stand of the big old sewing-machine.

Small, who daily realized and regretted the crafty machinations of the enemy in entrapping him by means of the money-lender in Hull, was inclined to go to the police, confess, and expose the whole affair.

Rodwell, with his shrewd intuition, knew this, and in consequence treated father and son with very little consideration.

Even as he stood in the room that night fingering the secret instruments, which he had just revealed by lifting the cover, he turned to the weather-beaten old man and said, in a hard, sarcastic voice:

"You see the war is lasting longer than you expected, Small—isn't it? I suppose you've seen all that silly nonsense in the papers about Germany being already at the end of her tether?

Don't you believe it. In a year's time we shall have only just started."

"Yes, sir," replied the old fellow, in a thick voice. "But—well, sir, I—I tell you frankly, I'm growing a bit nervous. Mr. Judd, from the Chapel Point coast-guard, came 'ere twice last week and sat with me smokin', as if he were a-tryin' to pump me."

"Nervous, be hanged, Small. Don't be an idiot!" Rodwell replied, quickly. "What can anybody know, unless you yourself blab? And if you did—by Gad! your own people would shoot you as a traitor at the Tower of London—you and your boy, too! So remember that—and be very careful to keep a still tongue."

"But I never thought, when that Mr. Josephs, up in London, wrote to me sending me a receipt for the money I owed, that I was expected to do all this!" Small protested.

"No, if you had known you would never have done it!" laughed Rodwell. "But Germany is not like your gallant rule-of-thumb England. She leaves nothing to chance, and, knowing the cupidity of men, she takes full advantage of it—as in your case."

"But I can't bear the suspense, sir; I feel—I feel, Mr. Rodwell—that I'm suspected—that this house is under suspicion—that—"

"Utter bosh! It's all imagination, Small," Lewin Rodwell interrupted. "They've cut the cable at the Spurn, and that's sufficient. Nobody in England ever dreams that the German Admiralty prepared for this war five years ago, and therefore spliced a second end into the cable."

"Well, I tell you, sir, I heartily wish I'd never had anything to do with this affair," grumbled old Tom.

"AND if you hadn't you'd have been in Grimsby Workhouse instead of having six hundred and fifty-five pounds to your credit at the bank in Skegness. You see, I know the exact amount. And that amount you have secured by assisting the enemy. I know mine is a somewhat unpalatable remark—but that's the truth, a truth which you and your son Ted, as well as your two brothers, must hide—if you don't want to be tried by court-martial and shot as traitors, the whole lot of you."

The old fisherman started at those words, and held his breath.

"We won't say any more, Tom, on that delicate question," Rodwell went on, speaking in a hard, intense voice. "Just keep a dead silence, all of you, and you'll have nothing to fear or regret. If you don't, the punishment will fall upon you; I shall take good care to make myself secure—depend upon that!"

"But can't we leave this cottage? Can't we get away?" implored the old fellow, who had innocently fallen into the dastardly web so cleverly spun by the enemy.

"No; you can't. You've accepted German money for five years, and Germany now requires your services," was Rodwell's stern, brutal rejoinder. "Any attempt on your part to back out of your bargain will result in betraying you to your own people. That's plain speaking! You and your son should think it over carefully together. You know the truth now. When Germany is at war she doesn't fight in kid gloves—like your idiotic pigs of English!"



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CHAPTER IX.

To "No. 70 Berlin."

LEWIN RODWELL, as a powerful and well-informed secret agent, was no amateur.

After the old fisherman had left the close atmosphere of that little room, Rodwell seated himself on a rickety rush-bottomed chair before the sewing-machine stand, beside the bed, and by the bright light of the petrol table-lamp, carefully and with expert touch adjusted the tangle of wires and the polished brass instruments before him.

The manner in which he manipulated them showed him to be perfectly well acquainted with the due importance of their adjustment. With infinite care he examined the end of the cable, unscrewing it from its place, carefully scraping with his clasp-

knife the exposed copper wires protruding from the sheath of gutta percha and steel wire, and placing them each beneath the solid brass binding-screws upon the mahogany base.

