

# CANADIAN COURIER

Vol. XXIII. No. 3

FIVE CENTS

December 15, 1917

Alex. Fraser  
67 Woodburn Ave  
Toronto Ont  
55207 Jmels

**O**NE in every twelve Canadians, men, women and children, bought Canada's Victory Bonds. To every man, woman and child an average of one \$50 Bond. For every Canadian in the King's Khaki since 1914, \$1,000. In the first month of Compulsory Military Service comes the Grand Victory of the Voluntary-Enlistment Dollar. Between the close of the Victory Loan Polls and the General Election Polls, just 17 days. Between the Election and Christmas, 8 days. Events are running fast on this Front. No Christmas-Time in Canada was ever so full of big national events. Since the fates decree that Christmas and the Elections shall be only 8 days apart, let us hope we shall all be done calling one another anti-patriots and liars in time to wish one another as Canadians the real Compliments of the Season. Whatever happens the morning after the election, two things will yet be with us—the Spirit of Christmas and the War. The world has had one somewhat longer than the other. There were wars and rumors of wars long before Christ. And if some people in a far country could have their way there will be wars and still more wars long after the last phantom of the Spirit of Christmas has gone, along with the Living of Christ, clean out of the world. The Canadian General Election of 1917 will be a bad body blow at good old Christmas unless we make a quick national recovery in our newspaper sanitariums. But the nation that establishes a World's Record for a War Loan should be able to set a World Pace for the Spirit of Christmas. And if a few hundred thousand grown-up people in Canada go without Christmas Gifts this year because their loose money all went into Victory Bonds—so much the better for the Spirit of Christmas.

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# CANADIAN COURIER

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## Measuring Up to Canada

**W**HAT about the election? we are sometimes asked. Why don't you come out on one side or the other without any qualification?

We reply—

Our readers belong to both sides, to all parties, to all provinces; they represent all the varying conditions there are, political and otherwise, in this country. Our business is above all things to be Canadian. We believe, as we have said again and again, in putting the weight of the country unreservedly, intelligently, organizedly behind all the efforts Canada is putting into the war. It is—our war; but not of our choosing. We believe that Canada has a big stake in seeing this war won, and as soon as possible. We should have no faith in the future of this country if we were compelled to admit that we were merely dragooned into the war. We should have little hope in the destiny of Canada if we did not believe that the best sentiment of Canada was, and is and will be, in favor of standing by England till England quits the war.

And we know that England won't quit till the job is done. Canada will be in at the finish. If not, then for heaven's sake let us confess right away that we think our participation in the war from the first was a mistake.

But let us not sling words around like drunken sailors when talking about Canada's or England's part in the war. Our loyalty to the cause is not measured by the noise we make. It is measured by the work we do, as sanely as we may. There is danger of running amok in language, and the election is not helping to prevent this very much.

No, let us get down to the facts of the case. The war will not be finished with typewriters. Canada's place among the young nations will not be determined by Victory Loans or elections. These are necessary. We take them as they come and get ahead as far as possible by means of them.

But we have a country to maintain. Canada will be here for somebody long after the war is over. Canada might as well be labelled for Germany as any other foreign nation, if we are to waste ourselves and wear out our national spirit in bitterness and strife and evil-speaking. By all means let us call a spade a spade, but let us combine common-sense with our sincerity when we do it.

The country is here to be held together; the greatest thing we can do to hold it together will be to send to the Allies, to England, to our men at the front, every pound, every bushel, every man, every munition we can send, without weakening ourselves nationally in order to do it.

Our first great business is to continue helping to win the war. We can do that only according as we organize ourselves sensibly and stop talking—mere politics.

Our politics are in a state of flux. The shibboleth of to-day becomes the discarded slogan of to-morrow. Canada is bigger than most of our politics—or heaven help us. All the Canadian Courier can hope to do is to come as near as possible to being as big as Canada.



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# What Will Happen to Business if we “QUIT” ?

**BUSINESS MEN!**—stop and think! If we quit the war,—and that is where Laurier and Bourassa lead,—we simply invite ruin financially. The civilized world would stamp us with the same brand as Russia!

Foreign credit would suffer and internationally we would become a cipher—a nation without honor. And make no mistake, a Referendum means *QUITTING!*

## Support Union Government

To-day we are dependent on the United States for such essential supplies as cotton, hard coal, tin plate, the largest proportion of our iron, steel brass, copper, and other commodities. The United States admires Canada's stand so far, and facilitates exports to this country. Imagine how quickly she would reverse her attitude if Canada failed to continue her effort in the war.

### To Quit Would Set the Country Back Fifty Years

Be guided by the fact that the United States is now refusing to send supplies to Russia. Why? Would Great Britain send us any more war orders? Remember the part munition-making has played in Canada's commercial prosperity since the war began. Think of the Victory Loan and how a large part of the proceeds were destined to finance British war orders.

Does any sane business man believe that if

Canada refused to do her duty and send the necessary reinforcements to support our men in France, that Great Britain and our Allies would be disposed to continue to place orders for munitions in Canada? Aside from the national honor, and the call of our men for reinforcements, which are the main reasons why Union Government must be returned, the commercial future of the Dominion demands Canada's continued participation in the war.

*Unionist Party Publicity Committee*



# CANADIAN COURIER



VOL. XXIII. No. 3  
DECEMBER 15, 1917

## A CLEAR PERSPECTIVE on PEACE

**L**ORD LANSDOWNE'S peace letter to the Daily Telegraph is one of the sensations of the war. Let us examine it seriously.

We cannot dismiss this letter by calling its author a pacifist. All men who are not jingoes are not, therefore, pacifists. Neither will it be settled by calling him a Tory of the old school. There are thousands of such Tories in the trenches.

Twenty-four million men are at war. Most of these have been fighting for years. The war began in a great fire. It has become a world conflagration. And there is no world fire brigade to put it out. All the neutral nations added together, excluding China, which is nominally at war, do not constitute one-tenth the population, area and resources of the world which is now deep into the struggle of almost a prehistoric age. What effect these years of underground, sub-aqueous and aerial war have had upon the armies engaged is drastically set forth in the extract from "Under Fire," on page 16 of this issue. It is still further illuminated by Max Nordau, writing in the December Forum:

Besides ceasing to be a free citizen and a civilized man, the soldier has lost also, during the years of the campaign, all the benefits of a hundred thousand years of intellectual and moral evolution of mankind. Struggle for life is no more spiritualized and symbolic; it has taken its literal sense and its most brutally pristine form. He is the hunted beast that his remotest ancestor has been, ever on his guard against the claws and fangs of the giant tiger of the tertiary period and of the monstrous cave bear. Death constantly lurks about him. His enemy is not a beast of prey, but another brute, more ferocious still, the watchful foe, intent upon massacring him. His only idea must be to kill in order not to be killed.

One belligerent nation only has escaped this. The United States is now in the first flush of war; unexhausted, rich, eager, resourceful, filled with crusading desire for the enthronement of liberty, which, had it been expressed in action when the Lusitania was sunk, must have ended the war before this. All the other nations are in various stages of war-weariness. No one denies it. The singing era has gone. We no longer vent our superfluous enthusiasm in patriotic concerts. The French have stopped singing La Marseillaise; the Germans do not sing Deutschland Uber Alles; the Tommies have quit Tipperary; Canada only now and then pipes up with The Maple Leaf, or O Canada. Only the United States is singing itself to war. And war may tucker the songs out of them before it is over.

In the face of this almost universal sickness of war, Lord Lansdowne says:

In my belief if the war is to be brought to a close in time to avert a world-wide catastrophe it will be brought to a close because on both sides the peoples of the countries involved realize that it already has lasted too long. There can be no question that this feeling prevails extensively in Germany, Austria, and Turkey. We know beyond all doubt that the economic pressure in those countries far exceeds any to which we are subject here. Ministers inform us in their speeches of the constant efforts on the part of the Central powers to invite peace



*A NATION managed by thugs has neither right nor power to rule the world. But three and a half years of war has not removed the Thug-management which it took 50 years to build up. And if Lord Lansdowne is to be believed it will take longer than the period of this war to do it.*

By THE EDITOR

munities of the world; (4) that we are prepared when the war is over to examine in concert with other powers a group of international problems, some of them of recent origin, which are connected with the question of the freedom of the seas; (5) that we are prepared to enter into an international pact under which ample opportunities would be afforded for the settlement of international disputes by peaceful means.

**F**OUR Christmases will have come with 1917 since the war. Four times the world has expected peace by Christmas. But the era of peace comes and comes again and there is no peace.

If we can't get peace by Christmas, 1917, can't we get at least a clear definition of what we expect to do by means of war? What is it? Crush Germany? Impossible. Even a small nation cannot be crushed. You cannot kill a nation. Dethrone the Hohenzollerns? That is Germany's own business. If Germany prefers Kaisers, let her have them till German social democracy abolishes the lot. But it's no business of ours to create democracy for Germany. We have trouble enough with our own. Some Germans may still imagine that it is their business to abolish democracies as dangerous to civilization. But of course they won't be allowed to do it. That's democracy's own business.

All right. We are still fighting Germany. The outlook is that for a long while to come  
(Continued on page-13.)

talk. If the peace talk is not more articulate, and has not been so precise as to enable his Majesty's Government to treat it seriously, an explanation is probably to be found in the fact, first, that German despotism does not tolerate independent expressions of opinion, and, second, that the German Government has contrived, probably with success, to misrepresent the aims of the allies, which are supposed to include the destruction of Germany and the imposition upon her of a form of government to be decided by her enemies, her destruction as a great commercial community, and her exclusion from the free use of the seas.

Lansdowne admits that Germany cannot defeat the Allies. What he claims is that the Allies and the Central Powers, together may, if they fight long enough, wear out the world. What he wants is a restatement of war aims, when he says:

An immense stimulus would probably be given to a peace party in Germany if it were understood: (1) that we do not desire the annihilation of Germany as a great power; (2) that we do not seek to impose upon her people any form of government other than that of their own choice; (3) that, except as a legitimate war measure, we have no desire to deny to Germany her place among the great commercial com-

# The Gold-Satin Wrap and the Coal Heap



## STORIETTES

ONCE upon a time, and not so very long ago, there was a kindergarten in, we suppose, New York—or it may have been Winnipeg—where the kiddies were suddenly set to work on a bright idea for Christmas.

"A new game, children," said the teacher.

"Oh, let's play it! What is it?"

"Stuffing stockings, children. Christmas stockings."

"O—o—oh! Who's it for?"

"Hush, and I'll tell you—"

And the story was all about little French children who for three years haven't had a Christmas, and since the advance of the British getting the Germans out, have been let back into the part of the world that is ruled by the spirit of Christmas. The idea was to send these children, as many as possible, each a well-crammed Christmas stocking. The game was for the kindergarten kiddies to stuff the stockings. Which, as you see, they did with more joy than any other game in the lot. We have only one fault to find with the photograph—which does not contain the picture of Santa Claus handing out the dolls, the candy and the nuts. Which, of course, in this case wouldn't have done at all, because for weeks now the children had been hoarding up their own pennies, just to give Santa Claus a lift.

### II.

AND only a few blocks away from that school there was a strange feminine creature whom the Lord intended to be really and truly human and good and sensible. And so, perhaps, she was. But she had to make a living in a very strange way. Here she is doing it. What a strange gown she wears! How like a beautiful bat against the wall she looks! And if you could just see the colors in this gold and purple satin and metal brocade evening wrap you would ask where is the Queen of Sheba that is to wear it? Oh, she will be along. Somebody is going to wear this gold and satin wrap. It will cost her hundreds of dollars, but then, she has loads of



## BY PICTORICUS

dollars; her husband made it in munitions; she has to wear such things because she belongs to the smart set who always believe that fine feathers make fine birds. The girl who has it on doesn't own it. Oh no, it would take many months of her wages in the modiste's establishment in pay for such a garment. So she goes on trying it on, just to show Milady from Fifth Avenue or Riverside Drive how it will look. She was at the kindergarten once; the same kindergarten where the children stuffed the stockings for the French kiddies.

So that's the second chapter.

### III.

AND the next is all about the little Canadian lads who didn't go to kindergarten and never saw a gold and satin gown or they would have gone into delirium tremens. They are thrifty little gatherers who a few weeks ago understood from what their fathers read in the newspaper with the funny black marks on it that most folks in town couldn't read, that coal would be hard to get this winter. So they played truant from school—not a kindergarten—to go bagging for coal. Where did they go? Trust them. They knew that any railway track is just decorated with little bits of coal that nobody owns now and nobody would be bothered picking up except little boys whose fathers and mothers read funny black-marked newspapers. Day after day, bag after bag, they gathered the coal. Oh, it's all burned now, or the boys would have been cold in bed long ago. Till the snow comes they can get more, if they go far enough.

### IV.

BUT if these little boys only knew it, there's a much better place than railway tracks to get coal. There is a man who drives a big cart along certain streets every day. People say he is the ash-man. But the other day somebody asked him—when he came to the ash-cans shown in the photograph—"Say, are you an ash-man or a coal-dealer?" And he said it was a shame that some people wasted their coal that way.

# 40,000 LITTLE MEN WANTED

*The Toronto Naval League Knows How to Get Them and How to Make Big Men of Them Whether They Go Into Seamanship or Not*

By NAUTICUS

EVER been a boy? No? That's too bad, and yet only half the parents of the rising generation have been. It seems a pity, in a way, because just for that reason all of the grown-ups do not grasp as quickly as some of them do the overpowering appeal that the attractions of the Boys' Naval Brigade have for the youth, and what it means to him to be able to get to the water, to get into a boat; to row, sail, swim, do stunts with ropes, and withal get an inside view of the work of a real sailorman. Five hundred boys have been at the business this summer—by the end of the year there will be a thousand—and already a number of them are fit to take their places as A. B.'s—able-bodied seamen—if they feel inclined.

The fact that the Ontario Government has granted \$50,000 to the Navy League shows how its activities are regarded from an economic standpoint. The need of men for Canada's lake and seagoing marine is very great; forty thousand, probably, are required to man the inland mercantile and naval services on the inland waters and the coasts. Where these men are to come from, with the industrial centres and their inducements of higher pay drawing men from the farm—as has been the case for years—from lumbering, from railroading even, is a question which must be studied intently if this nation is to take advantage of its position as a shipping country. On the Great Lakes, whose tonnage through the Soo canals is greater in three months than that of the Suez Canal in a year, the scarcity of experienced sailors is very marked—and this condition existed before the war. With all our technical educational advantages there has never been a thorough-going system of supply to maintain the record of which Canadians should be proud.

In the old days of tall canvas and muzzle-loading guns, Canadian officers and men made a name for themselves just as the men on the firing-line are doing to-day. Since then the exploits and services of Canadians on the water have made a worthy record; and although the need is as great and will be more pronounced after the war, the sailorman's craft has been allowed to dwindle until almost any occupation would be thought of as a career for the boy before that of the sea.

THOUSANDS of Canadians are at work for Britain on the ocean in all branches, on mine-sweepers, submarine chasers, patrols and battleships. The feat of the Canadian lake steamer "Meaford," which fought and sank a submarine on one of her sea trips, is one shining example; other lake carriers have been doing their bit in breaking cargo records in grain and ore. Six hundred recruits have gone into

the Navy from Toronto and district. Why not six thousand? No reason at all except that seamanship has been overlooked. And the wise men who are thinking of the future of our two-thousand-mile highway into the heart of the continent are beginning to scurry for some means to bring public interest to bear upon the question so that Canada may have a part in the great mercantile shipping procession that is about to pass along her shores. This is the reason \$100,000 is being sought by the League from the Dominion Government.

It was in May of this year that Rev. J. Russel MacLean, of St. John's Church, Toronto (the old Garrison church), sought out Commodore Emilius Jarvis to help him put over the proposition that had been taking form in the energetic parson's mind during the past three years. It took Mr. Jarvis, who happens to be the British Navy's chief recruiting officer in Ontario, but a moment to see that the well-matured plans laid before him were the beginnings of a movement, which, if it received a percentage of the assistance it deserved, would solve the problem of a supply for the marine. "This is the very thing I have been looking for," he said. As a yachtsman he knew the charm of the game and how easy it would be to enlist the enthusiasm of the thousands of boys who have a hankering for it; as a practical man of affairs he knew the need, and set to work to put the Navy League on its feet and to see that others took off their coats also. It was easy to make the vessel owners see the value of it. Soon the League was in possession of a vessel of considerable tonnage and four smaller boats, the gift of Canada Steamship Lines; of two 32-footers from the Mathews Steamship Company, and of three gasoline launches, from Norman Macrea, E. B. Collett, and the Disappearing Propellor Co. The co-operation of a hundred other practical helpers in the world of business and among the yacht clubs and the clergy was secured and the League began business.

In the meantime Mr. MacLean was instrumental in arranging the visit of the crew of H. M. C. S. Niobe to Toronto, in June; the sight of these hearty youths swinging about town in their natty blue did much to stimulate practical support and the League cast off and got under way. It won't be all plain sailing, and anyone who knows the ropes well enough to get hold of the Treasurer (it might be well to speak plainly—he's D. A. Cameron, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce) will be expected to lend a hand; money, boats, books, and a hundred other things will be welcomed at the for'ard hatch. Five citizens of Toronto have undertaken to build a concrete ship, complete

as to masts, spars, and rigging, to be set up in one of the public parks of the city, part of it to be occupied as an office and dwelling by the Chief Instructor. This can be used winter and summer and will form a headquarters for the Toronto brigade.

Great are the plans for the future. In a couple of years there will be a replica of the old "Victory," Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar, from which dates Britain's supremacy on the sea, riding



at anchor on the bay; ships suitable for cruising on the lakes; training ships to be planted in the larger ports. One of the projects of the Educational Committee of the League is a school reader, dealing with affairs nautical, an entertainingly instructive little missionary that will carry its introduction to children on its face. Agriculture can take care of itself, industry can buy its way, but sailing is going to be boosted from now on or the League will know the reason why not—and shift its course to meet the breeze. With the United States wondering how to get a larger proportion of their own sons aboard the navy in place of the Norwegians and Swedes, when the fishing industry of Western Canada is in the clever hands of the Japanese, when every nation in the world with a bit of waterfront and a leaky punt is racing to get them patched up in time for the after-war struggle—isn't it about time to go below and shake the Canadian out of his bunk?

