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# CANADIAN COURIER

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## Making White Space Valuable

**M**AKING white space valuable is the first business of a publisher. The paper manufacturer attends to his part of the problem when he sells the paper. As everybody knows, paper nowadays costs more than it ever did since printing became a common pastime of mankind. And the cost of everything else in connection with producing a paper has gone up just about as much. Getting out a paper these days is an expensive business.

Of course, you know all that. It's the same old story that you find anywhere else, with a trifle of accent on publishing, because it's harder hit by conditions at home and abroad. What we are engaged in doing is making the white paper earn its cost. The thing by which we measure the earning power of a given space of white paper is not the cost per line of advertising. That's the advertising man's way, and so far as his business goes it's a good way. What space can earn for an advertiser who has goods to sell is the value that white space has when we come to sell it.

But the editor's connection with white space is very different. There's no scale of lines and inches and dollars and cents that can estimate what a page is worth to an editor. He knows about how much he can afford to pay for a page, whether it's articles, stories, or pictures. But that's not the value of it.

Nothing ever fixes the value of a page of white paper. Because the value to the editor representing the reader depends absolutely upon Interest. And you never can get done making a page interesting. A page is like an empty stage. At 6.45 p.m. the stage is empty and the orchestra haven't come. The curtains are down and the house is dark, and there's only a slight shuffling behind to indicate that anybody intends to light up or to come out on stage under those vast caverns of spaces where the drops come down and all the machinery is.

But come back at 8.30. The stage is cramful of people in all sorts of clothes and colours and lights, saying or singing all kinds of interesting things; the orchestra is up and doing; and the audience reaches out and up to the last seat by the wall.

This is a slight exaggeration, as a comparison. But it represents pretty much what an editor feels like before and after he has produced a page—a really good one.

Now, we have a number of good pages in any issue of this paper, along with a few poor ones. What we are trying to do is to make the good ones better and to obliterate the poor ones entirely. That's why we are now organizing a lot of talent to produce the Canadian Courier for 1918. In a few weeks we shall be able to tell you all about it and what we expect to produce. Just now—

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## “ Let Me Help You Carry the Burden, Mother ”

“If Canada Fails us in October, We Must Curtail Many of our Activities.”

Sir ARTHUR STANLEY, Chairman, Executive Committee, British Red Cross.

It now costs \$300,000.00 a week to carry on the work of the British Red Cross, or \$16,000,000.00 a year.

Every minute of the day and night it costs \$30 to minister to the sick and wounded and dying.

Last year Ontario's magnificent contribution paid for the entire work of the British Red Cross for nearly six weeks.

This year, in view of the greater need, it is earnestly and confidently hoped that Ontario's contributions will be as great proportionately as the magnificent offering of last year.

Our trust is, that the Citizens of Ontario will give generously to this noble cause on—

## “ OUR DAY ”, OCTOBER 18th

### A Few Facts about British Red Cross Work

The British Red Cross Society is the only institution which carries voluntary aid to the Sick and Wounded of the British forces on land and sea in every region of the War.

Its work is therefore the concern of all classes of British subjects, whether living in the British Isles, in the Dominions and Colonies beyond the seas, or in foreign countries.

### IN GREAT BRITAIN

57,000 Hospital Beds found in the United Kingdom.

30,000 of these provided with Nursing Staff.

2,000 Trained Nurses working at home and abroad.

7,500 V. A. D.'s helping in Army Hospitals.

\$220,000 spent on equipment of King George Hospital (1,850 beds) and

\$130,000 a year contributed to cost of its maintenance.

\$225,000 spent on building and equipping Netley Red Cross Hospital (1,000 beds); and

\$625,000 spent on maintenance.

\$175,000 for Orthopaedic Curative Workshops and Training Fund.

\$185,000 for Facial Injury Hospitals.

Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.



# CANADIAN COURIER

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October 20, 1917



## ONCE A LIBERAL

By THE EDITOR

**G**OLDEN TEXT in this Case: "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings."

C. C. Ballantyne, who seems to have had a village named after him before he was born, will hereafter be the mainspring in the Public Works at Ottawa. He succeeds Rogers aptitude and Pugsley expediency. And, of course, C. C. B.'s contribution will be efficiency. There are just naturally spider-webs of efficiency radiating from this man out to the last person with whom he has any dealings. And it will need to be in good working order to improve on the real activities of Public Works under his two live-wire predecessors. There used to be a system of pari-mutuels in Public Works. It was called Patronage. Nobody knows who invented it. Trailing the Labyrinth at Crete is easier than proving that. It must have been the Patrons of Industry.

But if there was ever any doubt under the Pugsley-Rogers regimes, as to who is anointed to slay the dragon, it's all over now. Ballantyne is the boy. The man who packed a little trunk away from Colquhoun, Dundas Co., to get two dollars a week in Montreal, at the age of 15, and a few years ago declined \$600 a week to cross the border because he preferred to remain V.P. and G.M. of an \$8,000,000 concern, Paint Corporation with head offices in Montreal, is surely big enough to put Patronage into a nice little patriotic hearse.

Colleging none—not even a business college; high-schooling, very little; experience—100 per cent. The little paint shop started by Cottingham and Ballantyne, on Peter St., has become the biggest paint proposition in America.

We all like to say, "I knew he would get to the top." In this paper, August, 1912, there was an article on Ballantyne which said:

He knows as much as any man what are the forces in this country that get men on in the world. He understands the problems of public life, and what are the demands of public service. From what he said about politics the morning I saw him in his office, I judge that he might take off his coat in a general election for what he conceives to be a principle of government. He has never been in public life—except to be Mayor of Westmount. His services to the Harbour Commission are probably invaluable so far as they go. On that Board he works as a shipper and a commercial man. Of course he gets a salary; but that long ago ceased to interest him and he could just as well afford to do it for nothing. At the end of this year he will retire from the Commission. It is more than likely that he will go into some other form of public service. There is no reason why he should not. He has money, experience, success, influence, and great ability as an organizer. The things he could do whether in a party or a parliament—or even in a city council, save the mark!—would do more to advertise him in the newspapers than all he has ever done with paint. I don't know that he cares much for publicity, but it's a safe wager that he has a healthy hunger for problems; and if he has a mind to rob enough time from his business to take hold of them, he will find problems enough even in the city of Montreal without hankering for parliament, to make it worth his own and the public's while to tackle them.

Just at that time Charles Colquhoun,



busy as a steam-shovel engine in his own office with glass walls, was peculiarly sore on Public Works. They say that people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. Ballantyne was on the stone-heap that morning. From his glass-walled den he could see at a glance every one of the hundred people in the office department, and they could see him—which was quite as important. There was enough work in that glass office to keep him busy, but C. C. B. had a public job on a superfluous salary as member of the Montreal Harbour Commission. Major Stephens was the chief. The Major, born wealthy and public-spirited, had a great ambition to make Montreal Harbour one of the great ports of the world. Ballantyne had the same idea.

Then along came a change of government and the Stephens-Ballantyne combination—well, they didn't like certain ministerial meddlings from Ottawa and they said so. Being Liberals, they both naturally got out; just as it might have been vice versa.

Ballantyne's indignation at the patronage idea was of the unspeakable-disgust variety. He could have chucked Bob Rogers over the parapet. His efficiency-administration conscience was rampant. Ballantyne has that disease—incurably. A lot of other able men mix it up with bets and booze and billiards and golf and light literature and hobbies. Not so Ballantyne. He knows but one unflagging rule of conduct. It is—"Do every job as though if you didn't, it would do you; otherwise quit." I don't suppose he has a Corot or a Daubigne. That kind of paintings don't cover the earth, anyway. Did anybody ever come across him ordering cocktails after the opera and discussing whether Faust is a better opera than Tannhauser? He is not so reported. Ballantyne never got into the silk-lid smart set. A title—he'd break it if it didn't earn ten per cent. In his case efficiency—nothing to do with the German variety—is a 50-50 combination of industry and nothing-up-your-sleeve. Look out for C. C. B. in the Public Works. He is a Liberal who believes in a tariff and by no means a low one. He is a win-the-war Liberal. Any deputy who out-works his chief will need to rise with the robins, and stay diligently up all day.

**H**UGH GUTHRIE, the new Solicitor-General, won't deny that he is a born down-to-the-core Liberal, originally from Chalmers Church, Guelph, Ont. But he is not a clear Grit. And you don't need a microscope to find the difference. On general principles it looks easier for the camel to hump through the needle's eye than for such an historically-evolved Liberal with a Scotch name to be in a Conservative national government. Some time when Guthrie isn't soliciting for Canada, ask him and you'll get the apostolic succession of Liberalism from the Reform Bill down to 1917—with the Free Trade out of it. Guthrie is not an unadulterated reciprocitarian. He can tolerate a mediocre tariff.

Personally, he is a trifle cold on the top. In his younger inexperience he used to step a little high, till the grey hairs of political compromise made him more of a democrat. But there was always an interested glint in his eye and a way to get under his armour-plate of reserve.

My first personal interest in the new Solicitor-General was because he happened to be the son of his father. Donald Guthrie, senior, of Guthrie and

Watt, in those days in the greystone office just angling off from the P. O. in that most picturesque old town, Guelph, Ont., was always regarded as an able man, once prominent in Canadian politics. On a Saturday afternoon, in 1892, I recall meeting Hugh Guthrie's elder brother, a young preacher who sang very impressively, "Flee as a bird to your mountain, ye who are weary of sin," and afterwards gave a ventriloquial performance on a rag doll in the drawing-room.

Ontario gossip has lost track of the other brothers; but the personality of the M. P. for South Wellington has been bobbing up every now and then down at Ottawa. Guthrie was, for a long while, one of the second-up to the front line Liberals. He was one of the few Ontario Grits that ever had a sort of intuitional understanding of Sir Wilfrid. Guthrie has always been a stout Laurierite. Is yet. You can't pry off a Scotsman's affections merely on a difference of opinion. The old chief set big store by the M. P. for S. Well. Time by time as he reconstructed his Cabinet, gossip asked, "Why not Guthrie?" Certainly the reason was no lack of ability as a front-bencher, a speaker and an administrative politician. But Guthrie has not always been as diligent as an eight-day clock. He used to have his off days, like any artist, when duty might go up on the shelf. He often looks quite bored in the House; but he seldom or never speaks unless he has something to say, and he used to be about as good an auxiliary to Carvell in a scalp-lifting crusade as anybody on that side of the House.

But he never was a graduate of the school for scandal. He has too much of the real Scotch tang in his blood, too much of the spirit that sent his two sons to the front. Besides, he is a real Liberal; neither the Whig nor the Reformer type; no near-Socialist; no ragtag notions; never the kind of Liberal that goes pecking the noses off the ikons, but concerns itself with its own vested interests, keeping off the iconoclasts. In fact, I suspect that Guthrie is a Conservative type of Liberal. And the old flame that used to scorch the heather and fire the Covenanters burns in him now and again as he thinks—

First of Canada and South Wellington in the hills; second of the hills over yonder. His speech at the Win-the-War congress in Toronto had about it two things highly picturesque: his description of the motley band of empire-defenders he saw at the Union Depot shortly after the war was declared—he described it well in the style of a true Imperialist; and his dogged defence of his old chief, with whom he had come to the parting of the ways over the war.

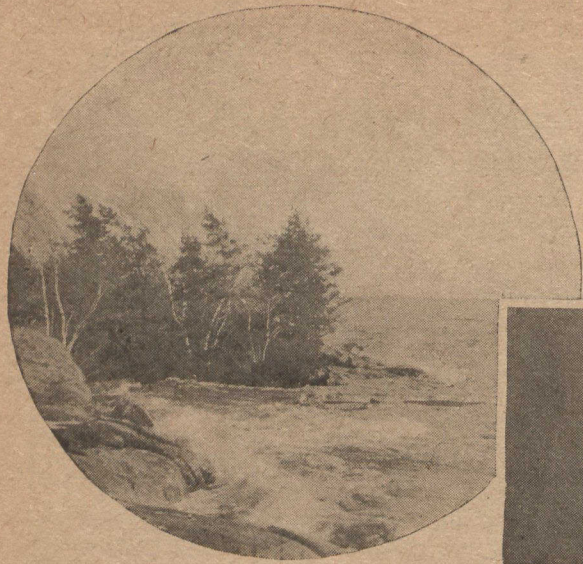
I should take Guthrie as an Imperialist; not of the head-office-at-London type. Maybe up to a point the Laurier type.

Anyhow, take Guthrie's veneration for Laurier, at face value. Part of it is personal, some of it political, much of it Canadian.

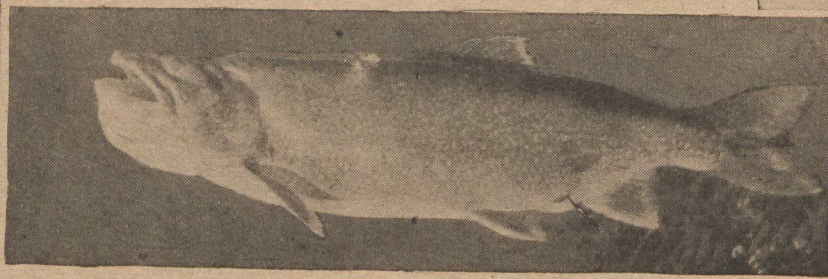


# NIPIGON TROUT

## Another Trust-Buster



A Windy Corner of Nipigon.



Indian Guides Who Know Nipigon.

**T**HE Ontario Government, through the Minister of Public Works, the Hon. Findlay MacDiarmid, executive head of the Fish and Game Department, has embarked upon a radical venture which, in its workings and effects, can be only described accurately as State-Socialism.

The Hon. Findlay MacDiarmid was drawn into the vortex of the High Cost of Living whirlpool when the people throughout the province grew sullen and bitter under the goad of Rising Prices. Constrained to reduce the cost of edible things to the good people of Ontario, he decided upon fish from the waters controlled by the Crown in the Province, as the one important commodity listed under "Supply" that would help to alleviate a bad situation.

The Hon. Minister sought first to make secure the supply that the price might not be altered. The second detail, to restrain any tendency for the selling prices to rise, was to do without the services of the wholesalers.

Necessity knows no law—not even the Patriarchal Law of Supply and Demand.

On September 26th, the Canadian Northern Railway, along whose main line Lake Nipigon and River lie, brought the first shipment to Toronto. MacDiarmid's aides were on hand, the express company took care of delivery to the dealers, and the housewives of Toronto purchased the cool Nipigon beauties on the following morning.

This is the second spectacular attempt by fish to break the cost of eatables. The Food Controller, Hon. W. J. Hanna, organized the first. He may not share the belief of the Hon. Findlay MacDiarmid that fish can be sold independently of the Great Law. It may be remembered he brought a lot of cod and things up from the Atlantic Coast, and that they deserted in the hour of greatest need. But Hanna's fish came from the sea, and they have a way of knowing—down by the Atlantic—what is going on. MacDiarmid's are from the "bush" country, and would have to be educated into modern city ways. Anyway, if the worst develops, the Hon. Minister of Public Works is the official guardian of these fish and may be looked to to keep them within bounds.

So far the supplies that have come down from Nipigon have not been over-large, and the Demand has always exceeded the Supply. That has made no difference in the price to the consumer. The fish is declared by the Department to be worth so much a pound, and whether a retail dealer gets little or much, the price is not to be influenced thereby. Every section of Toronto has been supplied through dealers in different parts of the city. Some from one consignment, and others from subsequent shipments. It is said, also, that, as the size of the shipments increases, Ontario generally is to be covered. In some localities, however, it may be necessary to obtain a slightly higher price owing to extra transportation charges.

It is understood the Minister intends to add to the fishing facilities as rapidly as is consistent, but it is possible that necessity of more accurate knowledge of the Lake from a fishing standpoint may limit the production until next spring.

Some say that in doing as he is, the Minister of Public Works is but defeating his own object, if that object be lower prices for fish. These raise the

**T**HE Ontario Government, through the Minister of Public Works, who is also executive head of the Fish and Game Department, has made an effort to put good fish on the tables of plain people at reasonable prices. Nipigon trout is the delicacy supplied so far in car lots by Hon. Findlay MacDiarmid. The Food Controller tried the same thing with cod, etc., which did not fill the bill. Cod-land is a long way from the middle of Ontario—and the man who catches the cod is still further in price by a whole series of middle-non-producers, from the consumer's pocket-book. Nipigon is just up the line, a few hundred miles from Ontario's chief consumption centre; and there has not yet been a chance for the chain of non-producing middlemen to get in their fine work on Price-Boosting vs. Trust-Busting.

claim that contracts to the large fish dealers in Toronto have been diverted to American points because the fishermen could not set them down in the Queen City as cheaply as has the Ontario Government. Such critics of the Minister of Public Works imply that he cannot, unaided by other large fishing concerns, supply the Toronto market, and that he will only succeed, as Hanna did, in raising the price of fish to the consumer.

The Government, however, is not worried as to these things, and is proceeding along lines that takes this enterprise out of the philanthropic class altogether. While, owing to a lack of specific data, the Minister of Public Works is not in a position to prophesy that Lake Nipigon and Lake Nipissing would furnish the demand of Ontario, the Department is reasonably confident of an ample supply.

Disciples of Izaak Walton need not be unduly disturbed at this prospective enhancement of the netting operations, as it is the best opinion at Lake Nipigon that the rod fishing for speckled trout should be improved rather than harmed by the government operations. It may be, also, that fry from a government hatchery at Nipigon will find their way into Nipigon waters to take care of any diminution in the supply.

## THE STRIKERS

By WILLIAM HENRY

III.

**P**OLITICAL ECONOMY is the deuce of a thing to understand. Many a university student runs aground on Ricardo's "Theory of Rent and Law of Diminishing Returns"; and yet an ordinary farmer knows all about them. Grave professors wrinkle their brows over theories of value which, with all their profundity and phraseology, are only what every rag-buyer knows by instinct. Professors, preachers, politicians, editors, all men who hang ideas upon the public's clothes-line, must needs first distort them with unfamiliar verbiage or dye them in partizanship.

And thus it has been with the food problem. Pulled this way and that way by theorists and stained by politicians, it is out of both shape and colour, and not even a Hamilton plumber can put it together again. So let us dodge the theory of the food problem and consider things as they are.

Before the war, and all things are either before or after the war, the "Minnie M"—the names are

the untrue part of this story—was as neat a little fishing-craft as ever fished the brineless deep of Lake Ontario. Built after the fashion of a deep-sea dory, she knew her business; and so did her crew—Old Joe and Young Joe.

The "Minnie M" was operated on modernly approved socialistic lines—minimum wages for labour, and a fifty-fifty division of the profits between labour and capital. There had always been wages, but never had there been profits, which was equally sad for labour and capital—I was the capital—and foreboded disaster. When there are no profits the service will not permanently renew itself.

Shortly after the opening of the second season after the war, the end was in the offing. Fish were going up in price and the catch was being sold for more money per pound than the sanguine crew and owner of the "Minnie M" had dreamed of, but other things went upper. The receipts from the product would not buy the essentials of production. Capital each week had to dig into its breeches' pocket for labour's minimum wages. The industry was staggering and wobbling, when the knock-out blow came—opportunity knocked on Young Joe's door, and knocked to the tune of more money in one day than the "Minnie M" could earn in three.

Of course the city wants food, but it wants other things as well, and it wanted Young Joe to help make the other things. The city calls the young men from the country to drive its automobiles, build its electric signs, edit its newspapers, and fashion the thousand and one what-nots that tickle its jaded taste. And the city grand dames who, in years gone by, picked huckleberries, must needs have the young women from the country to serve at their tables.