"The silly old owl now knows that we won't stand any more nonsense from him," he muttered to himself, in German, as he did this. "It's an un-savoury thought that the old fool, in his silly patriotism, might blab to the police or the coastguard. Phew! If he did, things would become awkward—devilish awkward."

Then, settling himself before the instruments, he took from his inner pocket the long, bulky envelope, out of which he drew a sheet of closely-written paper which he spread out upon the little table before him. Afterwards, with methodical exactness, he took out a pencil and a memorandum-

block from his side-pocket, arranging them before him.

Again he examined the connections running into the big, heavy tapping-key, and then, grasping the ebonite knob of the latter, he ticked out dots and dashes in a manner which showed him to be an expert telegraphist.

"M. X. Q. Q." were the code-letters he sent. "M. X. Q. Q." he clicked out, once—twice—thrice. The call, in the German cable war-code, meant: "Are you ready to receive messages?"

He waited for a reply. But there was none. The cable that ran for three hundred miles, or so, beneath the black, storm-tossed waters of the North Sea, was silent.

"Curious!" he muttered to himself. "Stendel is generally on the alert. Why doesn't he answer?"

"M. X. Q. Q." he repeated with a quick, impatient touch. "M. X. Q. Q."

Then he waited, but in vain.

"Surely the cable, after the great cost to the Empire, has not broken down just at the very moment when we want it!" he exclaimed, speaking in German, as was his habit when excited.

Again he sent the urgent call beneath the waters by the only direct means of communication between Britain's soil and that of her bitter enemy.

But in Tom Small's stuffy little bedroom was a silence that seemed ominous. Outside could be heard the dull roar of the sea, the salt spray coming up almost to the door. But there was no answering click upon the instruments.

The electric current from the rows of batteries hidden in the cellar was sufficient, for he had tested it before he had touched the key.

"Tom," he shouted, summoning the old fisherman whom he had only a few moments before dismissed.

"Yes, sir," replied the old fellow, gruffly, as he stalked forward again, in his long, heavy sea-boots.

"The cable's broken down, I believe! What monkey-tricks have you been playing—eh?" he cried, angrily.

"None, sir. None, I assure you. Ted tested at five o'clock this evening, as usual, and got an acknowledgment. The line was quite all right then."

"Well, it isn't now," was Rodwell's rough answer, for he detected in the old man's face a secret gleaming satisfaction that no enemy message could be transmitted.

"I believe you're playing us false, Small!" cried Rodwell, his eyes flashing angrily. "By Gad! if you have dared to do so you'll pay dearly for it—I warn you both! Now confess!"

"I assure you, sir, that I haven't. I was in here when Ted tested, as he does each evening. All was working well then."

THE younger man, a tall, big-limbed, fair-haired toiler of the sea, in a fisherman's blouse of tanned canvas like his father, overhearing the conversation, entered the little room.

"It was all right at five, sir. I made a call, and got the answer."

"Are you sure it was answered—quite sure?" queried the man from London.