"WHAT ho, mar-r-riner-rs?" says the prime mover in all this preparation, with a Scotch burr that would cut right through a British Columbia fir tree; "every boy wants to be a sailor! The material is here, the spirit of adventure is in him, and the craving to go about and see more of the world." Mr. MacLean doubtless appreciated the country's need in the marine, but what gave him the necessary enthusiasm for the project was the magnificent opportunity of getting the boy at his best, interested in the work for its own sake, not loaded with precepts for the future, and of leading him by natural easy stages to acquire habits of physical and mental health. "We give him too much theory," says he, "we neglect the cardinal things of life and we do not acquiesce sufficiently in his demand for play. We would be better to go in for more boxing, swimming, rowing and the rest of it. Not all are content to settle into industrial and money-making pursuits; the others must have

(Concluded on page 25.)



Among these men who converted the Commodore Jarvis into a training ship free of charge, note Rev. Mr. MacLean, at his right Chief Instructor Stewart, second from his left. Petty Officer Allen. And to stimulate recruiting the boys after the inauguration of the ship went marching over the city.

*Some people sleep at home, work down town and do their actual living on street cars. This story began on a street car. It ended in the lives of two other people. And by this time the same street car has been the scene of other stories*

# THE MATCH-BREAKERS

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

SHE noticed him with a thrill of blurred recognition, the moment she entered the car. But he, apparently, did not see her until she had seated herself. He stared for an immeasurable part of a second. Then his whole face broke into a smile charged electrically with delight. He pulled off his hat with a swift, vigorous gesture. With his head bare, he looked appallingly alien.

This is the formulae of her thoughts for an infinitesimal interval:

"Oh, dear, I haven't the remotest idea who he is. I know I've never seen him before in my life. I'm sure I'd remember a man that looked like that. I won't bow. I'll simply glare at him until he slinks out of the car. But I can't cut a man with a whole crowd standing round to watch the massacre. Maybe he's made a mistake.

"I will bow. But suppose he's calculating on my not daring to throw him down—before people—suppose he takes advantage of my kindness to come over and talk with me. I won't bow."

She bowed.

"I know as well as I know anything that I never met him in my life. I never saw such a girl as I am for seeing people that look like somebody I can't remember. Perhaps he did it just as an experiment to see if I would. Perhaps he thinks I'm the kind of girl that—Perhaps this feather is too long—New York hats always look so queer in Boston. But I have always thought if there was anything that could be said to my credit—it was that I looked like a lady.

"I'm sorry I bowed.

"Probably I have met him somewhere. Where was the last place I went before going to New York—oh, I know, that evening at the Gordons'—there were slathers of new men there. That's where I met him. Wouldn't it have been awful if I'd cut him! I wonder if the dot on my veil has worked onto the end of my nose. I'll get his name in a moment.

"I'm glad I bowed."

She stole a sideways glance in his direction when her sixth sense told her he was looking away.

NO, it was impossible that he could be a mere vulgar villain. He had all the stigmata of the thoroughbred. He had a long, sinewy body that broadened into shoulders that cut off the whole view from the window at his side. He had the kind of chin outline that she particularly liked—cleft, too, not dented. The hand that grasped a bag full of golf sticks was

slender, muscular, full of character. There had been in his eyes, when he bowed, that straightforward, pleasant look that much traveling had led her to believe was characteristic of American men alone.

Of course after that she stared straight ahead.

It was a magnificent day—a wild March wind rampaging through the mildness of late April. They sped up Boylston Street. The green vistas of Commonwealth Avenue and of Beacon Street flittered by. Then came the ruffled Charles, beating from under Harvard Bridge to where, on Beacon Hill, the houses piled up to the golden dome of the State House.

"Now let me think of the men I met at the Gordons'—there was the one that had the walrus mustache—the one that looked like a peanut—the one with the fuzzy English accent—the pink-looking one with the mauve eyelashes. Then there was that nice Western boy who told me I was easy to look at. Oh, I know! This one must have come with that crowd of real men who stopped at the door in the automobile with Charley Gordon. Charley Gordon insisted on dragging them in. They

side presently. She knew the exact moment when he arose. She did not move an eyelash as she felt him drawing nearer.

"Have you seen the Robinsons lately?" he asked, pleasantly, as he seated himself at her side.

Oh, it was at the Robinsons' that he had met her then. That was a different thing. It was as if he had been marked "sterling." There was never any "seconds" at the Robinsons'.

"Not for two weeks, I think," she said, with her prettiest air of graciousness. "How are they all?"

His face grew serious. "Then you haven't heard?"

"Heard?" She turned directly to him and her eyes went wide with alarm.

"Of Mrs. Robinson's accident? Please don't look like that!" He went on reassuringly: "She's not dangerously hurt. She was thrown from an automobile two or three nights ago—she's all right now—there were no bones broken."

"How dreadful!" Her soft brows gathered into a furry plexus. "Are you quite sure she's all right? Have you seen her?"

"No. But I called last night. And they assured me that she was quite herself again; that she had, in fact, taken a short drive in the afternoon."

SHE gnawed perplexedly at her under lip. "I can't see why they didn't tell me. But I have just this moment returned from New York. I suppose they wouldn't alarm me unnecessarily while I was there and they haven't had a moment since. There was an important letter, taking me away the moment I got into the house."

This was half reverie and he did not say anything. But his look was sympathetic. His face was even nicer, she thought, in its serious aspect.

"It would be awful to have anything happen to Mrs. Robinson," she went on. "She's such a dear. And such a wonderful woman, too. Wherever she is things happen—don't you think so? And

you always meet such charming people in her house."

"I have—certainly," he acquiesced with enthusiasm.

"What car are you taking?" he asked as they both arose at Harvard Square.

"An Arlington car. But I want to run into the station and telephone first."



"That girl doesn't look any more like you than my grandmother does."

were all in those cubby-bear coats and of course men never look remotely human in goggles. It's out of the question trying to remember his name.

"Wouldn't it have been dreadful if I hadn't bowed?"

On the other side of the bridge the car began to empty. There was a vacant place at her



"I'll hold the car for you," he offered. "I'm going to Arlington, too."

"I tried to get the Robinsons," she said, on her return, "but nobody answered the 'phone. But I got Marvin and ordered some flowers to be sent out to her. I——"

"There's our car now," he interrupted.

"Who was with Mrs. Robinson at the time of the accident?" she asked, as they seated themselves. "Or was she alone?"

"No, I believe Dora was with her."

"Dora?" she repeated, questioningly.

"Dora?"

"Yes, her daughter."

"But Mrs. Robinson has no daughters."

HE stared at her. "She has two daughters." "Two daughters." She returned his stare. "What Mrs. Robinson do you refer to?" she asked, after a perplexed pause.

"I mean Mrs. Marmaduke Robinson, of Belton Roads, Cambridge."

"I've been talking about Mrs. Aston Robinson, of Brookline. At least," she went on, haughtily, "it was to her that I had the flowers sent with a most affectionate message of sympathy for her accident."

He roared. "Perhaps you'll be so good," and her cutting tone broke his laughter short, "as to tell me where you met me."

"Why, at the——" he began confidently. Then he began to stammer. "I—I thought I met you at a tea given by Mrs.—Mrs. Marmaduke Robinson—three weeks ago. There was a girl pouring tea—no, she was ladling out that cold slushy stuff they give you at teas. Anyway, she had a feather that dripped down over the side of her hat just like yours." He looked encouragingly at her as if this alluring description must jog her memory.

"As I don't know the Mrs. Robinson to whom you refer, I could not possibly have met you. It's not necessary for me to remind you that we don't know each other."

He arose instantly. "I beg your pardon," he said, simply. "It was all my fault."

She bowed with dismissive haughtiness. "And, incidentally," her voice took a tone of elfin sarcasm, "I don't wear a hat when I pour at teas."

He raised his hat. He retreated to a seat in the farthest corner where he sat with his arms folded, looking away from her, out the window. Once she saw his shoulders shake. She knew he was thinking of the flowers. Her own shoulders took a loftier pose.

THEY were getting out toward Arlington and the wind had become a gale. The sky was a polished blue bowl on whose smooth sides the whipped-cream clouds tried vainly to get aground. In the east, a mass of them, huge, puffy, overblown, huddled against the horizon line. The trees were all bent double in their efforts to withstand the onslaught. The flapping garments on the clotheslines across the street were distended into bloated, gargoylike parodies of the human figure.

He saw none of this. He was thinking what an ass a man is anyway. But if girls only knew how different they looked when they were rigged out for an afternoon tea in dewdabs, dingbats, wassetts, and fluffy-doodles from afterwards on the street when they wore real clothes. That girl at the tea was a dead ringer for the one in the car. It was enough to feaze any man. He would like to put them side by side and let their own mother pick them out. When he came to think of it, though, the girl at the tea had a wart or a mole or a wen or something

on the side of her chin. And her eyes were brown. The girl in the car—idiot that he was—had grey eyes—luscious lamps they were, too. He groaned mentally. Anyway they both wore the same kind of feather—one of those spaghetti feathers that keep blowing into a man's eyes and mouth—he could swear to the feather!

At Arlington Centre everybody in the car but the girl and himself changed for Winchester. With a comfortable sense of being immune from discovery, he stole glance after glance at her during this process.

She certainly was a "looker." He decided that, better than any other style of girl, he liked a long, slim one in a three-quarter coat. She was all in black, and from the bows on the pumps that revealed the beginnings of slender ankles to the carefully adjusted veil, her appearance held that note of jaunty trigness



Seizing a putter he went at it again.

that, beyond any other, pleases the masculine sense. Through her veil glimmered a roll of brown hair, burnished softly with gold, gleamed eyes that shone with a virginal calm, sparkled teeth fretting in a pearly line at proud red lips.

She had not, all this time, looked once in his direction. But, suddenly, something outside caught her attention and she flashed about on the seat. The comb, that held the soft tendrils of her hair at the back, fell with a clang, disappearing behind the seat. He started to rise, but she had already noticed her loss. She stood up and investigated. He realized that the comb had dropped into the slot which receives the shutter when lowered. But before he could find the courage to address her again, she had beckoned the conductor into the car.

"I've lost my comb down that place—there—" she explained, plaintively. "Do you think you can get it for me?"

The conductor stared stupidly. "Get that hook that you use when the car's off the trolley," she commanded. Returning, he fumbled with it in the slot, but unsuccessfully.

Two men stopped the car and held the conductor for a moment's conversation before they decided on another route. In his absence the girl poked without avail at the narrow opening.

"I must get it," she said, when the conductor returned. "It's set with jade and was made in Japan. I should feel heart-broken if I lost it."

"Well, I guess they can git it for you at the car station," the conductor drawled. Then again he left her abruptly to help aboard the

kitty-faced old lady who, after a voluble interval, elected to take a later car.

The man in the corner got up and strolled to the girl's side. "Let me try," he entreated.

"If you will be so good," she permitted, frostily, after an icy pause. She held out to him the instrument of her own defeat.

"Please don't give me the hook again," he asked, humbly. He took one of the sticks from his golf bag, and, breaking it at its jointed middle, transformed it into a fishing rod. He attached a hook to it and began to fish.

The girl stared in amazement. Then she exhibited a smile. She watched. "The trouble is that you haven't any bait," she suggested after several moments of unsuccessful angling. "If we only had a copy of 'Izaak Walton.'" Her voice had become very soft.

He snapped the rod together and returned it to his bag. With frowning brows he examined the sticks there.

"I'd advise a mashie," she volunteered.

BUT he ignored her suggestion. Seizing a putter he went at it again. By degrees his face assumed a look of intense concentration, and then suddenly his right arm shot up and the comb flew out of the opening. He caught it adroitly and handed it to her.

"I lofted it," he said, in a tone of great satisfaction.

"Thank you!" She adjusted the comb firmly in its proper place. Then she pulled the edges of her veil together and pinned them firmly over it.

He started irresolutely to return to his corner again.

"I don't suppose," she began, "that I would have cared such an awful lot for the mistake. But no girl likes to be taken for another girl."

"It was all the fault of that feather," he protested with eager fluency. "I give you my word of honor now that I look at you"—he fixed her with so enthusiastic a scrutiny that she turned her face away—"that that girl doesn't look

any more like you than my grandmother does. I don't know who she is—or what she came from—or where she's gone, and I don't want to slam her. But honest, I pity her from the bottom of my heart for having all the beginnings of beauty and then falling down at the last moment. You've got her played to the gaff, whipped a mile—backed onto the fire escape. But I'm glad she came ahead and prepared the way, for I know I never could have stood the full blaze at once. Why I'm getting all this out of my system is to prove to you that I shall never make this same mistake again. No, not if you wear forty feathers. Do you mind if I sit on the other side of it?—it obscures the view."

WHEN she caught her breath she merely said: "It's immaterial where you sit. I get out in a half minute at the Arlington Heights Station."

"So do I," he averred, humbly.

"You said you were going to Arlington."

"So did you."

"But I'm going beyond to Lexington."

"So am I."

She bit her lips. "As a matter of fact," she announced, sweetly, "I'm going to Concord."

"I don't expect you to believe me, but so am I."

She looked at him in silent exasperation. While they waited for the Lexington car, she made one remark. "I suppose you're from the West." When he admitted it, her answering gasp seemed to say that that accounted for

a good deal, as well it might.

"May I sit beside you again?" he asked, when they boarded the Lexington car. Without waiting for a reply, he put himself on the side opposed to the feather.

"Well," she said, in a tone that indicated that she had given up some sort of struggle with herself, "inasmuch as we seem doomed to travel to the Pacific Coast together, and as the rest of the world seems to avoid us as if we were a leper colony—" Her eye fell on the gilt letters that proclaimed the ownership of the card case he was just opening. "Are you Robert Ardsley?" she demanded.

"Yes."

She jumped and then shrank away from him. "Good heavens, I'm glad I found that out." She added with a stiffness, "I'm Barbara Bennett. That's why you looked so familiar. I've

seen dozens of pictures of you taken with Dick."

"Barbara Bennett!" He stared open-mouthed. "Of course! That picture of you and Rhoda hung in our room in college for two years."

SHE straightened herself up, and her face, turned directly to him, was freezing in its look. "And of course as Rhoda Wrentham's best friend, I must refuse—absolutely—to have anything to say to the man who is responsible for her unhappiness."

"I—responsible for her! I don't know what you're talking about, Miss Bennett. I had nothing to do with their broken engagement. Dick talked the matter over with me—the way a man talks things over with his chum—and I gave him my advice when he asked it. But as

for being responsible for their broken engagement—you're quite mistaken! Upon my word you are, Miss Bennett."

"Unfortunately," the lady's tone had all the clearness and coldness of an icy mountain stream, "Dick happened to quote to Rhoda some of the things you said. She came straight to me with them. I heard the whole story in silence. But of course when she got down on her bended knees and asked my advice, I couldn't withhold it from her."

"So I understand. Dick is strongly under the impression that if Miss Wrentham had not been tampered with—by outside forces—"

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you, if you wish—that their engagement would never have been broken."

"Of all things! Why, I maintained so judicial an attitude through it all that I nearly exploded. And all the time I was simply dying to tell Rhoda just what I thought of Dick Yerrington. A man who while he is engaged to one girl goes off automobiling in a party that contains another girl to whom he has been markedly attentive in the past, and to simply load that girl with attentions until everybody in the party was talking about it and coming home and hinting and alluding to Rhoda—and pitying her. Well, I've my opinion of him."

"Miss Bennett, that's simply ridiculous. You know that Dick would never have gone off with that party if Rhoda—if Miss Wrentham had not gone to the Ryders' week-end when Bob Harmon was a member of the party. Everybody knows that Bob Harmon was desperately in love with her, and that he said he never would give her up until she was married to Dick. No man wants his girl skylarking with a man like Harmon."

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Bennett, hotly. "Well, when people think they know so well what is good for other people, and the other people know they are perfectly competent to take care of themselves, and the people keep restricting the other people's liberty by their silly, offensive, and unmanly jealousy, and the other people are as patient, forbearing, and decent as they can be—and still other people keep interfering with the people and the other people—it's about time, I say, for the people to break their engagement with the other people."

With a corrugated brow Mr. Ardsley considered this for an instant. Then he roared. "What's the answer?" he asked, finally.

She turned from him with a movement full of the rage that she was trying to repress. "It's not necessary for me to say again, I hope, that I absolutely decline the honor of your acquaintance."

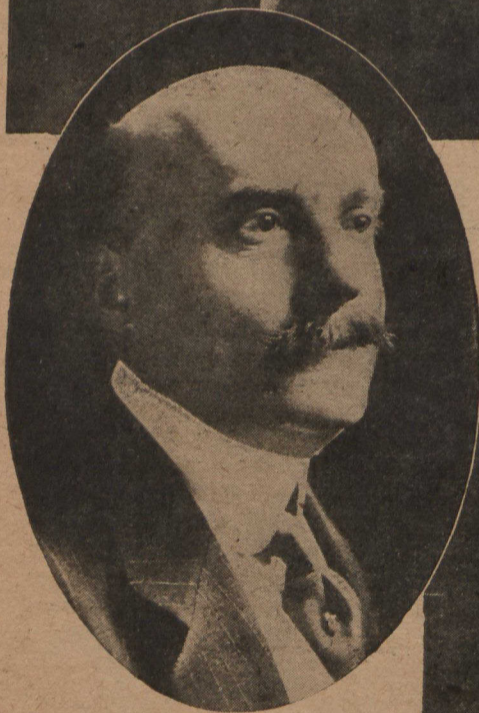
His face grew serious. "Certainly not!" he said, with emphasis. Lifting his hat he strode down the car to a seat in the corner. There, hunched against the window, he stared out at the approaching scenery.

THE gale had by no means gone down—rather it had increased. The car was going at top speed. It bounced up and down the tracks, jerked around corners, and seemed occasionally to vault the crossings. Doors rattled and windows shook. Miss Bennett and Mr. Ardsley continued to occupy it in frigid silence and isolation. Because of his superior weight, he was able to present a dignified appearance, but the girl was thrown back and forth in her seat. The fresh Massachusetts country slid by like a moving-picture show. The trees, mere green blurs, marched with the flying car. The hills seemed to be playing a dizzy game that confused the background. Memorials to American patriotism slipped into the picture and were lost out of it.

Suddenly Ardsley jumped. "I think I ought to tell you, Miss Bennett," he called over the hubbub, "that I'm going out to the Paul Revere House in Concord to meet Dick Yerrington. He came on unexpectedly for a day or two and he invited me out for a game of golf. I thought

(Continued on page 26.)

## Just Naturally—Want to Know Them



**H**IS Excellency the Duke at the furthest north point of his itinerary, photographed at Edmonton; Lieut.-Governor Brett of Alberta; next to him, Her Worship Magistrate Murphy (Janey Canuck) of the Women's Police Court; to the right, Mrs. M. Macdonald, C.O. Women's Volunteer Corps, Edmonton.



**B**OLOISM is supposed to have an able prop in Joseph Caillaux, ex-Premier of France, named in the French Chamber of Deputies in connection with the German underground system radiating from Geneva. It was Mme. Caillaux who some years ago shot Gustus Calmette, editor of Le Figaro.

