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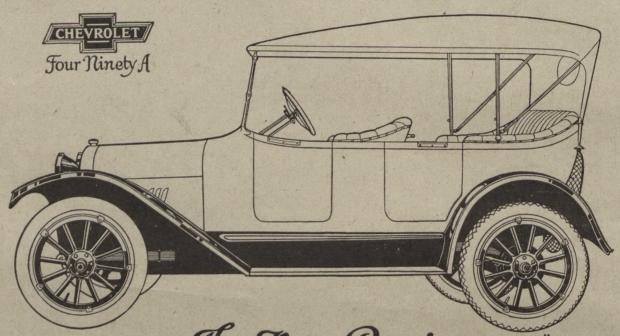
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Vol. XXIL No. 5

FIVE CENTS June 30, 1917

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CANADIAN COURIER

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A Confederation of Canadian Talent

¬IFTY years ago Canada had still forty years to wait before getting a Canadian Courier. But there were other nationalizing institutions to get before developing a weekly national paper. We have enumerated some of these before-transcontinental railways, new provinces, universities, churches, manufacturers' associations, immigration. We mention them again just to illustrate a point. These were the things that had to come first and they came. But no great country can live by means of these things alone. There is something else. Even politics does not supply it. Politics make parties—and party newspapers; and even where a newspaper big enough to make a noise in the country becomes independent, it is as a rule, circulated in one city or close around it and in no sense reflects the life of the country at large except now and again in an editorial.

N OW we do not propose to review on this page all the reasons that led to the establishment of the Canadian Courier forty years after Confederation. But we remind ourselves that forty years has been a rather significant number in history. It rained once forty days and forty nights and the world had the Flood along with Noah's Ark. The children of Israel wandered forty years in the wilderness before they were allowed to get to the Promised Land. Therefore we do not regret that Canada waited forty years for a weekly national paper.

But a better reason why we do not regret that the paper came at the end of the appointed time, is the character of this Confederation Jubilee Number. Look carefully through it and you will find that every line, whether of letter-press or drawings is Canadian in origin, character and material, except the war summary by Sidney Coryn. We have purposely omitted the week's instalment of the Serial because it is not a Canadian story, and because in an issue celebrating the whole of a united Canada, we thought it was only fitting that the contents should be, if possible, altogether Canadian. There is not even a war photograph.

The second feature of this number is the high quality of the art work by six Canadian artists.

THE third distinguishing characteristic is the collection of short articles by prominent Canadians all over Canada, about thirty-five in all, reflecting the views of many men on a great variety of national subjects. The only reason we omitted the ladies from the list of contributors is that when we started to go over the eligibles we despaired of knowing where to stop. This is the first time any such journalistic feat has been attempted on such a scale in this country. The response to the canvass was almost unexpectedly good. We got so many more than we expected that in spite of extending the original space by fifty per cent. and taking out our reprint department entirely to do so, we were unable to get them all in this number. Therefore we have held over some of the best articles to appear in next week's issue. We shall rather expect some of our readers to have somewhat different views from some of those expressed. If so, we shall be glad to publish them.

What will the Confederation issue of the Canadian Courier be like in 1967? We shall not be here to see. But if the editor then will have the patience to turn up the fyles of fifty years behind him, he may feel vastly encouraged that Canada has made such progress in the field of journalism.

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COURIER

Vol. XXII. N June 30, 1917

No. 5



THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

Including the Country, the Whole Country

N July 1, 1917, two confederations came on the world. One is now fighting the other in Europe. The Canada of 1917 is fighting the Germany of 1917 because, on the same day and date fifty years ago, Canada became a federation of five provinces, and the modern German Empire was made possible by the North German Bund. How the two things ever came to happen on the same day and date nobody knows.

But we know the difference between the two. "The North German Bund," we read in a book called The German Empire, "was erected on July 1, 1867. The North German Bund brought its Constitution into the world with it."

The last sentence is worth noticing. This Bund was born with a full set of teeth. The Bund baby of 1867 blinked over Europe and grinned like the dragon in Siegfried. It seemed to know that fifty years later it would be drinking the world's blood.

The Federation of Canada was not born with teeth. It had no constitution to impose on as much of the world as possible. It had just as much constitution as the various provinces allowed it to have and no more. The North German Bund was Prussia writ large. The Canadian Confederation was the spirit of unity among a diverse and farscattered set of peoples all in possession of responsible government which they had to fight Family Compacts to get.

And that Federation of the Five Provinces in 1867 was one of the biggest pieces of constructive statesmanship in politics the world ever saw. It affected about as many people as the original Thirteen Colonies

that rebelled against George III and a trifle more than the same extent of country. That unity was the work of brainy men, headed by one of the cleverest state-craftsmen in the world, the equal of Bismarck without the club, of Disraeli without the colonial pessimism. Had there been in any of the south German States a John A. Macdonald, or a Joe Howe, or a George Etienne Cartier, that North German Bund would have backed up into its Prussian hole and left the world in peace in 1917. Because Bismarck and the old King of Prussia had the club handed down from Frederick the Great, the Bund was able to gobble up the other German States, to ravage France in the Franco-Prussian War in 1871 and in 1914 to set the world on fire.

THE central idea embodied in the German Empire founded in the Bund of 1867 was well expressed long ago by Macaulay, who said of Frederick the Great:

"That he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought one another on the coasts of Coromandel and red men scalped one another on the shores of Lake Superior."

Multiply that statement by High Explosives plus Espionage and you have what the modern German Empire, born on our Canadian national birthday, in 1867, means to the world in 1917.

There is another Political Act which we can't help but bear in mind when we try to get a just notion of the British North America Act. That is the

and Nothing but the Country—For the high aims of National Unity achieved by the great men of the past and handed down to the men of the present.

THE

By

EDITOR

Declaration of Independence, which is fundamentally opposite to the Bund. The object of that Declaration was to prove that all men are born free and equal, and afterwards to prove that all men are not entitled to an equal degree of freedom. But it gave the United States a chance to enact one great civil war in support of the doctrine, and has now made it possible for the same country to engage in a ten times bigger war to prove that the German Confederation has no right to make a slave state of the rest of mankind.

The business of Canadian Confederation was to secure the unity of five separate provinces and to give an overseas dominion the right to govern itself under a paternal flag, accompanied by a fair percentage of millionaires and knighthoods

The Federation of our five original provinces in 1867 was a strictly Canadian business. The Act known as the British North American Act was British. The act of getting that Act was the work of the people of Canada. This is important. The B. N. A. Act may be a second cousin to the Reform Bill and the Act of Grace and the Magna Charta; but so far as we are concerned it has a great deal more to do with the Act of Union and the Quebec Act.

Keeping Canada a unity, which is the main political programme in 1917, has, we may surmise, nothing to do with the unity of the British Empire; neither with the unity of Great Britain. They had their own troubles getting the United Kingdom and the troubles of keeping it united are not all over.

Certain Canadians, fifty years ago, had their troubles getting a united Canada, and the business of keeping it united has been going on ever since. On an average, about once every ten years something has happened that tried to pry Confederation asunder, and to break up the unity achieved by that master builder, John A. Macdonald. In the first place, Quebec never would have gone in but for certain guarantees and the fact that Sir Georges Etienne Cartier was as great a patriot as Macdonald. The day Macdonald unveiled a statue of Cartier in Ottawa he said,

"Cartier was as bold as a lion. He was just the man I wanted. But for him Confederation could not have been carried."

Macdonald preferred a legislative union of the five provinces. Cartier objected. The French-Canadians pinned their faith to Cartier, who pinned his to Macdonald, the leading author of the Great Political Compromise.

When engaged in the business of nationmaking, let us not forget that modern Canada was born in a Compromise. Had Macdonald got his way we should have had but one Parliament in Canada from which later on other legislatures might have been evolved, leaving the supreme power in the Federal Constitution. This would have suited Upper Canada very well. It would have been very unpopular with Lower Canada and the Maritime Provinces, just as unpopular with British Columbia and later with Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. In framing Confederation, we did manage to avoid going so far as the framers of the Declaration of Independence in giving most

of the power to the various States. We also steered clear of the other extreme, by which Germany put all the power in the hands of Prussia.

Owing to the Great Compromise of 1867, it has been absolutely impossible to Prussianize any province in this country, whether Government wanted it or not. In one matter alone the Founders of Confederation were more lax than the Declarationers of Independence. They left education, crown lands, forests and mines under the control of the original Five Provinces. That was part of the Compromise.

OW, the last place in which to get a reviving sense of what Federation many is Ottawa-except when some blowsy M. P. rises to-make Parliament sit up in the name of the whole country, no matter what happens to his party. On such occasions Ottawa is more like the Canada that used to be when Joe Howe wore a tall white hat to a political meeting. Otherwise I prefer the old slab culvert that used to cross the town line just in front of where an immigrant lad that I knew learned to bucksaw Canadian cordwood. One Sunday morning, day before Dominion Day, not long after the National Policy was born, this lad sat on the culvert instead of going to church. He watched a little clean snake of water wending its way to the plains, and as he heard the faint old Coronation tune of the saw-millers and the bush farmers he was as glad he had come to Canada as a boy is at his first circus. The old ditch seemed to begin nowhere and end everywhere. All he knew about the bigger Canada was the journey up river to Quebec, the



SIR LEONARD TILLEY. New Brunswick Confederator. Well, to-morra's the

train trip from there to Montreal and be-He underyond. that stood was half the about. length of Canada.

Suddenly along came a mutton-chopwhiskery man with calfskin leg boots, brown duck overalls and a clean print shirt buttoned behind.

"Good-day, Mr. (Broadburn!" said the lad.

"Good day, sonny. great day."

There was to be a celebration. This old Eli intended to go. But he had something he yearned to tell somebody, because he was a great reader of

current history; because he knew much about Gladstone, Disraeli, Bismarck, Abe Lincoln, and a certain other personage whom he called "Jawn A." Nobody but the school teacher and the minister in that saw-mill village could talk to Eli on these topics, and he was much better informed about these great men than either of them. Eli dangled his calfskin boots over the slab culvert and talked to the lad in a wondrous monologue about politics, especially about Confederation.

"Yes," he wound up, meditatively. "I'm a clear Grit enough. So wuz my father and his. We've took the Globe in our family since George Brown started it. the night I druv twenty mile to town to hear Jawn A. in the opery house I clean forgot I was anything but a Canadian."

For the space of three minutes the man leaned back on his hands and drew a picture of

Macdonald. "Never wuz a man I ever saw that seemed to be

hangin' round me fer days afterwards like he did," he wound up. "I swan he wuz like an old toon or the time I started courtin' my wife. I tell you, sonny, Jawn A. Macdonald is a great man. I'll vote agin him till he's dead; but I'll never deny that he's one o' the greatest statesmen I ever read anything about, and I'd drive furder to hear him agin than I would to anything I know about."

MANY a time the enthusiasm of Eli recurred to the lad as he grew up. He also read about Macdonald; studied history at school and memorized the great speeches of famous statesmen. He also fell a victim to the magic of Macdonald. Criticize him as he might the lean, crafty-looking ambassador for all Canada made him feel like becoming a statesman himself. He knew there were other fathers of Confederation. But without John A. none of them ever could have done the great deed.

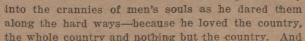
Macdonald was born to politics as a duck to water, and to statesmanship as Shakespeare to poetry. The first great political juggler and colonial patriot of his time performed the unparalleled feat of making the country bigger than all its parts, factions or parties with one hand, while with the other he sometimes made his own party bigger than the country. He succeeded where a mere statesman would have failed. Had Macdonald been a Joseph Howe, even with his passion for the new Canada, he would never have carried Confederation.

The greatest opportunist we ever had, the most astute picker and manipulator of men, the most adroit performer on the passions of parish or public, Protestant or Catholic, Gentile or Jew; doing in Rome as the Romans did, all things to all men for the sake of the greatest good to the greatest number, Macdonald must be niched in our political history as a more enduring builder than Bismarck and as a more far-seeing patriot than Disraeli. He was a living contradiction and he knew it. When Joseph

Howe preached against prohibition by naming all the great men of history who had kept the wine bottle at their elbow, Macdonald ignored the great men and clung to the wine. When the Toronto Globe, organ of George Brown, attacked him for insobriety, he replied, in a political meeting, that the electors would prefer John A. drunk to George Brown sober. When Principal Grant told Sir John that he always supported him when he thought he was right, Macdonald retorted that he had no use for that kind of friendship. He wanted his friends to stand up for him when he was wrong; and he was wrong a good deal of the time-but in the great business of giving a federal constitution to Canada and making it work out for the good of the country he was one of the righest men we ever had.

A TORY in Toronto once had a parrot which, on the morning after John A. swept the country with the N. P., shouted "Hooray for John A.!" That parrot was a Canadian. He caught the spirit of the man which was that of a political warrior either defeated or victorious, but never happy at peace, never forgetting a name or a face; as cynical as a vinegar bottle and as warm-hearted as a boy; the man who could use the old flag and the whole

British Empire to keep his country together; the man who believed in the unity of Canada as much as he did in the solar system or the rights of man: a patriot who could become a politician the moment he shut the door, but was everlastingly a patriot with a vision of Canada that he worked to realize as no man ever did to build a transcontinental railway. He was a great sporting gentleman of politics, to whom the country was more than the State and the State more than the Province. But he knew the province and the parish and the village and the cross-roads, and he could laugh his way



boots to keep this country from splitting asunder.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

Champion of Unity.

WO weeks after Joseph Howe took his first seat in the Assembly of Nova Scotia he made one his greatest speeches. That was in 1837, the year of rebellions against Family Compacts from the great lakes to the Atlantic. Joe Howe was a democrat. The Council of Nova Scotia was a Compact, meeting behind closed doors. Howe seconded

a resolution to have the meetings open to the public. His speech contained this burst of Imperializing eloquence:

Centuries hence, perhaps, when nations exist where now but a few thousands are thinly scattered, these colonies may become independent states. But as there is now no occasion, so have I no wish for republican institutions, no desire to desert the mighty mother for institutions, no desire to desert the mighty mother for the great daughter who has sprung from her loins. I wish to live and die a British subject, but not a Briton only in the name. Give me—give to my country the blessed privilege of her constitution and her laws, and as our earliest thoughts are trained to reverence the great principles of freedom and responsibility which have made her the wonder of the world, let us be contented with nothing less. with nothing less.

That speech took the place of a rebellion. It was Howe's method of getting responsible government in Nova Scotia. He wanted the people to rule. Hegot what he wanted. In doing so he finally asked the Queen to remove Sir Colin Campbell, the Lieutenant-Governor, and send somebody else who would

Howe. Sir Colin went. We all know what happened to the Family Compacts in the two Canadas when William Lyon Mackenzie and Louis Joseph Papineau got done with those Tories. A chain of responsible governments was established from Toronto to Halifax. Howe

do the will of the people as represented by Jos

got his without armed rebellion. He was the demo crat who held to the great trump card of Imperialism. Observe that the "British subject I was born" slogan credited to the Imperializing and Canadianizing Tory Macdonald, in 1891, originated with Joe Howe in 1837. Howe was not a Canadian. He was a Nova Scotian. In those days there was a vast difference that lasted thirty years down to 1867 and afterwards. Some of it has not quite died out yet. Much of the reason for its persistence is Joe Howe, the patriotizing tribune of the people who had a tremendous vision of Empire of which the North American colonies were better in his mind to be individual dependencies.

Howe was born on the North-west Arm. He attended little old St. Paul's, in Halifax, where Premier Borden used to be a choir boy. He was the head and front of his country in the fight to get democracy, railways, freedom of the press-he was himself an editor-equality in religion and trade reciprocity with the United States.

In connection with his railway activities he made a speech that came near being a Canadian utterance:

a speech that came near being a Canadian utterance:

With such a territory as this to overrun, organize and improve, think you we shall stop at the western bounds of Canada? or even at the shores of the Pacific? Vancouver's Island with its coal measures lies beyond. The beautiful islands of the Pacific are beyond. Populous China and the rich East are beyond; and the sails of our children's children will reflect as familiarly the sunbeams of the South as they now brave the angry tempests of the North. The Maritime Provinces which I now address are but the Atlantic frontage of this boundless and prolific region, the wharves upon which its business will be transacted and beside which its rich argosies are to lie. Nova Scotia is one of these. . . I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, yet I will predict that in five years we shall make the journey hence to Quebec and Montreal and home through Portland and St. John by rail; and I believe that many in this room will live to hear the whistle of the steam engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and to make gire in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and to make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six

That was said in 1850. Two years later Howe first met Dr. Charles Tupper, at a bye-election meeting in Cumberland. Tupper asked to be allowed to reply to Howe.

"Let us hear the little doctor by all means," said Howe. "I would not be any more affected by what he might say than by the mewing of yonder kitten."

The cat was on the fence.

Three years later it jumped. Tupper defeated Howe. After this it was Howe vs. Tupper in Nova Scotia. And it was a great invigorating fight between two political giants, each as patriotic as the other. In 1859 the Howe forces came to the front again. In 1860 Howe became Premier by a fluke. From that time on his career swung chiefly around the fight he made against Tupper and Confederation. Howe did not attend the first conference called by Tupper in Charlottetown, proposing a union of the Maritime

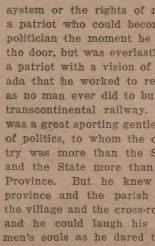
Provinces. But he was invited. He was no Unionist. His unionism was Imperial.

How this gladiator of anti confederation was ulti-

mately defeated by the Macdonald-Tupper combination and afterwards won over is one of the big chapters in home diplomacy. Howe might have beaten either Tupper or Macdonald. He was no match for both. He attended the great Quebec Conference in 1865. He afterwards fought it. When the B. N. A. Act was passed by the British Parliament he was still fighting it.



SIR GEORGE CARTIER. Statesman and Patriot.



if John A. Macdonald were alive in 1917 he would go to Gehenna with peas in his



JOSEPH HOWE. Nova Scotia Democrat.

HIS GRANDCHILDREN MAY TELL THEIR PARENTS



ALL ABOUT IT IN 1967

When the B. N. A. Act was passed by the British Parliament he was still fighting it. He fought to have it repealed. Then the genius of Macdonald flanked by Tupper got in its work. Howe eventually became Secretary of State in the Coalition Government that took office at Ottawa under Macdonald in 1867.

But he never liked Ottawa. And he did very little for the new federation which he did not help to create. In 1873 he became governor of Nova Scotia, 36 years after he had asked Her Majesty to remove Colin Campbell from that office. In the same year he died.

ORTY-TWO years after Howe was buried in Halifax, Sir Charles Tupper was buried there. The war-horse of Cumberland who had first defeated Howe in 1852 put in a much longer term as the servant of his country than the man who gave it responsible government. History has not yet decided which was the greater man. Tupper's fight with Howe is the most interesting of his life, and quite as spectacular as some of Macdonald's great battles in a bigger field. Tupper first met Macdonald at the Quebec Conference, in 1865; was a born campaigner, a fighter on principle and a great constitutional advocate. It was Tupper who fought Howe from being an open foe of Confederation to becoming a member of the Federal Cabinet. Any man who could turn that trick with so great a fighter and such a pet of the people as Howe must himself have been was very nearly a great man. His death is too close yet for a real perspective on his character in history. If he had never done more than get Howe into Macdonald's Federal Cabinet he would have deserved a monument. And he had a task that would have beaten even Macdonald, who had the genius to keep Tupper on the firing line in Nova Scotia, Tilley, in New Brunswick, and Cartier, in Quebec. Howe, the champion of the British connexion, bearded the British lion in his den when, after the B. N. A. Act was made law, he refused to accept the ruling of the Imperial Parliament. He would not have Nova Scotia torn from direct Imperial

connexion and made a part of Canada. He openly ridiculed Ottawa and praised London. He headed the greatest campaign of his life for the repeal of the B. N. A. Act. He converted the Legislature of Nova Scotia into a solid repeal body. He stumped the province and made every one of the 19 Federal M. P.'s an anti confederate—

Except Tupper. And this one warrior went out alone to fetch in Howe on his saddle. When Howe, after organizing the Province against the Federal Union, went to England to lay the case at the foot of the throne if need be—Tupper was there. They met. It was Tupper who hunted up Howe and told him plainly that he was wrong. Nova Scotia should not secede. The Union must be upheld. The principle of Canada was bigger than the principle of Nova Scotia. Ottawa was more important than Halifax; for all any one in those days knew it might become to Canada more important than London.

It was a memorable argument, these two Canadians in London, one to get Confederation repealed, the other to drag Howe to the Ottawa that he despised, to make him not only cease to agitate and organize against the Union, but to come back to Canada like a good citizen, go up to Ottawa and accept a seat in the Cabinet clean against his whole campaign in his native Province and against the citizenship that had made an idol of him.

The passion for self-government was strong in Nova Scotia. It was Howe who had made it so. Howe was the last rock of the responsible government regime to give in. But he succumbed. Tupper, with the generalship of Macdonald and his own amazing tenacity of purpose, had done it. The little doctor whom Howe had compared to a cat on the fence, in 1852, as much a native son of Nova Scotia as Howe, as passionately patriotic and as fond of politics, had beaten the giant at last.