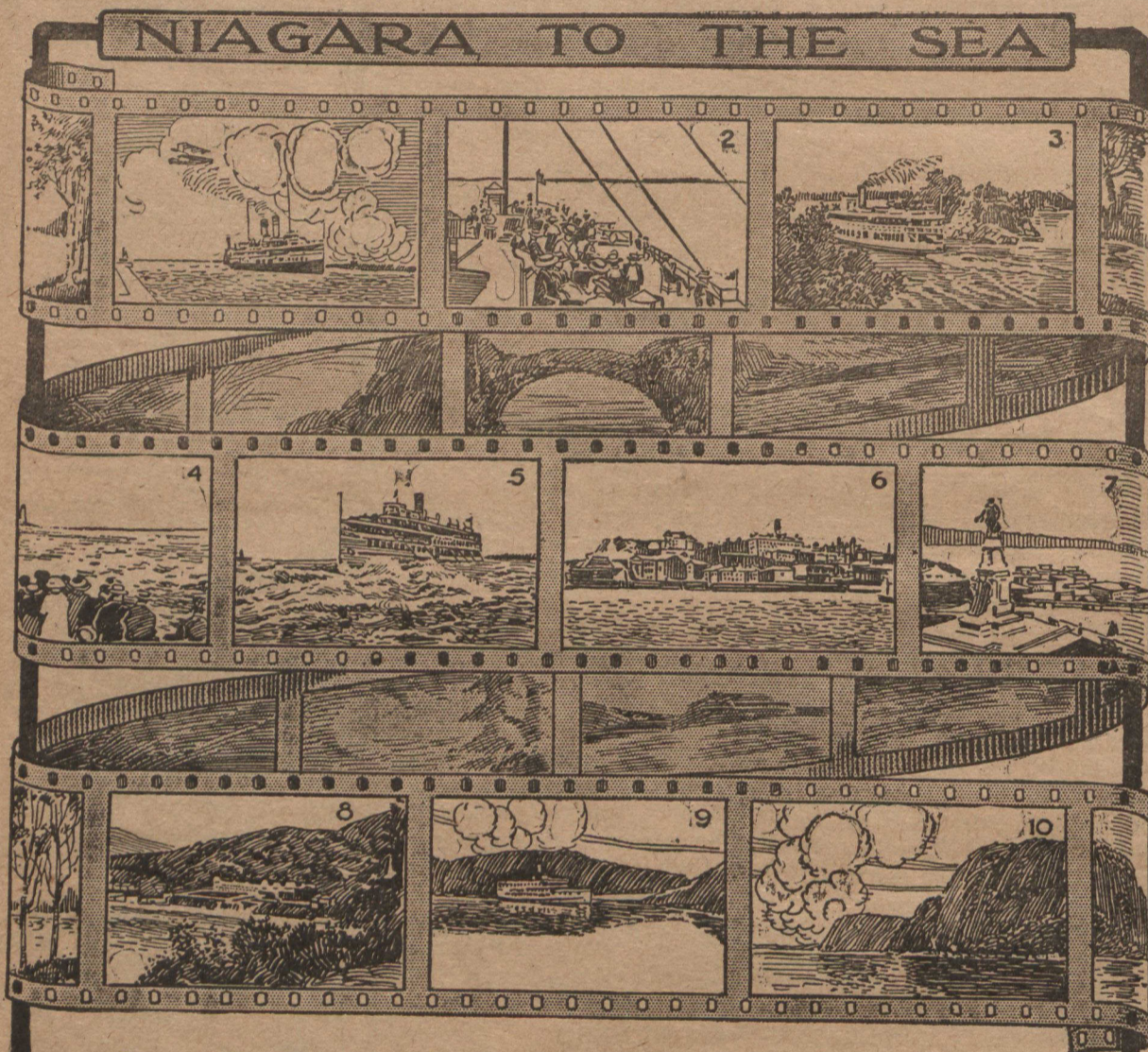
"Positive, sir."

"Then why in the name of your dear goddess Britannia, who thinks she rules the waves, can't I get a reply now?" demanded Rodwell, furiously.

"How can I tell, sir? I got signals—good strong signals."

"Very well. I'll try again. But remember that you and your father are bound up to us. And if you've played us false I shall see that you're both shot as spies. Remember you won't be the first. There's Shrimpton, up at Gateshead, Paulett at Glasgow, and half a dozen more in prison paying the penalty of all traitors to their country. The British public haven't yet heard of them. But they will before long—depend upon it. The thing was so simple. Germany, before the war, held out the bait for your good King-and-country English to swallow. That you English—or rather a section of you—will always swallow the money-bait we have known ever so long ago."

"Mr. Rodwell, you needn't tell us



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more than we know," protested the old fisherman. "You and your people have got the better of us. We know that, to our cost, so don't rub it in."

"Ah! as long as you know it, that's all right," laughed Rodwell. "When the invasion comes, as it undoubtedly will, very soon, then you will be looked after all right. Don't you or your son worry at all. Just sit tight, as this house is marked as the house of friends. Germany never betrays a friend—never!"