**A**T once you note her as a woman of great force of character, serenity and kindness—coupled with first-class ability. She is the highest-rank woman officer in the British Army; Mrs. Chalmers Watson, M.D., chief controller of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps of 4,000 workers. Besides—in the matter of ability—sister of Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty.

# GENERALS and OTHER PEOPLE



ONE takes off almost any old hat to General Plumer, with seven affixes to his name, in recognition of his great work commanding the Second Army that did such work in the Ypres sector a while ago. We remember how for weeks—or was it months?—Plumer's sappers tunnelled out under No Man's Land, under the German trenches, quietly, with mole-like stealth creating an underground route. Six hundred tons of high explosives were trundled in there on a track; and when Plumer's time fuse went off—Well! In recognition of which Gen. Plumer is now chief of the British Forces operating with the Italians.



WHEN handing around medals for grand old unheralded heroes, let His Majesty not overlook Gen. Sir J. P. Legard, who is the oldest British officer on the war front. He was 68 and right on the spot when the war began. He is now commanding a division.



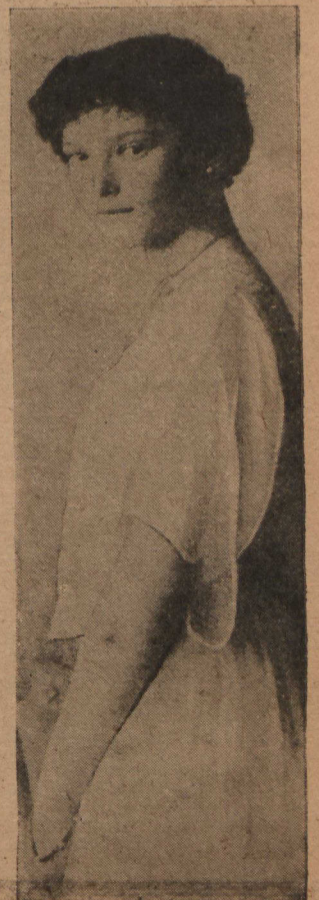
OF all the military figures that have come up and gone down, Gen. Dukonin has had the most meteoric career. Just the other day he was put in chief command of the Russ armies by Levine and his Bolsheviki; almost the next day he was deposed for refusing to ask a general armistice on all fronts; the next thing he was massing the loyal armies of South Russia against the Bolsheviki and in league with Kaledines, the Cossack; and three days later he was dragged from a train by the infuriated Bolsheviki and beaten to death.



IF ever a new commander took over a desperate job, General Diaz is doing it. Younger than his recent great chief, Cadorna, he has been for years on the Italian General Staff. A man of intense action, he loves his cigarettes, as Gen. Petain does his French pastry, and he looks every inch a respectable first cousin to a noble bandit. He saw some stiff service before the present war, down in Libya, the black man's country, where he was once so badly wounded that they wrapped him in a flag. And his countrymen from the Julian Alps to the Straits of Sicily will give him a flag of gold on a staff studded with diamonds, if he beats back the Huns from the Plave.



RUMOR has been busy over this young lady who used to be the Princess Tatiana, daughter of the late



Czar; more recently Miss T. Romanoff, 23 Exile St., Tobolsk, Siberia. New York newspapers declared, a few days ago, that she had mock-married a son of a former chamberlain of her father and with him made her escape from Tobolsk out to Harbin, on the Pacific Coast, thence to Japan, and on to the United States, where she intended to go ballet-dancing and writing fairy-stories for the Russian Civilians Relief. Another legend had it that she got her hair cut short, dressed as a man and scudded to Moscow, thence out to Archangel and down to Newcastle. Some sceptics think she is still moping in Tobolsk. Anyway, several weeks ago, according to Felix Navorny, she escaped from the town, eluding the guard of 400 soldiers, and went presumably to America. She came back after two weeks. She had been on a flying visit to Irkutsk, which is a livelier town than Tobolsk.

DO not blame the Count of Turin, Commander of Italian cavalry, cousin to the King, if he looks as though he were disgusted—contemptuous—somewhat devilish. After all the marvellous engineering, the cloud-capt exploits of artillery, the toilsome Excelsior in the Alps, the incomparable grand opera of war as they had it up on the Isonzo to beat all those miserable retreats, losing his White Lancers—ah! Disgusto! And all on account of a horde of those lumbering Teutonic, not to ride with pennants fluttering into Trieste—bad enough; but to reflect that after all the Huns got their morals from Machiavelli—and Machiavelli was a Florentine!

BY the set of Joseph P. Cotton's jaw be it known that he will regulate the meat-packers in the U. S. He is the Meat Controller. Already he has told the packers that their profits shall not go higher than 2.5 per cent. of sales, and 9 per cent. on the capital necessarily used in the business.



# THE CONVERSION of CARVELL

*A Study in Political Psychology*

AND Frank Carvell has been elected to the House of Commons by acclamation; another mile-stone passed. But I am too far ahead in my story.

It was a little more than six years ago that it seemed to Carvell the bottom had dropped out of life. To have commanded recognition as one of the country's ablest platform speakers, to have been selected for committee leadership by a powerful government, to have been within grasp of a portfolio, and then to have lost all in a single day's polling; to have been elected by a majority of one to support a hopeless minority—the reward of twenty years' political effort. Is it strange that Carvell should have asked himself that favorite question of politicians in middle age: What's the use

Two or three years later came the war, and in its train new problems and new aspects of life. The Honorable Frank Carvell found himself in this atmosphere. He had been a politician, not a statesman; he had sought for party advantage, struggled for it, devoted every fibre of his ability towards securing it—and had been elected by a majority of one to support a helpless minority. With a realization of the seriousness of the war, came a new sense of public responsibility. Carvell is a Methodist, and went manfully to the dusty, unworn, political penitent-bench, confessed the errors of the past, and made a silent, sincere vow for the future.

And the vow was for honesty. Mistake me not: Carvell had never been dishonest in mere matters of money; the vow was for thorough-going intellectual honesty, a quality possessed only by those despised of men, the lonely idealists.

The secret could not be kept, and was soon passed around in select circles at Ottawa. Those politicians who knew not Carvell, illy-concealed their laughter; and those politicians who knew him well, prepared to write his political epitaph. For intellectual honesty is generally believed to be incompatible with political success—and it is only Carvell's subsequent career that convinces one that the belief may not be well-founded. If you believe this an exaggeration, speculate upon the fate of a conscientious protectionist in Saskatchewan, or the fate of an honest opponent of government-ownership in Toronto. The ordinary—and extraordinary—members of parliament have to trim their political whiskers to suit the fancy of their constituency. Their one business is to find majorities, and, as we all know, majorities are not always right, and of course not always in accord with the convictions of the men who seek to represent them.

Carvell's new programme contained no provision for trimming. He had decided to think for himself, to settle all public questions according to the standard of his own reason and conscience, stand by his convictions and let the consequences take care of themselves. When the Allison enquiry came along, it is no secret that prominent Liberals—by no means all of them—were opposed to its prosecution. And it



By MARK KETTS

Carvell has been represented as pugnacious; but that is the accident of nomenclature. People say there is nothing in a name. But politicians whose mothers called them Frank, are inevitably destined to fighting appellations. We have a "Fighting Frank" Cochrane, "Fighting Frank" Oliver, and, of course, a "Fighting Frank" Carvell. If more proof along this direction is required, I may cite the case of Frank Lalor, an old member of the House of Commons, who is not called "Fighting Frank." Surely this clinches the argument by the exception necessary to prove every well-regulated rule.

It is an out-of-the-way place, Woodstock, Carleton County, New Brunswick, the home-town of the man who has been experimenting with a straight talk based on conviction as an asset in politics. Woodstock is somewhere back of Fredericton, and Fredericton is the least visited of provincial capitals. But this out-of-the-way place, famous for potatoes and politics, will some day be the home of—a distinguished Canadian statesman.

was in the Allison enquiry that the first test came. "It will be a boomerang," said one of them to Carvell.

"What makes you think so?" asked the M. P. from Carleton, N.B.

"Well, some of our fellows are in munitions," was the reply.

"The enquiry won't hurt them, if they are honest," was the answer, "and if they are dishonest, then may someone else have mercy upon them, for I won't," continued Carvell, turning on his heel."

The Allison enquiry was the first mile-stone in the new career of Carvell. Since then the miles travelled by Carvell, have been recorded on the political speedometer with bewildering frequency. Suggested by the Western Liberals as leader of the new Union Party, suggested by Eastern Liberals as the successor of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, chosen by Sir Robert Borden as Minister of Public Works, and now one of only two Ministers of the Crown that can call seats in the House of Commons their very own!

THE suggestion of Union Government came easily to Carvell. "Is it an honest attempt to do the right thing?" he asked. That was the only question, and upon its answer Carvell made his decision. His former colleagues say Carvell's judgment went wrong. Be that as it may, it was Carvell's conviction, not his sense of political expediency, that led him into Unionism. That's the point.

There was no silly sentimentality about the conversion of Carvell. Politics had been unsuccessful, and Carvell, concluding they were out of joint with the times, tried something else. That is the simple secret of Carvell's conversion. Some day we will see if the old adage that honesty is the best policy, holds true of the intellect in politics. We shall see, for Carvell is bent upon giving it an out-and-out trial—and will leave Unionism as quickly as he went into it—if in Carvell's judgment there is a better way of administering the country's affairs.

## PERSPECTIVE ON PEACE

(Concluded from page 13.)

ed the same game. Some day the headlines on both sides must face the facts, must out with the facts, place all the cards on the table and decide what is to be done.

Will one of the facts be an overthrown Hohenzolern dynasty? Perhaps not. Whatever they may be, England knows better than we in Canada. At this distance we must leave the disposition of those facts to England. We went to war because England did. We shall help to declare peace because and when England wants to.

But whatever peace we may declare, whenever it may be, we must reckon that the present war will not be the end of war, unless the forces of free man-

kind the world over decide to abolish war by refusing to fight. The Prussia which in 1860 was twice and a half the population of Canada and in 1914 played for the domination of the world, will not be obliterated. The world must organize to control that part of Europe dominated by Prussia. That control will not be completed in 1918. It will not be completed by the war. A clear definition of our war aims, coupled with an absolute determination to control Prussia, even if it takes a hundred years to do it, will immensely clarify our minds and stimulate our courage. The day of swagger is over on both sides. What is left is a contract which we must hand on to posterity—to make the world safe, not necessarily for what is called democracy, but safe for the nations who do not propose either to live or to perish by the sword.

We do not need to agree with Lansdowne that the world is near exhaustion. It takes a lot of war to

tucker out a world. We should profoundly disagree with him if he said that there is in England or any of the other allied nations any less earnestness than there is in Germany. We believe that the resources of the Allies are vastly greater than those of the Central Powers, and that the Central Powers have the great advantage of concentration in area and unity of programme. We believe that in proving the relative failure of the submarine and the Zeppelin, the relative superiority of Allied artillery and the undaunted sea-control of the British navy, we have made infinitely more headway since 1914 than Germany has done. This being so, we are just beginning to organize the world force which shall prove to Germany that a Thug Nation has neither right nor power to rule the world. Force may be with the wrong. Power must ultimately come to the right—until the world comes to be ruled by the Devil.

## PERSPECTIVE ON PEACE

(Continued from page 5.)

the world will be fighting Germanism.

To realize the force of this we must examine briefly how Germany came to be the business manager of Mittel Europa, the head office of which is Prussia. How did Prussia come to be the factory manager of modern Germany, of Austria, of Turkey? How did Prussia, with an original 19,000,000 of population in 1866, come to be fighting as she is now for the domination of the whole world or for total obliteration as a first-class world power? If within 50 years Prussia, with 19,000,000 people under a despotism could aim to conquer the world, what part of another 50 years will it take to loosen Prussia's strangle hold on continental Europe?

LET us put on one side first the outline facts of Prussia's amazing aggrandisement. Prussia's war with Austria in 1866 was engineered by Bismarck & Co. to remove Austria from the headship of the German Confederation. There was then no German Empire; only Prussia and the smaller German states with Austria at the head. It was then Prussia vs. Austria in middle Europe, with France as the nominal boss of continental Europe and Russia as a mere vast speculation in the East. To crush Austria, Bismarck got the neutrality of France and the alliance of Italy. The war was over almost before it was well under way. Prussia had an organized nation in an army. The battle of Koniggratz took the headship of the German Confederation away from Austria and gave it to Prussia. The North German and the South German States were swung under Prussia. Austria was left her autonomy, in a league of fear with Germany, whose North German Band was organized on July 1, 1867, the day of Confederation in Canada. By the war with Austria the population subject to Prussia was increased from 19,000,000 to 38,500,000. Prussia became the real head of a compact middle Europe.

Having consolidated Middle Europe, it was Prussia's next move to overthrow France, the nominal boss of continental Europe since the days of Napoleon I. The Franco-Prussian war and the modern German Empire were the result. Prussia became the boss of continental Europe. By a systematized diplomatic corruption of Russia, begun by Bismarck, we know how that country was prepared for the next great war. Obviously the next move must be the overthrow of England with her world-dominating Empire. And we know how that was staged up in 1914. By the first great war engineered by Prussia through the modern German Empire in league with Austria and Turkey, Germany was to be the boss of all Europe, including England. The next obvious step must have been the practical conquest of the whole world.

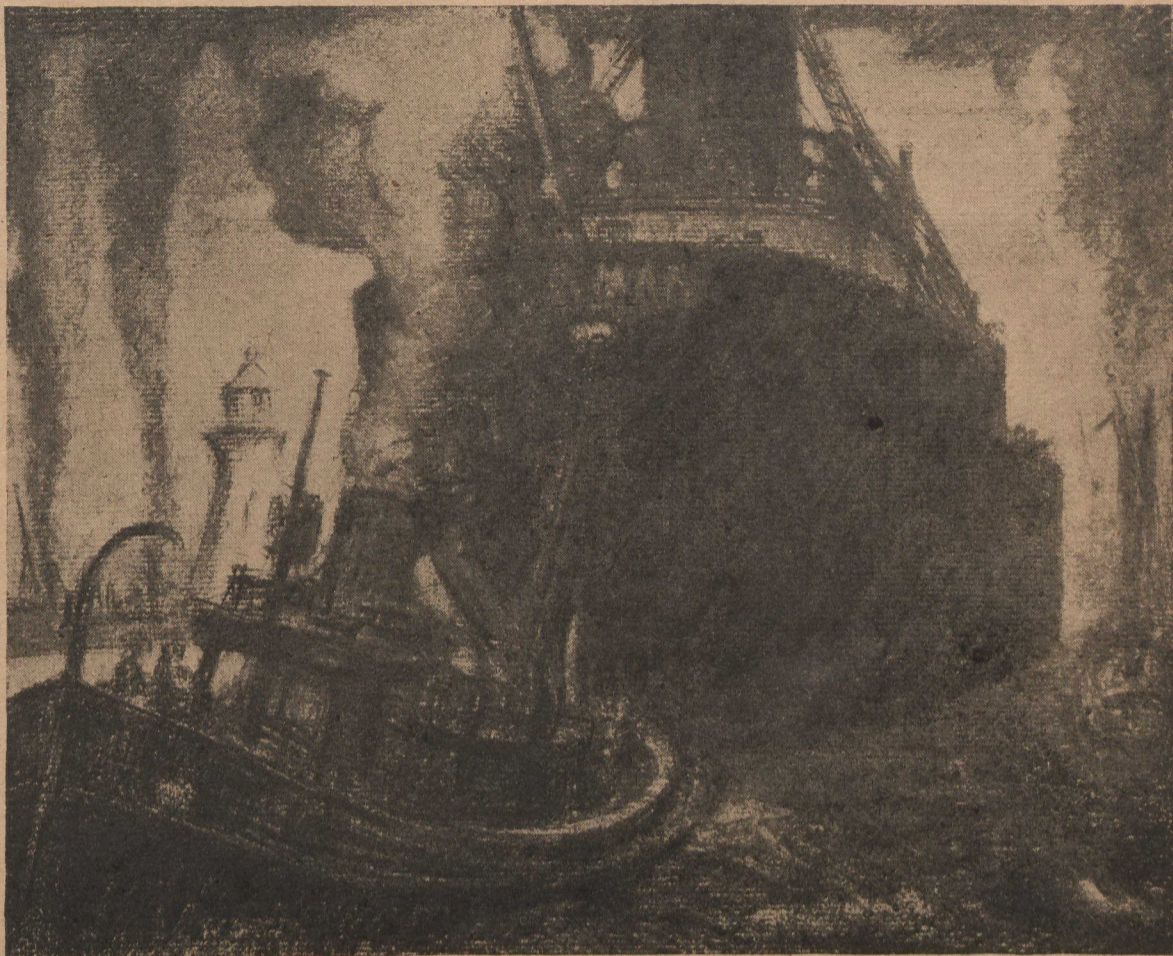
This was the programme in which the events of the war have put a crimp, and not a day too soon. On any peace dictated by the war map Germany has the advantage of most of Belgium, a large part of Northern France, Russian Poland, much of Roumania, all of Bulgaria, all of Servia, Montenegro, a part of Italy, and a part of Northern Russia. She has the disadvantage of not having conquered France, not having conquered England, not having dismembered Russia, and having completely made an untiring enemy of the United States.

WE leave it to the diplomats to calculate what any Peace Conference may make out of that. Theodore Roosevelt stated in Kansas City, a few days ago, in reply to Lansdowne, that the fight must be to a finish and must result in crumpling up Germany's war map even to the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine. All the world loves a fighting man. Teddy speaks on behalf of a nation which has not begun to feel the effects of the great war, except in an enormous war prosperity. Lloyd George and Asquith spoke similarly in 1914, when they said that the Hohenzollerns and the Junkers must be overthrown. The Hohenzollerns and the Junkers are still going. The ugly miracle of a Prussia of 19,000,000 population in 1866 wanting to dictate terms to the world still exists. We know why.