And Tupper's work at that point had only really begun. He lived nearly fifty years after that, and did another man's life work as the champion of a transcontinental railway, and the National Policy, and the Imperial Commission; in Ottawa, in Halifax, in London, as High Commissioner, as tirelessly as



Strathcona, about his own age. He died just about three years too soon. Charles Tupper, Bart., should have lived until July 1, 1917. The mere spectacle of this political Hercules and champion of a Canadian unity in our Parliament might have put to shame those who talk so glibly about disunion and disruption. Tupper knew what the Union meant, from both sides, even more than Macdonald did. Thanks to Joe Howe, he knew the provincial side of the case quite as well as Quebec has ever known it. Quebec, under Cartier, never had a bigger reason for wanting to stay out of the Union than Nova Scotia had under Howe. Tupper had the bigger public sense. And without him, as Macdonald said of Cartier, there had been no Confederation.

C IR GEORGE ETIENNE CARTIER—let us commend ourselves to the memory of this undoubted patriot, the colleague of Papineau in the Rebellion of 1837 and co-partner with Macdonald in Confederation. When the heroes of the past salute those of the present, as depicted in one of our cartoons, out of the political line of patriots will arise the figure of this chivalrous, impetuous French-Canadian who, had he been less of a Canadian and more of a parochialist, might have wrecked Confederation. Opinions in Quebec may differ about Cartier. In the perspective of a united Canada there is but one opinion—that he lived and wrought for a Canada bigger than Quebec, of which Quebec was politically the pivot in the Great Compromise. His fight with Papineau against the Family Compact of Quebec places him in the same category as Howe. When the rebels were defeated he escaped with Papineau to the United States. But he came back. Quebec received him gladly. Quebec needed him.

And it was Macdonald who made a united Canada need Cartier the patriot. Macdonald shrewdly understood that Quebec trusted Cartier as it did no other man. And Cartier trusted Macdonald. From this compact of the Highland chieftain and the chivalrous French-Canadian arose the possibility of the Union that made Quebec one of the pillars of the two-race modern Canada with its bilingual Parliament and its Rep by Pop based upon the divisor of 65. Through the personality of Cartier the river Ottawa ceased to divide Upper from Lower Canada. Cartier brought a united Quebec to the business of promoting Confederation. And because Quebec knew that in Cartier their interests would be safeguarded they entered the Union.

How one chivalrous temperament rose to the measure of the other was happily expressed by the act of Macdonald in getting for Cartier, in 1868, a higher title as baronet of the United Kingdom than he himself had got in 1867. That was because the Crown short-sightedly, without consulting Macdonald, gave Cartier only a C. B. in 1867. At first Cartier blamed Macdonald for this; but afterwards he understood; the old cordiality was restored.

Macdonald's appreciation of his co-worker in the business of blending two races is suggested by what he wrote to Lord Lisgar, in 1872:

"With all his faults, or rather with all his little eccentricities, he will not leave so good a Frenchman behind him—certainly not one who can fill his place in public life. We have acted together since 1854 and never had a serious difference."

try out the idea of Confederation on the electors before it went into effect. The campaign against it was fierce. And the brunt of it was borne by Samuel Leonard Tilley. In spite of this great citizen's most devoted work, the Province went dead against the measure. New Brunswick had its own reasons. Tilley, born there, grandson of a U. E. Loyalist, knew them all. He knew N. B. as Tupper did N. S. The two men had similar roles. Tilley did as much for Confederation in his province as Tupper in his. They were afterwards colleagues of equal national importance in the Macdonald Cabinets.

Samuel Leonard Tilley was a born protectionist, but he was also a native of New Brunswick and that meant favouring a measure of reciprocity with the United States just over the border. He was an opponent of free trade as they have it in England, because under the old system there was a preference on lumber from the colonies, and New Brunswick was a heavy exporter of lumber. So that with one hand he was an anti-free-trader, on the other a reciprocitarian. And he was every inch an honest man in so being.

In fact, the roll-call of upright, unimpeachable public men in this country would have to place almost at its head this unswerving chief of opinions and campaigner for Confederation in the good old city of St. John. Tilley was as four-square as his own stone city, where he afterwards lived as Lieutenant-Governor for twelve years and for which he sat in the House of Commons and the Assembly of N. B.



Talking Over the Rebellion of 1885.

-By Fergus Kyle

He never could be faced up with a change of heart on any of the big questions. It was Tilley who showed up the shifting attitude of Joseph Howe on the subject of B. N. A. Union, Howe had once favoured such a scheme, but differing in details from the Federation of Canada. Tilley held to one set of opinions. He was likewise a man of growth and progress. He rose from the bottom to the top in N. B. as Howe had done in N. S. Like Howe, he became the sworn foe of irresponsible government; like htm, he worked his way up in the Local Assembly and in the regard of the people, and the two men were each rewarded with governorships in the provinces which they had made democratic in government.

Tilley was peculiarly a man of the plain crowd. In spite of the great honours conferred upon him at home and abroad he never was a spoiled darling. He was not an orator, though he was a good debater. He was a great and tireless worker and took part in all the advanced movements leading to a bigger political life in his native province. He began life as a drug apprentice and at the age of 20 went into business for himself. He was naturally a business man. Had he kept out of politics he would have been wealthy. He preferred public service and comparative poverty. He knew how to serve; also how to be master by leadership. He was a man of unfaltering courage. They raised big, moral-minded

men in that part of the world and Tilley was one of the biggest. To have faced his whole Province and the great majority of public opinion in it on the problem of menging the identity of that province in the Federation of Canada proved him a man of peculiar qualities for leadership. He did not follow public opinion. He went out dead against it to reform it and afterwards to lead it.

Tilley was Macdonald's great captain in N. B., and as Minister of Customs in the first Federal Cabinet he tackled a job for which he had peculiar qualifications. It was the customs business that worked the hardest against Federal Union in N. B. Federation meant giving no provincial tariffs for revenue. In the case of N. B. it was compensated for at the rate of 80 cents a head, whence the slogan used so effectively by his able antagonist Westmore, that Tilley

would sell his compatriots at 80 cents a head to a Federal Union. Tariffs were at the basis of finance in those days. When in a later Cabinet Sir Leonard Tilley became Minister of Finance he was the one man on whom Macdonald depended to buttress up the National Policy into a working scheme of national business.

GAIN I am reminded of Eli Broadburn and the corner store in the saw-mill village; an evening when the lad from England listened to strange tales of a sudden rebellion in a far country. It was in 1885. The land was Rupert's Land. Eli knew a good deal about this and he told the gathering most that he knew to explain how this vast inland of the plains came into the Confederation of Canada. He told them of Donald A. Smith and the Hudson's Bay Company; of Fort Garry and the Mounted Police; of cowboys and furposters; of the half-breeds and the red men, and what he knew about Louis Riel, the sinister, fretful little figure who, with a dusky face and a Napoleonic strut looked out over a vast entente of rivers, valleys and hills as far as the feet of the Rockies and said to strange men that he knew:

"I will set up a kingdom. Ottawa's rule stops in the east. British Columbia may do what it likes. The prairies are ours."

All the first letter symbols looked to be out of date; C. P. R., B. N. A., N. P.—H. B. C., however, was still something; pity it had ever been set aside for those others, quoth the little dictator amid the tomtoms and the smokes of the thirst dancers called two months early that year.

There were red, restless men enough in the lodges of a land a thousand miles and more by half as much to make a rebellion that only the Rockies could stop westward and the rocks of Algoma to the east. It was a prairie fire. It spread in a racing smoke. The sky was black. The long trails thundered and boomed—no, not with the buffaloes; the last of these had gone and there was casual hunger in the lodges. No

more vast pony-clattering hunts in the open. And even so the red men would not have cared so much, but that their half-red brethren who lived in the river-crag villages of log walls did not like the chain-surveying men who wanted to cut up the zig-gaz farms and make straight in the desert a highway.

It was the grand kick against the B. N. A., of which the red men knew nothing; the C. P. R., which some of them had seen only as a swoop of black smoke and a thunder like the buffaloes; and the N. P., which the successors to the red men—the grain-growers on the buffalo hills—are bucking to this day. And the kick was made to the tune and the thump of the tom-tom in the coulees.

Here was a love of country about to break into a fire. What Cree, Blackfoot, Piegan, Sarcee or Blood or Stoney did not love that land like his own life? What red man did not know this Confederation of the Tribes with its head-men and councillors? its pipes of peace and its goings forth to war?

These tribes could fight. The Crees had gone against the Blackfoots and the Blackfoots against the Piegans and the Sarcees, and these against the Stoneys in the hills of the mountains. But when there was a common menace as the head-men saw it the tribes were as one.

Remember, that it was a vast love of country, a passion for native hills, a blind mania for the trails



THE HEROES OF THE PRESENT

of their fathers' fathers and the haunted magic of a great and fabulous land that made these redskins go mad against law, redcoats and confederation. Let us not blame those men for the love they had. Time was backing up; time and the railway and the strange settler with his buckboard and his prairie schooner. The land was changing.

"No, sir," deposed Eli, squinting down a stone axehandle. "That railroad wasn't built without a bigger reason than makin' a rebellion to split Canada. Jawn A. built that road. He bought that country. made it part of Canada. He sent the Mounted Police out to keep order. And he'll never let it secede. No, sir!"

B UT things have happened bigger than even Macdonald knew when he said, in 1867:

I am satisfied that great as has been our progress in the last twenty-five years since the Union between Upper and Lower Canada, our future progress during the next twenty-five years will be vastly greater. And when by reason of this increase we become a nation of eight or nine millions, our alliance will be worthy of being sought by the great nations of the earth.

Had there been no great war the Canada of 1917, at the rate of immigration before the war, would have been nine millions at least. We are now citizenizing a country that Macdonald and his colleagues only dreamed about.

There is no part of Canada that has not at some time either tried or threatened to break the Confederation. Nova Scotia organized to repeal the B. N. A. Act. Quebec refused to come in without guarantees and a compromise; and irresponsible nonpatriots have since talked of seceding. Ontario, after the agitation over the hanging of Riel, talked of a breakup of Confederation. The Toronto Globe said in the campaign of 1887:

"The paramount issue is not whether Liberals or Conservatives shall administer Canada's affairs for the next five years, but whether the Dominion shall continue in existence. That the breakup of Confederation would ensue from the government's success is as certain as the breakup of winter."

On the other hand, the Toronto Mail, Conservative organ, said that rather than submit to dictation by French-Canadians in such a matter as the execution of Riel.

"Ontario would smash Confederation into its original fragments, preferring that the dream of a united Canada should be shattered forever than that unity should be purchased at the price of equity."

The great West had its disruption period in the Rebellion.

Before the completion of the C. P. R., British Columbia, which had come in only at the price of that railway binding the Pacific to Eastern Canada,

threatened to secede to the United States unless the road were completed in the specified time.

And British Columbia had as good a reason as any. Out on the far edge of the country, clean off the great lines of immigration and traffic, isolated by two ranges of mountains, this land of Vancouver and Captain Cook, of great explorers and gold-trailers and English colonists might have lost less at that time by secession than any other part of the country. But B. C. did not secede. Loyalty to Confederation to-day is as high on the Pacific as on the Atlantic or the great lakes.

The unity of this land to-day does not now, and never can again, depend upon Canada's attachment to Great Britain or our connection with the rest of the Empire. The old flag policy is no longer the exclusive policy of this united people. We of to-day share with Macdonald and Joseph Howe their absolute fealty to the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain and their unfaltering objection to any scheme or suggestion of annexment to the United States. Constitutionally this land is first Canadian, then British. In 1867 we were first British, then Canadian. The impact of 50 years of political unity has reversed

Fifty years more of such union-can any prophet forecast? None that we have yet heard. (Concluded on page 21.)

RAN across Bob Tempest one pleasant July afternoon cycling along a hedge-bordered road in Surrey. I had last seen him in Canada, where his battalion, some weeks junior to my own, was cherishing

the fond ambition of an early call overseas. We had received our call first, however, and I had already been six weeks in England. I was not aware Bob had arrived, such things being done with a maximum of military secrecy.

He was ambling along, like myself, on what the English people are pleased to call a "push-bike," in contradistinction to its more dynamic relative the motor-cycle, a vehicle much in vogue with Canadian officers whose "free" Sunday afternoons enable them to explore the England adjacent to their camps. As he turned in the saddle he presented to me a face that was the picture of dejection. Seldom have I seen a more woe-begone and dispirited expression on the countenance of a fellow-mortal. It seemed to say to the world at large, "You, poor fools, may have your innocent joys and hopes, and retain a trusting faith in man and the universe; for me all is over. I have lost all illusions, surrendered all ambitions. Henceforth I go the dull round as a matter of duty, and regard only with pity your pathetic belief in the ultimate goodness of things."

I took this in before he recognized me, for then his face brightened, somewhat wanly.

"I've been looking for you, old top," he said, as we dismounted and shook hands. "But I couldn't find out what bally camp you're in. Nobody seemed to know anything about your moth-eaten old battalion."

"I was not aware that the rabble of alleged soldiers with which you have the misfortune to be associated had arrived in England," I replied, "or I would have taken steps to find out where they had buried you."

Having exchanged these expressions of mutual regard, we moved into the shade of some great trees by the roadside, and sat down on a mossy log for further converse.

"When did you land, where are you stationed, what have you been doing, and how do you like the war?" I asked by way of a modest beginning.

Even as I spoke the air of exaggerated misanthropy had been resuming possession of my friend's face.

"I know that you intend no cruelty," said he. "Yet there are topics that cannot be touched on without pain. These memories that bless and burnthought, so pensive was his eye, that he was about to brush away a manly tear.

I besought him to tell me what had blighted his young life.

"Listen, my son," said he, bracing himself with

BROKEN UP

A War Story of United Canada By CARLTON MCNAUGHT

> an effort, "and I will unfold to you a tale that should curdle the generous currents of your heart-if you have such a thing after a year in the military game. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You can sympathize with me or not as you like. But hear my story."

And this is the story.

You will possibly remember, began Bob, blowing cigarette smoke sadly through his nose, that the dear old Nth was counted the best battalion in our Division back in Canada. I will do you the justice of saying that your own unit was pretty generally acknowledged to be second best-wait, don't argue about it now. How we slaved to get that battalion up to strength! It was some pull getting the last hundred, with every battalion in the field on the trail of the still undecided eligibles, with open-air meetings, recruiting sengeants on the principal downtown corners, special posters, display ads in the evening papers, and daily parades with a bugle band and banners. The M. O. worked overtime. The C. O. insisted on absolute adherence to the highest physical standards. When we marched into camp at last, we considered that we had a picked battalion. You remember, yourself, after our first inspection at camp, when we'd only been in training as a complete unit for a week, the G. O. C. said he'd never seen a better set-up lot of men, nor better discipline for a green unit.

MOST of the men had been recruited from the C. O.'s own militia regiment, and they already knew and liked him. They turned in and worked like beavers. We had a splendid lot of sergeants, most of them chaps who'd had experience in the Imperials, and many of them had seen active service in India or Egypt or South Africa. We began the instructional work with these and we were soon able to pick out a bunch of younger Canadian N. C. O.'sbright chaps, quick learners and as keen as razors to make good. With the officers we had it wasn't hard to get the administration and training started on a sound basis. Our Adjutant had been in one of the crack English regiments. Several of the company officers had been through South Africa, and one or two were R. M. C. graduates. We had a crack Machine Gun Officer and a crack Signalling Officer right from the start-specialists both, filled to the brim with pride in their own particular work.

We soon had the men hard as nails with physical drill, route marches, bayonet fighting and so on. I don't know how you found it in the Umpty-Umpth, but I never saw a lot of men, most of them, mind you, right out of factories and offices and jobs like that,

take to a new way of life so thoroughly. There were mighty few of those men who'd got into the game because of the money, and mighty few who hadn't made some sort of sacrifice, financial or otherwise, to enlist. To them training was just a means of getting to the front and doing their bit, not a pleasant kind of outdoor employment. And very soon they began to work for the honour of the old Nth. They got to know each other, friendships grew up. They had their dreams-of individual glory on the field of battle, of daring exploits that would win the D. C. M. or the V. C., but most of all of splendid united efforts that would bring honour and renown to the dear old Nth. That sort of spirit springs up in any body of men thrown together for any length of time in the pursuit of a common objective. In the army we call it esprit de corps. The C. O. used to lecture us on esprit de corps. "Foster it as much as you can," he would say in the early days of our training. "Encourage your men to have confidence in each other and in you, to strive for the good of the battalion and its honour. It is one of the most valuable factors in war."

YOU couldn't work with a bunch of men like that without getting to like them, you know that. Some of them were pretty crude specimens, not much brains, not much education, not very-well, refined. But, by gad, they were men. I got to know every man in my company personally, just as if he'd been my own brother-where he'd been brought up, what his home surroundings had been, what he'd worked at, how many children he had if he was married, what had been his ambitions in civil life, and what he dreamed of doing after the war. They'd come to me with their smallest troubles. Many's the hot argument on some fine point of military usage I've had to arbitrate! I was even called upon to lend a sympathetic ear to tales of unrequited love. I had to deal out punishments, of course and there were a few that were bad at the core and we had to get rid of them. But even those who'd done C. B. and extra guards and smarted under some pretty stiff jawings never bore any grudge. There wasn't a man of them that wouldn't have followed me into the muzzle of a Howitzer. . . Do you know, I got to love those men.

Well, after about ten months of training, when everyone was getting so fed up with deferred hopes

warning for overseas. Naturally we were wild with joy. We were going to get to the front at lastthe old Nth would have its innings now, and get a chance to distinguish itself in the trenches. When the G. O. C. came round for the final inspection we were ready. Everything went like clock-work. And believe me, we were some battalion. Every mother's son, down to the merest kitchen-fatiguer, knew his work and fitted into his place. On parade we made as good a showing as any battalion that ever went out of Canada. The G. O. C. said that himself, and he knew, and he wasn't given to flattery.

URING the voyage there was a good deal of speculation as to what camp we'd be going to, and how long they'd keep us there before sending us over to France. There were rumours going round about battalions being split up altogether to feed other battalions in England. Someone even started a rumour that that was the fate in store for the Nth. But we shut our eyes to any such horrible possibility. It didn't seem within the bounds of reason that they would split up a unit like the Nth, with our long period of training and our strong esprit de corps. . . .

The English people gave us a great reception as the big vessel drew into port. It was about half-past seven at night, and the excursion boats were flocking up and down the river. It didn't take them long to get on to the fact that we were Canadians. Our brass band, stationed on the boat deck, was playing "The Maple Leaf" and "O Canada," You never heard such a wild pandemonium of steam sirens as arose from those queer, low-decked little ferries. Everyone of them changed its course and ran up close to us as we slid calmly into the harbour, and the English people in their bright summer costumes flocked to the side waving hats and handkerchiefs and giving us cheer after cheer. We crowded the rail and cheered back; the ratlines in the bow were full of men, like telegraph wires full of swallows.

I tell you it was good after the monotony of the voyage to hear that pleasant row and see the huddled factory chimneys and towers and the double-decked trams on the streets and people walking about on the waterfront. This was England—the England we'd read and talked about and tried to picture to ourselves-dear muddle-headed, golden-hearted old England, with her pleasant countryside, haphazard little villages, and grimy, crowded cities, standing St. George-like, now, roused and dogged, fronting the modern dragon of Prussianism. As I stood on the deck of our towering troopship and looked down over the scene that symbolized so much, the thought that I was a Canadian, with a partnership in all that, sent a thrill through my body. I was proud of the old Nth, and the part we were to play.

WE were feeling in high fettle when we went ashore early next morning. Everything was crammed with interest for the men, from the little packing-box trains and their peanutstand whistles to the girl news-vendors with their pretty, modulated voices, who sold us the morning's "picture papers." There were several battalions to entrain, and it was nearly noon before the R. T. O. gave us the word to get aboard. A drizzling rain had set in, confirming our preconceived notions of English weather. But the people along the way flocked out to greet us as we slid through crowded suburbs and past back-gardens and little way-stations.

"Hurrah for the Canadians!" they called from station platforms and windows and garden fences

Even the babies were held up to look at us. Handkerchiefs and flags were waved gaily at us by stout old ladies and young mothers with youngsters clinging to their skirts.

The trackmen working in the yards looked up with amiable grins and called "'Ello, Canaydians" .

"Well, I suppose you had the same experience, so I needn't enlarge. But somehow we felt that there was something special in their welcome, that they were cheering the old Nth itself, and we felt a glow of pride in our standing as a

that they were ready to commit murder, we got our battalion, in our history, in the struggles we had already known in our own way, in our corporate strength. We felt the "pride of corps" thrilling through us. We passed our pet jokes up and down the line. We played upon each other's individual foibles. We were the Nth Battalion! In our hearts we knew that when battle time came, our comradeship would be our dearest strength.

