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THE HOUR BY THE CLOCK, by Roland Jenner
THE SCALAWAG OF SCOW FALLS,
By William Hamilton Osborne

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

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Published Every Other Week

A RATHER LARGE PARISH

LAST week the head of one of the largest advertising departments in Canada telephoned this office:

"My brother, three years at the front, wrote me the other day to say that he saw my name in your paper in a report of a minstrel show given at an art club in Toronto last March. He says he saw it on a page of the Canadian Courier tacked up on a post in a dug-out. He appropriated the page, a whizz-bang struck the neighborhood of the dugout, he left suddenly, kept the page, sent it to England—and I want a copy of that issue, please."

Next day a subscriber in Havana wrote: "I am making up a list of some of the ridiculous-ities of this war from the beginning—an impossible task to make really complete, of course—and I wonder if I could get those numbers of your paper in which it was stated that the British-Canadian Navy people had almost opened fire on a submarine (bought from the U.S.) as it entered Esquimalt harbor—and the number in which there was an article about the number of spies in Belgium among the Belgians? I sent this number to the London Times, as they asked me for it."

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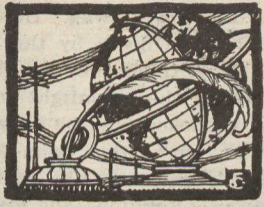
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FACTS about FLAX

SHORT STORY of the Aeroplane Wings that grow in the fields of Ontario; an acre of flax to one set of wings.

From information furnished

By A. L. McCREDIE



THIS ugly machine for pulling flax was invented by an Ontario preacher. It is here seen at work in a York county field, man-ridden, tractor-hauled, ugly—but expected in future to be efficient.

NOT your towel, table-cloth or spool of linen thread that is pictured in embryo here—but the wings of your future aeroplane if you decide to use one. No flax, no aeroplanes. According to A. L. McCredie, former editor of the Canadian Countryman, now flax grower and manufacturer in St. Mary's, Ont., it takes about an average acre of flax to make the wings for one aeroplane. Whether it takes less or more depends upon whether the flax is well-grown, picked before being fully ripe, retted evenly and well scutched (the separation of the fibre from the woody part of the stem).

Now of all commodities affected by the war, flax has gone up faster than anything else. Copper has quadrupled in price since the war. Flax has quintupled. In 1913 flax was produced at a loss. The demand for flax is as urgent now as the old U. S. slogan of 1914, "Buy a bale of cotton," when the war flung the 1914 crop back on the producer and everybody was urged to buy a bale no matter if it rotted in the back yard, just to help the producer. Not



BY the old poetic hand method, all roots come up,—because the roots are as valuable as the stem for the wings of an aeroplane.

so with flax, every fibre of which with a tremendously increased acreage is needed for man-wings. And it takes skilled labor to produce flax for wings. Unskilled labor is useless in the operation and management. War takes away the very people needed to make war-wings. Such is war! Canada raised about 8,000 acres of fibre flax in 1917; this year the acreage runs to about 14,000. Fibre flax grows almost entirely in Western Ontario where the mills are with the remnants of skilled labor. Seed flax grows almost wholly in the West.

If you are growing flax in 1919, at about \$25 a ton, do not compare it for profit, says McCredie, with wheat or hogs, but with oats or barley. You can



THIS dream of flax and femininity is a sheaf of flax in the arms of Miss Martin, who is in visiting charge of all women's summer work camps in Ontario.

grow it in old sod, without fertilizer. When asked whether flax would ever come to compete with cotton as an industry, McCredie says,—No, flax products are too expensive to compete in price unless the flax industry should develop by the transfer of processes from hand to machine work, so as to cut the cost. So in 1918 we have the machine flax puller which is expected to replace the old poetic Millet-like picture of girls pulling by hand.

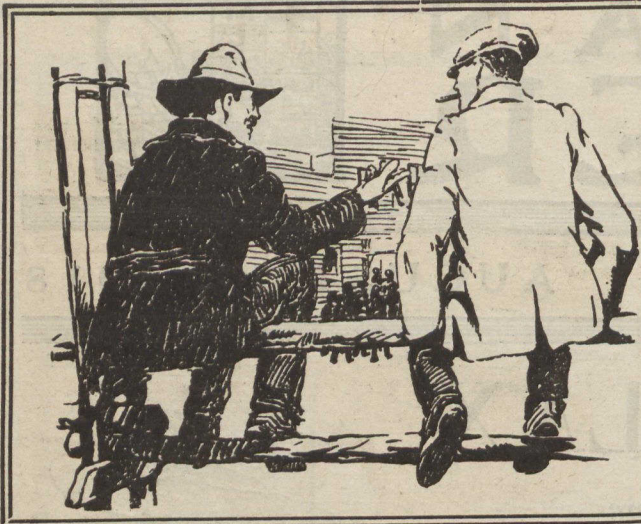
Visions of the future—when Canada has developed an aeroplane industry for both war and peace; when Canada has an aircraft force of her own "on its own," and when the flax fields of Ontario are as characteristic as the apple orchards of Nova Scotia, and the wheat fields of the prairies. Canada's vast distances, and at present sparse population, make the airship as great a necessity in the 20th century as transcontinentals were in the 19th. Canada is to become a flying country. But unless we go into the growing of flax as systematically as the culture of hogs, the aeroplane industry behind the aircraft force can never materialize. A nation of flyers can never develop on imported wings.

SPHAGNUM MOSS FOR SOLDIERS

WAR has brought even moss to the aid of everybody. Cotton has gone up in price but not nearly so much as it would have done if sphagnum moss had not been utilized as dressings for wounds, instead of so much absorbent cotton. How we learn from savages! The Indians in the north country for centuries have made various kinds of dressings from the sphagnum mosses that are found almost anywhere between Owen Sound and near the Arctic Circle. For a long



while now sphagnum moss from Scotland has been used as dressings for war wounds at the front. It is now being prepared and sent in large quantities from Canada. The ladies shown in this photograph are engaged in sorting and picking those hygienic mosses before packing them into compresses for use instead of absorbent cotton. The use of sphagnum moss has made it possible to do without thousands of tons of cotton, besides making as good a dressing as any wounded man could want.



The SCALAWAG of SCOW FALLS

By Wm. Hamilton Osborne

As luck—my usual good luck—would have it, the Hermes caved in, almost directly in front of a village blacksmith shop. All the way down the long stretch from the top of High Boy mountain, the death gurgle had been rattling in her throat, and I had been afraid; but my fears were groundless. In the showdown, she had the good sense to die in the right place.

The blacksmith sauntered out. "Repair shop?" I queried.

"Nothing but," replied he, easily.

I peered toward the west. The dusk was settling down. "How long?" I asked.

The blacksmith, pipe in mouth, bent over and, in his dignified and deliberate way, pretended to survey the bottom of the Hermes.

"Long enough to make the old tub over into new," he said.

"Which means," I retorted, growing hot under the collar, for the Hermes really is the quintessence of all cars, "that you purpose to spend three hours tightening a nut."

He grinned again. "Maybe so," he ventured, leaning negligently against the hood, "and if so, stranger, what are you going to do about it?"

He had me—distinctly had me. That was the way to talk to a chap like me, and he knew it and I knew it, too. Following the example of the Hermes, I caved in too.

"While you're pottering over that," I asked him, "what is there for me to do?"

He expectorated over the Hermes—its entire length, and then considerably some, and his eye brightened in the gathering dusk. "Now you're talking," he returned, "pretty quiet here in town most of the time. But lively doings now." He jerked a thumb over his right shoulder. "See that there mob back there at the corners?" he inquired.

I glanced back toward the tavern. About twenty men were standing about loosely in groups—the mob.

"Lynching?" I queried, with quickening hopes.

"Nop," he drawled, "election."

"Town crier?" I ventured.

He grinned, "Got plenty of them, without electin' them," he said, "nop. This is mainly sheriff." Suddenly he developed amazing energy. He shaded his mouth with his hand and bellowed up the road.

"Hey, Bill," he cried, "polls closed yet?"

"Sure," answered half a dozen voices all at once, "quarter of an hour ago."

"By hick," said the blacksmith, disappointedly, "why didn't you roll in here a mite sooner—you could a-voted for the Scalawag."

"The Scalawag?" I exclaimed, ignoring the suggested breach of the election laws that his remark implied, "who is the Scalawag?"

His heavy arm stretched itself out toward the mountain. "The Scalawag's from Scow Falls," he said, "ain't you ever heard of him?"

"What's he running for?" I asked.

"Sheriff."

"Who's against him—anybody?"

"The Devil, mainly," he returned grimly.

"The Scalawag against the Devil," I mused, "must be a hot campaign. What's the Devil's name?"

"Name's Angelman," he said.

"Queer name for the Devil," I opined. I drew forth a cigar and passed him one. "Tell me all about it?" I requested.

Immediately he became busy. "Stranger," he returned, "I've got a job ahead of me re-founding this heap of scrap iron here. You'd better talk to someone else."

I did. Before doing so, I asked him for the cigar back again, on the principle that the consideration therefor had failed. But he was already smoking it and said genially, that he'd be d—d if he liked these here Indian givers, and if I'd get out and leave him alone with this here junk for about a week, he'd show me a car as was a car.

The first man I ran into on the outskirts of the mob was a long, lanky individual with a shock of tawny hair and a fine, expressive—and somewhat plaintive—blue eye.

"How's the Scalawag making out?" I asked him.

"Can't tell, stranger," he returned, with a bit of anxiety in his voice, and with a gesture toward the tavern, "until the returns come in over the 'phone."

"I hope he wins," I said fervently, "give me the Scalawag from Scow Falls every time, in preference to the Devil."

He held out his hand. "Put it there, stranger," he exclaimed. Something gave him pause, however. "You know the Devil, then?" he queried.

"Only a speaking acquaintance," I hastened to assure him, for I'm not proud of my familiarity with his Satanic majesty, "but, if you don't mind, I'll ask you to do me a favor—tell me something about this Scalawag of Scow Falls."

"Don't mind if I do," he answered, taking my proffered cigar.

"Will you venture to the tavern?" I went on, spider like.

"Nop," he answered shortly, "I don't drink. But, as you were saying—we're all so fidgetty, waiting for these here returns, that I'd just as leave give you the facts in the case of the Scalawag. The Devil—the real one I mean—and this other imitation proposition, too—is pretty much mixed up in the history at that." He backed up to a straight rail fence and sat upon it. I did the like.

"This here Scalawag of Scow Falls," he proceeded—"nobody knows how he got the name, but it fitted him O.K.—well, he was a good-for-nothing scamp—sowed his wild oats—raised Cain—did those things he ought not to have done, and left a mighty sight of things undid that he ought not to have left undid—you understand. Nobody knows where he'd have landed save for a girl." His voice lowered to a respectful pitch, as though it were not fair to talk of the Scalawag and the girl in the same tone.

"This girl, you understand—was rich. She was something else—anyways, she was to the Scalawag. She was the prettiest, rightest, tightest little proposition in petticoats that Scow Falls—or even New York—ever had. There was just one thing in this here Scalawag's favor—he was head over heels in love with this here little girl, and he didn't love her for her money, either. No doubt about that."

"How rich was she?" I queried.

"She wasn't rich at all," he corrected himself, "but her old man—Mitcheltree was the name—he had a couple of the likeliest farms a man could have in this God-forsaken country. She was his only daughter. His wife was dead. Well, this here girl of his—do you s'pose old man Mitcheltree was anxious to marry her off? Stranger, he'd have shot the first chap that attempted it. And that as you may say was just what the Scalawag was looking for. Beside loving the girl, he was all fired fond of excitement—and when he wasn't raising Cain right here intown, he was out to Mitcheltree's making love to the girl. The only trouble was, she didn't make love back to the Scalawag. Now, mind what I'm sayin'. She loved him, all right. But she wouldn't make love to him—not so

long as he was a Scalawag. But she kept meeting him down by the pasture lot—lots of times they sat there on the bars, in the moonlight while she was supposed to be sewing fixin's up in her attic room—and there was only one thing she pumped into Scalawag. Religion—she give it to him, so they say from away back. She told him how the devil certainly had him, and how it was up to this here Scalawag to be convicted. Gosh, he came near being convicted of a mighty big crime, later on. But she said—convicted of sin. And he must repent. Gee, but he repented later, to his cost, I tell you, stranger. But that's neither here nor there.

"It was after the biggest hurrah time—all but one that I'm going to tell you about, that ruined Scalawag—that she got him dead to rights. There was a big revival down here in the grove—and she told Scalawag he'd got to come. She had to steal out of the house without the old man Mitcheltree knowin' it, too—which shows what women'll do for religion. Every time she wanted to be real religious, she had to lie to old Mitcheltree. Fact. If she wanted to go to prayer-meeting, the old man would hold up his hands in despair and say: 'Well, my darter kin go to perdition if she wants to; I've did all I could.' Not that he had anything agin prayer-meeting, but he figured out that any place where young ones went was a sort of hell in itself, he was so afraid of losing her.

"And one night, she stole out soft—an' met Scalawag by the pasture lot—an' pretty shaky this here Scalawag was, too, they said—or rather, he did—from his big hurrah. An' she took him by the hand, an' she says—'Scalawag,' she says—I don't know whether she called him that, maybe not, but anyhow—she says: 'you're comin' down with me to the revival in the Valley.'

"All right," says Scalawag, pickin' her up and landin' her in his ramshackle buggy—Scalawag always had a good horse when he could, but his wagons was awful; mostly he didn't have either—'I'm game,' he says, 'for anything.' He tried to kiss her, but she wouldn't stand for it—at least so he said afterward. And they landed at the grove and tied and slipped into a seat on the planks by the big tree over yonder, just as the crowd was singin'. And they was singin' that old rouser—maybe you know it, stranger—

Throw out the life line,
Throw out the life line—
Some one is drifting awa-a-a-y

"Well, anyhow, somehow, between the glory of the singing and the shouting, and her warm little hand, somethin' kind of hit this here Scalawag, it seems—and when she slips her other little hand to him, he's all in.

"Scalawag," she whispers to him—so he says later—"you come with me."

"An' Scalawag, he went with her, up through all the crowd, up—up—to the anxious seat. Everybody lookin' on—some of them gloryin' an' some of 'em jeerin'. But everybody's eyes bulges clean out of their heads. "There goes Scalawag," they says, and nudges each other. 'An', look who's with him,' says another. You know what that meant, don't you, stranger—that brave little proposition marching up through that crowd with that dare devil at her side—it meant only one thing—that she was as good as engaged to him.

"MAYBE it was that, that got into Scalawag's blood—maybe it was genuine religion. But he did what she did. He knelt right down at that there anxious seat—an' he got religion, then and there—or thought he did, anyhow. An' in the middle of it, he leaned over to her and whispered:

"I'll stick, girlie—if you'll stick to me."

"Well, there was some heard this—especially another chap, who, when he'd seen Evangeline Mitcheltree making for the anxious seat—thought he'd make for it, too, to keep in with her. This other chap was the Devil."

"Angelman?" I asked.

"Ah," returned my informant, "and this Devil—nobody knew he was that, then—he heard the Scalawag's remark—and he had to lean over to her, too and he says—'I come up 'cause you did.'

HANG ON, SUMMER!

"Well, it was a remark she didn't pay much attention to, because she was busy watching the Scalawag sign the pledge, and otherwise purge himself of Satan—and she didn't care about the Devil, anyhow. Not then, she didn't. What followed later was some different in a way. But when she an' the Scalawag got home that night and the Scalawag held her in his arms—she lettin' him, tellin' her he was goin' to be good—she lifts up her face solemn-like—so the Scalawag says—an' she says:

"Scalawag," she says, 'I'm as homely as a brush fence, an' you know it, an' there ain't nobody ever liked me for myself but you. And I like you because you like me—an' because you're Scalawag. But I'll never marry you until you're good. Show me,' she says, 'for one year, what you can be. An' then I'll go with you, I don't care what Father Mitcheltree says—I'll go with you to the ends of the earth.'"

"Was she really homely?" I queried.

My friend snorted. "Ain't I tellin' you," he exclaimed, "that she's the prettiest little thing that ever was. Well, that's neither here nor there. It seems as though Scalawag couldn't help lovin' her—nobody could, except the Devil, who never loved her in his life, notwithstanding he was her husband—"

I started. "The Devil her husband," I protested, "What—didn't Scalawag get her after all?"

THE man alongside of me drew a long breath. "The Scalawag went through perdition before he got her, stranger," he went on, "and so did she. Well, let me tell you—the Scalawag was good, most awful good, for months and months. And in the middle of it old man Mitcheltree died, without a will, and left her everything he had—a couple of fertile farms, worth a mint o' money about here, and then she was rich in her own right. Well, no sooner was the old man buried decent, than the Devil—Angel-man—showed up. The Devil had been courtin' a widow with three children over the other side of the mountain—she had money, too. But now he come right to the front—give the widow the go-by. An', right by the way, it was that same widow who first called him the Devil—though plenty did it afterward. Well, he wouldn't leave Evangeline Mitcheltree alone—he pestered her all the time. And let me tell you, stranger, that persistency is a mighty dangerous thing for them that's pestered. Well, did he have a show? Not a ghost of a show—not yet.

"But here's where his cloven hoof showed itself. That year that Evangeline Mitcheltree had set for this here Scalawag was a mite long. Maybe he could have stuck it out if she'd married him in the middle of it. But he wanted to marry her mighty bad, and like all scalawags, he wanted to do it right off, and the delay was eatin' into him like fire. You understand? And this here Devil, he just watched his chance.

"I don't know that a surgeon could've diagnosed the case any better—the Devil was a-studyin' his patient, the Scalawag, to beat the band. He knew what everybody else knew, too, that the Scalawag didn't have a dollar but what he earned—and he couldn't earn much, because his record was agin him. And he figured on what would happen under certain conditions, and he made the conditions.

"Scalawag," he says to him, kind and nice one day, 'you an' me ought to be friends.'

"Don't see that it's necessary to the welfare of the community," answers Scalawag, pert-like, 'we've got along so far without bein'. Let's keep the good work up.'

"But the Devil wouldn't have it. 'I got an idee,' he confided to the Scalawag, 'of raisin' sheep up here, an' I may want you to take charge of it.' He puts his hand in his pocket. 'I wish, Scalawag,' he says, 'that you'd go down to Donaldson,' he says, 'an' buy me a couple or so of likely sheep—as far as this'll go, at any rate.'

"With that he puts a fifty dollar bill into the Scalawag's hands.

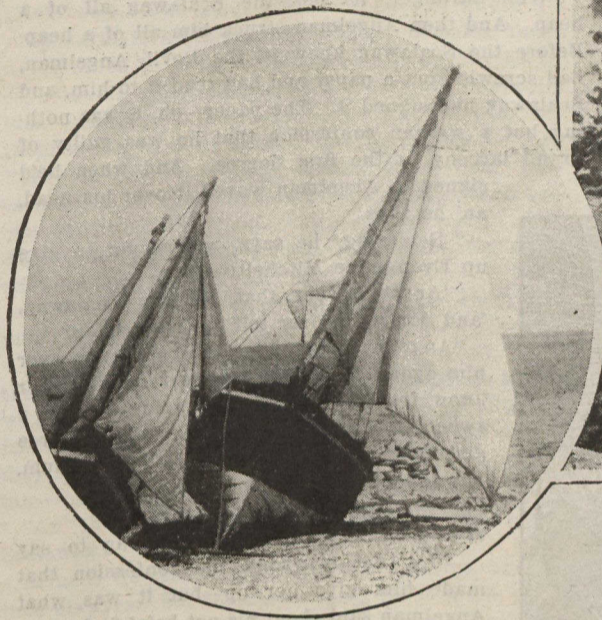
"Why don't you go yourself?" asks the Scalawag, kind o' backin' off.

"But the Devil keeps on. 'You know sheep, an' I don't,' he says, which was quite true.

"Well, the Scalawag takes the fifty an' he goes to Donaldson. He goes to Donaldson, alone. An' the fire was eatin' out his insides. And there wasn't no little warm hand to show him the right way—an' the Scalawag was alone—alone—you understand—down at Donaldson.