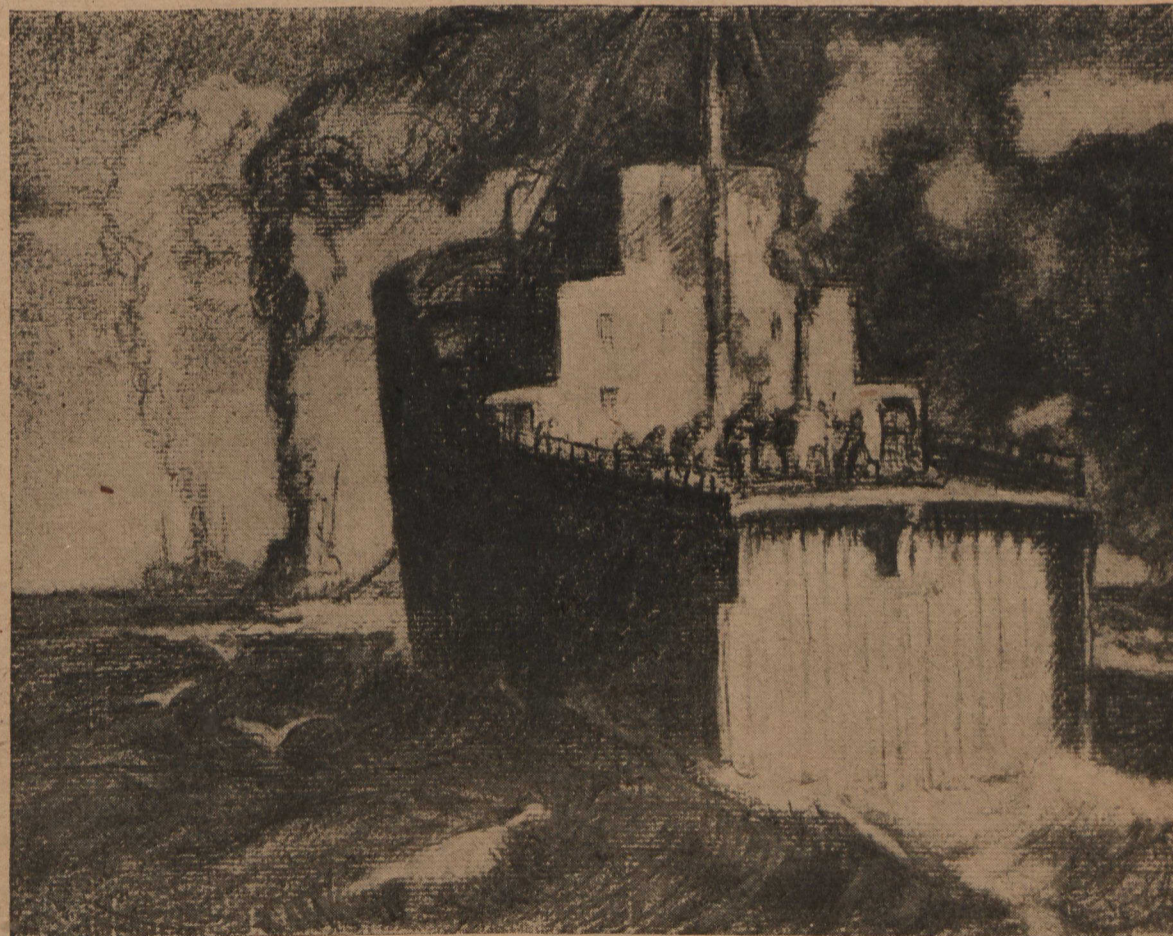
Now then, in the face of this, Lord Lansdowne shows that he is a poor poker player, because he

OUT AGAINST *the* SUBMARINE

*Picturesque Exit of Canadian Lake Liners in Two Sections Through the Welland Canal*



IN the business of mobilizing Canada against the submarine, the Great Lakes marine does its share. Lake liners become ocean liners. The only obstacle in getting these boats from Lake Superior, 2,000 miles to the seaboard was in the canals. Any boat big enough for ocean transport is too big to go through the Welland and the Lachine Canals. The obvious answer to this was to cut them in two. These excellent drawings of one big boat being towed in two completely bulkheaded sections through the Welland Canal were made on the spot. The upper one shows the bow section coming head on behind her tug. The lower one shows the stem half of the same vessel going out backwards. —Drawings by DeWitt Drake.



tells the enemy how bad a hand he thinks he has got without dreaming that his enemy may have a worse. He comes out for a recognition of the facts when everybody knows the essence of poker is bluff. Germany is the greatest poker-playing nation in the

world. Lansdowne, and all that part of England which agrees with him, is one of the poorest. Time and again Germany has won the war at home by the use of headlines. Time and again we have play-

(Concluded on page 20.)

# WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

*A Serial Story Told in as Many Pictures and as Few Words as Possible*

PREVIOUS instalments show that Martin Hoag, office manager of Markhams, Ltd., has begun to get a glimpse of the life that for years he has been merely dreaming about. In getting away from the commonplace, so-called realities of routine, he found that his books, his shadow, his drunken fellow-man, the midnight woman with the baby, and the moving picture, all pulled him in the direction of what really—Is. The other women in the case—one of them sacrificed to the system, the other made by it, are both symbols of the other life that men don't have to die in order to realize. One of

By  
**THOMAS  
TOPLEY**

Continued from  
Last Week

them reveals to him the power of sex; the other the power of sacrifice. In last week's instalment of pictures illustrated by little chapters, Hoag had the choice of the system that would make him comfortable, or the shadow that would make him really live. In the chapters following he sees Henry Markham beat down all opposition, including himself. And the need arises for a new personal force—a power greater, if possible, than the physical organization of Markhams, Ltd.; more mysterious than the mystery which enables Markham to organize the forces of society, industry and public opinion.

XXIII.

## The Sword and the Anvil

HENRY MARKHAM knew almost as much about opera as about iron. Opera cost him thousands of dollars a year. He believed that every large-sized Canadian city should have opera. And he paid more of the deficit than all other guarantors combined.

Sitting in the box with Miss Munro before the curtain began to go up on Siegfried, Markham told her why he liked opera, and the kinds he liked best.

"Not so much the French, no. Too much love. And the Italian, too much intrigue and sentiment. I think that for heroic opera we must hand it to those Germans."

"To Wagner, of course?"

He regarded her pityingly.

"Who else is there?" he asked. "Who else has ever made the stage feel as big as creation, and the people on it like—"

"Shakespeare," she interrupted.

"Poh! Without music. You do not understand. It takes the universal art of music to magnify men to the size we get them on the Wagner stage. Super-men!"

"Oh, I thought you believed in them. Yes. I don't blame you."

And the curtain went up. The house was packed. The stage was in a twilight; one of those cave scenes—all very puzzling to Helen, who frankly preferred the lyric operas and would have yawned several times in that first act of Siegfried but that she was afraid of Markham, who somehow seemed to know every detail of the thing. Some of his mutterings were quite unintelligible, but she knew they expressed his sensations. And the thing, of course, suited him; all about iron and a magic man and a great sword and a dragon.

Some climax was to come. She let him go. He was already in some next world. Evidently he was a perfect Wagnerite and he knew this



He leaned over the box and shouted in exact pitch with the trombone.

thing; knew what was coming; kept telling her broken bits of it which she could not understand.

"Wait," he said, once, in a whisper, during an outburst from the orchestra. "Wait till Siegfried smashes the anvil—"

And from that on he lost altogether any sense of the woman beside him, who to anybody near the box was infinitely more interesting than most of the people on stage. Helen Munro was conscious that she was charming. She knew this big iron-master was conscious of it, too, and that he would not have enjoyed even this music drama of iron and the sword and the superman half so much if she had not been present. It was still a new world to her; a world of mystery and of magic which cost Henry Markham much money to help keep up for a few weeks each year in what might have been otherwise a musically dull Canadian city. She let the man overpower her into liking this dull mystic drama; let him pull her into its atmosphere which he had so often imbibed in New York; consented to become so far as he was concerned just part of the drama itself until the moment when Siegfried, at a scream and a crash from the orchestra broke to pieces the anvil as he struck it with the great sword—

And at that moment Markham rose, leaned over the box and shouted in exact pitch with one of the trombones. What he said she knew not; something between Hoch! and Bravo; and a thousand people looked his way, at her—even Siegfried almost seemed to look at the box and there was almost a pause in the music, till Mr. Markham settled down again and smiled at her, such a smile!

He said to her, going home, afterwards:

"I always get excited over Siegfried, because I suppose it is an iron-master's drama. Eh?"

XXIV.

## A Final Offer

NEXT day the strike. Not a pound of coal burned at Markhams after the boilers were let down. Duke's Acre a holiday. At the Labor Hall crowds. In Markham's office, however, not a trace of excitement. Helen had never seen Markham so cool. He hummed a Siegfried aria between smokes, and only lost his poise when he read the Clarion; then he cursed. When he buzzed for Mr. Hoag, however, he was smiling.

"You—know what's up, Mr. Hoag. You expect me to ask your advice. Instead, I ask your help. This strike—is psychologic. It must be so handled. The men have no grievances. They have been influenced. Well"—a long, grumpy smoke—"we shall defeat them. I have seen the managers. They understand. Now I have sent for you because your understanding is different from theirs. It goes deeper. It can be more useful. I can trust you. Eh?"

Through all the camouflage Markham made it quite clear that he intended to break the strike. None of the newspapers except the Clarion was encouraging it. Public opinion was largely against the strikers. He must justify that by defeating the men.

"And I have never been beaten, Mr. Hoag."

He leaned over the great desk.

"And I never will live to see myself beaten.



The faces of the men as he turned were a frizzle of unreality.

Those men must be given to understand that they may go back, but they are to refuse. All depends upon the statement of the case; on the way it is put. So I leave that to you, to see the men's committee. You will not refuse because you are needed, and you are a man who does his duty. A word to the wise—"

Markham rose and glared at the iron master pictures on the wall. He stalked across the room. Hoag rose.

They faced each other. What masks they wore neither of them knew.

"I tell you one thing only, Mr. Hoag," came the thick, mysterious voice, "that within four weeks I intend to have the works at full capacity. More I can't say yet. You must pass that on to the committee in a way that will arouse their most violent opposition."

He swung open the door; politely bowed Mr. Hoag out.

XXV.

## A Message that Went Wrong

HOAG let himself subject to the suggestion in full. He went behind the stage with the unexpressed Markham. Perhaps he understood just what was meant. When he went before the committee at Labor Hall he was met with cold, black looks. None of these five men were in any mood to capitulate. Some of them knew Hoag from the days of the elder Markham, when he was book-keeper at the little foundry. They trusted him, but not because of Henry Markham.

Whatever there may be in crowd psychology, so much talked about, Hoag had only begun to study it. He observed first the tremendous impression Markham had made upon him. Hours after leaving the man he could repeat the exact tones, gestures, looks and all the evident face-maskings of the man. In so doing Hoag was an actor by suggestion; common enough—but he had it high in the gauge. And it was his only hope. He had no personal desire to go before

the strikers' committee. He knew the men were right. But because he put himself in the psychic state of Markham he could see a way to be even more devious and crooked and mysterious than Markham had been. His days with Markham were numbered. The success or failure of this interview would settle that. Markham had no love for Hoag. Out of this strike interview he would discover how much he had to fear him. In fact it was because he wished to make a show of treating with the men at all and at the same time wanted to estimate Hoag that Markham planned the meeting. At heart he believed Hoag was some sort of Socialist, though he had never said so.

"Rag-tag democracy!" he muttered, in a web of smoke, as he wondered how Hoag was getting along with the men.

And here was Hoag in a small room at Labor Hall doing his master's work—impersonating Markham as he delivered the message, even to the inflections and the gutturals; doing it so well that the five hardfaced men laughed themselves out of their coldness.

Hoag's manner swiftly changed. Hands on the corners of the long table, he said,

"I know the man. He will beat you. He has a strange but secret power of which I am not yet sure. It is organization. You have only begun to see the ABC of it. So long as Henry Markham is at the head of Markhams, Ltd., every wheel, every boiler, every pound of coal, every ingot, every human body—will be dominated by him. It is modern competition. Every manufacturer in the country works it. Labor is—international."

Hoag paused to get the effect.

The five exchanged glances; trying to agree among themselves as to whether this man was the hand of Esau and the voice of Jacob.

"Labor must flow from country to country, as needed. Tariffs are for materials. If any of you men want to cross the border, you should be allowed. Your unions are international. There should be no Alien Labor Law against them. The future of labor is to control the world by increasing production, wages and well-being. The world's real capital is labor and raw material. But we are a long way from realizing that. To do so now would mean riot, anarchy, social upheavals the world over."

"Quit preaching!" said one. But the others said to that one, "Shut up!"

They listened to Hoag, who was not even listening to himself. He delivered the message of his boss, when he knew that the sentiment of the men was strangely against it and even more strangely in league with himself. Markham had intended him to convey a crooked meaning. He partly knew why. Obeying an impulse which he could not control and which seemed to be a phantom greater than himself, he stirred up the men to resist, to oppose—just as Markham had wished.

But their opposition took a form that Markham had not expected.



"I recognize the unions only to show them that I master them and to influence the press."

"This committee reports to the men in favor of—going back to work," said the chairman.

Hoag looked at them somewhat blankly as he rose.

"You can't beat him by staying out," he said. "He has other means of fighting you. But you are men, not slaves. You don't need to believe me. Act as you see fit."

Some men have felt somewhat the blur and the uplift and the vibration that Hoag had just then—from liquor. He heard his own voice like one in a dream. The faces of the men as he turned to leave the room were a fuzzle of unreality. They were like spectres representing labor.

XXVI.

## A Confidential Talk

ALL the newspapers reported that the Markham strike was declared off. According to most of them Mr. Markham had made certain minor concessions and the good sense of the strikers had averted a bad tie-up of one of the greatest industries in the country at a time when continued production was necessary in the interest of stock-selling for the great expansion arising out of the Munro Mine and all its accessory enterprises.

"Now I'm sure you are pleased," said Helen.

His reply was in his face. Markham did not send for Hoag. He made a note of Hoag. He did not tell her that what he had wanted Hoag to accomplish was to get the men to refuse to go back; then he would show them and the public what resources he had for fighting strikes.

"Your Mr. Hoag goes off," he said jerkily.

"Not my Mr. Hoag. What have I do with him?"

"As much as anybody. I am frank with you about him. I offered him a big thing to stay on. He refused it. I gave him this job to do. He has bungled it. Those men were to have stayed out. He has given them the wrong cue. He does not know me. But you do."

"I am not so sure of that."

"But I shall win," he said.

"You have already won," she tantalized. "Your whistles have blown. The newspapers—"

"Damn the press!" he shouted. "Most of all that rag the Clarion. It was their doings as much as any. But it does not know me. They don't know that I'm the kind of a man that can't be beaten. I tell you I won't have democracy in my shops. I recognize the unions—only to show them that I am master, and to influence the press. You know that."

In a mood like this he credited her with knowing many things which she had to guess at. There were some things about Henry Markham that she did not know. This confidence that not even the unions could beat him was beyond her as yet. Perhaps she had an inkling of it. And what did Mr. Hoag know? He would never tell her now. Things were changing very swiftly from the day when Martin Hoag was the book-keeper for old Mr. Markham, the one man in whom he placed the most intimate confidence because of his peculiar honesty, his insight into people, his industry and everything else that made Martin Hoag the most interesting man she knew outside of Henry Markham.

Now Hoag was to go. And she knew somehow that Henry Markham feared him.

XXVII.

## Poundem and the Clarion

WHEN Martin Hoag took himself bodily out of Markhams, Ltd., he left a strange influence behind. All it was he had not begun to find out. He went at once to the Clarion. Poundem, the editor, a chunky, restless man with coal-black eyes and a perpetual fighting grin took him on.

"You down Markhams, Ltd.," he said, "and I'll double your salary. We've got to get that man and make him a terrible example to all the other labor-sweaters. He's the hardest to get. But when we get him the rest will be easy. He's the dragon. You understand."



These men had come in by ship, landing at Halifax or Quebec.

Poundem knew of the offer Markham had made Hoag, and what it meant. He had some vague idea of Hoag himself when he gave him carte blanche to conduct a department in the Saturday issue, setting forth any human doctrines he knew that could lift people out of their workaday routine. Poundem was oddly sympathetic for a practical man.

"I have no use for psychics myself," he confessed. "But believe me, if there's one thing we've got to do nowadays it's to get people out into a world bigger than the business that enslaves them. Civilization, Mr. Hoag, doesn't civilize some people. Drudgery damns millions to make thousands in places like Rosemount Hill and the opera boxes get what they call the vision of life."

Poundem had all the physical side of the thing at his finger ends. He saw in this timid, yet daring, man who had been let out by Markham the other side of the problem.

Hoag's Saturday articles on the unseen lives that men and women were born to live and which they miss because of the slavery of civilization were not signed by him. But they were read by thousands. He did them in his spare moments. They were the casual suggestions that came to him as he went about labor-reporting for the Clarion.

In his work as reporter he dug up many things never before seen in that paper. It was a new and unfettered life, with the edges of hard-luck always next to him. Of course he was refused admittance to the Markham premises. He expected that. But he went among the men at their homes. He learned that there was bigger trouble yet brewing at Markhams. The conditions had gone worse. Mr. Markham was driving them as never before. He was gradually forcing men out, not by strikes, but by wearing them out. As fast as they went—even faster—he replaced them by foreigners. In a few months, as Hoag told Poundem, practically the whole of Markhams would be manned by foreign labor that on no account could be induced to join the unions, because Markham made conditions for these men so favorable even while he got results in labor that he had never surpassed, that unions meant nothing to them. These men had come in by ship, landing at Halifax and Quebec. They were good workers who knew nothing about strikes.

"By God! we'll teach them," said Poundem.

And the story went in the Clarion, written by Hoag and featured up by Poundem. But the public saw nothing of it, except those who read the Clarion. All the other people read in their customary papers again and again how Henry Markham was carrying out his great scheme of the Munro Mine which would be shipping its first ore by early summer at the latest; his railway and his docks; his ship lines and his smelters. But that was not all. Mr. Markham was not only

(Continued on page 21.)



“They Throw Themselves on the Food”

(An Extract from Henri Barbusse's remarkable book, “Under Fire.”)

OUR ages? We are of all ages. Ours is a regiment in reserve which successive reinforcements have renewed partly with fighting units and partly with Territorials. In our half-section there are reservists of the Territorial Army, new recruits, and demi-poils. Fouillade is forty; Blaire might be the father of Biquet, who is a gosling of Class 1913. The corporal calls Marthereau “Grandpa” or “Old Rubbish-heap,” according as in jest or in earnest. Mesnil Joseph would be at the barracks if there were no war. It is a comical effect when we are in charge of Sergeant Vigile, a nice little boy, with a dab on his lip by way of moustache. When we were in quarters the other day, he played at skipping-rope with the kiddies. In our ill-assorted flock, in this family without kindred, this home without a hearth at which we gather, there are three generations side by side, living, waiting, standing still, like unfinished statues, like posts.

Our races? We are of all races; we come from everywhere. I look at the two men beside me. Poterloo, the miner from the Calonne pit, is pink; his eyebrows are the color of straw, his eyes flax-blue. His great golden head involved a long search in the stores to find the vast steel-blue tureen that bonnets him. Fouillade, the boatman from Cete, rolls his wicked eyes in the long, lean face of a musketeer, with sunken cheeks and his skin the color of a violin. In good sooth, my two neighbors are as unlike as day and night.