"Then they do intend to come over here?" exclaimed the old fisherman eagerly, his eyes wide open in wonderment.

"Why, of course. All has been arranged long ago," declared the man whom the British public knew as a great patriot. "The big expeditionary force, fully fit and equipped, has been waiting in Hamburg, at Cuxhaven and Bremerhaven, ever since the war began—waiting for the signal to start when the way is left open across the North Sea."

"That will never be," declared the younger man, decisively.

"Perhaps not, if you have dared to tamper with the cable," was Rodwell's hard reply.

"I haven't, I assure you," the young man declared. "I haven't touched it."

"Well, I don't trust either of you," was Rodwell's reply. "You've had lots of money from us, yet your confounded patriotism towards your effete old country has, I believe, caused you to try and defeat us. You've broken down the cable—perhaps cut the insulation under the water. How do I know?"

"I protest, Mr. Rodwell, that you should insinuate this!" cried old Tom. "Through all this time we've worked for you, and—"

"Because you've been jolly well paid for it," interrupted the other. "What would you have earned by your paltry bit of fish sent into Skegness for cheap holiday-makers to eat?—why, nothing! You've been paid handsomely, so you needn't grumble. If you do, then I have means of at once cutting your supplies off and informing the Intelligence Department at Whitehall. Where would you both be then, I wonder?"

"We could give you away also!" growled Ted Small.

"You might make charges. But who would believe you if you—a fisherman—declared that Lewin Rodwell was a spy—eh? Try the game if you like—and see!"

FOR a few moments silence fell.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Ted's father. "Why not call up again? Perhaps Mr. Stendel may be there now."

Again Rodwell placed his expert hand upon the tapping-key, and once more tapped out the call in the dot-and-dash of the Morse Code.

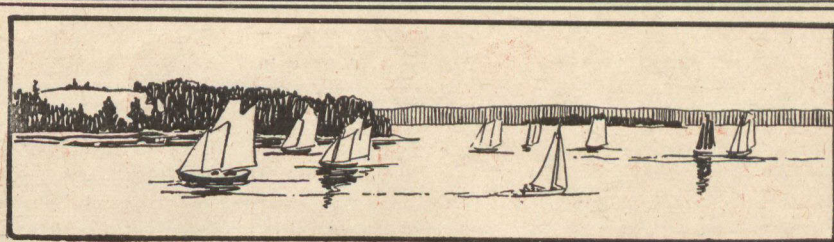
For a full minute all three men waited, holding their breath and watching the receiver.

Suddenly there was a sharp click on the recorder. "Click—click, click, click!"

The answering signals were coming up from beneath the sea.

"B. S. Q." was heard on the "sounder," while the pale green tape slowly unwound, recording the acknowledgment.

(To be continued.)