"I ain't going to tell you what he did at Donaldson—for I don't know all he did. All I know is, that four

DISCOVERED! A man who is able to get away from his job without running into a farmer, and can sit on the edge of a northern lake, not apparently caring a continental whether school keeps or not; where, when, who—not for publication. It may have been in 1917.

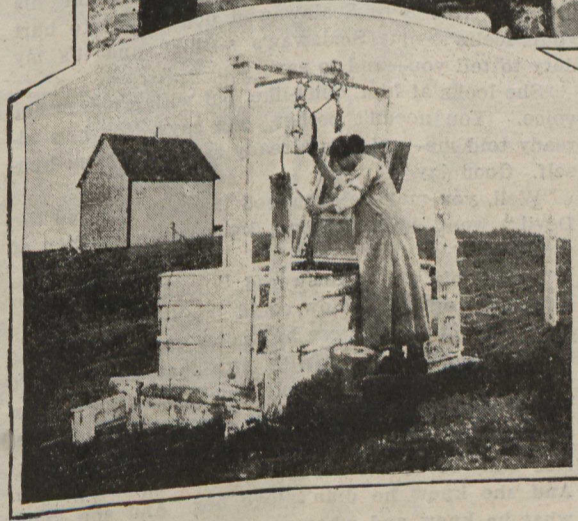


But the snapshot of the sleepy little wind-blown sails was taken down in New Brunswick by Edith M. Watson this summer.

OLD WELLS IN THREE PROVINCES



FARMERETTES who used to go trolloping up street to an ice-cream parlor soon discover that the really nicest part of the farm, the most popular resort, the easiest way, is the old wooden pump by the big barn. It's a spring well. The cattle are in the pasture.



THE old windlass well in P. E. I. is a little different from the same thing in Quebec—both photographed by Edith Watson. This is one of the originals of the old oaken bucket that hung on the well; the well too deep for a well-hook; winding up with a creak by a rope on a roller.



days later, a scarecrow that's a shadow of Scalawag, shaky and shivery, crawls back into Scow Falls, an' goes to sleep by the roadside—

"It's the Devil, with a grin on his face, that finds him there—an' it's the Devil who picks him up and takes him home—an' it's the Devil's face that the Scalawag first sees when he comes to.

"The Devil keeps on smilin'. An' the Scalawag keeps on shiverin'.

"Scalawag," says the devil, gentle-like, 'where's them sheep I sent you for—where's them sheep.'

"I—I didn't get 'em,' stammers out the Scalawag. "I—didn't get 'em Angelman."

"Angelman holds out his hand, insinuat' like—

"Scalawag," he says, 'where's my fifty, then?' "Well, the Scalawag is white enough, but he turns whiter—like the—well, white like the stomach of a frog—and he slumps down on the floor and crouches down at the feet of this here Devil of an Angelman, and blubbers out—

"'Angelman,' he cries, 'I started out to spend—just what you said I could for my wages on the thing—and I didn't know—I didn't mean to spend another



"Angelman," he pleads, "don't say it's grand larceny."

cent on myself—but.' He turns his pockets inside out.

"'What!' cries this here Angelman, 'you spent my fifty—not for sheep. You spent it on yourself—wine, woman an' song, eh?'

"'Wine an' song,' say the Scalawag, 'lots of both. Angelman,' he cries, 'I'll pay it back—I'll pay it right away—'

"Angelman was just waitin' for him to say that. 'Pay it back,' he sneered, 'you haven't got a dollar to your name. You're a thief, Scalawag, a plain, low down ornery thief. You're guilty of grand larceny, do you understand? I can send you to State's prison for it, and by —, I will.'

"**T**HAT was Angelman, standing over the shiverin', cowerin' Scalawag—an'; I tell you, stranger, knowin' both men, an' feelin' as Scalawag felt, I can see 'em both. Can't you—this here smug Devil, that only got drunk behind his own closed doors, so the world couldn't never see, and this here daredevil, Scalawag, who was wearin' his heart on his sleeve—I can see 'em. And Scalawag wore his heart on his sleeve this trip, an' Angelman saw it, an' sized it up pretty correct, I tell you.

"An' the Scalawag just shivers down there on the floor, dead beat an' all in. He's cryin' to beat the band—but it ain't through fear—it's through shame. It ain't because of the Devil—but it's because of an angel—not Angelman—but an angel girl. And he actually clasps his hands together, so I understand, an' actually crawls before the Devil—

"'Angelman,' he pleads, 'don't say it's grand larceny. I never stole a cent in my life—'

"'You stole my fifty,' says Angelman, never turning a hair. And again he comes out with those ugly

words, 'grand larceny' and 'State's prison.'

"'Angelman,' pleads Scalawag, 'let me off, an' I'll work my fingers to the bone to pay you back. I'll keep straight so long as I live. It ain't myself I'm thinkin' of. It's her.'

"'Ah,' says this here Angelman, 'it's her, is it. It's Evangeline Mitcheltree—'

"Scalawag shivered some more. 'Don't tell her, for God's sake, Angelman,' he pleads, 'anything but that—'

"'So that's the idee, is it?' sneers Angelman, 'here's you—drunk for three days—a thief—maybe a convict—grand larceny—State's prison—an' you've got the nerve to talk about Evangeline Mitcheltree in the same breath with yourself. What do you mean by it?'

"Well, stranger, it took the Scalawag all of a heap. And then Angelman struck him all of a heap. Before the Scalawag knew it, the Devil, Angelman, had scrawled out a paper and had read it to him, and Scalawag had signed it. The paper—oh, it was nothing but a written confession that he was guilty of grand larceny in the first degree. And when he'd signed it, Angelman waved it over his head, an' he says:

"'Scalawag,' he says, 'you've got to give up Evangeline Mitcheltree.'

"'Anything but that,' groans Scalawag, 'and don't you ever tell her, Angelman.'

"'Angelman, he waves the confession over him again. 'Scalawag,' he says, 'she'll never know from me—but I ain't going to have a sweet little girl like this here Mitcheltree girl marry a thief like you. I'll keep mum, but you got to give her up.'

"**W**ELL, it's due to Scalawag to say that it wasn't the confession that made him give her up—but it was what Angelman said about his not bein' fit for her. He made up his mind mighty quick that he wasn't fit for her—a thief—. My Lordy, stranger, you don't know what a thief the Devil turned out to be later, but—anyways.

"'Don't you ever tell her, Angelman, pleads the Scalawag.

"'She'll never know about it from me,' says Angelman.

"'And Scalawag goes out, humbled an' sorrowful—a broken man. He walks along, he don't know where, but finally he fetches up in Mitcheltree's kitchen—and he finds he's facing Evangeline. And he just stands there before her and tells her—

"'I'm a thief,' he says, 'and I've fallen—an'—, he tells her everything. Finally he catches her by the hand and starts to kiss

it, thinks better, and starts out the door. 'Good-bye,' he says, 'I'm not fit for the likes of you. Good-bye.'

He goes. She calls after him, but he never looks back. And no sooner has he gone than this here Devil turns up in that same kitchen, and starts in:

"'I go somethin' to tell you that I know will grieve you,' he says, smooth and pious-like—breakin' his promise, 'this here Scalawag—I don't want to hurt your feelin's—but Scalawag's a thief, and it's my duty to tell you—and to save you—'

"She looks at him, quiet-like, but with a sob in her voice. 'You needn't bother,' she says, 'for he's already told me—an' he's already saved me from himself. Good day.'

"'Well, you may be surprised that she married the Devil,' went on my friend, lighting up another of my cigars.

"'I certainly am,' I answered, "thought you said so some time ago. But how could she—"

"'Nobody knows unless he knows, the Devil. That Angelman had a way with him that she couldn't resist any more than could the Scalawag—it was like the dropping water that wears away a stone. He got her—that's all. And she knew when she married him—or so she says—that she didn't love him. And she knew he didn't love her. And she knew what he knew and what everybody else knew—that he married her to get them two fine farms, and for nothing else—and then the fun began for her. If ever there was a white-livered hypocrite on the face of this earth, the Devil was one. He was what you call down in New York, a regular street angel, and a house devil. He didn't even walk the narrow path. Drunk—he used to get drunk as a lord in the house—an'—the man at my side clenched his hands, "there was times when he beat her. An' as for the narrow

path—talk about wine, women an' song—go down to Donaldson an' ask 'em sometime about Angelman."

"I'll stop there on my way back to the city," I assured him, "and make inquiries."

"Well," he went on, speaking now in tones that seemed somehow to hurt him, "married to the Devil, as she was, Evangeline Mitcheltree commenced, literally, stranger, to live in hell—"

"And," I asked during a lull, while the man's hands seemed to be clenched the tighter, "what of Scalawag?"

"Don't ask that," he exclaimed, with something like a snarl at the recollection, "you can figure for yourself. Scalawag had to forget, didn't he? What was there left for him in life? Not much, but fear—and he did fear, too. For the weaker he got, the greater his terror became of that written confession that Angelman kept flashing in his eyes. And Scalawag became something else than Scalawag, you understand—he became a sort of under-Devil to the Devil-in-chief, as it was. . . ." He scowled.

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"'Angelman had dirty work to be done—dirty business work," he faltered, "and he plied Scalawag with forty rods, and Scalawag did it. If Scalawag refused, out came the confession, every time. And finally—it was when Angelman was rushing a big yellow blonde down in Donaldson—it was then that he turned his biggest piece of deviltry—and he turned it out of his wife, at that—the white-livered scoundrel. It was a steal.

"'Listen. One day he says to Scalawag, he says: 'Scalawag,' he says, 'get into this rig with Kline an' me—Kline was his lawyer—'get in,' he says, 'we got some business to 'ten to, an' we want to take you along.'

"'Scalawag got in—he'd learnt to do what the Devil told him to. Scalawag was all dressed up, it seems—the Devil had loosened up the week before, and had bought the Scalawag a new suit of clothes. They all drove out to Angelman's, which happened to be the Mitcheltree homestead, and they all got out. Scalawag hung back. 'Here,' he says, pullin' the Devil by the coatsleeve, 'I don't want to go in there.'

"'The Devil gave him a black look, as much as to say: 'Do as I tell you or I'll send you up,' an' the Scalawag goes along. Inside—well, she's there—pale an' thin, but as pretty as ever—an' tremblin' all over. She never looks at the Scalawag, but asks her husband, this here Devil, what it's all about.

"'Vangie,' he says, nice and pleasant, 'I've sold these here two farms for ten thousand dollars to the Scalawag,' he says, 'an' Mr. Kline's come to have you sign the deeds.'

"'But,' she objects, 'I didn't want to sell the farms.'

"'Oh, yes,' he says, nice and pleasant, showin' his teeth, 'yes, you did—at least I did, for it's a good price, an'—'

"'For the first time she looks at Scalawag, suspicious. 'Where did he get the money to buy the farms?' she asks.

"**T**HE Devil was ready for her. 'Relative died and left it to him,' he says, lying, 'the Scalawag's one of our richest citizens now. You sign right here,' he says.

"'Well, she signs. No matter how or why. She was afraid of the Devil an' all his works. They didn't have no children or she might have fought him for them. But she signs, in fear an' tremblin'. Then Kline turns to Angelman.

"'Go out o' the room a minute,' he says.

"Then he smiles at her, Kline does, an' says: 'I got to ask you, whether you sign this here without any fear, threats or compulsion of or from your said husband,' he says, 'silly formula,' he says, 'but we got to ask it. Come in, Angelman,' he cries, without waiting for her answer, an' he signed the document to make it legal an' it's all over. Only she turns to Angelman.

"'Where's the money?' she demands, for the farms were hers.

"'Angelman waves his hand. 'I've banked it down to town,' he says, 'an' it's all right,' he says, 'what's mine is yours,' he says, jocular-like, 'an' what's yours is mine. Come on, gents.'

"'We goes back—to this here tavern, an' the Devil winks at Kline. 'Pretty slick, that Kline,' he says, tossing down a drink that would have pretty near heeled the Scalawag over—only the Devil never showed it, and mostly didn't seem to feel drinks like that.

"'I congratulate you,' says Kline, as he goes. Kline

bows to the Scalawag. 'And you, too,' he says, 'on the acquisition of two fine farms.'

"After Kline's gone, the Scalawag turns to Angelman an' asks him what does it mean. An' the Devil, he digs his fingers into the Scalawag's arm, an' he says, fierce: 'Scalawag,' he says, 'you hold this property as my trustee, you understand. As long as it was in her name—or even in my name, I couldn't sell it without she signed. Now she's signed, and you've got the title, and you hold it in trust for me, you see—'

"The Scalawag shakes his head. 'I don't see,' he says.

"Angelman pours him out another drink. 'I'll make you see,' he says, 'an' beside,' he says, 'you make good an' sure you don't steal this property from me like you did my fifty,' he remarks."

There was another pause. "Scalawag didn't, I assume," I said, to fill in.

"Just you wait," smiled my man, "not too fast. Only, what was the next thing that that there Devil did? Eh. Can you guess? No? Well, he got his wife to move out of that there farm—and he brought her down into town here—to the tavern. It was supposed to be the Scalawag who had done that—the Scalawag, it was understood wanted to move into the homestead. And so they came down here—and right there in the hotel, what happens?"

He asked me, as though I could answer.

"Give it up," I said.

"He deserts her," he exclaimed, as though astounded at the possibility of any human being leaving Evangeline Mitcheltree.

"O H, yes, he pretended to have cause and all that—said she made home a hell for him, and so on, and half the country was with him—is yet, for that matter, but I'm tellin' you God's own truth about him. See his game. He's married her for what she had—not her good looks, nor herself—but them two fine farms—and when he gets 'em, it's off with her. He's got the property and she gets the sack. Well, then for the first time, the Mitcheltree dander rises up in Evangeline. She finds out all about this here yellow blonde down in Donaldson, and she makes good and sure, an' she begins divorce suit, just what he wants, you understand, an' he goes on happy as a lark, an' waits for a decree to free him. Only, there's one thing the Devil didn't count upon. He thought he knew her, but he didn't. He didn't think she'd ask alimony—thought she'd slump off and live on her relatives or something, and shut her mouth—thought she was too sensitive. But he'd forgot that old Mitcheltree was the captain of a company in the war, and forgot the fightin' blood that was in her—she wasn't born till long after the old man was a hero. And she fought for her rights. An' the first thing she tackled was alimony."

"That ought to have been easy," I remarked.

"Wait till you hear," he said, "it was so easy for the Devil that it was like rollin' off a log. The hearing came on, an' the Devil, he just spirits Scalawag out of the way somewhere—an' he goes on the stand, and he shows as how—using Kline for the purpose, you see—Scalawag had bought the farms, and had paid for them, and how she'd given him the money—turned it over to him—that Scalawag paid, and how he'd—the Devil had—lost it all in the panic, buckin' the Wall Street game, an' didn't have a dollar left. The people in the courtroom says as how she was very quiet when she hears this. But suddenly she brushes her own lawyer to one side, and she says to her husband up there on the stand:

"You swear you don't own them there Mitcheltree farms at all?"

"No," he answers, smiling at her question, "I don't, and I ain't got a dollar's worth of interest in 'em." An' he tells the court again that they're owned by the Scalawag, lock, stock an' barrel, an' that he, the Devil, financially, is a broken man. Well, she can't prove different—though she knows different, and half the people knows different; but the Devil certainly looks pretty shabby—he's been getting ready for this for some time—an' the judge don't give her a cent. So all she gets is a dry divorce—and all that that does is to release him the same time it releases her. And he goes off to New York with the yellow-haired blonde.

"What became of the Scalawag," I asked.

"That," said my informant, "is just what the Devil was wondering. The Scalawag didn't know about the alimony matter. It seemed he'd disappeared—of course the Devil had seen to that. But when the Devil sends for him—the Scalawag doesn't show up. And he's still missing when the Devil takes his New York trip—for the yellow hair is interested in New York, and ain't interested in the Scalawag. So they has to go. She keeps him there all winter—down in New York, and she manages to get most of the Devil's ready coin after she marries him. Only she knows and he knows that up here is two fine farms that's liable to fetch fifteen thousand and so the two of 'em traipse back here to see the Scalawag. They haven't heard from the Scalawag at all, though the Devil has written him—an' it worries the Devil some. But inside his inside pocket, where it'll keep warm, he's got the Scalawag's confession, that's never failed to bring the Scalawag to terms. So he says to his yellow-haired wife, when she wheedles him, 'Come on,' says the Devil, 'we'll go back an' sell them farms in dead earnest and then back to New York for ours'—or words to that effect. An' they comes back, sendin' the Scalawag telegrams and special deliveries an' 'phone messages, an' all of that. An' at the last minute, sure enough, the Scalawag answers 'em.

"Come on,' wires the Scalawag, 'I'm ready for you.'

"And they jumps at that, an' comes. Well, when the Devil gets here with yellow hair, there's no Scalawag to be found. Only a few of the Devil's old friends scratch their heads and says: 'Scalawag,' they say, 'why, he must be somewhere up the mountain—he comes in here once in a while,' they says.

"An' the Devil goes up the mountain lookin' for Scalawag.

"Finally he reaches the Mitcheltree farms, and he rubs his eyes. For there's a mighty sight of life goin' on, farm utensils all around, and everything ship-shape. He laughs to himself and yellow hair. 'Well,' he says, 'Scalawag is making this here farm look like ready money. We sure can sell it big.'

"So he gets out and ties—it's about meal-time, and kicks on the door. The door opens, and there, standin' in the doorway, neat as a pin an' prettier than ever, is Evangeline Mitcheltree, who divorced him. 'What're you doing here?' he asks. 'I'm lookin' for Scalawag.'

"Well, he gets what he's looking for, for right behind Evangeline stalks out Scalawag, as large as life. He's got a soul back into his body, an' he's beginning to look something like a man.

"Scalawag,' cries out the Devil, Angelman, 'what's my wife doin' on this farm?'

"She ain't your wife,' says Scalawag, quiet like,



"Scalawag," cries out the Devil, Angelman, "what's my wife doin' on this farm?" "She ain't your wife," says Scalawag, quiet like, "She's mine—that's what she is—Lord be thanked," he says.

'she's mine—that's what she is—Lord be thanked.'

"I don't care whose wife she is," said the Devil, 'I want to see you in private, if you please.'

"I do please," said Scalawag, and he leads the way into the parlor—cold and still as a church it is, too—an' he stands in the middle of the room an' looks at the Devil.

"What is it, Angelman?" he asks.

"Angelman shuts the door. 'Scalawag,' he says, 'I want a deed to these farms. I'm going to sell 'em.'

"Scalawag laughs. 'A deed to these farms,' he says. 'How are you going to get it? These farms belong to me.'

"Belong to you nothin'," cries the Devil, 'they belong to mee.'

The Scalawag takes out a flimsy book that he keeps underneath the Bible. 'Angelman,' he says, 'do you know what this book is?'

"No, and I don't care," returns the Devil.

"But I do," says the Scalawag, quiet like. 'It's the testimony on the alimony hearing—do you remember that? You said that I owned the farm, and you didn't have a dollar's worth of interest in 'em. Do you remember that?'

"The Devil turned white as a sheet—he hadn't quite expected that. 'Scalawag,' he says, 'you were trustee for me.'

"Scalawag blinked. 'I don't know whether I was or not,' he said, 'the farms were your wife's an' you stole 'em from her an' they came into my hands. Looks like I was trustee for the real owner—her.'

AND then the Devil recovered himself like. He grinned just like the Old Boy. 'So, you take that stand,' he said. He pulled out Scalawag's confession and pushed it under his nose. 'I'll send you up,' he screamed.

The Scalawag stepped to the door and opened it. 'Vangie,' he said, 'come in here a minute, if you please.' Vangie came in.

"Vangie," went on the Scalawag. 'Mr. Angelman's got in his hands a confession signed by me that I'm guilty of grand larceny. It's true, I stole fifty dollars of his. He wants me to sign over this farm to him—he says if I don't he'll send me up. I want you to hear what I've got to say to him.'

"The Devil stared at him—glared at him. But the Devil wondered too, for the Scalawag looked something like a martyr at the stake. The Scalawag held his hand up in the air.