Cocon, no less, a slight and desiccated person in spectacles, whose tint tells of corrosion in the chemical vapors of great towns, contrasts with Biquet, a Breton in the rough, whose skin is grey and his jaw like a paving-stone; and Mesnil Andre, the comfortable chemist from a country town in Normandy, who has such a handsome and silky beard and who talks so much and so well—he has little in common with Lamuse, the fat peasant of Poitou, whose cheeks and neck are like underdone beef.

Our callings? A little of all—in the lump. In those departed days when we had a social status, before we came to immure our destiny in the molehills that we must always build up again as fast as rain and scrap-iron beat them down, what were we? Sons of the soil, artisans mostly. Lamuse was a farm-servant, Paradis a carter. Cadilhae, whose helmet rides loosely on his pointed head, though it is a juvenile size—like a dome on a steeple, says Tirette—owns land. Papa Blaire was a small farmer in La Brie. Barque, porter and messenger, performed acrobatic tricks with his carrier-tricycle among the trams and taxis of Paris, with solemn abuse (so they say) for the pedestrians, fleeing like bewildered hens across the big streets and squares. Corporal Bertrand, who keeps himself always a little aloof, correct, erect, and silent, with a strong and handsome face and forthright gaze, was foreman in a

case-factory. Tirloir daubed carts with paint—and without grumbling, they say. Tulacque was barman at the Throne Tavern in the suburbs; and Eudore of the pale and pleasant face kept a roadside cafe not very far from the front lines.

We are waiting. Weary of sitting, we get up, our joints creaking like warping wood or old hinges. Damp rusts men as it rusts rifles; more slowly, but deeper. And we begin again, but not in the same way, to wait. In a state of war, one is always waiting. We have become waiting-machines. For the moment it is food we are waiting for. Then it will be the post. But each in its turn. When we have done with dinner we will think about the letters. After that we shall set ourselves to wait for something else.

Hunger and thirst are urgent instincts which formidably excite the temper of my companions. As the meal gets later they become grumblesome and angry. Their need of food and drink snarls from their lips—

“That’s eight o’clock. Now, why the hell doesn’t it come?”

“There’s the grub!” announces a poilu, who was on the look-out at the corner.

“Time, too!”

And the storm of revilings ceases as if by magic. Wrath is changed into sudden contentment.

Three breathless fatigue men, their faces streaming with tears of sweat, put down on the ground some large tins, a paraffin can, two canvas buckets, and a file of loaves, skewered on a stick.

Paradis, having lifted the lids of the jars, surveys the recipients and announces, “Kidney beans in oil, bully, pudding, and coffee—that’s all.”

“Nom de dieu!” bawls Tulacque. “And wine?” He summons the crowd: “Come and look here, all of you! That—that’s the limit! We’re done out of our wine!”

Athirst and grimacing, they hurry up; and from the profoundest depths of their being wells up the chorus of despair and disappointment, “Oh, Hell!”

“Then what’s that in there?” says the fatigue man, still ruddily sweating, and using his foot to point at a bucket.

“Yes,” says Paradis, “my mistake, there is some.”

They throw themselves on the food, and eat it standing, squatting, kneeling, sitting on tins, or on haversacks pulled out of the holes where they sleep—or even prone, their backs on the ground, disturbed by passers-by, cursed at and cursing.

One sees even Farfadet smiling, the frail municipal clerk who in the early days kept himself so decent and clean amongst us all that he was taken for a foreigner or a convalescent. One sees the tomato-like mouth of Lamuse dilate and divide, and his delight ooze out in tears. Poterloo’s face, like a pink peony, opens

# Earthmen Again

**M**OST War Books—and there are thousands—record only impressions. The drama is admittedly too vast for more, except to a chosen few; among whom must be accorded a high place to Henri Barbusse, author of *Under Fire*. Here we have a combination of Zola-like realism, savage in intensity, in spots a near-Hugo breadth of conception, frequently a Rabelaisian sense of humor. Behind it all, we suspect, is the soul of a Socialist, of a man who, under fire himself, has seen and felt, and heard and tasted, and almost more than all, smelled what this war is like. There is in it the note of the rebel who under other conditions might be a revolutionary. Volpatte and his lot are fighting for France, or they would be up in arms against any war government in any country which compels men to revert by millions to the conditions of the beast. The passage quoted as follows is one of those containing the three elements—realism, breadth, humor.—The Editor.

out wider and wider. Papa Blaire’s wrinkles flicker with frivolity as he stands up, pokes his head forward, and gesticulates with the abbreviated body that serves as a handle for his huge drooping moustache. Even the corrugations of Cocon’s poor little face are lighted up. While we wait for our drink, we roll cigarettes and fill pipes. Pouches are pulled out. Some of us have shop-acquired pouches in leather or rubber, but they are a minority. Biquet extracts his tobacco from a sock, of which the mouth is drawn tight with string. Most of the others use the bags for anti-gas pads, made of some waterproof material which is an excellent preservative of shag, be it coarse or fine.

Silence. Then from the depth of their destitution, these men summon sweet souvenirs—

“All that,” Barque goes on, “isn’t worth much, compared with the good times we had at Soissons.”

“Ah, the Devil!”

A gleam of Paradise lost lights up their eyes and seems even to redden their cold faces.

“Talk about a festival!” sighs Tirloir, as he leaves off scratching himself, and looks pensively far away over Trenchland.

“Ah, nom de Dieu! All that town, nearly abandoned, that used to be ours! The houses and the beds—”

“And the cupboards!”

“And the cellars!”

Lamuse’s eyes are wet, his face like a nose-gay, his heart full.

“Were you there long?” asks Cadilhae, who came here later, with the drafts from Auvergne. “Several months.”

The conversation had almost died out, but it flames up again fiercely at this vision of the days of plenty.

“We used to see,” said Paradis, dreamily, “the poilus pouring along and behind the houses on the way back to camp with fowls hung round their middles, and a rabbit under each arm, borrowed from some good fellow or woman that they hadn’t seen and won’t ever see again.”

“There were things that we paid for, too. The spondulicks just danced about. We held all the aces in those days.”

“A hundred thousand francs went rolling round the shops.”

“Millions, oui. All the day, just a squandering that you’ve no idea of, a sort of devil’s delight.”

“Anyway,” Tirloir goes on, “we’ve not got a dead set on the men, but on the German officers; non, non, non, they’re not men, they’re monsters. I saw one once, a prisoner. A Prussian colonel, that wore a prince’s crown, so they told me, and a gold coat-of-arms. He was mad because we took leave to graze against him. I said to myself, ‘Wait a bit, old cock, I’ll make you rattle directly!’ I took my time and squared up behind him, and kicked into his tailpiece with all my might.”



# HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

OH YES, WE HAVE ALL HAD THE EXPERIENCE

**F**OOD prices have jumped, says John Bruce Mitchell, writing on War Hogs, in the December Forum. There's no denying it. It is difficult to quote prices because they vary a few cents here and there, depending somewhat upon locality, but mostly upon the proportion of "hog" that is in the retailer. When the war broke out bacon was 25 cents, now it is around 50 cents. Butter was 30, now it is 55 and 60. Sliced ham was 30, now it is 60 and in some places 80. Sugar was 15 cents for 3-1-2 pounds. To-day the Government hopes retailers will sell 3-1-2 pounds for 33 cents, but from 45 to 63 cents is being charged in many places.

And so the list goes. The biggest increase came during the summer, just as soon as it was learned the Government was going to be the biggest customer of all in order to feed the boys who have gone across to help make this country a safe place for pursuing the calling of a merchant.

"Potatoes wouldn't be so high, Ma'am," said one dealer, "if it wasn't for the car shortage. It's almost impossible to get freight cars."

The woman sighed and bought and went out, and the shopkeeper never cracked a smile, although these particular potatoes were delivered from the farm in a motor truck.

In New York the shopkeeper will let you have brown eggs at from 5 to 8 cents less than the white ones. And he will say, "The white eggs are so much better, you know."

In Boston the shopkeeper will let you have the white eggs at from 5 to 8 cents less than the brown ones. And he will say, "The brown eggs are so much better, you know."

And the New Yorker will say that he knows the white eggs are

best, and the Bostonian will say that he knows the brown eggs are best, and neither of them knows anything about it. They are losing money through their ignorance. There isn't one iota of difference, either as a flavor or nutriment, between the white and brown eggs. It is only a fad and a delusion and the shopkeeper grins and pockets the money, while egg men pick out brown eggs to send up in New England and white ones for the Middle Atlantic states.

Around the first of November eggs that sold at retail for 55 cents cost at wholesale 30. Poultry wholesaled at 16 and sold at 36. The market man could have sold that poultry at 20 cents and made a good profit, counting in overhead expense and all else. About every five fowls he sold would then net him a dollar. But he was a war-hog, and he grabbed 20 cents profit on each fowl, or a dollar out of the poor man's pocket in excess of what the poor man should be called upon to pay for every five-pound fowl. About the same time whole steers were bringing around 18 cents a pound. There is considerable waste. But about the cheapest cut of meat at the retailer's was 26 cents the pound and from that up to 35. It isn't as much waste as you think. Every bit of fat your market man trims off—after he weighs it—he tosses in a special box or barrel and gets a high price for it, and it has already been paid for at the rate of from 26 to 35 cents a pound! The bones he weighs and charges you for, then trims out, he sells. Practically everything that seems to be waste—and that is paid for—he sells, so that striking an average of 30-1-2 cents per pound for meat that he buys for 18 or 19 cents a pound, it is too much profit. Add to this his sales from the waste you pay for, and he is cleaning up—stealing is a good word—about 5 cents a pound from you.

## Is Bernard Shaw Sincere?

**B**ECAUSE he thinks brilliantly we are almost convinced that he is, says a writer in The Theatre. Until we feel the sting of his idea ourselves, and then we are in pardonable doubt about him. The healthiest actors have found cause to question his sincerity because he is a vegetarian. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was the first to point this fact out. He had been unusually irritable at a rehearsal of "Pygmalion" in London, which was practically written for her. The crisis came to a very difficult situation when Mrs. Campbell walked to the footlights and said:

"You may be right, Mr. Shaw, but if anyone gives you meat, God help the women of England!"

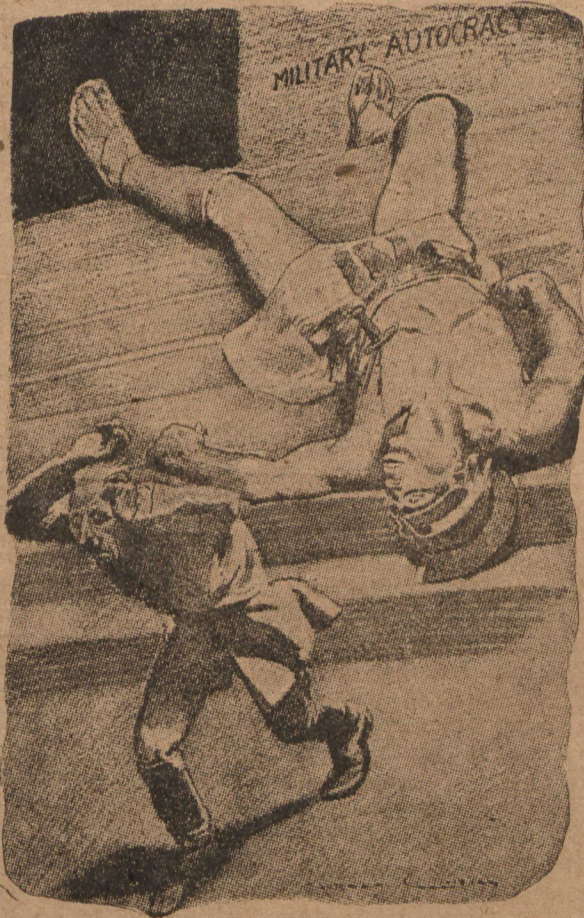
Hilda Spong, who has appeared in many of the Shaw plays, remembers him with gratitude for many successful seasons in his plays.

"Shaw's workmanship is sincere," she says, "because he never forgets himself in it. His philosophy stands the test of research in truth. As a teacher, a preacher, he is far too sincere. It is in these degrees of his genius that he reveals his amazing understanding of human nature, that he presents himself as one of the most puzzling anomalies of the world of letters. He drives his lesson home in a spirit of cynicism—never with a lump in the throat. He shows the skeleton in the closet, makes his audience gasp in recognition of the human hideousness of their friends or their own households."

but during all that time I've never felt a Shavian audience thrill with feeling, I have never sensed that any heart in the audience has been touched, never felt that the sinner out in front has acquired an emotional determination to be better for anything Shaw has said to them from the stage."

Of the author of "Getting Married" William Favensham has this to say:—"Shaw means everything he says, I recall that he once wrote me on this point: 'There is absolutely nothing subtle in my plays. Unless I know exactly what I mean I don't say it; and when I do know, I give it straight in the face.'"

As to the sincerity of his writings, says George C. Tyler, speaking of G. B. S. from the point of view of the producer. I think that



The Man Who Slew His God.

—Norman Lindsay, in Sydney Bulletin.

whenever he scores a point for genuine social reform, for the relief of distress and for the abolition of the curse of poverty he is superlatively sincere. Many of the other ideas that he gives expression to, many of the surprisingly novel sidelights on all sorts of things that he puts into his plays are, I am certain, not intended to be taken seriously by intelligent people. The English are the most ultra-conservative people in the world and Shaw takes a positively devilish delight in shocking them, just for the fun of the thing. He likes to jar them out

of their complacent attitude toward life and the rest of the world and so long as he accomplishes that he doesn't mind whether people are going to consider him sincere or not.

## Our Climate is After All---a Tonic

**I**F there is anything in climatology, the old-fashioned winter must have been unhealthy, says an editorial writer in Munsey's. For the climatologists tell us that the vigor and energy of the races of the temperate zones is due to the sudden and sharp changes of weather and temperature to which they are subjected. One winter day is warm, the next is twenty degrees colder; the sun shines gloriously for a few hours until driven to cover by clouds which heap the earth with drifted whiteness. Now all these incalculable fluctuations, says science, are just what we need. They set us to reacting, and one reaction follows another—or sometimes a cold in the head follows a cold on the chest, a drawback that the scientists overlook. We need just such rapid oscillations of the mercury in the bulb, just such tingles and thaws, to keep brain and nerves keen, the investigators declare. We also need two overcoats, a mackintosh, galoshes, suits of clothes of different weights, and penitential underwear, to survive the ordeal.

These are the winters all are used to; but who ever heard of an old-fashioned winter like them? The old-fashioned winter was of one of two types; either it grew bitter cold and stayed that way for weeks and months on end, or so much snow fell that there was sleighing on Memorial Day. That is why we know the old-fashioned winter to have been utterly injurious to health. There were none of those capricious changes which have made the races of the temperate zones so hardy that they are moving to the dry zones as rapidly as possible.

When we think of an old-fashioned winter, do we think of the biting cold or of the wide-mouthed fireplace? Isn't it possible that the measurement taken was not of the depth of the snow, but of the circumference of a first-rate mince pie? The things that gave joy were the glass of cider and the delectable yarns spun in comfortable leisure; and the storm raging

outside was of moment only for the contrast it afforded to the warmth and fun within.

Well, if that's the truth of it, the case of the old-fashioned winter is not hopeless. It will continue to be weathered by a few wise and happy mortals here and there for many a year.

## Father Time Talks to Christmas

**I**N that whimsical way of his Stephen Leacock makes a plea for Merry Christmas, in Hearst's Magazine, and that the war be hidden from the kiddies till they can understand what its sacrifices meant to the betterment of the world. Father Time, Daddy Christmas and Stephen had a talk about it. Father Christmas came late to the conference—he was waiting outside, "afraid to come in" so Father Time told Mr. Leacock. The old chap seemed apprehensive and apologetic from three years of rebuff and towards the end of the interview, as Mr. Leacock sets it down, Old Father Time put the pith of their talk into this fashion:

"You see?" said Time. "His heart is breaking, and will you not help him if you can?"

"Only too gladly," I replied. "But what is there to do?"

"This," said Father Time, "listen."

He stood before me, grave and solemn, a shadowy figure but half seen though he was close beside me. The firelight had died down, and through the curtained windows there came already the first streaks of dawn. "The world that once you knew," said Father Time, "seems broken and destroyed about you. You must not let them know—the children. The cruelty and the horror and the hate that racks the world to-day—keep it from them. Some day he will know"—here Time pointed to the kneeling form of Father Christmas—"that his children, that once were, have not died in vain; that from their sacrifice shall come a nobler, better world for all to live in, a world where countless happy children shall hold bright their memory forever. But for the children of To-day, save and spare them all you can from the evil hate and horror of the war. Later, they will know and understand. Not yet. Give them back their Merry Christmas and its kind thoughts, and its Christmas charity, till later on there shall be with it again Peace upon Earth, Good Will toward Men."

His voice ceased. It seemed to vanish, as it were in the sighing of the wind.

I looked up. Father Time and Christmas had vanished from the room. The fire was low and the day was breaking visibly outside.

"Let us begin," I murmured. "I will mend this broken horse."

## Manchester Says: "Thanks, We'll All Go"

**S**IR THOMAS BEECHAM, of pills popularity, the greatest music-producer in England, wants to make Manchester a present of a new opera house and he wants the city authorities to get him a suitable site. A good many people in Canada know Manchester's fame as a music centre, even better than they do the reputation of Sir Thomas Beecham as a producer. We have here and there a would-be imitator of Sir Thomas in Canada, but none as yet who feel disposed to make any city in Canada a present of a new big opera house.