Having called from the country the young men who fished its waters and tilled its fields, and the young women who milked its cows, these unwise people of the city stupidly wonder what is wrong with their food supply. But the moral should not have come so soon, for my story is not finished.

Young Joe no longer rises at 4 a.m. to guide the chugging "Minnie M" out over the brineless deep of Lake Ontario. At the decorous hour of seven he turns the key in the factory clock and is home in time to put on good clothes for supper. He has a motor-cycle and gaily bedecked Mrs. Young Joe takes in the movies while Old Joe minds Youngest Joe. City ways were soon acquired, even unto the damning of the grasping food-producers. The whole Joe family is well pleased with itself—except Old Joe, who wanders down to sniff the smelly waters of Ashbridge's Bay and mutters incoherently of storm signals.

And capital—I had almost forgotten; it is so easily forgotten these days—hears the raucous cry of the city for food, but its heart is chilled even as were the fish it once shipped to the city. The "Minnie M" could have been sold to an opulent artisan who craved a pleasure yacht, but capital said, "Labour is liquid, like the waters of the lake. The spendthrifts of the city have said in their hearts there is no law of supply and demand; as well might they have said there is no law of gravity. By and by labour will come back to earth—and water. Then once more the "Minnie M" will fish the brineless deep of Lake Ontario."

# The ELEVENTH HOUR

By Edwin Balmer and Wm. B. MacHarg

It was the third Sunday in March. A roaring storm of mingled rain and snow, driven by a riotous wind—wild even for the Great Lakes in winter—had surged through the streets of Chicago all day; a little after ten o'clock at night the temperature fell rapidly and the rain and snow changed suddenly to sleet. At twenty minutes past the hour, the slush that filled the streets began to freeze. Mr. Luther Trant, hastening on foot back to his rooms at his club, observed that the soft mess underfoot had coated with tough, rubbery ice, through which the heels of his shoes crunched at every step while his toes left almost no mark.

Trant had been taking the day "off," away from both his office and his club; but fifteen minutes before, he had called up the club for the first time that day and had learned that a woman had been inquiring for him at frequent intervals during the day over the telephone, and that a special delivery letter which she had sent had been awaiting him since six o'clock. The psychologist was therefore hastening homeward, suddenly stricken with a sense of guilt and dereliction.

As he hurried down Michigan Avenue, he was considering the wonderful change in his affairs that had taken place so quickly. Six months ago he had been a callow assistant in a psychological laboratory. The very professor whom he had served had smiled when he had declared his belief in his power to apply the necromancy of the new psychology to the detection of crime. But the delicate instruments of the laboratory—the chronoscopes, kymographs, plethysmographs, which made visible and recorded unerringly, unfalteringly, the most secret emotions of the heart and the hidden workings of the brain; the experimental investigations of Freud and Jung, of the German and French scientists, of Munsterberg and others in America—had fired him with a belief in them and in himself. In the face of misunderstanding and derision he had tried to trace the criminal, not by the world-old method of the marks the evil-doer had left on things, but by the evidences which the crime had left on the mind of the criminal himself. And so well had he succeeded that now not even a Sunday was free from appeal to him for help in trouble. As he entered the club, the doorman addressed him hurriedly:

"She called again, Mr. Trant, at nine o'clock. She wanted to know if you had received the note, and said you were to have it as soon as you came in."

Trant took the letter—a plain, coarse envelope, with the red two-cent and the blue special delivery stamp stuck askew above an uneven line of great, unsteady characters. Within it, ten lines spread this wild appeal across the paper:

If Mr. Trant will do—for some one unknown to him—the greatest possible service—to save perhaps a life—a life! I beg him to come to—Ashland Avenue between seven and nine o'clock to-night! Eleven! For God's sake come—between seven and nine! Later will be too late. Eleven! I tell you it may be worse than useless to come after eleven! So for God's sake—if you are human—help me! You will be expected.

W. Newberry.

The psychologist glanced at his watch. It was already twenty-five minutes to eleven! And then he paused a full minute to scrutinize the handwriting, a shade of perplexity on his face.

The hand—identical in note and envelope—was that of a man!

"You're sure it was a woman's voice on the 'phone?" he asked, quickly.

"Yes, sir, a lady."

Trant picked up the telephone on the desk; "Halloo! Is this the West End Police Station? This is Mr. Trant. Can you send a plain-clothes man and a patrolman at once to—Ashland Avenue? No; I don't know what the trouble is, but I understand it is a matter of life and death; I want to have help at hand if I need it. You are sending Detective Siler? Because he knows the house? Oh, there has been trouble there before? I see. Tell him to hurry. I will try and get there myself before eleven."

Trant hurried into a waiting taxicab. The streets

were all but empty, and into the stiffening ice the chains on the tires of the driving wheels bit sharply; so it still lacked ten minutes of the hour when he jumped out at his destination. The vacant street, and the one dim light on the first floor of the house told him the police had not yet arrived.

The porticoed front and the battered fountain, which rose obscurely from the ice-crust sod of the narrow lawn, showed that the structure had formerly been a pretentious one. In the rear, as well as Trant could see in the indistinct glare of the street lamps, there was a long one-storeyed addition.

As the psychologist rang the bell and was admitted, he saw at once that he had not been mistaken in believing that the cab which had passed his motor only an instant before had come from the same house; for the mild-eyed, white-haired little man who opened the door almost before the bell had stopped ringing had not yet taken off his overcoat. Behind him, in the dim light of a shaded lamp, an equally placid, white-haired little woman was laying off her wraps; and their gentle faces were so completely at variance with the wild terror of the note which Trant now held between his fingers in his pocket, that he hesitated before he asked his question:

"Is W. Newberry here?"

"I am the Reverend Wesley Newberry," the old man answered. "I am no longer in the active service of the Lord; but in case of immediate necessity, if I can be of use—"

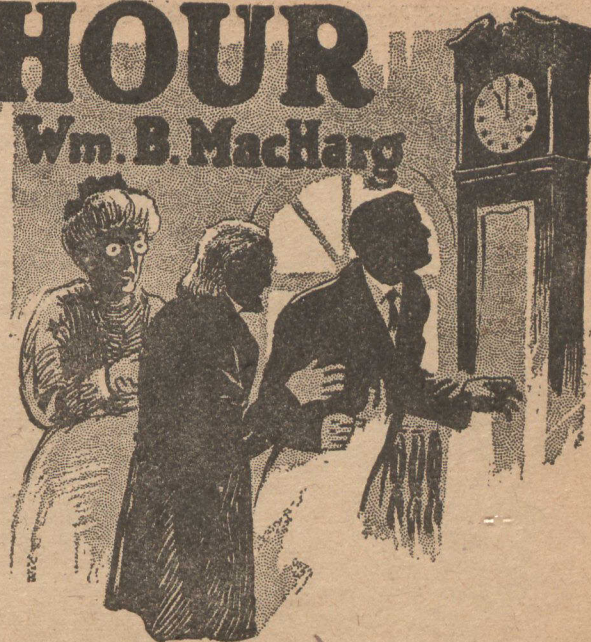
"No, no!" Trant checked him. "I have not come to ask your services as a minister, Mr. Newberry. To-night when I returned to my club at half past ten, I was informed that a woman—apparently in great anxiety—had been trying to get me all day on the telephone, and had finally referred me to this special delivery letter which was delivered at six o'clock." Trant extended it to the staring little minister. "Telephone calls and note may have been a hoax; but—In Heaven's name! What is the matter, Mr. Newberry?"

THE two old people, in great amazement, had taken the note. But the moment she glanced at it, the little woman dropped, shaking and pale, into the nearest chair. The little man had lost his placidity and was shuddering in uncontrolled fear.

"This note is not from me, Mr.—Mr. Trant," he said, staring at the letter in terror, "but it is, I must not deceive myself, undoubtedly from our son, Walter. This writing, though broken beyond anything I have seen from him in his worst dissipations, is undoubtedly his. Yet Walter is not here, Mr. Trant! I mean—I mean, he should not be here! There have been reasons—we have not seen or heard of Walter for two months. He cannot be here now—surely he cannot be here now, unless—unless—My wife and I went to a friend's this evening; this is as though the writer had known we were going out! We left at half past six and have only just returned. Oh, it is impossible that Walter could have come here!" The livid terror grew stronger on his rosy, simple face as he turned to his wife. "We have not seen Adele, Martha, since we came in! And this gentleman tells us that a woman in great trouble was sending for him. If Walter has been here—But come—let us look together!"

He had turned, with no further word of explanation, and pattered excitedly to the stairs, followed by his wife and Trant.

"Adele! Adele!" the old man cried anxiously, knocking at the door nearest the head of the stairs; and when he received no answer, he pushed the door open. The room was empty. "There is something very wrong here, Mr. Trant! This is the bedroom of my daughter-in-law, Walter's wife. She should be here at this hour! My son—we could never control him, Mr. Trant, he was always unprincipled—threatened Adele's life two months ago because she—she found it impossible to live longer with him. It was terrible! We had to call the police. We forbade Walter the house. So if she called on you



because he was threatening her again, and he returned here to-night to carry out his threat, then Adele—!"

"But why should he have written me that note?" Trant asked. "However—there is no time to lose, Mr. Newberry. We must search the entire house at once and make sure, at least, that Mrs. Walter Newberry is not in some other part of it!"

"You are right—quite right!" answered the little man as he ran rapidly from door to door, throwing the rooms open to the impatient scrutiny of the psychologist. While they were still engaged in this search upon the upper floor, a tall clock on the landing of the stairs struck eleven!

And scarcely had the last deep stroke of the hour ceased to resound in the hall, when suddenly, sharply, and without other warning, a revolver shot rang out, followed so swiftly by three others that the four reports sounded almost as one through the silent house! The little woman screamed and seized her husband's arm. He, in turn, seized Trant's. They stood thus for an instant, for though the shots were plainly inside the house, the echoes made it impossible to locate them exactly. But almost immediately a fifth shot, seeming louder and more distinct in its separateness, broke the stillness.

"It is in the billiard room!" the wife shrieked, with a woman's quicker location of indoor sounds.

The little minister ran to seize the lamp, as Trant turned toward the rear of the house. Mrs. Newberry started with them; but at that instant the doorbell rang furiously and she turned back perfunctorily to answer it. The psychologist pushed her husband on, and taking the lamp from the elder man's shaking hand, he followed Newberry into the one-story addition which formed the back part of the house. The L-shaped passage opened at one end, apparently onto a side porch. Newberry hurried down the other branch of the passage past a door which was plainly that of a kitchen, came to another farther down the passage, tried it, and recoiled in fresh bewilderment to find it locked.

"It is never locked, never!" he cried.

"We must break it down then!" Trant drew the little man aside and bracing himself against the opposite wall, threw his shoulder against the door once, twice, and a third time, without effect. Then a uniformed patrolman, and another in plain clothes, running after them with Mrs. Newberry, added their weight to Trant's, and the door crashed open.

A BLAST of air from the outside storm instantly blew out both the lamp in Trant's hand and another which had been burning in the room. Siler and the patrolman, swearing softly, felt for matches. The psychologist ran to the window which was open and gazed intently into the night. After a moment, he closed it and turned to look about the room in the light of the lamp which Siler had succeeded in lighting.

This room which Mrs. Newberry had called the billiard room, he saw was really a storeroom, littered with an accumulation of old rubbish and furniture, the arrangement of which showed plainly that the room had recently been fitted for occupancy.

That the occupant had taken care to conceal himself, heavy sheets of brown paper pasted over the panes of all the windows—including that which Trant had found open—testified; that the occupant had been well tended, a full tray of food practically untouched and the stubs of at least a hundred cigarettes flung in the fireplace made plain. These things Trant appreciated only after the first swift glance, which showed him a huddled figure with its head half under a musty lounge that stood farthest from the window. The figure was a man's, and the mother's shuddering cry of recognition identified him as Walter Newberry.

TRANT knelt beside the officers working over the body; the blood had been flowing from a bullet wound in the temple, but it had ceased to flow. A small, silver-mounted automatic revolver, obviously a woman's weapon, lay on the floor, with the shells which had been ejected as it was fired. The psychologist rose.

"We have come too late," he said, simply, to the father. "It was necessary, as he foresaw, to get here before eleven, if we were to help him. He is dead. And now—" he checked himself, as the little woman clutched her husband and buried her face in his sleeve, and the little man stared up at him with a chalky face—"it will be better for you to wait somewhere else till we are through here."

"In the name of mercy, Mr. Trant," Newberry cried, miserably, as the psychologist picked up a lamp and lighted the two old people into the hall, "what is this terrible thing that has happened here? What is it—oh, what is it, Mr. Trant? And where—where is Adele?"

"I am here, father; I am here!" a new voice broke clearly and calmly through the confusion, and the light of Trant's lamp fell on a slender girl advancing down the hallway. "And you," she said as composedly to the psychologist, in spite of the pallor which increased as she met his eyes, "are Mr. Trant—and you came too late!"

"You are Mrs. Walter Newberry?" Trant returned. "You called me up this morning and this afternoon?"

"Yes," she said. "And he is dead! You came too late."

She did not see the quick glance Trant gave to assure himself that she had spoken before she could have seen the body from her place in the hall.

"Yes, dear father and dear mother!" she began compassionately. "Walter came back—" she broke off suddenly, her eyes staring over Trant's shoulder, at Siler, who had come to the doorway. "You—you brought the police, Mr. Trant! I—I thought you had nothing to do with the police!"

"Never mind that," the plain-clothes man checked Trant's answer. "You were saying your husband came home, Mrs. Newberry?"

"Then—but that is all I know; I know nothing whatever about it."

"How did you get your shoes and skirt wet, Mrs. Newberry?" The plain-clothes man pointed at her dragged garments.

"I—I heard the shots! That was all. I ran to the neighbors' for help; but I could get no one."

"Then you'll have a chance to make your statement later," Siler answered in a business-like tone. "Just now you'd better look after your father and mother."

He took the lamp from Trant and held it to light them down the hall, then turned swiftly to the patrolman. "She is going upstairs with them; watch the front stairs and see that she does not go out. If she comes down the back stairs, we can see her."

As the patrolman went out, the plain-clothes man turned back into the room, leaving the door ajar so that the rear stairs were visible. "These husband-and-wife cases, Mr. Trant!" he said, easily. "The man thinks the woman will stand everything; and she does—till he does one thing too much. Then, all of a sudden, she lets him have it!"

"Don't you think it's a bit premature," the psychologist suggested, "to assume that she killed him?"

"Didn't you see how she shut up when she saw me?" Siler's eyes met Trant's with a flash of opposition. "That was because she recognized me. I've been here before. It's a cinch! Regular minister's son, he was. The old man's a missionary, you know; spent his life till two years ago trying to turn Chinese heathen into Christians. And this Walter—

our station blotter'd be black with his doings, only, every since he made China too hot to hold him and the old man brought him back here, everything's been hushed up on the old man's account. But I happen to have been here before; and all winter I've known there'd be a killing if he ever came back. I tell you it was a relief to me to see it was him on the floor when that door went down! There are no powder marks, you see"—the officer pointed to the wound in the head of the form beside the lounge. "He could not have shot himself. He was shot from farther off than he could reach. Besides, it's on the left side."

"Yes; I see," Trant replied.

"And that little automatic gun," the officer stooped and picked up the pistol that lay on the floor beside the body, "is hers. I saw it the last time I was called in here."

"But how could he have known—if she shot him—that she was going to kill him just at eleven?" Trant objected, pulling from his pocket the note which old Mr. Newberry had returned to him and handing it to Siler. "He sent that to me; at least, the father says it is in his handwriting."

"You mean," Siler's eyes rose slowly from the paper, "that she must have told him what she was going to do—premeditated murder?"

"I mean that the first fact which we have—and which certainly seems to me wholly incompatible with anything which you have suggested so far—is that Walter Newberry foresaw his own death and set the hour of its accomplishment; and that his wife—it is plain, at least, to me—when she telephoned so often for me to-day was trying to help him to escape from it. Now what are the other facts?" Trant went on rapidly. "I distinctly heard five shots—four together and then, after a second or so, one. You heard five?"

"Yes."

"And five shots," the psychologist's quick glance had been taking in the finer details of the room, "are accounted for by the bullet holes—one on the woodwork of the window I found open; one on the plaster there to the side; one under the moulding there, four feet to the right; and one more, in the plaster almost as far to the left. The one that killed him makes five."

"Exactly!" Siler followed Trant's indication, "the fifth in his head! The first four went off in their struggle and then she got away and, with the fifth, shot him."

"But the shells," Trant continued. "That sort of revolver ejects the shells as they are fired and I see only four. Where is the fifth?"

"You're trying to fog this thing all up, Mr. Trant!"

"No; I'm trying to clear it. How could anyone have left the room after the firing of the last shot? No one could have gone through the door and not been seen by us in the hall; besides, the door was bolted on the inside." Trant pointed to the two bolts. "No one could have left except by the window which was open when we came in. You remember I went at once to it and looked out. I saw nothing. The window is barred, but that might not prevent escape through it."

Trant recrossed the room swiftly and threw the window open, intently reexamining it. On the outside it was barred with a heavy grating, but he saw that the key to the grating was in the lock.

"Bring the lamp," he said to the plainclothes man; and as Siler screened the flame against the wind, he continued: "Look at the ice cracked from it. It must have been swung open. He must have gone out this way!"

THE plain-clothes man had squeezed past Trant, as the grating swung back, and lamp in hand had let himself easily down to the ice-covered walk below the window, and was holding his light, shielded, just above the ground. "It was she," he cried, triumphantly. "The woman, as I told you! Look at her marks here!" He showed by the flickering light the double, sharp little semicircles of a woman's high heels cut into the ice; and, as Trant dropped down beside him, the police detective followed the sharp little heel marks to the side door of the house where they turned and led into the kitchen entry.

"Premature, was I—eh?" Siler triumphed, laconically. "We are used to these cases, Mr. Trant; we know what to expect in 'em."

Trant stood for an instant studying the sheet of ice. In this sheltered spot, freezing had not progressed so fast as in the open streets. Here, as an hour before on Michigan Avenue, he saw that his heels and those of the police officer cut through the crust at every step, while their toes left no mark. But except for the marks they themselves had made and the crescent stamp of the woman's high heels leading in sharp, clear outline from the window to the side steps of the house, there were no other imprints. Then he followed the detective in by the side door.

In the passage they met the patrolman. "She came downstairs just now," said that officer, "and went in here."

Siler laid his hand on the door of the little sitting room the patrolman indicated, but turned to speak a terse command to the man over his shoulder: "Go back to that room and see that things are kept as they are. Look for the fifth shell. We got four; find the other!"

Then, with a warning glance at Trant, he pushed the door open.

THE girl faced the two calmly as they entered; but the whiteness of her lips showed that she was reaching the end of her control.

"You've had a little while to think this over, Mrs. Newberry," the plain-clothes man said, not unkindly, "and I guess you've seen it's best to make a clean breast of it. Mr. Walter Newberry has been in that room quite a while—the room shows it—though his father and mother seem not to have known about it."

"He—" she hesitated, then answered suddenly and collectedly—"he had been there six days."

"You started to tell us about it," Trant helped her. "You said, 'Walter came home.' What brought him here? Did he come to see you?"

"No." The girl's pale cheeks suddenly burned blood red and then went white again, as she made her decision. "It was fear—deadly fear that drove him here; but I do not know of what."

"You are going to tell us all you know, are you not, Mrs. Newberry?" the psychologist urged, quietly; "how he came here and how both he and you could so foresee his death that you summoned me as you did!"