> It was quite dark when we pulled into the station for our camp. We had been in the little box-like compartments for nine hours, and we were headachy and pretty hungry. There were a couple of Staff Officers to meet us. We formed up in the cold drizzling rain, and by the time we had covered the half-mile into camp we were pretty sodden and uncomfortable. Our spirits were rather dashed to find that no preparations had been made to receive us. It seemed that the Commandant had not been apprised that we were to arrive that night. We located our quarters at last, got the men into the huts and fires going to get them hot tea and something to eat. By the time we had the men properly settled it was nearly eleven o'clock. When the C. O. informed us that the officers' mess of another Canadian battalion had invited the Nth officers to come and have something with them, we did not wait to be asked twice, you may bank on that.

> It was a cheery mess, with a fire dancing in the grate and Canadian faces and voices to welcome us. Several of the officers, including the C. O., were waiting up for us, and under the influence of hot tea and edibles our spirits rose; we began to feel that things weren't so bad after all; accidents will happen, and the seeming indifference to our coming could scarcely be taken as an ill omen. We chatted with our hosts, and learned that they had been in England for a

> "When do you expect to go over?" was the inevitable question we put to them.

> "Well, you see," was the reply, "we don't just know what's going to happen to us. We've lost most of the battalion-had to fill up the Somethingth Battalion of the Xth Division. Most of our officers gone. too. We have about 200 men left, and we've got those on fatigue-cleaning up the camp, and so on."

"But-but-" we stammered.

"Oh, they tell us we're going to be 'filled up' again -we're to get the first battalion that comes over after the Xth Division is complete. But they've been telling us that for a month. Getting to be rather a joke."

And so this was the situation! You can imagine



"We sat down for further converse."

our feelings, old man. All the rumours that had been buzzing about our ears for the past few weeks came crowding back with little mocking voices. They were breaking up battalions, then. This shameful thing had happened, was happening. Perhaps-

"But of course they won't do that with the Nth!" we chorused. "The G. O. C. said that we were one of the finest battalions that ever left Canada."

But our hosts only smiled cynically, with the air of men who do not wish to be unkind, but whose sad experience has robbed them of illusions.

"Oh, you'll get it, too," said the Colonel our host. "They told us the same things-said we were one of the finest battalions that had ever left Canada, and all that. The G. O. C. here told us we presented a splendid appearance. He was sorry to see us broken up. Would have liked to see us go over to France intact, and so on. But these things had to happen. The Xth Division had to be filled up; it had been drained by drafts owing to the sudden offensive and heavy casualties at the front. So-you see!" A shrug of the shoulders and a lifting of the hands expressed what words could not. "They've done the same thing with every battalion that's come over in the last month."

THIS took most of the gimp out of us, and yet we still refused to class ourselves with our unfortunate hosts. It was inconceivable. There must have been something wrong with them, we whispered to ourselves. Perhaps they hadn't shaped up very well. If we only got a chance to show what we could do-why the first inspection would settle the matter right off!

Just then a motor-cycle orderly brought to the door an official envelope for the O. C. Nth Battalion. We watched his face while he tore open the envelope and read its contents. A whimsical little smile played around his lips. He had a sense of dramatic moments, our C. O. He read it to us very solemnly and deliberately. It bore the day's date, which was the 28th

"To the O. C. Nth Battalion," it ran. "You will supply 750 men to the Blankth Battalion and 100 men, preferably Scotchmen, to the Dash Battalion (a Highland unit), on Friday, the 29th. All documents to be completed and handed over to the O. C.'s these Battalions by Saturday, the 10th."

There was an intimation, also, that the G. O. C. would inspect the Nth at 11 o'clock in the morning. That was the one spark of hope. When the G. O. C. saw what a fine spectacle the Nth presented on

parade, surely he would not have the heart to enforce that order.

We went to bed hoping against hope.

When we fell in in drill order a few minutes to 11 next morning to march to the inspection grounds, the old Nth was keyed to its highest pitch. I never saw our chaps look better. We felt equal to any merely human demands, and yet uncertain what things an English Staff Officer (the archangel of our ambitious dreams) might require of us. You know. It was the feeling you might have on being ushered into Heaven with critical seraphim eyeing you and an uneasy feeling that your wedding garments might, in this empyrean atmosphere, look a bit shabby.

BEFORE we moved off the C. O. told them something of what was in the wind. He gave them to understand that our fate as a battalion depended in a great measure on our showing that morning. He called upon them to live up to our traditions, for the honour of Canada and the old Nth. We moved off in the brilliant sunshine with our band playing one of those airs we had marched and sung to so many times during our months of training in far-off Canada.

The G. O. C. was a Canadian-born, like ourselves. As he paced along the rigid lines with the C. O. and the Adjutant and others of our hierarchy he had a kindly and appreciative look in his eye. Our spirits rose.

As we stood easy after the inspection, we cast anxious glances at the little group of Staff Officers. Our C. O., we could see, was putting up a big fight for the Nth. He and the G. O. C. were

(Concluded on page 28.)

CONSIDER THE WHOLE CASE

VALUED but despondent correspondent thinks that the optimistic tone maintained in this column must place somewhat of a strain upon the writer. Observe, he says, the progress of the war week by week, and the minute gains that are credited to the Allied armies. Is there any reason, he asks, why the struggle should not continue until either France or England is compelled to succumb? Can we suppose that the end is anywhere in sight?

It has not been my intention to be either optimistic or pessimistic. Optimism and pessimism, as those terms are colloquially used, imply a biassed interpretation of events according to one's predilections or hopes. Now my interpretation of events may have been biassed. Errare humanum est. But it has not been consciously biassed. My aim has been to apply the test of commonsense to the happenings in the field of war and to indicate their tendencies and

field of war and to indicate their tendencies and their probable destination. I venture to think that if the correspondent in question had tried to acquire something more than what may be called a "newspaper headline" vision of the war, if he had actually visualized its operations instead of glancing vaguely at the nebulous mental pictures with which most people are content, he might find that he also had acquired the view that he calls optimistic. And to this end he might rid himself of a certain gloomy and unreasoning conviction that German military power is invincible and that to resist it is merely to struggle against a malign fate. It is a conviction that has already been referred to in this column as the "German myth." It is a sort of hypnotic suggestion that Germans themselves have imposed upon the credulous by a simple combination of repetition

Personally I have always been of the conviction, still unshaken, that the Germans bad already lost the war when they invaded France through Belgium. Theirs was already a beaten army before they had crossed the Meuse, and they knew it. They invaded Belgium, not because it was the easiest way into France-it is obviously the most difficult-but because they expected that the French armies would hurry north to meet them, and would then find themselves trapped between the German armies in Belgium and the other German armies that would be poured over the frontiers to their rear. It was an expectation that was falsified by Joffre's determination not to walk into the snare. The Germans had lost the initiative when they finally left Belgium and began their march southward. They were not advancing upon Paris, as a glance at the map of their advance would conclusively show. They were not then thinking of Paris. Nor was it a triumphant "drive." They were following the French army, and they had to go wherever they were led. They were led to the Marne, and there they were soundly beaten. They have never recovered the initiative that they then lost. They were pinned to their lines for nearly three years while the Allies were acquiring the necessary strength to drive them out. They have now been driven out from a large part of those lines and they are still being driven. Indeed at the moment of writing we are told that the German lines throughout Belgium are "crumbling," as indeed they are. My correspondent is guilty of a confusion of thought. Because the Germans have not yet been fully driven out of France and Belgium he assumes that they will presently be able still further to invade those countries-a glaring non sequitur. The German invasion has obviously failed to achieve its aim, and it is equally obvious that its aim is still receding. In what way this can be supposed to presage a German victory it is not easy to see.

The right way to estimate the status of the war is to place ourselves in the position, not of the Allied commanders, but of the German commanders, seeing that they were the invaders and the aggressors, and therefore it is their aims that we have to consider. Do they suppose that those aims are still attainable? It is not conceivable that they suppose any such thing, at least so far as the western field is concerned. For many months past they have

CORYN answers a correspondent who gets pessimistic about the war. In so doing he reviews the whole progress of the war as tersely as only a man can who has been following the game from the start. As a focussed, summedup statement of the whole case against Germany the article should be of some use to both optimists and pessimists in Canada—if there are any pessimists, after 50 years of United Canada.

By SIDNEY CORYN

Written Especially for the Canadian Courier

been meeting an almost uninterrupted series of reverses. They were compelled to abandon a line of the strongest fortifications that were ever constructed, and to fall back upon another line that was much less advantageous. They are now preparing to repeat the same procedure and will do so within a few days. This second line has been so hacked and dented that it was saved only by a dangerous weakening of the eastern field. When the British transferred their attack to the vicinity of Ypres they instantly won a striking victory and overwhelmed the Messines lines, although these lines belonged to the old system and were as strong as human skill could make them. Since then the British have won other and smaller successes in the same area, and as a result of this continuous hammering we are told that the German lines are crumbling. Even if this is an exaggeration, we still have the German official reports admitting the reverse that has befallen their arms, and announcing a retirement to "other positions in the rear." If the Germans still believe that they can win-and of course they believe nothing of the sort-we may ask by what new departures or expedients they believe that this end can be attained. They cannot strengthen their armies, seeing that they have no reserves, and that they can bring no more men from the eastern field. They are enormously outnumbered and out-gunned. They can make no move that has not been foreseen and guarded against. The fortunes and accidents of war are, of course, incalculable, and chance may always give an opportunity that is denied to skill and strategy, but without the interposition of chance it is hard to see any means whatsoever by which the Germans can retrieve their losses or turn the tide of war. The only hope that Germany can now entertain intelligently is to produce some sort of a deadlock from which she may smatch a peace agreement that shall not be too clearly labelled as a defeat. And that is why she holds so desperately to her western lines in spite of the conviction that to advance is almost beyond the bounds of possibility. But even the chances of a deadlock are waning day by day.

THE probabilities of an advance from Saloniki against the Bulgarians are measurably strengthened by the concurrent bulletins to the effect that King Constantine of Greece has been deposed, and that French reinforcements have been sent to the army of General Sarrail. We know also that Italians have been arriving in large numbers, and that the Allied battle line is now continuous from the Adriatic Sea eastward. It is hard to understand why so much patience has been shown to a King who not only openly defied his treaty obligations to Serbia, but who was hardly at any pains to conceal his pro-German sympathies. The situation in Greece was doubtless a delicate one. The King was once something of a national hero, and there may have been much uncertainty as to the extent of his popularity, and as to the measure of resentment that would follow his deposition. It was obviously difficult for the Allied armies to advance northward so long as a hostile king was lurking in the rear, and eager to give the stab in the back that would be fatal to an

offensive. But inopportune action might hav created a still more difficult situation by an irritation of the national spirit and an affront to the national pride. But this danger seems to have been avoided, if we can trust the bulletins that describe Athens as being unaffected by the change, and hospitable to a young monarch who will of course submit to the direction of Venizelos who seems now to command the popular loyalty that the King has forfeited. That the Saloniki army would be allowed permanently to rust was unthinkable, nor can we attribute its inactivity wholly to the uncertainties of Greek politics. The story in its entirety has yet to be told, but no doubt this force is now about to take the field, nor must we forget that its functions are of an unsurpassed importance. However spectacular may be the events in other parts of the continent it is well to insist upon the fact that Serbia is now and always the gauge of the war, and that the war will have

been fought in vain if one inch of Serbian territory is allowed to remain under the political domination of the Central Powers. In this connection we may note the reiterated insistence of Austria that Serbian independence must not be resumed, and although Austria is not in a position to insist upon anything we may still note her demands as an indication of ambitions that at any and every cost must be frustrated.

Appreciated by a Political Foe

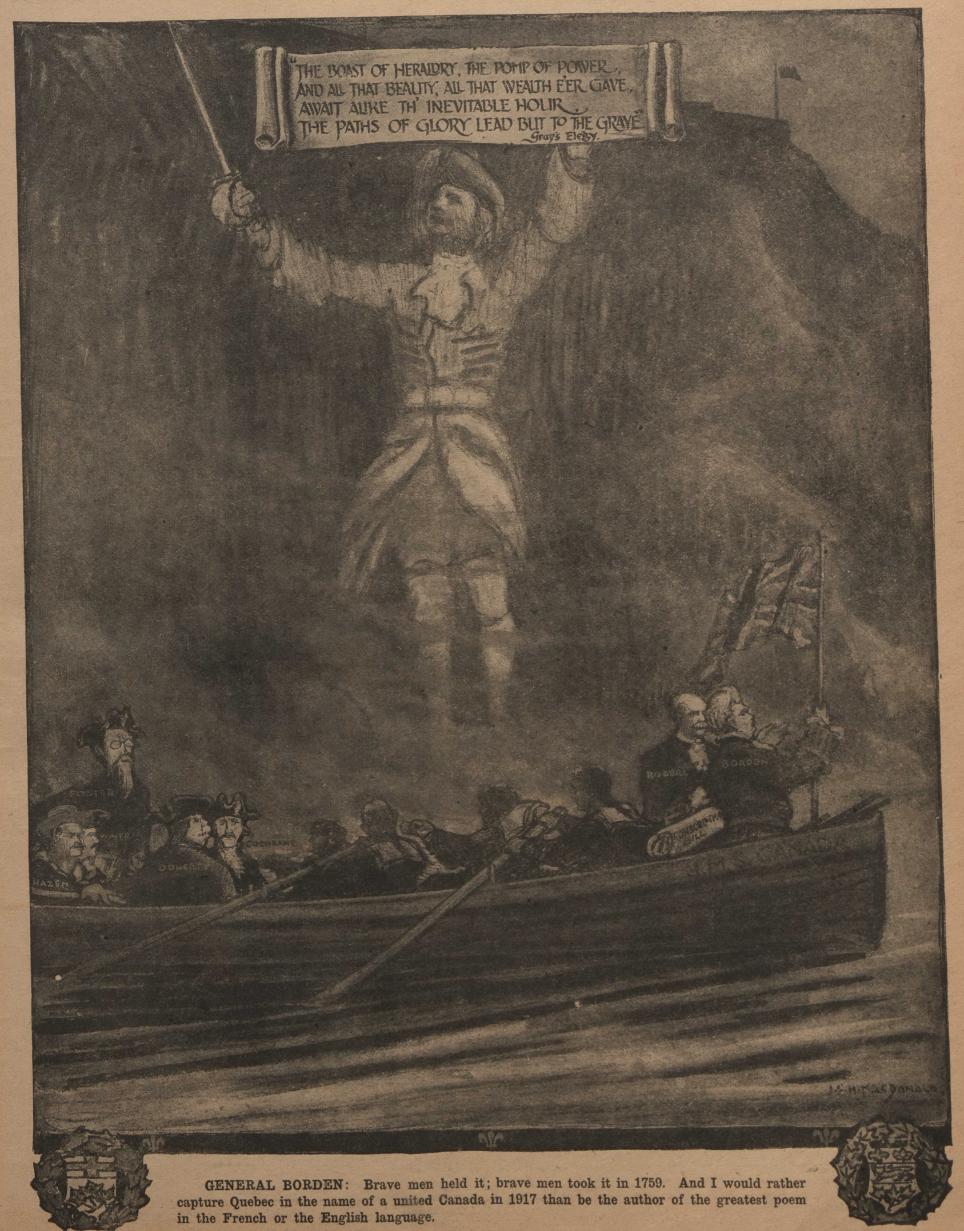
LTHOUGH known to have been a political op-A ponent of Sir John A. Macdonald, says one who with his father had a long experience in opposing the chief father of confederation, I have been asked as one who had pleasant personal associations with him to give a brief appreciation of his fascinating personality. Such appreciation must be somewhat qualified in my case though time has mellowed the ferocity of opposition-for it was mostly opposition—of boyhood years. I can still recall the feelings of those who were engaged in wrestling with his elusive ingenuity, the forces of whose magic we were then wont to attribute to no very angelic source. I believe that Sir John A. has left us a legacy of evil in the means which he adopted to attain his ends, which heritage both parties have in turn made their own. If they had only with an equal will but cherished his broad outlook and gift of wise diplomacy our confidence in Canada's future would be more assured. Sir John A. was certainly not lacking in courage or audacity. His reliance on that courage and the charm of personality was justified by success so far as success can be a sufficient

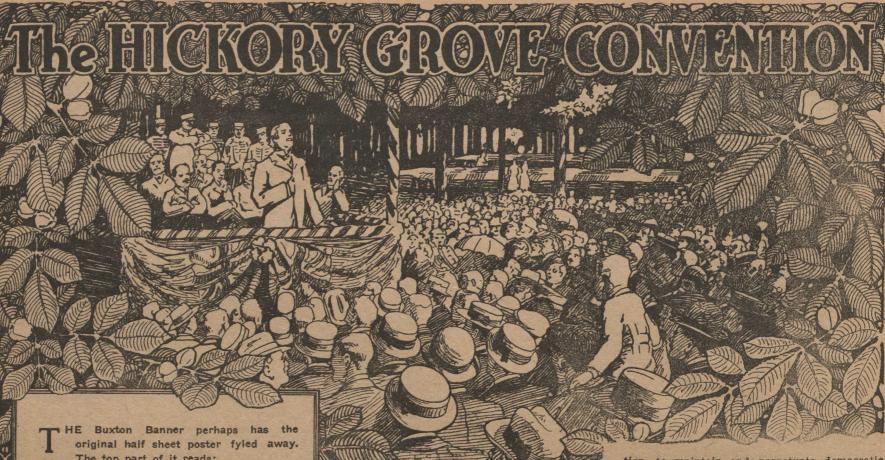
I remember after the Gerrymander Act how, smarting under what we felt to be an injustice, several young Liberals, of whom I was one, ventured to heckle Sir John at a meeting in North Toronto. Our only satisfaction was a cheerful smile and a wave in our direction and then the pronouncement: "I said I would hive the Grits and I have hived them." There was no argument, explanation, no propitiation, no room for comment or dispute in this and the cheers of the meeting served to dampen our youthful exuberance. I regret to have to confess that after he had left the platform the meeting broke up in disorder and I am afraid I must plead guilty to having been a violent participator in a row which was no doubt quite unjustifiable.

What keeps Sir John A.'s memory green is the recollection of his broad patriotic outlook. He saw Canada as a whole and sought to weld her into a consistent unit. He drove with consummate skill in double harness or in tandem such discordant quadrupeds as the Orange Lodge and the Catholic Hierarchy. His sense for what was expedient and his genius for compromise, coupled with his human sympathy and magnetism—for even his faults appeared to endear him to the people—enabled him to attain his ends without obscuring, or at any rate obliterating, the main public purpose of his career, which was the creation and upbuilding of a Canadian National Life.

"我们上面的数据分子"

THE SECOND CAPTURE of QUEBEC





The top part of it reads:

A DOMINION DAY CELEBRATION

Will be held (D.V.)

In Greenwood's Grove, July 1, 1884

Among the extra special attractions on that occasion were a number of speeches by speakers of six townships. The hickory grove is still there. And in 1917 the Canadian Courier commandeered it for a convention of speakers. Advance copies of the speeches, all very brief, were sent in by request, from all over Canada. So many came in that we had to extend the original space allotted by three pages, and then to hold over several of the most important for the issue of July 7. We received a large number of letters and telegrams, including very sincere and cordial letters from Sir Robert Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Thomas White, Cardinal Begin, Sir Clifford Sifton, Hon. Arthur Meighen, and many others.

God Save the King.

Nova Scotia in 1917

Hon. C. A. Murray (Premier of Nova Scotia.)

OVA SCOTIA made the greatest sacrifice of any of the Provinces when she entered Confederation. She was self-sustaining, with a growing population and an extensive export trade. Nevertheless, the idea of Canadian Confederation appealed to broad statesmanship, and leaders in Nova Scotia induced the representatives of the people to forego certain undoubted advantages for the sake of the common good. That was Nova Scotia's first great contribution to nationhood.

After Confederation Nova Scotia was forced to the task of development within new channels. The minerals of the Province were more largely exploited until Nova Scotia became the largest producer and exporter of coal within the Dominion. The fisheries, also, were extended and new markets found. The wealth of iron ore and fluxes existing, together with the coal supply, naturally led to the establishment of the steel industry. Nova Scotia now possesses the largest steel plants in Canada, one of which is also the largest self-contained steel plant in America.

The best service, however, that Nova Scotia

has performed for Canada has been her export of educated men. Our sons have inherited the ambition as well as the blood of Old Scotland. Our public schools, our technical schools and our colleges have united in producing trained men who have gone forth to help build up Canada. And in the political as well as the educational life of the Dominion, Nova Scotia has played an important part. She has given three Prime Ministers to Canada and a score of other effective statesmen. Moreover, behind every parliamentary measure that has to do with national well-being the influence of her representatives is manifest.

It is the prayer of all true Nova Scotians that this Province, with a heritage of intellectual capacity, may take a worthy part in the testing time that has come to Canada. The people of Nova Scotia are prepared to help solve the new problems that face us. The present struggle has wrought a deeper patriotism, a stronger faith than ever before in our united country, and a steadfast resolve to build up within the Empire a loyal commonwealth welded in the principles of an enlightened democracy.

A Message from Ontario Sir William Hearst

(Premier.)