To the question of "Why does he go to Manchester rather than (say) to the Metropolis?" says the Manchester correspondent of the Musical Times (London), the reply would be that within a radius of thirty miles from Manchester you have the greatest accumulation of workers in the world; that for generations past the love of music has been one of the great ingrained characteristics of the district—John Wesley long ago testified to this; that in this area music has probably a securer grip upon the regular life of the community than anywhere else in Britain. This feeling finds its

most conspicuous expression in the amount and quality of music of all sorts available in Manchester, which has come to be regarded as a musical centre of this area quite as much as a commercial one. In a very real sense it is the hub of many forms of social and commercial life; nor must its remarkable accessibility be overlooked, even in these days of restricted locomotion. Manchester's fame in music matters dates back a long time. In 1777 it was the scene of a very early (if not the first) musical festival, and at that held in 1836 Malibran finished her career so tragically. At the great Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857, people realized that Manchester was a centre of considerable artistic discernment, and the Halle Orchestra dates from that time, although its founder had visited us in 1848. For sixty years this Orchestra in one way or another has been maintained, and has not only played in the city, but spread its fertilizing influences far and wide in Lancashire and Yorkshire. These, and a fine succession of orchestral conductors and enterprising impresarios, have all contributed much to prepare the ground. There now exists both an extensive and constantly growing appreciative public and a large and efficiently managed orchestra. These two essentials may exist elsewhere, but hardly to the same degree. One thing is certain, that if Sir Thomas Beecham (Lancastrian though he be) thought there was to be found in the Midlands or still further North a field that offered prospects of a finer and better harvest for the operatic seed shortly to be sowed, he would not risk his first crop here. But it is of the essence of his scheme to establish later similar centres elsewhere, and eventually to link them up and thus fulfil the "national" part of the project. Somewhere the Manchester authorities will find a suitable site, one may hazard such an opinion in advance; the crucial points are more likely to be found in the question of ultimate control, when the probationary period under Sir Thomas's direct guidance has been completed and the time appears ripe for the concern to be transferred to some local authority. Critical discussion is sure to centre round two important details: (1) the degree of probability that the opera-loving tendencies so manifest to-day are likely to endure; (2) the most desirable form and extent of municipal control when the time arrives for this to be undertaken.

## When Buying Books, Remember Personality

**H**AS it ever occurred to you that nothing else in the way of a gift reveals personality as does a book? says Esther Matson, in a delightful little discussion about Christmas gifts in the "Outlook." It is almost impossible to choose a book and yet be utterly impersonal about it. Unconsciously the characteristics of an individual will come out in the making of his choice. If there is any truth in the old adage, "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are," there is surely truth in its paraphrase, "Tell me what books you pick out and I will tell you what you are."

But here there is a kind of double action. For the giver of a book does not merely reveal his own personality. He also suggests yours. In selecting what he thinks will please you he indicates his conception of your individuality. He takes account of the likes and dislikes, of the fondnesses and the passions, which are the outer fringes of your self. And here, by the by, comes in the chance to pay you the subtlest kind of compliment. You cannot help but be gratified thus to have a mirror held up before you in such flattering wise. Perhaps the gift is a rattling good yarn. The implication is that you have a normal, common-sensical appetite. Perhaps it is a book of travels. That intimates a knowledge of one of your tastes. Possibly it is a philosophic tome. Now philosophy happens to be one of the predilections you pride yourself on. Or again the gift may prove to be a volume of essays, or else a bit of verse. In

either case there will be a pretty suggestion of belief that it will find in you a responsive vein.

We know how pleasant it is in some strange city to meet some friend of a friend. Now it seems to me that to receive the gift of a book is a little like this. It comes from the giver like a letter of introduction, to the end of mutual friendship—as who should say: "I have found this author's mind entertaining, or gracious, or large and ennobling; I wish you too to enjoy this same entertainment, to know this grace, or this greatness and inspiration."

I come now to that word of Thoreau's about books. "A written word," wrote he, "is the choicest of relics. It is something at once more intimate with us and more universal than any other work of art. It is the work of art nearest to life itself."

## Just to Read Aloud

**A** TOURIST walking along a quiet Irish country road came upon two men fighting desperately and rolling in the dust of the wayside. The upper man was pummelling the under man mercilessly, and the spectator thought he ought to interfere. "I say, old chap," he began expostulating, "it's not playing the game to hit a man when he's down, you know." The victor paused a moment and raised his head. "Faith," said he, "an' if ye knew all the trouble I had getting him down ye wouldn't be talkin' like that."

**L**YSANDER, a farm hand that Everybody's tells about, was recounting his troubles to a neighbor. Among other things, he said that the wife of the farmer who employed him was "too close for any use." "This very morning," said he, "she asked me, 'Lysander, do you know how many pancakes you have et this mornin'?' I said, 'No, ma'am, I ain't had no occasion to count 'em.' 'Well,' says she, 'that last one was the twenty-sixth.' And it made me so mad I jest got up from the table and went to work without my breakfast!"

**O**N the new brakeman's first run there was a very steep grade. The engineer always had more or less trouble to get up this grade, but this time he came near sticking altogether. Eventually, however, he reached the top. Looking out of the cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said, with a sigh of relief: "We had a hard job getting up, didn't we?" "We sure did," assented the new brakeman, "and if I hadn't put on the brake we'd have slipped back."

**A** WOMAN who thought she was a singer was walking through a building where some workmen had left some pitch in such a position that she swept her dress against it, and, of course, soiled the dress. "Oh, what shall I do to get it off?" she said to her woman friend. "Why don't you sing to it?" said her friend. "Why, what good would that do?" said the singer. "You always get off the pitch when you sing."

**A**NDREW, a sweet-voiced Cockney chap, was chosen to sing in a London slum concert and obliged with "Kathleen Mavourneen." His enunciation of one line, "The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill," jarred very much on the nerves of one man, who mentioned that Andrew really ought to put a few "itches" in now and then. "Garn!" said Andy, eyeing him with pity, "don't show yer ignorance—don't yer know there ain't no H in music? It only goes up to G!"

**A**N attorney was consulted by a woman desirous of bringing action against her husband for a divorce. She related a harrowing tale of the ill-treatment she had received at his hands. So impressive was her recital that the lawyer, for a moment, was startled out of his usual professional composure. "From what you say this man must be a brute of the worst type!" he exclaimed. The applicant for divorce arose and, with severe dignity, announced: "Sir, I shall consult another lawyer. I came here to get advice as to a divorce, not to hear my husband abused!"

# ANTICIPATING CHRISTMAS

**C**H R I S T M A S is coming. Shall we ring the joy bells? No: that may come later. Just now we feel otherwise—very much otherwise.

**I scowl**                      **We scowl**  
**Thou scowlest**            **Ye or you scowl**  
**He scowls**                   **They scowl.**

I scowl because I have to write a Christmas page. Indeed, there should have been a regular Christmas number of this paper—you know the kind of thing, all the magazines have done it since your earliest infancy! There should be a 3-color picture of smiling children and holly, on the cover, a page devoted to the very dainty and utterly useless articles that can be made out of ribbon, ditto out of handkerchiefs. There should be a list of suitable suggestions for Christmas gifts not of home manufacture, and in this the editor should co-operate with the advertising department. He may add a few suggestions of his own, and these vary according to the tastes and incomes that the editor of the publication attributes to his readers. If he visualizes you reading it in your carpet slippers around the kitchen stove, he may suggest: For Mother, a shawl; for Daughter, a pair of gloves; for Son, a top. If, on the other hand, he imagines the butler handing it to you on a silver salver, he may suggest a diamond tiara and a touring car.

Of course these are mere samples. There are usually 63 articles deemed suitable as Christmas gifts for Mother and Daughter, but poor Father comes at the end of the list with little but a pipe and a pair of suspenders.

Gloating over the things you might get in the Christmas list and checking over the simpler articles that you might give, you are apt to overlook the Christmas stories, but don't. They are sure to remind you of happier years. There is always one about a snow-bound train, the little golden-haired child and the grouchy old passenger who turns out to be a long-lost uncle and miraculously develops the Real Christmas Spirit. Then there is one about a Christmas tree where a sharp contrast is drawn between the rich little girl and the poor little girl, and there is sure to be an article about the good old days or about Christmas in other lands. That is the one we would prefer to write, if we could choose some nice, peaceful land, where none of our readers have ever been and where they have no relatives who write to them. Then we could ramble on unchecked. But writing about the Christmas spirit now while everyone is talking volubly either about the elections or the war—well, it can't be done—not convincingly, at least. So the readers of the Courier must seek elsewhere for their suggestions for Christmas decorations. I could easily fill my page with some helpful hints for a Christmas party—but I won't. I merely scowl.



**T**H O U scowlest, too. Why thou doest so is best known to thyself, but money, or the absence of it, is sure to play a part in thy scowl.

**H**E scowls for obvious reasons. He is the Provider of the family. The Father, whose name, at the bottom of the list of Christmas suggestions, is coupled

**'T**WAS the week before Christmas, and all through the house

The folk were too thrifty to harbor a mouse.

'Twas the week before Christmas (now, please do not sigh;

I know you're not ready yet—neither am I!)

The stockings were waiting en masse to be mended,

While Mother, the patriot, meetings attended.

The cook in the kitchen was trying to make

An eggless and milkless and butterless cake—

The menu would not be especially good

In deference to the Controller of-Food.

The shopping was somewhat delayed in its action,

Till Father had finished his war loan subtraction.

The holly was dry and the mistletoe yellow,

The evergreen wreaths were quite crumbly and mellow,

The turkeys were tough—indeed, nothing was nice,

If you couldn't afford an exorbitant price! . . .

Oh, really, this story is getting too sad—  
 I declare I can't finish it—so let's be glad!  
 Let's smile like real heroes and try to be gay  
 For it's but once a year—we are thankful to say.

with the present of a pipe or a pair of suspenders. It is not because he minds your giving him these presents. He can't think of anything he wants more. If he did he would buy it for himself. He is used to receiving books that his daughters want to read, drawing-room furniture that his wife fancies, fowling pieces that his son will permanently borrow. It is not so much the getting that he dreads as the giving, in spite of the popular belief that it is more blessed to give than to receive. But whether he gives or whether he gets it is apt to be Father who, directly or indirectly foots the bill.

So that is why He scowls.

**W**E scowl—you know we do, the week before Christmas! Wait till Christmas eve and we will achieve a smiling countenance, but just now, at the mention of the proximity of Christmas, We scowl.

**Y**E or you scowl, also, for various reasons. You don't want to be stingy, but . . . If you only knew whether she was going to give you something! People say they aren't giving presents this year and then, when it is too late to retaliate, you are apt to find. . . . Even toys are dreadfully expensive, but of course you mustn't disappoint the children! . . . You can't ask people to a Christmas dinner and feed them on beans, but the prices. . . . And not only the food, there's the

**T**H E Y scowl—no, they don't, not if "they" are children. Quite the contrary! That's why we persist in keeping this silly old Christmas festival. They don't scowl!

**S**A N T A C L A U S, the children's friend, is apt to be regarded by the Father of the Family as an elderly pirate, skilled in his trade, who yearly robs him of all his spare cash and more, also. He is invariably successful, and it was suggested to the canvassers for the Victory Loan, who preceded him in his rounds, that they should wear a disguise of white whiskers and go about in sleighs drawn by reindeer. You may think you are not going to hand over your cash to him this year. You may be quite certain of it, but remember, there are seven more shopping days before Christmas, sixty-three more hours in which you can buy. I have known people to hold out during the whole 62 and then dash down town on Christmas Eve with a suit-case and buy lavishly. I have even known them to go down early in the morning of the day after Christmas and buy return presents for those allotted them in the Christmas exchange, and then basely pretend that they posted them the day before! The only man who is really safe from the insinuating wiles of Santa Claus is he who possesses neither cash nor credit. Even without either of those attributes, no woman is secure. She is quite capable of removing the labels from her own Christmas gifts as soon as they arrive and distributing them amongst her friends. This is really a very sensible proceeding, but one is apt to get found out, for it is the custom in some households to leave Christmas gifts outspread on the drawing-room table, and if Mabel, who has sent you a pin-cushion, finds the same pin-cushion on Dora's table, there is apt to be trouble.

The moral drawn from these observations is: Be selfish! Only give things you want to give to people you want to give them to, or don't give at all. If your gift does not please you, it will hardly please the recipient. If you do not want to give him anything, the chances are that he is equally loath to receive it from you. In Christmas entertainments, too, be selfish. Offer food only to those to whom you wish to give it to. Do not share your Christmas board with friends or relatives you do not like; the chances are that they do not care for you, and you know the quotation that begins: "Better a dinner of herbs where love is . . ."

(Concluded on page 26.)



This experienced highwayman can extract money from fathers more readily than the most eloquent war loan canvassers.

# FURTHER REMARKS on \$2.20 WHEAT

*Seventh of a Series of Articles on the Limits and Possibilities of Price and Food Control*

By PROF. R. M. MacIVER

SOME comments and correspondence in last week's issue of the Courier seem to me to reveal a certain misunderstanding in regard to the whole question of \$2.20 wheat, as well as a misreading of certain remarks of my own thereon. I am therefore breaking the order of these articles in order to return to this subject. It is in any case important enough to deserve the fullest consideration.

In the first place we should remember that the price of Canadian wheat is not really fixed in Canada at all. The price of wheat is not, in any real sense, within the power of a Canadian Grain Commission or the Canadian Food Controller. In normal times the price is determined in the greatest wheat market in the world, that of Liverpool, whither the surplus of Canada and the States, of Australia and India, of Russia and the Argentine, used to flow. When war confounded the market systems of the world, when the surplus of India and Australia became less available through shortage of shipping while those of Russia and Roumania were cut off altogether, the exportable wheat of North America assumed an importance hitherto unknown. It had previously been rather less than a third of the total wheat export, Russia alone having in the years immediately before the war exported on the average far more than Canada and the States combined. But the export wheat of North America now meant everything to the allies and the allied cause. Its distribution in the present, its increase in the future, became a profound concern. So the central wheat market shifted to America. At Chicago and Minneapolis, more than at Liverpool, the price of wheat was now determined, while Winnipeg and Fort William reflected, rather than controlled, the prices obtaining at the former centres.

Now observe how prices rose. Observe how all the time it was the urgency of the buyers which explained the rise. The year 1915 brought unparalleled harvests, and yet the price of wheat, No. 1, Northern, rose from 89c in July, 1914, to \$1.40 in July, 1915. But 1916 was in the matter of harvests as in other regards, a year of gloom. Prices went up and up, from \$1.11 for No. 1 Northern (Winnipeg) in July, 1916, to \$1.91 in December. Conditions grew worse still in 1917. It began with a failure of the crops in Argentina, Australia, and other Southern Hemisphere lands. Later it appeared that the Canadian and American crops would be distinctly below the normal, while the reports from England and France were discouraging. Besides, there were heavy losses through submarines, and there were new requirements by the States in view of its entry into the war. The shortage was serious in 1916, it became grave in 1917. And as the urgency of the buyers increased, as their competition grew more fierce, the price of wheat went ever upward, until in May No. 1 Northern touched \$3 at Winnipeg, and Red Winter Wheat No. 2 touched \$3.45 at Chicago.

This was due simply to uncontrolled buying, to feverish buying. It was not due to the increased cost of producing wheat. The farmer had, directly or indirectly, practically nothing to do with it. He merely profited by market conditions beyond his control, just as in the past he had often suffered from market conditions beyond his control.

The alarming rise and the violent fluctuations of price led to drastic measures. Price control was initiated in Canada and in the States. In the States, at the end of August, the Garfield committee brought forward its recommendation, that for the 1917 wheat crop a basic price should be fixed, to wit, \$2.20 for No. 1 Northern spring wheat at Chicago, the prices for other grades and places being determined by this

standard. The committee declared it had two objects in view, "the need of encouraging the producer" and "the necessity of reducing the cost of living to the consumer." It spoke also of the dependence of the allies on American wheat.

Here are three different interests, those of the American producer, the American consumer, and the allied peoples; and they are far from being identical. Here, indeed, is the whole question. In whose interest, primarily, was \$2.20 wheat established? It could not have been that of the producer, for he was receiving more at the time of fixation. Most assuredly Food Commissions and Food Control Departments were not appointed in 1917 because the interest of the farmer was in jeopardy. The wheat producer was at that time less in need of encouragement to go on and do his best than ever before in all his chequered career. That strange double appeal of patriotism and profit was ringing in his ears.

Wheat at \$2.20 was primarily an attempt to reconcile the interests of the American and the allied consumers. It was a difficult task, and the solution offered was helpful if not adequate. I do not think it was adequate, for the reasons suggested in a previous article. The committee fixed the price once for all for the whole season's crop. Necessarily that price was high above the price of any normal year. Once made, it was unalterable. Many things might happen during so eventful a year, but the price must stay. It might be that the time of fixation would prove to be also the time when the purchasing power of the dollar was lowest. If so, would not a rigidly fixed price help to keep it down? And how did it affect the cause which we have seen to be responsible for the rise, the urgency of the buyers? Once wheat was fixed at \$2.20 that urgency could not reflect itself in prices any more. It showed itself, instead, in the demand to have priority in buying at the determined price. In other words, allocation of the supply was necessary. The hitherto competing allied buyers had to be brought together into a board, with the co-

operation of the American and Canadian governments, and their shares allotted not by competition, but in the light of their respective needs. Such a board, once it was established, would have itself prevented the wild scramble which sent prices soaring. Such a board was the first necessity, for if it had been established first, it would not have been necessary to have fixed the price once and for all. A flexible instead of a rigid control might have been attained, for the board would be permanent master of the changing situation, and I have already pointed out the advantages of such a method.

To fix prices once and for all is like lashing the rudder in a certain direction. To entrust control to a permanent commission, controlling distribution as well as price, and able to modify both at need, is like holding the rudder in a strong guiding hand. And we know which of the two ways is better in a storm.

A CERTAIN English foreman in one of the Kensington textile-factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go down-stairs and 'eat up my lunch f' me," ordered the foreman.

The boy—a typical young American, with no knowledge of cockney English—obeyed with alacrity. He was hungry.

Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry.

"Where's my lunch?" he demanded.

The boy gazed at him in amazement.

"You told me to eat it up—and I ate it," he stated.

"I didn't tell you to heat it up!" roared the irate foreman. "I told you to 'eat it up.'"

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster, stoutly. "I ate it cold."—Youth's Companion.

A HUMANE society had secured a show window and filled it with attractive pictures of wild animals in their native haunts. A placard in the middle of the exhibit read: "We were skinned to provide women with fashionable furs." A man paused before the window and his harassed expression for a moment gave place to one of sympathy. "I know just how you feel, old tops," he muttered. "So was I."

## A SHOT FOR FREEDOM AND A SHOT FOR THE POCKET

*With Special Reference to the Fact that Several Hundred Thousand People Have Gone Down Into Present or Prospective Pockets to get \$400,000,000 to Lend the Government*



## WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

(Continued from Page 15.)



said as she sat down:

"Doesn't it beat all what queer experiences some people have when they don't have anything to do with them?"

He coughed and wished she would go to church.

"I'm sure you have a great many strange dreams, Mr. Hoag."

"Are you?"

"And I have them meself."

"Oh, I daresay."

"And I notice that somebody in the Clarion has a good bit to say about dreams, and visions, and all like o' that. Have you read that column, Mr. Hoag?"

"Y—yes, occasionally."

"Don't some woman write it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe."

"I had a dream—a day-dream 'twas too."

"I see. Anything peculiar about that?"

"And if I hadn't been reading the papers, Mr. Hoag, I'd never have known it was so peculiar," went on Mrs. Bartop. "I saw just the other day, right in this room as I turned—right over that bookshelf, sir, as plain as day, a poor wan woman and a baby—going down street she was on a stormy night as it seemed, when a gentleman meets her and carries the baby home as the tower bell strikes one."