"Yes; yes—I will tell you," the girl returned, resolutely. "Six night ago, Monday night, Mr. Trant, Walter came here. He waked me by throwing pieces of ice and frozen sod against my window. I went down and talked to him through the closed door—the side door here. I was afraid at first to let him in, in spite of his promises not to hurt me. He told me his very life was in danger, and he had no other place to go; he must hide here—hide; and I must not let anyone—not even mother or father—know he had come back; that I was the only one he could trust! So—he was my husband—I let him in. He ran at once into the old billiard room—the store-room there—and tried the locks of the door and the window gratings, and then threw himself all sweating cold on the lounge, and went to sleep in a stupor. In the morning when he woke up, I saw it wasn't whisky or opium, but it was fear—fear—fear, such as I'd never seen before. He rolled off the couch and half hid under it till I'd pasted brown paper over the window panes—there were no curtains. But he wouldn't tell me what he was afraid of."

"As the days went by, he couldn't sleep at all; he walked the floor all the time and he smoked continually, so that nearly every day I had to slip out and get him cigarettes. He got more and more afraid of every noise outside and of every little sound within; and it made him so much worse when I told him I must tell some one else—at least his mother—that I didn't dare. He said if I did he would be killed. He was always worse at eleven o'clock at night; and he dreaded especially eleven o'clock Sunday night—though I couldn't find out why!"

"I gave him my pistol—the one you saw on the floor in there. That was Friday; and he had been getting worse and worse all the time. Eleven o'clock every night I managed to be with him; and no one found us out. I never thought that he might use the pistol to kill himself until this morning; but when I came to him this morning he was talking about it. 'I shan't shoot myself!' I heard him saying over and over again, as I stood outside. They



can't make me shoot myself! I shan't! I shan't—over and over, like that. And when he had let me in and I saw him, then I knew—I knew he meant to do it! He asked me if it wasn't Sunday; and went whiter when I told him it was! So then I told him he had to trust some one now, this couldn't go on, and I spoke to him about Mr. Trant. He said he'd try him and he wrote the letter I mailed you—special delivery—so you could come when his father and mother were out—but he never once let go my pistol; he was wild—wild with fear. Every time I could get away to the telephone, I tried to get Mr. Trant; and the last time I got back—it was awful! It was hardly ten, but he was walking up and down with my pistol in his hand, whispering strange things over and over to himself: 'No one can make me do it! No one can make me do it—even when it's eleven—even when it's eleven!'—and staring—staring at his watch which he'd taken out and laid on the table. I knew I must get some one before eleven—and at last I was running next door for help—for any one—for anything—when—when I heard the shots—I heard the shots!"

SHE sank forward and buried her face in her hands, rent by tearless sobs. Her fingers, white from the pressure, made long marks on her cheeks, showing livid even in the pallor of her face. But Siler laid his hand upon her arm, sternly.

"Steady, steady, Mrs. Newberry!" the plain-clothes man warned. "You cannot do that now! You say you were with your husband a moment before the shooting but you were not in the room when he was killed?"

"Yes; yes!" the woman cried.

"You went out the door the last time?"

"The door? Yes; yes; of course the door. Why not the door?"

"Because, Mrs. Newberry," the detective replied, impressively, "just at, or a moment after, the time of the shooting, a woman left that room by the window—unlocked the grating and went out the window. We have seen her marks. And you were that woman, Mrs. Newberry!"

The girl gasped and her eyes wavered to Trant; but she recovered herself quickly.

"Of course! Why, of course!" she cried. "The last time I did go out the window! It was to get the neighbours—didn't I tell you? So I went out the window!"

"Yes; we know you went out the window, Mrs. Newberry," Siler responded, mercilessly. "But we know, too, you did not even start for the neighbours. We have traced your tracks on the ice straight to the side door and into the house! Now, Mrs. Newberry, you've tried to make us believe that your husband killed himself. But that won't do! Isn't it a little too strange, if you left by the window while your husband was still alive, that he let the window stay open and the grating unlocked? Yes; it's altogether too strange. You left him dead; and what we want to know—and I'm asking you straight out—is how you did it?"

"How I did it?" the girl repeated, mechanically; then with sharp agony and starting eyes: "How I did it! Oh, no, no, I did not do it! I was there—I have not told all the truth! But when I saw you," her horrified gaze rested on Siler, "and remembered you had been here before when he threatened me, my only thought was to hide, for his sake and for his parents', that he had tried to carry out his threat. For before he killed himself, he tried to kill me! That's how he fired those first four shots. He tried to kill me first!"

"Well, we're getting nearer to it," Siler approved.

"Yes; now I have told you all!" the girl cried.

"Oh, I have now—I have! The last time he let me in, it was almost eleven—eleven! He had my pistol

in his hand, waiting! And at last he cried out it was eleven; and he raised the pistol and shot straight at me—with the face—the face of a demon mad with fear. I fell on my knees before him, just as he shot at me again and again—aiming straight, not at my eyes, but at my hair; and he shot again! But again he missed me; and his face—his face was so terrible that—that I covered my own face as he aimed at me again, staring always at my hair. And that time, when he shot, I heard him fall and saw—saw that he had shot himself and he was dead!

"Then I heard your footsteps coming to the door; and I saw for the first time that Walter had opened the window before I came in. And—all without thinking of anything except that if I was found there everybody would know he'd tried to kill me—I took up the key to the grating from the table where he had laid it, and went out!"

"I can't force you to confess, if you will not,



"The Chinaman saw it and knew that it was betraying him, but it leaped and leaped again."

Mrs. Newberry," Siler said, meaningly, "though no jury, after they learned how he had threatened you, would convict you if you pleaded self-defence. We know he didn't kill himself; for he couldn't have fired that shot! The case is complete, I think," the detective shot a glance at Trant, "unless Mr. Trant wants to ask you something more."

"I DO!" Trant spoke for the first time. "I want to ask Mrs. Newberry—since she did not actually see her husband fire the last shot that killed him—whether she was directly facing him as she knelt. It is most essential to know whether or not her head was turned to one side."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Trant?"

"Suppose he might have shot himself before her, as she says—what's the difference whether she heard him with her head straight or her head turned?" the police detective demanded, sneeringly.

"A fundamental difference in this case, Siler," Trant replied, "if taken in connection with that other most important factor of all—that Walter Newberry foretold the hour of his own death. But answer me, Mrs. Newberry—if you can be certain."

"I—certainly I can never forget—I was facing him," the girl answered.

"That is very important!" The psychologist took a rapid turn or two up and down the room. "Now you told us that your husband talked to himself continuously, repeating over and over again such sentences as 'No one can make me do it!' Can you remember any others?"

"I couldn't make out anything else, Mr. Trant," the girl replied, after thinking an instant. "He seemed to have hallucinations so much of the time."

"Hallucinations?"

"Yes; he seemed to think I was singing to him—as I used to sing to him, you know, when we were first married—and he would catch hold of me and say 'Don't—don't—don't sing!' Or at other times he would tell me to sing low—sing low!"

"Anything else?"

"Nothing else even so sensible as that," the girl responded. "Many things he said made me think he had lost his mind. He would often stare at me in an absorbed way, looking over me from head to foot, and say, 'Look here; if anyone asks you—anyone at all—whether your mother had large or small feet, say small—never admit she had large feet, or you'll never get in.'"

"What?" The psychologist stood for several moments in deep thought. "What! He said that?"

"A dozen times at least, Mr. Trant," the girl replied, staring at him, startled.

"This is extraordinary!" Trant strode up and down. "Nobody could have hoped for so fortunate a clew. We knew that Walter Newberry foresaw his own death; now we actually get from him himself, the key—the possibly complete explanation of his danger."

"EXPLANATION!" shouted the police detective. "I've heard no explanation! You're throwing an impressive bluff, Mr. Trant; but I've heard nothing yet to make me doubt that Newberry met his death at the hands of his wife; and I arrest her for his murder!"

"I can't prevent your arresting Mrs. Newberry," Trant turned to look at the police officer. "But I can tell you—if you care to hear it—how Walter Newberry died! He was not shot by his wife; he did not die by his own hand, as she believes and has told you. The fifth shot—you have not found the fifth shell yet, Siler; and you will not find it—for it was not fired either by Walter Newberry or his wife. As she knelt, blinding her eyes as she faced her husband, Mrs. Newberry could not know whether the fifth shot sounded in front or behind her. If her head was not turned to one side,

as she says it was not, then—and this is a simple psychological fact, Siler—it would be impossible for her to distinguish between sounds directly ahead and directly behind. It was not at her—at her hair—that her husband fired the four shots whose empty shells we found, but over her head at the window directly behind her. And it was through this just opened window that the fifth shot came and killed him—the shot at eleven o'clock—which he had foreseen and dreaded!"

"You must think I'm easy, Mr. Trant," said the police officer. "You can't clear her by dragging into this business some third person who never existed, and who left no traces—"

"Traces!" Trant echoed. "If you mean marks on the window sill and the floor, I cannot show you any. But the murderer did leave, of course, one trace which in the end will probably prove final,

(Continued on page 18.)

**R**AH for Religion and Reels—and Baseball! Here's Billy Sunday, likewise "Doug" Fairbanks, screen comedy-dramatizer, singing hallelujahs. What they're really doing is posing for a photo after the Fairbanks nine had trimmed the Sunday School by 1-0 at Los Angeles; proceeds to buy sporting goods for soldiers. Actors used to say that if ever Billy had his show in town contemporaneous, the theatre might

# Temperament



as well shut up shop. But it's a little different with the movies. Billy doesn't compete with orthodox preachers and heavy-line actors; he just ignores them. But he comes into direct competition with the movie-people, because he's a screen-star himself without any screen; plus a deuce of a lot of noise. Sunday doesn't need to go on the screen—yet. When he does the screen will make money. But it will be an awful prospect to have Billy S. campaigning in several towns at once; a whole month of Sundays jammed into one evening. Oh, yes, Billy has temperament. If not—what is it?



**P**ASSION was born to steer clear of this gentleman. Do you know him? Col. House of Texas. Ask President Wilson who sent him to worry war secrets from the courts of Europe. The Colonel has a new job. American scientists, economists and historians are to co-ordinate information for use at the Peace Council that ends the war—when? Col. House is to organize the co-ordination. He will pick the talent that tells the Conference what to do about rearranging the world. Some talent!

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS is being paid a snug sum by the Photo Play Magazine to write his autobiog. He started in the November issue by saying that he developed more brain-fag and insomnia getting off to a bad start on his articles than ever he did for a dozen reels. Concerning this Denver scenographer the Photo-Play Journal for October says:

Douglas Fairbanks is going his limit to make the wild and woolly West more famous than ever through the medium of cleverly concocted photoplays. Yea bo, he has made another hit, too, indulging in the strenuous life. This time he has a real, roaring comedy-drama of life in Wyoming, where the whole picture was made. It is called "Fancy Jim Sherwood," and it deals with a gang of cattle rustlers, who are known as the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang. There is a truly startling exhibition of cow-boy skill, and there is the usual abundance of Fairbanks smiles and virility.

**C**RUELLY, a Canadian author, asked by his actress wife at the Herold Square Theatre in New York to come and shake hands with Ethel Barrymore, behind the box said:

"There's no woman I'd go round more blocks to avoid meeting than Ethel." But, of course, that was ten years ago. Ethel's temperament may have changed. In this picture she is shown exploiting a costume for all it is worth, doing her bit as "Belgium" in the Masque "Drawing of the Sword" in the Red Cross Rosemary Pageant at Huntington, L.I. The pageant started Oct. 5 with 500 actors, musicians, and movie stars. Films of it will be sent to movie houses all over—oh, yes, Canada also.



**T**ERESTCHENKO, Russian Foreign Minister, looks like Mat Aitken (Beaverbrook). My, how the critics praise him! \$30,000,000 Socialist—sugar, railways, and Kieff real estate—he owes nobody a kopeck! They say he is a born financier, with the gifts of a Colbert, and the insight of a Rothschild; an artist in conception, a scientist in method as leader in politics, a genius in diplomacy. Soft pedal! He is also a Socialist. How? He aims to make every moujik a land-owner.

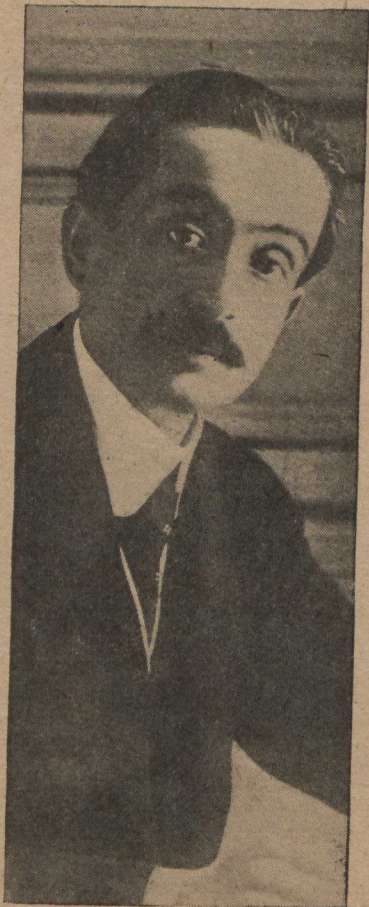
**H**ERE'S a Frenchman with a sensation. Louis Malvy, recently Minister of the Interior, suspected of being in league with German spies. One of those complicated stories. You remember Joseph Caillaux, husband of the woman who shot Calmette, editor of Le Figaro, just before the war? Well, he has been suspected of German sympathies. Malvy represents him? Maybe. Anyhow there's a third party, Duval, manager of the Bonnet Rouge newspaper, which Caillaux is said to finance. Duval has been 15 times to Switzerland since the war. They say he went to give Germany information. Once he was found to have a check for \$30,000 in his clothes. German money? Who knows. Anyhow Le Figaro is after Duval's scalp; also Malvy's.



**L**ORD NORTHCLIFFE—up in Canada a few days ago—seems to be more popular than ever. He has set up and pulled down a lot of big men since the war began. Power of the press. He is now head of the Allied Commission in the United States, buying everything under the sun necessary to finish licking the Kaiser. No world could ever be so dislocated that he couldn't keep his stock at par. His enormous commonsense keeps him from admitting that the nations are going to commit hari-kari after the war.



**L**ORD DUNSANY—this young Irishman is coming along. One of these days it will be reckoned bad form not to have seen one of his crisp little one-acters so famous in little theatres; such as Glittering Gate, and the Lost Silk Hat. Here he is, at the front, on active service.



# Making the Boche Back Up



A RECENT cartoon from Der Ulk, one of the German comics, shows a huge hand (John Bull's) full of little ruined houses and under it the words: "It's an easy job to conquer Germany. Look, I have already captured a French village." The Ulk artist really has to make a joke like that or lose his job. He doesn't understand that the only part of the war ring where anything offensive is going on just now is on the west front; and the part of the west front where most things are happening just now is up around the Ypres sector, which has for three years been the scrimmage focus on both sides. Canadians understand Ypres as well as anybody, because that's where the Canadian army got its first taste of hell, almost three years ago. Two years ago and more Ypres, we remember, was the key to Calais. Canadians held the key. The door to Calais is still locked.

With Ypres held, Calais unattainable, the dream of dominating the

After the British big guns, the British cavalry moving through the recaptured village.



Channel with German shore guns abandoned, what happened? Antwerp was taken. Zeebrugge was taken. We know why. The sub campaign hangs vitally on Zeebrugge—the nearest point to England on the North Sea coast held by Germany. Zeebrugge is Germany's substitute for Calais; Germany's something-else-just-as-good. And it's a pretty good substitute. England won't deny it. We blocked them out of Calais. We let them into Zeebrugge. One was heroic. The other was stupid. With the heroism of Ypres at his back, Haig is making an effort to overcome the blunder of Zeebrugge. The Ypres sector is now the focus of the great offensive. That offensive is England's—helped by France. For the same reason that the Kaiser can't get Calais, Haig proposes to get Zeebrugge. We defended Calais. We attack Zeebrugge. The Ypres sector is the focus of the Allies' great defence of Calais. Ypres is again the focus of the offensive to get Zeebrugge.

After the British bombardment, British ammunition moves up through the old Boche lines.



# BUSINESS IS QUEER

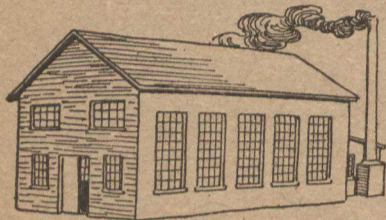
Number One: How Canadian Exports have played hob with Imports since the War

By W. L. EDMONDS

EVERY Canadian ought to take off his hat to the export trade in appreciative acknowledgment of the part it has played during the past three years, in putting the industrial life of the Dominion on a strong and healthy basis.

Even before the war broke out the industrial life of the country was showing signs of economic disability as a result of the over-doing, over-straining and over-speculation of the boom-time period of the preceding five or six years. And it only required the outbreak of the war to bring about the collapse which compelled the trade and commerce of the country to take to its bed.

Naturally there was a great deal of perturbation, and with reason. The industrial boom, the real estate boom, and, in fact, every other kind of boom



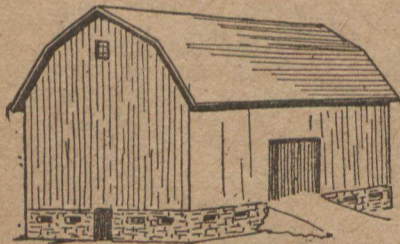
Look! For three years ending March, 1914, two of them boom years, we exported \$136,972,444 in factory goods. In a like period 1915-17 we sent out \$807,974,175; Increase of 489 p.c. Largely munitions? Oh yes.



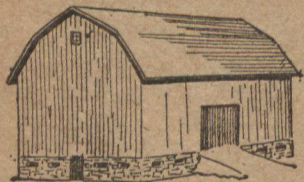
was petering out. In agriculture it was a lean crop year with prices just about as unsatisfactory as the condition of the crop.

But the country's ailments did not stop there. In its foreign trade there was a big and menacing adverse trade balance. And on top of that again annual interest charges to the approximate amount of \$140,000,000 to be met on capital borrowed abroad. The year before the break of the war the adverse trade balance and the interest charges managed between them to make up the approximate sum of over four hundred thousand dollars on the wrong side of the ledger.

During the last few years preceding the outbreak of the war we had managed to settle our international indebtedness by borrowing money in London. This averaged about \$300,000,000 annually. By the aid of this and the co-operation of our export trade we managed to get along nicely. At any rate, we thought so. And could we have continued to get our fingers into the money bag of the Old Lady of Threadneedle

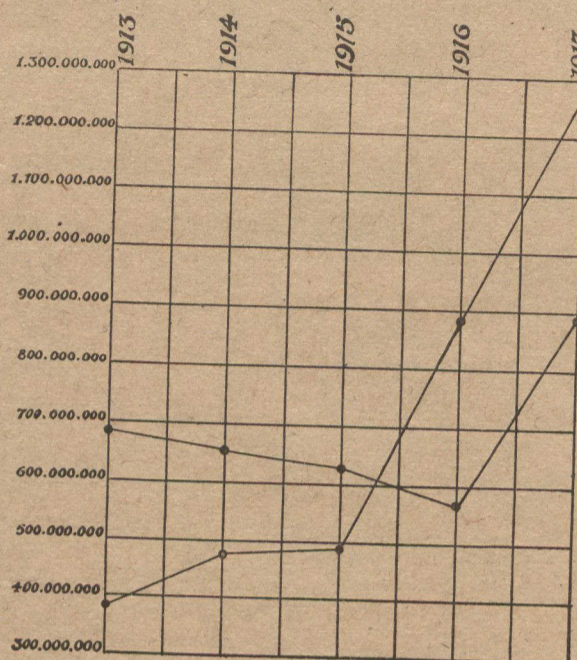


Farm goods was the next biggest. For 1915-17 farm exports climbed into 10 figures. Last three years we exported 76 p.c more than 1912-14; score of \$601,853,431 to \$1,062,889,432.