NTARIO extends to each and every Province of Canada cordial greetings on the occasion of this Jubilee of Confederation. We heartily congratulate our Sister Provinces on the great progress they have made since the first Dominion Day, fifty years ago. We congratulate them on the assurance they enjoy of still greater progress in the future. My message to the people of Canada is that our hope as a country lies in national unity and co-operation. Canadians have much in common. We are one in loyalty and fealty to the British Flag and British institutions. We are one in the desire to advance the interests of Canada and of Canadians. We have a common duty, and I believe a common determination, to maintain and perpetuate democratic institutions in the world.

Never was the spirit of unity, which, happily, brought about Confederation, more essential than at the present time, when the strength and vitality of free government the world over are being tested to the utmost. My confident hope is that the faith and foresight which guided and inspired our forefathers will, by the blessing of Providence, so control and shape our destiny that Canada will acquire and hold the rightful and the glorious place which should be hers in the Empire and among the nations of the earth.

A Message from Quebec

Hon. Sir Lomer Gouin (Premier.)

Quebec, May 23rd, 1917.

Editor, The Canadian Courier:

EAR SIR,-You have asked me for a few lines for your Confederation Number, addressed more particularly to the people of Ontario.

The fiftieth anniversary of Confederation, which occurs on the first of July, is an event calculated, amid these days of world-wide sorrow, to arouse the patriotic and grateful fervour of all Canadians, and more especially of those of Ontario and Quebec.

For more than a hundred years, we, of this province, and you, of yours, have lived side by side, rubbing shoulders together, so to say; we have often experienced the same joys and the same sorrows; we have partaken the same labours; we have nursed the same hopes for the future of our common country, and for a long time we were the only ones to bear the name—so glorious to-day—of Canadians. You were of Upper Canada, we were of Lower Canada. We were already brothers when all the fine provinces which now partake our destinies were yet non-existent, or lived a life altogether different from and independent of ours.

We are proud to be able to say that the success of all the great public movements which have contributed to the national liberty, prosperity and happiness of Canada are due to the friendly and joint action of the sons of your province and of ours. Take Responsible Government, for instance! This was a work for whose success Lafontaine and Baldwin put forth all their energy, all their intelligence and all their heart. And I know of no more inspiring incident in all our history than the



great and lasting friendship which united these two statesmen. The political reverses of the one were an occasion for the other to extend a helping hand to the unfortunate friend, and it is a spectacle full of precious teaching to us and to our children that was given to us by the electors of York when they elected Lafontaine at the request of Baldwin, and by those of Rimouski when they elected Baldwin at the request of Lafontaine. And this Confederation whose fiftieth anniversary we are so happy to celebrate, is it not also the common work of the public men of Ontario and Quebec? Sir Charles Tupper admitted, but a short time before his death, that without Cartier and without Macdonald Confederation would have been impossible.

In the heritage which has come down to us from former generations, nothing lasting and durable has been effected, preserved and embellished without the joint effort of your public men and of ours, and without the friendship which united them. This is the great thought inspired by the event which we are now about to celebrate, and it is with this idea in mind and in heart that I fraternally extend a hand to all the population of Ontario, to whom I wish, not only for the next fifty years, but for all time to come, an even larger measure of happiness and prosperity than that which they have had in the past.

Manitoba's Message

Hon. Sir James Aikins

(Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba.) HOUGH the name "Manitoba" suggests close relationship with the spirit world, this central Province, constituted in July, 1870, did not, like Minerva, spring full armed from the brow of Jupiter. It had mortal beginnings in the two preceding centuries which gave it character and strength. Hudson, in 1610, found its gateway from the sea; a little later Radisson, a French fur-trader from Three Rivers, discovered its inland, and with business wrongs unredressed by France told of its richness to Prince Rupert, hence the incorporation, in 1670, of "The Governor and Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay," and the grant of all this western land to that Company who held it British for 200 Explored by another French-Canadian, La Verandrye, who built forts in it, including Fort Rouge, in 1735, now in the heart of Winnipeg. Traded over in the century following by French and English, and fought for between them by land and sea. Taken possession of in 1812 for agriculture and peaceful pursuits by the Selkirk settlers, who journeyed from the Bay up its waters to the Assiniboine. Given English law by the Council of Assiniboia, com posed of representatives of those settlers and of the Hudson's Bay Company. And so it was through adversities prepared for its destinya British Province, the strong middle link in the Dominion chain.

What vision and hope and faith possessed the makers of Confederation, those prophetic patriots, when for £300,000 they purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company the land of this western country and made provision in the B. N. A. Act for its admission into the Union! When thus admitted, Manitoba adopted the law of England of July, 1870, patterned its school and municipal system after those of

it is building a Canadian superstructure suited to its own requirements. Vast numbers of its citizens are children of the foreign born or foreign born themselves, not English in speech, not British-Canadian in sentiment and ideals. Nevertheless, Manitoba is resolutely moving to attain its goal, an enlightened people united in action, in thought and in language to express it, thus strong in itself it will aid in creating that oneness of all Canada so essential to both national progress and power.

Keep Canada Together

Baron Shaughnessy

N a country of such distances as Canada, neighbourliness is the quality most difficult to achieve, but most to be desired—the quality which enables the settler in British Columbia to understand and sympathize with the problems of the manufacturer in Eastern Canada, or of the French-Canadian habitant three thousand miles away.

The fifty years of Confederation have been fifty years of growing intercourse between East and West, but we still have much to learn of each other. In a time of crisis such as the present, it is our first duty to overlook differences of creed, of local interest, and of origin, and remember only that we are Canadian citizens of a great Empire which has taken up the cause of freedom against the aggression of a military caste. We must temper our criticism of each other's apparent shortcomings and devote our whole energies to the triumph of freedom and to constructive national effort.

It is only by such broadminded and singlehearted action that we can take a high place in the history of the world. A national publication such as the Canadian Courier, which deals with Canadian questions in a spirit of tolerance, and, at the same time, with patriotic sincerity, does vital service in unifying Canadian sentiment and in helping to realize the high ideal aimed at by the Fathers of Confederation.

Service and Suffrage

Bliss Carman (Canadian Poet.)

> New Canaan, Conn. 11 June, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Y DEAR SIR,-In celebrating the semicentennial of Confederation, it seems to me that nothing is more important than to keep our eyes steadily fixed on the present. We have a past to be proud of. It can take care of itself in history. In the future lie hope, ambition, achievement. But Canada's need is a present need. Canada's choice is to be made now.

It is not entirely misleading to talk of the unity of a people, which is united for accepting all the benefits of civil liberty and civilization, but is not united in service for the safeguarding of those benefits.

I believe that anything less than universal service, that is, universal military service whenever the nation is in danger, is only a relic of that easy time in which we were raised, under the guardianship of the English navy and the English army.

I believe that anything less than universal service, established as a permanent institution in our national life, is unmanly, unfair, and fatal to the sound growth of a self-governing people. It should be laid down as an axiom Eastern Canada, and on this British foundation ... for all time that among free peoples service and

suffrage are inseparable. If a man will not serve, neither should he vote. Is there any reason under God's heaven why the brave and generous should perish in order that the soft and greedy may fatten in peace?

Canada is honoured in the world to-day as only great nations are ever honoured, for her high-hearted valour and constancy in holding to her ideals and traditions. Who gave her this enviable place among the free peoples of the earth, by the side of heroic Belgium and glorious France? The men who answered the call to arms, who had the vision to see the instant danger to freedom, and the will to respond without hesitation. Yes, and the fathers and mothers and wives and sisters and sweethearts of these men, who had the courage to bid them farewell with a cheer and a word of love from aching but unconquerable hearts.

This is the Canada of the past. What of the Canada of the future? Will she be less noble, less worthy of esteem among nations and affection among her children? It is for us to answer. Her coming years wait on our decision. A momentous destiny lies in our hands.

It was said by one of America's greatest men in a critical hour of her history that the Union could not remain half slave and half free. It is just as true to-day that no country can remain half willing to serve and half unwilling. Canadians, I think, are a people with an exceptional pride of race, and with a national character that is never indifferent to the deeper and finer obligations of life. We were bred to a severe sense of duty and devotion and private honour. Now, in these days of tremendous stress, I believe that our most obvious duty lies in adopting the principle of universal military service and training as a part of our social system. I believe it is necessary not only in the present crisis, but in order to insure an honourable future for our coming generations, if Canada is to continue to play her part without reproach among the nations.

One's Own Country Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O.

(President Canadian Bank of Commerce.)

S the boys and girls leave our schools and universities and enter upon the problems of life, they are apt to turn their eyes away from their own country and to seek in dreams of older lands the romance and the varied aspects of civilization which too often in school they have been taught to look for only there. We have been striving for fifty years to gradually teach Canadians that the histories of New France, of the British settlements in Nova Scotia, of the American colonists, who, as United Empire Loyalists, swarmed into Upper Canada, of the hardy Scots who, as fur traders, opened our West, and of the English who set up a lone outpost on Vancouver Island, are all parts of the history of our own Canada. Perhaps now that St. Julien, Festubert Courcellette, the Somme and Vimy Ridge have made the name of Canada mean something so clearly that history for centuries cannot forget, our boys and girls may realize that from first to last of the white man's life in the northern half of North America there has been a glorious procession of events and that romance, so dear to youth, is here just now and has been here for generations if we but direct our minds to our own country.

To know this country, its mountains, its prairies, its lakes and rivers, its countless miles of happy rolling land fitted for the highest types of agriculture, to know its people with their varied problems and their differing views, is a duty and a privilege which should appeal to every young Canadian. We have an enormous



country with a very small population. It is capable of being peopled in numbers beyond any calculation yet made, although I do not think that therein greatness lies, but it should be peopled much more than it is. The trust in our hands as to the nature of these newcomers, as to the civilization we now offer them and particularly as to the civilization likely to arise from their mixture with ours, is as great as that of any nation in the past history of the world. Every night in our lives as we think over the events of the day, we should pray that we may be fit for the trust.

Our Two Great Races

Sir George Garneau, Quebec.

HE 50th anniversary of Confederation comes at a time when the whole world is convulsed by the throes of a deadly struggle for supremacy between two radically different ideals of national life; on the one hand, autocracy, domination by the State, and the principle that "might is right"; on the other, government by the people, individual liberty and the respect of those traditions of honour and chivalry, which are as essential to the nation as they are to the individual. For three years Great Britain and France have fought and bled together to uphold those ideals, which they have in common, against the mighty hordes of the Teuton races, arrayed against them in the mad effort to impose their "kultur" on the rest of the world. Canada is a young and heterogeneous nation, and its last census returns show that its population is composed of 3,896,-985 people of British race, 2,054,890 French, 522,423 German and Austro-Hungarian, and 732,-342 of divers other nationalities. In other words 82 per cent. of the population belong to the British and French stock, and upon them devolves the responsibility of educating and forming the other elements to become true Canadians. To accomplish this successfully it is essential that these two great races should set the example of mutual confidence and respect for each other's racial characteristics, in the spirit which inspired the great Canadian statesmen who evolved Confederation. Misconceptions and prejudice, due to ignorance are the worst enemies of Confederation. How shall we combat them? By calling upon all who love this country to encourage in every possible manner closer intercourse between the two races. From that closer intercourse will spring mutual respect and trust, and a proper appreciation of the good qualities in each, the co-existence of which is an invaluable asset to Canada.

B.C. and the Orient After War

A. M. Chisholm

(The Man from Windermere, B. C.)

OT long ago some well-meaning gentleman considered the time opportune to urge upon the Canadian Government the desirability of removing or relaxing restrictions upon Oriental immigration. I am not sure they did not want to give Orientals votes. At any rate, they belonged to some league based on the brotherhood-of-man idea. Their high cards were East Indian Troops and war contributions, our Japanese Ally, and our Chinese, more or less ditto.

But they got very little encouragement from the Canadian Government and the Canadian Press. After the war, said both, it would be time enough to consider this. Then-?

British Columbia is Canada's gateway to and

from the Orient, and is vitally interested in all matters pertaining thereto. There is no doubt that the huge, unwieldy, little-known Orient is stirring in its sleep of unnumbered centuries, grumbling, turning over, and possibly about to awaken to modern life. A modern day may be dawning in the East. Nippon is not the Japan of Gilbert and Sullivan. What Japan is to-day, China may be to-morrow; and nobody knows what world consequences may spring from the entry of the unheeded, almost unnumbered millions of the East into world affairs. It is a new, gigantic factor. Introduced into the old sum it may give a new and startling answer.

But so far as B. C. is concerned, while Oriental trade is desirable, Oriental immigration is not. If one can't be had without the other, B. C. will do without either if she has any say in the matter, and she thinks she will have. "A White British Columbia" used to be a good election plank, and given the issue it will be just as good again. B. C. now has as many Asiatics as she needs for her present purposes, and she has no intention of being crowded by them. They are well enough for certain occupations for which it is hard to obtain white labour, but that, in the opinion of B. C., lets them out-which is the reverse of letting them in.

In B. C. the Hindus are mainly mill hands; the Japs cling to the Coast and fish; but the Chinaman is more versatile, ubiquitous and omnipresent.

There is no doubt that the Chinaman is useful. He market-gardens, washes, runs restaurants and cooks. Heaven alone knows what B. C. would do for cooks without him. His cooking is standardized. His soup tastes like his beef, and his beef tastes like his pie, and his pie tastes like-well, anyway, you can start at either end and get the same flavour in the same order, one and indivisible. But he is sober, and a sober white cook simply isn'tat least in B. C. There is not even the tradition of one.

Nobody objects to the Chink in moderation, while he confines himself to cooking, washing and growing the succulent radishes and cabbages. But when he horns into commerce or essays to grasp the sacred muckstick on construction work he gets in very badly indeed. White merchants and white labour will not stand for him. He undersells both. Possibly his ideas of a fair profit are more rudimentary, and he has not grasped the eternal truth of charging all that the traffic will bear. But the fact remains that his standard of living is lower, his outlook on life different, his objective not the same. In numbers B. C. does not want him and will not have him, any more after the war than before, and this sentiment goes for other Asiatics.

Some people speak of "After the War" as if it were the millennium. We are by way of being deluged by slushy, half-baked schemes under high-sounding names. We talk largely of preferential trade, inter-Imperial arrangements of various kinds, to promote unity. So far as B. C. and the Orient is concerned, B. C. is strong for protection, and both political parties are quite aware of it.

Canadian Autonomy J. S. Ewart

(Ottawa.)

C IR JOHN A. MACDONALD was the greatest of our autonomy-builders. Linked with Galt, he secured our fiscal autonomy. To him, principally, we owe federation. Had not the stupidities of Buckingham and Derby intervened, our title would be "The Kingdom of Canada"; the Colonial Secretary would have ceased to function; autonomy would have long since been complete. Sir John established the Canadian flag, and flew it on every public building in Canada.

Sir Wilfrid, although handicapped by his birth, made splendid defence against the heavy Chamberlain attacks on our autonomy, and he added to our treaty-making powers. But he sanctioned the lowering of the Canadian flag.

Sir Robert is imperialistic. Autonomy is rapidly disappearing and, ominously, the losses are being outrun by imperialistic phraseology. Sir Robert declares that he is a member of "The Imperial War Cabinet," although there is no such thing. He has agreed that Canadian resources shall be considered "Empire resources" and Canadian assets "Imperial Assets." He has agreed to "concerted action" in the development of "the Empire's resources," and to the establishment of an 'Imperial Development Board" to devise methods, to advise and to guide. He has agreed to the creation of the "Imperial Mineral Resources Bureau" to consider how our resources may be "made available to meet the total requirements of the Empire." He has bound up our economic interests with all parts of the King's dominions. He has associated us with all the Allies in a "common economic policy," as against all outsiders, including the United States. Sir Starr Jameson's Committee proposes making Imperial profit out of our lands. The Earl of Dunraven declares that our fisheries "must be viewed as an Imperial not as a local asset." Sir Robert agrees that "our natural resources ought to be conserved for the general national benefit." Canada has ceased to be autonomous. She has become a "British sphere of influence."

Universities as Confederators Sir Robert Falconer

(President, University of Toronto.)

URING the past fifty years the Universities have been potent influences in the unification of the life of the Dominion. On the story of their struggles has been engraved the record of some of the most significant events and of some of the leading persons of our country's history. Their development shows one fact of the problem of government, so many sided as it is, for education and religion always reflect the shadow and the sunshine of national experience.

But as active creators of Western Canada the Universities have been very influential. A visitor to Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver cannot fail to be impressed by the large number of the professional men in these cities who are graduates of Eastern Canadian Universities. And these Canadians are the leaders in the intellectual life of the West. They help to set the standards and they are among the most active participants in creating professional ideals in the provinces of their adoption. Nor do they forget their old universities, for hundreds of the sons and daughters of these graduates have come East, even since the establishment of the noble universities in the West, to complete their education in the colleges and professional schools to which their fathers' memories turn in affection. The contribution of educated men and women made by the East to the West drained heavily the strength of the older provinces, but it has been of inestimable value to the unity of our Canadian life.

At present, again, the universities are serving a strong purpose in welding the East and the West together. Doubtless the French-speaking universities of Quebec have influence among those of the same race and tongue in the West;



certainly the English-speaking universities are powerful national factors. They agree in providing one type of education, and on the whole it is a type which was drawn from Britain, though it has been modified in the course of years to suit new conditions. It is to be expected that there will be some differences of standard, but it is not difficult to secure transfers from one university to another without great changes. Students may begin their studies in the West and finish in the East with only a few additions. Moreover, the effort is being made by the larger Eastern universities to improve their facilities so that Canadian graduates may find it possible to get advanced work in our own country. By their history, by their common views of education, by the training of students who leave their own homes for other parts of the country and carry with them their youthful ideals, and by a common effort to promote Canadian standards, the Universities have been and are influential promoters of the national life of the Dominion.

My Own Concession Line Peter McArthur

(Author on the Farm.)

To the Editor:

AVING lived in the country yourself, you should know that you assigned me an almost impossible task when you asked me to write on "My Own Concession Line." If I am to continue to live peaceably on this concession line I dare not presume to speak for anyone but myself. Still I can tell you some thing about it. As far as I am acquainted, both east and west, the inhabitants are descendants of the pioneers, although only a small percentage are on the land that was cleared by their fathers. At the present time we have considerably less than one man to each hundred acres. We are represented in the army, and, in spite of unfavourable weather condi tions, we are trying to produce more crops. In politics we are divided into Grits and Tories, but do not take our partisanship seriously enough to interfere with attendance at threshings and barn-raisings. As for our outlook on matters of government it was a native of this concession line who replied to an American who taunted him with being ruled by a king:

We have forgotten that we are ruled by anyone.

Modernizing the Habitant Dr. J. M. Harper

(Quebec.)

MID a divergency of views in regard to how two distinctive Canadian races may be brought to see eye to eye as a coalescing community, you give me space to answer but one question, and dealing with immediate events, that one question is-What, to all of us, is this war, for the winning of which we ought to be united as one community? Is it a war in which either of these two distinctive races of Canada is more involved than the other? And an answer to that is to be found not so much in what has already been done or undone to win the war by force of arms, as in what we Canadians, as a people acting individually and collectively in our own behalf propose to do for our coalescing nationhood in the conservation of our common country's resources—as a land of fertile fields and productive forests—as a land of wheat-raising and thip-building—a land anxious to save its soldiery from privation near or remote, and a land farseeing enough to think of the amelioration of the lives of those needed at home if not to obviate a possible famine or worse for all of as before the war is won.

It is simply marvellous what has been done in spite of the political agitator. But it is in the more that has to be done we are to find a fuller modernizing of all Canadians in keeping with events. There are privations ahead for both races. And, if the one race is not to be brought to see eye to eye with the other race from a united activity in warding off these pri vations, it is hard to say how they may ever get rid of their enervating misunderstandings. The intermittent wrangling over certain rights supposed to have been wrested, in 1760, and after, from some one or other, has bred in us a habit of asking for more than we can get without taking it from ourselves. In a word, the federal authorities are for ever being called upon to see that we are not unjustly treated by ourselves in our relations with the State as an inclusive commonwealth. And it is in this lack of fair play to ourselves there is to be traced a fundamental cause of irritation which has stood in the way of our giving a back seat to the agitator and keeping him there, in all the provinces, by a wholesome, non-irritating consensus, whenever this economic principle of cause-and-effect is at stake. Such agitators are not all political guardsmen, but if the political guardsmen were to be given a holiday during election times, an instant modernizing of all concerned would be carried half-way at least, if not farther.

The College and the State

Prof. Geo. M. Wrong

(University of Toronto.) F we keep in mind two things-that Canada

is and must remain a democratic country, and that a democracy, to be better than the old style of despotism, must be a democracy which can think, we shall see quickly the relations between the College and the State. The College used to be regarded as a training ground for a few superior and well-to-do people. What they call in England the ruling class sent their sons to Oxford and Cambridge. Out of their contact with each other, their debates and disputes has come, without doubt, much that is finest in British statesmanship. Two of the five members of the present war cabinet come from one, our Oxford College, which receives fewer than 200 undergraduates. In Canada we must do it differently. We have no ruling class. Yet our politics are intricate. Our state, at a formative period, needs, above all, leaders of insight. Education, the power to see, the capacity to think, the insight to tell the true from the false; these are the things we need in the state. Any college, worthy of the name, is helping men and women to mature such powers. College doors in Canada are wide open to rich and poor alike. Great problems will not settle themselves. They can be solved only by wise intelligence. Therefore the more men and women who get the right kind of college training the better for the state. We are longing for leaders. In the past we have had good leaders who had no training at a college. The more praise to them. But these very men would be the first to send their own sons to a college to make up what they knew they themselves had lacked.