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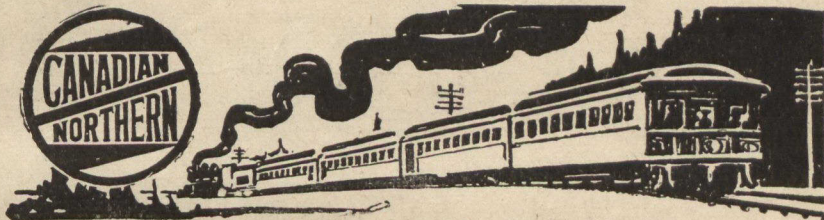
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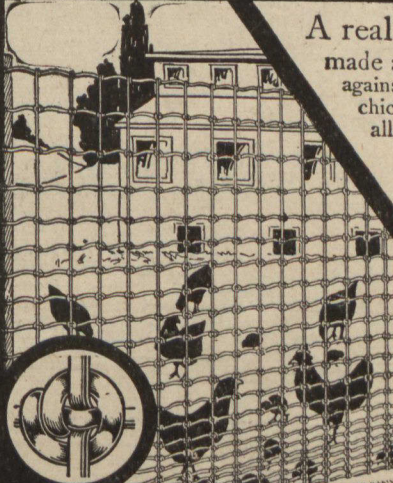
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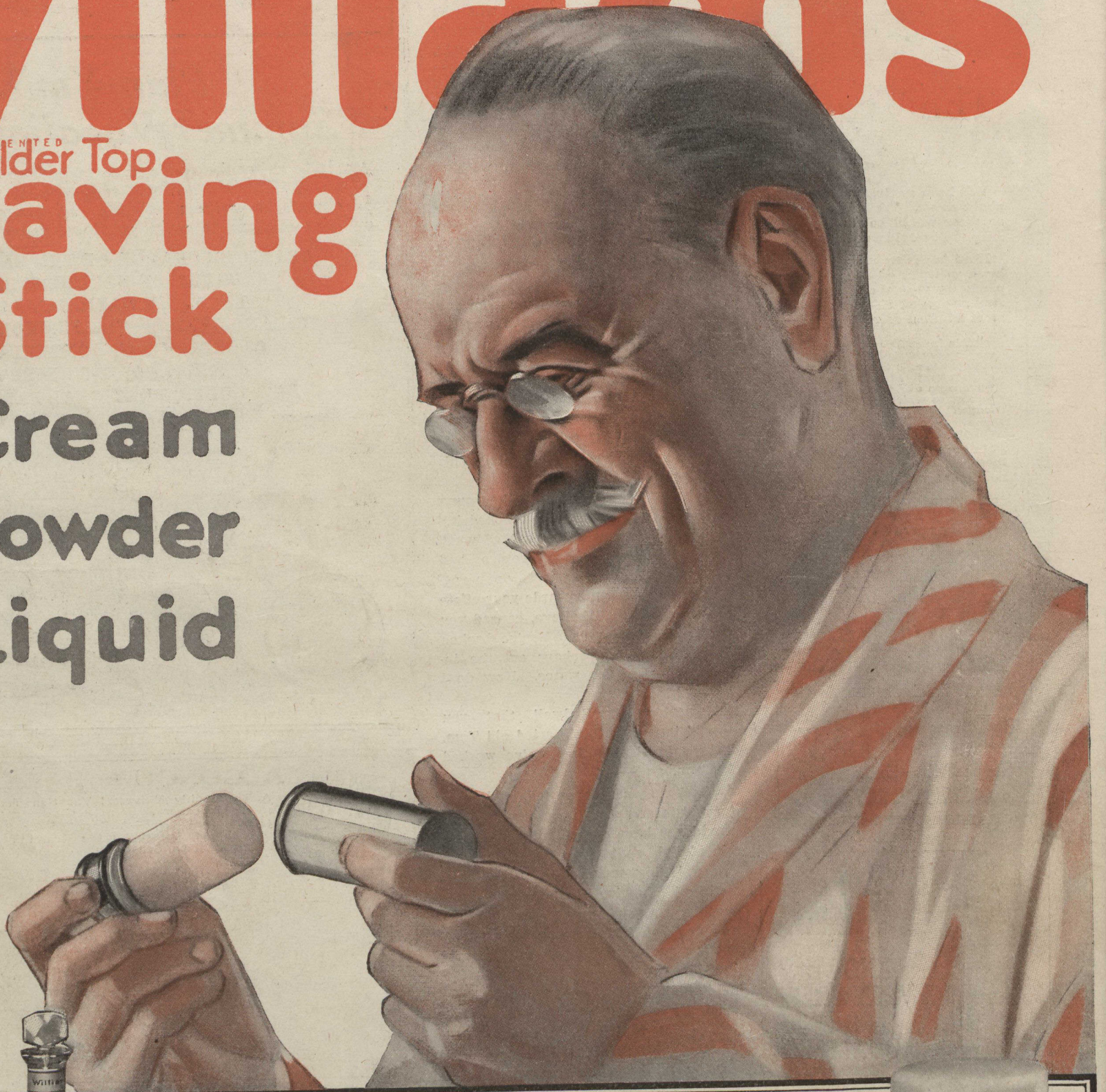
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