Street, we might for a while longer have managed to keep our ledgers looking O. K. But the old lady had suddenly pulled the strings declaring as she did so that there was "nothing doing."

If immigration had been maintained at its high standard of 1912 and 1913, some assistance would have been obtained from that direction, for immigrants bring more or less money with them. This is particularly true of the immigrants who come in from the United States to take up land in the prairie provinces. Immigration authorities estimate that each of these has on an average five hundred to a thousand dollars to his credit when he crosses into the Dominion. But the trouble was that immigration, which reached the high-water mark of 402,432 in 1913



This ingenious and simple chart tells a long story in tabloid. The two streaks of fork-lightning represent the race of Exports vs. Imports from 1913 to 1917. We begin the period with Imps. beating Exps. by a score of about \$399,000,000 to about \$699,000,000 in favour of Imports. Tracing out the lower line—Exports—you note that any racetrack fan would have taken a long shot of about 180 to 1 on Imps. finishing at the 1917 post millions ahead of Exps. Fickle fortune of the unexpected! Trace up the two lines and you observe that somewhere about April, 1915, Exps. swung to the top and met the Imps. line which had veered slightly to the right. The lines crossed. From that to the end of the race, at the opening of 1917, Exps. took the long line that led to a trifle less than \$1,400,000,000, while Imps. took the short-cut and finished 1916 at a little less than \$900,000,000.

WHEN you pause to ask why after three years of a world war your business is not wiped out, your salary obliterated or reduced, your wages off the map and things generally going to "rack and ruin" in the country, you realize that business is after all a strange animal. When the war started you ran to cover with your money, perhaps started in to hoard a few provisions and supposed that by the time you were at the end of the tether the war might be over. You forgot that things were going downhill before the war came and

They have never gone downhill since. Remember the Made-In-Canada movement in 1914-15. Manufacturers wanted Canadian money spent in Canada for Canadian goods made by Canadian labour. That went on for a while. But—does anybody hear much about the Made-In-Canada idea now?

No, we are all doing the unexpected. None of us figured that in two years we should be switching borrowed money by \$300,000,000 a year along with immigrants at about 500,000 a year into very few immigrants at all and heaps of British gold. No one imagined that by 1917 we should export more goods than we import; something new! And certainly nobody could forecast that in the fall of 1917 as a result of this vamped-up prosperity caused by the war, the Finance Minister would be setting out to raise a fourth war loan to the tune of \$150,000,000 at least.

All this is new on our programme. And the novelty of the business situation in Canada is to be hit off by Mr. W. L. Edmonds in a series of business talks in the Courier, of which this is Number One.—The Editor.

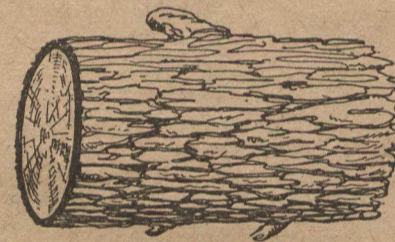
was, like nearly everything else at that time, petering out.

There was, of course, no one, not even among the most pronounced pessimists, who took a hopeless view of the situation. Confidence in the vastness of the country's natural resources and their ultimate possibilities was too strong.

The "perturbation" we speak of was caused by the uncertainty as to the length of time it would take the patient to recuperate. Under ordinary conditions one can venture to prognosticate a little regarding the future in finance and commerce. But in the fall of 1914 the conditions were decidedly extraordinary. The bottom was out of everything the world over, and credit far and wide had taken to the "tall timbers."

What was particularly alarming to men in Canada who had a knowledge of the mechanism of exchange was the fear that we might be compelled to deplete our gold stock in order to meet our liabilities abroad. And that in turn would have meant the undermining of the foundations on which rests the superstructure of our national credit. How far even bankers temporarily lost their heads you may surmise by the fact that at least one of them seriously considered the advisability of turning his personally-owned securities into gold and depositing the same in a safety deposit vault.

But in trade and commerce, as in nature, the darkest hour precedes the dawn. Signs of recovery began to show up much sooner than even the most optimistic could have hoped. And it was the development of the export trade that was the principal ingredient in the tonic which put the industrial life of the country on the road to recovery. Of course, it was the



Forests, on acct. of subs at sea, pull down the average of increase. But even here we grow from \$126,939,871 to \$149,829,292 or about 17 1/2 p. c. again for the periods 12-14 and 15-17, respectively.

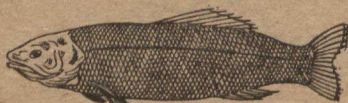
war that put the stimulus into the export trade.

First there was the export demand for food products, both for man and beast. That was to prices what yeast is to dough. Soon the farmers of the country awoke to the fact that even if the crop of 1914 was lean in quantity it had suddenly become fat in value. In fact, so much had it improved in the latter respect that it was found by the Government 580,000, in excess of that of 1913 by nearly \$86,000,000. Furthermore, it had a greater marketable value than any previous crop in the history of the Dominion.

And then came along the first order for shrapnel shells, which was lassoed by Sir Sam Hughes for the benefit of Canadian manufacturers while it was en route to the United States for the benefit of manufacturers there; the British Government not having thought it possible to have them produced in this country. This in turn put new life into steel mills, machine shops, wood-working plants, and, in fact, into nearly every industry belonging to the metal and allied trades.

The demand for clothing and various kinds of equipment for our own troops naturally proved a stimulus to the textile, leather and kindred industries. But the home demand was supplemented by a foreign demand, so that between the two these various industries were soon up to their eyes with work.

During the three years that have elapsed since the outbreak of the war, there has been a remarkable expansion in every phase of the country's industrial



Fisheries, being Gov't. farms, didn't show up so well. But for the periods 12-14 and 15-

17 they put over a score of \$53,664,959 to \$66,954,298; inc. of 24.76 p.c.

life, due in a large measure to the export demand.

Take, for instance, the field crops of the country. The aggregate marketable value of these for the three-year period, 1911-13, preceding the war, was \$1,708,041,600. For the subsequent period, 1914-16, it was \$2,287,931,000, an increase of \$579,889,400, or 34 per cent.

One interesting feature about this increase is that it comes within about twenty millions of equalling the amount the war had cost the Canadian Government up to the close of the fiscal year ending March last. And it must be remembered that these figures do not take into account the increase in the productive value of live stock, dairy products, eggs and other products of the farms of Canada. While there are no figures to show what the increase in these lines is, yet it must have been a great many million dollars, and sufficient with that in the field crops to



How about minerals? Big totals — \$157,806,116 in 12-14, growing to \$203,947,757 in 15-17. Gain of 29 1/2 p.c. in 3 years in spite of labour famine.



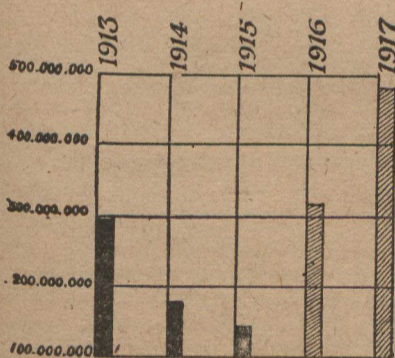
meet the war expenditure of Canada up to the close of the last fiscal year.

The original export order for 200,000 shrapnel shells led to the establishment of an industry which up to a few weeks ago was turning out 800,000 shells of various kinds from 18-pounders to the 9.2 calibre. This in turn led to an enormous expansion in the iron and steel industry and to the establishment of industries for the refining of nickel, copper and zinc, and for the production of the chemicals used in the making of high explosives.

Taking all our industries into account—the farms, the factories, the forests, the mines, and the fisheries—Canada last year produced over three billion dollars' worth of merchandise, roughly speaking, about a third more than three years ago. That much of this expansion was due to no small extent to the development of the export trade there can be no doubt.

It is when we come to consider the extent to which the export trade has developed during the last three years that we begin to gather some idea of its effect on the industrial life of the country.

For this purpose we shall confine our analysis to merchandise which is of Canadian production alone. Under this classification the total value of exports



This diagram represents how the adverse trade balance of nearly \$300,000,000 in 1913 began to go down and down in 14-15 till it crawled into a hole, and in 1916-17 was changed to a favorable balance of about \$480,000,000.

during the three years ending March, 1917, was \$2,302,405,242, compared with \$1,057,566,896 for the preceding three-year period, or an increase of nearly 118 per cent.

The most marked increase in the three-year period was in manufactured goods. The most striking increase within the classification of manufactured goods was, of course, munitions and explosives, the combined value of these exported during the last three-year period being \$362,692,495, compared with but \$517,640 for the three preceding years.

The next in line for the striking character of its increase was iron and steel and manufactures of these, the gain in this instance for the three-year period over that of its predecessor being \$109,105,834. The total for the two periods was \$118,284,158 and \$9,178,324, respectively.

One of the striking results of the extraordinary

increase in the export trade is the change which it has effected in the trade balance. Prior to 1916 there had been only seven years since Confederation in which there was an excess of exports over imports, and it was fifteen years since the last was chronicled. In 1913 the adverse balance was nearly \$300,000,000, the largest on record. But there was a substantial decline in 1914 and 1915, until in 1916 it was wiped out and a favourable balance of \$318,366,806 put in its place, to be followed by the still more favourable one of \$483,172,582 at the close of the fiscal year 1917. This meant that notwithstanding the adverse balances of 1913-15, the net favourable balance for the five years, 1913-17, inclusive, was \$192,354,167, the total adverse for the three years being \$609,185,221; while the favourable for the two years was \$801,539,388.

This transformation in the trade balance has meant more for Canada than is evident from a mere cursory glance at the figures concerned. Had it not been for the reversal in the former order of things it would not have been possible, for instance, for the Minister of Finance to have floated the three domestic loans that he has, for the aggregate amount of \$350,000,000. Then in turn, if he had not been able to float these domestic loans little or nothing could have been done in the way of establishing a line of credit in the interest of the Imperial Government. And, furthermore, if no line of credit had been established there would have been few orders for munitions equipment and food products for Canadian manufacturers and producers.

Even three years ago, the highest financial authorities in the Dominion were of the opinion that Canada could do little or nothing in the way of establishing credit in order that manufacturers and farmers might secure foreign business. But at that time, being a heavy borrower abroad, and having a large external trade balance against us, we were in the debtor, and not the creditor class among nations. It

was when the adverse trade balance changed and we were able to float domestic loans, thereby being raised into the seventh heaven where the creditor nations dwell, that we were in a position to accord the necessary financial aid to the Mother Country.

Up to the end of August last the Government had advanced in the way of credit on behalf of the Imperial Government the sum of \$285,000,000, while the banks had put up \$100,000,000, making in all a total of \$385,000,000. But the line of credit does not end with even this substantial sum, for the Government has undertaken to advance between this and the end of the year \$50,000,000 for the purchase of cheese, hay, flour and oats, and in monthly instalments \$100,000,000, so that by the end of December Canada will have advanced in credits for the benefit of the Imperial Government a total sum of \$535,000,000.

When the excess of exports over imports is sufficient to cover the interest charges which a country has to pay on the capital it has borrowed abroad a condition exists which political economists term the "balance of accounts." That happily is the position in which Canada finds herself to-day. Her import trade during the last fiscal year was \$892,585,566. Besides paying for this there are our annual interest charges on capital borrowed abroad to be met. As this has since the beginning of the war swelled to about \$180,000,000, it means that our total indebtedness on these two accounts was \$1,072,585,566. But our total exports, which were \$1,373,758,148 were quite equal to meeting this joint liability and leave at the same time a surplus of over three hundred million dollars with which to help finance the war.

As I said at the beginning, so I say at the end, every Canadian should take off his hat to the export trade. And while he has got his hat off he might take a two-fold pledge. The one is, that he will do all he can to develop the export trade. The other is that he save every dollar he can in order to strengthen the financial resources of the Dominion.

## THE PEOPLE'S CABINET

### CABINET MAKING ON SUNDAY

Filmare, Sask., Sept. 30, 1917.

Dear Sir:—The last edition of the Courier is to hand, in which you delegate to your readers individually the task of reconstructing the Dominion Cabinet.

Now that is a pleasing job for a commercial traveller any day; and on a Sunday afternoon when one is stranded in a small town on the prairie it is a delightful diversion.

And now to give a reason for the faith that is in me. I propose Geo. E. Foster for Premier; because since the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, Foster has been well-known as the brains of his party. For years he had been the trusty lieutenant of the former great leader. Foster also has the unique distinction of having high ideals of duty in public life. Canada needs his talents now.

For Minister of Public Works Adam Beck would be desirable, as he has character and energy, along with an aptitude for handling large public institutions.

For Finance Minister Edward Brown of Manitoba looks like the best bet, judging by the brilliant success he has made in re-organizing the finances of Manitoba during the last two years.

The Solicitor Generalship can be safely left to that brilliant young member, Mr. A. Meighen. The place suits the man and he cannot rock the boat much there, but he will have to take on a whole train load of ballast before we can safely promote him to be Minister of Justice or to any of the other heavy administrative departments.

Customs being essentially a Tory institution Mr. Bennett would be very much at home in that chair. N. W. Rowell is a man of great intelligence and sane reason. We suggest Minister of Justice for him.

Mr. F. Carvell being a man of great energy and a born scrapper, might ably uphold the traditions of the Militia Department; but let me recommend that he secure the return to Canada of General S. B. Steele to be the real military head

of the department.

Postmaster General would make a nice position for another comparatively unspoiled Tory in the person of W. B. Willoughby, leader of the opposition in Saskatchewan.

Marine and Fisheries naturally goes to the coast provinces and McDonald, M. P., of Pictou, Nova Scotia, would be very suitable for the position.

Dr. Clark would no doubt be happy and useful as Minister of Trade and Commerce. Calder, of Saskatchewan, would be O.K. for the Interior Department, as he is in close touch with the requirements.

We must find one or two places for our French representation; and to suit his taste if he is an average French-Canadian, we must select a place where the limelight is strong and the work not laborious but very honorable. So Secretary of State would just suit the Premier of Quebec.

For the Labour Ministry we would hunt up Mackenzie King, the former Liberal from Ontario, who some years ago made that department a useful institution.

The present Minister of Railways runs the roads under his control just as if they were made for transportation, and not as a part of a political machine; hence his unpopularity in the Eastern Provinces.

Crearar and Wood of the Western Farmers' Association would make Ministers without portfolios, so they would have weight and influence in the inner circle of government without having to leave the great institution with which they are connected, and which we may suppose still needs their guiding hand.

The Food Controllorship should be placed in charge of a responsible Minister, the present system having failed miserably. The present Commissioner, though he flourished beautifully in the Ontario Cabinet, has utterly wilted when he was transplanted to the glaring sunlight of Dominion affairs.

R. H. HALPENNY.

PUTTING the choice of a National-Government Cabinet in the form of a plebiscite convinces us more and more that the art of government is based upon compromise. One of our readers takes the matter as a personal responsibility. We have taken the responsibility of printing his letter in full, just to show that a man may get as much interested in picking a Dominion Cabinet as in playing a

game of solitaire. Go thou and do likewise—after reading the epistle from Filmare and the further nominations which follow:

I.

Hon. Wm. S. Fielding.

Nominated by (Name not for publication), Prince Albert.

# TO PASS THE TIME AWAY

"NOT ready yet!"  
"Track Four."  
"You've missed your train. Next one leaves at one twenty-five."

"Not ready yet!"

The station was thronged with the Thanksgiving crowd, composed of individuals with anything but thankful faces—individuals who thought regretfully of the extra hour of sleep they might have taken, had they known the train would be late; of the second cup of coffee left untasted; of the book they forgot to bring.

"We might have known," they muttered, "excursion trains are always late, especially in war-time!"

Every few minutes they gathered up their luggage and hurried to the gate. Eight o'clock, eight fifteen, eight twenty, eight forty—still the guard gave the same reply, "Not ready yet!" And once there they arranged themselves on the waiting-room benches. Mothers counted bundles and doled out bananas to fretful children, resigned fathers philosophically consoled themselves for the delayed visit to their wives' relations by reading the morning paper, and small boys forgot to anticipate the pleasures of the postponed nutting expedition while consuming a bag of peanuts.

It was a dull-looking crowd, sombre autumnal colouring had replaced the gay sports' clothes of a month ago; there were many women in mourning, soldiers in khaki, even the children wore warm, dark coats. But in one spot a mass of colour—rose and crimson predominating—glowed like a fire in a bleak November landscape. A bright pink shawl, a crimson kerchief, a skirt of gaily patterned print, tumbled black curls, bronze faces and chocolate eyes, a bundle of bedding tied in a shawl, drew many curious eyes in that direction.

Who were they? Where did they come from? Where were they going? Italy, Greece, Roumania, perhaps, somewhere in Southern Europe. A woman carrying a little baby, a younger woman whose dark eyes shone beneath her crimson head-dress, a girl of sixteen and two younger children, all very foreign-looking, very picturesque, formed the feminine portion of the group. The men who accompanied them wore conventional clothing—either they had been in this country longer, or their daily occupation had made it advisable for them to adopt our customs—and it was plain to see that soon their womenfolk would follow their example, would abandon their comfortable foot-wear for high-heeled shoes, would dress their carelessly knotted hair in the latest fashion, would change their rose and crimson shawls for hard

By ESTELLE M. KERER

uncompromising hats and wraps; that soon they would mingle with a Canadian crowd unnoticed, robbed of all national individuality.

Not only will they dress according to our standards, they will assimilate all our manners and customs in cooking, eating, in everything that pertains to life. They come to us with few possessions, but what they have are good. Their solid brass candlesticks are soon exchanged for the foolish knick-knacks that decorate a poor Canadian home, they learn that clothing is not chosen with a view to durability, for it must be altered yearly in complaisance with the fashions, they learn that good workmanship has little or no value.

THE waiting-room was hot and the young foreigner opened her rose-coloured shawl, revealing a bodice of homespun linen skilfully embroidered in colour. I had seen such embroidery at the Handicrafts Guild; good workmanship it was, very decorative in colour and design, work far too elaborate to be put on a blouse of muslin or georgette crepe that would be discarded at the end of a year. When the girl has adopted our style of dressing, her beautiful handiwork will be laid aside. She will follow our lead in needle-work as in everything else, and that varies, too, according to the latest style. We knit a little one year, crochet another, do a little embroidery a third, but few of us do any one thing with more than ordinary skill. Women in the middle ages spent a lifetime working on one tapestry and produced something of such great beauty and exquisite workmanship that its value increases in spite of its fading colours and rotting threads. Our grandmothers revived tapestry work to some extent. They made a foot-stool cover, a cushion top, a pair of bedroom slippers. They did not copy a good painting or get an artist to draw the design, they did not even take the trouble to draw a pattern themselves, but bought a ready-stamped piece of canvas at the fancy-work shop, and just as they succeeded in executing a realistic dog's head with a fair amount of skill, they abandoned it and started to embroider cardboard mottoes with shaded wool or knit multi-coloured "afghans," or still more horrible, made wax flowers. But are we better than they? Can you remember the time when we all made Battenburg lace of the crudest patterns and coarsest variety, just because some manufacturers of braid, thread, rings and stamped patterns flooded the market with them? Did you never embroider a linen centre-piece with

elaborately shaded roses? The manufacturers of embroidery silk saw that most of us did. Did you never draw linen threads from a handkerchief or tea-cloth only to darn them up again in conventional patterns? You may have escaped the brief vogue for bead chains on little hand-made looms; you may be benefitting by the really excellent designs for crocheted lace that have been made popular by a cheap booklet, and I know the war has developed your skill in knitting, but I hope you are not like so many mothers at the present season, busily knitting yourself a gaily coloured sweater in spite of the unceasing cry from overseas for socks, more socks, and in spite of the shortage of wool.