A Canadian National Anthem Jos. T. Clark

(Daily Star, Toronto.)

N the question of a National Anthem there is much difference of opinion in Canada. Some say that we are without one and ought to have one. Most people, perhaps, seem content in the belief that we have one, but if you rouse them up you learn that those who feel

this way about it are divided into three groups, first, those who think that "God Save the King" is anthem enough for the whole Empire, those who admire "O Canada" and those who cleave to "The Maple Leaf Forever." Of these it may be said that old people are very fond of the first, musicians of the second, and children of the third. It will be no easy task to procure one national song that will contain the varied appeals of these three. The people of the neighbouring Republic, like us, have three songs and cannot unite upon one of them, so that, taking their experience with our own, it may be that on this continent we are too modern and too varied in origin to be capable of adopting one song as expressing the sentiments of all. What universal sentiment is there in Canadia that would impel us all to break forth into song? I do not know, At this moment we seem to be far from any such state of common exaltation. Some tell us that out of war will come our great song-out of anguish and tribulation -but we can very well do without a national anthem bought at such cost. Let us go our way for we may be satisfied of this that a great national song cannot be got by advertising for

Montreal in 1867 W. D. Lighthall.

S a boy of nine years I remember seeing the official Proclamation of Confederation posted on a wall in Montreal and "INDEPENDENCE." headed aroused my childish loyal British ire, because it savoured of the American Revolution, which we still called the "Rebellion." My feeling was an expression of the old order then passing away. Montreal was just expanding from the old, picturesque, crowded little garrison town of French and British stamp to the slopes and heights of the modern city. The ideas of its people, English and French, were likewise beginning to undergo great changes. The notion of a vast Dominion was unknown. decimal currency was a new thing. The conditions of thought were European. There were practically no French newspapers, but the deep illiteracy of the rank and file of the French-Canadians of the period was relieved by many picturesque and delightful customs, and by the charming manners of the cultivated class. An old-world Irish element was also strong, and Erse was talked in the markets. There was no great wealth. Everybody knew everybody. The Mountain was a glorious piece of scenic wilderness within reach of all. The vast river brought many sailing-vessels and a few steam ocean carriers to the port, then scarcely developed. Looking back, the city seems to those who then lived in it an idyllic place. It was only with the acquisition of the North-West, a few years later, that the broad view of Canadian destiny really began to take root among our people. But, at least in those days, without defining it, we felt delight in Canada as we knew it, and had comfort and joy in our life. But these latter days are larger and on the whole better.

The Church of the Future

Archdeacon Cody (Toronto.)

THE Christian Church has played a great part in Canada's past. It has given moral balance and solidity to the people; sensitized the national conscience; furnished moral dynamic to all efforts for the public good; helped to unify the scattered and heterogeneous elements of our population; and kept alive the soul of our people, now in this crucible of war revealed in its true splendour.



What will it be in the future? A forecast 1s virtually a statement of our hopes and desires?

1. The church of the future will not seek to win adherents by appealing to the pleasant and the easy, but to the heroic, latent in every man and woman. Peace must be made as interesting as war, not a mere absence of struggle but the province of effort for worthy ends.

2. It will be marked with the sign of the Cross. The central Christian principle of life is that selfsacrifice is the key to selfrealization. This principle must become more obvious in the life and policy of the church, if Christianity is to be as compelling as patriotism.

3. It will put in the forefront its distinctive aim—the regeneration and enrichment of personal character. No other institution competes with the church in the claim to spiritualize life. The church will emphasize its unique function.

4. It will be marked by more reality and simplicity in life, creed, worship and service.

5. It will be a teaching body. The war has swept away the glib fallacy that/it does not matter what a man believes, so long as his conduct is right. We know now the tremendous power of teaching, of ideas, in modifying the ideals and the policy of a whole nation. We must teach the right ideals, if conduct is to be right. The church of the future will teach sound doctrine, issuing in worthy living, and will make the Person and Work of Christ more central than ever. It is by teaching, by persuasion, and not by force, by scheming and by political interference that the church will really make headway.

6. It will keep its mind open to the lessons of the age. While it will try the spirits of the age by the Spirit of the ages, it will be eager to welcome truth from whatever quarter it

7. It will be a church that unites—unites men of various classes, types and races, by the appeal to the deepest in them and by enrolling them for common service.

8. It will be a church that is more united. There will be variety in its unity. It will war only against the great moral and spiritual foes of mankind; it will not waste its force in mutual altercation or internicine strife. There is too much work to do and there are too many foes to face to permit of internal bickering.

9. It will be a church on active service. Its battlefront will be wherever evil meets it. There are fronts enough to call for everyman's effort. There will be missionary work at home and abroad, for expansion and propagandism are of the very essence of the church's existence. There is the limitless field of social effort at home. The sphere of what is called Christian work will be vastly widened and will embrace all forms of service for the common good. The church of the future may not directly and corporately seek to solve all the social problems that will confront the new Canada, but it must furnish the principles, the public, the conscience and the enthusiasm that will solve them.

10. There will be renewed emphasis on the link between faith and conduct, between religion and ethics, in personal and public life.

For the exercise of these and similar functions the church of the future will find a great field in the Canada of the future.

"Canada, 1967" Archibald MacMechan

(Halifax.)

CANADA of ten millions is about as large as one could get his arms round," was a saying of George Munroe Grant, one of the best Canadians that

ever lived. He was a wise man. The crowd shouts for bigness. Rapid development is the common watchword. The railroads want the prairie peopled, so that they will have wheat to haul; the manufacturers want the prairie peopled so that they can sell more goods at home; the real estate agents want the prairie peopled so that they can profit by booms and subdivisions. But the wise man knows the wisdom of hastening slowly. What is the need of haste? What is a century in the life of a nation? A homogeneous Canada, perhaps not much greater than Grant imagined, united, educated, with a strong state consciousness, carrying out resolutely a broad, democratic programme of progressive betterment is the ideal. If such a programme is definitely formulated and launched in the next half century, it is perhaps as much as the idealist can hope for. Meanwhile, even without the insistent and tremendous problems raised by the war, which, as yet we have hardly stated, much less solved, there is the problem of assimilating solid lumps of alien non-Canadian population, and the problem of the overwhelming influence of our big neighbour next door in every department of our political, social, educational, commercial life. If Canada is ever to have a separate existence, if she is ever to be more than an assembly of nine vassal provinces on the northern border of the Great Republic, she must declare her independence of the United States. At present we are in great danger of losing our national identity, and unless that danger is envisaged and overcome, there may be no Dominion Day to celebrate in 1967.

Men Above Parties N. W. Rowell

(Opposition Leader in Ontario.)

NE of the proofs of the vitality and strength of democracy is that in grave national crises issues transcend parties and men choose their ground on great principles irrespective of their party affiliations.

Confederation is a striking illustration of an issue being greater than a party, and of party lines being, in the meantime, largely obliterated in order that the leaders might unite to avert a grave national peril and achieve a great national ideal.

Canadian Confederation is largely the product of the courage and self-sacrifice of the public men of fifty years ago.

In view of the present military situation and our own internal conditions, do we not now face an even graver national crisis?

Can we more fittingly or more nobly commemorate this fiftieth anniversary of Confederation than by the co-operation of all parties to secure a more concentrated effort in the prosecution of the war, a more adequate consideration of the problems growing out of the war, and to help speed the day when Canada's sons will return home again?

Our great objectives should be to win the war and maintain our national unity. These results can only be achieved if we once more realize that issues are greater than parties.

Canadians in Literature

Arthur Stringer

(Canadian author, Cedar Spring, Ont.)

HE one thing that keeps Canada, not from having a national literature, but from knowing that it has a national literature, is the Canadian himself. He continues to condemn, more, I think, than does all the rest of the world, that which lies at his own doorstep. In this he seems fitly to designate himself as belonging to the land of the beaver, since it is the beaver, I understand, who has

the habit of always damming his home before he considers it habitable.

Canadians, in this matter, seem to be great respecters of that emblematic rodent. We have a literature that is our own, a literature that is both vital and endemic. But a literature that may be designated as national does not come to a country over night. Nor can it, along four thousand miles of lonely space, be either glibly labelled or easily centralized. And since we, as a Dominion, are only fifty years old, and since the jelly that has been cooling in the mould of Confederacy for merely half a century is made up of many diverse tongues and creeds and races, it is well to remember that we may perhaps show more of the bud of promise than the fruitiness of Old World completion. But that bud of promise I believe to be a wonderful one. The thing we must bear in mind is its tenderness, its susceptibility to chill. Being young, it must be watched and guarded. And since literature is, after all, merely man's attempt to articulate both his experiences and his aspirations, our present active participation in the greatest struggle that time has ever known, together with the accompanying and persistent ache to review and to reorganize the spiritual debris of a world shaken and shattered by war, should surely endow us with a nobler and clearer voice. Being a Canadian now means infinitely more than ever before. And if we have any great love for our country, crowned anew with our blood and tears, we must love to see her adequately and honorably interpreted. Little is glory to us unless it can be gloriously celebrated. And this must be done by our authors who stay at home, sustained by their own soil, warmed by contact with their own kind and kin. They must be remembered, remembered while we forget that suddenly faded word of Internationalism, and all its abysmal rootlessness. So it behooves us to keep the home fires burning—the home fires of art and letters, even though the smoke of disappointment sometimes hangs low in the halls of expectation Be passionately Canadian, and cherish what is Canadian. Since to have a great literature we must first have a great audience, let us do our bit by at least being decent listeners. And if we want our Dominion to have a voice of its own, let us remember to help that voice along. the same as we have helped along the Red Cross, definitely, personally, even sacrificially, since the agents of the first nurse the soul as surely as the second have nursed the body. "They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report."

French-Canadians in Business

A True Canadian

(Of French-Canadian Origin.)

T the present time French-Canadian business men have, by their own unaided effort, without initial capital, very little credit or connections, succeeded in getting to the front rank in a few lines of business in the wholesale trade, and are reaching forward in other lines as well as in industrial and financial pursuits.

They were handicapped, at first, by lack of proper training and technical education, which they had to offset by self-teaching.

But this is partly remedied now by the Schools for Higher Commercial Studies, now established in Montreal; and partly also by the training they may have with their own few successful firms; and the road to success should be easier now for them.

I look for them to succeed better in those lines where short credits are the rule, because proportionately less capital is required, while



a few, will forge ahead also in other lines.

They should, however, learn not to crowd each other so much. Competition is all right, but only where the field is wide enough. Where one good business might develop, often two or three firms are competing with each other, barely making a living. The three French-Canadian banks, if merged, would make a great and useful banking institution.

I do not see yet what influence successful French-Canadian firms might exert over the general Canadian trade; as most and the rest of them are following English methods and traditions, employing English systems of accounting, and are thorough bilingualists.

They would most likely merge in the general business scheme, not as French-Canadians, but as purely Canadians.

But in their intercourse with their Englishspeaking confreres, they would undoubtedly play a most beneficial part in reconciling the two races, in accordance with the "Bonne Entente" movement inaugurated last summer. Being in daily contact with English buyers and sellers, they have no racial prejudices and would be the best medium for a good and hearty understanding, provided, of course, that English-speaking merchants of other provinces keep equally free from prejudice and meet them half way.

buildings and increase our wealth.

The deepening of our national consciousness which the great war has brought will be undoubtedly reflected in our art and in public interest in art as an interpreter of nature and human life. We cannot expect any great or permanent contribution while the conflict lasts and while all our energies are demanded for its prosecution; but I look for a clearer air and deeper and wider insight when our emotions are not so deeply stirred. I believe that art will be lifted out of the mere technical argument of the last few years into a real creative atmosphere again, and that in the coming Renaissance, Canadian art will worthily bear

The Dreamers

IN response to the Dominion Day call, Wilfred Campbell authorizes us to use his poem, The Dreamers, as a comment on present world conditions affecting Canada. Taken from Sagas of a Vaster Britain. (The Musson Book Co., Ltd.).

They lingered on the middle heights Betwixt the brown earth and the heaven; they whispered, "We are not the night's, But pailed children of the even."

They muttered, "We are not the day's, For the old struggle and endeavour, The rugged and unquiet ways Are dead and driven past for ever."

They dreamed upon the cricket's tune, The winds that stirred the withered grasses; But never saw the blood-red moon That lit the spectre mountain-passes.

They sat and marked the brooklet steal In smoke-mist o'er its silvered surges; But marked not, with its peal on peal, The storm that swept the granite gorges.

They dreamed the shimmer and the shade, And sought in pools for haunted faces; Nor heard again the cannonade In dreams from earth's old battle-places.

They spake, "The ages all are dead, The strife, the struggle, and the glory; We are the silences that wed Betwixt the story and the story.

"We are the little winds that moan Between the woodlands and the meadows; We are the ghosted leaves, wind-blown Across the gust-light and the shadows."

Then came a soul across those lands Whose face was all one glad, rapt wonder, And spake: "The skies are ribbed with bands Of fire, and heaven all racked with thunder. "Climb up and see the glory spread, yawning; High over cliff and 'scarpment night is past, the dark is dead, Behold the triumph of the dawning!"

Then laughed they with a wistful scorn, "You are a ghost, a long-dead vision; You passed by ages ere was born This twilight of the days elysian.

"There is no hope, there is no strife, But only haunted hearts that hunger About a dead, scarce-dreamed-of life, Old ages when the earth was younger."

Then came by one in mad distress, "Haste, haste below where strong arms weaken,
The fighting ones grow less and less!
Great cities of the world are taken!

"Dread evil rolls by like a flood, Men's bones beneath his surges whiten, o where the ages mark in blood The footsteps that their days enlighten."

Still they but heard, discordant mirth, The thin winds through the dead stalks rattle, While out from far-off haunts of earth
There smote the mighty sound of battle.

Now there was heard an awful cry, Despair that rended heaven asunder, White pauses when a cause would die, Where love was lost and souls went under.

The while these feebly dreamed and talked Betwixt the brown earth and the heaven, Faint ghosts of men who breathed and walked, But deader than the dead ones even.

And out there on the middle height They sought in pools for haunted faces, Nor heard the cry across the night That swept from earth's dread battle-places.

Fifty Years of Canadian Art

C. W. Jefferys

(President O. S. A.)

N the fifty years that have passed since Confederation, the artists of Canada have been feeling their way toward a stronger command of the technique of their art and a more original expression of the spirit of their surroundings. To-day we have the beginning of a native art, fairly adequate in its craftsmanship and individual in character. In landscape painting and in sculpture, particularly, we seem to have found ourselves; in these directions Canadian art has produced works worthy of the country and giving promise of great future growth.

Both sculpture and landscape painting have had some measure of public support. Commissions for monumental sculpture and the purchase of pictures for public galleries have stimulated and encouraged these branches of art. The need of the present hour seems to me to be a similar encouragement for the production of important figure painting. Governments and public bodies of various kinds could do much toward this end by instituting competitions and giving commissions for the mural decoration of our public buildings. Subjects for work of this character are innumerable. The history and the life of our country presents a field as wide and inexhaustible for the figure painter as that of the landscape painter, which has already inspired so much admirable work. I feel confident that, given the opportunity, the artists of Canada would be found capable of creating pictures and decorations of distinguished beauty and expressiveness that would add much to the attractiveness of our public

Our Historic Landmarks

C. A. Magrath

S OME years ago, when in that country of historic landmarks. Italy, L. one morning with others in charge of a guide, going through the grounds of the Caesars. While he was monotonously reciting his oft-repeated story concerning members of that Imperial house, my mind went back as in a dream to the days of the great Roman Empire and the military machine controlled from the spot where I was standing. "I am a Roman citizent" was the proudest distinction of a freeman then. Even St. Paul took pride in the claim that he, too, was a Roman citizen. Suddenly my mind carried me forward to our own times, and I thought of our great British Empire, with its people drawn from various races. The difference in the ideals of the two great Empires came clearly in view, and standing there on the site of the palaces of the Caesars, I devoutly said: "I am a British citizen." After three years of terrible war, a war in which we are fighting for our ideals, each of us in Canada has every reason to proudly acclaim: "I am a Canadian and a British citizen."

Landmarks in themselves have both an economic and a sentimental value. The tourist traffic through Italy, viewing its historic landmarks, produces a considerable portion of the country's revenues. After all, the sentimental feature has possibly a great value, in that it is an agency in developing national character, especially important in a new country.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!"

And if there be such a man, his soul is more likely to be awakened by cultivating in him a respect for his country's landmarks. Canada, with its history extending back three hundred years, is rich in historic interest. Our extreme materialism in recent times has tended to make us forget about all else, but the garnering of wealth. Thanks, however, to a group of devoted Canadians, efforts are being put forth to save our early landmarks. The best way is to get the leaven working in our school children. If we can accomplish that, it will give the movement such an impetus that by the time Canada reaches the second 50th milestone of Confederation our landmarks should be reverently protected by the great majority of the country's citizens.

Getting a Common Ground Albert R. Carman

(Montreal.)

LL the winds of heaven blow fair for Canada; and there seems no chance of ship-wreck. To warn Canadians that unwisdom may bring disaster, is like warning



a multi-millionaire that wasting his small change may bring him to poverty. He will never believe it-neither will anyone else. Canadians feel themselves so fabulously rich in opportunity that they believe they can make any mistake they like; and still become a great people.

History shakes her hoary locks at us and tells us the bitter truth-tells us that no people is rich enough to be foolish.

There was no more promising land in Europe than Spain—a rich soil, natural wealth, a soft and varied climate, two virile peoples. But the two peoples-Castilian and Moor-did not seek "a common ground." They were irreconcilable. Ferdinand and Isabella were besieging Grenada when Columbus went out to win for them the empire of the New World. What happened

France was no fairer, no richer, no better peopled. But its varied peoples sought and found "a common ground." Breton, Norman, Burgundian, Provencal, they got together. France rose as Spain declined.

Italy permitted itself to be divided in the Middle Ages. Genoa fought Venice and Pisa fought Florence. Naples stood alone and Rome was a separate State. The consequence was that one of the finest lands in the world, producing at that very time the greatest geniuses of the human race, lav prostrate at the feet of every bandit captain who cared to come that way. Italy was subsequently united under the House of Savoy and became one of the great powers of Europe. Its peoples found "common

Germany is a united nation. Austria is not. Which is the stronger? Yet it was not always When Germany was disunited, Austria bullied every German Principality. Even the great Bismarck found himself overshadowed by the Austrian representative at Frankfort. To-day Austria takes its orders from Bismarck's Successor

Why do Canadians think they can escape a law of nature?

Our Great Ports

Hon, J. D. Hazen

(Minister of Marine and Fisheries.) AR has strikingly demonstrated the value and strategic importance of Canada's national ports and the necessity for their further development in the future. Without them Canada would have been seriously handicapped in carrying on her share of the struggle against Germany. troops of necessity have had to sail from Canadian ports, and the fact that the ports have been developed to an advanced stage has facilitated rapid handling of the transports. Millions of tons of munitions and war equipment have been shipped from them. The increase has been enormous. For the last seven months of 1915 there were shipped 431,763 tons from Canadian ports and in 1916, 1,368,-455. For the first four months of this year there have been shipped no less than 962,608

The strategic importance of Halifax to the navy is a matter that needs no comment. Halifax to-day is the headquarters of the North Atlantic Fleet and in its wonderful harbour are to be seen daily anywhere from fifty to one hundred ships. The new railway terminals when completed will make it a well equipped port. The units which have been constructed have been of the utmost importance in forwarding of men and munitions.

St. John has been a busier port even than Halifax since the outbreak of the war as it has been the great winter port owing to its shorter railway haul for the shipment of European freight. The ports of Quebec and

Montreal have been of equal importance to the two Atlantic ports, furnishing ocean transport into the very heart of Canada. Montreal is now the greatest grain port in North America. Vancouver, Victoria and Prince Rupert are of as vital importance to the prosperity of the West as the Atlantic ports are to the East.

Railway expansion is limited in value without the development of the ocean outlets. Canadian policy during the few years preceding the war was to develop our national ports so that Canadian products could be all shipped through Canadian sources. It was fortunate for Canada such a policy had been started before the outbreak of hostilities and that construction had proceeded to the extent it had. Canada is fortunate in having as fine natural harbours as are to be found in the world on the Atlantic and the Pacific. Their full development as national ports is a necessity if Canada is to properly and fully develop as a great nation.

Poetry a Lamp to Our History

Duncan Campbell Scott (Canadian Poet, Ottawa.)