"My answer to you, Mr. Angelman," he said, just like a man making a speech, 'is this—send me up if you can.'

"By thunder and I will," says the Devil.

"The Scalawag burst into a roar. 'By thunder, you won't,' he yelled, 'you won't send me up—the statute of limitation ain't a-goin' to let you do it. See?'

"See—the Devil looked at the date on the confession, turned white, then red, and backed out of that room as fast as he could. There was no doubt about it—it was too late to convict the Scalawag of crime—"

He stopped. It seemed as though he never would go on. "Well?" I ventured finally. He did not answer. For at that instant there was a shout from the hotel. Two men came running up to him.

"Scalawag," they exclaimed to my companion, addressing him. "Scalawag, the returns are in—you're elected sheriff for the next three years. Hooray for Scalawag!"

The cry was taken up by the little knots of men who had gathered in the darkness. Scalawag gripped the hand I gave him, and shaded his mouth with his hand. "Bill," he cried, "tell 'em to set up a keg of beer for you fellows, an' a couple of quarts of buttermilk for me."

As he moved off, a burly individual touched me on the arm. "Your old road louse is as good as new," said a voice in my ear. It was the blacksmith. There was joy in his tones.

"You go to thunder," I exclaimed, "I'm going over to the tavern to get some buttermilk. Come on." As we went, we three, with Scalawag in the lead, a single figure broke from a neighboring group and stalked off up the road.

"There goes the Devil," whispered the blacksmith to me, "with his tail between his legs."

"He goes back to his blonde wife?" I asked. The blacksmith gurgled. "Never," he returned; "she went back on him some time ago. She's vamoosed the ranch."

(Continued on page 23.)

The HOUR by the CLOCK

Second Instalment of a Three-Part Serial Study in Psychology, Adventure and Aviation, being the Prisoner-of-war Experiences in Germany of Captain Clock, C.E.F., from Alberta.

By ROLAND JENNER



"A renegade always has recurrent intervals of passionate regret, when all his ardor of cast-off patriotism returns to him like an old love."

Previous Chapters

CAPTAIN CLOCK, C.E.F., wounded prisoner in Germany, conceives the idea of getting better treatment by sending to his accomplice, the editor of the *Rondeau Gazette* in Alberta, coded letters complimentary to the Germans. Each letter is decoded by the editor into the writer's opinions of how the war will be won by the Allies from the air. He sets the originals all up-in-type and arranges them as a series of newspaper clips purporting to be a syndicate of pro-German letters from Capt. Clock, published across Canada. These bogus clippings are forwarded to Capt. Clock in Cologne, for his own use and credit with the German authorities.

WHEN Captain Clock in Cologne got his first batch of home-made syndicate clippings he gave three silent cheers and a tiger for A. W. Thom, editor of the *Rondeau, Alta. Gazette*. In his neat but squidgy room at what was now a drab little private hotel he chucklingly surveyed the clips.

"Thommie, you're a telepathic genius," he muttered. "Compared to you I'm a craw-fish. Hmm, the Thom-Clock syndicate. Designation, General Staff Headquarters, Berlin—via that gullible mastodon Hanslick. Good!"

He laid the clips on the table. Then he scrutinized them by the window; held them up to the light for any possible symptom of their completely bogus character. But Thom was too familiar with newspaper material not to have taken every mechanical precaution against detection; and the long journey in the crumpled envelope had still further aged the clips until they looked in every particular like a sheaf of extracts clipped from a number of papers scattered half over Canada.

While he was doing this there was a lady at his door, and her eye was not so very far from the key-hole. Once when he moved as though he would come to the door and then went back to the papers for another critical look, she floated down the hallway to her feather-duster as nimbly and silently as a spot-light on a stage. The next time she was about to do so she discovered in the nick of time that she was not quite nimble enough to make the full length of the hallway before the door would be open; so she instantly tapped at the door—

"I beg pardon, mynheer, but I think you are wanted at the telephone."

"Oh, I was just coming to call you, Frau Bobel."

"Indeed"—she curtseyed—"I am complimented. What can I do for you?"

Clock always enjoyed the sensation of looking down at this comely little distant cousin of Brunnhilde. She was his dream of the good German frau

before 1914; the sort of world character he had always imagined from hearing really good German songs. And since by the methodical kindness of Major Hanslick he had been domiciled now for several days in her house, Clock had found Frau Bobel with her knowledge of four languages and her exceedingly vivacious and kindly ways—not to mention her good looks—an almost incredible relief from the suspicions and the severities of the hospital. And the satisfaction was mutual. Frau Bobel quite as much enjoyed looking up in her maidenly way at this big adventurer from the region of the Rocky Mountains with his deep slow voice and his odd combination of perpetual good-humor and shrewdness.

"Uh—it's not Major Hanslick, is it?" he asked.

"Oh, mynheer—no!" she curtseyed.

"Anyhow if it is he can wait. Look—I want to shew you something."

He handed her the clips.

"Oh—letters from you, mynheer Captain?" she said musically, "How interesting! And printed in so many papers!"

"Sotto voce!" he said. "Nobody but Major Hanslick was to have seen those. They are for the Secret Service."

"Oh yes, I know. I appreciate. I am honored. Excuse me—I will go and see if the telephone is still waiting."

"Oh—well, if the party's gone would you mind getting me Major Hanslick?"

"Oh, certainly—and say what?"

"Ask him if he can come up here and see

me."

Frau Bobel clutched the telephone for support. The idea of a plain Captain in khaki asking the great major-domo to come—to her house—to see him!

"I suppose that is democracy," she said breathily. "Ah, you transatlantic people are so strange."

"You know the Major, though?"

"Oh yes, but I have never asked him to come to my humble house, mynheer. It is—so unusual. Please to ask him yourself and give me time to get my house in order?"

At once she hurled herself into a small cyclone of feather-dusting, plumping up cushions, straightening chairs and closing doors, as though the Kaiser himself were expected. Clock had never seen her in such a state of excitement. She was always so self-possessed.

When at length the major-domo, medalled and spurred and as pompous as a potentate of Siam stepped from his shuddering motor into the little hotel, the hausfrau met him at the door and preceded him like a band along the hallway, curtseying and apologizing and smiling. She paused at Captain Clock's door, knocked gently and called:

"Major Hanslick himself, sir." "Please to step in, Major?"

The major was closeted secretly with the captain for half an hour, while half the hausfrau heads along the street decorated the dormer windows to watch for his majestic appearance at the motor. Because it was well known that Major Hanslick had once been permitted at least seven syllables conversation with the great Kaiser himself, and was a very distinguished officer in the Secret Service.

Afterwards in a little room below Madam served the great hawk some acorn coffee. The door was shut; likewise the window. Hanslick drew from his pocket the newspaper clips given him by Clock.

"Yes," she said, "I have seen them. Are they genuine?"

"Why not?" he demanded.

She gave a pretty shrug.

"One is never so sure what is genuine nowadays, Major."

He laughed into a cup.

"Except—ourselves, Frau Bobel. But this man Kluck means to be trusted. Does he not?"

She toyed with her coffee spoon.

"He was sent here for you to watch him as nobody else could—everywhere and at any convenient time when he is not on the street."

"And I am doing so. Well?"

"You know him personally better than I do then—or you are not the intuitive brain the Secret Service has taken you for."

"But men are strange cattle—some men, I mean."

Hanslick stirred his coffee.

"Renegades always are," he said slowly. "You have met scores of them in Alsace. So have I. They are psychic freaks. A renegade always has recurrent intervals of passionate regret, when all his ardor of cast-off patriotism returns to him like an old love. He is then as erratic as any woman and not to be trusted. But at such times most susceptible to study."

"Obviously. Just like a child. Well?"

"Clock will have such intervals. They must be watched for. At such times only will it be known whether or not he is a genuine friend of Germany, when to a woman of shrewd sympathy he will turn for relief from the iron ring of guarded secrecy that shadows all his movements. You are that woman. As this man is engaged in a clever and no doubt very effective work of propaganda for this country he will be all the more sensitive at being suspected and therefore all the more in need of extra, and especially skilful sympathetic interludes from you. In short—"

He coughed clumsily. This was an unusually psychic speech for Hanslick, but he knew he was under suggestion from the imperious but very suave little Frau who was indeed a perfect picture of unstudied yet sophisticated innocence.

"In short, I am to make love to the Captain?"

"Ja. That is the plain business."

"But that is very unbecoming in a woman of dignity who has two sons in the army. As a gentleman, which he is, he would not only scorn my advances, but what is tactically worse, he would suspect my intentions. Do you see?"

"Oh!" he grunted, wiping his Kaiser-like moustaches. "Then what?"

"I shall not make love to him. He must make love to me. He must need me so that he cannot help doing it."

"But you are to shadow him everywhere he goes; into every city. You are paid for so doing."

"Very good. But a woman cannot effectively make love to a man on trains and hotels. Believe me, I must not appear at his elbow at every turn or he will not appreciate me when I do. I am to make myself scarce. I shall know always just where he is, I shall occasionally write to him, and he to me; and I shall cross his path only when it is most opportune."

Hanslick smoked silently.

"Women are sometimes wise," he admitted. "But Captain Kluck must be under continual surveillance. I will leave it to you. But you must get results. I am going to—"

"Berlin," she hazarded. "Yes, it is important to have those newspaper clips investigated at the War Office. Nothing bogus can ever get through there—even though it should happen to pass such shrewd accomplices as you and me, Major."

"Do not babble!" he said heavily. "Save all your coquetries for Captain Clock. We Germans are not susceptible to the wiles of femininity. Bring the Captain to book—and you will have your reward."

CHAPTER VI.

WITHIN three days the major-domo was back from Berlin. He at once sent Clock a letter:

"You will come to see me at my headquarters this afternoon at three o'clock. Do not telephone me. It is forbidden. Employees of the German Government are not permitted to talk to superior officers except on personal appointment dictated by superiors."

"The old walrus!" muttered Clock. "I guess I got under his hide the day I got him up here. It's a wonder he came at all. Evidently I have to learn my place."

He was prompt on the minute set. Hanslick did not ask him to be seated. Clock helped himself to a chair. The major-domo instantly rose. Clock rose also.

"Sit down," thundered the major. Clock did so. "Thanks!" he said.

"I have shown your alleged syndicate stuff—to our experts at the War Office in Berlin."

He spoke the last few words with a measure of awe. Clock began to shift uneasily.

"They have not suspected their genuineness. Therefore I am at liberty to dictate to you your programme until further notice from this office."

"And what's the idea?"

"That you will leave Cologne at the precise time indicated in a sealed letter from me, signed by me, and proceed to whatever city is named in the letter. You will be escorted to the train by one of my men under arms, and no questions will be asked of you by the conductor. When you reach your destination the conductor will inform you of the fact. You will be met at the station by another of my men and taken to the hotel assigned you in advance. At the hotel you will be handed a sealed letter instructing you how long you are to remain, and the last day of your stay you will get another informing you what is your next destination. Is that clear?"

"Tolerably," coughed the Captain.

"You are to register everywhere as Captain Kluck."

"Minus the von, I suppose?"

"You will spend your time investigating each city and make a favorable report on conditions, to be left with the hotel proprietor for forwarding to me. I will see that the communication, properly censored, goes in your handwriting to Herr Thom of the *Rondeau Gazette*—who, of course, will attend to the rest. I am writing to him to offer him financial support in the syndicate, which, of course, will clinch him as a paid agent of Germany. And I hope your left arm will soon be sufficiently improved to allow you to use it."

"That's clear enough, Major. But suppose one of your men falls down, on the job?"

"Im—pos—sib—le!" said the Major. "See that you do not fail. If you do you know the consequences. There is no middle ground in Germany. Every human being in this country is either a soldier or a prisoner. You—*are* a soldier."

Hanslick pushed a buzzer and the Captain was ushered out, to the motor in which he was whirled back to Frau Bobel's.

Here the hospital surgeon—known of old—was already waiting to examine Clock's left arm, still in a sling.

"It is very strange," he said, "that you cannot bend that elbow. There is not a ligament out of place or tension."

"Sorry I can't oblige you," drawled Clock, who had practised on that arm's rigidity many an hour when nobody was looking. "I guess the only thing is to see what the mind cure will do, along with a change of scene. You see, Doctor, I'm going away."

"Take good care of that arm."

"I assuredly will," mumbled Clock. "They'll have to get Dr. Lorenz the bloodless surgeon from Vienna to make that arm able to write—I beg pardon, Frau Bobel, what did you say?"

He started up. The Frau was right near him. He had heard not even a rustle.

"How will your arm be, Captain?" she said—musically.

"Oh, stiff for a long while. Doctor can't explain it."

"Too bad! It makes your writing so awkward."

"Yes, I always was left-handed. And the right's

sympathetic with the left—goes by jerks. That's a well-established fact in surgery, I believe."

"I am so glad you are not going to rebel," she said. "You will be well treated. Indeed you are lucky to have such distinction as an agent of Germany, and to be allowed to wear the uniform of the enemy."

"Well, every yard of wool counts in this country, Frau Bobel."

"And everywhere else, I think. But the war will soon be over. When it is you will be an honored citizen of the country that rules the world."

He clicked shut his travelling bag.

"Gnadiges Frau," he said, thrusting out his hand. "I am glad you don't backbite the Kaiser. If you did I'd suspect you of being a spy."

"You are going first to Leipsic," she said. "Ja. Well, you will enjoy that city. Auf wiedersehen, Captain. I may see you soon, again."

CHAPTER VII.

PRIMARILY because he hated the whole idea of being a prisoner, Clock had started his system of code letters. All he wanted was a certain measure of freedom. He had enlisted for war because he believed human liberty demanded it. He had mentally preferred death in action to war imprisonment. The cards had played otherwise. From being a mere, obvious friendly informer and as such entitled to some consideration in an enemy country, he was now hitched up as a paid German agent to conduct a German propaganda as part of the Secret Service System. The Hanslick machine knew no half measures. He must be a tool. The whole system was a colossal and complicated despotism. Every human being fed, and as far as need be clothed in Germany, must belong to the system. Men were not born to be free, but slaves. The greater the achievements of science and art the worse the slavery, because the whole genius of civilization became the bondage of mankind.

Clock's itinerary was begun precisely as intimated by the Major. He almost went to sleep in a train and woke up in a bedroom. He signed the name Kluck in the Leipsic register, but in his shaky handwriting it looked more like Clock. The clerk asked him no questions. A flunkey at his elbow took his luggage and the key and conducted him to the elevator. Without a word he was taken to his room. The room overlooked a court studded by a hundred windows.

"Where's the key, Hans?" he asked irrelevantly.

The flunkey shook his head. He had the key. Clock examined the door. It was a catch lock that could be opened from the inside without a key.

"Switch on the light, old chap."

The attendant stepped outside and made a sign in the hallway. The light went on. But there was no switch in the room.

"Oh, I get you," said Clock. "When I want my light on and off, I make that sign at the door."

The flunkey nodded. Clock stepped to pull down the blind. There was none. Curtains only screened the window. There was an uncurtained quite transparent transom over the door. He looked for matches. None to be had. The room had no grate. There was no gas. All these were simple enough omissions, but from the thoroughness of the way in which he had so far been handled, Clock began to surmise that they all had a connection; that in every hotel he was sent to, he would find just such a set of verbotens. The awkward thing about it was that even if he should decide to write down something to relieve his feelings when not permitted to talk to anybody, he had no way of destroying the paper without eating it. Tearing paper to illegible bits every now and then in every hotel he went to would soon be recorded against him. Even if he should indulge the luxury of talking to himself there might be a dictaphone concealed in the wall.

He was completely guarded. In the restaurant the waiter took his order without a word. In the rotunda he was immediately watched by someone in the house. If he went to go out some one followed him. When he asked the location of any part of the city he was given a guide who kept at

his elbow, pointed out in a guide-book the place he wanted to know about and escorted him back to the hotel. After he had gone to bed a hand opened the door, somebody came in, with a small battery lamp, searched his clothes, and carefully put them back. He knew there was no recourse in the law, because he was under a regime that was a law in itself; and to throw the intruder out would be a bad break.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOR the purposes of this narrative it makes no difference what Clock personally did in any city he went to, or what he thought of it. He was given the identical treatment wherever he went, and barring a few differences in streets and hotels and other things, he soon came to regard one city as much like another as the compartments in a train. There never was any hitch in any of Hanslick's arrangements. Town by town and train by train he was led through Germany when he soon lost all sense of the lapse of time and did not bother much even to read the newspapers.

With nobody to talk to he could never exchange any ideas except with his co-respondent Thom in Alberta. His only consolation on that score was that Thom was sleuth enough to suspect the combination and to play up to the part. Thom must not fail to get these letters "syndicated" and to send him regularly the newspaper clips as vouchers. And with very few lapses the syndicate clips always arrived. When there were lapses it must be due to submarines.

Clock's only hope was to maintain the left-handedness of his right arm—his left arm was systematically examined in every town by a surgeon—and to so vary the style of his peculiar handwriting that even in the letter answered by Hanslick he could convey some inkling of real news to his accomplice.

Clock saw himself as a mere odometer.

"By George!" he communed to himself—was it in Frankfort, Bremen or Hamburg, heaven only knew?

"they just wind me up and let me run down. That's their idea of giving me the freedom of Germany. They think they've got me for good and that if they can drive me crazy I'll be sure to blow any scheme I might happen to have up my —"

At that very moment whispering in the rotunda a thick hand reached out a letter and somebody breathed down his neck. The adult bellhop bowed and with a flicker of covert intelligence over his somewhat simian face withdrew to his post of observation. He watched Clock as he opened and read the letter; saw him crumple it and his face twitch into almost a scream of discovery; saw him scud over the rotunda looking for somebody to whom he might break the news.



He whipped out his pipe and the same hand lighted a match. Whose?

Clock flung himself into a lounge and read it again. He jumped up and went to the water tank—when a silent hand passed him a cup of water. In his excitement the left arm, which latterly he had carried crooked without a sling, dropped loose. He whipped out his pipe and the same hand lighted a match. Whose? It made no difference. He had seen the same hand in all the other cities; the deferential, infallible hand of the German machine dominated by the inscrutable Major Hanslick. He fervently yearned to fetch the owner of the hand a conclusive swat on the jaw. But he refrained. In his excitement he dropped the letter. The hand picked it up. He went to the elevator. The same hand rang the buzzer and the owner of the hand stepped into the car along with him.

Clock retained enough self-poise to realize that he had already relaxed his "stiff" arm. He let it go limp. The room was unlocked. He stepped in. The flunkey made his usual exasperating dumb-show bow—when he was suddenly struck by a human high explosive, picked up in some sort of comatose heap, carried along the corridor and flung downstairs to the first landing.

The tumult fetched half a dozen fire-drilled burlies to the scene. Clock retired to the door of his room, the nearest thing that he had to proprietorship except his clothes. Locking it, he stood back to the door. Weeks of mental torture had got him to the point he had been expected to reach some days before. He was ten men in one; stark mad with the strength of a maniac; a human tank confronted by half a dozen field pieces; democracy suddenly became sabotage.

The Hotel Kaiserhoch was like a battleship struck by a mine. Ever since Clock's arrival the entire innamy of the house had been on the qui vive. This Kluck in khaki; this renegade propagandist—the moment the fury broke loose on his floor every cranny of the hotel understood what it was and began to gravitate to the scene; from cellarage and kitchen and court, from attic and corridor and staircase, a grand rush of nervous humanity in which the original rumpus soon became a small affair and nobody knew exactly what might be happening except that now and then a room was flung open and some unconscious flunkey was ported in to recover.

But there was one inmate of the hotel who managed to keep her nerves. She was not on the register. She had come on the same train as the Captain and ever since had occupied the room next to his, opened into by a heavy door which at length somebody found a key to open.



"You, Captain, are a prisoner of Germany—and of a woman's whim."

"Go out!" she screamed to the attendant. Locking her own door she swept into the Captain's room, undid the catch of the door and he fell in. She sprang in front of him and held up both hands. The mob in the corridor fell back at this unexpected vision. The Captain rose. She shut the door.

So far as she could see he was not even minus a button. But he was breathing heavily.