WE have heard of articles that have been made from the desire to kill time; of a prisoner in the Bastille who kept himself from going mad by making an intricate brooch from pins; of women on lonely ranches who rip out their knitting and do it over and over again simply to pass the time. We know people who live lives of

luxury and ease who keep a bag of fancy-work on hand just for something to do. They don't want the article when it is finished, for it is neither beautiful nor useful, it can only be sold at a bazaar or given away for a Christmas present; they don't even use it as a means of perfecting their work, for, tired of that particular means of passing the time, they begin something new.

Apart from this child's play there are two motives that stimulate the production of handicrafts: the desire to make things for money and the desire to make things for our own particular use or adornment. Owing to the strict laws regulating labour, home industries do not flourish in this country. Needlework may sometimes be sold through Handicrafts Guild or Women's Work Repositories, but the demand is small. Many women will strain their health and eyesight through labour for their own personal adornment, but the fleeting fashions make it inadvisable for us to do much fine work. Most of us have collars or fichus of beautiful lace or hand-embroidery which would look ridiculous on the clothes now in vogue—a dash of coarse wool embroidery in bright, crude colours, is the most up-to-date needlework for our present style of dress—but the European peasant whose fashion in clothes does not change year after year, bestows unstinted pains on the embroidery of her wedding-dress, knowing that she may wear it for the rest of her days.

There remains, then, the motive of making things we want for our own personal use, but wholesale manufacturers supply machine-made goods to satisfy every need, and employ the most skilled hand-workers to furnish artistic articles that luxury demands; while merchants import the best hand-made products from all quarters of the globe. Only people who live in remote districts or are too poor to purchase the things they desire, are stimulated to exercise their ingenuity and develop their skill.

OUR racial custom of changing our fashion of dress each year has resulted in a flourishing national rag-bag, and that popularized patch-work and crazy quilts, rag carpets and hooked mats. These are made chiefly by country people who have never seen the treasures of our art museums where beautiful products of past ages are shown to serve as examples and inspiration to the modern worker. They have not even seen good designs for carpets in modern houses or shops, and so they make articles following their own uncultivated ideas or—still worse—by hideous stamped designs at country stores.

What can be accomplished in the line of hook mats when made by a person who combines a cultivated artistic sense with skilful fingers, may be seen in the work of an old lady who came to this country long ago, bringing with her a love of the irregular patterns and rich colouring of Persian rugs. She carefully saved all scraps of woollen clothing, underwear, stockings. Finding the dyes on the market too crude in colour, she first dyed the wool with tannin procured at a tannery near her home, and then used the "package" dyes. But often the cast-off clothing did not need re-dyeing. Her children complained that their clothing was all bought with an eye to future rugs, that the colours were selected with utter disregard to the complexion of the wearer and the materials chosen more for their durability in carpet form than their suitability for the season. But they have forgiven her now, for the warm, woolly dresses are things of the past, while the rugs are still strong and beautiful, admired by all who see them.

Primitive peoples sometimes produce work of real artistic value, but in Canada we are no longer primitive. We are surrounded on all sides by poor workmanship, bad taste. We must set for ourselves a higher standard in both art and workmanship. To find this standard, one that we can live up to in the future, we must learn to appreciate the work of the foreigners who come to live amongst us, and show them that we, too, can, in our leisure moments, produce articles of real value where art and skilful workmanship are combined with good and durable material.



Our grandmothers abandoned their tapestry to make wax flowers.

# EDITORIAL

## Alien enemies fix the price of Coal in Alberta. Democracy gone mad. What will Government do about it?

### A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

REASON must be made odious—repeats the editor of the North American Review in his October issue. He refers particularly to the I. W. W. (I Won't Work) as he calls them, who in the United States are working in aid of the enemy. According to the letter below, Western Canada has an organization as bad as the I. W. W. The alien enemy miners of Alberta are not traitors, because they were never real citizens. But they are using the good-nature of a democracy to further the cause of democracy's enemies. And this particularly good-natured democracy lets them do it.

Lethbridge, Alta., Oct. 2, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

A most extraordinary situation has developed in the West in connection with the coal mining in Saskatchewan and Alberta. A large percentage of the coal miners are foreigners, and fully one-half of these belong to the nationalities ranged in opposition to the allies in the present war, Austrians, Germans and Hungarians, with a sprinkling of Bulgarians. On the other side are ranged Italians, Russians and Belgians. Comparatively few of these aliens have any vote or stake in the country; a great many have not even taken out naturalization papers, and are interned aliens who have to report to the police every little while and at each change of residence. Yet these same men, nominally under police surveillance, are exercising an enormous influence on the commercial conditions and **PRACTICALLY FIXING THE SELLING PRICE OF COAL.**

First came the strike in the Lethbridge coal fields, which has gone far towards crippling the output of that field. The men demanded increases in their wages commensurate with the enhanced cost of living, and they won a victory after a prolonged strike. On the whole, perhaps, the increases granted to them were not unjustified, and their demands had better have been conceded by the mine operators in the first place, but their success intoxicated the men, and they carried the war into other fields where there was not the same ground for discontent, notably, into the valley of the Red Deer, to what is known as Drumheller Field.

The Miners' Union set to work to organize this district, and demanded increases equal to those awarded them in the Lethbridge field, ignoring altogether the fact that conditions were quite different and that the Red Deer miners were already earning very high wages. Some of the non-union mines, seeing the trend of events, and that it was hopeless to stem the tide, voluntarily conceded the 22% increase and avoided being dragged under the union influence; but the latter still kept on with its missionary work and called strikes, in some cases merely to force the union influence upon the mine operators.

One mine operator was called on to deduct from every employee in the mine the monthly dues of the union, no matter whether the men contributing had joined the union or not, or asking whether they wished to join; and in the end only one mine out of the dozen in the valley had avoided coming under its direct influence or rather domination. Strikes were called upon all sorts of paltry excuses. The result was a species of terrorism and a soaring of the prices of labour to ridiculous figures. Although the price of board still remained practically what it was in the spring and early summer, and the higher cost of living scarcely entered at all into the question, the earnings of miners increased to \$8, \$10, **AND EVEN \$15 PER DAY.**

Under these circumstances little control could be exercised. A man who could earn enough in a couple of days to keep him for a week was naturally not inclined to work too hard or to submit to distasteful discipline.

The miner as a rule is not given to saving money and idle men became a feature in the streets of the towns and cities. Only the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors saved them from rioting and lawlessness; but scarcity of miners and the high wages paid them naturally increased enormously the cost of production of coal, and the only way in which operators could make both ends meet was by raising the price of coal to the consumer.

Herein lies the absurdity of the situation. Miners of foreign birth, and in many cases interned aliens,

are increasing the cost of fuel to the consumer who at the same time is being asked to contribute increased taxes and voluntary subscriptions to carry on the war with the nations to which many of these aliens belong.

Imagine the cases reversed, and that English-speaking people found themselves in Austria or Germany. If they were allowed to earn anything at all it would be merely enough to keep body and soul together, and at the smallest sign of insubordination they would be committed to prison and perhaps flogged or even shot.

Surely this is a democracy gone mad? We are getting ready to conscript men to fight on the battlefields of Europe for a minimum wage. In order to pay for the cost of men and munitions we are conscripting wealth by high taxation and appeals for patriotic funds. And yet labour, one of the essential sources of wealth, so far from being conscripted or coerced into reason, is allowed to hamper and impede the industries of the country. War requires men, men require food, and the men who raise the food must be kept warm through the winter.

The industries which supply the men at the front with munitions, food and clothing, require coal to keep their steam plants going. The cost of this coal, just as necessary in its way as the farmer's grain and potatoes, is allowed to be enhanced many times in value because labourers of an alien and often hostile race demand three or four times a reasonable return for their labour.

It may be said, and truly, that many of them have no vote. But many contribute to support an organization whose officers have votes, and who can control and divert very large funds to election purposes. Herein is the crux of the whole situation, and it will seem to many of us to be a bitter reflection upon the conduct of republican methods in one of the youngest and most enterprising of democracies.

—TRAVELLER.

WHAT ought to astound any inhabitant of Mars they are still talking of Mars messages—if he could get an idea of what is going on in this world, would be—

Not what science and progress have done to lift this world out of the dark ages. We've been a long while at that contract and done a deal of it very badly. We've evolved superb siege guns, wonderful universities and all sorts of beautiful things in art along with a lot of comfortable notions of how to get along with one another on a small scale. But we've made rather a failure of the human race as a product of the best possible combination of body, soul and brain. We've succeeded very little better in communities, because we have no end of slums. And surely we've made a rotten mess of internationalism, because in 1917 all the great nations of the world are fighting one another.

So that's not what the wireless operator on Mars would marvel at if he were to get wise to our affairs. He probably has a tale of much better achievements on his own world—or are they also at war? What he would marvel at is the extent to which all the other great nations of a world that ought to be free have admitted that after all the world is run by the Rhine gang. We know the Rhine gang are not fit to be considered as rulers in their own country. Yet we measure all we are doing just now and a good share of what we have done in the past by what the Rhine outfit have accomplished. Even the way we repudiate them shows that we've a long while been paying them respect. We just about admit they are supermen by the way we keep on alleging what a bad lot of organized devils they are.

WE are gradually coming to the point of dictating the cause of war. This is a new thing. For three years the most materialistic nation on earth has been forcing spiritual peoples into methods of warfare that make the old tribal wars

of the red men glorious by comparison. The "humanity" of the English, scoffed at so openly by Bismarck in his brutal book, Thoughts and Recollections, along with the chivalry of the French, the gallantry of the Italians, the sudden heroism of the Belgians, and the mysticism of the Russians, have all been pouffed at by the ground-hog nation which at the first sign of real danger at the Marne dug itself into the quarries of the Aisne and has refused ever since to wage a battle in the open. Every sector of the battle front has become a factory of death. Human bodies and souls are forced to work under conditions that never were paralleled in slavery. All the worst degeneracies of modern times have been crammed by this infernal nation into the business of blowing men's bodies to atoms or shattering their souls with shell shock. An English artist, Nevinson, has depicted some of these morbid phenomena. In one picture he shows a scene of iron and humanity in which, as the critic says:

The death-dealing machinery and the men behind it are one. The angles and curves of the guns are continued or echoed in the soldiers' faces and uniforms. Everything is rigid and tense and horrible.

In another picture he portrays a face that once was human and sane, now a frightful, glaring mass of insanity from shell shock.

And this is what war as dictated by G—y has done to the soldier. This is the thing that the world of humane sentiments has to face and overcome. It is the old epic of St. George slaying the dragon. Yet because we believe the world is governed by good rather than evil, we know the dragon will be slain. And those of us who are not part and parcel of the conflict owe it to the men who are to keep our minds sane and human with a belief in the ultimate goodness of the world.

THE visitor was visibly impressed. The picture before him was one that called up some of the deepest gratifications of his soul. It was a masterpiece; one of those irresistible climaxes of simplicity in black and white that need no art-culture to appreciate. He had seen and studied everything else in the house of his friend, and had at last come to this to realize the great comforting truth of the home.

"By George!" he said, "It's all right. You've got a bin of coal there that anybody would be proud to own."

WHAT is becoming of the million barrels of apples in Nova Scotia? We were assured a few weeks ago that packers and growers and railways were to conspire with the Government to place a large share of this million barrels in the cellars of middle Canada. The apples of Annapolis were to meet the apples of Okanagan. The country should be covered with apples as Palestine once flowed with milk and honey.

What is being done about those apples? Can Nova Scotia tell us! Or must middle Canada look forward to an apple-less winter?

A MIDDLE-AGED dentist, married, family man, past military age, became wrathful the other day as he denounced the desire of the dentists and dental students to be exempt from the individual draft and to go abroad as a dental corps. He pointed out that there are 500 dentists at the front now. Therefore there is no need of more dentists who are not plain soldiers. There being no need of more non-soldier-dentists, to ask leave exemption from the individual draft is equivalent to staying at home altogether. Which means that dental students may be exempt. Why? The dentist of past military age wants to know. He is himself an old military man. And as a civilian he is quite capable of carrying on his share of the nation's need for dentistry in the absence of the younger generation of dentists at the front. Which seems to be a fairly reasonable argument.

Mr. Tucker had unexpectedly come face to face with Mr. Cutting, from whom he had frequently borrowed money, says the New York American. "Er—aw—what was the denomination of the bill you loaned me?" he asked, nervously. "Episcopalian, I guess," said Mr. Cutting. "At any rate, it keeps Lent very well."

# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

**T**HE greatest problem that confronts the gardening housewife is the indoor storage of winter vegetables," remarks Louise Beebe Wilder, in the Good Housekeeping Magazine. "Few homes are equipped with a proper outside root cellar, and there are nowadays few house cellars but have the serious drawback—to the vegetables only—of a furnace. The unheated cellar, if it is well ventilated and may be protected against freezing makes a satisfactory storage place, or even where there is a furnace, if space is partitioned off, ventilated, and made heat-proof, it will serve. An unused room up-stairs, where the temperature will not fall below freezing nor go above 45 degrees F., is a perfectly practical storage place. Cabbage, however, and turnips should not be kept in the house or indeed in the cellar, for in decaying they become very offensive. Cabbage is best stored in a well-protected cold frame, or in an outdoor pit. Such a pit need be no more than a foot deep, wide enough to hold several heads in a row, and of any desired length.

"The cabbages should be placed upside down in the pit and covered with several inches of straw. When freezing weather arrives, six or eight inches of earth may be added and still later a 'great coat' of manure if the weather is extreme. Cabbages will not keep if covered too heavily in mild weather. If they must be brought into the cellar, they should be packed in barrels and covered with sand.

"Celery we plant closely in boxes of damp earth in the cellar. If you have both the golden self-blanching and the green-winter celery, use the former first, as it does not keep so well.

Of the edible roots two things are to be remembered: that they keep best when not in contact with the air and if kept a little moist their firmness and succulence is better preserved. This applies to beets, carrots, parsnips, celeriac, and salsify. Carrots are very easily injured and spoil quickly unless handled with great care. Boxes of moist sand offer the safest means of storage. The roots should be packed closely, but not touching.

"The handsome highly coloured pumpkins and winter squashes may be left in the open until the vines have been killed by frost. These require still other conditions for their safekeeping. They should be kept fairly warm—about 50 degs. F.—dry, and should be exposed to the light and air. My country neighbours spread them out on the attic floors, and we find a swinging shelf in a warm dry cellar a good place for them. Squashes and pumpkins, like melons, should be picked with an inch of vine; this keeps them from rotting at the stem."

**A**RTHUR KROWS' new book, "Play Production in America," which traces the path of the American playwright's product from the new and crinkly manuscript to the limbo of forgotten things, has given Hiram Kelly Moderwell an excuse to summarise, with a tinge of satire, the whole process. In the New Republic Hiram K. tells what he is led to think about the thing after reading Mr. Krows' book. "You get an impression," he says, "of an immense number of excited people doing an immense number of rather ridiculous things for the entertainment of a fat and sleepy public that doesn't know what it wants."

"The play is written by someone called an author, and 'placed' by a broker with a manager. It is then 'doctored' by a professional hack and 'laid out' by a hired director who further doctors it to 'accomplish work properly belonging to the play-doctor or to the author.' Next it is 'cast' with such actors as happen to be out of a job at the moment, and rehearsed to machine-like regularity, literally by means of a chalk-line. In the meantime some 'scenic studio' is building sets according to rigid specifications—to wit, that there shall be so-and-so many doors, practicable or otherwise, so-and-so many pieces of furniture in such-and-such locations. At the appointed day play and scenery are for the first time brought into juxtaposition, lights are turned on, gowns hastily pinned together, and all parts adjusted to each other as well as may be. Next the assemblage is moved out of

## THE Problem of Winter Storage of Back-Yard Garden Products.

**P**LAY Production in America a "hotch-potch," says Arthur Krows.

**A**BSOLUTE Music as done into Fancies and Fantasies by Mrs. Wagnalls.

**H**OW a score of Movie-Maidens Missed a Dip in the Briny—

town to be tried on 'the dogs'—New Haven, Albany and Atlantic City papers please copy. The dogs delight to bark and bite, and the manager usually steps in to do more doctoring. Finally the play with all paraphernalia thereunto appertaining is moved back to New York, in such theatre as happens at the time to be vacant, and the first night impends. At host of petty bosses and officious underlings assist in the process, and the net result is that in two cases out of three the play fails utterly. Production is several times in excess of the demand, and the losses are paid out of the absurd profits from occasional 'successes.'

The whole system, continues the critic, is as expert and infallible as American ingenuity can make it. The American theatre has spared no pains or expense to secure the best in each department. But this complex division of labour is apt to defeat its own aims. It suggests a landscape in which the trees are done by a tree expert, the water by a water expert, the clouds by a cloud expert, and so on to the last detail. In the production of the American play, it seems to be again the case of too many cooks.

**"A**LL dressed up and no place to go is bad enough; all undressed, with the ocean present, and not allowed so much as to wet the tip of an eager toe is ten times worse," says Ethel Roseman, in "Photoplay." She refers, of course, to a time when the mercury in the thermometer is aspiring to the perspiring point; and, incidentally,

## THE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

By Robert J. C. Stead.  
(From Kitchener and other Poems.)  
Musson Book Co.

**N**O hope of worldly gain is hers,  
A yokel's wages for her hire,  
And every throb of self's desire  
Resigned to childish worshippers.

A tiny school her citadel,  
A fenceless acre her domain,  
Her life a sacrifice, her gain,  
The gain of those she serves so well.

And growing down our country's page,  
The beauty of her sacrifice  
Shall glow again in other eyes,  
And multiply from age to age.

The mothers of the race to be  
Shall live her tenderness anew,  
And her devotion shall imbue  
The sons who keep our country free.

She gains no flagrant, pompous prize,  
But men who move the world's affairs  
Shall snatch a moment from their cares  
To think of her with moistened eyes.

she gives a bright little glimpse of the kind of "play" the movie supers get for five per day.

"So you can imagine," she goes on, "how bad it was when twenty of the prettiest girls Director William Christy Cabanne could find in New York, found themselves in this predicament one of the hottest days of the summer at Long Beach (L. I., not Col.)."

The rosebud garden of gigglers was engaged for the purpose of making "The Slacker" look slicker. In the story, Emily Stevens is engaged to a comfortable young man who declines to get interested in the war. Just to show that this was not because he lacked physical courage, a scene was arranged where he rescues a drowning man—a perfect stranger too. Then, to doll up the scene, a score of damozels were mobilized, their sole requirement being the capacity for making bathing suits happy.

Until that day, the record from the station to the surf, changing clothes en route, was twelve minutes, three and two-thirds seconds. Twelve of Director Cabanne's girls made it in ten minutes flat, and the others said they would have beaten this if Pop, the wardrobe mistress, hadn't given them stockings that wrinkled in an important place, and had to be changed.

"Hurry," called the ringleader. "We'll have time for a dip before the camera is ready."

But Cabanne was waiting.