Mrs. Bartop paused to note the effect.

"Strikes one, Mr. Hoag. Anything peculiar about that now?"

"I'm sure there maybe," He coughed nervously.

"Yes, as I says to myself—if it had struck two, the newspaper yesterday would have told the death of both o' them. But as 'twas, Mr. Hoag—as the Clarion said—only the poor mother died of exposure. The poor thing! A clean-up woman at Markhams she was. And I was thinking that if Mr. Markham that's doing so many things for the poor and the orphans and the sick, could have known about it—the poor thing might have been saved. But as sure as I'm here, I saw that woman and her baby, right in this room, right over that chair you sit in so much—at just about a stroke of the clock past the minute she died, poor thing!"

Mrs. Bartop did not see his face. She was looking at his shadow, that reached up the wall like a ghost.

"And I was wondering, Mr. Hoag, if I was to get you to write a letter to that man that writes the dream things in the Clarion—if he mightn't be able to tell an ignorant body like me—just how it was that in this very room, over your chair, I sees the phantom of that woman almost the minute she died."

(To be continued.)

XXVIII.

## Mrs. Bartop's Day Dream

MRS. BARTOP, landlady, was not informed of Mr. Hoag's change of fortunes. She knew he had left Markhams, but not the ghost of a reason why. She wanted to find out. Mrs. Bartop had been dusting Mr. Hoag's queer books long enough to feel sure that he was a man of mystery. And she had been reading the Clarion. She put two and two together and got five, when she surmised that Mr. Hoag was conducting the column. She did not want Mr. Hoag to suspect that she knew, so on a Sunday morning when Mr. Hoag was still in his dressing-gown she lingered about his books and

## Seven Wagnerless Days a Week

It seems hard, but Gotham must face it. As to the Muck furore, the Evening Post says that Boston Symphony devotees wouldn't know blindfolded which of any three big orchestras was doing a piece. And England, it seems, is making no pianos.

## By THE MUSIC EDITOR

large numbers for export as Canada is. If we are wrong in this, we are open to correction from any Canadian maker of pianos. If we are right—now is the time for Canadian piano-builders to consider whether or not they could do any share of the British trade in pianos.

MUSIC and Mars are having a serious time in New York and other flag-kindred places. No wonder. New York is just awakening to the fact that the Metropolitan Opera House has for years been a hot-bed of nationalisms. Nothing expresses nationality more vividly than certain kinds of music. With all due respect to W. J. Henderson in The Sun and to Wagnerites in Canada, we contend that the late Dick Wagner was in his day a more potent creator of modern German sentiment than Dick Strauss will ever be. Wagner, says Mr. Henderson, in his recent article deploring yet justifying the banishment of German music from the stage over there, was a rebel and a refugee from his own country. All very well, but he, more than all other artists of any sort combined, has immortalized the demigod, superman idea in Germany as expressed by such as Siegfried and his whole tribe of wonder-workers en route to Valhalla. The ban on Wagner ought to be absolute—except where that great Colossus expressed absolute music or music divorced from the deification of Germans as superior to other people. I am as crazy about Wagner's music as most people. My first hearing of Wagner, a whole evening of him in 1895, with Anton Scill at the baton, put me into a miraculously new world of sensation and magic. I can get up and scream any day at the astounding beauty and power of Wagner's best

stuff, and I can deprecate his drivel—because some of the time Wagner was teaching, especially in such lubricious wordings as a great part of Siegfried. But I am willing to have seven Wagnerless days a week from now on, until such time as Germany is a sane country.

Mr. Henderson feels much the same way, but regrets it. He recalls the fact that several German singers in the Metropolitan held a celebration over the Lusitania, and notes with glee that said singers have since been put on the boycott list. So the big Broadway Opera House that used to be directed part of the time from Berlin, has to get along now with French, Italian and Russian operas. Now the Russian is on the doubtful list. Boris Gudonoff may go over to the Bolsheviki's any day—we hope not.

But what would be the sense of boycotting Beethoven, Mozart, Hayden, Bach? None. These men had nothing to do with modern Germany in any way, shape or manner. They are—just music.

But my! how the N. Y. Evening Post does go after the Boston Symphony! Likewise the Boston worshippers in Carnegie Hall. To this audience he says:—"Everything this orchestra, or its conductor, does is absolutely above criticism. Probably ninety-five of every hundred of these good and honest folks, if blindfolded or placed behind a screen, could not, to save their lives, tell whether this particular orchestra was playing or the New York Philharmonic or Symphony, or the Philadelphia or Chicago orchestra; yet to hear their pharisaical or adulatory talk one would think that Boston alone provided us with the real thing, everything else in the country being second or third rate. The Boston orchestra certainly is first rate, and Dr. Muck is an admirable conductor in many ways; yet he was known in Berlin as 'the metronome,' and his programmes are certainly far from being models.

ARE the Canadian piano-makers aware—no doubt they are—that England has for a long while been almost destitute of pianos. England was like some other countries before the war—she preferred German pianos. No German pianos are going to England now, and the English piano-makers are up against an impossibility of making pianos for themselves. Good-naturedly they have been in the habit of importing "parts," including actions from Germany. These are cut off now. Added to the shortage of labor, this makes the British-made piano almost non-exist.

But even if England should be able to make her own pianos it seems, according to a correspondent of a well-known New York paper, that a large percentage of the buyers would still prefer pianos of the German type. Some like the French type, and some British makers have catered to this; others have not. Hence, after the war, there would seem to be an open market in England for other foreign makers of pianos.

And, of course, shrewdly enough, the U. S. correspondent thinks the American piano will be able to meet the demand. If so, why not Canadian pianos for England? Of course, every country should as far as possible nationalize its pianos. This country has done so in a very unmistakable way. In fact, no country in the world of any population has a greater variety of sterling makers of pianos than Canada. And on a population basis the Canadian-made piano is at the top of the lot. If English people do not care for 100 per cent. of British-made pianos, is there any reason why the undoubted high grade of many of our Canadian makes should not get as good a showing in that market as any of the American makes? As a matter of absolute fact, we doubt if the United States is as well equipped for the making of first-class pianos in

**W**ITHIN driving distance of the city of Toronto are farms which can be bought for less than it cost to put up the buildings, clear, drain and fence the land.

In other words: arable lands not thirty miles from the market of a half million Canadian people, can be purchased for nothing—provided the buyer is willing to pay back a part of the capital invested in the man-made improvements.

Yet, we are wont to say that agriculture is the backbone of Canada! And so it is. Thus, the relentlessness of logic brings us to the sad conclusion that something is seriously wrong with Canada's spinal column.

Within the ten years covered by the last census, Ontario's urban population increased by 400 thousand, and Ontario's rural population decreased by 40 thousand. A vast army of new consumers, vaster than all Canada's army overseas, and 40 thousand fewer producers to feed it!

And the people are asking why there is not enough food to go around, at the old time prices!

Since the war there has been a further coursing towards the depletion of the land. Don't turn to the enlistment figures of the rural battalions to find its volume, for they tell only part of the story. From a farm I know well, five men have gone overseas; and each man enlisted in Toronto. From rural Ontario and even from the far West, men were drawn to the city of bands, white lights, theatres, crowded streets, and prodigal entertainments during the days of active recruiting. The Toronto press, ever prone to comparisons, measured loyalty by the numbers of enlistments, and boasted of the super-loyalty of the Queen City. Like the Pharisee of old, Toronto gloated in her righteousness.

And there were men who left the farm for the city—and did not enlist—men who, unskilled in mechanics, found in the munition factories a pay for an eight-hour day's work, greater than a hundred-acre farm with all its capital investment could produce.

Left to himself, the farmer bent his tired back still lower and strove to maintain the food supply. That he has succeeded so well, is a

## THE STRAFERS

By MARK KETTS

marvel; that he cannot continue, is a certainty. For he cannot continue. During the past three years, production has been forced by means which cannot be indefinitely extended. In the West, wheat has been raised on stubble; and in the East, corn has been grown on unhoed fields. But the day of reckoning is at hand. It is a law of nature that food cannot be produced without a bending of backs. Like Huns, the weeds are invaders, destroying crops and spreading destruction far and near, and like Huns, they will yield only at the point of steel.

Yes, it is true: there is no permanent success in farming without backaches. That is the main reason for the trek from field to factory. Greater comforts, shorter hours, more remuneration with less manual effort: that tells the story.

All the short cuts to production have been exhausted. The farmers of Canada have the last word in mechanical implements, and production still means manual labor and drudgery. The hours have been lengthened their full course—and then stretched to the breaking point. And now the eight-hour-a-day consumers are asking the fourteen-hour-a-day food producers to hurry up and produce more food, cheap food. The men who left the land, who refuse to go back to the land, are strafing the man who stayed on the land; they are denouncing him in the columns of their press as a profiteer.

Not many weeks ago, I ran into a mob on the East-side streets of New York. Soap-box orators were driving it towards frenzy by strafing the food-producers—and they succeeded. The mob upset hucksters' carts and broke plate-glass windows, and the soap-box orators went home, doubtless satisfied that they had done a good day's work.

But these things did not lower the price of

food. And nothing will lower it, except more food. A few miles away, over on the Long Island side, was a vast area of untilled land that would have produced food if the soap-box orators and the mob had bent their backs in its cultivation.

In Toronto, John B. Robertson, of the "Telegram," and Joseph E. Atkinson, of the "Star," are raising a hue and cry against the farmer. By combine, they gather their news, by combine they regulate their advertising rates, and by combine they raised the sale price of their product one hundred per cent., and with unblushing inconsistency demand that the farmers' product shall be cheapened by government regulation. The farmer's pay for his fourteen hours a day toil diminished.

The soap-box orators of New York, and Messrs. Robertson and Atkinson, of Toronto, are not alone in seeking to turn city against country. In England there are men who strafe the food-producers. Of them, Lloyd George said, the other day:

I need hardly say, not only have I no sympathy with this abuse which has been poured upon the farmer, but I deprecate it in the strongest possible manner. It is mischievous to the last degree, and it is not true. After all, these people who have been delivering these ill-considered and pernicious attacks do not realize the precariousness of the farmer's business.

The charges of profiteering levelled against the farmers, these wanton attacks upon men who, with heavy capital investments, are laboring at remuneration which is less than the current hourly wages of the city unskilled laborer, are, in the opinion of Britain's Premier, "mischievous," "ill-conditioned," and "pernicious."

More than that, they are futile. "There is no arbitrary Law of Supply and Demand!" As well might they have said there is no Law of Gravity. Capital and labor are liquid—save under slavery—and they move to the place of most remunerative employment. And so long as greater profits and higher wages are to be made in the city, the price of food will continue to advance. Once upon a time old King Canute said the laws of nature should be broken at his command. From his gilded throne chair he strafed the waves and bade them desist, but—

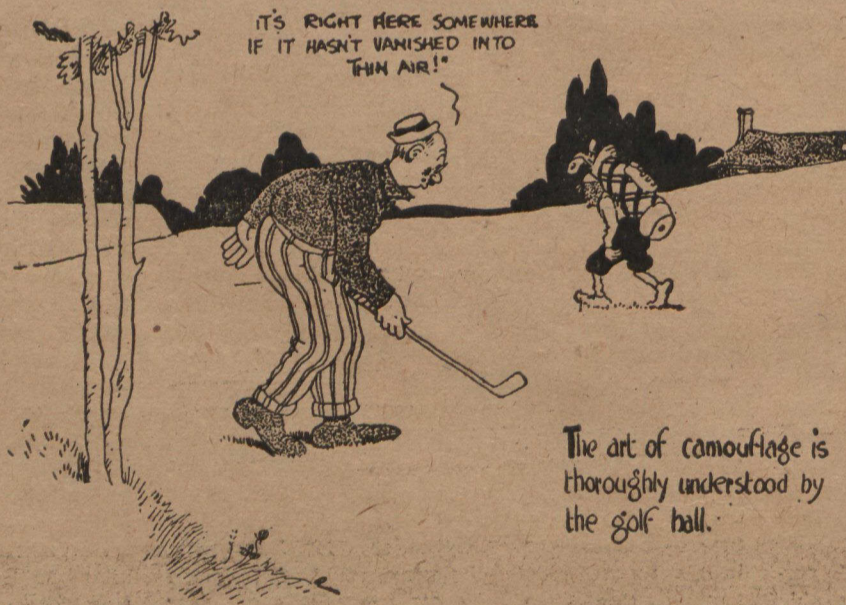
## C A M O U

**W**HEN James Whitcomb Riley was praised as the man who had introduced the real child into American literature, he remarked, "I have only been trying to do the little fellow simplest, purest justice." Writing to an old friend, notes Edmund H. Eitel in Harper's Magazine, Riley once said; "The letters from delighted fathers and mothers, and even the pencil-printed ones from the lovely little chaps themselves, all—all go to make me one of the happiest, gratefullest of men—with never a child of my own, and yet with a world of them—thank the Father of us all."

On just one occasion he was drawn into an intimate talk in which he revealed from his vivid memory of the boy he used to be the real secret of his understanding of children.

"There is always beside me the little boy I used to be, and I can think his thoughts, and live his hopes and his tragedies now, just as much as I could when I looked like him.

"We have great times together—this little boy and I—and we are never more intimate than when some other little child is near us. I have sat here by the fire, or by somebody else's fire, and have seen a little, strange child come into the room when it seemed as if he must know how much alike we were and that I must go and talk



—Frank King in Cartoons Magazine.

This brave new word runs to and fro,  
As Arras-Lille despatches show,  
Marking the trick, with artful grace,  
Which cheats the Hun before his face—  
Old canvas, painted with a throw.

Hear pseudo-statesmen all aglow;  
With patriot-phrase their plans o'erflow;  
Mere platitudes and common-places:  
Just camouflage.

Placards obscure the hustings. Row  
On row they flash—each flash a blow  
For King—or whom? God, we could  
trace  
Thy guiding hand when passions flow  
O'er Canada, should men forego  
Base camouflage.

—Reuben Butchart

## F L A G E

with him. But I never did go to him right away, or call him to me. Why? Because the little boy I used to be was at my elbow, and I remembered very well how he used to like to have people treat him. Was it the people who made an affectionate rush at him and caught him up and covered him with kisses who won his heart? No, it was the people whose hearts he thought he had won.

"So with this little, strange child in the room, I would sit still and pretend to be talking with the grown-up people. But I never ceased to be conscious of him for a minute—only I wouldn't have let him know that for the world. I wooed him instead as subtly as ever lover wooed a sweetheart—and, when you consider it, a lover woos as if his sweetheart were a child, under-valuing what is too easily won, and overestimating what is hard to possess. . . . So I would hold out my hand to the child with all the absent-mindedness I could muster, and I would keep on talking. The little, strange child would watch like a little, shy rabbit, and come a little nearer, and a little nearer, and finally he would be standing with my arm around him, and all the while I would be talking to some one else, and not seeming to pay him the slightest attention."

# BARBARITIES OF A BARBER

*A Close Shave for a Humoresque*

By EDWARD CECIL JOSEPH

"NEXT!" I awoke with a start. Only a finished actor can wake with a finish, and as I am not an actor nor am I finished, I employed the above mentioned start. My first impression was that I had been asleep. So it had all been a dream! Those daring deeds, those doughy dumplings, those dainty damsels, those desperate dachshunds—all had faded into the mists of unreality under the sharp inflexible tone of the barber's

and a short white coat. I decided the latter must have been clipped with the lawn mower. And then I discovered the reason why he had pinioned my hands—he was afraid I might adopt his massive gold watch chain. But he needn't have feared. I had been to Woolworth's myself and had one just like it.

"Next!" It sounded again, so I opened my eyes, closed them again to yawn, and then gazing around on the assembled multitude, discovered that I was first in the line. I arose, folded my paper and removed my hat. I took out my hanky and rubbed the dust off my patent leather shoes. I was just commencing to smooth my hair in front of the glass when the next man in the row said something about being in a hurry, so I suggested that he assist me by unbuttoning my collar at the back. He sat down again and I did it myself, after removing my tie—it was one my wife had given me, and I hoped somebody might take it by mistake. I blew my nose, settled my glasses, shook hands with the barber and took my place in the operating chair.

No sooner had he climbed over to the back again than a fly alighted on a ticklish spot beside my nose. I shook my head at him and the scissors took a bite out of my ear. The fly took a corresponding position the other side of my nose. I winked at him and he returned the salute by gaily waving his proboscis at me. I blew at him out of the corner of my mouth, but he seemed to enjoy the breeze, merely nodding his head at me occasionally as though to say, "I can stand your cheek, but want none of your lip," and then he commenced to carefully brush the dust off his wings with his hind legs. I decided that he was a badly brought up fly, and that I should forget him and think of something else. I shut my eyes and thought of my wife, and it occurred to me how quickly she would swat that fly if she were only here. I next thought of last Sunday's ball game, and of how Sy Togg had caught that last one on the fly. I thought of the memo. I had made on the fly-sheet of my pocket book, to remind me to bring home some fly-paper. I thought of the kites I used to fly when a boy, and of how the cook makes the butter fly in the kitchen. But just then a bald-headed man came in, and the fly flew.

The barber put away his instruments of torture, and my hopes ran high as he started to undo my nightie at the back, but he simply shook it out and replaced it. He also brushed the crumbs from my hair down my neck and swept my face. The rest of the operation I know only from hearsay, as it happened behind me, and I could judge only by sound and feel. However, I imagined that he first washed his hands with a soap shaker and dried them carefully on my hair, taking each finger of each hand collectively and individually. Then he dipped his hands in the butter dish and repeated the operation, finally using some sort of goo that smelled like Saturday night at the movies. He disinterred the original comb and brush that Noah used in the ark and smoothed off the surface, constructing an irrigation canal on one side. He clipped off three hairs which were marring the landscape, and unshackled my hands in order that I might reach my purse. I yawned, scratched the spot where the fly had been, rose, and gave the dev—I mean barber his due. He gave me in return a couple of taps with Japheth's whisk, and I was free.

My wife knew I had been to the barber's before I took off my hat, and sniffed audibly. When she saw the effect, though, she evinced great approval, taking advantage of the occasion to read me a little lecture about always keeping my hair that way. I love my wife, and her slightest wish is my law, so I have taken her words to heart. All this happened three weeks ago, and since then I can truthfully say that neither brush nor comb has disturbed the wondrous symmetry of the barber's creation.

## ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT, JOHN

JOHN BULL says he believes in peace by Christmas. In what was quoted in this paper two weeks ago from the pen of John Bull, there did not appear this—which was crowded out:

As I write, says Mr. Bottomley, the weather is improving and unless we get another break I expect by the time my words are read

VULGAR BRUTE.