"Do sit down!" she said.

He did so. The sudden advent of Frau Bobel was even more mystifying to him than to the crowd. The house was quiet again. He felt like a fool.

"Excuse me for making such a racket," he said slowly. "I didn't know you were here."

He glanced at the door through which he knew she must have come.

"Ja," she said coolly, "you have guessed. I was in that room. I hope I did not appear too soon."

"No," he said bewilderedly. "I guess I finished the lot."

"How—is your poor arm?" she asked.

He had forestalled her. The left arm was again rigidly crooked at the elbow.

"Stiff as a stone," he said. "The excitement put it down. I was using it."

"A phenomenal arm, Captain."

She stood by the open window. He smiled and felt his pockets.

"You have a letter," she said. "Was that—?"

"Caused all the trouble," he interrupted in a fumbling way. He was beginning to relapse into his old state, the very thing she wanted to avoid.

"I wanted to tell somebody about it, and nothing but a pack of enemies to tell it to."

"It must have been a powerful letter, Captain."

He yawned and held it out.

"Read it for yourself. It's no secret."

"Oh! Your friend, the editor, from Alberta, Canada—appointed at the head of the British Bureau de Publicitie in Paris. This is remarkable."

"Oh, he deserved it," growled Clock, realizing how sore he was from top to toe and profoundly wanting to sleep. "He's a clever duck."

"And he will be far more useful to us—now."

"Oh, heaps!" he admitted rubbing his face. "Yes, I'll back him against anybody in Germany for putting over propaganda—"

"Whose?" she asked sharply. "Tell me."

"Oh, the kind that fits the case best in the circumstances. Camouflage."

Half asleep in his easy chair Clock vaguely realized that the little woman in the room was the most human thing he had known since he left Cologne. The rustle of her gown, the delicate perfume from her hair, the shimmer of her voice all seemed to personify what was left of the human element in a stark staring mad country where hunger, rags and insanity were everywhere. The idle flip of the curtain at the window seemed to be part of that still surviving hope of the ultimate tenderness and naturalness and spirituality of all things even after the grim horrors of war. She glided into the starved and vacant crannies of his being as never he had known anybody do since he had left the foot-hills. She had the soft beauty of the land he had left, where the great Rockies heap themselves in the tenderness of heaven and the cool Bow river comes tumbling from its glacier bed.

"Tell me about the war," he said. "The truth. You know it. The newspapers don't, even when I read 'em. I don't very much. Understand—I've been put on mental iron rations, worse than solitary confinement. My brain is in a state of coma. I don't even know the day of the week, the month or the year. All I know about the war is that the armies are fighting now along the Rhine. Are they?"

"Yes. The last great battle—"

"You're right. Ja. Go on. Tell me that the Rhine is never to be crossed by our—by the Allies. Ah right. I guess that's true."

"My poor Cologne has been bombarded in the outskirts," she said tenderly at the window. "Bombs have hit the great cathedral."

"Air bombs?" he asked. "I thought so."

"That is all. But we shall soon stop that. Surely you have heard our Gothas?"

"Yes, hundreds," he mumbled. "And Fokkers and Albatrosses and the lord knows what. But what about Handley-Pages and the Avions and the Niurports and the Capronis? What about Billy Bishop and Fonck and McCudden—all that crowd?"

"Sh! Not so fast. You are in Germany."

"Germany!" he repeated. "My God, what a country!"

To the ears of any but Frau Bobel this would have been enthusiasm. But she suspected differently.

From somewhere below in the hotel came the broken strains of an orchestra playing the Tannhauser Overture. It was the first music he had heard in Germany except now and then a war band. It seemed to phantom itself in some sort of bodily aura about the

woman. She became the delicately swaying, immortally tender yet voluptuous transfiguration of the music. Could such ineffable beauty of suggestion in harmony belong to a nation unspeakably coarse, cruel, barbarous, sensual?

The music suddenly glided into speech.

"Captain"—she seemed to be speaking above him somewhere—"the world is greater than war. I love my country. You have loved yours—love it still. And there is love in some souls which passes all political boundaries. Like the rivers and the winds—"

"The winds," he mumbled. "Yes. I don't know about the rivers. War changes 'em. But the clouds and the stars and the winds—"

"Ah! Now you are poetic. Talk on."

"The ships of the air."

He was walking about the room, moving like a shadow with a voice.

"Ask my friend Thom," he said huskily. "Find him. You're free and clever. Go over to Paris—disguised as a Frenchwoman. Find Thom at the Bureau de Publicitie. Ask him—what he is going to send over here—"

He paused. A pair of very beautiful eyes seemed to be breathing and blazing into his. Some soft pressure on his arm. It was like a wing.

"Captain," said the voice, "have you written your letter from here, for Major Hanslick?"

He went to his travelling bag and dug out a paper.

"Here it is," he said, half angrily. "Not quite finished. Read it. A fool could write it. A fool did. I was no fool when I landed in Germany. I am now. And you—you're one of the—"

Slowly she scanned the runic puzzle that danced to the music below.

"Ah!" she said, with apparent unconcern. "It is such bad writing. Captain—read to me—read what you were really meaning to say here but did not."

"Don't ask me," he said, fumbling to light his pipe but glancing over his shoulder as if to anticipate the unseen hand of a flunkey.

"Here is a match, Captain."

He lighted his pipe and took the letter.

"Tell me," he asked suddenly, "what are Hanslick's crowd likely to do to me after this rumpus?"

"Whatever I ask them," she replied quickly. "That will be what you want. Jail?"

"I don't care. Jail's as good as this."

"I should go with you."

"Good heavens! Why?"

"To show them I am friend to both you and my country." Listen! Hanslick already knows—wherever he may be—that your lame arm is a ruse, and that you have beaten up some of his men because you were driven to it by the treatment you got. Enough evidence to land you in front of a firing squad at dawn. To-morrow if need be. The death of a traitor to Germany. But I shall oppose that."

"I thought you were a friend of mine?"

"You mean—that you would prefer—"

"Death to this, and who wouldn't?"

"But you can stop this, and still escape."

She pointed to the letter.

"Read what you really had in your mind when you wrote that and I will guarantee that you are no

(Continued on page 26.)

Submarine Stories of the North Sea

TOLD by an American writer in praise of the united fleets and of the Canadian-born sea-dog Admiral Sims.

YANKEE?—oh yes—because it's Ralph D. Paine who writes *The Fighting Fleets*, the newest thing just off the press about the war navies. But the British Navy is the lord of the navies, even though Britannia makes no pretense of "ruling the waves." There has been one clean-cut definite job for the American navy to do over there, and one clean-cut Canadian-born sea-dog to do it. The job is destroying submarines. The man on the job is Vice-Admiral Sims, who was born and raised near Port Hope, Ontario.

Sims' adopted Uncle Sam went to war because of submarines. Hence subs were the first job. It was the American destroyer fleet that made America's first dent on the war; the fleet that was ready to put to sea as soon as the Admiralty could release it, and long before a Yankee soldier landed in France.

The Diver's Ruse

AFTER the Admiralty sees fit to slip the screen of secrecy from the records—and that will be when the war is won—there will be a host of thrilling tales to listen to of the stunts that have been pulled off in and over and round about the North Sea by the submarine hunters. Just yet they are nearly all classed as "hush, hush stuff" in the mess rooms and very few have leaked out. A favorite yarn—it is tavern talk now in one or two east-coast ports—is of a diver who flim-flammed an enemy submarine crept into an English harbor to drop a cargo of mines. Halted on the bottom, she had just let slip a mine when a curious "tap-tap" was heard coming from the outer shell of the U-boat. The U-boat skipper understood both English and the Morse code. The tapping was methodical. It was a message in Morse. "Rise and surrender or depth charge will be exploded against your hull." In a few minutes a postscript was hammered out on the hull:—"Depth charge has been wired and lowered."

The sub rose as quickly as the crew could blow out the water ballast. It broke water a hundred yards away from an armed trawler which exhibited the greatest surprise at the sudden appearance of the U-boat, as though it were entirely unexpected. The trawler boiled with activity in an instant, however, and a gun crew dashed for the forward deck. The sub had no time to submerge and escape. Surrender was inevitable and it was done promptly. The trawler's boats took off the crew and hitched a line to the U-boat. While the work of capture was being completed there rose from the depths the dripping helmet of a diver.

Relieved of his diving gear aboard the trawler the diver grinned as he looked over the disconsolate captives. "I knew you was wide awake, Tom," he said to the trawler's skipper, "and I could trust you to nail the beggar when he came to the top. I was busy on the wreck of the drifter, makin' ready to patch the hole so she could be raised and pumped out, when this perishin' Hun come past and settled himself on the bottom. A gray shadow was what I saw and you didn't have to tell me that mine-layin' was his game."

"Aye, but how did you make him pop up along-side of us?"

"It was bright of me, Tom. I'll get a rating for it. The navy re-

cognizes men like me. I was a signal man before they made a diver of me. I walks over to this indecent Hun and talks to him with my hammer."

"Talks to him? And how was that?"

"In Morse, you stupid. It was a highly promisin' bet that one of the lot could understand my little piece. If they didn't I would ha' had to send up word to you. But I was on my own, and it meant bein' recommended by the Admiralty as the bloke that captured the submarine alone."

Shoot and Be Damned!

WHEN the British steamer *Thracia* was sunk a fifteen year old lad was the sole survivor. Six of his

mates had struggled, along with him, to hang on to the riddled wreck of a small boat which had been smashed by shell-fire from the submarine. All were washed off and drowned but the boy.

After a while the submarine heaved up to survey the surface. Seeing the lad lashed to the wreckage, the submarine commander hailed and bombarded him with questions—the name of the ship, cargo, destination and so on.

"Are you an Englishman?" bawled the German. "You can bet your last bob I am," the youngster yelled back.

"Then I shall shoot you," threatened the Teuton. "Shoot and be damned to you," piped up the boy.

"This seems to have puzzled the Hun," said the mariner man who told the tale to Mr. Paine in a Gravesend tavern. "By rights, the boy should have flung up his hands and bawled 'Kamerad!'" The officer's dignity was ruffled, and of course he had no sense of humor, so he swelled up and retorted:—"I will not powder waste on a pig of an Englishman. Drown, you leetle swine, drown."

"With this he rang up full speed and sheered off to look for another ship to sink. The boy had lashed himself to his bit of wreckage and he tumbled about in the sea for thirteen hours before a fishing boat found him. He was insensible then, but soon came around again, as lively as a cock sparrow."

The Depth Bomb

PERISCOPE! The warning came in a yell from the coxswain. In the half of a split second later Lieutenant Ford of the American destroyer *Fanning* barked out a volley of crisp commands. The



The man who reformed gunnery and other things in the U. S. Navy.

ship turned on her heel, rushed over the spot where the periscope had been, and dropped a depth charge.

The submarine survived the attack but the great steel shell lurched and trembled as the blasting concussion drove the weight of water against it like a solid wall. She began to coast with horizontal rudders tilted to guide her to safer depths before another bomb should seek her. At two hundred feet down she was still diving. The motors had been jarred and behaved badly—the hydroplanes would not warp back. The depth-bomb had crippled the underwater thing. Fifty feet more of depth meant disaster. The weight of water began to squeeze the hull with an irresistible pressure. There were signs of leakage. The submarine could neither steer nor go ahead. There was only one thing to do, one chance of survival,—to blow out the ballast tanks and rise to the surface like a galled whale.

"A red-hot, very earnest reception awaited this unfortunate submarine's upheaval from the depths. The guns of the *Fanning* and the *Nicholson* were ready to smash him. . . . Torpedo crews stood by the tubes

on deck, ardently prepared to give Fritz a dose of his own medicine.

"Up boiled the submarine and showed a long, wet back, breaking water within easy range of the vengeful destroyers."

"Bang," and a shell from the nearest destroyer scattered the water just beyond the U-boat.

"Crash," and another kicked up spray a trifle short.

"The Huns came swarming out of an open hatch.

. . . And as they madly erupted on deck, every one flung his hands above his head and bawled:—

"Kamerad! Kamerad! Kamerad!"

"A gunner's mate on the forward deck of the *Fanning* grinned and exclaimed:—

"Kamerad, hell! What kind of a word is that to use in war?"

"They behave as if they expected us to shoot 'em in cold blood," growled another petty officer. "What do they think we are? Germans?"

Sims, the Sub.-Hunter

VICE-ADMIRAL SIMS is affable and democratic. There is nothing in his manner to suggest the martinet of the old blue-water school. One of the first factors in his summing of efficiency is "the happy ship." His ability as a naval officer is unquestioned at home and abroad, but personality has been also a winning factor. Men have always served him devotedly, because they felt confidence in him, not because they feared him. Tall, spare, and as straight as a lance, he seems so youthful that it would be tactless to mention his years. The small gray beard, very trimly kept, is rather exceptional among the clean-shaven naval officers of to-day. A complexion as fresh as a midshipman's and the eye of a sailor, frank and alert, harmonise with the whole impression of him,—a man at the peak of his vigor.

He has always been aggressive.

"Be sure you are right, then go

ahead, and damn the torpedoes,"

is one of the main texts in his

doctrine. As a gunnery expert

he came to the conclusion that the

fire of the American ships in the

battle of Santiago was deplorably

poor. He proposed a plan to over-

haul and modernize the system of

target practice. The U. S. Navy

Department ignored him so he

broke all naval precedents by go-

ing direct to President Roosevelt,

then in office. As Commander-in-

Chief of the navy he approved the

plans and Sims went unpunished.

*The Fighting Fleets by Ralph

D. Paine.—Thos. Allen.



This U-Boat was sunk by a depth bomb and hauled up dead.

EDITORIAL

OUR ARMY THE FIRST PROBLEM

RETURNED soldiers have begun to become our greatest single public problem. The army coming back must be reinstated in civil life. Measures undertaken now by the G. W. V. A. or by any other probable organizations of returned soldiers must be carried out in the interests of hundreds of thousands of men who are still in Europe. We assume that all the men who have gone and will go to the front will have a common cause. Volunteer or draftee, they are all Canada's army organized for a national purpose. That purpose was not merely military. It was national. If the men coming back were to remain a standing professional army the case would be comparatively simple. But they come back expecting to re-establish themselves as citizens. With the rest of us who have done whatever war work we could at home, they are fellow-nationals. We cannot divide ourselves into an army and a citizenship. It is the business of the nation to take up this matter of reinstating an army in civil life as its most immediate great problem. To this all schemes of party re-organization, of industrial reconstruction, of immigration, of agricultural development, of tariff and foreign trade and internal polity must for a time be made contributory. The country has made a gigantic effort to get the army away from civil life into the field. Canada must make just as gigantic an effort to get the pick of its manhood reinstated as a factor in national life.

And this will be a problem demanding all our wisdom of statesmanship. It will not do to talk idly about the political value of an army. Canada's army cannot be calculated for political purposes. It should not be necessary for that army to attempt organizing itself into a political unit in order to get its rights. Unless we take steps that make such a military-political organization unnecessary, we shall fail in even the crudest attempts at national rehabilitation. Soldiers should be encouraged to run for Parliament. The election of Frank Giolma—already known to readers of this paper as an able and humorous story writer—is a worthy representative of what the soldiers need. He is a man who knows. And we shall require soldiers in our parliaments of the future, or we shall fail to get the parliaments that represent the will of the people. We may expect the soldiers to differ among themselves on questions of internal policy. But whatever these differences, the nation should persist in regarding the soldiers as citizens united in reasonable efforts to solve the great problem of returning an army to its country. The mob element among the soldiers will not count. The returned soldier problem will not be settled by mob rule, by Bolsheviki methods, or by any kind of organization that defies the law. An army in the last analysis is the nation's instrument to execute law—not to mob a community. And we are not to judge the army by any minority mob. An army is the thing that puts down mob rule; not the thing that makes it.

BEAT HIM FIRST; DISCUSS IT AFTERWARDS

LORD LANSDOWNE'S persistent reincarnation of Mr. Britling speaks volumes for his tenacity. Last November Lansdowne called for a statement of war aims. On the eve of the war's fourth anniversary he calls for it again. There is no change in the argument. He is weary of the war, believes that a large majority of people in all countries share his sentiments and that it is quite possible to discuss sensible peace terms with Germany before she is beaten. Whatever expectation of the latter might have been indulged last November, there is none left in the mind of anybody who professes to have followed the course of German psychology. Germany is not fit to sit at a peace conference. Peace is only possible as a gentlemanly agreement among ethical equals, or as the result of beating the unethical party to a condition where his lack of ethics no longer counts. The latter is the only method left. Germany is wilfully insane. He is also not far from being beaten. The end of the war is in sight. We do not yet know the date of it. But we know the nature of the ending. The most war-tired nation in the world is Germany. But there are depths of tiredness to which Ger-

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP



C. P.—Father, I've concluded that the only way to take Paris is to go round by Berlin.

The Kaiser.—Well, little old Berlin is in a pretty bad way. He can't even wobble much longer.

many has not yet descended. The nation which swam into a world war on a sea of lies and brutalities, begun in the Franco-Prussian War, is due to be shipwrecked in the storm. It is a good time for Germany to discuss peace when he has no more horrors to inflict upon mankind except those which he is afraid to perpetrate, and when the world against him has for the first time in four years been co-ordinated to hoist him with his own petard. The Hun has not learned the horrors of war as he has practised it upon others. Until fear of its ultimate horrors overwhelms him and his misguided people he is not entitled to choose representatives to sit at even the pourparlers of peace with honorable adversaries who respect the rights of nations and the laws of war.

AND AFTER ALL!

OUR man-power census indicates that Canada in 1918 has just about twice the population she had in the year of Confederation. This for fifty years is not an amazing mathematical record. The surprising thing is that we should have a greater population now than we thought we had just before the war. We have more than eight millions, when we thought four years ago we had less than eight; with practically no immigration. We must conclude that the compulsory census is more accurate than the census we used to have. As this census takes no account of people under 16, it is not affected by a probable increase in native-born during the war. We believe that there has been an increase in children, and that a margin will be added to allow for that. We are among the countries—England is another—that since the war have shown progress in conserving childhood. Infant mortality is reduced. The country is more than holding its own in people-production which is the root of all true development as a nation. And where on the map of the world can you find eight millions of people holding and developing so vast a country, producing so much, exporting so much, doing more to help win the war, on the whole working together in a higher motive of national welfare governed by law?

AN ORGAN OF LIBERALISM

ANYBODY with nerve enough to start a new paper in times like these must be conscious of a mission. Under the editorship of R. Lindsay Crawford, late of the Toronto Globe, formerly of Ireland, The Statesman makes its bow to that part of the Canadian public which it assumes to belong to it for the reasons stated in the prologue. The cover of Vol. I, No. 1 contains a startling portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier done for the occasion by John Russell. With that cover and the candid statement in the Foreword: "A new generation of Liberals has arisen which seeks to translate its new ideas and hopes into realities. It will be the purpose of The Statesman to give voice to this new movement so that the cause of Liberalism may be recharged with the fresh enthusiasm of this fuller faith of a New Democracy," we may conclude that The Statesman intends to be the last word in enunciating Liberalism pure and undefiled. The Foreword also includes the programme of national unity, indicated thus:—"It will be the chief aim of The Statesman to mitigate as far as possible the ugly spirit of factionism and to bring all classes together for the discussion of the problems of reconstruction that call for solution."

Uniting a country by bolstering the cause of a party, has, so far as we know, never yet been achieved in any country. If The Statesman can do so it will be entitled to a niche in the Hall of Fame. The course of The Statesman will be followed with much interest by even the Union Government of which it is not the organ.

EFFECTIVE WAR PROPAGANDA

ALL that a moving picture is able to do in arousing the moral emotions has been fairly attempted in Hearts of the World, the latest production of the wizard, D. W. Griffith. This war film got its Canadian first appearance week before last, in Toronto and Montreal. It will be seen in other parts of Canada before the theatrical season is fairly under way. It is a sound melodramatization of the war, skilfully built about one little French village with all its fears, joys, loves, hates and horrors of war, and about two lovers representing the life and hope of the community. By a really amazing use of dramatic and photographic material the spectator gets the sensation of being actually in the front line; the trench taken and retaken, men bayoneted, clubbed and strangled, trenches smashed by shells, tanks crawling over the craters, village walls blown to debris, refugees rushing all ways for safety, women deported, girls beaten, the Hun at his worst, the Frenchman at his best. All this by the spot-light of melodrama becomes an approximation to the realities of war. The net result of it—with all its defects—is to make the beholder realize that until the war is won, nothing else really matters.