E have immediately behind us fifty years of material and relief of material and political development, and behind that a history locally interesting and absorbing when considered in its relationship to the foremost civilizations of the old world, but we have not yet produced a poet who has transfigured this life for us and brought out its significance. Poets are with us and are rewarded according to their merits, and we ask them to express the national life and create for us high thought and vision, and establish us in our heritage. The request is vain. Poets only give what they can; if it were otherwise they would all be Homers and Shakespeares. The poet is himself a gift of nature, and to one nature gives a penny-whistle and to another a trumpet. In the progress of nations a time arrives and a voice arrives and the history of that race is raised to a dignity and beauty before unimagined. The riches of history are then found to be legend and tradition and these are now slowly forming for our future poets. We can discern outlines and appearances. long struggle of the Europeans to establish themselves here from the noblesse of old France onward to the Scotch cottar and the English navvy, the action and reaction of an old society and a new liberty culminating in the tremendous interrelations of the last three tragic years-this is the stuff on which poems are made. Let us see to it that our national ideals are lofty, for no people with low aims ever produced a great literature. Let this be so and as time goes by and as experience adds treasure to our storehouse of tradition and legend, the very urgency of the material itself, clamouring, as it were, for a voice, will produce poets powerful enough to create shining forms which will throw back a glamour on the past, making rainbows from the joy and yearning and tears of dead time, and cast forward a light on the future all coloured with confidence and hope. Then will our people trace the development of history and realize the sequence of events from the landing of Jacques Cartier, beyond that to Conferedation, beyond that to the stern courage of St. Julien and the intrepid bravery of Vimy Ridge.

Canada and Russia

Prof. James Mavor (University of Toronto.)

T is quite impossible to deal in a serious manner with so complex a subject within the narrow limits prescribed for this article. All that can be attempted is a series of state

ments which may afford a starting point for those who wish to study the subject.

If the extreme parties of revolutionary Socialist tendency control the destinies of Russia, the reduction of the hours of labour to six or even to eight, together with the advance of wages must so increase the cost of production as either to ruin Russian industry completely or to cause the adoption of a protective tariff high enough to exclude all foreign manufactured goods. If the industries were ruined, the owners, managers and artizans would have to leave the country as well as those of the peasantry, who were relying upon the markets of the industrial towns for the disposal of their products. If a highly protective policy is adopted, there would be no importation from Canada or anywhere else. The export of grain from Russia would be conducted in these circumstances under highly unfavourable exchange conditions.

If, on the other hand, capitalist enterprise is possible in Russia, there may be a considerable development of the railway system as well as growth of industrial enterprise. In this case Canada might export to Russia, railway steel, locomotives and machinery, provided the tariff were reasonable and provided there were adequate guarantees that capital would not be confiscated.

If the ideal of Russian society is a series of self contained villages, and if this ideal is fully realized, one consequence would be the cutting off of Russia from the general economic movement of the world, with all the social reactions which that might involve.

Britain to Canada

Sir William Peterson

(Principal, McGill University.)

HE first message which I feel sure Britain would like to send Canada for what may be called her Fiftieth Birth-Day would be one of congratulation on all we have accomplished along the lines of unification and nationhood. None of the overseas Dominions better deserves Kipling's designation of a "new nation within the Empire."

The second message would be one, I think, of gratitude and thanks for what we have been able to do in the war. But here we may get into difficulties. We Canadians have come to be very proud and independent; and there is the story of the Canadian officer who rebuked a London lady for thanking him, telling her brusquely that he and his men had not crossed the ocean to "help the old country," but to "fight for the Empire." Personally, I am glad that he saw the matter in that light; but we ought not to forget how dazed and bewildered many people were in the old country by our attitude before the war. It was our Canadian representatives at the last Imperial Conference whose excess of caution made it necessary to use such strange language as that which will be found enshrined in the Blue-book: "Should any of the Dominions desire to assist in the defence of the Empire at a time of real danger," etc. The Imperial Government was told in so many words that it must not take anything for granted. Thank God, we were better than our word. When Germany sprang her surprise on the world, we rallied at once to the defence of the Empire just as vigorously as we should have done if we had been carrying out a written contract. It was the same with the other Dominions. Their instantaneous and automatic action, like our own, will always stand as one of the most conclusive proofs of the essential righteousness of the Allied cause. If there had been any suspicion of wrongfulness about it, any taint of what used to be called (Concluded on page 22.)

ple to overcome these disruptive tendencies than we were in 1887 or before it. As a people we-French and English and other races—have invested ourselves in this union. We have done so without considering the welfare of England except to enact the British Preference on goods and always sentimentally upon her people. We have done so as Canadians. It was Joseph Howe who said that his people down by the sea would be unworthy of England if they expected less responsible government than the English. It is the best and the biggest part of Canada to-day that says we should be quite as unworthy of England if we fail to set our own house in order, to build up our own country and institutions, modelled to be sure upon those of England, but ignoring none of the best in any other land.

biggest sense of patriotism we shall never be untrue to Great Britain. If we fail to keep unity in the canadians, remembering in the strength of our fabric of all the others.



are confronted in 1917 with signs of disunion. We our own house our attachment to the Empire or to determination against the great enemy of all free have had them before. In 1917 we are a stronger peo-

Talking about secession is about equivalent to discussing suicide. No province of Canada can secede unto itself. The whole country has been built up into a unity in order to give the benefits of progress and national life to all its parts. Our greatest river is interprovincial. It rises above the head of the great lakes and reaches the sea below Quebec. Our great railways and telegraph systems were built on a nationalizing basis. Our natural direction of traffic unites the country. It is idle, unpatriotic chatter to talk about surrendering the right of any part of Canada its way to the sea via the St. Lawrence; even more idle than it was to talk about the Maritime Provinces or British Columbia seceding to the United States. And it is equally foolish to ignore the fact that all

DREA THE AIR-MAN'S

HIS is the vision of Flight-Lieutenant Cobber, Canadian, of the Royal Flying Corps, somewhere in France in the year of Canadian Jubilee. take it as he wrote it, scrawled on a few sheets of rough paper and sent to his uncle in Vancouver. It was meant for a letter.

I dreamed, he said, that I was fifty years older. That puts me into the 1967 class. As you have perhaps not read much about an airman's dreams—I've never seen any in print-I will just remind you, dear avunculus, that if you ever take to flying you'll do nothing but pack your silly nights with extravaganzas and the light that never was on sea or land. Dreams, after all, are mainly irrational glimpses of other worlds than ours. And by the time you've been careening among the clouds a few weeks, sometimes wondering if you might not bump into the moon, you will be feeling that it isn't so very far from an average air-man's life to the region they call dream-world.

Well, as I was saying-1967. Why my brain picked on that year I daresay is belately I'd been thinking a good bit about the semi-centenary of our Confederation; wishing to heaven I could take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth; which in this case is westward ho to beyond the Rockies.

The leit-motif of this fantasy—excuse the slang—seems to be political. No doubt born

of the mental shakeup from the war, the future of Europe, the disposition of democracies and the fate of monarchs and empires. You see, from an airman's altitude of perspective all the creases and lumps on the landscape a mile or so below suggest that you might some day take a soul flight and see all the kingdoms of the earth in a day; monarchs in their capitals; armies shuffling away into workshops after the war; the lanes of the great liners open again and the warships back in the roadsteads, and the whole bally world as it used to be swinging back to its divine rhythm of traffic and discovery and building up for the generations of the

Excuse me, uncle—I'm H. G. Wellsing again. But this dream. Let me try to make it clear. I shall speak as a Canadian. Even a birdman gets a thrill from his nationality.

I was flying from England to Canada, across Canada and back again to London. That was the itinerary, plain enough. Of course, in 1967 that will be one of the rudiments. There were two of us; took our meals and bunked on the blue; up in the morning and off again. No, I'm not cribbing this from Kipling's With the Night Mail which I recall as a deucedly clever bit of writing, technically somewhat



A Political Fantasy Transcribed

By PILOTICUS

beyond my means in aircrafting. But I had a similar errand.

Despatches; documents too long to be cabled. Quite a bundle of these in a rubberine bag-not leather. The bag was padlocked and I had no key. There was one key in Canada; tother in London-at Buckingham Palace. The lock had some sort of Union Jack device crossed with something else; upshot of the whole symbol having to do with some sort of league of nations.

Now although I had never seen one of the papers in this mysterious State bag, I somehow had a kink on the general character of its contents. You see, in this unprecise sort of dream I seemed to myself to have a half notion that it WAS a dream and that I was making a discovery about something I had never known before and might never know clearly again. However, the word Canada was on this packet plain enough and its contents were all in cipher as you may guess.

All I knew about the contents was that they were colossally important and that in being responsible for their safe delivery I was highly honoured even among air-crafters. On tracing over the outlines of this jumble of ideas and piecing them togetherwhat with swift jabs of fog and chunks of hazy-blue headland and dots of ships on the blue below-I figure out this much. . . Oh, I'm slowly coming to the point,

though it's a good bit like the inside of a

This bag of State papers was from the Head-Premier or Chief Administrator or Grand Mogul in plain clothes of some kind of the Confederacy of Nations under the Union Jack. The place where I had them put aboard wasn't Ottawa. It was more like some place on the upper St. Lawrence, some sort of a new Capital City, the seat of a Parliament representing somewhere about 35,000,000 people from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island. These people were all Canadians. But, of course, a good half of them were born outside of Canada; and good three-quarters of the half in the British Isles. Anyway my general impression was that the population of those Isles in 1967 was somewhere about 20,000,000, just as many as could be sustained easily by British crops in case of a submarine blockade; all living pretty comfortable, no slums, a cleaned up, somewhat contracted London, and a King as usual at Buckingham; some sort of parliament of course for business purposes, and a rather renovated

aristocracy. I'm not clear about these details. One thing though I was quite certain about. . .

Ireland had Home Rule and it was all Irish through and through. What I dope out of that is that some time or other in draining off the surplus population to Canada, etc., there was a whole lot of room left in England and Scotland for all the inhabitants of Ulster. So the descendants of those that King James transplanted up there causing all the trouble afterwards simply trekked back again, compensations all attended to by the State and no pangs about native land, etc. That left Ireland to the Irish, which was all they wanted. And, believe me, there was no man-jack on that green isle that wasn't absolutely loyal or friendly to England.

You ask me-what of England? Well, I guess it was just a kingdom, seat of the Royal House of the Confederacy of Nations. As to mainland of Europe? Don't ask me. But I know that Russia seemed to be a vast kindergarten of democratic experiments with the Confederacy of Nations giving them all sorts of advice-especially about Germany.

Central Empires next. Oh, this is easy. Solid as ever right across Europe, but not able to budge out because the Big League with the U.S. of Am. a close second up and Russia in their sphere of influence would on no account let 'em. No, sir the world

(Concluded on page 28.)

THE HICKORY GROVE CONVENTION

"jingoism," there are many in Canada who would have wanted to hold back till the matter could be fully debated. And in the meantime the mischief might have been done. It was the obvious iniquity of the German procedure that consolidated—we may almost say saved—the British Empire.

After the war, we must continue to do everything that will help us to realize that we are all members one of another. The proposed annual meeting of an Imperial Cabinet should be very helpful in providing opportunities for taking counsel together. Britain is ready to admit us to a fuller partnership: the question will soon-be—Are we ready to accept?

The Church and the Nation

Archbishop Worrell

(Of Nova Scotia.)

Browning has said:

A People is the attempt of many To rise to the complete life of ONE.

T HAT One is Jesus Christ, and in proportion to the extent of the aim of the people to rise to the measure of the stature of His fulness will a true nation develop. In that development each individual must strive according to his own methods. The many cannot be made to move along the same lines although the objective is the same for all.

In the Confederation of Canada, now undergoing a terrible test, there is all the liberty of a free democracy, but the individuality of its citizens is preserved and shown nowhere more clearly than in their Church life. All are free to worship as they please. But then the important question arises—What is the effect of their worship upon their lives?

The Church exists for something more than controversy and form. Its work is to lead the people to the practice of the principles of Christ. The way in which widely divergent denominations are ready to co-operate in the duty of social service is a most hopeful sign that Canada is reaching out to a right conception of the Church's place in the nation.

While, perhaps, this may not result in union among the churches, it must be most beneficial in its influence on the development of all that is best in the nation.

There is probably no country in the world where the people are more Church-going than in Canada. All strive in their own way to beautify their churches and render their services attractive. These churches are the centre from which has radiated the patriotism and loyalty of Canada and all those activities in education and charity and learning for which the Dominion is noted.

3

French-Canadian Painters

Homer Watson, R.C.A.

(Doon, Ont.)

HERE may be in the body of French-Canadian art the soul or the conscience of all art as we will have it in this country. These remarks were prompted by what was said by one of our best painters who is a French-Canadian. He was looking at the picture of an old Toronto street with truly painted roughcast houses depicted in the grey light of rainy weather. "It is good to see that," he "Everything is true in its relation to the one light of the picture which is modelled on the truth of the light and air of nature." told him what the great director of an English gallery wanted in the picture. It was a bunch of crepe fastened to one of the cottage doors, to tell a story in keeping with the forlorn old houses and dreary day. "That's mere sentimentality," the Canadian observed. Why tell that small story of no plastic value and make (Concluded from page 20.)

one forget the larger story unfolded in the picture of the texture of old houses and the way their local colour and forms are lost and found in the mystery of light and air, the two great things of the universe. This is where the Latin spirit is more sure of its ground than our Anglo-Saxon desire to mix the arts. We sometimes forget that each should be attentive to what they can do best. The French-Canadian artist sees clearly in this respect. He wants an unobstructed prospect in the great view with no distracting literary side views. His surety of thought will be of great service in the art life of Canada to keep it wholesome and working with a free and high artistic impulse.



A Nation's Soul

(Written for the occasion.)

The Red Man's glory faded fast,
Their gods were powerless to save
The wigwams of the dwindling brave—
Their feuds and feasts barbaric passed.

They fied before the Stranger's pow'r,
The White Man's glance to them was death;
Like blossoms 'neath Keewadin's breath,
They withered at the appointed hour!

They left a boundless heritage
Of wood and field and mountain hoar,
To men who came from Breton shore,
And those who at a later age

From England, Ireland, Scotland came; "Hosts of the daring pioneers, Flinging aside their ancient fears The forest and the flood to tame.

And thus where great St. Lawrence rolls, And where Niagara breaks in foam, The White Men's axes hewed a home Where love and liberty found goals.

They felled the pine and tilled the soil,
They knelt unto the self-same God,
Who blessed their lives, and made the sod
Fructiferous to their stubborn toil.

Then great men rose in Freedom's cause To bind the realm in union grand From sea to sea—a glorious land Guarded by wise and gracious laws!

So didst thou rise, fair Canada!

So did thy various peoples blend
In one strong whole—for one proud end—
A concord without fault or flaw!

Cemented by their sweat and blood Out-poured in conflict with the Wild. Till savage Nature turned and smiled, And called their conquering efforts good!

So are they joined in heart to-day,
Their souls are knit by bands of steel,
The power of God's design they feel
Sealing their Nationhood for aye!

While wide St. Lawrence waters run;
While Rockys' summits claim the skies;
While men the gifts of Freedom prize—
Canadian hearts shall beat as one!

JAMES B. DOLLARD, Litt. D.

Toronto, June 5th, 1917.

Intellectual Enthusiasm Principal Hutton.

(University College, Toronto.)

HE history of Canada has necessarily not

been a history of intellectual enthusiasm; a new country is concerned, first, with the necessaries of life, not with its luxuries; and intellectual virtue—a Platonic phrase—is a luxury of old civilization.

The case of Russia at the present moment, illustrates vividly the cynical half-truth; its

workmen, suddenly emancipated, seem for the moment unable to sacrifice high wages—even impossibly high wages—for the country's sake and for its honour's sake; they take very short views in politics, and are ready, it seems, to risk the future for that immediate advance in wages and holidays, which their sudden access to power offers to them; it is all regrettably

Intellectual virtue or enthusiasm in itself has no special field; it covers all fields, the humanities and the sciences equally; original research has no intrinsic unity or aims, it means the sheer pursuit of truth for its own sake; a man "researches" and writes to satisfy himself and no one else, like any other good artist, and without counting the rewards thereof.

But a new country, with everything to make, naturally is bound not merely to limit its intellectual virtue to science, rather than include the humanities, but it sharply limits science itself, to its utilitarian uses and to its practical side. The time for pure science even, let alone the humanities, is not yet come; it is applied science that interests Canada.

A great Oxford mathematician, Henry Smith, following some ancient German, the antithesis of modern Germany, said of his considerable discoveries in mathematics, that the one thing about them which pleased him most was that neither by hook nor crook could a penny be turned out of them; they were pure science, part of that divine world where neither rust nor moth can corrupt, where thieves do not—nor even desire—to break through or steal.

I have heard his maxim reprobated even by Canadian mathematicians; even they lean to applied mathematics and to engineering

Another Oxford Smith—Goldwin—because he had left Oxford for Canada, used to insist on this same necessity for Canada of practical and useful knowledge; he used to deplore the rush into our universities as premature. "Show me," he once said, "a graduate who has gone back to the plough, and I will ask to be allowed to shake his hand." I hoped once to introduce Mr. T. A. Russell for this tribute to the plough, but Mr. Russell thought better of it and went into bicycles and autos; very practical things, these also, but not quite as practical, as we feel to-day, as wheat and hogs.

If Goldwin Smith was right it is not natural nor even desirable that Intellectual Enthusiasm as such should bulk largely in Canadian life; its enthusiasms are, and are bound to be, more practical, more scientific in a loose sense, that is, more concerned with applied science than with the humanities or poetry, or even than with pure science.

35

The Symphony and the State

A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc., Late Conductor Mendelssohn Choir.

CANADA'S status as a musical country will finally depend, to a large degree, upon its attitude toward orchestral music. A young country like ours, whose general educational activities are so highly organized, clearly cannot afford, in the interests of its own artistic growth, to ignore the vital matter of systematic orchestral development.

Good orchestral material is already available in several of the larger cities of the Dominion, and in Toronto more especially, the nucleus of a really first-class band is available for orchestral work of an advanced character. It is a sad reflection, however, that, since the outbreak of the war Canada has been without a single well-organized and adequately-equipped orchestral body. For musical functions of a more or less comprehensive nature we are in the humiliating position of being entirely dependent upon such of the American orchestras whose personnel may appropriately entitle them to admission to Canada during the present great world-conflict.

Symphonic music, as experience has shown, seldom flourishes without the generous support of the more patriotically inclined and wealthy patrons of the art. The writer feels justified in claiming that Canadian choral material averages fully as
high as that of any of the older lands. Our leading music
schools also have enjoyed a remarkable growth and their pedagogical work has attracted and afforded support to the most
brilliant of our native-born musicians, as well as many sterling
artists from the British Isles, the United States, and various
parts of Europe. Canadians also, in proportion to their numbers, stand surprisingly high in the matter of talent and love
for music and serious application to the study of the art. The
country may well point with pride to a steady, artistic growth
of many of its most prominent musical undertakings.

In orchestral matters, however, the situation is far from satisfactory, or even creditable. Public sentiment must be aroused and general support found for any serious movement seeking to place the country's orchestral interests on a footing worthy of the dignity and importance of this great and growing nation.

MEASURING UP TO OUR GRANDMOTHERS

By ESTELLE M. KERR

IFTY years ago our grandfathers met to celebrate Confederation, and our mothers, clinging to their skirts, watched the fireworks as they burst into glory over the hill beyond the town. Since then Canadian womanhood has undergone an onward change greater than any material contrast seen in comparing the modest face and the figure of our grandmother in her crinoline with the daring young woman in the practical costume of the present day. Our grandmothers would have called her bold-we know they would! They would have said she engaged in pursuits that no lady should follow, that she dressed as no lady should dress, that she whistled, that she sometimes even smoked cigarettes! Our poor old grandmothers would turn in their graves if they thought that any of their offspring could be so unmaidenly! They belonged to the most prudish period in history. Evolution does not follow one continuous stream, it moves in cycles and, in the circling years, women have arrived at a freedom of speech indulged in by their more distant antecedents, and the conversation and manners of the young girls of the present day (at which our grandmothers blush and shudder) would have been deemed unduly refined in the Court of Queen Elizabeth.

Noting the advance in the status of woman during the last fifty years, we are struck by the fact that for 47 of these years it was slow and laborious, but during the last three years it has gone on by leaps and bounds, and we realize that through war and bloodshed, at the cost of all that is dearest to her, woman is coming into her own kingdom and resuming her share in the labour of the world.

FOR countless ages woman has laboured. While the man went forth to hunt or to battle with the foe, the woman cultivated the land, wove the clothing, modelled earthen vessels, studied the properties of plants and their healing powers. She bore the children, fed them, taught them, and her manifold duties were far more arduous than those of the man. Then a change came. It was not necessary that all the men should hunt or go to war, and so they began to take a share in woman's duties, to cultivate the land, build the houses, mould the vessels and grind the food, and women were left to the work within the house. They continued to weave the garments, cover the walls with tapestries, brew the ale, distill the medicines and care for the children.