"Keep away from that ocean," he shouted through his megaphone. "Don't get those bathing suits mussy. You're here to be photographed, not to kellermann."

And there lay the ocean all day, moaning and coaxing and creeping up toward the damozels, trying to embrace them, and there was nothing doing. Director Cabanne brought down the finest array of teasers of the whole season, and then left the ocean flat.

Two of the girls went into executive session, and started down the beach. Cabanne called, but they could not hear. In a minute they were splashing in the rollers, deciding that they did not need the \$5 badly enough to forego the swim.

Eighteen were sufficient for all practical purposes, and the camera began grinding. The sea-hungry girls were photographed on the veranda of a hotel, on the board walk, on the sands, everywhere but where they wanted to be.

"And they told us we were going to have such a fine day at the beach," one moaned.

"If this is your idea of a wonderful time, take me home, take me home, take me home," another carolled in minor key.

Trouble was, they thought they had been hired as players, when, as they were beginning to discover, it was all work and no play.

But finally the scenes were completed.

"Goodie, now for a swim," the chorus rang.

"Fifteen minutes to catch the train," called Pop, and a dismal troupe of damozels poutingly doffed their dry bathing suits.

"Oh well, never mind," said the one optimist in the party. "We are all sunburned, and nobody will know the difference."

**I**N a new form of lecture recital described as "Imagery and Music," Mrs. Mabel Wagnalls raises the question, "Is 'absolute' music always 'absolute' or is it frequently descriptive music with the 'programme' concealed?" Mrs. Wagnalls contends that so-called programme music has become more and more popular with the great mass of the people because it suggests a "story," and so makes an immediate appeal to the imagination. This story or programme, however, is frequently little more than a fragment, incident or scene calculated to conjure up a mood in consonance with the music, which does not always follow it in detail, and in many cases is merely a summons to the attention, fixing the otherwise groping imagination to a concrete picture. Brahms' "Trajic" overture is perhaps no more absolute or "classic" than Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," but in the latter work the appeal to the listener's sympathy is immediate; he fits his own version of the great story into the music. And this



does not detract from the enjoyment of the music itself; it leads, rather, to greater intimacy with it. In subsequent hearings, the music itself takes the place of the story, since the listener has become as familiar with it.

Now, whatever may have been in the mind of a composer when he wrote an "Impromptu," a "Musical Moment," a "Nocturne" or a "Polonaise," it is quite natural to a hearer's mind of literary habits to conjure up plots, characters, decorative scenes, upon hearing such pieces. Mrs. Wagnalls, combining in her person the functions of the writer and the musician, has developed this "musical imagery" to a finished art, and presents to her hearers, first the

literary version, illustrated by snatches of the music (giving the "high lights" of the picture), then the music itself upon the piano.

The first of these recitals aroused favourable comment in the musical papers as "something new and worth while." A writer in Musical America says:

"Reversing the order of the composer, who has for ages translated the written words into music, Mrs. Wagnalls has translated music into the written word, visualizing the images conjured up by the score into sketches of fancy and fantasy. Having won fame as a writer as well as musician, the blending of the two mediums of expression brought an entertainment of rare beauty and charm."

In a Zielinski Gavotte Mrs. Wagnalls finds the story of Harlequin and Columbine. In the F major Impromptu of Rubinstein she sees a lone troubadour "passing through a woodland at night, twanging on his lute to keep himself company, while over and again the warble of some strange night bird is heard, far and near, high and low, daintily floating over the unceasing accompaniment." The F major Etude of Chopin suggests a vision of the old miracle play "Everyman," and so on. The Chopin Polonaise in D minor has been made, according to the Musical Leader, "into an exquisite fairy tale," which suits the music so well as to make one wonder if the composer himself had not had it in mind.

## SIZING UP THE BRITISH DRIVE

**T**WO considerable battles have been fought within the last ten days, that is to say, two parts of the same battle. The first part was fought over a front of about ten miles immediately to the east of Ypres, and the result was summarized fairly accurately in the German bulletin, which said: "The enemy advanced one kilometer into our defence zone, and at Passchendaele and Gheluvelt passed farther forward. West of Passchendaele he was pressed back by our counter attacks. North of the Menin-Ypres road a portion of terrain remained in his hands." The second portion of the battle began on September 26th, and once more we may quote the German bulletin to the effect that "the battle in Flanders between Langemarck and Hollebecke—a front of fifteen kilometers—still continues. The enemy has succeeded at places in penetrating as far as one kilometer deep into our fighting zone, where desperate fighting is proceeding." The battle is, of course, a continuous one. It is only the actual assaults that are separated one from another. Zonnebecke is reported as taken, and this brings the British within six miles of the railroad from Ostend to Lille. This railroad is one of the great arteries of supplies for the German armies in the north, and it is significant that British ships bombarded Ostend while the land operations were in course of completion. The British front is now about seven miles from Roulers, where the German district headquarters are situated.

It may have been assumed too hastily that the object of the present fighting is to reach Zeebrugge and Bruges and so to exclude the submarines from those very convenient bases. An extension of the British advance would have that effect, but that is certainly not the only goal. Perhaps it is not the goal at all or only in an indirect way. A glance at the map shows that the direction of the advance is southeast as well as northeast, toward Menin as well as toward Roulers. It seems rather more likely that General Haig is trying to enlarge the great salient that now projects eastward from Ypres in the hope of dragging the German lines from their present position on the ocean and compelling them to fall back eastward along the coast. This would of course have the ultimate effect of uncovering Zeebrugge and Bruges, but it would do much more than this if it forced a general retirement of these northern lines, a retirement that would certainly extend far beyond the area of the present fighting. And we may reasonably believe that such a retirement must inevitably follow a continuation of the present British successes. It has probably already been arranged, just as the great Hindenburg retreat was decided on long before it was actually accomplished. The evacuation of the civil population and the many activities in road-making all point in that direction, apart from the obvious fact that the enlargement of the Ypres salient must of itself compel such a step, as will be presently explained. The obstinacy of the German defence in no way disproves such a theory of German intentions. An extensive preparation of new positions would be necessary, and we may remember also that Germany is about to float a new war loan, and this would certainly not be facilitated by the news of a fresh German retreat. There are other considerations that may find a place further on.

Although the reports are very meagre it is evident that there has been desperate fighting quite apart from the successful assaults that have been

**B**y SIDNEY CORYN reported in the bulletins. This is conclusively shown by the British casualty lists. For several weeks before these assaults were delivered the British losses were 15,000 a week, but during the last three weeks they have risen to 27,000 a week. The artillery fighting alone would hardly account for the loss of over two thousand men a day. The nearly unreported but continuous struggle for Lens is no doubt a costly one, but even then we must suppose that there has been plenty of heavy fighting up and down the line to produce such heavy casualties. We have no means of ascertaining the comparative losses of the two sides, but there are plenty of indications that the German forces suffered far more heavily than the British, and we can find such additional consolation as we may in the indisputable fact that the German armies are far less able than the British to stand so terrible an attrition. The reports of the German counter attacks that have been brought against the captured positions show a desperation, a reckless prodigality of human life, that can hardly be explained on any theory of military necessity. These assaults, renewed again and again, come to an end from sheer exhaustion, or after the practical annihilation of the German columns, and in nearly

blows. With every fresh offensive this salient bites deeper and deeper into German-held territory, and this fact can not be concealed—except perhaps from the peculiar German mind—by the slighting references to their gains that appear in the German bulletins. The constant enumeration of captured towns and villages tells its own tale, since all these places can be found on the map, and they show conclusively that the eastward bulge or salient before Ypres grows steadily deeper and wider. That the base of this salient covers only a few miles has nothing to do with the question. The value of a salient is to be found in the fact that it is effective over a wide area, while the actual fighting that is involved is over a narrow front. The salient that is being progressively advanced threatens to pierce the enemy lines, and if it can not be flattened back, or straightened, by direct attack, the same end must be attained by a withdrawal of the adjacent lines. The salient itself is, of course, peculiarly vulnerable to attack, since it is exposed upon three sides, and must therefore be defended by a correspondingly large number of men. It has the effect of lengthening the front upon both sides, since a bulge or curve connecting two points is necessarily longer than a straight line that connects the same points. A salient is not usually projected unless there are sufficient men to maintain it, but at the same time it demands a correspondingly large number of men to resist it. The salient that can be successfully defended and advanced is therefore a peculiarly deadly formation, since it compels a general withdrawal over an indeterminate area. In other words the salient must either be driven in, or the adjacent lines must be withdrawn to overtake it.



THE PEACE TERMS.

—Murphy in N. Y. American.

every instance they are fruitless. We have to go back to the early days of the war, when Germany's man power was so great as to seem inexhaustible, to find any parallel to the apparent indifference to loss now being displayed by the German commanders. It is explicable only on the ground of some necessity other than the purely military.

**T**HAT the military situation is a serious one for the German armies is indisputable, even though it be inadequate wholly to account for the desperation of the counter attacks. A glance at the map shows that the British salient to the east of Ypres is steadily enlarging under the power of the British

**W**E find just such a situation now existing to the east of Ypres, where the map shows a sharp bulge with a base some fifteen or twenty miles broad. The battles that have just been fought have measurably deepened this bulge, and we may suppose that this was actually the British intention, and that the attainment of definite geographical objectives such as Roulers or Bruges was a secondary consideration. It is evident that such a bulge as this must have a dragging effect upon the German lines to the north, which must therefore be strengthened if they are to avoid being wrenched from their anchorage on the sea coast. Every mile that is added to the Ypres salient means an additional drag to the lines to the north—and of course also to the south—and unless these lines can be reinforced they must become thin and frail like a piece of rubber that is being stretched. Moreover, the deepening of the Ypres salient has already carried the British lines well to the eastward of the northerly German lines, which are thus in danger of being outflanked or attacked from the rear. At this distance it is impossible to say precisely at what point the deepening of the Ypres salient will compel the withdrawal of the German lines to the north and south, but that point has a definite location and it can not be very far away. To belittle the gain of a mile, on the ground that it is only a mile, is therefore futile. The gain of a mile may easily compel a general German retirement from the coast position that is now held, as well as from the positions in the south—around Lille, for example—and a general retirement is a very grave operation in the face of an enemy, and one that might easily slip downhill into calamity. That the Germans intend to retire is strongly indi-

cated by their own foreshadowings of such a move, and also by such incidents as the evacuation of the civil population behind their lines that has already been mentioned, and the employment of the younger men upon the task of road-making and fortifications. These reports have come from different sources and at different times, and we may be quite sure that the preparation of roads is intended for the passage of German troops to the eastward, that is to say for a retirement from their present positions.

THE new session of the Reichstag has just begun, and it is already evident that the peace party has gained alike in strength and in momentum, and to such an extent as gravely to embarrass a government whose diplomacies are based upon a claim to victory, and upon the actual

possession of territories to be used in the processes of bargain. For such a reason there could hardly be a more inopportune time for a military retirement that must necessarily be identified as a reverse. It would immeasurably strengthen the peace party, it would stimulate the utterances of such men as Maximilian Harden, who is already vociferously asserting that Germany never had any intention to retain Belgium, and it would give form and substance to that vague body of German discontent that is now nearly inarticulate. A German reverse at such a time as this, a reverse that could not be cloaked nor hidden, would be viewed as little short of a calamity by the Pan-Germans and Junkers, who are resolved either to continue the war or to end it by some process of give and take that shall have at least the semblance of a victory.

## THE ELEVENTH HOUR

(Continued from page 9.)

even to you, Siler. The shell of the fifth shot is missing because he carried it away in his revolver. But the bullet—only by a most remarkable coincidence, Siler, will you find the bullet which killed young Newberry the same as the four shots from his wife's automatic revolver!"

"But the ice—the ice under the window!" shouted the detective. "There were no heel marks but his wife's and there would have been others if anyone had stood outside the window to fire through it."

"When you have reached the point, Siler," said Trant, more quietly, "where you can think of some class of men who would have left no heel marks, but who could have produced the effect on young Newberry's mind which his wife has described, you will have gone far toward the discovery of the real murderer of Walter Newberry. In the meantime, I have clues enough; and I hope to find help to enable me to bring the murderer to justice. I will ask you, Mrs. Newberry," he glanced toward the girl, "to let me have a photograph of your husband, or"—he hesitated, unable to tell her manner whether she had heard him—"I will stop on my way out to ask his photograph from his father."

He glanced once more from the detective to the pale girl who, since she received notice of her arrest, had stood as though cut from marble. Then he left them.

THE morning papers, which carried startling headlines of the murder of Walter Newberry, brought Police Detective Siler a feeling of satisfaction with his own work. The newspaper accounts were elaborations of his own theory of an attack by the missionary's dissipated son on his wife and her shooting him in self-defence.

Even the discovery on the second morning that the bullet which was removed from young Newberry's body was of 38 calibre and, as Trant had predicted, not at all similar to the steel 32-calibre, bullets shot by Mrs. Newberry's automatic pistol, did not disturb the police officer's self-confidence. And when, on the day following, Siler received orders to report, at

an hour when he was not ordinarily on duty, at the West End police station, he pushed open the door of the captain's room, to which the sharp nod of the desk sergeant had directed him, with an air of confident importance.

The room had three occupants—the huge figure of Division Inspector of Police Walker, a slight, dark man unknown to Siler, and Luther Trant at the end of the room busy arranging a somewhat complicated apparatus.

Trant, with a short nod of greeting, at once called Siler to his aid.

With the detective's half-suspicious, half-respectful assistance, the psychologist stretched across the end of the room a white sheet about ten feet long, three feet high, and divided into ten rectangles by nine vertical lines. Opposite this, and upon a table about ten feet away, he set up a small electrical contrivance consisting of two magnets and wire coils supporting a small, round mirror about an inch in diameter and so delicately set upon an axis that it turned at the slightest current coming to the coils below it. In front of this little mirror Trant placed a shaded electric lamp in such a position that its light was reflected from the mirror upon the sheet at the end of the room. Then he arranged a carbon plate and a zinc plate on the edge of the table; set a single cell battery under the table; connected the battery with the coils controlling the mirror, and connected them also with the zinc and carbon plates.

When his preparations were complete, Trant rested his hands lightly on the plates upon the table; and as he did so, a slight and in fact imperceptible current passed through him from the battery; but it was enough to move the light reflected upon the screen.

"This apparatus," the psychologist said, as he saw even Walker stare at this result, "is the newest electric psychometer—or 'the soul machine,' as it is already becoming popularly known. It is probably the most delicate and efficient instrument contrived for detecting and registering human emotion—such as anxiety, fear,

(Continued on page 20.)

## PRINTEMPS AT THE PRINCESS

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

SPRINGTIME—Printemps—Frühling—take it in any language you like, has been around again, just as the coal began to crawl out of the bins into the furnaces. It came to the Princess Theatre, Toronto; a re-opening, an April event in October, a suitable show to reinaugurate a theatre burned down a year or two ago and long before that rebuilt from something else.

There was no better way to celebrate the event. A new theatre is always like a spring day. Your first glimpse of a new playhouse is much like a May morning in the woods. Never had one? Well, it's time you did. The re-opening of the Princess is quite different from a new theatre out-and-out.

There's such a thing as a playhouse atmosphere. No, nothing to do with what emotional actresses characterize as the aroma of an audience; though, of course, there is such a thing about the end of any second act when the air gets a little drowsy and the flowers worn by the ladies begin to droop a bit as the animation of the actors goes up.

I mean that a certain place in a block gets to belong to actors and big trunks and glaring electric signs and long lines of people waiting for the "gods" to open.

But there's no long, lingering line-up for the gallery entrance any more. The architect has the modern idea that a top gallery is a nuisance. So he puts in a large balcony instead. We all go in by the one vestibule, or lobby, or whatever you call it, as broad as the house and almost as steep as

a roof. We're all a democracy; the 400 on the same level as the rest of us.

Another reason for the abolition of the top gallery may be the necessity of throwing the whole house onto a fair level for seeing film pictures.

Oh, yes, all these are reasonable enough when you come to get a good look at a fine new theatre as clean as a new doll, with cement floors and no frescoes, no proscinium arch, just a square opening with a curtain in it like a picture in a frame, with only one tier of boxes aloft and both of them in full view of the whole stage. Everything absolutely comfortable, convenient and sensible, with a nice mezzanine floor for ladies to retire to between the acts while the men go out to—smoke if you can find the place for it.

But—of course, no bar anywhere. No crossing the street to the old Gen—. You recall the name. All this is also modern. And it's all much different in this case from the old Princess, that stood on that site for 20 years; still more different from the heavy-villainous old Academy of Music which—so the old inhabitants tell us—used to be the scene of diabolical orgies before there was any censor and when church folk wouldn't go to the theatre on a bet.

Indeed, it's all very much changed, and it's the old playgoer that knows it. Probably it's better. Anyhow, with such a sparkle of a show as Springtime, headed by that fat rascal of a comedian, McIntyre, the new way seems all right enough. So, no wonder the Princess was crowded.

## THE PEOPLE'S CABINET

(Continued from page 13.)

II.

J. S. Ewart and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Also Lord Shaughnessy, Bourassa, Aylesworth, Graham, Dewart, Prof. Montpetit, Sydney Fisher, C. W. Cross, Watters, Crerar, Hon. Turgeon. Nominated by L. D. G. (Town not given).

III.

Sir Robt. L. Borden. Also Hon. Adam Beck, W. J. McLean, M.P.; Dr. Salem Bland, Winnipeg; Dr. Michael Clark. Nominated by J. G. Laycock, Swift Current, Sask.

IV.

Sir Sam Hughes. Also Dr. Michael Clark. Nominated by Sam Suddaby, Burnt River, Ont.

V.

Thos. Urquhart, Barrister. Also the Councillor who examined Sir Sam Hughes. These men would be a credit to Toronto, a power in either the Ottawa or British Parliament—men of honour and backbone who could not be bribed by all the gold in the British Empire.

Nominated by (Rev.) Donald Stewart, Finch, Ont.

VI.

Dr. Michael Clark of Red Deer. Nominated by Herbert C. Boyd, B.

N.A. Bank Bldg., Edmonton, Alta.

VII.

Newton W. Rowell, K.C. Also Sir Thos. White; Dr. S. G. Bland, Winnipeg; Sir Robt. Borden; Dr. Michael Clark; F. B. Carvell; A. Meighen.

Nominated by (Name not for publication), Stettler, Ont.

VIII.

Sir Robt. Borden. Also Dr. Michael Clark, Sir Thos. White, Sir Geo. Foster, Gen. Lessard or Lt.-Col. Mewburn, Meighen, Guthrie, Chamberlain of G. T. R. Nominated by Mabel H. Goldsbro, 36 Spencer Ave., Toronto.

IX.

Neither Borden nor Laurier. A selection of members of the last Parliament. First, from among the Liberals, who voted for Conscription; second, Conservatives who voted against the Franchise Act; third, from among the same classes outside Parliament who have been outspoken in their views. All should be men of good character and ability. Exclude all who voted for the Franchise Act or against Conscription.

Nominated by J. W. C., Halifax, N.S.