NEIGHBORS WHO BORROW

EVERYBODY has a neighbor who borrows. Everybody, that is, whom we know. Possibly the Governor-General is not often asked to lend his best tea set or his new snow shovel. We have never heard of anyone borrowing from the Premier except, of course, some of his ideas. But all common people have a borrowing neighbor.

You hurry down in the morning to light the gas and put the kettle on before starting to dress. You don't want to see anyone in your present mood or clothing. But there is an apologetic knock at the back door. You open it slightly, concealing yourself as well as you can behind it.

"Oh, Mr. Jones, I'm so sorry! but I am quite out of coffee and Will does growl so when he doesn't have it. I wonder if you would let me have a little?"

You murmur something and start looking for the coffee. You find it at last in the least likely place in the pantry. The only cup you can find is one of the imported china that your wife would not let you touch if she were up—or down. You discover there is just a cupful in the tin and you pass it out to Mrs. Borrower, resigning yourself to the prospect of tea in the morning.

(Concluded on page 21.)



A RUTHENIAN WEDDING

WHEN we come to reform our Marriage Ceremonies and make them less like funerals, followed by fun, why not consider the native simplicity of this pageant on the prairies?

By EDITH G. BAYNE

THREE days before the ceremony proper a delegation consisting of four groomsmen

waited upon us in the teacher's cabin adjoining the school, and, bowing low in unison, gave us the invitations. These young men were in gala attire—"store clothes," tan shoes, gay neckties and great wide sashes of red and yellow and blue. Their bronzed faces were

ashine with good humor and soap, and their thick hair was well pomaded. Emanating from their persons were various odors all the way from old-fashioned musk to "tango bouquet," and on their coat lapels they wore each a tissue paper rose.

The invitation was oral, but was repeated twice because there were three of us to receive it.

"You are to come by the home of the bride, Miss Marta Malitchka, on Thursday evening next of five o'clock. Supper will be at six, and to dance with the bride will be one dollar already. Come early and stay as late as you like. 'Thank you.'"

Thus said the spokesman in dignified manner, and the others joined in on the "thank you." Then they filed out and proceeded to the next house in the settlement.

No mention having been made of the groom we concluded that the poor man was but an insignificant appendage of the great event, and though highly necessary to the ceremony, not otherwise worth bothering about. However, we were mistaken. Etiquette, it appears, demands that to "lady guests" the bride only is mentioned, to "gentlemen guests"—only the groom.

We three were the only Canadians in the place, and at the hour designated, as we were about to sally forth in our flowered muslin dresses to walk to the house which was about half a mile distant, we noticed coming down a little slope not far away, a peculiar equipage. At first it looked not unlike a small poplar grove on the move and one thought of Birnham Wood and Macbeth with a real thrill. But it merely resolved itself into a Ford car decorated with poplar branches stuck all about the tonneau in upright positions and waving and whispering in the breeze. It had come to transport us thither. The bride's fourteen-year-old brother was driving, and as we stepped in he handed us each a gay sash to throw over our left shoulders and tie loosely at the right side of our belts. These were to indicate, if further proof were wanting, that we were wedding guests.

The Malitchka home lay west of the coulee, and you couldn't mistake it. The immediate premises were black with people, and along the main road and the side road, extending for a hundred yards in each direction there were parked vehicles of every description from the humble two-wheel cart and the democrat-wagon to the "Tin Lizzie" and the seven-passenger automobile, which was the proud possession of Peter Narotsky, the richest farmer thereabouts, and the uncle of the bride.

"That's a Stewed Baker," announced our driver with an air of pride.

Now, though the crowd seemed to be milling about in the most casual and informal manner we felt that we ought to inquire as to what was expected of us. So we asked the boy where we should find the principal and his parents.

"Mamma is in the woodshed. She's watching the cakes so they don't get swiped. Papa is in the cellar watching the beer. You go right in," he said, "and make yourself the same as at home."

We went in. It was a small house and warm as the day was, a great number of guests had congregated

in the little rooms, upstairs as well as down, and where chairs were not available people sat on the beds. There didn't appear to be any privacy whatever for the toilet rites of the little bride—unless she had dressed in the cellar. But later we learned that she had been dressed since early morning, and had spent the day sitting in state and receiving her friends, some of whom had come forty miles for the occasion. We found her by dint of some pushing and elbowing. She sat in the middle of the front room, a wreath of flowers on her fair hair and clothed in the most gorgeous of wedding garments. The dress was bright pink satin with a lace overskirt, and on the sleeves and bodice there had been placed in the way of ornamentation some curious jingly glass beads about an inch long. At every move the wearer made they tinkled like a Japanese wind-harp or an old-fashioned hanging lamp. She wore a number of bracelets and her little bronze shoes had great shining glass buckles. The child couldn't have been more than sixteen, and she had a quaint Madonna-like face and a double row of beau-



When a big red-whiskered man made for our seat the three of us turned and fled to the outer air.

tiful white teeth. She laughed a great deal and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the fuss and the admiration. Behind and around her was a kind of V-shaped table heaped with a great variety of flowers—ox-eye daisies, red poppies, prairie sweet-grass and sweet william, cornflowers, asters and others we didn't recognize. As we shook her limp little hand she smiled and bade us welcome.

Then everybody went across the road to the white church with its golden minaret-like spire, and in ten minutes this building was crowded to the doors.

The beautiful—but, of course, to us unintelligible—Greek Orthodox ceremony followed, and then we saw the groom turn and kiss the bride. He was a small man with a heavy blonde face. Immediately there ensued a perfect whirlwind of indiscriminate kissing and hugging. The atmosphere was redolent of garlic and beer and hair-oil and talcum powder, and seeing a big red-whiskered man

making for our seat with a beaming smile and outspread arms the three of us turned and leaping over seats and benches fled to the outer air.

BACK at the Malitchka home once more we were ushered to seats at the long supper table in the main room downstairs. They were feasting upstairs as well, but whether it was a special caucus or merely an overflow crowd, we didn't know. The beer, so carefully and tenderly guarded, had now begun to flow freely, and a huge pitcher of it was placed before us. However, we took buttermilk instead, and rather shocked everybody. The eatables were served in good old-fashioned table-groaning style, and you just "pitched in," and if by chance your attention was diverted from your plate to the expert sword-swallower opposite, someone brought you back by shoving a big blueberry pie under your nose and saying:

"Gute! Gute! Mrs. Malitchka she make it herself!"

Everything was "gute." Seldom had we tasted better fried potatoes, and the spiced ham was a dream of delight. There were dishes of sweet pickles, each pickle as round and big as your wrist, and salads and big chunks of red cheese, and about nine different kinds of pie. There was something that resembled head-cheese and—oh, yes, the soup! We nearly forgot about the soup, which didn't necessarily begin the menu. (In fact, we saw one guest taking his soup in alternate spoonfuls with bites from the wedge of pie he held.) The bridal cake was formed like a cathedral, and it had seven silver bell in the tower. It rose to a height of almost three feet in the centre of the long table. Why, I wonder, did we think of Rheims when we saw it! The little teacher whispered: "Cologne!" Certainly, before the first tableful rose that cathedral looked more like the former! We took our pieces home to "dream on" as the teacher suggested. But we had a nightmare instead!

Beer-drinking and dancing filled the rest of the evening, and continued until dawn, but we bade farewell before midnight, not having danced even with the bride. It was so very warm and the poor little creature looked so wan and wilted!

A quaint custom in connection with Ruthenian weddings is the struggle for the bride. This is a playful little game indulged in by "sides." Four men endeavor to seize her and run off with her, while the groom and his friends try to hold her back. Finally she calls for her veil, and this being a token that she is no longer a maiden, her mother regretfully fetches it, and with cries of "Mariska, mariska!"—meaning "dear one"—falls upon her daughter's neck and bids her farewell. But the party doesn't break up. It merely struggles along after the principals to the new home where another celebration takes place continuing often for three days.

Sounds of revelry followed us for miles across the prairie—music of a phonograph and a four-piece orchestra and the clatter of feet on the soft-pine floors, while under the dying moon, a couple of coyotes bayed and barked a protest.

AFTER all the doubts and disputes about how to raise eggs without becoming bankrupt, suppose we consider the tale of a woman whom Fate overtook at her city desk and guided into the scientific realm of Her Majesty the Hen. For a hen, nominally one of the stupidest of creatures to the average man, is to a careful woman a creature of exact science, as fundamental as a law of chemistry. Nowadays the new woman doing things that would shock a mid-Victorian dame out of her senses, is apt to think that cranking motor trucks and driving tractors and making aeroplanes are the only things really worth while. Mrs. Wallace, who was once Secretary to the Food Controller of Canada, has ignored all these revolutionary things and gone humbly but enthusiastically after the hen. Before her marriage she was known in Toronto as Jean McConnell, captain of Company Seven of the Girl Guides. She has now a husband at the front and a patriotic desire to share in the widespread campaign for the increased production of food.

She took to hens as a duck takes to water. Visit her during working hours—which range from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.—and you find a farmerette a la mode. Khaki smock, breeches, leggings, sun hat et al! Probably you'll find a few chickens perched on her head and shoulders. She calls herself official secretary to those hens for she not only cares for them, cleans them and feeds them, but she also collects their eggs and keeps a record of what each bird lays. It has all to be put down in black and white, for it is experimental work. Scrupulous care has to be taken of those eggs and the work of months and years may be undone by crediting one hen with another's egg.

She is naturally getting frightfully scientific—this young person. Talk modestly of your half dozen backyard hens and she begins to tell you about incubation until you are quite oppressed with a realization of your own ignorance.

Hers is a busy day. All through the winter months when the snow was deep on the ground and the mercury hovered around zero, she had a continual round of duties. It was then, perhaps, that it was hardest of all for the amateur farmerette. She was new to the game. Chickens were slightly more difficult to

From HANNA to HENS

MRS. WALLACE, once Secretary to the Food Controller, is now Secretary to Food Producers at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa



By MARGARET MACRONE

manipulate than a typewriter. They had a good deal of temperament, and it took some studying and a lot of close observation to get on intimate terms with them. But she has the upper hand now. Those same hens know her for their mistress. They were "Nellie" and "Jane" and "Betsy" to her and they answer to her call as if they were puppies. They disport themselves all over her and eat out of her hand, and even her mouth with enjoyment.

The birds at the Experimental Farm are very fine types, as one would expect. By dint of careful breeding new and superior strains are being introduced into the country. A particularly fine breed of young cockerels is being raised and numbers of them are shipped out to branch farms to improve the strain of poultry for farmers all over the country. But inconceivable pains have to be taken in the process of bettering the breed and the hens have to receive a surprising amount of individual attention. Each one lays in a trap nest and carries a little ring around its leg. This is its identification mark.

It is part of the duties of Mrs. Wallace to collect the eggs several times a day and to record on a chart the hens' numbers, according to their rings. This

the chicks "grew and grew." It was all very strange and fascinating to unaccustomed eyes to watch the hundred and one twists and turns in the game.

Repulsive? Never for an instant, says the Hen Woman. And she has had every opportunity to know for she has guided the struggling little feet of the chicks from babyhood to maturity, and has gained some practical working knowledge of every phase of poultry raising.

She loves those hens of hers and weaves romance into their young lives—which is, perhaps, to some extent, the secret of her success. She has entered into the business with enthusiasm. She lives the rustic life and no mistake. It is a case of "early to bed and early to rise."

From her bedroom window she sees the sun setting gloriously over Ottawa every night.

"Do you regret it? Does the city call you?" you ask her.

And with a healthier, happier, more peaceful look than she ever had before, she says: "This is satisfying."

THE MORNING OF A MASSEUSE

WONDERFUL little tabloid life sketches done in the spotlight of an unique personal experience in a war hospital. The article was sent to a well-known Canadian woman writer, who forwarded it to the Canadian Courier.

By CATHERINE HUTCHINSON

MY work lies in a beautiful Convalescent Hospital in the Midlands of England. The house is one of those many old homes which have been given over for the building up of the manhood shattered in our defence.

Once the home of the late Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, it is called "Highbury" on account of its high position, overlooking the great city of Birmingham, and is almost entirely given up to the cure of nerve cases, accommodating from 250 to 300 patients. The house itself does not hold that number, but all the once famous orchid houses have been turned into wards, and one large ward has been built in the grounds.

The staff consists of a Commandant, a Quartermaster, a Matron, 6 Nursing Sisters, about 50 V.A.D. nurses and helpers, 3 Medical Electricians, and 12 Masseuses under a head Masseur.

We go on duty at 9 a.m. with our list of patients for the day. Each patient is allotted a time sufficient to treat the case, and the list and times are made out accordingly. Some of the men come to the massage room, but those cases which cannot walk are treated in their wards.

Every case is first seen by the masseur in charge, and

his report is written on a card with suggestions for treatment. These cards are filed alphabetically, and each masseuse refers to the card when given a new case.

My first case at 9 o'clock is a young English boy of 19 years of age, who had his thigh shattered by an explosive bullet. The haemorrhage from his wound was terrible, and he was not expected to live. He has, however, recovered, but his leg is terribly wasted, and, as a main nerve was injured, he has what is called "dropped foot." My work is to restore tone and firmness to the wasted muscles and to stimulate the injured nerves so that all weakness in the foot may disappear.

He is a quiet boy, and talks very little, but, during the twenty minutes I am treating his leg, he smiles and ventures a remark now and then. He is his widowed mother's only son, and her gratitude is great when she hears that he is improving.

My next case, at 9.20, is a great big, hulking Australian, who was once a professional boxer, and we call him the "prizefighter." He, alas, could not box now for his right arm was badly injured with shrapnel and he had slight concussion of the brain or "shell shock." The shock has caused him to stutter, and when he comes to me, he always



MANY of the stories told by the writer are totally new contributions to the science of the mind as affected by the body.

begins, "G-g-good-morning, S-s-sister."

I treat his arm and shoulder, endeavoring to restore the power he has lost, and to make the limb once more useful to him, but he will never be a "prize-fighter" again!

Forgets Five Languages

I then leave the massage room at 9.40 and proceed to one of the wards, which was originally the conservatory. It is very large and holds a great many beds. My patient here is suffering from "shell-shock," one of the saddest results of the war. He is a French-Canadian, and was an interpreter; a keen, intellectual man, speaking six languages fluently. Now he remembers only his own language, and cannot count up to 200. At first he shook all over, but now only one leg shakes, and he is beginning to walk well. He suffers much from headaches and inability to concentrate his mind upon any one thing. My task here is to soothe the tremor and altogether to repair the damage and irritation caused to the nervous system. He is a very interesting patient, and during the half hour I am treating him I allow him to talk quietly on pleasant subjects, endeavoring to drive away from his mind anything which would tend to counteract my soothing massage. In his case, as in all others, my tongue keeps pace with my hands and arms.

Sunstruck in the Sahara

I then (10.10) go to another ward, the spacious drawing-room with its arched ceiling, its beautiful frescoes and carvings and large windows looking out over lawns, lake and park.

There my patient smiles his greeting. He has a sunny nature and is keen to get better, loving his treatment, because he thinks it is helping him. He was a stoker on a big man-of-war, and with others was sent to the Sahara to load sand. It was not the enemy, but our friend, the sun, that wrought such havoc in this case. In one moment all these men were struck down with sunstroke, and the only survivor was my patient. He was unconscious for 28 days and could not speak for six months.

Now he speaks very unintelligibly, but I have learned to understand most of his words. Though once a powerful man, he cannot now stand alone, as his brain lacks the power of co-ordination. His muscles, through lack of exercise, have become flabby and atrophied, and he cannot even carry a cup to his mouth without spilling its contents. I am trying to build up the wasted muscles, restore equilibrium, and encourage co-ordination. This I do with message and exercise, and it is amusing to hear him laugh while I am trying to resist his movements. His one cry is, "I can't balance," and I have seen the tears come into his eyes in the midst of laughing when he tells me his tale. When I leave him, he always says, "Thank you, Sister, good-morning."

A Mass of Scars

And then I return to the Massage Room, the beautiful library with its elaborately carved book shelves, all empty now, and as I enter my next patient is awaiting me.

It is now 10.30 a.m. He is a sad, long-faced boy of twenty-one, and seldom smiles. "Somewhere in France" he was loading trucks with ammunition when a German shell struck one of the trucks causing a terrific explosion. At first it was thought that no one had escaped, but after many hours my patient was found unconscious, buried in the mass of debris. His legs are one mass of fearful scars, he is very deaf, and his nervous system is badly shattered.

I treat him for shock and to strengthen his weak legs. He is very quaint, and his remarks at times are droll. One day he told me that he was "dying of senile decay!" I tried to cheer him up by telling him that he may one day die of that in the far, far future.

At 11 o'clock I have a bonny Scotch boy who talks with a broad Highland accent. He was a groom in a laird's service, and loves to recount the doings and adventures of the "gentry." His right arm and hand are powerless. He hates the Huns bitterly, and wishes his arm would get better so that he might have another "go" at them. I massage his arm and hand and give him exercises to strengthen the nerves and muscles, and to prevent his joints from becoming stiff.

His Head Immovable

At 11.20 my next patient comes to me. He is six feet high, a fine looking Englishman, with an erect carriage, but he cannot move his head. When I undertook the case, the masseur remarked laughingly to me:

"This man ought to be in another world, but as he elected to remain here in this weary one I suppose we must do our best for him."

He was shot through the throat, the bullet passing right through the windpipe. When the wound healed, it was found that his head was perfectly immovable.

I give deep massage to his neck to try and break down adhesions and by manipulations to slightly move his head, but his progress is very slow, and I doubt his ultimate recovery. His hearty laugh could be heard all over the ward when I told him that he belonged to the "stiff-necked generation."

It is now 11.40 a.m., and only one more case before dinner. He looks such a delicate, white-faced little boy. "Somewhere in France" he was buried for hours on three separate occasions. His head was, mercifully, not entirely coveted, so he breathed and remained alive, though unconscious, until they found him. His arms were both broken, and he had many flesh wounds, but the nervous shock was the worst feature of the case.

The poor boy seems so frightened that if I mention war the tears come into his eyes, he is so very young. I give him arm massage, for one arm is paralyzed and the hand useless.

The dinner gong sounds at twelve o'clock and work ceases for only one-half hour. At 12.30 I begin again.

Paralyzed by Wet

My next patient is a Yorkshire miner. He is such a funny case, and seems to think war a sort of pan-

tomime! His thoughts are never profound. He was fighting for months, and did not get one scratch, but the exposure in the wet trenches partly paralyzed him. He likes being down in the mines, but if he recovers he is ready to give the Germans another "crack."

Has a Bad Temper Now

After treating him I leave the massage room and go to my most interesting patient in one of the wards. He was an architect in Australia; keen, clever, intellectual once, but now a wreck with that dread "shell-shock." Some days he is bright and good tempered, but other days he is irritable, cantankerous and altogether "impossible." He is ready to fight anyone who crosses him, and we once called him the "Tiger." But he is getting better, and the bad days are not so frequent. He is so keen on all treatment that it is a pleasure to massage him when he is in his good moods.

He often says to me:

"Sister, why do I fly into these tempers? I never did at home."

I give all soothing massage, and after I have given him head massage I generally leave him asleep.

It is now 1.30 p.m., and my morning's work is finished. If I am working for half time I leave the hospital, but many months I work at "Highbury" full time. At such time I go on until five o'clock every afternoon, and when Saturday comes I am glad to rest so that my strength may be renewed for a fresh start on Monday morning.

Such is the life of a War Masseuse. She works with all her physical being; she brings her mind and training to bear upon her various cases; she tries to interest and amuse her patients; and, best of all, she gives of her own vitality to these shattered ones, thus enabling them to find themselves again and to face life with renewed vigor.