A thousand years ago had you asked a great lady why she did not hunt or fight or make laws she would have replied: "Are you mad? What becomes of the country if women forsake their toil? I have a hundred maidens to keep at work with their spinning wheels and needles. I must dispense bread to the people of my household." And the peasant's wife would say: "I have no time. I must knit stockings for my children and weave a warm coult for my husband. I must teach my daughters to bake and spin. Who will care for my babies if I go abroad?"

With the passing years machinery and science curtailed the activities of women. The cloth was spun on vast looms, the clothing manufactured, the stocklngs knit in factories. Women no longer clothed the people. The hoe and the grindstone passed into the hands of the ploughman and miller, even the bread was largely baked in factories. Woman no longer fed the people. She no longer brewed herbs and prescribed for the sick, the education of her children was given to others, and with increasing wealth, women began to lead lives of luxury and idleness. The effect of unlaboured-for wealth is to rob the individual of all incentive to exertion, thus destroying the intellectual, the physical, and finally, the moral fibre. Only an able and labouring womanhood can permanently produce an able and labouring manhood. It is the woman who is the final standard of the race, as her brain weakens, weakens the man's she bears, as her muscle softens, softens his,

as she decays, decays the people.

Our grandparents shake their heads over the doings of the young people.

"Girls are not what they used to be!" they say, as they watch the young people in their mad pursuit of pleasure or seeking careers in avenues unknown to the women of the past generation. They feel that woman's place is the home, but what is there in the home to occupy the hands and brains of the modern young woman?

"I always cured my own hams, and knitted my own

socks, and made up all the linen by hand," says the old grandmother, and she feels vaguely that her daughters and grand-daughters should do the same things, even if it is more expensive. She realizes the benefit of labour, yet cannot bear to see her daughters working outside their own homes. But for the pioneer Canadian woman luxurious living was deferred. While her sisters in the old country were able to buy prepared food and clothing, she had still to spin, bake and sew, to milk and churn. She also made her own soap and candles. But though in Canada the change came more slowly, it has come none the less surely. Day by day machine-prepared food takes a larger part in dietary of both rich and poor till the working man's wife places before her household little that is of her own preparation. The rosy milkmaids have been superseded by the creamseparator and the male-and-machinery manipulated butter pats, while in the cities our carpets are beaten, our windows cleaned, our floors polished by machinery or extra domestic, and often male labour. Machines, driven in factories, supply every article of clothing at less cost than the home-made article, while among the wealthy classes, the male dressmakers, milliners and cooks helped to explode the ancient myth that the cutting and fashioning of garments is exclusively women's sphere. Even the children are not left to the mother's care. The infant is scarcely born when it passes into the hands of the trained nurse and from hers to the qualified teacher, and women of every class may be found in early middle age sitting alone in an empty house with all her offspring gone to receive training from

Thus the sole work of woman has been reduced to child-bearing, and as this is done by only a portion of women for a limited period of time, it is necessary to save the race from degeneration that women should be admitted to share with men the labour of the world, in whatever line their qualifications best fit them.

Many years ago women were admitted to the factories, to the routine work of offices, they took their places by men in the arts and to a limited extent and in spite of many difficulties placed in their way, a few have won for themselves places in science and in politics.

But few women care to battle for their rights, and the majority have found work in the avenues of least resistance, and though a woman may have failed as a novelist, it is quite possible that she possessed qualities which would have made her a sound legislator, an able architect, an original scientific investigator or a good judge. We have no data from which to draw a conclusion to regulate the occupations for male and female intellects; a division not more rational than an attempt to classify them



by the colour of the eyes, and though each new profession is entered in the face of great difficulties, strong and generous men are always eager to welcome her as a co-worker.

ONLY the exceptional woman is willing to fight for a place in the world's work without the pressure of poverty, but now there has come an incentive that is even greater, and women who were formerly content to live in comparative idleness, working only for their own adornment or the gratification of their own desires, are working as they never worked before, inspired by motives of pure patriotism. Workers are needed more than ever before. They are needed in the fields, in the factories; they are needed, too, in the professions; they are needed as skilled mechanics, engineers, chemists, and even the most conservative old ladies have ceased to protest, for this national need makes all work noble.

And so we see them making munitions, building ships and air-craft, driving motor lorries, engaged in banking, engineering, as well as in their ever-widening woman's sphere caring for their men's comfort in sickness and in health, close to the line of battle and here at home. The young girl of to-day is a heroic figure as, released from school or college, she lays aside her books and dons overalls to work on the land. She may go through life lonely, but if fates are kind and spare to her a mate from the battle-field, she should produce a race stronger of brain, muscle and moral fibre even than those who have given their lives that future generations may live in peace.

We have in us the blood of a womanhood that was never bought and never sold, that wore no veil, and had no foot bound, who stood side by side with the men they loved in peace and war, and we are prepared to stand by them and do our share, remembering our high national ideals which we commemorate on this the fiftieth anniversary of Confederation.

FINANCIA

S PEAKING at the annual meeting of shareholders of the To-Shareholders of the Dominion Steel
Corporation in Montreal, Mr. Mark
Workman, the president, with regard to
coal operations, said:

"The coal output has been interfered with by reason of heavy enlistments for overseas, and appreciating the supreme importance of an adequate coal supply to permit of our railroads, munition fac-tories and other industries continuing to operate without interruption, I have strongly urged the authorities to disconstrongly urged the authorities to discontinue recruiting measures in the districts comprising the scope of our operations. This is in line with the policy adopted in Great Britain, and it will be recalled that many thousands of miners were actually brought back from the trenches to work in the coal mines of Wales and in other parts of Great Britain. As a result of our efforts, the labour supply at the mines remains fairly constant, but the curtailment of operations consequent upon these labour conditions has natur-

ally placed a handicap upon the full use of our coal resources, and has prevented our securing a large amount of attractive coal business, which would have influenced our earnings to a marked degree."

Difficulties have been encountered in securing sufficient steamer tonnage, and in order to overcome this, the company purchased two steamers, the Lingan and the Hochelaga, the former being at the present time in the service of the Ad-

M R. C. F. JUST, Canadian Trade Commissioner at Petrograd, Russia, states: "If a firm wishes to trade with Russia, it must either do business through a responsible general C. F. JUST, Canadian Trade agent, or open one or more warehouses at central points. From such a warehouse travellers can visit tradespeople in other towns, and buyers can call and chat with the management there, and have goods shown and explained to

them. Warehouses of this kind may, of course, belong to a combination of several firms whose goods do not compete with each other. Offices and showrooms, with samples, where it is intended to take orders for execution, will seldom prove successful. A stock is necessary, and it should never be allowed to run

ANADA'S coal supply at the present time is entirely dependent upon the supply of cars. One railway official here states that his road could not get a pound of coal unless they sent their own car for it. With the demand increasing in their own territory, it is only natural to expect that the railroads of the United States will, so far as possible, confine their cars to their own country, where it is claimed better service can be obtained from them than by allowing them to come into Canada, where demurrage rules are such as to reduce car efficiency, rather than increase it.

ANK clearings in Canada, as reported to the Financial Post for the week ended yesterday, aggregated \$250,407,509, being an increase of \$41,-468,435 or 19.9 per cent. over corresponding period of last year. Clearings in the eastern cities totalled \$173,307,535, the increase over last year being \$18,675,197, or 12 per cent. In the west bank clearings totalled \$77,099,974, an increase of \$22,793,238, or 41.9 per cent.

HERE has been a perceptible im-provement in the shipping situation during the past month or so, with the result that a great many of Canada's industries have benefited materially. This has been brought about by the opening of the St. Lawrence route. At the same time, shipping men state that the situation is by no means normal, al-though most of the congestion has been cleared away.

cleared away.

Among the companies to benefit from the above is the Riordan Pulp and Paper Company, which has recently been able to ship a good sized lot of sulphite pulp to Spain, and it is said that another shipment is under contemplation. This latter will go to Calcutta. Recently the company has made shipments to Italy.

6. RPxK+
7. QKt—\(\alpha^2\)
8. P—K3
9. B—Q3
0. Q—K2
1. Castles Q1
2. K—Ktsq
3. R—R6
R—R2 (e)
QR—Rsq
Kt—R4
P—K4 (g)
BxKP
KtxKP

BxKP KtxKP KtxKF Q-K4 R-Ksq (i) Q-K3 Kt-K4 PxP P-Kt3 Q-Kt6 Q-Kt6 Q-Kt7 Q-B7 Kt-Q6ch

24. Kt—K4
25. PxP
26. P—Kt3
27. Q—Kt6
28. Q—Kt6
29. Q—B7
30. Kt—Q6ch
31. QxB
32. QxQ
33. PxP
34. Kt—B3
35. Kt—Kt5
36. P—Kt4
37. P—QB4 (k)
38. PxP
39. K—Kt2
40. RxP
41. P—B4
42. P—Kt4
Resigns (J)
s of development

6. KtxB
7. E—Q3
8. P—KB4
9. Q—B3 (d)
10. P—KKt3
11. P—B3
22. P—QKt4
43. P—QR4
44. B—Bsq
55. P—R4
65. P—R4
66. QPxP
1 PxB
1 Q—K3
1 Q—K3
1 Q—K3
1 Q—K3
1 Q—K3
2 Q—K3
2 Q—K3
3 Q—B5
3 (Kt—Bsq (j)
4 Kt—C
2 B—K2
4 R—K2
4 R—K4
5 R—V
6 R—V
7 R—V
7 R—V
7 R—V
7 R—V

B—K3 Q—Q4 Kt—Q2 R—F4 P—R5 BxKt PxP

32. PxP
33. BxQ
34. BxQKtP
35. B-Q4
36. K-K2
37. P-Kt5
38. BxBP
39. B-Q6ch
40. PxP
41. P-B4
42. P-B5
43. P-B6ch

41. P—B4
42. P—B5
42. P—Kt4
43. P—B6ch
3 Resigns (I)

(a) In most forms of development the Bishop's Pawn here, has a cramping effect. The best move is 2.., P—Q4
(b) The inherent difficulty with the Black game is the effective development of the Queen's Bishop, especially after P—K3. The text-move does not meet the situation satisfactorily in view of the disturbance of his King's side Pawns.
(c) Well played.
(d) 9. Kit—B3 would be better. If 9.., Kt—K5, then 10, BxKt, PxB; 11. Kt—Kt5, Kt—B3; 12. P—B3, Q—Q4; 13. Q—B2. If 9.., B—K2, then simply 10. Kt—Kt5.
(e) It would be better to return to Rsq and concentrate in the centre against the White king. White's Pawn arrangement whilst precluding his opponent from immediately freeing himself by any forward movement hardly takes stock of the future. Black's concentration on the wing is rather lavish and grotesque.
(f) This threatens a further advance of the Pawn, followed by P—Kt4 winning a piece. If Black plays 17.., PxP, then 18. KtxP with a powerful attack upon the Black King, the position will repay examination.
(g) This is a valiant attempt to meet the situation and quite above criticism under the circumstances. The game now enters a lively and interesting phrase.
(h) If 22.., KtxP, then 23. Kt—B3, Q—B2; 24. PxP (threatening the Knight), Kt—K4; 25. KtxKt, QxKtch; 26. B—K3, P—Kt 3 (if 26.., R—Ksq, then 27. QxR h, K—Bsq; 28. K—Q2, threatening 29
R8ch and 30. B—Kt6ch): Q—Q4 and Plack must exchange Queen's and the piece minus would lose.
(j) 23. Kt—B3, Q—B2 is not to White's advantage.
(k) This loses quickly. The best move seems to be 37.., PxRP. After 28. P×PP disc, Misser and abounds in interesting variations.
(l) The threatened advance of the Knight's Pawn cannot be met.

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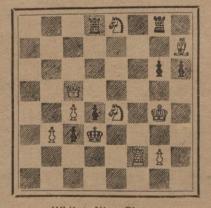
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PROBLEM NO. 143, by V. Noto.
Ruy Lopez, 1897.
Black.—Seven Pieces.



White.—Nine Pieces.
White to play and mate in three. SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 141, by E. E. Westbury.

1. B—B6, KKt—K4; 2. Q—B5 mate.

1., QKt—K4; 2. Q—Q5 mate.

1., P—K4; 2. Q—Q5 mate.

1., R—K4; 2. Q—Q5 mate.

1., ktreat; 2. Kt—Q2 mate.

As pointed out the Q on QB2 should be Black whilst the Kt at QR3 is an intruder. The Pawn at White's QB2 would be better placed at K2.

CHBSS IN THE STATES.

An interesting game played between two well-known Brooklyn experts. The score we take from the American Chess Bulletin, the notes are our own.

Queen's Pawn Opening.

Queen's Pawn Opening.

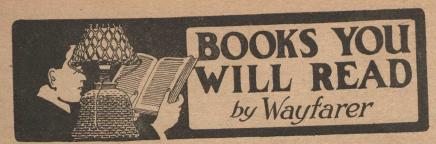
White.
O. Chajes.
P.—Q4
Kt—KB3
QKt—Q2
P.—K3
Kt—R4 (e)

Black
R. T. Black.
1. Kt—KB3
2. P—B3 (a)
3. P—Q4
4. B—B4 (b)
5. P—Kt3

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THE YUKON TRAIL. By William Macleod, Maine. Thomas Allen, Toronto.

LMOST, but not quite, a Canadian story, the Yukon Trail has at least one big Canadian character, in Colby Macdonald, who is depicted at first as the heavy villain of the piece, but turns out to be a much better man than he seemed to be at the start of the story. Macdonald is a well-drawn character, true to that kind of rough-daring life, but not merely a raw-meat type. His love for Sheba O'Neill is a powerful affair most originally painted. His rival in love and in plot is the United States mining inspector, Gordon Elliott, who is supposed to be the true hero of the piece and whose experiences bucking against the Macdonald clan of interests makes the bulk of this most interesting and sit-up o' nights kind of story. The story is very well written and should be popular with all those who like a high percentage of strength coupled with an element of tender-

RUSSIA IN 1916. By Stephen Graham. Cassell and Co., Ltd., Toronto. \$1.25.

S OME ten years or so ago Mr. Graham resigned a lucrative position in London, England, and went to Russia. During that period he travelled far and wide, covering practically the whole country. Indeed, when war broke out he was on the Russo-Chinese boundary, a thousand miles from a railway. The knowledge he acquired during these years has stamped him as an authority on Russia and its peoples and problems. In his new book, "Russia in 1916," he describes the life of the people under the stress of the war. His comparison of conditions as they were before the war and as they existed in 1916 is highly instructive. He touches upon Literature and Art, and speaks of the value of prohibition not as a war measure only but as a permanent, uplifting force in the life of the people. In the light of subsequent events, his chapter on the "Prospects of Peace" makes rather curious reading. It is a book, however, that we should all read. Authoritative and well-written, it will do much to correct our information concerning this the present "dark horse" of what I might call the Grand Alliance.

CANADA, THE SPELLBINDER. By Lilian Whiting. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Toronto. \$2.00.

. . .

T is not given to most of us to travel the length and breadth of this land of ours, therefore, we have to fall back upon the writings of those more fortunate than ourselves. There are now quite a number of books on Canada. One of the best of these that we have seen is "Canada, the Spellbinder." Miss Whiting, who is a traveller and writer of note, opens her book with a chapter on the "Creative Forces of Canada," in which she gives brief but vivid

sketches of the men and institutions which have shaped and directed the destinies of the Dominion. She then proceeds in the succeeding ten chapters to describe the beauties and the wonders and the commercial developments and possibilities of the provinces and the large cities, enriching the narrative with interesting bits of historical information or of folk-love. In another chapter she pays high tribute to our very creditable list of Canadian poets, and she closes her book with a chapter on "The Call of the Canadian West." Numerous excellently reproduced illustrations help to bring more vividly before the reader the scenes she depicts. It is an exceedingly well-written and entertaining book which should not only bring to those who do not know Canada (if indeed there be any such) a full realization of the grandeur and beauty of its scenery and the wondrous opportunities for home-making that it offers, but should enable us Canadians to realize that we ought to make the jewel of our citizenship worthy of the fair surroundings in which it has been set. Its principal fault is a noticeable lack of proportion. Scarcely anything, for instance, is said about the C.P.R., the Mendelssohn Choir or The T. Eaton Co.

CHIN MUSIC WITH A MARTIAL NOTE. By Keble Howard. S. B. Gundy, Toronto. 35 cents.

T is to laugh—that's all. "Chin Music" isn't a novel and it isn't a play. Nor is it a volume of essays. It is not a philosophy of life but it is a sure cure for the blues. In some thirty bright, witty dialogues Mr, Keble Howard hits off in kindly fashion the follies and the heroisms, the tragedies and the comedies in the lives of the men and women of England who cannot go to the Front. It is all the more interesting because some of their problems are ours too. Get it and read it and thank the gods that in these days of strife and stress we are top-dogs and so may keep from cracking up under the strain by laughter joyous and whole-hearted. * * *

LETTERS AND DIARY OF ALAN SEEGER. S. B. Gundy, Toronto,

W AR books are falling from the press thick and fast as ever autumn leaves fell in Vallombrosa. Like leaves of autumn many will disappear, never to be seen again. Some, however, possessing the vitality of that species of cactus whose leaves grow no matter what the soil they fall on, will live and flourish. Among these latter must be placed the "Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger."

They are written with the grace of diction belonging to the poet, with the force and directness of the soldier, and with the keenness of perception of the man, high-strung, sensitive and refined, who has seen his own soul stripped of its tinsel and gauds, and has learnt to recognize the things that are eternal and essential from the

things that are temporal and fleeting. Alan Seeger, a young American poet, enlisted as a private in the French Foreign Legion three weeks after war was declared and served until he was killed in the charge on Belloy-en-Santere on the 4th of July, 1916. His letters and diary describe very simply and straightforwardly the miseries of life in the trenches, the exhaustion from long marches, the boredom of inaction, but through them all there runs a spirit of quiet acceptance of these things as inevitable to warfare. There is never a word of complaint, never a desire to withdraw. Always there is the firm determination to see the thing through to the bitter endand then the return, if Fortune grants, to the great cities of the world to describe the Beauty of Earth in

"New masterpieces of more rare romance."

But it was not to be. Alan Seeger had a rendezvous with Death, and to his pledged word was true.

MUSIC

FRIENDLY suggestion for an allallies concert in Massey Hall on July 4 is made by Mr. Atherton Furlong, principal of the College of

Vocal Art. The idea is that on this national holiday of the United States the entry of that country into the world war on the side of the Allies could be made the occasion for a notable musical rally of international forces. There are in Toronto now leading musical representatives of all the great nations at war on the side of the Allies. Mr. Furlong's idea is to unite them in a big programme, the financial proceeds of which would go to the benefit of returned soldiers. The idea is an eminently good one, and it is to be hoped will be taken up readily by the various interests appealed to on that occasion.

PIANO recital by pupils of Mrs. E. J. Clark, of the Hambourg Conservatory staff, will be given in Foresters' Hall Friday evening this week. The proceeds are in aid of the Red Cross. Mrs. Clark has a number of very brilliant young pupils whom she has been training for this occasion. Her own interest in music dates back a long while, and reflects also the best methods in vogue at the present day. She has worked away quietly for a good many years. This will be the first occasion of any of her pupils appearing in public giving a programme entirely their own.



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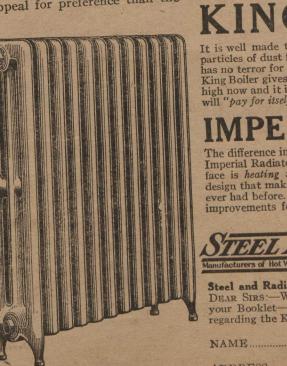
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ADDRESS.



BROKEN UP

(Concluded from page 11.)

talking earnestly together. It appeared that we were not to be "put through our paces." We wondered if this was a good or a bad omen. Away off in the shade of a clump of trees a little group of regimental officers in trench coats were watching the proceedings closely. None of our officers had affected trench coats yet. This fact gave the group of watchers the air of superior beings. We wondered if they had been to France. . . .

Do you know, when I think back over it now, the effect of those officers in trench coats, their critical and expectant eyes scanning our ranks, is that of a flock of vultures anticipating their prey. Of course, it was not their doing, and we did not realize why they were there till later, but that is how it seems to me now.

We marched back to camp in a state of uneasy suspense. The officers in trench coats were there awaiting us, having preceded us in a car. Some of them we knew. Their battalion had come over from our own military district several months before, and was now in the Xth Division. Suddenly it dawned on us that it was the battalion to which we had been ordered to send the bulk of our men.

Then was it all true? After the compliments that the G. O. C. had paid us (it soon got round that his words were "a splendid appearance-one of the best battalions I've seen")-was that slaughterous order to be carried out. The C. O. soon set our minds at rest. Our fate had nothing to do with the "splendid appearance." That fate had been settled before we arrived in England-before we left Canada. The Xth Division was still under strength, had to be filled up. We, in common with the battalions that had preceded us and had crossed with us, were to be the material. This, then, was to be the end of all our months of careful organization and hard work together as a battalion. Associations that had become rooted in our hearts were to be torn up. We were not to fight shoulder to shoulder, officers and men together, in united strength., We were to be "broken up"! . . .