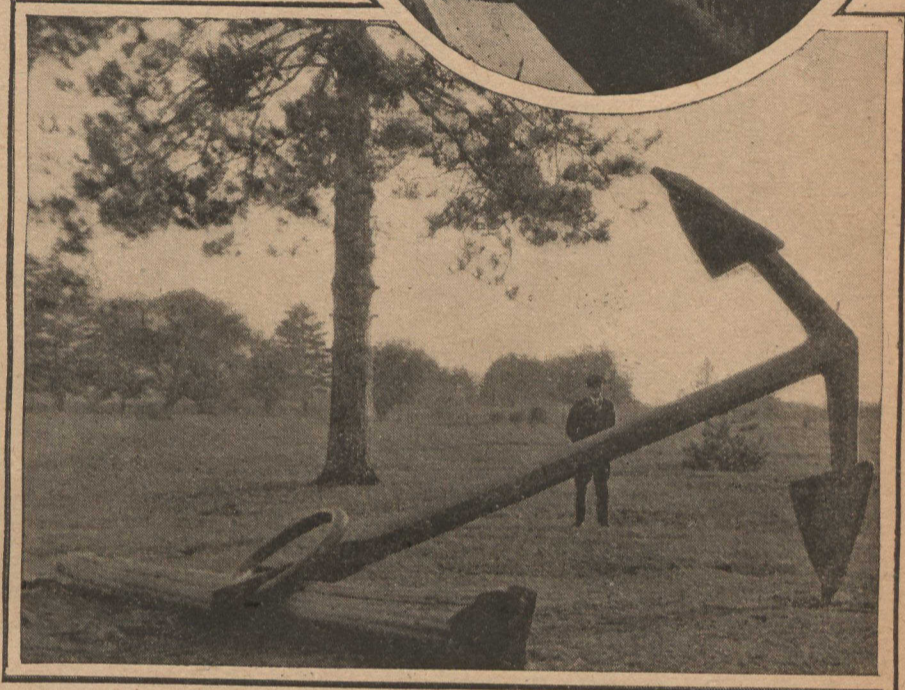
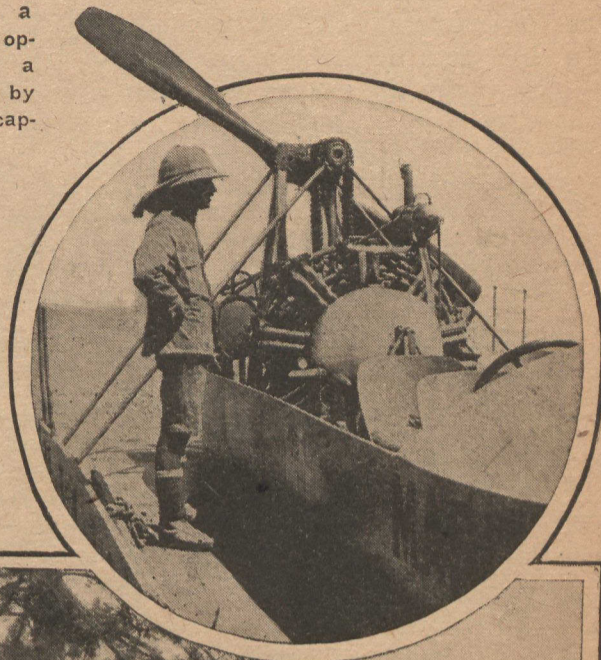
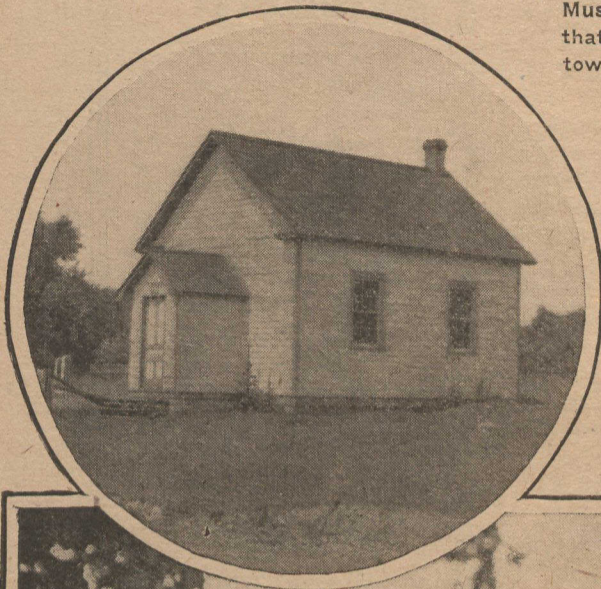
# PICTORIALITIES IN PROSE

FIRST imagine this is a little school-house in Muskoka, and then decide that it's probably the only township hall in the world butts alongside a graveyard. Also observe how aptly this graveyard town hall illustrates the lines of Gray:

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Any Port Carling lad would want to be township reeve when he sees this town hall.

THIS craft is called a hydro-glisseur. It operates in Mesopotamia; a British military boat, run by a windmill forward and capable of 45 miles an hour. There must be some high winds in Mesopotamia. Hydro-glisseur seems to be a musical term. Glissendo in a pianist is the thing that makes him scoot his right thumb nail down over the keys ten times faster than he could hit them. So the gliding-hydro boat goes on top.



HERE stands the monument of a Scotchman's dream. When a Scotchman so far forgets himself as to dream, something is sure to happen as a result. Donald McLaren, once upon a time came to Canada with the idea that he was to become a sort of Laird o' Cockpen in the highlands of the Caledon Mountains. With much labour—which no Scotchman ever begrudges—he gathered the inexpressive stones from the hillsides and built this really noble castle on the heights from which on a clear day he can see Toronto, 43 miles away. You observe at a glance that the builder had real architectural taste and the right idea for a baronial castle. Even Sir Henry Pellatt, with all his hilltop magnificence, never had a finer idea of castle-making than Donald McLaren, of Inglewood.



GO back into history 100 years to learn about this old anchor now seen at Holland Landing, Ont. Old inhabitants quote their grandfathers as saying that the anchor was hauled overland by ox teams from Toronto, heading for Lake Simcoe, to be used on some old British ship in those waters about the time that the Yankees lost the War of 1812. Was it a warship? We don't know. But it surely was a big anchor. A man can crawl through the ring of it without touching sides or bottom—if he is careful enough and not too large. It only remains now for some cheerful liar of the distant future to narrate that the said anchor was carried there from Halifax by McAskill, the Nova Scotia giant, who was disabled in New York by shouldering and carrying an anchor weighing 2,200 pounds.

PEACHES are playing pranks with householders this year. One place on the street they are 65 cents a basket on Saturday; at another, the same peaches are 85 cents on Monday. This picture of rolling wealth shows the coming-in of peaches from Burlington (Ont.) way to the station; the long train alongside the landing being loaded to the roofs with peaches. No, it is not possible that the fruit is heaped in the cars like potatoes or wheat. Each car is built up with racks on which the fruit is shelved, tier above tier for the long haul to—Winnipeg! the consumption point where peaches from Niagara meet apples from Okanagan.



WE are again into the football season. The striking photograph of the great game is not of Rugby as you may guess. Because a man who has to go on crutches is not likely to be very fond of a scrimmage. So the patients of the Manitoba Military Convalescent Hospital, Winnipeg, undertook a soccer game as part of the programme given a few days ago at Tuxedo Park. There were also foot races for soldiers who had lost arms. Nothing like being cheerful when you are in hard luck. Some of the returned soldiers can give the rest of us pointers about taking an optimistic view of things.

## BROKER AND LAWYER

The Toronto broker, G. C. B., replies to Mr. M. L. Hayward's reply to his criticisms. Even if you have not read previous correspondence on the subject, you will understand this.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

In your issue of October 6th, Mr. M. L. Hayward objects to my comments on the decision of the Supreme Court of Canada in *Connée vs. The Security Holding Co.* In my letter to him I called it "rotten law." He regards it "with veneration." He says I declared the Supreme Court wrong. No such thing. No, sir, I fear a charge of contempt of court. I called it law, but qualified as "rotten."

Let us illustrate the decision. Suppose two men, A and B, come to me as broker and each orders me to buy for him ten shares of C. P. R. at 150, each paying the brokerage fee and \$200 on account of cost, telling me to borrow the balance. I buy twenty shares for \$3,000, charging A's account with \$1,500 and B's account with \$1,500 and crediting each with \$200 paid, leaving each owing me \$1,300. Then I take the twenty shares to a bank and borrow \$2,500, leaving them as collateral security.

The Supreme Court decided that by such action I had converted A's and B's stock to my own use and could collect nothing more from either. The court reached this startling view through the idea that, each share being liable for the whole loan, I had pledged A's ten shares for \$2,500, and also B's ten shares for \$2,500, that I had pledged either's ten shares for more than was owed me by either, and in that way had converted either's ten shares to my own use. The Supreme Court said I should have pledged them separately for separate loans.

Now, perhaps neither the Supreme Court nor Mr. Hayward ever have had to borrow money from a bank. Apparently not on stocks any way. If they had they would know that the banking practice is to group all the collateral received as security for all the advances made to a broker. The broker can't do business the way the decision directs. The banker has the money and he fixes his own terms for lending. The court decided that the then current practice "converted" clients' securities, that the honest broker was in effect a thief, for conversion is theft. Isn't that "rotten"?

The Supreme Court was looking back fifty years instead of looking at current practice of honest men. It was holding some musty decision "in veneration." Because its decision is the law, every broker who wishes to conduct his business with safety is compelled to have an agreement between himself and client declaring that their relations shall be different from what that law declares them to be. Law should be aimed to make the work of life less cumbersome, not more so.

The postscript of my first letter said that under that law no speculator could lose. Mr. Hayward's reply is that "the headnote of the case shows that the case decided nothing of the sort." The broker doesn't care what the headnote says: only the legal mind values it, for the judgment was executed, not in the headnote, but in

the broker's office where the unfortunate broker made up the client's loss. Facts are stronger than are headnotes, when it comes to paying.

The trouble with Mr. Hayward's views is that he "venerates" the decision and relies on the headnote as final, whereas the final event was "payment." He has the legal view which H. G. Wells so justly condemns in "What is Coming?" An impractical law has been laid down and it can be read in legal journals. But Mr. Hayward used the columns of the *Courier* to tell us about it. I claim that is an abuse (or misuse) of the *Courier's* columns, which would be better employed in an agitation to amend rotten law. The community expects some public service from the legal profession. Any law that makes the innocent suffer with the guilty is an injustice, and the legal profession might be better employed in removing this injustice than in holding it "in veneration." Even the lower courts, in the two other cases mentioned, took great pains to avoid applying the "rotten" law because of its evident injustice.

G. C. B.

Toronto, Oct. 7th, 1917.

### Fake and Bogus Exit

THERE'S a vast difference between negotiating Canadian peace loans abroad and floating Canadian war loans at home. But when you come to think of it, the latter is much more natural to this country. In peace times a country like this can't produce money wealth fast enough to keep up with the needs of development. Big corporations and municipalities have to get money faster than they can raise it by profits and taxes. That means borrowing abroad. And Canada has been a great borrower. We never dreamed of borrowing from ourselves. We didn't seem to have the money—though a pile of it went into all sorts of fake and bogus propositions; and that's not hard to remember.

Now Fake and Bogus are out of business, and the Real Thing comes along. The real thing is the fact that the people of Canada, instead of borrowing money abroad, have been getting money, big money, as a result of war industries. Hundreds of millions of dollars have come into Canada as the earnings of labour and industrial machinery. That's better than borrowing.

The other part of the real thing is that the British Government, through the Canadian Government, would like to borrow back a part of the money paid into Canadian pockets. The borrowing back comes in the shape of a new war loan. Canadian Victory Bonds take the place of ordinary bonds, or debentures — or stocks. These bonds are the Government's pledge to pay back at such and so a time, the money represented in the face value, with interest. And the Government's promise to pay is backed by the entire credit of the

country in resources and organizations.

We call it a loan—which it is, for we get the money back when we want it and without loss. We call it a bond because the nation of Canada under the flag of Britain enters into a bond not only to pay back that money, but to pay a higher rate of interest than any bank or other normal form of investment.

It's not merely a matter of duty or of sentiment to buy these bonds. It's a matter of business; a much more important business than any factory or mine or railway or fishery in the country.

As a stroke of self-interest backed up by patriotic effort and the highest common sense, it is every Canadian's opportunity to watch this victory bond campaign open up in the Canadian press and to invest \$50 in one of these Canadian victory bonds.

### The Eleventh Hour

(Continued from page 18.)

and the sense of guilt. Like the galvanometer which you saw me use to catch Caylis, the Bronson murderer, in the first case where I worked with the police, Inspector Walker,—the psychologist turned to his tall friend—"this psychometer—which is really an improved and much more spectacular galvanometer—is already in use by physicians to get the truth from patients when they don't want to tell it. No man can control the automatic reflexes which this apparatus was particularly designed to register, when he is examined with his hands merely resting upon these two plates!

"AS you see," he placed his hands in the test position again, "these are arranged so that the very slight current passing through my arms, so slight that I cannot feel it at all, moves that mirror and swings the reflected light upon the screen according to the amount of current coming through me. As you see now, the light stays almost steady in the centre of the screen, because the amount of current coming through me is very slight. I am not under any stress or emotion of any sort. But if I were confronted suddenly with an object to arouse fear—if, for instance, it reminded me of a crime I was trying to conceal—I might be able to control every other evidence of my fright, but I could not control the involuntary sweating of my glands and the automatic changes in the blood pressure which allow the electric current to flow more freely through me. The light would then register immediately the amount of my emotion by the distance it swung along the screen. But I will give you a much more perfect demonstration of the instrument during the next half hour while I am making the test that I have planned to determine the murderer of Walter Newberry."

"You mean," cried Siler, "you are going to test the woman?"

"I might have thought it necessary to test Mrs. Newberry," Trant answered, "if the evidence at the house of the presence of a third person who was the murderer had not been so plain as to make any test of her unnecessary."

"Then you—you still stick to that?"

(Continued on page 21.)

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**NEW BOOKS**

**"JERRY."** By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Thomas Allen. \$1.50 net.

JERRY is a good-humored young chap who has a way with kiddies and a will to better his condition which takes him from the beat to the bar. He is a policeman at the beginning of the story and very much in love—at least he thinks he is—with a young lady whose father is a mill-hand who wants a millionaire for a son-in-law. Jerry takes up the challenge without telling anybody about it, so the young lady marries somebody else. Before Jerry becomes a barrister, by reason of home study and hard work, he learns a lot of things about life, and the tale is really a leisurely excursion along with Jerry as he goes on from day to day towards the realization of his heart's desire. It is a pleasant, home-folksy kind of story.

**"THE PAINTED WOMAN."** By Fred A. Kummer. Geo. T. McLeod. \$1.35.

IF you can imagine what would happen when a puritan discovered that the fair lady of his heart's desire had been living as the light-o-love of a bearded bucaneer, you'll have some idea of the plot around which Frederick Arnold Kummer wrote "The Painted Woman." The setting of the story is somewhere along the Barbary coast, and the period is that in which pillage and piracy were the outstanding features of social doings all up and down and round about the Spanish main. There is a "One-eye"; a "Fire-brand," and a "Portuguese Joe," and a lot of rum and general wickedness mixed up in the love story of the puritan, John Barton, and the Spanish slave, Ramona de Lara; and the way in which Mr. Kummer delivers them finally from evil is rather astonishing. John puts aside all thought of the painted period in Ramona's adventure-some history and takes her north to New England as Mrs. Barton. At least Mr. Kummer says he did.

**"THE YOUTH PLUPY."** By Henry A. Shute. Thos. Allen. \$1.35.

THERE are a lot of "first" things set down by Henry A. Shute in the record of "The Youth Plupy," which tells of the vicissitudes of a lad with a downy chin. But one of the funniest incidents of the lot has to do with the "first" time Plupy's voice broke and shattered his chances for carrying away the prize in oratory at the school's annual contest. Then there is his "first" shave; his "first" love affair and his "first" breach of promise case. There is a delightful freshness about the whole book, in fact. It is written in an entertaining way, very much after the style of its predecessor, "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," in which Judge Shute drew a memory-provoking picture of the days when we were lads and lassies and pumpkin pies were not hidden behind a plaster of food pledges.

**"MARTIE."** By Kathleen Norris. William Briggs. \$1.40.

THERE is a wholesome simplicity about Mrs. Norris' stories and her facile descriptions of everyday domestic life are done in a way which

weaves a glamour of interest about her characters and puts a gloss over the commonplace incidents she sets down in the telling of her tale. "Martie" is much like the other books by Mrs. Norris, and is equally entertaining. It is the story of a young girl's rebellion against the old-fashioned notion that boys are better family assets than girls. Martie's brothers get all the plums from the family pantry, so to speak, so the red-headed young miss starts out towards emancipation in defiance of her father's will that she stay around home as a domestic drudge. The full title of the book is "Martie the Unconquered," and the way she emerges from the tangle of difficulties which follow her declaration of independence quite fits the characterization.

**The Eleventh Hour**

(Continued from page 20.)

"Thanks to Mr. Ferris, who is a special agent of the United States Government," Trant motioned to the slight, dark man who was the fourth member of the party, "I have been able to fix upon four men, one of whom, I feel absolutely certain, shot and killed young Newberry through the window of the billiard room that night. Inspector Walker has had all four arrested and brought here. Mr. Ferris's experience and thorough knowledge enabled me to lay my hands on them much more easily than I had hoped, though I was able to go to him with information which would have made their detection almost certain sooner or later."

"You mean information you got at the house?" asked Siler, somewhat bewildered.

"Just so, Siler; and it was as much at your disposal as mine," Trant replied. "It seemed to mean nothing to you that Walter Newberry knew the hour at which he was to die—which made it seem more like an execution than a murder; or that in his terror he raved that 'he would not do it, that they could not make him do it,' plainly meaning commit suicide. Perhaps you don't know that it is an Oriental custom, under certain conditions, to allow a man who has been sentenced to death the alternative of carrying out the decree upon himself before a certain day and hour that has been decided upon! But certainly his ravings, as told us by his wife, ought to have given you a clue, if you had heard only that sentence which she believed an injunction not to sing loudly, but which was in reality a name—Sing Lo!"

"Then—it was a Chinaman!" cried Siler.

"It could hardly have been any other sort of man, Siler. For there is no other to whom it could be commended as a matter of such vital importance whether his mother had small feet or large, as was shown in the other sentence Mrs. Newberry repeated to us. It was that sentence that sent me to Mr. Ferris."

"I see—I see!" exclaimed the crest-fallen detective. "But if it was a Chinaman you'll never get the truth out of him."

"I know, Siler," Trant answered, "that it is absolutely hopeless to expect a confession from a Chinaman; they are so accustomed to control the

(Continued on page 23.)