THE KAISER *as* LADIES' TAILOR

HIS desperate efforts to clothe Germany, contrasted with the prosperity of Bradford and its woollens for the world's women.

By GORDON TEMPLE

ROYALTY in the Clothing Business! This is the latest whim on the part of His Imperial All Highest, the Emperor of Germany. The Kaiser has a passion for an infinite variety and endless change of uniforms. His stock of these, and of other clothes, is the largest in the world. Germany is suffering just now, through the Allied Blockade, from a severe shortage of clothes, so the Kaiser has come to its aid and decreed, that in future there shall only be one tailor in Germany—himself. His shall be the only establishment throughout the land, where tailored-clothes, for men or women, can be bought. These clothes will from henceforth all be made ready-to-wear, in various sizes, and in only a certain number of styles and patterns approved by him, perhaps designed by him also, who knows? The idea at the back of the Kaiser's pet scheme is to economize in the use of wool and other clothing-material, the supply of which in the Fatherland is fast running out.

Germany must be in the most desperate straits today for wool and woollen materials, as is even testified by the uniforms of the German prisoners, recently captured by the Allies. These are frequently of the poorest quality of shoddy and their miserable wearers, half-starved and worse clothed, are often glad to escape with their lives. . . . What a different picture we see when we look at the conditions in American or England! Here we see the woollen-mills working to the utmost of their capacity, turning out vast quantities of clothing of excellent quality, owing to the access of their people—thanks to the British Navy—to the supplies of raw-material, the chief supplies of which come entirely from countries within the British Empire or her great ally, the United States.

Wool has come into its own. The exigencies of war have placed this commodity on a footing of security for years to come, such as it has never known since the days when Joseph's brethren tended their flocks on the hills of Schemem.

The biggest deal in this staple ever known in the

history of the world has only just been concluded. To secure the supply of this material, so vital to its manufactures, for both war and civil purposes, the Imperial British Government has bought the entire wool clip of Australia for the duration of the war and for one year afterwards, the value of the first two clips alone reaching the staggering figures of \$500,000,000.

It is not that the Allies have resolved not to permit the selling of any wool to any of the enemy countries for one year after the conclusion of peace, and that neutral countries shall only be accommodated after the needs of the Empire and her Allies have been supplied in the fullest possible measure.

While the war is responsible for much of the activity in the wool manufacturing districts of England and the United States, for supplying the Allied armies with their vast requirements of heavy cloth for uniforms, rugs, horse-blankets, etc., there is one town in Yorkshire, England, that is making big profits, and is making high wages at its own native industry, independent of war-work and where it is not the British Government that finds the money.

Bradford's peculiar position is that it works for the women-folk of the world. It is pre-eminent among the great woollen manufacturing centres of the world in that it specializes in woollen fabrics of the kind that women wear. Mere men, or horses, and other wearers of enduring homespun, have not the purchasing power of the millions of women in the Americas, North and South, in the neutral countries all over the world, in China as well as in Great Britain, who arise every morning and want new frocks—want change as well as wearing quality and appearance as well as warmth.

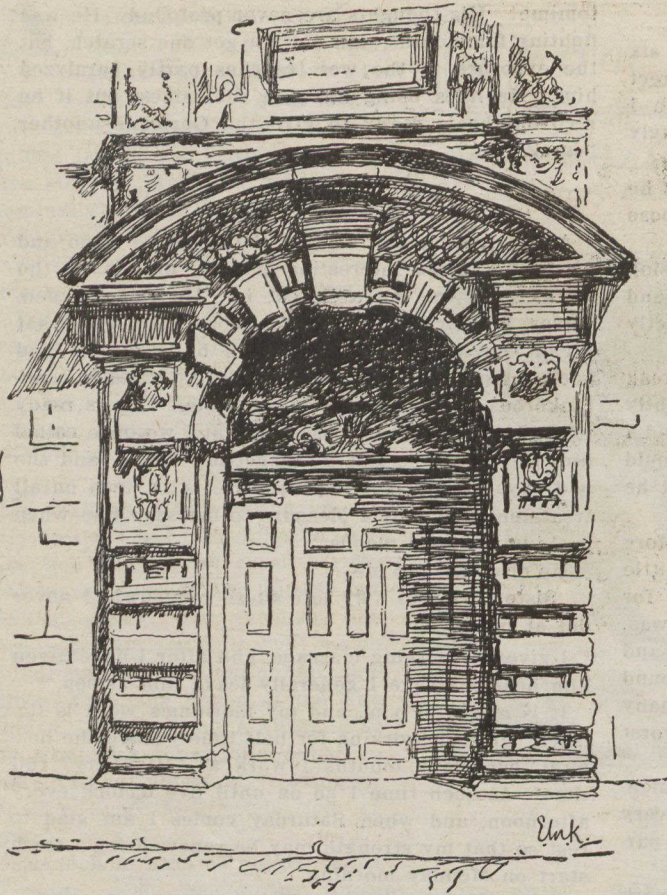
The towns of Belgium and Northern France, formerly engaged in this trade, are now in the iron grip of the Hun. In the Central Empires themselves any goods of this class that are perhaps still being made, cannot be and are not being exported, most of the other great woollen centres in Great Britain are

(Continued on page 23.)

The Doors of Dijon

A Charming En Route Series of Sketches Written and Illustrated

By ESTELLE M. KERR



THE dust of Paris is shaken from my feet with no regrets—sad Paris, once called gay! This ritual was performed from the steps of the Lyons express at an uncomfortably early hour in the morning—but I am accustomed to that. My driving orders recently have included many matutinal trips to speed others on their journeys to new and interesting fields of labor in hospitals to the east and south. Now I am the one to depart to relieve a chauffeur in the 20th region, who has been driving one of the most valued delegates of the French War Emergency Fund on her tours of hospital inspection. At last I shall have a glimpse of the most interesting section of our work:

Hospital appeals are sent by our delegates to the London office, each accompanied by a list of the articles most urgently needed. The fund will supply anything from a pair of bed socks to a complete operating outfit; will instal a bathroom or a canteen; but the requests must be made in the name of the medicine chief of each hospital, approved by the visiting delegate, and passed by the London committee, before the supplies are sent, or the money granted. I have watched the packers at the London headquarters; have driven our buyers around the Paris shops; have delivered bales to the Paris hospitals and railway stations; but I have never experienced the pleasure of seeing the wounded in remote neglected places growing brighter and stronger as the result of the simple comforts with which we are able to ameliorate the tedium of their convalescence. No wonder I am eager to get started!

Apart from the desire to help, the trip in itself is alluring. To tour France in midsummer is a dream of delight—even by rail it is charming to pass through the sunny country, which near Paris is flat with the usual poplar-bordered roads. Now and again we pass by a village which spreads itself ornamentally along the side of a river or canal, while tugs tow heavily-laden barges under arched stone bridges. The ground appears fruitful except that many of the blue-green fields are stained crimson with poppies. As I look out of the window on my right I see a hay-making scene of pastoral peace; on the left there is war, for a great convoy of army-grey motors is drawn up beneath the tufted trees, while an aeroplane with the tri-color on the tips of its wings, has alighted in a field near by.

THE ground becomes rolling as we get into the Cote d'Or; the hills are covered with vines that produce the famous wines of Burgundy. Sometimes we pass a hill covered with stone walls only a few yards apart for grapes that need their warmth and protection, but as a rule the grapes in this region grow low and are exposed on both sides to light and air. They are neither very large nor very beautiful,

but their flavor has made them world-famous.

Higher hills and frequent tunnels signalled our approach to Dijon. Here the population has increased enormously, for the town is sufficiently near the front to make a good military base, and sufficiently removed to be a haven for refugees. The military transport order, enabling me to travel first-class at the expense of the French Government, allows "neither baggage nor horses." The latter restriction conveys no hardship, but it is inconvenient for me and annoying for my fellow-passengers when all my worldly goods must accompany me in the compartment. At last my kind delegate met me; and I learned that in all Dijon there was not a place to lay my head, except a sunny room she had secured with great difficulty, in the best hotel. So here I am leading a life of luxury and idleness—a perfect fraud of a war-worker!

There is one vulnerable spot in which I am affected—my pocket! The cost of living has increased tremendously in central and southern France, while the depopulation of Paris has ameliorated the prices in that city. The Americans who arrive in great waves camp all over the country bringing with them the most formidable apparatus, masses of horses, motors, tractors, lorries, ambulances. They hastily cover vast plains with huts and tents, while around them come regiments of workmen—French, Spanish, Swiss, Greek, and Chinese. Many towns have doubled or tripled their population, and in the face of such an influx it is difficult for the merchants and hotel-keepers not to augment their prices.

SO in the Cote d'Or we live expensively but well.

The bread is blacker, dearer and less palatable than in Paris, and there is no good fresh fish; so the three successive meatless days are a greater problem here. But in spite of these shortcomings, you may expect the French cooks to serve excellent repasts. If you decide to shop for yourself, you will find that the amount asked varies according to the purchaser and his demands. Recently a law has been passed regulating prices for the protection of credulous foreigners; but it is quite another thing to enforce it.

Not for myself alone do I go shopping, but also for the little Ford van of my adoption. He needs fresh oil and new lamps, while various pieces of his internal economy must be replaced. The garage proprietor and his family are greatly impressed with my ability. They have never seen a woman mechanic before and they insisted that I

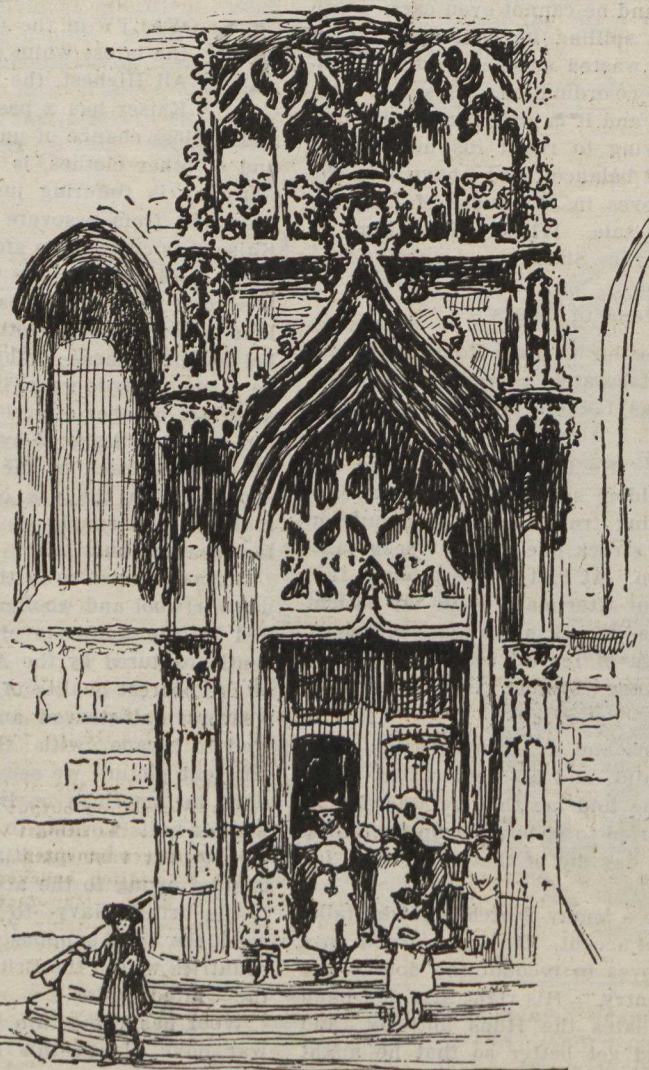
should drink a glass of their famous black currant wine in their red-tiled kitchen when my first day's work was done. So we talked of the war while Madame cooked the dinner and Monsieur stood shaving himself in the doorway. Then they shook my grimy hand warmly as we said good-bye until tomorrow.

DIJON, I was told in Paris, is famous for its Burgundy, wine, its mustard and its pain d'épice, (gingerbread made with honey), but no one ever told me how picturesque it is, how full of historic interest and how lovely the surrounding country! Its streets have the pleasantest surprises as well as the keenest disappointments in store for the stranger. There is pleasure in stumbling upon wonderfully carved façades of stone houses in narrow side streets; there is disappointment in finding that the ground floor has been entirely ruined by the installation of a shop. One stone building on the main street has a high, steep roof of ancient red tiles, and is massively Norman in style, but it bears over the arched-doorway the sign in blue and white letters: "Au Frou—Frou Parisien," and meretricious lace underwear is displayed in the window. A similar building is used for a corset shop, a Renaissance palace, exquisitely carved, shelters a tinsmith, and a chemist occupies the ground floor of a historic XVIIth century dwelling. Ancient churches now serve as garages or lend their massive walls to support some fanciful modern tavern.

DIJON claims not only to make the best mustard in the world, but to have originated the name, which came, it is said, from the device of Philippe le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy, "Moult me tarde," from which comes the present word, "moutarde." Be that as it may, the dukes were responsible for the erection of substantial palaces and fortifications,

while the creation of a bishopric here in the eighteenth century caused the erection of ecclesiastical buildings on a magnificent and elaborate scale.

The city is very badly put together. Town-planning societies did not flourish in the olden days and the efforts of modern times have Parisian ideals, incongruous with the older civilization. The palace of the dukes of Burgundy was built on Roman foundations and each successive century has added a tower, a chapel or a wing. Little of the ancient building remains and many architects since the 12th century, have contributed to make it a thing of charmingly varied loveliness. It is not merely a show-place. The Dijonnais mount the celebrated stairway each month to collect their bread tickets, the Red Cross has its headquarters in another



wing, only the oldest tower is reserved for a museum and from its summit a wonderful view can be obtained of the country-side, of the little villages of Talant and Fontaine perched on hilltops, and of a German internment camp, which crowns the summit of another.

The old building where the parliament of Burgundy used to sit, is now used for law-courts, while the law-school occupies part of the buildings belonging to the German Jesuit college, the rest being devoted to a conservatory of music, a public library and a normal school.

There is no outstanding monument of perfect architectural beauty in Dijon, but an extraordinary number are full of interest and charm. One of the distinctive features are the tiled roofs laid in bold patterns, yellow, green, black, and red, most incongruous with the time-stained walls. Time has improved them greatly, but the shining newness of the restorations is offensive and they could never have looked really beautiful in combination with gray stone Gothic. Most of the facades are over-decorated. The church of Notre Dame has an extraordinary amount of life-like statues leaning horizontally from the walls and seeming to mock at the diminutive pedestrians far below.

What impresses me most are the doors of Dijon! Church and chapel, house and school, palace and prison, the richest dwellings and the humblest cottages all seem to have charming doorways. The places they lead to may be disappointing, but the sculptured portals or gracefully simple arches lure you in. You find an ugly restored interior in every church, a bare stone courtyard where you expected a garden, and dilapidated abodes of blacksmiths and shoemakers where you hoped for an old-world palace. In Dijon it is better to remain outside and dream of what may have been behind the portals in past ages. Of Saint Bénigne who preached here long ago; of the Dukes of Burgundy, who fought and made merry and drank the good wine; of Garibaldi who once saved Dijon in the Franco-Prussian war, and of the artists, scientists and men of belles-lettres who have contributed to her fame, behind those doors.

A Concours of Nations.

Never has such a gathering of the nations surged through the streets of Dijon as on the Fourth of July when the French joined the Americans in celebrating their national holiday. Viewed from on high the main street seemed carpeted with khaki and blue. The rough-rider hat and the forage cap were equally distributed amongst the American soldiers, the kepi and calotte amongst the French. An occasional square-topped cap in blue designated a member of the Polish legion. Italian aviators were in evidence both in the streets and the air. Some large stiff tricorns amongst the Italian officers were the most decorative forms of head-gear that have survived the practical substitutions of the present war. The red fez of the Algerian troops lent variety, and beside some dark-skinned natives of North Africa were many American negroes. A smart American officer—quite black—with a badge of a chaplain, might be seen sauntering through the corridors of the best hotel. The large hospital of St. Ignace contributed a number of women war-workers to the motley array of uniforms.—nurses, motor-



"YES, I've moved," admitted the young Frenchwoman to the Britisher. "I did it very quickly. You see, I got tired going up and down stairs to get to the street, so the Germans sent along a shell that took away the lower part of the walls and dropped my room to the street level."

"What you call a descent without a come-down," suggested the Britisher. "Well, you can't move any more—unless you go some other direction."

UNITY, STABILITY AND PROSPERITY

By the President of the Industrial Reconstruction Association

THE Canadian Industrial Reconstruction Association has adopted Unity, Stability and Prosperity as its motto. The Association believes that Canada will face a difficult period when the war is over, but that with proper organization of industries and a common regard for the national interest no long period of disturbance or depression need be apprehended. When peace comes between 200,000 and 250,000 men now engaged in the manufacture of munitions or on war contracts will have to be provided with other employment. Between 300,000 and 400,000 soldiers will come back from Europe, all of whom will have to be re-established in civil life. Many of the soldiers are married men with families, and probably altogether 1,500,000 people will be affected by the withdrawal of the armies from the field and the cessation of war orders.

It is clear that we must maintain the maximum of production on the farms and that the industries of the country must run full time if employment is to be provided for all of those who will seek it and need it. Again we will have to raise annually for pensions, interest, other war obligations and the general purposes of government between \$350,000,000 and \$400,000,000. The magnitude of this burden is apparent when it is remembered that we never have raised in any one year more than \$170,000,000. Looking at these facts the Industrial Reconstruction Association believes that in order to carry our load of taxation population must be retained and increased, old factories expanded, new factories established and agriculture stimulated by all sound methods that governments can employ.

The Association recognizes that when the war is over the United States will have a great commercial fleet and a wonderful organization for export trade. What will be true of the United States will be as true of Japan, which already is increasing its exports to Canada in a remarkable way. Necessarily if Canadian industries are to hold their ground, face outside competition and produce as cheaply as the industries of other countries we must have contented labor, the utmost efficiency in manufacturing and effective organization for export business. Possibly we will be assisted in export business by association with the export organizations of Great Britain, and there may also be an Imperial organization of shipping of great advantage to the producers and manufacturers of Canada.

The Industrial Reconstruction Association therefore advocates organization and cooperation of Canadian factories for export trade. It believes that such a Canadian Trade Co-operation as Senator Nicholls advocates should have liberal support from the Federal Government, from banking institutions and from the manufacturers of the country. It believes that at least two or three of the universities of Canada should have post-graduate research faculties comparable to those in the great American universities. It urges grouping of factories to study technical and research problems.

It believes that there should be closer co-operation between employers and workmen. Machinery should be created by the voluntary action of employers and employees through which there would be frequent consultation on all questions affecting the common interests of capital and labor, the conditions under which work is done, the wages paid in competitive industries elsewhere and the state of domestic and outside markets. It believes that by restricting output labor lowers wages and living conditions while by producing to the utmost wages are improved, cost of manufactures reduced and consumers benefited.

Finally, the association believes that there is no necessary conflict between East and West. Manufacturing is not necessarily more sectional than is agriculture. Inevitably Western towns and cities will develop industries and the same problems which concern older Canada be the common problems of all Canada. In short the Reconstruction Association aims to promote national unity, to improve relations between capital and labor, to stimulate production in field and factory, and will endeavor so to constitute its committees and fashion its policy that it will be not the organ of any group or section but of all classes and interests.

Editor's Note:—This was one of the articles held out by the postal strike in Toronto.

drivers, canteen workers for both the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. They must have a uniform, or some definite mission, to justify their right to live in this town just now, for the military authorities do not admit any rights of wives, mothers and sisters so near a camp.

The American hospital is the best equipped institution of its kind I have seen in France, and it was pleasant to find a number of British amongst the patients. Some were dressed ready to be evacuated to another hospital before going to their beloved Blighty, but it was only by their voices that we knew them to be English. Their worn uniforms, which had undergone a gas attack, utterly succumbed in the process of sterilization and so they were dressed in American clothes. One of them had found a needle and thread and was endeavoring to make an American cap look British. A Canadian amongst them shook me warmly by the hand. He was to travel on a stretcher for his was a leg wound. It was an accident in the forestry battalion that had laid him low. . . . Had I seen the Canadian nurses? he asked me. There was one from Toronto and another from Listowel.