WELL, old man, no matter what I may go through at the front, I'll never forget that afternoon and evening. The C. O. of the Blankth Battalion, and the officers who had watched us with such hungry eyes in the morning, came down with their own M. O. They were to have their pick-so the authorities had ruled. Can you imagine how it felt to look on while those men-men we had toiled with and toiled over, whom we had come to regard as our children. almost jealous of their shining merits, understanding their little faults and peculiarities—while those men were picked over and counted off, like a shipment of apples, to be "material" for another battalion? No distinctions were made except those of physique and smartness. Even the specialists the signallers and scouts and machine gunners, the darlings of their respective officers-were grist for the mill. The N. C. O.'s had no assurance of keeping their rank in the new battalion. Most of them would be just privates along with the rank and file they had been in authority over for months. The last consolation we had as officers was the fine appearance they made, standing up there like the

soldiers they were, scorning to show their bitter disappointment, true to the last to the traditions of the old Nth.

But when the time for good-byes came-it was almost sundown, and a soft summer evening with a rosy glow in the West-it was too much to ask of human nature to be stolid and stoi-Remember, it was not saying good-bye to men we had met but recently, and knew only as chance acquaintances. It was saying goodbye to brothers in the great game we had entered together. We might meet them again—we were all going eventually to face the same dangers and fight the same battles. But we would not be fighting shoulder to shoulder as we had counted on doing all along. It was the breaking up of a family.

WE passed along, shaking hands with the men and offering what words of encouragement came automatically to our lips. Perhaps you won't understand me when I say there were wet eyes and bodies shaken with emotion. I don't believe I had fully realized till then what bonds had grown up between us as officers and men. It was partly disappointment, mixed with a little bit of resentment towards the Powers that Be: but there was genuine feeling in the voices of those men that could not be mistaken, as when brothers part. Each company had its little scene of parting. There were cheers for their officers given by those men with a heartiness that brought an ache to the throat of those who listened. I remember Tommy Patterson, our machine gun officer, I found Tommy off in a specially. corner of the parade groud near his section with his face turned away from the cheering men. "I—I like those men——" he began. His voice broke; the tears were rolling.

Well, it was growing dark and they had eight miles to march to the camp where the Blankth were quartered. The C. O. called them to attention and made a little speech. He spoke of the formation of the Nth, of our pleasant days of training together, of his pride in the battalion. It was a keen disappointment that we were not going to France as a unit. No one felt it more than himself. But we had to remember that we were soldiers, and that it was our duty to go where we were ordered without question or complaint. He called on them to be true to the traditions of the Nth, and he knew they would accord to their new C. O. the same lovalty and support they had always given himself. When the Sergeant-Major called for three cheers for the C. O., those men put every ounce of breath in their bodies into that response.

Well, they cheered the new C. O ... too, when he told them that he knew how they felt, and that he was only carrying out an order which must be obeyed in the true soldierly spirit. But it was with hearts sore and a trifle bitter that those 750 men-the flower of the Nth-came to attention behind the company commanders of the Blankth Battalion to march away for good from the dear old Nth. As the column moved off, with our band in front playing "Auld Lang Syne"playing it as I think it has never been played before-those who were left behind lined the road, cheering their good-byes in voices that faltered with emotion.

The C. O. and the Second in Command and the Adjutant marched at their head as they swung out of the camp and along the road, and when they fell out and stood waving a last farewell, the men crowded to the curb as they passed for a last hand-shake. Tears were rolling down the cheeks of many of those fellows—many who were "old soldiers" and had seen service in India and Africa. I'll never forget that night, never.

Bob stopped speaking; his voice seemed to give out. He was kicking mechanically at a hummock, with his shoulders dropped forward and his hands between his knees.

"And what became of the rest of you?" I asked, breaking the silence through which bird-sounds came to us out of the wood.

"Drafted to other battalions, some here, some there," replied Bob lugubriously. "The C. O. and the staff are still hanging round waiting for something to turn up. I'm in a British Columbia battalion myself-supernumerary. I see some of our old Nth boys occasionally round camp, and ask them how they like their new battalion. They shake their heads with wry smiles and mutter, 'It's not like the old Nth, sir.' Tell me, old man, why do they do such things?" There was a note of querulousness in his voice.

"Military necessity," I quoted.

"Well, all I can say is, that it's damned hard on us. And here they are off in Canada talking about the 'flocks of idle officers hanging around England,' as if it were our fault. I came over here to go to France, not to 'hang around England,' and yet here I am, with the pleasant prospect of getting jockeyed into a 'base' job when this B. C. battalion pulls out. Where there's a string of supernumeraries like the tail of a kite a C. O. isn't going to consider his own original officers last, is he? Not by a long sight. And, of course, they'll only authorize a certain number of supernumeraries to go over with the battal-

"The trouble is, you can't realize what it's like. It's a matter of psychology. You've got to go through an experience like that to feel it properly." It was evident that Bob was only irritated by my mildness.

"My dear fellow," I said, for I saw it was time to enlighten him. "I have been through that experience. My battalion was broken up just as yours was. At present I am a supernumerary office in a battalion I'd never seen before two weeks ago, with the same chance as yourself of being left behind as a superfluous item of the personnel."

Bob looked at me with a new expression in his eyes.

"By Jove, a fellow-sufferer!" he exclaimed, and held out his hand.

We shook.

Air-Man's Dream

(Continued from page 21.)

of 1967 as I connoted it in my dream, uncle, was pretty well organized along right lines for the democracies. But, of course, I'm not vouching for the accuracy of all this if it's a case of handing out a Delphine oracle.

And of course—Canada. Did I see any different colour on that map, you ask me, beginning at Montreal and ending at the Gulf? No, uncle. It was all one colour, except that it had a



faint suggestion of the fleur-de-lis that trickled away in various parts of the Canada and got lost in the grand overplus of other peoples; mainly British—but a lot of people from Europe, too. Anyway, the race feud was over, and we sang the new song over, a glad big land—a great land—

Head Nation of the British Confederacy.

That's all I remember. Please don't show this to any editor.



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HE was a tall well-built chap, with big, blue eyes, set far apart, and dark wavy hair, which he kept too closely cropped to allow it to curl, as was meant by nature. He had a cheery smile and a joke for every one, and his men loved him. More than that, they respected him thoroughly, for he never tolerated slackness or lack of discipline for an instant, and the lips under the little bronze moustache could pull themselves into an uncompromisingly straight, line when he was justly angry.

When he strafed the men, he did it directly, without sparing them or their failings, but he never sneered at them, and his direct hits were so patently honest that they realized it at once, and felt and looked rather like penitent little boys.

He never asked an N.C.O. or man to do anything he would not do himself,



"His revolver in one hand, a little cane in the other, a cigarette between his lips."

and he usually did it first. If there was a dangerous patrol, he led. If there was trying work to do, under fire, he stayed in the most dangerous position, and helped. He exacted instant obedience to orders, but never an order that the men could not understand without explaining the reason for it. He showed his N.C.O.'s that he had confidence in them, and did not need to ask for their confidence in him. He had it.

In the trenches he saw to his men's comfort first-his own was a secondary consideration. If a man was killed or wounded, he was generally on the spot before the stretcher-bearers, and, not once, but many times, he took a dying man's last messages, and faithfully wrote to his relations. A sacred duty, but one that wrung his withers. He went into action not only with his men, but at their head, and he fought like a young lion until the objective was attained. Then, he was one of the first to bind up a prisoner's wounds, and to check any severity towards unwounded prisoners. He went into a show with his revolver in one hand, a little cane in the other, a cigarette between his lips.

"You see," he would explain, "it comforts a fellow to smoke, and the stick is useful, and a good tonic for the men. Besides, it helps me try to kid myself I'm not scared-and I am, you know! As much as any one could

On parade he was undoubtedly the smartest officer in the regiment, and he worked like a Trojan to make his men smart also. At the same time he would devote three-quarters of any leisure he had to training his men in the essentials of modern warfare, his spare time being willingly sacrificed for their benefit.

No man was ever paraded before him with a genuine grievance that he did not endeavour to rectify. In some manner he would, nine times out of ten, turn a "hard case" into a good soldier. One of his greatest powers was his particularly winning smile. When his honest eyes were on you, when his lips curved and two faint dimples showed in his cheeks, it was impossible not to like him. Even those who envied him-and among his brother officers there were not a few -could not bring themselves to say anything against him.

If he had a failing it was a weakness for pretty women, but his manner towards an old peasant woman, even though she was dirty and hideous, was, if anything, more courteous than towards a woman of his own class. He could not bear to see them doing work for which he considered they were unfit. One day he carried a huge washing-basket full of clothes down the main street of a little village in Picardy, through a throng of soldiers, rather than see the poor old dame he had met staggering under her burden go a step farther unaided.

The Colonel happened to see him, and spoke to him rather sharply about His answer was characteristic: "I'm very sorry, sir. I forgot about what the men might think when I saw the poor old creature. In fact, sir, if you'll pardon my saying so, I would not mind much if they did make fun of it."

He loved children. He never had any loose coppers or small change

long, and two of his comrades surprised him on one occasion slipping a five-franc note into the crinkled rosy palm of a very, very new baby. "He looked so jolly cute asleep," he explained simply.

Almost all his fellow-officers owed him money. He was a poor financier, and when he had a cent it belonged to whoever was in need of it at the

One morning at dawn, he led a little patrol to examine some new work in the German front line. He encountered an unsuspected enemy listening post, and he shot two of the three Germans, but the remaining German killed him before his men could prevent it. They brought his body back and he was given a soldier's grave between the trenches. There he lies with many another warrior, taking his rest, while his comrades mourn the loss of a fine soldier and gallant gen-

Martha of Dranvoorde

ARTHA BEDUYS, in Belgium, was considered pretty, even handsome. Of that sturdy Flemish build so characteristic of Belgian women, in whom the soil seems to induce embonpoint. she was plump to stoutness. She was no mere girl; twenty-seven years had passed over her head when the war broke out, and she saw for the first time English soldiers in the little village that had always been her home. There was a great deal of excitement. As the oldest of seven sisters, Martha was the least excited, but the most calculating.

The little baker's shop behind the dull old church had always been a source of income, but never a means to the attainment of wealth. Martha had the soul of a shop-keeper, a thing which, in her father's eyes, made her

the pride of his household.

Old Hans Beduys was a man of some strength of mind. His features were sharp and keen, his small, blue eyes had a glitter in them which seemed to accentuate their closeness to each other, and his hands-lean, knotted, claw-like-betokened his chief desire in life. Born of a German mother and a Belgian father, he had no particular love for the English.

When the first British Tommy entered his shop and asked for bread, old Beduvs looked him over as a butcher eyes a lamb led to the slaughter. He was calculating the weight in sous and francs.

That night Beduys laid down the law to his family.

"The girls will all buy new clothes," he said, "for which I shall pay. They will make themselves agreeable to the English mercenaries, but"-with a snap of his blue eyes-"nothing more. 'The good God has sent us a harvest to reap; I say we shall reap

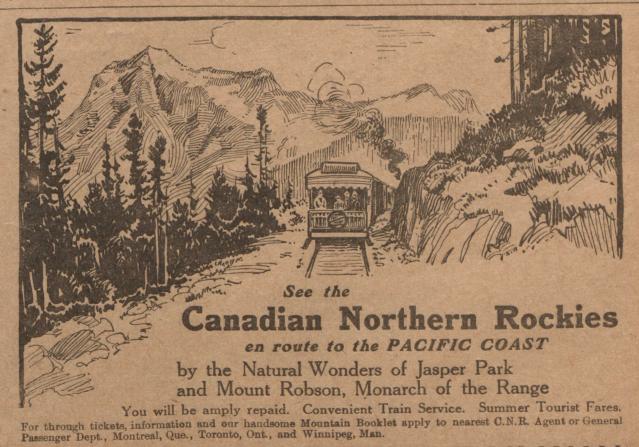
During the six months that followed the little shop behind the church teemed with life. The Beduys girls were glad enough to find men to talk to for the linguistic difficulty was soon overcome-to flirt with mildly, and in front of whom to show off their newly-acquired finery. From morn till dewy eve the shop was crowded, and occasionally an officer or two would dine in the back parlour, kiss Martha if they felt like it, and not worry much over a few sous change.

In the meantime old Hans waxed financially fat, bought a new Sunday suit. worked the life out of the girls, and prayed nightly that the Canadians would arrive in the vicinity of his particular "Somewhere in Belgium."

In a little while they came.

Blossoming forth like a vine well fertilized at the roots, the little shop became more and more pretentious as the weekly turnover increased. Any day that the receipts fell below a certain level old Beduys raised such a storm that his bevy of daughters redoubled their efforts.

Martha had become an enthusias-



NORTHERN RAILWAY

tic business woman. Her fair head with it golden curls was bent for many hours in the day over a crude kind of ledger, and she thought in terms of pickles, canned fruits, chocolate, and cigarettes. The spirit of commerce had bitten deep into Martha's soul.

More and more officers held impromptu dinners in the back parlour. Martha knew most of them, but only one interested her. Had he not shown her the system of double entry, and how to balance her accounts? He was a commercial asset.

As for Jefferson, it was a relief to him, after a tour in the trenches, to have an occasional chat with a moderately pretty girl.

One rain-sodden, murky January night, very weary, wet, and muddy, Jefferson dropped in to see, as he would have put it, "the baker's daughter."

Martha happened to be alone, and welcomed "Monsieur Jeff" beamingly.

Perhaps the dim light of the one small lamp, perhaps his utter war weariness, induced Jefferson to overlook the coarseness of the girl's skin, her ugly hands, and large feet. Perhaps Martha was looking unusually pretty.

At all events he suddenly decided that she was desirable. Putting his arm around her waist as she brought him his coffee, he drew her, unresisting, on to his knee. Then he kissed her.

Heaven knows what possessed Martha that evening. She not only allowed his kisses, but returned them, stroking his curly hair with a tenderness that surprised herself as much as it surprised him.

Thereafter Martha had two souls. A soul for business and a soul for Jefferson.

The bleak winter rolled on and spring came.

About the beginning of April old Beduys received, secretly, a letter from a relative in Frankfurt. The contents of the letter were such that the small pupils of the old man's eyes dilated with fear. He hid the document away, and his temper for that day was execrable. That night he slept but little. Beduys lay in bed and pictured the sails of a windmillhis windmill—and he thought also of ten thousand francs and his own safety. He thought of the distance to the mill-a full two kilometresand of the martial law which dictated, among other things, that he be in his home after a certain hour at night, and that his mill's sails be set at a certain angle when at rest. Then he thought of Martha. Martha of the commercial mind. Martha the obedient. Yes! That was it, obedient! Hans Beduys rose from his bed softly, without disturbing his heavily-sleeping wife, and read and re-read his brother's letter. One page he kept, and the rest he tore to shreds, and burned, bit by bit, in the candle flame. High up on the hill stood the wind-

mill the Beduys windmill. Far over in the German lines an Intelligence Officer peered at it in the gathering dusk through a night-glass. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the sails of the mill turned, and stopped for a full minute. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, they turned again, and stopped again. This happened perhaps twenty times. The German made some notes and went to the nearest signalling station.

Five minutes later a salvo of great shells trundled, with a noise like distant express trains, over to the left of the mill.

There were heavy casualties in a newly-arrived battalion bivouacked not half a mile from the baker's shop. The inhabitants of the village awoke and trembled. "Hurrumphumph!" Again the big shells trundled over the village, and again. There was confusion, and death and wounding.

In his bed lay Hans Beduys, sweating from head to foot, while his brain hammered out with ever-increasing force: "Ten thousand francs — Ten Thousand Francs."

In the small hours a shadow disengaged itself from the old mill, cautiously. Then it began to run, and resolved itself into a woman. By little paths, by ditches, by side-tracks, Martha reached home. She panted heavily, her face was white and haggard. When she reached her room she flung herself on her bed, and lay there wide-eyed, dumb, horror-stricken,

until the dawn broke.

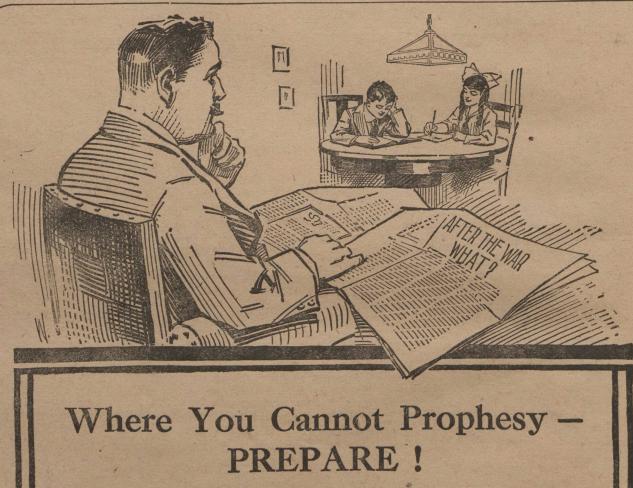
Jefferson's Battalion finished a tour in the trenches on the following night. Jefferson marched back to billet with a resolve in his mind. He had happened to notice the windmill moving the night before, as he stood outside Company head-quarters in the trenches. He had heard the shells go over—away back—and had seen the sails move 'again. The two things connected themselves instantly in his mind. Perhaps he should have reported the matter at once, but Jefferson did not do so. He meant to investigate for himself.

Two days later Jefferson got leave to spend the day in the nearest town. He returned early in the afternoon, put his revolver in the pocket of his British warm coat, and set out for the windmill. He did not know to whom the mill belonged, nor did that trouble him.

An Artillery Brigade had parked near the village that morning. Jefferson got inside the mill without diffleulty. It was a creaky, rat-haunted old place, and no one lived within half a mile of it. Poking about, he discovered nothing until his eyes happened to fall on a little medallion stuck between two boards on the floor.

Picking it up, Jefferson recognized it as one of those little "miraculous medals" which he had seen strung on a light chain around Martha's neck. He frowned thoughtfully, and put it in his pocket.

He hid himself in a corner and waited. He waited so long that he fell asleep. The opening of the little wooden door of the mill roused him with a start. There was a long pause, and then the sound of footsteps coming up the wooden stairway which led to where Jefferson day. The window in the mill-face reflected the dying glow of a perfect sunset, and the light in the mill was faint. He could hear the hum of a biplane's engines as it hurried homeward, the day's work done.



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A peaked cap rose above the level of the floor, followed by a stout, rubicund face. A Belgian gendarme.

Jefferson fingered his revolver, and waited. The gendarme looked around, grunted, and disappeared down the steps again, closing the door that led into the mill with a bang. Jefferson sat up and rubbed his head.

He did not quite understand.

Perhaps ten minutes had passed when for the third time that night the door below was opened softly, closed as softly, and some one hurried up the steps.

It was Martha. She had a shawl over her head and shoulders, and she was breathing quickly, with parted lips.

Jefferson noislessly dropped his revolver into his pocket again.

With swift, sure movements, the girl began to set the machinery of the mill in motion. By glancing over to the window, Jefferson could see the sails move slowly-very, very slowly. Martha fumbled for a paper in her bosom, and, drawing it forth, scrutinized it tensely. Then she set the machinery in motion again. She had her back to him. Jefferson rose stealthily and took a step towards her. A board creaked and, starting nervously, the girl looked round.

For a moment the two gazed at each other in dead silence.

"Martha," said Jefferson, "Martha!" There was a mixture of rage and reproach in his voice. Even as he spoke they heard the whine of shells overhead, and then four dull explo-

"Your work," cried Jefferson thickly, taking a stride forward and seizing the speechless woman by the arm.

Martha looked at him with a kind of dull terror in her eyes, with utter hopelessness, and the man paused a second. He had not known he cared for her so much. Then, in a flash, he pictured the horrors for which this woman, a mere common spy, was responsible.

He made to grasp her more firmly, but she twisted herself from his hold. Darting to the device which freed the mill-sails, she wrenched at it madly. The sails caught in the breeze, and began to circle round, swiftly and more swiftly, until the old wooden building shook with the vibration.

From his observation post a German officer took in the new situation at a glance. A few guttural sounds he muttered, and then turning angrily to an orderly he gave him a curt message. "They shall not use it if we cannot," he said to himself, shaking his fist in the direction of the whirring sails.

In the little village part of the church and the baker's shop lay in ruins. Martha had sent but a part of her signal, and it had been acted upon with characteristic German prompti-

In the windmill on the hill, which shook crazily as the sails tore their way through the air, a man and a woman struggled desperately, the woman with almost superhuman strength.

Suddenly the earth shook, a great explosion rent the air, and the mill on the hill was rent timber from timber and the great sails doubled up like tin-foil.

"Good shooting," said the German Forward Observation Officer, as he tucked his glass under his arm and went "home" to dinner.







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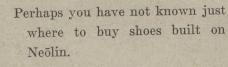
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The shoes you are buying to wear this summer, your dealer ordered early last Fall or Winter. At that time our factory capacity for producing Neōlin soles was limited. As a result most merchants were able to obtain only a small percentage of their stock with Neōlin soles.

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