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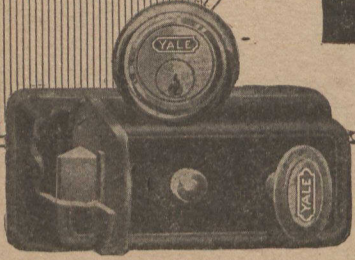
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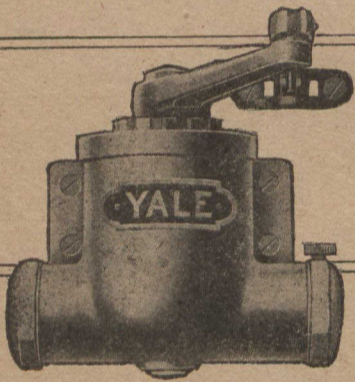
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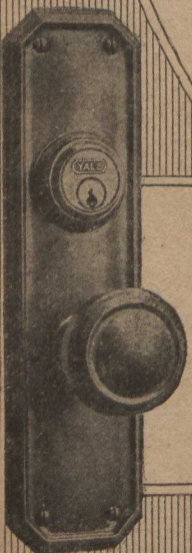
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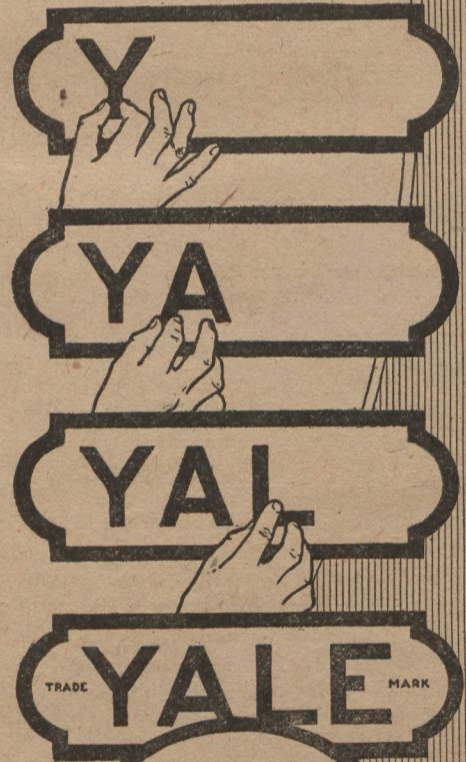
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### The Eleventh Hour

(Continued from page 21.)

obvious signs of fear, guilt, the slightest trace or hint of emotion, even under the most rigid examination, that it has come to be regarded as a characteristic of the race. But the new psychology does not deal with those obvious signs; it deals with the involuntary reactions in the blood and glands which are common to all men alike—even to Chinamen! We have in here," the psychologist glanced toward an inner room, "the four Chinamen—Wong Bo, Billy Lee, Sing Lo, and Sin Chung Ming.

"My first test is to see which of them—if any—was acquainted with Walter Newberry; and next who, if any of them, knew where he lived. For this purpose I have brought here Newberry's photograph and a view of his father's house, which I had taken yesterday." He stooped to one of his suit cases, and took out first a dozen photographs of young men, among them Newberry's, and about twenty views of different houses, among which was the Newberry house. "If you are ready, Inspector, I will go ahead with the test."

THE Inspector threw open the door of the room, showing the four Celestials in a group, and summoned first Wong Bo, who spoke English.

Trant, pushing a chair to the table, ordered the Oriental to sit down and place his hands upon the plates at the table's edge before him. The Chinaman obeyed passively, as if expecting some sort of torture. Immediately the light moved to the centre of the screen, where it had moved when Trant was touching the plates, then went on toward the next line beyond. But as Wong Bo's first suspicious excitement—which the movement of the light betrayed—subsided, the light returned to the centre of the screen.

"You know why you have been brought here, Wong Bo?" Trant demanded.

"No," the Chinaman answered, shortly, the light moving six inches as he did so.

"You know no reason at all why you should be brought here?"

"No," the Chinaman answered, calmly again, while the light moved about six inches. Trant waited till it returned to its normal position in the centre of the screen.

"Do you know an American named Paul Tobin, Wong Bo?"

"No," the Chinaman answered. This time the light remained stationary.

"Nor one named Ralph Murray?"

"No." Still the light stayed stationary.

"Hugh Larkin, Wong Bo?"

"No," calmly again, and with the light quiet in the centre of the screen.

"Walter Newberry?" the psychologist asked in precisely the same tone as he had put the preceding question.

"No," the Chinaman answered, laconically again; but before he answered and almost before the name was off Trant's lips, the light jumped quickly to one side across the screen, crossed the first division line and moved on toward the second and stayed there. It had moved over a foot! But the face of the Oriental was as quiet, patient, and impassive as before. The psychologist made no comment; but waited for the light slowly to return to its normal position. Then he took up his pile of portrait photographs.

"You say you do not know any of

these men, Wong Bo?" Trant said, quietly. "You may know them, but not by name, so I want you to look at these pictures." Trant showed him the first. "Do you know that man, Wong Bo?"

"No," the Chinaman answered, patiently. The light remained steady. Four more pictures of young men elicited the same answer and precisely the same effect. The sixth picture was the photograph of Walter Newberry.

"You know him?" Trant asked.

"No," Wong Bo answered with precisely the same patient impassiveness. Not a muscle of his face changed nor an eyelash quivered; but as soon as Trant had displayed this picture and the Chinaman's eyes fell upon it, the light on the screen again jumped a space and settled near the second line to the left!

Trant put aside the portraits and took up the pictures of the houses. He waited again till the light slowly resumed its central position on the screen.

"You have never gone to this house, Wong Bo?" He showed a large, stone mansion, not at all like the Newberry's.

"No," the Chinaman replied, impassive as ever. The light remained steady.

"Nor to this—or this—or this?"

Trant showed three more with the same result. "Nor this?" He displayed now a rear view of the Newberry house.

The light swung swiftly to one side and stood trembling, again a foot and a half to the left of its normal position as the Chinaman replied quietly, "No."

"That will do for the present." Trant dismissed Wong Bo. "Send him back to his cell, away from the others. We will try the rest—in turn!"

Rapidly he examined Billy Lee and Sing Lo. Each man made precisely the same denials and in the same manner as Wong Bo, and on each case the result was the same, the light was steady, until Walter Newberry's name was mentioned and his picture shown. Then it swung wide. The picture of the house, however, had no effect on them.

"Bring in Sin Chung Ming;" the psychologist commanded. Trant set the yellow hands over the plates and started his questions in the same quiet tone as before. For the first two questions the light moved three times, as it had done with the others—and as even Ferris and Siler now seemed to be expecting it to move—only this time it seemed even to the public officers to swing a little wider. And at Walter Newberry's name, for the first time in any of the tests, it crossed the second dividing line at the first impulse, moved toward the third and stayed there.

EVEN Siler now waited with bated breath, as Trant took up his pile of pictures; and, as he came to the picture of the murdered man and the house where he had lived, for the second and third time in that single test the light—stationary when Sin Chung Ming glanced at the other photographs—trembled across the screen to the third dividing line. For the others it had moved hardly eighteen inches, but when Sin Chung Ming saw the pictured face of the murdered man it had swung almost three feet.

"Inspector Walker," Trant drew the giant aside, "this is the man, I think,



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for the final test. You will carry it out as I arranged with you?"

"Sin Chung Ming," the psychologist turned back to the Chinaman swiftly, as the inspector, without comment, left the room, "you have been watching the little light have you not? You saw it move? It moved when you lied, Sin Chung Ming! It will always move when you lie. It moved when you said you did not know Walter Newberry; it moved when you said you did not

recognize his picture; it moved when you said you did not know his house. Look how it is moving now, as you grow afraid that you have betrayed your secret to us, Sin Chung Ming—as you have and will." Trant pointed to the swinging light in triumph.

A low knock sounded on the door; but Trant, watching the light now slowly returning to its normal place, waited an instant more. Then he himself rapped gently on the table. The

door to the next room—directly opposite the Chinaman's eyes—swung slowly open, and through it they could see the scene which Trant and the inspector had prepared. In the middle of the floor knelt young Mrs. Newberry, her back toward them, her hands pressed against her face; and six feet beyond a man stood, facing her. It was a reproduction of the scene of the murder in the billiard room of the Newberry house. Siler and Ferris stirred and stared swiftly, first at the Chinaman's passionless and immobile face; then at the light upon the screen, and saw it leap across bar after bar. The Chinaman saw it, and knew that it was betraying him, but it leaped and leaped again; swung wider and wider; until at last the impassiveness of the Celestial's attitude was broken, and Sin Chung Ming snatched his hands from the metal plates.

"I had guessed that, anyway, Sin Chung Ming." Trant swiftly closed the door, as Walker returned to the room. "So it was you that fired the shot, after watching the house with Wong Bo, as his fright when he saw the picture of the house showed, while Billy Lee and Sing Lo were not needed at the house that night and had never seen it, though they knew what was to be done. That is all I need of you now, Sin Chung Ming; for I have learned what I wanted to know."

AS the fourth of the Chinamen was led away to his cell, Trant turned back to Inspector Walker and Siler.

"I must acknowledge my debt to Mr. Ferris," he said, "for help in solving this case. Mr. Ferris, as you already know, Inspector Walker, as special agent for the Government, has for years been engaged in the enforcement of the Chinese exclusion laws. The sentence repeated to us by Mrs. Newberry, in which her husband, delirious with fright, seemed warning some one that to acknowledge that his mother had large feet would prevent him from 'getting in,' seemed to me to establish a connection between young Newberry's terror and an evasion of the exclusion laws. I went at once to Mr. Ferris to test this idea, and he recognized its application at once.

"As the exclusion laws against all but a very small class of Chinese are being more strictly enforced than ever before, there has been a large and increasing traffic among the Chinese in bogus papers to procure entry into this country of Chinese belonging to the excluded classes. The applicants of the classes excluded are supplied with regular 'coaching papers' so that they can correctly answer the questions asked them at San Francisco or Seattle. The injunction to 'say your mother had small feet' was recognized at once by Ferris as one of the instructions of the 'coaching papers' to get a laborer entered as a man of the merchant class.

"Mr. Ferris and I together investigated the career of Walter Newberry after his return from China, where he had spent nearly the whole of his life, and we were able to establish, as we expected we might, a connection between him and the Sing Lo Trading Company—a Chinese company which Mr. Ferris had long suspected of dealing in fraudulent admission papers, though he had never been able to bring home to them any proof. We found, also, that Young Newberry had spent and gambled away much more money in the last few months than he

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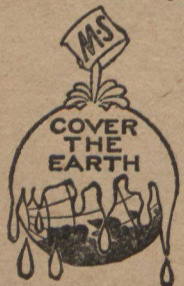
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had legitimately received. And we were able to make certain that this money had come to him through the Sing Lo Company, though obviously not for such uses. As it is not an uncommon thing for Chinese engaged in the fraudulent bringing in of their countrymen to confide part of the business to unprincipled Americans—especially as all papers have to be vised by American consuls and disputes settled in American courts—we became certain that young Newberry had been serving the Sing Lo Company in this capacity. It was plain that he had purloined a large amount of money, and his actions, as described by his wife, made it equally certain that he had been sentenced by the members of the company to death, and given the Oriental alternative of committing suicide before eleven o'clock on Sunday night. Now whether it will be possible to convict all four of the Chinamen we had here for complicity in his murder, or whether Sin Chung Ming, who fired the shot, will be the only one tried, I do not know."

"I doubt whether, under the circumstances any force could be brought to bear that would extort any formal confession from these Chinamen." The Government agent shook his head. "They would lose their 'face' and with it all reputation among their countrymen."

At this instant the door of the room was opened, and the flushed face of the desk sergeant appeared before them.

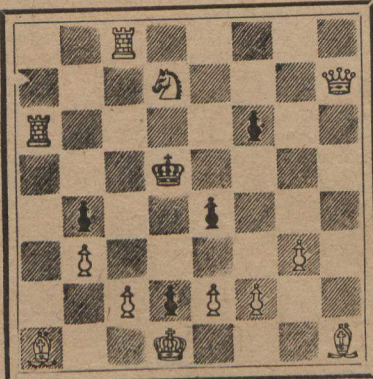
"Inspector!" he cried, sharply. "The chink's dead! The last one, Sin Chung Ming; choked himself as soon as he was alone in his cell!"

"What? Ah—I see!" the immigration officer comprehended after an instant. "He considered what we found from him here confession enough—especially since he implicated the others with him—so that his 'face' was lost. To him, it was unpardonable weakness to let us find what we did. I think, then, Mr. Trant," he concluded, quietly, "that you can safely consider your case settled. His suicide is proof that Sin Chung Ming believed he had confessed!"

## CHESS

Conducted by MALCOLM SIM

PROBLEM No. 158, by W. J. Faulkner, Toronto.  
(Specially composed for the "Courier.")  
Black.—Five Pieces.



White.—Twelve Pieces.

White to play and self-mate in six. The problem above is a very commendable combined en passant and pin theme; hardly as difficult, perhaps, as its length might imply. Who can solve it?

### SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 156, by D. J. Densmore.  
1. B-Q6! BxKt dbl. ch.; 2. KxB, RxB dbl. ch.; 3. KxR mate.  
The threat is 2. Kt-B5 mate.

To Correspondents.

(C. F. D.), Victoria.—Many thanks for

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CANADA

# How best to Serve

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THE Military Service Act is the law of the land. It will be enforced sincerely and with firmness, but fairly. Reinforcements to be raised are limited to 100,000 men, who are being selected by the country, not by the military authority. Military control does not start until these men are chosen.

### The Men Called Can Help

The first call is for men between the ages of 20 and 34 inclusive, who were unmarried or widowers without children on July 6, 1917. All these men should go immediately before a Medical Board in this district for examination as to physical fitness. If they are not placed in the Medical Category A., their present obligation ceases. If found physically fit and placed in Category A., they should, immediately after the issue of the proclamation calling out the first class, visit the nearest post office and report for service on a printed form supplied. If reasonable ground for claiming exemption exists, an exemption form may be obtained from the Postmaster, and filled out. The Postmaster will forward this form to the Registrar appointed for the district, and the man seeking exemption will then be advised by mail when and where he should appear before an Exemption Board to have his case taken up.

### The Employer's Part

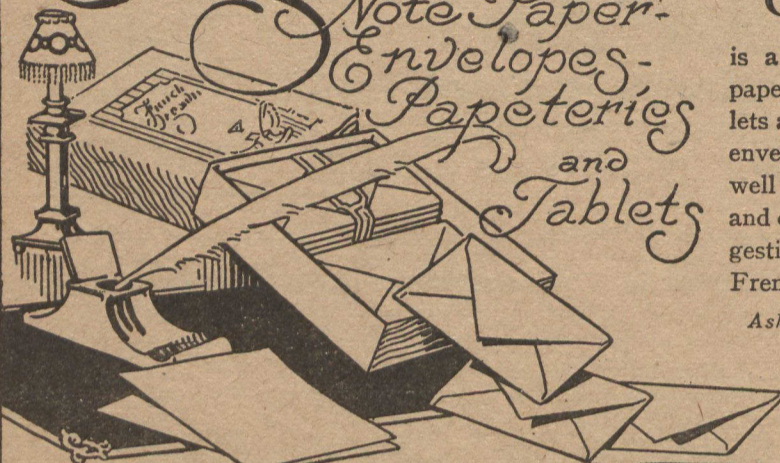
Employers will find it to their advantage to see that all the men in their employ who are in the first class under the Military Service Act appear as soon as possible before a Medical Board for examination. Should an employer desire exemption for any one of his men who is found physically fit, he may seek it on the following grounds:

- (1) that the national interest demands that a man be left at his work rather than placed in military service.
- (2) that, instead of doing military service, a man should be used in work for which he has special qualifications.
- (3) that it is expedient in the national interest that instead of being employed in military service, he should continue to be educated or trained for any work for which he is then being educated or trained.

### Duty of Parent or Near Relative

Parents or near relatives of men in the class called may apply for their exemption on the above grounds or because of some special domestic reasons. In this, as in other cases, delay is a grave mistake.

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games. (G. K. P.), Toronto.—Ditto. ("Curious"), Campbellton, N.B.—In No. 153, if 1... BxR; 2. Q—Kt4 mate. In 152, yes, 2. .... K—K4. Thanks for pointing out error in game.

**Errata.**

In game Sept. 22, Egmondville v. Toronto, note (Q), a correspondent kindly points out that we have overlooked black's 37. .... R—K8 mate! White can finish in eight by 37. QxR and 38. Q—Kt6.

**CHESS IN CANADA.**

An interesting game, played in Victoria, between Mr. C. F. Davie and T. H. Piper. Mr. Davie informs us that Mr. Piper was a very strong player, from whom he learned his chess, but he is on in years now. He once challenged Magnus Smith (who at that time claimed the championship of Canada) to a match for the determination of this question and for \$1,000, offering to pay his (Smith's) expenses to the coast. Smith, however, could not secure the backing.

**Centre Counter Gambit.**

- |                |               |
|----------------|---------------|
| White.         | Black.        |
| T. H. Piper.   | C. F. Davie.  |
| 1. P—K4        | 1. P—Q4       |
| 2. Pxp         | 2. QxP        |
| 3. Kt—QB3      | 3. Q—QR4      |
| 4. Kt—B3 (a)   | 4. P—K4 (b)   |
| 5. B—B4        | 5. B—K2 (c)   |
| 6. Castles     | 6. Kt—KB3     |
| 7. R—Ksq       | 7. Kt—B3      |
| 8. B—Kt5       | 8. Kt—Q2      |
| 9. BxKt        | 9. PxB        |
| 10. P—Q4 (d)   | 10. P—B3 (e)  |
| 11. Kt—KR4 (f) | 11. Castles   |
| 12. Kt—B5      | 12. R—E2      |
| 13. Q—Kt4 (g)  | 13. K—Rsq     |
| 14. B—R6       | 14. B—Bsq (h) |
| 15. B—Q2 (i)   | 15. Pxp       |
| 16. KtxP       | 16. Kt—K4     |
| 17. Q—K4       | 17. B—Q2      |
| 18. P—B4       | 18. Kt—B5     |
| 19. KtxP (j)   | 19. Q—B4ch    |
| 20. Kt—Q4      | 20. R—Ksq     |
- Resigns (k)

(a) Usual is 4. P—Q4, but recently 4. B—B4 has been advocated as best. The text-move at once gives black a good development for his Queen's Bishop at Kt5 and is therefore objectionable.

(b) This advance appears to be unsound, black being too much behind in development. B—Kt5 and Kt—KB3 should have been played.

(c) If now 5... B—KKt5, of course white continues 6. BxPch.

(d) There are objections to 10. Q—K2. The text-move commendably takes advantage of the exposed black king, for if now 10... Pxp, then 11. QxP, Kt—B3 (if 11... P—B3, then 12. Q—K4, Kt—K4; 13. KtxKt, PxB; 14. QxBPch), 12. B—R6! etc.

(e) Not 10... B—Q3; 11. Pxp, KtxP; 12. KtxKt, BxKt; 13. P—B4.

(f) White, who has played very well up to now, here misses his cue. He should have continued 11. Pxp, Pxp; 12. KtxP, KtxKt; 13. Q—R5ch, P—Kt3; 14. RxKt! with a winning advantage. The position will repay examination.

(g) 13. Pxp, Pxp (KtxP would lose a piece), hoping to gain later against the isolated pawns might be suggested.

(h) It would seem that the bishop could be safely taken, e.g., 14... PxB; 15. R—K3, Kt—Bsq; 16. R—Kt3, Kt—Kt3, when 17. P—KR4 would be answered by 17... BxKt.

(i) The bishop must evidently retire and the initiative passes over to black. If 15. R—K3, then 15... Kt—Kt3 (threatening P—Kt3) 16. Q—B3, PxB. If here, instead, 15... PxB, then white gets the best of it by 16. R—Kt3, B—KKt2; 17. KtxB, Kt—Bsq; 18. Kt—B5, Kt—Kt3 (threatening Kt—K2); 19. Q—B3. If 19. Q—R4 then black answers 19... Pxp!

(j) This is a mistake for which Mr. Davie had laid without, however, great expectations. The best play is 19. Kt—Kt3, when black can secure the advantage of two bishops against two knights.

(k) The knight cannot be saved, for if 21. Q—Q3, then 21... KtxKtP. A very interesting game.

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R. J. Spencer	12	0
W. G. Howard	9	3
P. Barry	8	4
G. H. Collin	7½	4½
G. F. Griffin	7½	4½
B. J. Zeeman	7	5
A. D. Campbell	6	6
L. C. Chown	5	7
C. D. Corbould	4	8
J. A. Walker	4	8
W. O. Craig	3	9
F. C. Dremgovle	3	9
G. D. Holmes	2	10

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