Forestry battalions are busy in France, and a lady of the "haute noblesse," whom I met yesterday, told me with tears in her eyes that a beautiful forest on their property and very near their ancestral chateau was being felled without warning before their eyes. What compensation they would receive from the government, and when, they knew not. In other properties in the vicinity the Americans are constructing railroads through the midst of farms; hedges are levelled, fences destroyed, and pasture and wheat field thrown together. All remonstrations are answered with:

"We have permission from the French Government to go ahead."

My uniform attracts an embarrassing amount of attention in Dijon.

"American!" cry the children in the streets, and they greet me with the only word they know: "Good-bye."

The more observant, reading the letters on my brassard say: "Anglaise!" while others, deceived by the greenish gray color of my uniform cry, "Italiano!" I am tempted to relapse into mufti while in the town, but soon I hope to be on the road again. The same tiresome business of permits must be gone through; our passports and carnets rouge must be verified, the mileage must be reckoned and the necessary gasoline obtained from the military depots. It is tiresome but very necessary, so for some days I must continue to live luxuriously at the best hotel by night, while I spend part of my days tightening bolts and filling grease cups till the military authorities find time to sign the paper that enables us to circulate by motor in the war zone.

Dijon is for me a beautiful door through which I start on a tour which promises to be full of interest and pleasure. Let us hope that it will not, like so many alluring doorways in Dijon, lead to disappointments.

ONE broiling August day an aged "cullud gemman," who was pushing a barrow of bricks, paused to dash the sweat from his husky brow; then, shaking his fist at the sun, he apostrophized it thus: "Fo' de Lawd's sake, war wuz yuh last Janoary?"

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SAVINGS & INVESTMENTS

HOW TO SPOT WILDCATS

By INVESTICUS

WHAT is the difference between "wildcats" and investment stocks, and how can one tell the difference between investment securities and wildly speculative stocks? In appearance there is practically no difference between a sound investment stock certificate and a "wildcat"; and how is the would-be investor to tell which is which when he is offered all kinds of stocks at varying prices? He naturally wants to buy cheap and sell for more than the securities cost him; and unless he follows definite rules and uses care and foresight, there is always the danger that the small investor may get buncoed into buying something of really questionable value.

There is, in reality, a wide difference between investments and wildcats; but it is one of the most difficult things for the uninitiated to tell which is which when "wolves go clothed in sheep's clothing" as is literally the case with wildly speculative gambles issuing beautifully engraved stock certificates. The real essential difference, of course, is that the investment has real substance as well as form to it; whereas, the wildcat, while it possesses the form of an investment, utterly lacks the substance; or put differently, the wildcat represents the whole fabric of unsound business clothed with the ordinary corporate form which both good and bad companies use; and to choose safely and well is the task of every investor.

THE BEST SAFEGUARD.

Probably the greatest safeguard that the inexperienced investor has, is the stockbroker and bond dealer of known repute. In every financial centre there are bond and stock houses of splendid reputation; and the first principle for the new investor is to see to it that he selects a house of known trustworthiness to transact his business. In making a selection of security houses it is always a safe practice to consult the list of Stock Exchange members; for Canadian Stock Exchanges are soundly governed, and grant memberships to men only of known honesty and probity. Moreover, the rules governing the regular stock exchanges are very rigid and the member houses have to follow the best banking practice in order to retain their seats.

As regards bond houses, many of the best have not seats on the Stock Exchange, as their business is very largely in mortgage securities that are not listed in Canada, and it is often not in their interest to establish an active trading connection. Concerning such houses, the banks can give the best information as the relative standing of bond houses is known to all the banks. Practically any bank manager will give his clients sound advice as to a good bond house or stock brokerage firm to deal with; and the new investor will be well advised to follow such, and so avoid the troubled highways of "frenzied finance."

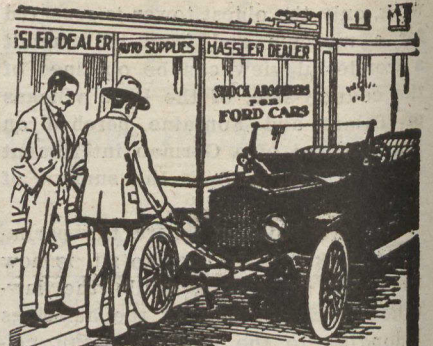
THE STOCK BROKER NO MIND READER.

But, granted that the would-be investor of hard-earned savings has linked up with a brokerage house of good repute, there is still much that he himself must do to protect his money. The large majority of sound investment houses handle both standard investments and speculative securities. This is necessary because many of their clients are wealthy men who like to take "a flier" in speculative stocks now and then, and make a clean-up on the turn. Because of this, it is absolutely necessary that a new customer explain clearly to his broker the distinct way in which he wishes to employ his money; and if he wants absolute security of principal, together with stability of yield, he must be satisfied to choose from the comparatively small list of securities this division offers. A good deal of common sense is needed here; and no one should be disgruntled at his friends getting larger returns on their money employed in risky enterprises if he is not prepared to risk his own money in similar undertakings. Generally speaking, it is usually the man who cannot afford it who goes into the market and gets soundly trimmed.

WHERE BONDS ARE BONDS.

The Old Country investor has the matter down pretty pat. Before the war, there were scores of sound investment houses in the United Kingdom, which had built up sound reputations for themselves through years of solid business. These houses were patronized extensively by people of the middle classes, who had small savings to invest and required absolute security with a maximum of interest return. To an astonishing degree small savings were thus preserved to the people, who followed carefully the sound advice of investment bankers; and, except in the case where people went to new and unknown firms expecting something for nothing, there have been few, if any, losses of principal invested through English houses of good standing.

Your wealthy Englishman, on the other hand, who can afford to lose considerable sums of money, has taken many "fliers" in stocks; and unfortunately some people of small means have aped the wealthier classes and suffered for



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it. Many millions have been sunk in "wildcats,"—which are the very things people of small means should avoid as they would be pestilence.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

Which recalls the old definition of a "wildcat"; "a hole in the ground into which much money goes and none comes out". This is in essence true, because while all the money spent on wildcats is not irredeemably lost, few of the original "investors" ever get it back.

Perhaps the chief charm in the "wildcat" is the promise of large returns. Few people but like to get something for nothing; but this result is seldom attained except by the professional gambler, and then only for a precarious period. The true investor must not look for too great a return on his cash; and must be satisfied with a moderate yield if he is to get real security of principal.

Stocks with moderate yields generally are good; but not always so, as many new stocks of unproved value pay little or no dividend at first. The safe policy to follow in buying a stock, is to pick a security whose dividend record has been consistently regular and conservative through a period of years. The investor should further satisfy himself that the nature of the business is not necessary, particularly in these days when non-essential industries are not having too easy a time of it. Large reserves accumulated from earnings also form an additional security; and it is advisable for a would-be investor to glance at a company's balance sheet and make sure liquid assets are well above current liabilities, and working capital is sufficient.

GOOD COMMON SENSE CHIEF INGREDIENT.

If these precautions are taken, the investor may rest assured his capital is well secured. The main essential, after all, is good common sense. This should lead everyone in the first place to choose carefully his brokerage connection; and then to make clear to his firm the nature of the investment desired. Bond dealers are not mind readers, and must be told clearly what is desired before they can give intelligent service. They can usually be depended upon to give sound opinions on investments.

It is often well not to place "all your eggs in one basket." For the very small investor this is not so important, as his "eggs" probably won't be very numerous. But at the same time it is a good policy for all to follow, as it means more ready convertibility into cash and probably a higher net average yield.

THE CARDINAL RULES.

In order to avoid "wildcats" therefore, it is necessary to first consult a good broker; second, to select from his list a security with good dividend records; and third,—if absolute security is required,—to inquire somewhat carefully into the solidity of the company. A little care in these matters will amply repay the investor. Remember the old saw: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." It certainly holds good in all financial transactions.

A QUADRENNIUM OF HIGHER FINANCE

CANADA has loaned three-quarters of a billion dollars to the Imperial Government since the outbreak of war. Statistics furnished The Courier by the Department of Finance up to March 31st, 1918, show advances by Canada to the Imperial Government by way of advances to the Imperial Munitions Board, purchase of foodstuffs, hay and other commodities, of sums totalling \$532,816,597.94. In addition to this Canadian chartered banks through the medium of the Minister of Finance, have advanced to the Imperial Government in excess of \$200,000,000 for purchase of munitions and wheat, bringing the total up to nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars. Canada's expenditure on war account in the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1918, totalled \$342,762,687, bringing her total war effort up to a very large amount, her war expenditures for the three years and nine months ending on that date, amounting to approximately \$875,000,000, which is somewhat less than the whole amount already disbursed by the Munitions Board in payment for munitions made in Canada.

NEIGHBORS WHO BORROW

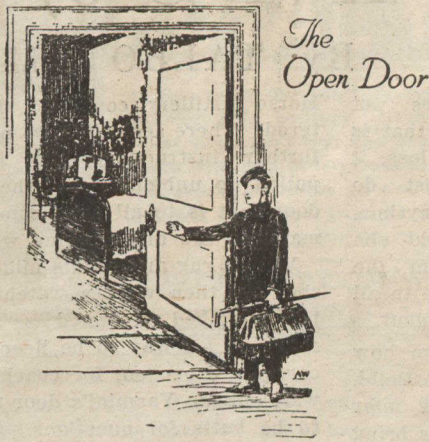
(Concluded from page 14.)

You hurry home in the evening to cut the lawn, and find the Robinsons have borrowed the lawn mower because their own is so dull. Baffled there, you think you will water your war-garden, but the Browns have borrowed your hose because their own is too short.

You decide to look up in your new and expensive encyclopedia the matter you were arguing about at the office. On your way in you pass your wife, who is trying sour milk as a last resort upon the stain the Stayners left on your best and biggest tablecloth while they had it. The point you are looking for turns out to be in the third volume—the very one of the whole thirty that Mr. Stoddart borrowed only a fortnight ago.

Feeling a little bewildered, you propose to Friend Wife that you might as well go to the movies for the evening, and you ask her to wear the "greenish shiny" skirt you like so well. She will go with you, but not in that sportive skirt—because Mildred Hucklesworth borrowed it to see if it would match a blouse she had borrowed from a lady in the next block.

The affable borrowers are everywhere. The extent of their depredations is enormous. The half-loaves of bread that are borrowed on an average morning, if put end to end, would stretch a distance of 71,276 miles. The tablecloths that are borrowed average over 9,000 per day on this continent alone. Those that are returned without stains are only two in each 27,000. 4,367,794 cups that are returned without stains are only two in each 27,000. 948,764,239 of sugar change hands every morning, 40,000 tons of flour in cup-lots, that dress patterns, and 64 five-dollar bills. And any alienist will tell you that some of the saddest and most distressing cases he has had to deal with have been those of men whose reason has been overturned by the shock of having borrowed articles returned.



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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

THE WINDS of the WORLD

CHAPTER XI.

By TALBOT MUNDY

MEN say Yasmini does not sleep. Of course, that is absurd. None the less, it is certain she must do much of her plotting in the daytime, for by night, until after midnight, she is always the Yasmini whom the Northern gentry know, at home to all comers in her wonderful apartment.

It is ever a mystery to them how she knows all that is going on in Delhi, and in India, and in the greater outer world, although they themselves bring her information that no government could ever suck out of the silent hills. They know where she keeps her cobras—where the strong-box is, in which her jewels lie crowded—who run her errands—and some of her past history, for not even a mongoose is more inquisitive than a man born in the hills, and Yasmini has many maids. But none—not even her favorite, most confidential maids—know what is in the little room that she reaches down a private flight of stairs that have a steel door at the top.

She keeps the key to that steel door, and it has, besides, a combination lock that only she understands.

Once a very clever hillman, who had been south for an education and had learned skepticism in addition to the rule of three, undertook to discover wires leading over roof-tops to that room; but he searched for a week and did not find them. When his search was over, and all had done laughing at him, he was found one night with a knife-wound between his shoulder-blades, and, later still, Yasmini sang a song about him. None searched for wires after that, and the consensus of opinion still is that she makes magic in the room below-stairs.

She sought that room the minute Ranjoor Singh was safely locked in with his trooper, although her maids reported more than one Northern gentleman waiting impatiently in the larger of her two reception-rooms for official information of the war. Government bulletins are regarded as pure fiction always, unless confirmed by Yasmini.

And, within five minutes of Ranjoor Singh's release of his trooper from the sheet, no less a personage than a general officer had thrown aside other business and had drawn on a cloak of secrecy that not even his own secretary could penetrate.

"Closed carriage!" he ordered; and, as though the fire brigade were doing double duty, a carriage came, and the horses, rump-down, halted from the gallop outside his door.

"Pathan turban!" he ordered; and his servant brought him one.

"Sheepskin cloak!"

In a moment the upper half of him would have passed in the dark for that of a rather portly Northern trader. He decided that a rug would do the rest, and snatched one as he ran for the carriage with the turban under his arm. He gave no order to the driver other than "Cheloh!" and that means "Go ahead"; so the driver, who was a Sikh, went ahead as the guns go into action, asway and aswing, regardless of everything but speed.

"Yasmini's!" said the general, at the end of a hundred yards; and the Sikh took a square, right-angle turn at full gallop with a neatness the

Horse Artillery could not have bettered. There seemed to be no need of further instructions, for the Sikh pulled up unbidden at the private door that is to all appearance only a mark on the dirty-looking wall.

With a rug around his middle, there shot out then what a watching small boy described afterward as "a fat hill-rajah on his way to be fleeced." The carriage drove on, for coachmen who wait outside Yasmini's door are likely to be butts for questions. The door opened without any audible signal, and the man with the rug around his middle disappeared.

He had ceased to bear any resemblance to any one but a stout English general in mess-dress by the time he reached the dark stair-head; and Yasmini took the precaution of being there alone to meet him. She held a candle-lantern.

"Whom have you?" he demanded.

THEY seemed to understand each other—these two. He paid her no compliments, and she expected none; she made no attempt at all to flatter him or deceive him. But, being Yasmini, it did not lie in her to answer straightly.

"I set a trap and a buffalo blundered into it! He will do better than any other!"

"Whom have you?"

"Risaldar-Major Ranjoor Singh!"

The general whistled softly.

"Of the Sikh Light Cavalry?" he asked.

"One of Kirby sahib's officers, and a trooper into the bargain!"

The general whistled again.

"There were two troopers whom I meant to catch," she said hurriedly, for it was evident that the general did not at all approve of the turn affairs had taken. "I had a trap for them at the House-of-the-Eight-Half-Brothers, and some hillmen in there ready to rush out and seize them as they passed. But a fool Afridi murdered one, and I only got there in the nick of time to save the other's life. I meant that Ranjoor Singh, who is a buffalo, should be troubled about his troopers and suspected on his own account, for he and I have a private quarrel. I did not mean to catch him, or make use of him. But he walked into the trap. What shall be done with him? Let the sahib say the word and—"

Her gesture was inimitable. Not so the gurgle that she gave, for a man's breath bubbling through the blood of a slit throat makes the same shudder-some sound exactly. The general took no notice whatever of that, for wise men of the West understand the East's attempts to scandalize them. It is the everlasting amusement of Yasmini, and a thousand others, to pretend that the English are even more blood careless than themselves, just as it is their practise to build confidently on the opposite fact.

"Did you fire the House-of-the-Eight-Half-brothers?" asked the general suddenly.

"Am I a sweeper?" she retorted.

"Did you order it done?"

"Did Junna rise when the rain came? There were six good cobras of mine burned alive, to say nothing of the bones of a dead Afridi! Nay,

sahib, I ordered a clear trail left from there to here, connecting me and thee and Ranjoor Singh to the Germans and a dog of an Afridi murderer. I left a trail that even the police could follow!"

"Whose property is that house?"

"Whose? Ask the lawyers! They have fought about it in the courts until lawyers own every stick and stone of it, and now the lawyers fight one another! The government will spend a year now," she laughed, "seeking whom to fine for the fire. It will be good to see the lawyers run to cover!"

"This is a bad business!" said the general sternly; and he used two words in the native tongue that are thirty times more expressive of badness as applied to machinations than are the English for them. "The plan was to kidnap a trooper, or two troopers—to tempt him, or them—and, should they prove incorruptible, to give them certain work to do. And what have you done?"

Yasmini laughed at him—merry, mocking laughter that stung him because it was so surely genuine. She did not need to tell him in words that she was not afraid of him; she could laugh in his face and make the truth sink deeper.

"And now what will the burra sahib do?" she mocked. "There is war—a great war—a war of all the world—but Yasmini fired a rat-run and avenged a murdered sikh. First let us punish Yasmini! Shall I send for police to arrest me, burra sahib? Or shall I send a maid in search of babu Sita Ram that the game may continue?"

"What do you want, Sita Ram for?"

SITA RAM is nearly always useful, sahib. He is on a message now. He is a fool who likes to meddle where he thinks none notice him. Such are the sort who cost least and work the longest hours. Who, for instance, sahib, is to balk Kirby sahib when he grows suspicious and begins to search in earnest for his Ranjoor Singh? He knew that Ranjoor Singh was at the House-of-the-Eight-Half-brothers; there was a man on watch outside. He will come here next, for Ranjoor Singh has been reported to him as having talked with Germans in my house."

"Reported by whom?"

"By the Afridi who is now dead."

"Who killed the Afridi?"

"Does the burra sahib think I killed him?"

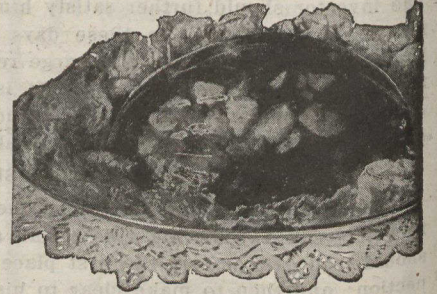
"I asked a question!" snapped the general.

"In the first place, then, Ranjoor Singh, the buffalo, struck the Afridi with his foot. The Afridi, who was a dog with yellow teeth, went outside to sing sweet compliments to Ranjoor Singh. Certain Sikhs heard him—of whom one was the trooper who waits in another room with Ranjoor Singh—and they beat him nearly to death because, being buffaloes themselves, they love Ranjoor Singh, who is the greatest buffalo of all.

"For revenge, the Afridi told tales of Ranjoor Singh, and later knifed one Sikh trooper who had beaten him. The other trooper followed him into the House-of-the-Eight-Half-brothers, where he soon had opportunity for vengeance. Now the burra sahib knows all. Is it not a sweet love-

(Continued on page 24.)

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COMMISSIONLESS

By MARK KETTS

THERE are not less—and probably more—than six men in Toronto who have no connection with Government commissions. Why they should have been subjected to this invidious discrimination, is not evident to the public. Each in his way has qualification. One is an excellent after-dinner speaker, another has taken a keen interest in things military since receiving from His Majesty an Honorary-Colonelcy, and still another is so naturally clever at economics that he has learned to sneer at the doctrines of Adam Smith without having read a page of "The Wealth of Nations." Needless to say, all were government supporters at the last general election. Surely, in the wide range covered by our numerous government-owned commissions, occasion could be found for using the talents of this unhappy half-dozen!

"Unhappy"—for only those who are unconnected with commissions can appreciate the loneliness of those who after luncheon at the club may not join one of the several club groups gravely deliberating upon affairs usually regarded as the routine work of the Civil Service. In spite of Max Nordau's conclusion to the contrary, man in a gregarious animal. He loves organization for the sake of organization. He takes pride in seeing the wheels go round. The product is a secondary consideration.

There are those who argue in stealth that we have too many commissions. They maintain that we are dissipating our energies; that each new commission is a lap, and sometimes a lap and a half, over upon one or several of the commissions already in existence; and that all (with here and there an exception) are doing or undoing the work of the professionals who work for hire in the departments regulated by Parliament. But these arguments, so far from meeting with general favor, are regarded as the protests of German sympathizers or the vapid utterances of pacifists in disguise.