"Excuse me, but you've got a bit of fluff on your arm."

"What the deuce d'ye mean, sir? The lady's my wife."—Sydney Bulletin.

that we shall be learning of renewed activity in the West. Well, I am going to indulge in a little phantasy of my own. I am going to say that, given a few weeks' fine weather, it will all be over by Christmas. I don't mean that the Peace Treaty will have been signed, and all that sort of thing; but I do mean that, for all practical purposes, the war will be ended. I don't care whether Petrograd falls, or what happens in the Near East. The war began and will finish in the West—and there the Hun is beaten to a frazzle. That may well be the reason for the present demonstration in the Russian area. The poor Kaiser must make some show. But, meanwhile, Haig will be putting the finishing touches to the job in Flanders. And Austria will be making terms with Italy. As I write, my mind goes back to that talk I had with Haig in his private room at G. H. Q. He will probably see these lines—for I found John Bull all over the place. And remembering what he told me, and what he showed me, and what has happened since, and what will probably be happening in a few days' time, I ask, in sporting parlance—"What Price Peace By Christmas?" Fatuous optimism, if you like—irresponsible drivel—ridiculous nonsense, and so on. Well, we will wait and see. In the meantime, once more—"What Price Peace by Christmas?"



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# Shepherding Our Dollars

By INVESTICUS

**F**IGURES, of course, never lie, except by appointment. And truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. The cold mathematics of the Victory Loan have made commonplaces of the fictions that even the biggest optimists invented.

Over \$400,000,000 subscribed;

Over 600,000 subscribers;

Over \$50 per head of population;

One-twelfth the size of the Second Liberty Loan when our population is less than one-thirteenth;

\$1,000 invested for every Canadian who has gone into khaki;

One investor to every 12 men, women and children.

Let the statisticians do the rest.

Here are facts and figures enough to startle anybody. Where was the money? Of course it hasn't all come to light yet. But it will. Some of it is in other investments; some in banks; some in postoffice savings; some in economies to be effected; some in things to be sold for cash—or its equivalent.

The huge national bank, operating through all the banks and most of the bond brokers, has diverted a huge stream of money that belongs to the

plain people—into the national bank. The route to that Bank is via the banks. Millions upon millions of money that never expected to see the inside of a bank have started bankwards.

What has become of the real estate holes in the ground that used to swallow our money? Gone, along with the stock speculator—who is never quite gone, because he is sometimes necessary. The money people had that used to go into land, houses, stocks, races, luxuries, pleasures, over-eating, wine and whisky—a lot of this has gone into the National Bank.

This is a revolution. To be quite candid, we never thought the country could do it on such a colossal scale.

But, of course, it was more than a gilt-edged investment. And it means that this country must be prosperous in spite of the cost of living. It means that in the fourth year of war, when we have all been more or less economizing—have we?—we could do just a little better than the United States which has been at war only since last April.

And Canada's Victory Loan has taught us quite a few things about ourselves.

## A Bull on the Country

**W**HEN you are taking stock of what any country is worth nowadays—and a few of them are bankrupt if not more—consider the case of the United States. That \$5,000,000,000 Liberty Loan, twelve times the size of our Victory Loan—but no more than it should be at that by population, or as much—is a mere fraction of the wealth that has been cataracting into the country since the war began. And in this breezy article, Being a Bull on the Country, in Every Week, Charles R. Brown very tensely shows what war prosperity means in the United States.

In the first place, he says, let us recall that for all practical purposes we have, as a direct result of the war, cleared off the huge debts that for generations have been owing to creditors in foreign countries. We have been able to buy back the billions of dollars' worth of bonds and shares that made possible the building of our railroads in what then were wildernesses. More than \$5,000,000,000 worth of our

securities have been repurchased from abroad; and the hundreds of millions of dollars that formerly went over to foreign holders in the form of dividends and interest charges now are distributed at home.

Not alone have we paid our debts, but we have completely turned the tables. We have lent our former creditors much more than we owed them, and it is they who are now paying interest to us on perhaps \$8,000,000,000, or, at an average of 5 per cent., something like \$400,000,000 a year. Foreign governments, municipalities, etc., borrowed from our investors, before our country participated in the war, fully \$5,000,000,000. Since then our Treasury has lent to what are now our Allies substantially another \$3,000,000,000, and legislation that already has been enacted provides for \$4,000,000,000 additional within the fiscal year.

All this means just so much additional interest to American investors; for our government sells its bonds or notes to our own people in order to obtain the funds it is lending our associates in the war.

Since the war began, our imports of gold, after deducting exports, show a net balance in our favor of \$1,881,724,000. We have to-day a very large proportion of the world's actual supply of gold. Figures such as these are so colossal as almost to baffle the ordinary imagination. But, as they are on the right side, they must be remembered at this the formal Thanksgiving season.

Then again, all forms of our national life have found new impulse. Our farmers have been favored with huge crops; our factories, too, have been making corresponding profits in which labor has participated. Meanwhile we are making such great progress in shipping that we are assured of a leading place upon the seven seas, and are

ever improving our position as an exporter of all classes of goods needed abroad.

The war has not changed fundamentals. Continue to be a "bull on the country"; its resources as yet have only been scratched. The war may be regarded merely as a painful attack of "growing pains" marking our national entrance upon full development. Make your money work on this basis.

## NEW BOOKS

### Neighborhood Stories

"OUR SQUARE AND THE PEOPLE IN IT." By Samuel Hopkins Adams.

**B**ETWEEN the two covers of an average novel almost any author worthy the name can find space to develop the complexities of his characters and complete his tale in the fullness thereof, so to speak. But how few there are who have mastered the knack of intensifying incident, emphasizing characteristics, and ravelling plot interest into the limitations of the short story! Once in a while a good short story gets into type, but it is only once in a while and a long while at that. Which makes it seem the more wonderful to find a whole book full of good short stories by the one author. Samuel Hopkins Adams makes such an offering in "Our Square and The People in It." There is a neighborly note about the very title itself and the tales all have an intimate quality which makes one welcome the home-folksy feeling for his characters which Mr. Adams inspires by exercising his peculiar ability to enliven them in print. The number of romances in the volume and the intricacy of their problems and solutions are remarkable. And binding them all together with a kind of geographical connection is "Our Square." —Thos. Allen, \$1.50.

### Old Wine in New Bottles

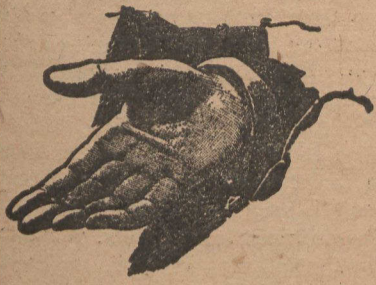
"THE AMATEUR DIPLOMAT." By Hugh S. Eayrs and T. B. Costain.

**O**NCE upon a time an imprudent European princess rambled into a moon-lit garden and met an impudent adventurer. The adventurer was a most wonderful man, endowed with second sight and every magical attribute necessary to fit him for his chosen career. He was a hero in a mechanical novel—a conventional romance—and he needed all the magic he could lay his hands on to perform his stunts. For instance, before the royal lady lays her easy head upon his padded shoulder, said hero must juggle with her dynasty, run her foreign affairs and ruin her domestic situation—or something like that.

But things like that are negligible little incidents in the career of an amateur diplomat, especially if his early training has been confined to the routine beat of a Montreal newspaper reporter. At least it all came easy to a fellow called Fenton, who took a weekend trip from Canada's commercial metropolis to give Europe the once-over by way of a little change. And the way in which he did the thing is all set down—according to the proper formulae—in a book. There can be no doubt about the propriety of the formulae. But all formulae—and old



Good



morning

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a Cake

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time recipes for the matter of that—are apt to get wrinkled with age and stale from overuse.

The Amateur Diplomat, by Hugh S. Eayrs and T. B. Costain, is a bright effort of the young men, one of whom is a former employee of the Canadian Courier, the other the editor of Maclean's Magazine, in which the story ran as a serial under the name of Hugh S. Eayrs. The book is well-written, does not pretend to be a novel, does set out to be a romantic adventure story of the sort which traces genealogically back to the Prisoner of Zenda via the Graustark route; and it succeeds in being readable, entertaining and—not too amateur in the diplomacy of writing. As an example of collaboration in a good cause with plenty of precedents to back it up, it should be read by many Canadians.—Hodder & Stoughton, \$1.25.

Sheer Romance

"ENCHANTED HEARTS." By Darragh Aldrich.

OF course it is quite ridiculous to think, even for a moment, that true princesses, fairy-godmothers and princes in disguise, would really truly come to lighten the dreariness of now-a-days. The little people belong way back to a time when fantasies were fashionable and efficiency rules had not been formulated. Modern Cinderellas don't romance over ash-sifters and a six-cylindered pumpkin wouldn't fit into the story anyway. Yet (such is the subtle spell which Darragh Aldrich has woven about the tale) the doings of a wistful little drudge in a New York boarding house entice one back almost all the way to a belief in fairy folk again. It is sheer romance, but invested with a whimsical quality which should quicken the spirit of "make-believe" in the crustiest old critic; and, to quieten his incredulity, there is a touch or two of realism most artfully introduced. "Comfort" is the given-in-baptism name of the lovable little lady who makes all the magic come true in this charmingly told story of "Enchanted Hearts" and the Christmas party, where all the kinks are straightened out, gives just the kind of happy ending which all true Christmas tales should have. — The Musson Book Co., \$1.35.

A Trained Dog

"MICHAEL, BROTHER OF JERRY." By Jack London.

LOVERS of animals are not going to enjoy trained animal turns at vaudeville shows, after reading this story of Michael. The most vivid impression one gets from the book is the picture of the Cedarwild Animal School. It was run by Harris Collins, the most noted animal trainer in the United States; and it was the last word in sanitation, efficiency, and cruelty. It was "business from the first tick of the clock to the last bite of the lash," and it was here that Michael, by nature a merry, playful dog, passed through an "animal hell" that left him morose and subdued.

But Michael had a happy time both before and after his experience at Cedarwild, and the reader is introduced to many very entertaining humans who were his friends. There are accounts of very interesting episodes, to counteract much which is anything but pleasant reading.—The Macmillan Co., \$1.50.

40,000 LITTLE MEN WANTED

(Concluded from page 7.)

an outlet,—room to swing about in, and it's hard to beat the naval curriculum outlined by the League. Also, we are too parochial, we do not know how the next township lives. When we have our boats in the different harbors planted, we will have an exchange of crews. Could anything be better as an aid to understanding, for instance, between the French-Canadians and our own boys than such an interchange? Shake them together in a jolly-boat for a while—at the impressionable age no amount of reading could do as much. Our cruises will broaden their outlook, give them an idea of the extent of their country, even the nearby portions, at a time in their lives when indelible memories are made."

It was the "planting" of such a training ship in the waters of Newfoundland some twenty years ago that accounts, largely, for the 25,000 men of that country now serving Britain's cause on the seas. Under the League's system of co-ordinated training boys can step from one of the boats into a 32-foot cutter of the navy, and carry on as though they had been brought up in it.

In the organization of the Brigade, each division is representative of the churches in a certain district. The churches—of any denomination—look after their own little groups, providing an older man who can "brother" the boys and see that they get all possible from the facilities afforded by the League; these consisting of equipment, instruction and instructors. The church provides a hall for meeting, the floor being cleared and laid out and rigged as the deck of a ship. So the interest is maintained through the off season. There is no limit to the development of the youthful inclination towards things nautical, the boy may become a skilled seaman, he may go on and become a master mariner, or he may be of the stamp that will become a shipowner or builder. For the opportunities are large and the instruction includes many things besides plain seamanship, just as the class of boys is broad and includes sons of the well-to-do as well as those who have no chance other than this of getting in touch with the alluring arts of the sea. The democracy of the thing is one of its recommendations; boys brought together under these circumstances gain a sympathy and appreciation for each other such as the members of a high class school acquire on the football field. And Canada's marine is the gainer in whatever sphere the boy moves. Instead of haphazard experience and hard knocks to produce a sailor, it will be a matter of careful teaching under the best auspices that competent navy men and kindly wholesome discipline can give. Under Chief Yeoman Stewart and his assistants, all navy men,—there will be about ten paid instructors—the training is thorough; before the boy learns to row, he learns to swim, life-saving is one of the first lessons. And the gymnastics, signalling, cutlass and singlestick drill round out a program of healthful development good for any boy that is to become a man, be he A. B. or shipowner.

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Madam

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**YALE**

She was a little brunette creature, slender, sparkling.

"I know," Miss Bennett said, "you're married to Dick. I'm so glad, dear; it's perfectly lovely. I hope you'll be terribly happy."

Then she burst into tears.

Miss Bennett and Mr. Ardsley were returning to Boston over the same road that they had taken in the morning. This time they were in a motor-car.

It had been a long day full of pleasant companionship and the beauty of out-of-doors. Now they had just come from seeing the bridal pair off to their honeymoon.

The wind had infused Miss Bennett's eyes with a soft brilliancy. It had whipped into her cheeks a velvety flood of color that ran from her lashes down to the shadowy pits at the corners of her mouth. Her hair, a tangled iridescent mesh, was a swaying background for all this color.

"We shall be in Boston in another ten minutes." His manner was full of regret. "When am I going to see you again?" His tone was leavened with a definite element of proprietorship.

"Really, Mr. Ardsley, I don't know," Miss Bennett said, languidly. "Is there any necessity for our seeing each other again? I can't see how people with such peculiarly diverse ideas on things could ever take any pleasure in each other's society."

"Am I to understand," he demanded, in an aggrieved tone, "that you refuse to let me call on you?"

Perhaps she had not expected this. She thought for an instant. "Yes," she said, finally, with an air of decision.

"Oh, very well. But of course I shall see you again."

"Where?"

"At the Yerringtons'."

She laughed triumphantly. "You'll never be invited there. You know what—proverbially—happens to the bachelor friends of the groom, especially when they were the means of breaking the engagement once."

"I had nothing to do with the broken engagement, as nobody knows better than yourself. But I fixed that. I've got Rhoda dead to rights." He turned to her a face that radiated mischief. "She's actually invited me to come and live with them next year, and I'm going to accept. I don't think you'll let me have the triumph," he insinuated, craftily. "of believing that you don't care to come to see your best friends on my account."

Conflicting emotions, accompanied by exquisite gradations in color, warred in Miss Bennett's cheek. Ardsley watched the display with approval.

Curiosity triumphed. "How in the world did you manage that?" she asked, in a baffled tone.

"I appealed to the instinct that is stronger in woman than death. I told Rhoda that she could certainly marry us off if she's only provide me with a chance to get to you. Now come," he wheedled. "Be a sport! Give me a fighting chance! Let me come to-morrow night."

For a moment Miss Bennett stared at him, her lips compressed, her nostrils quivering. Then something in his gaze got the better of her. She laughed. "Yes, you may come," she said.

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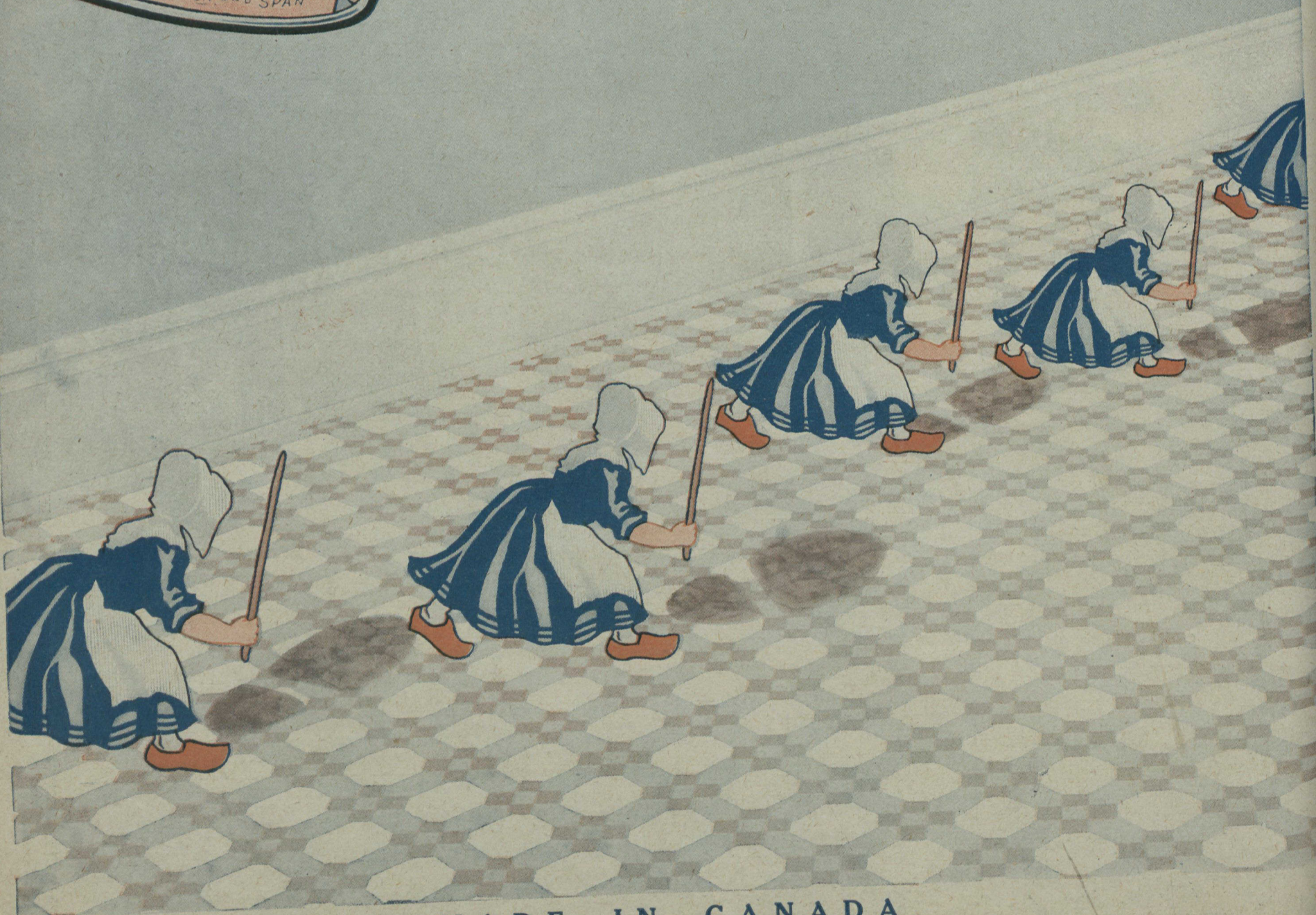
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