That there is urgent need of a new commission, becomes apparent in surveying the field. Some of our formerly appointed commissions are apparently lost; certainly many of them are delayed in transit; while others, much in the public view, are "sterile in fertility." We are supposed to have four score government commissions in Canada. He must be lost to all sense of patriotism that does not see the urgent need of a commission to investigate and report upon commissions. When Sir Robert returns to Ottawa, no time should be lost in appointment. Delay may be dangerous; the material out of which to create a new commission—without resorting to the too prevalent practice of pluralism—is limited, and, it should be remembered the provinces, especially Ontario, are also on the look-out for a half decent opportunity in appointing new commissions.

THE KAISER AS LADIES' TAILOR

(Continued from page 17.)

working on war orders, so Bradford has to keep to its own special trade of dressing the world's women, and is as busy as she can well be. War brings many surprises, and it is almost impossible to forecast how it will affect any particular industry.

When the war broke out, Bradford, for example, thought itself ruined. Before the war, it had been experiencing a trade boom in its own particular line, which was already beginning to decline and the dislocation and congestion of the world's trading system that was clearly foreseen would, it was feared, restrict both supply and demand.

In pre-war times Germany had been its best customer for wool in the early stages of manufacture, for "tops" and "noils," yarns and other products of its combing and spinning mills. The old town was not going to give in without a struggle, however. Bradford made a bid to obtain some of the Government orders for army supplies, including heavy khaki-cloth. But by the time these orders had been filled, the temporary stoppage of Bradford in making dress-goods had given the world's women a rude jolt and they had wakened up and were clamoring for clothes. Bradford went back at once to its own proper trade, in which it has been as busy as possible ever since. Its manufactures go to France as well as all over the world, and it is now declining orders. The Bradford manufacturer's dream of the millennium has come true at last—the combination of high prices and an increased demand. Wool has gone up in price and is still rising, while the value of dyes is out of sight. Bradford's people are so busy making money that they have no time for spending it all and the

anomaly has actually arisen, that the picture-palaces there are suffering from the town's prosperity and the streets show no signs of the trade-boom, for the workers' late hours leave them no time for appearing in such places. But the small tradesmen know the boom is there all right, for it is being reflected in the better, more substantial forms of improved living, better furniture, articles of domestic comfort and even luxuries.

Truly, the Ladies' Tailor of Berlin would like to lay his ugly paw upon grimy old Bradford, while, opposed to him, the free women of the world unitedly shout—Never!

The Scalawag of Scow Falls

(Continued from page 9.)

As we stepped into the lights of the tavern, a little woman left a little knot of women on the porch and came toward Scalawag. I think she was the homeliest little woman that I have ever seen—all but her eyes. And her eyes, when she looked into the eyes of Scalawag, made up for all the rest.

"I'm so glad, honey," she exclaimed. Later, as Scalawag and I stood side by side at the bar drinking our buttermilk, he bent down and whispered in my ear.

"Did you ever see a prettier little proposition than my Vangie?" he whispered. Then he hung his head rather sheepishly for a newly elected sheriff.

"Stranger," he said, "you're the only man I ever told my story to—that is, in full. I don't know why I did it, either—except," he added with conviction, "I thought you'd understand. You sort o' look like a scalawag yourself."

"I am," admitted I, tossing off another glass of buttermilk.



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THE WINDS of the WORLD

(Continued from page 22.)

story! Now the burra sahib may arrest everybody, and all will be well!"

"Where did Ranjoor Singh kick the Afridi?"

"Here—in my house!"

"Then he was here?"

"How else would he kick the man here? Could he send his foot by messenger?"

"Was the German here? Did he have word with the German?"

"Surely. He spoke with him alone. So the Afridi reported him to the 'Rat sahib.'"

The general frowned. However deeply the military may intrigue, they neither like nor profess to like civilians who play the same game.

"If Ranjoor Singh is under suspicion, what is the use of—"

"Oh, all men are alike!" jeered Yasmini, holding up the light and looking more impudent than the general had ever seen her—and he had seen her often, for most of his private information about the regions north of the Himalayas had come through her in one way or another, and often enough from her lips direct. "I have said that Ranjoor Singh is a buffalo! He was born a buffalo—he has been trained to be one by the British—he likes to be one—and he will die one, with a German bullet in his belly, unless this business prove too much for him and he dies of fretting before he can get away to fight!"

"I—look at me, sahib! I have tempted Ranjoor Singh, and he did not yield a hair! I stood closer to him than I am to you, and his pulse beat no faster! All he thought of was whether he could crush me and make me give up my prisoner."

"Ranjoor Singh is a buffalo of buffaloes—a Jat buffalo of no imagination and no sense. He is buffalo enough to love the British Raj and his squadron of Jat farmers with all his stupid Sikh heart! There could not be a better for the purpose than this Ranjoor Singh! He is stupid enough, and nearly blunt enough, to be an Englishman. He is just of the very calibre to fool a German! Trust me, sahib—I, who picked the man who—"

"That'll do!" said the general; and Yasmini laughed again like the tinkling of a silver bell.

THERE came then a soft rap on the door. It opened about six inches, and a maid whispered.

"Wait!" ordered Yasmini. "Come through! Wait here!" She pulled the maid through the door to the little back stair-head landing. "Did you hear?" she hissed excitedly. "She says Kirby sahib has come, and another with him!"

She was twitching with excitement. Her fingers clutched the general's sleeve, and he found himself thinking of his youth. He released her fingers gently and she spared a giggle for him.

"Bad business!" said the general again. "Kirby will ask questions and go away; but the troopers of Ranjoor Singh's squadron will come later, and they will not go away in such a hurry. You can fool Colonel Kirby sahib, but you cannot fool a hundred troopers!"

"No?" she purred. She had done thinking and was herself again, impudent and artful. "I can fool anybody, and any thousand men! I have sent Sita Ram already with a message to

the troopers of Ranjoor Singh's squadron. The message was supposed to be from him, and it was worded just as he would have worded it. Presently Sita Ram will come back, when he has helped himself to payment. Then I can send him with yet another message.

"Go and put thoughts into the buffalo's head, General sahib, and be quick! There must be a message—a written message from Ranjoor Singh to Kirby sahib—and a token—forget not the token, in proof that the writing is not forged! Forget not the token. There must surely be a token!"

SHE pushed the general down a passage, through a series of doors, and down another passage—halted him while she fitted a strange native key into a lock—opened another door, and pushed him through. Then she ran back to her maid.

"Send somebody to find Sita Ram! Bid him hurry! When he comes, put him in the small room next the cobras, and let him be shown the cobras until fear of too much talking has grown greater in him than the love of being heard! Then let me see him in a mirror, so that I may know when it is time. Have cobras in a hair-noose ready, close behind where the sahibs sit, and watch through the hangings for my signal! Both sahibs will kneel to me. Then watch for another signal, and let all lights be blown out instantly! Or, if the sahibs do not kneel (though they shall!), then watch yet more closely for a signal which I will give to extinguish lights. "So—now, go! Am I beautiful? Are my eyes bright? Twist me that jasmine in my hair—so. Now run—I will surprise them through the hangings!"

So Yasmini surprised Kirby and his adjutant, as has been told, and it need not be repeated how she humbled the pride of India's army on their knees. She would have to forego the delight of being Yasmini before she could handle any situation or plan any coup along ordinary lines, and Kirby and his adjutant were not the first Englishmen, nor likely to be the last, to feed her merriment.

The general, for his part, had—even although pushed without ceremony through a door—behaved with perfect confidence, for he knew that, whatever her whim or her sense of humor, or her impudence, Yasmini would not fail him in the pinch. Even she, whose jest it is to see men writhe under her hand, has to own somebody her master, and though she would giggle at the notion of fearing any one man, or any dozen, she does fear the representative of what she and perhaps a hundred others call "The Game." For the night, and for the place, the general was that representative, and however much he might disapprove, he had no doubt of her.

Ranjoor Singh stood aghast at sight of him, and the trooper saluted like an automaton, since nothing save obedience was any affair of his.

"Evening, Risaldar-Major!" smiled the general.

"Salaam, General sahib!"

"To save time, I will tell you that I know stage by stage how you got here."

Ranjoor Singh looked suspicious.

For five-and-twenty years he had watched British justice work, and British justice gives both sides a hearing; he had not told his own version yet.

"I know that you have had word in another part of this house with a German, who pretends to be a merchant but who is really a spy."

Ranjoor Singh looked even more suspicious. The charge was true, though, so he did not answer.

"Your being brought to this house was part of a plan—part of the same plan that leaves the German still at liberty. You are wanted to take further part in it."

"General sahib, am I an officer of the Raj or am I dreaming?"

Ranjoor Singh had found his tongue at last, and the general noted with keen pleasure that eye, voice and manner were angry and unafraid.

"I command a squadron, sahib, unless I have been stricken mad! Since when is a squadron commander brought face-downward in a carriage out of rat-traps by a woman to do a general's bidding? That has been my fate to-night. Now I am wanted to take further part! Is my honor not yet dirtied enough, General sahib? I will take no further part. I refuse to obey! I order this trooper not to obey. I demand court martial!"

"I see I'd better begin with an apology. It must first be proved to me that he, who tells me I am wanted to take further part in this rat-hole treachery, is not a traitor to the Raj! I have read of generals turning traitors! I have read about Napoleon; I know how his generals behaved when the sand in his glass seemed run. I am for the Raj in this and in any other hour! I refuse to obey or to accept apology! Let the explanation be made me at court martial, with Colonel Kirby sahib present to bear witness to my character!"

"As you were!"

THE general's eyes met those of the Sikh officer, and neither could have told then, or at any other time, what exactly it was that each man recognized.

"Ranjoor Singh, when I entered this house ten minutes ago I had no notion I should find you here. I have served the same 'Salt' with you, on the same campaigns. I even wear the same medals. In the same house I am entitled to the same credit."

"I am here on urgent business for the Raj, and you are here owing to a grave mistake, which I admit and for which I tender you the most sincere apology on behalf of the government, but which I cannot alter. I expected to find a trooper here, not necessarily of your regiment, who should have been waylaid and tempted beyond any doubt as to his trustworthiness."

"I received a message that Yasmini had two absolutely honest men ready, and I came at once to give them their instructions. I ask you to sacrifice your pride, as we all of us must on occasion, and your rights, as is a soldier's privilege, and see this business through to a finish. It is too late to make other arrangements, Ranjoor Singh."

"Sahib, squadron-leading is my trade! I am not cut out for rat-run soldiering! I am willing to leave this house and hold my tongue, and to take this trooper with me and see that he holds his tongue. By nine to-morrow morning I will have satisfied myself that you are for and not against the Raj. And having satisfied myself, I

and this trooper here will hold our tongues for ever. Bass!"

The general stood as still on his square foot of floor as did Ranjoor Singh on his. It was the fact that he did not flinch and did not strut about, but stood in one spot with his arms behind him that confirmed Ranjoor Singh in his reading of the general's eye.

"You may leave the house, then, and take your trooper. I accept your promise. Before you go, though, I'll tell you something. The ordering of troops for the front—for France—is in my hands. Your regiment is slated for to-morrow. But it can't go unless you'll see this through. The whole regiment will be needed, instead, to mount guard over Delhi."

"The regiment is to go, sahib, and my squadron, and—and I not? I am not to go?"

"That is the sacrifice you are asked to make!"

"Have I made no sacrifices for the Raj? How has my life been spent? Sahib—"

The Sikh's voice broke and he ceased speaking, but the general, too, seemed at a loss for words.

"Sahib—do I understand? If I do this—this rat-business, whatever it is—Colonel Kirby and the regiment go, and another leads my squadron? And unless I do this, whatever it is, the regiment will not go?"

The general nodded. He felt and looked ashamed.

"Has war been declared, sahib?"

"Yes. Germany has invaded Belgium."

For a second the Sikh's eyes blazed, but the fire died down again. He clasped his hands in front of him and hung his head. "I will do this thing that I am asked to do," he said; but his words were scarcely audible. His trooper came a step closer, to be nearer to him in his minute of acute agony.

"Thou and I, Jagut Singh! We both stay behind!"

"Now, Risaldar-Major, I want you to listen! You've promised like a man," said the general. "I'll make you the best promise I can in return. Mine's conditional, but it's none the less emphatic. If possible, you shall catch your regiment before it puts to sea. If that's impossible, you shall take passage on another ship and try to overtake it. If that again is impossible, you shall follow your regiment and be in France in time to lead your squadron. I think I may say you are sure to be there before the regiment goes into action. But, understand—I said, 'if possible!'"

RANJOOR SINGH'S eye brightened and he straightened perceptibly.

"This trooper, sahib—"

"My promise is for him as well."

"We accept, sahib! What is the duty?"

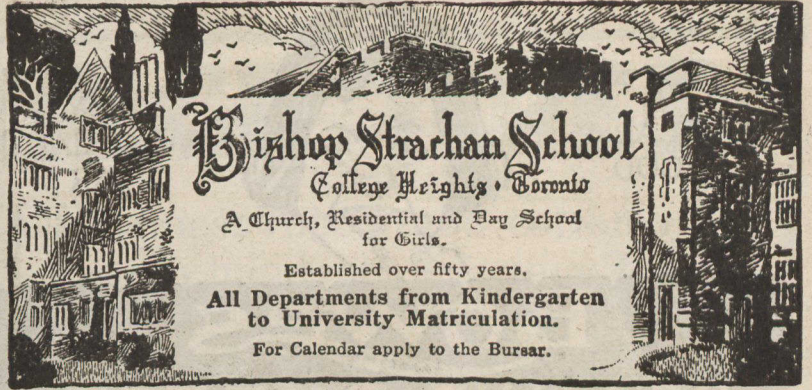
"First, write a note to Colonel Kirby—I'll see that it's delivered—asking him to put your name in Orders as assigned to special duty. Here's paper and a fountain pen."

"Why should all this be secret from Colonel Kirby?" asked Ranjoor Singh.

"There is no wiser and no more loyal officer!"

"Nor any officer more pugnacious on his juniors' account, I assure you! I can't imagine his agreeing to the use I'm making of you. I've no time to listen to his protests. Write, man, write!"

"Give me the paper and the pen, sahib!"



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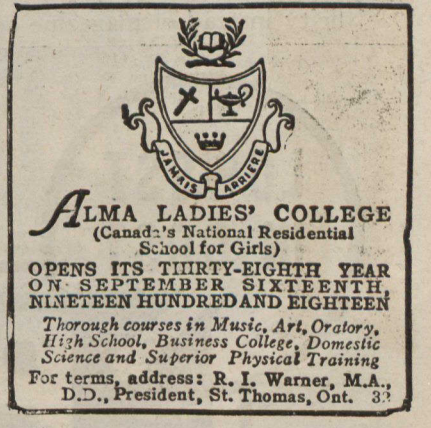
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Ranjoor Singh wrote by the light of a flickering oil lamp, using his trooper's shoulder for support. He passed the finished note back to the general.

"Now some token, please, Risaldar-Major, that Colonel Kirby will be sure to recognize—something to prove that the note is not forged."

Ranjoor Singh pulled a ring from his finger and held it out.

"Colonel Kirby sahib gave me this," he said simply.

"Thanks. Shake hands, will you? I've been talking to a man to-night—to two men—if I ever did in my life! I shall go now and give this letter to somebody to deliver to Colonel Kirby, and I shall not see you again probably until all this is over. Please do what Yasmini directs until you hear from me or can see for yourself that your task is finished. Depend on me to remember my promise!"

Ranjoor Singh saluted, military-wise, although he was not in uniform. The general answered his salute and left the room, to be met by a maid, who took the note and the ring from him. Five minutes later, with his rough disguise resumed, the general hunted about among the shadows of the neighboring streets until he had found his carriage. He recognized, but was not recognized by, the risaldar on the box-seat of Colonel Kirby's shay.

(To be continued.)

The Hour by the Clock

(Continued from page 12.)

longer sleuthed; that you do not suffer any punishment worse than being deprived of your liberty. Or—is it to be death—along with dishonor?"

Under the jumbled runes of that letter was a shrewd analysis of what was truly going on in the German mind. Under the eager but unruffled smile of Frau Bobel was the strange workings of one German mind which had already begun to hope that the Captain would refuse to make any disclosure. She had gone further into the game than her own intentions or those of the Hanslick machine. She knew now what power she had over Clock, and that the moment he should confess her sway of him would be over and he would be taken up by the merciless grip of the machine.

The music had gone away some-

where. There was a queer tense silence in the room. She was the master of it. He knew that between the woman and the machine he had no ghost of a chance to escape. He was totally ignorant of how far she would stand between him and the machine, or what her real motive might be for doing it. The most obvious thing was to play into her hands; to tell her exactly what the letter contained and let her do her worst or whatever she chose in the case—

The room began to vibrate. The phantom rhythm of the music had passed to another—vaster, less beautiful, but to him somehow a way of at least temporary escape from the thralldom of the woman and the overture.

He sprang up and went to the window. Frau Bobel followed him.

The world on the outside had become a symphony of the skies; a slow dreamy drone that came in varying cadences from the clouds.

"There they are!" he said abruptly, looking far up over the court.

"The Gothas," she echoed. "Clouds of them!"

In her excitement she flapped a handkerchief at the great grey-white air-fleet that was almost submerged in billows of clouds.

"Herr Captain, every city in Germany is clouded with Gothas. The armies are deadlocked along the Rhine. There is not room enough on the western front for armies and guns enough to drive ours back across the sacred river. The navies are idle and barnacled in the sea. Heligoland is our front line of the north and it cannot be broken. In the East we have no opposition. Germany is to rule the world. Therefore Germany defies the world!"

She laughed—musically, hatefully.

"You, Captain, are a prisoner of Germany and of a woman's whim. I shall follow you wherever you go. But you will not see me until the opportunity. You are mine, not for love, Captain, but for Germany. Your will is to be broken. Good-bye!"

When he quite realized that the voice and the music and the cloud-planes were not all a dream, the woman was gone along with the Gothas. (Concluded in next Issue.)

War Verses

"BUDDY'S BLIGHTY" AND OTHER VERSES. By Lieut. Jack Turner, M. C.

BY the grace and authority of His Majesty King George the Fifth, Lieut. Jack Turner, who went overseas and fought the good fight with the Iron Sixth, now has "M. C." tacked on to his title. Incidentally he has written a lot of verse and had it all done up in a book. Turner—M. C.—does not start out on a search for anybody's soul, and there is very little sob-stirring effort in his effusions. For the most part they are keyed in a humorous note. The realism hits hard at times and a few of the lines let in a little of the pathos as well as the grim jokes of the trenches. Musson, \$1.00.

Owing to the absence of the Chess Editor on holidays, the usual Chess Column is held out of this issue.

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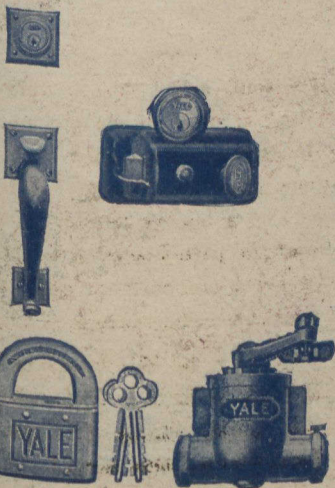
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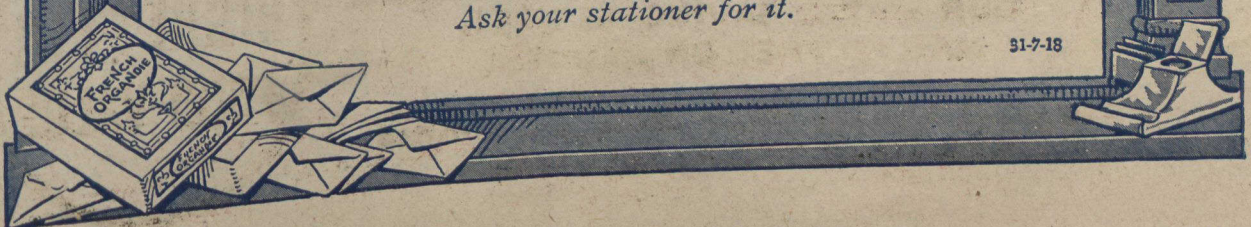


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